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THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION.

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Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 25.

A Comprehensive Review of the Quarter's Lessons—Golden Text, Ps. lxxxiv. 11—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

LESSON I.—The Kingdom Divided (I Kings xii, 16-25). Golden Text, Prov. xv, 1, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." Because Solomon turned away his heart from the Lord and worshiped the gods which his wives worshiped, allowing his wives to come between him and his God (chapter xi, 4, 9), therefore the Lord divided the kingdom, rending away ten tribes and leaving to his son only the tribe of Judah (chapter xi, 36), with which seems to have been identified the tribe of Benjamin. The divided kingdom was the outward of the divided heart.

LESSON II.—Elijah the Prophet (I Kings xvii, 1-16). Golden Text, I Kings xvii. 16, "And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord." In contrast to Solomon and his divided heart here is a man with a whole heart for God, ready to stand before kings or to hide himself by Cherith, or in the widow's house at Zarephath, a living witness to the living and true God, obedient to Him and depending wholly upon Him.

LESSON III.—Elijah on Carmel (I Kings xviii, 30-39). Golden Text, I Kings xviii, 39, "And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces, and they said, The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God." The desire of Elijah was that all might know that the Lord God of Abraham was the God of Israel and that he was His servant (verse 36). So the desire of David was that the Lord of hosts might be magnified (I Sam. xvii, 45).

LESSON IV.—Elijah's Flight and Encouragement (I Kings xix, 1-16). Golden Text, Ps. xxxvii, 7, "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him." Seeing only the Lord, Elijah was strong and fearless, but when he saw Jezebel and her anger he was weak indeed and fled for his life. Truly the fear of man or woman bringeth a snare, but looking up steadfastly into heaven (Acts vii, 55) takes away all fear. We must not think that we are essential to God, lest He appoint out successor (chapter xix, 16).

LESSON V.—Naboth's Vineyard (I Kings xxi, 4-16). Golden Text, Ex. xx, 17, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house." Here is a man the very opposite of Elijah and the God of Elijah—as man who lived only for himself and to obtain what he desired no matter who suffered. He is in the line of Cain and related to antichrist, of whom we read that he shall do according to his will and exalt and magnify himself above every god, and sitting in the temple of God will show himself that he is God (Dan. xi, 36; II Thess. ii, 4). The Christian magnifies Christ.

LESSON VI.—Elijah's Spirit on Elisha (II Kings ii, 6-15). Golden Text, Luke xi. 13, "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." For salvation we do not need to cling to Christ. When once we have received Him, He clings to us and will never let us go. But for power for service and for intimate fellowship with Him we much cleave to Him as Elisha did to Elijah, never taking our eyes off Him, seeing no man save Jesus only.

LESSON VII.—The Shunamite's Son (II Kings iv, 25-37). Golden Text, Ps. lv, 22, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." The boy restored to his mother from the dead would be much more to her than if she had never lost him. God, who gave her this son, would be more to her also. She now knew the joy not only of the gift of a son, but of the restoration of a son from the dead. Oh, that we may know the Son, God's Son, and the power of His resurrection! (Phil. iii, 10.)

LESSON VIII.—Naaman Healed (II Kings v, 1-14). Golden Text, Jer. xvii, 14, "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me and I shall be saved." All the greatness and honor and might of Naaman was marred by the fact that he was a leper. All the greatness of earth is marred by sin, and there is only one who can deliver, the God of Israel, Israel's Messiah, the Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ. As a little child was the means of directing Naaman to the healer, so may every boy and girl who knows Christ direct others to Him.

LESSON IX.—Elisha at Dothan (II Kings vi, 8-18). Golden Text, Ps. xxxiv, 7, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them." When people take counsel with each other against God or against His servants, they are sorely blinded and deluded by the devil. Our God sees and knows everything and has all power and can do everything (Ps. cxxxix; Job xlii, 2; Math. xxviii, 20). Let us ever rejoice in His presence and power and in the ministry of angels and gladly serve Him without care or fear.

LESSON X.—The Death of Elisha (II Kings xiii, 14-25). Golden Text, Ps. cxvi, 15, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Though Elisha had a double portion of the Spirit, yet he was permitted to die, while Elijah was taken without dying. Either way it is a gain. They do rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. The bow and arrow incident suggests that limitations in the service of God come from us rather than from God. The coming to life of the dead man makes us think of the power of His resurrection who died for us.

LESSON XI.—Sinful Indulgence (Amos vi, 1-8). Golden Text, Isa. xxviii, 7, "They also have erred through wine and through strong drink are out of the way." Ease and self indulgence are not becoming in a child of God, for "even Christ pleased not Himself." It is our privilege to have quietness and peace and rest, but these only in order to serve Him who said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," and "I must be about my Father's business." We are soldiers and chosen to please Him who hath called us to be His soldiers (II Tim. ii, 3, 4).

LESSON XII.—Captivity of the Ten Tribes (II Kings xvii, 9-18). Golden Text, I Chron. xxviii, 9, "If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee, but if thou forsake Him He will cast thee off forever." Every word of God is true and shall be literally fulfilled. The Lord testified against Israel and their sins, warned them of the results, earnestly and lovingly entreated them to return to Him, that He might forgive and heal and bless them; but they would not hear. Therefore He did unto them as He had said (II Kings xvii, 23). "Every one of us must give account of himself to God" (Rom. xiv, 12). Our works will be approved and rewarded or rejected, and we suffer loss (I Cor. iii, 14, 15). Are we living as if we believed it? He will have to say to some, "Depart from me ye cursed." Do we believe and teach this also?

Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Thousands of such cases have been cured by the use of Botanic Blood Balm ("B. B. B.") If you doubt it, call or send to the Company whose advertisement appears in this paper, and they will, for a one cent stamp, send you a book of wonderful cures, not only of the above diseases, but of all manner of ailments arising from impure blood. It is the standard remedy of the age for cure of all blood and skin diseases. $1.00 per large bottle.

For sale by druggists.

THE GARDEN GATE.

Long ago in childish terror
From a fancied gnome I fled,
Casting frightened glances backward,
Longing looks toward home ahead,
Through the lane and by the windows,
Swift and sure as feet of fate,
Never staid I till behind me
Clanged and clasped the garden gate.

Blessed gate of happy childhood,
Barring harm and sorrow out,
Where the shadow of the homestead
Threw protection round about!
Blessed warders, peace and safety,
Holding watch for wanderer late,
Closing with their arms about me
When I shut the garden gate!

All things fearsome lay beyond it,
Springing foe and lurking wile;
All things true and right within it,
Clustered round my mother's smile.
But the years came creeping, creeping—
Years that would not bide and wait—
Till, despite my bitter weeping,
Foes came through the garden gate.

Ah, how I struggled with the stranger,
Pale and terrible and grim!
Unclasped the hands that fain would hold it
As he came through the twilight dim.
"A little while! Oh, pallid stranger,
A year, a day, a moment wait—
We love him so!" Death gave no answer,
Except to come within the gate.

And now I know that safe no longer
Falls the cottage latch for me,
Though I, waiting, watch beside it
With whitened head and bending knee.
Yet, with eyelids closed and weary,
Quite forgetting day or date,
I dream again how bright the heaven
Whose portal was the garden gate.

—New York Ledger.

Oxford Bibles.

Everybody has heard of the Oxford Bible, and everybody knows that it is printed on a peculiar paper, but the story of that paper is a story of the triumph of perseverance. In McClure's Magazine some idea is given of the long search for the paper which has revolutionized Bible making. India paper is a mechanical mystery and a trade secret, a secret known only to three men.

It is made at the Wolvercote mills of the Oxford press, but as no employee is in touch with more than one stage of the process the complicated secret is held in hand.

In 1842 an Oxford graduate returned from India with a paper peculiarly thin, peculiarly tough and peculiarly opaque. A few Bibles were made from it, one of which was presented to the queen. Its use reduced the thickness of the Bible by one-half. Every effort was made to obtain a supply of this paper, but without success.

Mr. Gladstone's ubiquity of research was drawn upon, but he could only recommend a search in Japan. Papers equally thin and equally tough were obtained, but they were too transparent. It was not possible to print them on both sides of the sheet.

Finally a paper thin enough and tough enough and opaque enough was developed, but it was too yellow. It was tried, but the color was unacceptable to the public. It was not till 30 years had passed that the tenacity and perseverance of Mr. Frowde triumphed over all obstacles, and Bibles were issued in 1874 on the wonderfully thin paper on which they are issued today, a paper which distinguishes the Oxford Bible from all the other books of the world.

An Accidental Success.

Once upon a time, so runs the story, there was a man in London who had ventured upon various publishing schemes with but poor success and was beginning to despair of ever making a fortune when, by chance, he bethought himself of a huge scrapbook which his wife had compiled of various literary odds and ends that had enchained her fancy. She called her scrapbook "Tit-Bits," and it occurred to her husband that such odds and ends, published in periodical form, might interest other people as well as his wife.

The result of this meditation on his part was the appearance of a little penny paper called Tit-Bits, which proved so popular and gained such a wide circulation that its proprietor felt encouraged to place other literary ventures on the market, and it was not long before he became known as the publisher of a number of extremely popular penny periodicals. He is now a millionaire many times over and a baronet, while his wife, whose scrapbook proved the cornerstone of their prosperity, finds her reward in the title of Lady Newnes.
—Munsey's Magazine.

Jay Gould's Millions.

Jay Gould's millions were at one time in danger. It was in 1873, and their fate depended upon the fluctuations in the gold market. Gould saw his precarious position in time, and so enormous was his power and influence that he maneuvered himself out of the difficulty. In fact, when it was over he was wealthier than ever.

About ten years after this happened there were dark rumors about his affairs, and it was hinted that the great Gould was not what he was supposed to be in a pecuniary sense. He disposed of these doubts in a very simple manner. He invited a number of gentlemen to his private office, and when they arrived he laid on the table before them for examination certificates of stocks in his own name to the value of $53,000,000 and said that if they wished he would lay $20,000,000 more before them.

The Mauser Rifle.

The Mauser rifle in hard work is found to be a mistake. It has a case of five cartridges, which have to be all used before any can be reinserted. That is to say, if a soldier has occasion to fire three he must go on and waste the other two or else leave himself to meet a possible sudden rush with only two rounds in his gun. Nine times out of ten he prefers to be ready with a full charge, and so his ammunition is wasted. Moreover, it is an unhandy weapon to work in a hurry.—London Telegraph.

Good For Sheep.

It is a noteworthy fact that sheep thrive best in a pasture infested with moles. This is because of the better drainage of the land.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, have given away over ten millions trial bottles of this great medicine and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness and all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs surely cured by it. Call on Aycocke Drug Co., druggists. Regular size 50 cents and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

HISTORY OF THE FLY

ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST FAMOUS OF INSECTS.

He Was Worshiped by the Ancients and Until Recent Years Was Very Much of a Mystery—How the Fly Walks on a Ceiling—His Wonderful Feet.

The humble housefly is one of the oldest and always has been one of the most distinguished of insects. He was worshiped by the ancients and placed as a constellation in the heavens. The Philistines sacrificed to Beelzebub as god of flies and the Cyreneans to Achor. The Greeks offered an ox every year to Zeus Apomyios in honor of the god of flies, and the Romans sacrificed yearly in the temple of Heracles Victor, in Rome. The Syrians, too, tried to appease the troublesome god. The Koran of the Mohammedans promised that "all flies shall perish except one, and that is the bee fly."

Despite their antiquity, flies are still something of a mystery, and it was not until 1884 that Dr. J. E. Rombout, a French entomologist, discovered and advocated the correct theory of how a house fly walks on a ceiling. Dr. Rombout proved that the fly clings to a smooth surface by capillary force, the molecular action between solid and liquid substances. The insect's feet are covered with many thousands of very fine hairs, each of which terminates in a bulb. Through these hairs runs a thin liquid that sweeps through in a tiny drop at the end. When several thousands of these drops have been fastened to a window pane or ceiling, there is no difficulty at all for the fly to hang on and no difficulty for him to release himself instantaneously.

This is the theory of Rombout, obtained after some very fine calculations. A once popular idea was that the feet of the fly, being cup shaped, enabled him through what is called suction to cling to the ceiling, but Blackwell put flies in a glass vacuum, where they climbed the sides as easily as in the open air. Heke next tried to prove that the fluid the feet of the fly sent out was viscous and held the insect to the surface like mucilage. This theory was exploded by Rombout, who proved that the fluid was not viscous. And if it were, said he, it would be absurd to suppose that a fly, after resting in one position for an hour and giving the thick liquid time to harden, could release himself instantaneously when alarmed.

Then Rombout set about formulating his own theory. He examined the tracks of flies on a window pane, and the idea of capillary force impressed him. He dipped the end of a hair in oil of olives and succeeded in suspending the hair from a clean glass pane. Water brought the same result as oil of olives. By a series of fine calculations Rombout found that a fly could walk upward on a vertical glass pane supporting an increase over his own weight of .020 of a grain. He then weighted down flies with paper attached to their backs and found by experiment that his reckoning was correct.

Rombout, in the course of his experiments, discovered other very interesting things about the fly. Each of the two wings of the insect is provided with hairs on the underside that serve as a fine brush to clean the feet. When a fly rubs its legs, he is not always washing his body, but is often removing the dust particles from the hair in his feet that the fluid may run better. The feet must be kept clean, or the fly cannot cling to a surface. He finds it impossible to walk across a pane covered with dust, and oily surfaces cause the liquid from his feet to run together, so that he is apt to slip.

Under the wings of a fly is a pair of balancers, little threads that terminate each in an oval button. When the fly is on the wing, these buttons expand and guide the flight. A fly has no lungs, but breathes by spiracles, or breathing pores, that lie open all over his body and connect with an intricate system of air tubes. These spiracles are protected from the dust by networks of fine, flinty fibers that look something like exquisite lace work.

The chief value of the fly lies in his scavenging qualities. Indeed some scientists say that without his assistance man would not be able to live in the temperate zone. The fly feeds on both liquids and solids. His mouth is shaped something like a pump, and he sips perspiration and saliva, his favorite foods, through fine and cunning tubes. Solids he reduces to liquids before he swallows them by a process of secretion. He is a voracious eater. It has been estimated by scientists that a fly can multiply himself 200 times every 24 hours. Each new born fly becomes full grown in four or five days.

Nature has provided well for the fly in his powers of flight and ability to escape from danger. He is supplied with 7,000 separate eyes, that never sleep, and can look either in front or behind. Each eye is separate and of peculiar construction, shaped like a hexagon. When alarmed, the fly leaps swiftly from his resting place into the air. After the first bound he is generally out of danger and resumes his leisurely flight. If he chooses, however, he can fly 25 or 30 feet in a second.—Kansas City Star.

Not the Hash That Was Cold.

Stanley (aged 4 years)—Mamma, please sing that lovely song called "The Hash Is Cold."

Mamma—I don't know any such song about hash, Stanley. Is it a funny song?

Stanley—No, indeed, mamma. It's a "sorrow song."

Mamma—Well, I can't think what you mean. (A little later she sings from "My Dearest Heart," "The grave is cruel, the grave is cold.")

Stanley (excitedly)—That's it, mamma—that's it! But I made a mistake. It wasn't the hash. It was the gravy!—London Tit-Bits.

A Clever Trick

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has lame back and weak kidneys, malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to liver and kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures constipation, headache, fainting spells, sleeplessness and melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents a bottle at Aycocke Drug Co.'s drug store.

HONEST POPULISTS COMING HOME.

YOUNGSVILLE, N. C.,
September 5th, 1898.

TO THE VOTERS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY:

Six years ago I left the Democratic party and became a member of the newly organized Populist party. My purpose in doing this was pure and patriotic. I believed that it represented the best set of principles and had the best platform which any political party had ever promulgated. I believed that in it was the hope of deliverance from the domination of Wall street and organized capital. I believed that the Democratic party under Cleveland's administration, was unsafe, and that it was fostering the brood of trusts and combines that had grown up under Republican regime. I saw that slowly and surely the single gold standard was being fastened upon the country, and that Democracy, under Cleveland, was permitting this work of ruin and robbery to proceed. To my mind Populism was a protest against the iniquity and ring rule of both the dominant old parties.

I have no apologies to make for having been a Populist. When I joined the party it was, in my judgment, full time to call a halt in our national affairs, and to change in our ever increasing tendency towards the despotism of a heartless plutocracy.

I was born and bred a Democrat, and inherited a hostility for and a repugnance to Republicanism. For the teachings and tenets of that party I have neither sympathy nor toleration. Its trend toward centralization, and its record of corruption in State and nation, have deepened my enmity toward it, till there is not one doctrine that it holds in harmony with my views. I left the Democratic party, as did thousands of others in the State, because it was growing, under Cleveland, more and more like the Republican party. Its financial policy was exactly similar to the financial policy of John Sherman, and when, under the whip and spur of President Cleveland, it finally struck silver its death blow, I joined with the political party that was born of this incident. I did not unite with Populists to fight the Democratic party, but the slogan of our party was to do battle to all political organizations which did not stand on our platform and espouse our views. The Republican party, the author of all our ills, was our arch enemy in the conflict.

I made the campaign in Franklin county, in 1892, you will remember, as the nominee of the Populist party for the office of Sheriff. I entered the fight, and carried the burden of the whole ticket, with the profound conviction that I was right, and I believe now that, in its origin and first existence, the Populist party was right.

The central and main plank in our platform was the reformation of our finances, especially the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. I believed in that doctrine then. I implicitly believe in it now.

For two years the Populists party met my views and fulfilled my highest ideas. I saw the whole country shaken, as by a storm with the growing strength of this young giant. Both the old parties looked in alarm at the increasing host of those who arrayed themselves beneath our banner. In the declared purposes of our growing army was the promise of sweeping reform.

Suddenly in North Carolina, seemingly without cause, certainly without excuse, I saw this party, which boasted a purity unknown to both the old parties, begin a system of trading and trafficking in political honor and principle, more degraded and more disgusting than has ever before disgraced any political organization in the world.

I saw men professing the same principles which I held, and more vehement in their utterance than I had ever been, vote for goldbugs, and barter their party's honor away with no thought of anything save the pie-counter at which they were being fed.

I saw them deliberately abandon their platform, disavow their principles, unite on equal terms with their life long enemies—the Republicans—and leave the few of us who value our political integrity, without platform or party.

I saw corrupt and incompetent men, whose every political thought, idea and purpose, was at utter variance with our avowed principles, put into office by Populist votes and honored with Populist ballots.

I saw in my own county negroes elevated to positions of trust and profit, appointed to administer the educational and financial matters and affairs of white institutions, and the votes of Populists required by their leaders to bring about this result.

I saw the populist party taken by its leaders and delivered, like a flock of sheep in the open market, to the Republicon organization; its votes relied on to elect to office the same crowd of vandals and carpet-baggers that had looted the State in 1869, and an infamous and corrupt trade dignified by the name of "co-operation."

I saw the beginning of a reign of debauchery that did not spare even the poor insane in the State Asylum.

I saw the Populist party that had begged for a lease of power in North Carolina, so they might demonstrate the excellence of economy, lavish the State's money in wild extravagance, and create new offices by the score in order to feed them at the public table.

I saw the sincerity of the Populist party tested time and time again, and whenever the fight came between principle and pie, the latter triumphed.

I saw the Democratic party purge itself of Cleveland, and, plank by plank, adopt as their own almost every demand of the Populist party in its first great charter, until the Populist leaders boldly charged that the Democrats had stolen their platform, and then I saw the populist party deliberately walk off that platform and coolly put on the Republican uniform.

The rank and file of the Populist party are not in the organization for the sake of office, and they can hardly realize that they have been so bitterly deceived and betrayed by their leaders.

This fall another election will be held, making four in which the Populist party has participated since its birth. Again we are called upon to violate and belie every solemn declaration of our platform, and to fuse with and vote for gold bug Republicans and incompetent negroes. This will make three elections out of four in which we have been sold out, traded away and trafficked for like chattels, in which we have been asked to vote for men whose lives and political principles are a flat contradiction to every line of our platform.

I know not how it may be with the other voters in Franklin county, but as for me I have made up my mind that no man with an atom of self-respect, no man who is honest with himself and who votes from principle and patriotism, can follow these treacherous leaders any longer.

I have left the Populists party, exactly as I joined it, for the sake of principle. I solemnly appeal to all good, honest white men; to all the men who love their homes and their country, and to whom their wives and sisters are dear; to all who desire to rebuke traitors and political adventurers, to abandon it as I did. For a Southern white man the Democratic party is the great, the only party now. It holds within it the only possibility of relief from the disgraceful conditions that now make the name of our State a reproach and a by-word. To those who followed me out of the party in 1892, and voted for me, I have only a sense of deep gratitude, and for their sakes I now appeal to them to follow me back into the party that we left. It promises most for our country, it promises all for our manhood.

J. B. ALLEN.

SUTTON, N. C., Sept. 6th, 1898.

EDITOR OF THE TIMES:

I shall not vote the Populist-Fusion ticket this year, but will vote the Democratic ticket. My reason for this is short and simple. I AM A WHITE MAN. Let all Populists who desire to vote from principle and for white supremacy and honest government, have the manhood to acknowledge their error in leaving the Democratic party and return to it.

The next best thing to never making a mistake is to correct the one that is made as soon as possible.

Yours truly,
W. K. PRIVETT.

To Give is to Receive.

We must bless if we would receive a blessing. We must pour the water from the cup if we would have it filled again. Life is an exchange of bounties, a transfer from one hand to another. Earth gives her portion to the flowers, they send their fragrence unto man and man gathers them, decks the path of friendship and makes hearts sweeter with their rich fragrance. The sky is mellower for the passing cloud that lowers beneath it. The cloud receives the glory from the orb of days. All things are tributary to one another. The glow-worm lights a traveler's path; the pebble turns the tide. Rills fill the river, rivers send their vapors forth and again fill the rill. If love flows our soul unto our neighbors, something must be dislodged within the breast. It may be envy, pride or hate—what matter—or it may be sweetest strain of gratitude that will gladden some ear, though not our own. We are but workers, but not like earthly laborers waiting for our pay. It comes in God's time and always at the needed moment. Keep the waves in motion. Roll the ball of love heaven-wrad. It will strike many hearts and gather accelerated speed. Pass the cup around. Bid the thirsty drink, for dust will gather on the cup that stands unmoved, and the water it holds will become unfit for our own or another's use.

Remember that the only dye that will color your garments without filling them full of coperas, blue vitral, etc., is Putnam Fadeless Dyes. Remember that blue vitrol, coperas and other mordants rot your goods and double the liability of spotting. Putnam Fadeless Dyes. Sold by A. C. Privett & Co., Pilot, N. C.

This Is For White Populists.

Wilmington Messenger

The Messenger has never thought or believed otherwise than that there were thousands of good, well meaning citizens in North Carolina who united with the populists for the better condition of the country and to favor their own personal interests. The Messenger has never intimated otherwise. In the campaign of 1894, it distinctly stated that in an editorial addressed to the populists. They were honest but they were extremely unfortunate in being most unwisely and unfaithfully led. We feel assured that in every county in the State there are true, good and even religious men, men of high character and strict integrity, who are at heart thoroughly patriotic and white men all through and not ashamed of it. Some are still following unsafe, unfaithful leadership. Others have seen the true drift of things and are aligning themselves with the Democrats again to help save North Carolina from ruin, and place the people once more under the control of white men capable of governing themselves and governing others. They are sick at heart at the political trend and now realize how they have been deceived by ignorant, selfish men who have no real grasp for government but who are self seekers, disappointed, hungry, unscrupulous and consumed with lust of office and unholy ambition. It was a proud glorious mistake when the better class, the honest class of populists, ever listened to the beguiling promises of the demagogues, yielded to the alluring catch of the fusion howlers, and that too, while sincerely believing in the fundamental principles of the People's Party that antagonized the black radical gang at every point. The principles of the two parties were as unlike as day and night.

It is surely full time now for the day of deliverance is breaking, but the true and honest men of the People's party should spurn and repudiate forever and with hot, consuming indignation the base combine, the diabolical betrayal to which they have been so cruelly subjected. Come out from among them. Oh, men of North Carolina, who love your State, your race, your family. If the total worth men of that party will never their affiliation and return to the help of the White Man's party all will surely be well in North carolina. The vandals will be incontinently kicked out and honest men will have control. Surely they will no longer agree to co-operate with a party so venal, so vicious so cruel as the black radical party. Wholesale surrender to them would simply mean wholesale ruin and degradation. The People's party originated in needed reforms and how wrong, how treacherous it would be to unite with a bad party, entrenched for more than thirty years behind the very principles and courses so well and warmly denounced and repudiated by the populists in their platforms, speeches and newspapers. No candid, honest advocate of populist principles can possibly without degradation now, in face of nigger domination and nigger slanders and black radical violence unite with the black radicals without being guilty of a shameful desertion of principles, a disgusting, inexcusable desertion of race, and a gross betrayal of the best interests of their common wealth. It would be a foul and false act. In all political history there would be found no blacker record.

Then to think of eastern men—white men, honest men, reformers at heart, good farmers and true citizens, living in counties once so harried and robbed and ruined by the scoundrels and plunderers in 1866-7, and their negro allies who roused in the consciousness that they were hurting and wounding all they could the democrats who gave them work, fed their families and enabled them to live, to think of further co-operating with such a low, debased tribe as the Russelites. All through the years the black radical leaders have warred upon county governments because it protected to some extent the white tax payers and gave in part honest government.

Under the return to power of this very baleful, blustering black radical gang ruin again is doing its fearful work, and the old era, with added and intensified bitterness and devastation, has come, and all the concommitants of vice and evil, with high taxes, robberies, open rascality are making the times pregnant with woes and filling the air with curses deep. The very mildew of death has fallen on prosperity and peace, contentment and safety. Lawlessness and unbridled lust, deviltry and deception, demagogy and lying wholesale have taken the reins and are riding the people to death like another Jehu.

The Messenger would say unto every good man—every white man with a white soul—every faithful citizen—to every patriot and friend of humanity—stand by your race. Be a white man. The negroes are united. They drew the black line thirty odd years ago. It is there still. Never agree, white men of North Carolina, to unite with deserters and ignorant negroes to oppose, vex, harass, injure your neighbors of a life-time, who so only crime is that—they are upon white men. Do not bring hurt and sorrow upon yourselves.

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