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JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION.

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Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 9.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xvii, 1-10. Memory Verses, 3-6—Golden Text, Prov. iii, 6—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1. "And Jehosaphat, his son, reigned in his stead and strengthened himself against Israel." Israel, or the ten tribes, had proved themselves to be the enemies of God, and to stand with God means to stand against His enemies (Jas. iv, 4). How great the contrast in chapter xviii, 1, where we see Jehosaphat joining affinity with Ahab, the king of Israel, and thus necessitating the rebuke of the Lord in chapter xix, 2, "Shouldest thou help the ungodly and love them that hate the Lord?" To be for God at all times and under all circumstances is a rare thing and is seen perfectly only in the Lord Jesus Christ.

2. "And he placed forces in all the fenced cities of Judah." Every king was king for the Lord (II Chron. ix, 8), and his strength was to be in the Lord and not in horses and chariots (Deut. xvii, 16). When we put our trust in things visible, we are apt to cease to see and rely upon God (Jer. xvii, 5). This is a constant temptation and a snare. The Lord is often proving us as He did Philip, and we, like Philip, venture to suggest to Him how it might be done, but all the while He Himself knows what He will do (John vi, 5-7). When we obediently and trustfully, under God's guidance, make ordinary provision, all is well. The difficulty is when we cease to see God.

3. "And the Lord was with Jehosaphat." This is the secret of all blessing. The Lord was with Joseph (Gen xxxix, 2, 3, 21, 23). The Lord was with David (II Sam. v, 10). His comfort to Moses, Joshua, Gideon and Jeremiah was the assurance that He was with them (Ex. iii, 12; Josh. i, 5; Judg. vi, 16; Jer. i, 8). So when the Lord Jesus sent His followers into all the world the greatest encouragement He could give them was His assurance: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age" (Math. xxviii, 18-20).

4. "He sought to the Lord God of his father and walked in His commandments." It is written of Zacharias and Elizabeth that they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless (Luke i, 6). God had said to Israel that if they would obey His voice and keep His covenant, they would be a peculiar treasure unto Him above all people (Ex. xix, 5), and in Titus ii, 14 (R. V.), it is written that He gave Himself for us to redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a people for His own possession, zealous of good works.

5. "Therefore the Lord stablished the kingdom in his hand." Joshua was told that if he would observe to do according to all the law, his way would be prosperous and he would have good success (Joshua i, 7, 8). In II Chron. xx, 20, Jehoshaphat is heard saying to the people, "Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established," and in Isa. vii, 9, is the contrast, "If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established." In God and in His word is the only establishment, for all else shall be shaken. Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be shaken let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear, for our God is a consuming fire (Heb. xii, 28, 29).

6. "And his heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord." The margin says that he was encouraged in the ways of the Lord; those who seek to walk in the way of the Lord shall not lack encouragement to continue therein. There will be many a handful dropped for us on purpose to lead us in His way (Ruth ii, 16). They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles (Isa. xl, 31). The way of the Lord was so attractive and enjoyable that the way of the world and the devil became distasteful and the high places and groves were taken away. We cannot walk with God unless we humble ourselves so to do and make up our minds to be agreed with Him (Mic. vi, 8; Amos iii, 3).

7. "Also in the third year of his reign he sent to his princes to teach in the cities of Judah." What a suggestive foreshadowing of the time when "A king shall reign in righteousness and princes shall rule in judgment, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever" (Isa. xxxii, 1, 17). There cannot be anything more important than that men should know the Lord and His ways, and when kings and princes take up this as their mission, the kingdom will either have come or be very near. Just now our government has given $50,000,000 for defense, for the purchase or manufacture of warships or war material, but was it ever heard that any government ever gave even $1,000,000 to make known the living God?

8. "And with them Levites and priests." The priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts (Mal. ii, 7). Their calling is simply set forth in II Chron. xxix, 11, in these words, "My sons, be not now negligent, for the Lord hath chosen you to stand before Him to serve Him and that ye should minister unto Him and burn incense." Priests, prophets and kings were to recognize God alone as their Master and live only unto Him.

9. "And they taught in Judah and had the book of the law of the Lord with them and went about throughout all the cities of Judah and taught the people." There is nothing on earth so heavenly as the Word of God. It is all "true from the beginning" and "forever settled in heaven" (Ps. cxix, 89, 160). We are to receive it meekly, hold it fast, rightly divide it and hold it forth, for it is an engrafted word, a faithful word, a word of truth and a word of life (Jas. i, 21; Titus i, 9; II Tim. ii, 15; Phil. ii, 16). If all ministers and teachers taught only the Word of God and honored it as the Word of God, how much more would be accomplished for God! But when those who profess to be its friends dishonor and even set aside many portions of it what shall we say? Just this, "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven."

10. "And the fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the lands that were round about Judah." There was no war. Other nations brought presents and tribute, and Jehosaphat waxed great exceedingly (verses 11, 12). The remaining verses of the chapter tell that his army was 1,160,000, but the very next chapter tells of his downfall. Uzziah was marvelously helped till he was strong, but his strength was his weakness and the cause of his fall (II Chron. xxvi, 15, 16). Our only strength is in the Lord. Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

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THE LOST ORDERLY.

It was not yet noon, but the running fight which had disturbed the solitude of the Buttes since early morning was over. The troop had scattered after them with a great deal of threatening and intentionally wild firing, but it was no part of Captain Pillogg's orders to unduly slay or even harass. His desire was merely to impress "the fear of God and Washington" upon the deluded tribe and drive them back like sheep to their fold. Besides, after the morning's amusement, the hot sun made rest welcome.

"Sound the recall," said Pillogg to his senior trumpeter, and at once threw himself from his horse, lay at full length on the grass and produced his flask and cigar case.

The bugle sang brightly over the plain, and as its clear command filled the distant hollows and rang from bluff to bluff the distant shouting and firing gradually ceased. While the captain puffed his cigar at ease, and the trumpeter stood holding the horses beside him, the roar of the first sergeant forming the troop came to their ears, and in a few minutes, with much snorting of excited horses and clatter of steel, the men came galloping back in column of fours, formed company front swiftly and halted.

"Call the roll," said Captain Pillogg, remounting, and the first sergeant, drawing a paper from his blue shirt pocket, faced the men and rattled off the names, while the officer eyed each man critically as he answered. "Here." There were some casualties. One man was badly hurt by a shot in the side; others were scratched, but one alone was missing. The captain, who had led the fight in the beginning of the affair, thought consolingly of the number of Indians bowled over, who had mostly been carried off by their comrades. The first sergeant swung his horse about and saluted.

"One man missing, sir," he reported "the second trumpeter, Thomas Cox."

"Anybody know anything about him? Anybody see him drop?"

A trooper replied that Tommy was riding hard mouthed Rip and in the pursuit appeared to have all he could do to hold the horse in. The trooper opined that Rip, being half crazy at the best of times, had gone mad with excitement and borne Tommy Cox "into the next county." The captain had just ordered the sergeant to detail a corporal and men to look up the missing when from the direction of the Indians' flight there came a mad batter of hoofs and a shout. Up charged the missing bugler, a smooth faced lad, with saber rattling wildly against his side, his bugle pounding his back and his bridle hand, though touching the rein, evidently powerless to control his foaming, wild eyed horse, who dashed pellmell into the troop and came to a standstill only when it had jammed itself between two bruised and cursing troopers. Tommy's right arm desperately embraced a wriggling bundle of dirty shirt and red brown skin, and from this bundle came a hideous succession of howls and snarling lamentations. The troopers leaned forward on their horses' necks to look, and at once there ran from right to left a rumble of sardonic laughter.

"What is that, sir?" the captain asked and peered disgustedly at the bundle.

"Please, sir," said Tommy, a year in the service and glorying in his first expedition, "a prisoner, sir."

"Oh, h—!" cried Pillogg, and the troopers roared. "Let the papoose go. Are you a dry nurse, sir?"

"No, sir," said Tommy, very red and anxious. "But he's such a little devil, an he's hurt, an I—I'm afraid I've killed his father, so I—I thought I'd bring him along. Oh, ah, oh!"

The wriggling Indian child had writhed about until it got Tommy's hand between its teeth and was now biting like a rat. When the next man in ranks overcame his laughter sufficiently to release the bugler, the captain was smiling.

"You killed the father, eh? How did it happen you did not keep up with the troop?"

Tommy, eager to excuse himself, and hot at the laughter of the grizzled troop, hastily explained.

"Rip got a bit the best of me," he jerked out, "an ran wild. We lost sight of the other fellows, sir, an over there the horse bolted up a cooly. There was an Injun without a pony, an this kid on his back, running ahead, an he turned an fired on me. So I fired back with my revolver, an (Tommy grinned with modest pride) I dropped the son—dropped him, sir, deader than stuffing. This here kid howled; I guess the bullet grazed him. An—an I got Rip in hand an dismounted an took the kid; he fought like a wildcat, an the bites—jing, can't he bite!"

"If you'd taken the rifle it would have been more sensible," Pillogg drawled. "What do you want to do with him?"

"He can't walk, sir," Tommy protested, "an I was kinder sorry for him. He's so durned cute when he wrastles an bites an—an he'd die if I lef' him there all night."

The captain turned away.

"When these beggars have come to their senses again," he said, "they'll send for him. You can bring him along if you'll guarantee to nurse him. 'Tention! Right forward, fours right, march!"

In this manner the Weasel was brought to Fort S. and introduced to the mysteries of civilization. His father and mother dead, none of his tribe claimed him, and Tommy Cox, the bugler, became, despite of the men's frequent jests, a father, tutor and friend to him. Tommy was yet young enough to retain great freshness of soul and simplicity of heart. The fact that he had shot the little savage's father and made an orphan of the Weasel weighed upon his conscience, and he was very zealous in his care of the Indian. Nevertheless, a 7-year-old redskin is a troublesome anomaly in the garrison, where the women of laundress' row looked on him as they might upon the direct spawn of the devil, hailing their own offspring from him when the Weasel would have shared their games. Had they had their way the boy would have been sent back to the reservation.

A powerful influence was exerted, however, in the Weasel's behalf, an influence than which none greater was felt in Fort S. Miss Toonie Adair, little 6-year-old daughter of the colonel, who had been christened Judith (a name to which she never answered), to the horror of all the laundresses took a fancy to the Weasel, and at once adopted him as her own special protege. What Toonie said, when she said it from the colonel's knee with her arm round his neck, invariably was accepted as a post order, and the Weasel's position was assured.

"You're a dreadful wicked little savage," said Toonie, seated on the colonel's porch, with the Weasel squatting in front of her, his big, black eyes solemnly staring into the depths of her big blue ones. "Ain't you sorry God borned you a savage? Do you like blue eyes? My eyes are blue, and they're very pretty. When you know how to speak English, you must tell me I have pretty blue eyes. Everybody does—everybody I like. You've black eyes. Black eyes is savage. Did you ever scalp anybody? If you were to scalp me, my father would kill you—he would, with a pistol and sword, because he says my hair is the prettiest in the world. You've black hair. It's not pretty, it's savage. Ain't you glad I'm taking care of you, little boy? Because it's not your fault you was borned an Injun, and if you're good I'll make you a Christian, and then p'raps God will make your eyes blue and pretty like mine."

"Papa!" she cried in the first enthusiasm of her liking for the little savage "Now I'm a real, real colonel, just like you. I'm going to have an orderly. And, please, papa, may he have a uniform?"

The laundresses and all others ill disposed toward the little Indian had now no word to say. Toonie's orderly became a feature of Fort S. Where the little girl went there went he, even to accompanying her—at the regulation distance behind, for Toonie was nothing if not disciplinarian, and kept him in his place—on her sudden dashes, pony back, into the surrounding country and about the post. For him—when the big black eyes softened, it was at Toonie's voice; when he bent to study his lesson it was at Toonie's behest; when he returned, as he did several times, after running away in search of savage freedom, it was to stand meekly and mournfully before Toonie's tearful rebuke. For Tommy Cox he had a regard varied by sudden outbursts of passionate disobedience; to Toonie his devotion was always unbrokenly simple and doglike in its faithfulness. Sometimes the officers joked the little maid on her orderly, but never after the year in which she was 9 and the Weasel about 10.

She had dashed away on one of her willful trips of exploration, followed at a gallop by the Weasel. It was glaring summer time, and by the river far from the post grew big red plums in succulent profusion, cool and juicy. To feast on these at leisure the girl dismounted, and the Weasel tied the ponies to a tree. He was not yet finished with this office, Toonie plunging at once in the bushes, when the boy was startled by a terrible cry. He quickly made the ponies fast and darted to the child's aid. She sat upon the ground in tearful fright, white and sobbing.

"The snake! The snake!" she cried. "A great big rattlesnake—it bit me."

She clutched her ankle and moaned. The little Indian did not hesitate; he did not lose his head. At some time in his life with his own people he must have witnessed some such scenes, for now he acted with decision and knowledge in a case where a white boy would have been helpless. He tore the low shoe and little stocking away, and there, already, was the swelling redness of the serpent's bite. He owned a knife, the gift of a brotherly trooper, and this he whipped out. No doubt his black eyes gleamed strangely with excitement, for Toonie was overcome with new terror at sight of them and of the sharp and shining blade.

In spite of her screams the grimly silent Weasel seized the leg and deliberately and firmly cut into the flesh round the wound until a portion was hacked out. To the cut he applied his lips and sucked vigorously. Toonie's shrieks and howls filled the air, but the boy uttered never a word, only stopping now and then to peer into his mistress' blue and frightened eyes anxiously. These did not dim, her rigor did not lessen, and the Weasel sucked away with condfience. At last he took her handkerchief and bound up the wound, dragged her to her pony and helped her mount. She was a wonderfully strong and healthful young person and did not whimper nor faint, only howled in a sturdy and wholesome way. The Weasel rode by her side at a tearing gallop back to the post and straight to the hospital. The doctor applied his remedies, but they were not needed, for the rude promptitude of the Indian's action had drawn the poison. Toonie bore an ugly scar afterward and betrayed an awed respect for and a little fear of her orderly for a long time, but the doctor was enthusiastic, and the colonel let it be understood that the Weasel was henceforth his own particular charge.

In the passage of time it became necessary for the girl to desert the wild but healthful life of the western plains and go east to be educated. The colonel decided to send Weasel away at the same time to one of these great institutions which are maintained for the benefit of the nation's wards. Thus it came that the two parted, the mistress and the orderly. Toonie gave him her photograph with tears.

"You're never, never to forget me," she said. "Promise."

"Never," said the Weasel, with sadly earnest eyes.

"And when I come back you'll be my orderly just the same; promise."

"Just the same," said the Weasel.

But when she came back she was no longer Toonie, the child. She was Miss Adair, no further opposed to being called Judith—indeed preferring it to the loving pet name of her babyhood, which, she said, was silly. The Indian was back on the plains, very tall and straight, in neat garments of civilization. He had passed through the school with much honor and was now to act as a missionary among his own people. The colonel was amusedly proud of him, as of a fine dog of his own breeding. He sent for him on the night of Judith Adair's arrival.

"Here's your old orderly, my dear," said he.

She looked up from the chair where she was reading some letters—looked at him with a smile of curiosity.

"Well, I never, papa!" she said. "He looks quite civilized. I am glad to hear, you get on so well," she added, with a nod to the Weasel, and resumed her reading.

The Indian went out silently, nor looked so tall and straight and happily expectant as when he entered.

He had ridden in from the mission, ten miles from the post, where he was quartered. The moon was up when he silently left the post after that chilling, indifferent greeting. The clouds that scurried low between earth and moon cast flickering, hasty shadows on the uneven plain, but the shadow that had fallen on his life never lifted. Before him, as he rode, stretched the shimmering, shallow river, darkly fringed by those low bushes whence the rattlesnake had darted—so short a time ago. It had seemed to him so short a time, until tonight. Now he realized that an age had passed. Perhaps it had never happened; it was a dream. It must have been a dream, or the chill young lady in the parlor he had left, who had told him so carelessly he was quite civilized, would have remembered.

He was civilized. For years he had lived with white people. He barely remembered the baby days of tepees and squaws and ponies and bows and arrows. She had civilized him, she and the long, happy thoughts of her in the days at school and college when his own blood brothers had been things of pity to him, because they had never been blessed by friendship with her, when his teachers had wondered at his towering ambition and his intense industry. His horse, unhindered, fell to walking leisurely. The Indian's head dropped. Swiftly there came to him a conviction of the wrong done him. Over all those great plains there were two peoples, two great families—the white and the red. Each member of those had his brother, his father, close ties of kinship. In all the breadth of the land he stood utterly alone and apart. He was civilized—half and half, neither one thing nor the other. He had turned away from his brothers at the beck of his teachers. He had done his task, he had succeeded. He had been held up as a shining light, an example of what might be done with one of his race. There it stopped. He had dreamed of being a white among the whites, whose creed had been dinned in his ears—"all men are equal." Only tonight had she, by a glance and a word, let him realize how he had deceived himself. To please her he had obeyed as a child, studied as a boy, labored at college. To please her.

"Well, I never! He looks quite civilized. I am glad to hear you are getting on so well," she had said.

He would not go back to the post nor to the mission. He cared nothing for their good will if he was not to be one of them. What then?

At a crossing of trails he met an old Indian freighter going to the post to sell watermelons to the soldiers. The Weasel stopped him and gave him some money and made a bargain, and the old freighter went on his way with a good suit of clothes from the east, and the Weasel dashed into the darkness, where far, far away the Indian reservation, and on his legs and feet were fringed and beaded moccasins, and round him was wrapped a gaudy blanket.

He had chosen his family, his people, among whom he would be an equal at least. He had retrograded, lapsed into savagery. One of the chief delights of his eastern teachers when showing off their star pupil to congressmen and inquiring philanthropists had been to dwell upon the fact that the lad belonged to one of the most unruly and hopelessly savage tribes on the plains—a tribe which was constantly restless, an annual annoyance to the Indian bureau, addicted to sun dances, ghost dances, raiding and other symptoms of incurable Indian fever. Just at this time they were disturbed unusually by the prominence among them of a certain young buck who aspired to leadership and was inciting his comrades to all manner of Indian deviltry.

His heart was sore. He had been merely an interesting plaything for philanthropists, the old colonel and her. He was rejected of his own people. No tie was left him. On his breast, in a little deerskin pouch fastened to his neck, lay a picture—the photograph Toonie had given him when she went away to school, her heart young and tender to the devoted boy who had saved her life. He tore it out as he rode and rent it to shreds and threw them to the wind with a wild cry.

He galloped furiously onward, in and out of the shadows, over low stretches of sand and across rocky ridges. In front of him was a rising bluff, whose farther side dropped precipitously to a deep ravine hewed out ages ago by glacial snows. Here had old time Indians driven the great buffalo herds, sending the madly frightened brutes tumbling and bellowing to a crashing death down the cliff. Here rode the Weasel now, at full tilt, until, with one long, wailing yell, he plunged headlong.—B. Y. Black in Chicago Inter Ocean.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver is inactive, you have a billious look, if your stomach is disordered, you have a dyspeptic look, if your kidneys are affected, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks, "Electric Bitters" is a good Alterative Tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, cures pimples, biotches and boils, and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at Aycocke Drug Co.'s drug store. 50 cents per bottle.

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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 Democrats only, 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 gold bugs, 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. They make these elections so stiff for us, which we have been so frequently traded away and trafficked in, like chattels, on which we are been asked to vote for men whose lives and 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 Populist party exactly as I joined it for the sake of principle. I solemnly appeal to all good honest white men, 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 sole 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 I appeal and vote 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 peace to our country, it promises a [illegible] to our manhood.

J. H. A[illegible]

SUTTON'S N. C., Sept. 5th, 1898.

EDITOR FRANKLIN 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 the 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. P[illegible]

Knows How to Ad.

Mr. T. J. Anderson, general passenger agent of the Seaboard Air Line, sometimes gives a crack of the newspapers for a little advertising.

Recently while at the Arlington Hotel, at Norfolk, Va., he observed a man who had a mixed up label on his baggage. He cured the general passenger agent, crowded his way through the surrounding crowd, and said: "I am a doctor." The people fell back and the self appointed physician found himself in front of his patient. His manner was somewhat heroic, for after pinching and pressing the man, he took something from his pocket hand stuck it on the man's forehead, jammed his hat over it and "keep it from the air," he said, adding "The effect of that plaster will be simply magical. Take off his hat in a few minutes and he will be completely well." With these words, he started for the Portsmouth boat. The crowd became denser every minute, awaiting the effect of the wonderful cure.

After several minutes the man's hat was removed. With surprise the people gazed at the plaster. It was a "sticker" on which was inscribed in large type, "Go South via the Seaboard Air Line."—Charlotte Observer.

The proper time to do anything is when it should be done.

It is well to keep trying—this is what life is given us for.

The more we learn today the easier will we learn tomorrow.

He who accepts God as authority has no need for sectarianism.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

BUGGY AND WAGON WORKS

[illegible] the public [illegible] a

BUGGY AND WAGON WORKS

[illegible]

Buggies, Wagons,

[illegible]

MACHINE WORK

[illegible]

JEWELRY,

JEWERY, JEWELRY

[illegible]

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry

CHEAP FOR CASH

[illegible]

REPAIRING.

[illegible]

D. P. LYNCH

Feed Sale & Livery STABLE

HAYES & FULLER, Proprietors

LOUISBURG N. C.

GOOD TEAMS AND POLITE DRIVERS

[illegible] ATTENTION [illegible] TRAVELING MEN

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We always keep good horses for sale, at very reasonable prices.

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS BANK

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ASSETS OVER
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

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