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We are very sorry indeed to learn of the defeat of Mr. Barber, who was running for Solicitor. Mr. Settle is elected.

It is in the air that lively times are ahead for us here in North Carolina. The NEWS AND OBSERVER has hoped that the peace which has prevailed among our people would not be disturbed.

GENTLEMEN who accept nominations as Democrats and run as Democrats and are elected to the General Assembly as Democrats ought not to look outside of the Democratic platform for a test of political faith.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. The alleged New Hampshire middle will probably seem plain enough to fair-minded people, no matter what their party affiliations may be.

In the House 163 Republicans have been elected and 175 Democrats, making 338 members who have been elected according to the apportionment fixed in 1881.

The Republicans claim that these should participate in the organization of the House. The Democrats hold that they cannot.

The clerk of the preceding House of Representatives, in making up the roll of members-elect for use in the organization of the House, shall place upon said roll only the names of those presenting certificates of election duly issued in conformity to the requirements of the amended constitution.

This would seem to settle the question of law. Indeed, it is said that in 1880, a similar state of facts existed, and the members then elected "if entitled," were not allowed to take their seats until the Legislature had organized and the Legislature had inquired and ascertained that "they were entitled."

The Republicans claim that they should. They doubtless are governed in making up their opinion by the fact that 27 of the number are Republicans and only 13 Democrats.

THE SILVER MINES OF DAVIDSON. We have received from Mr. Jas. A. Leach, superintendent of the Silver Valley Mining Co., an account of a large lead of very valuable silver ore at the Silver Valley mines in Davidson county.

There are other specimens sent that carry 45 oz. of silver and 5 to 6 pennyweights of gold; 30 to 40 per cent lead and 40 to 30 per cent zinc to the ton.

We are not sufficiently posted in such matters to have a judgment of our own; but fully accepting Mr. Leach's statement, this is a very important development and is of great interest not merely to Davidson county, but to all that section of country.

A WORD WITH EASTERN FARMERS.

Now that the election is over, the NEWS AND OBSERVER has a word of suggestion to offer for the consideration of our readers in the cotton belt.

Without doubt a planter should be so forehanded that he would have no need to borrow money. But unfortunately many are not that way, and we must take things as they are.

We liken the business of growing cotton to the case of a manufacturer who begins to lay up his goods on his shelves in January and, without selling any, keeps laying them up until October.

He has had to carry stock for nine months, to pay his help, and maintain his establishment in a proper state of efficiency.

If it cost eight cents a pound to make cotton, in order to make 100 bales, the planter needs in one shape or other what answers to \$3,600 during the year.

Because he cannot borrow this money, in cash, he is obliged to incur great expense, and in one way or another what advances he obtains cost him say 25 per cent.

This is the evil. It is to this we wish to address ourselves. The deposit of the old crop in a sub-treasury warehouse or elsewhere will not help the planter out of this trouble, if he has to use the money received as an advance on his cotton to pay old debts.

Private individuals may have the money to lend, but generally when a man has a little money he prefers to make an investment. He does not like to lend it.

Now one suggestion is that the people in the cotton section should establish banks, not National banks, but State banks.

One of the differences is that National banks cannot lend to farmers on mortgage. State banks can do that.

The capital of the bank should be large, for it is the capital only that should be lent out in this way. Deposits cannot be used on long time loans.

As a result of our present full crop, there is a good deal of money now in the hands of the farmers for investment. A great deal has been deposited by them in various banks. These deposits cannot be used to advantage by the banks, and they yield no return to the owners.

And we know of no way so feasible for them to obtain what money they need as the plan we have indicated. There is just now a plenty of money in Eastern North Carolina to establish State banks with considerable capital.

By the assistance thus afforded the cotton planters of that section would in a few years be entirely out of the woods and be very prosperous.

We seldom realize it when we are making history, but last week a good deal of it was made in this county. November, 1890, will be a great historic mile-post. It will be a mark like the Harrison campaign just fifty years ago.

Cesar's Prerogative.

"Ah, what glorious days they were when stock companies held the fort!" sighed the old tragedian.

"Some funny things happened in those days," remarked the stage manager. "My father, who lived and died a member of the Boston Museum Stock Company, used to tell a story of the elder Booth that illustrated one of the beauties of the system. The elder Booth was the star to come, and previous to his arrival a number of the members of the company fell sick, and for this reason the low comedian had to be pressed into a role for which he was in no wise fitted, namely, that of Julius Caesar. He was a round-bodied, merry-souled little fellow, and notoriously fond of what we nowadays call 'guying,' on and off the stage.

ZIPPING DOWN THE FLUME.

An Thrilling and Remarkable Voyage From the Snow Line of the Sierras. From the San Francisco Examiner.

After a slow and wearisome climb, and as it began to grow dusk, our team, tired and dusty, drove into Camp Sequoia. The flume extends from the high snow line in the Sierras to the plains, fifty-two miles distant.

It is built of inch and a quarter planks, and at the start, where the grade is steepest, is forty-three inches across the top. This width is increased, however, when the decrease in the grade necessitates a larger volume of water to float the lumber, and at the lower end reaches an extreme width of sixty-four inches.

At each increase in the size of the flume more water must be added to the stream. The first head of water comes from Lake Sequoia and the supply is augmented by small streams at four different places between the mill and King's river.

To preserve a fairly regular grade in constructing this flume enormously high trestles were found necessary to carry the flumes across canons, chasms and around sharp spurs of mountains.

The first twenty-seven miles built took over 5,000,000 feet of lumber to construct, and most of this lumber had to be packed on the shoulders of men. It has taken about 9,000,000 feet of lumber, all told, to complete the flume.

But to return to the head of the flume, around which our little party of four was clustered, our spirits dropping as rapidly as the mercury during a cold snap, and our hearts seeking the seclusion of our boots.

Coming down a flume when you are at the bottom and look up is a very different proposition to going down a flume when you are at the top and look down. Stories of former trips that resulted most disastrously flashed through our minds.

If it had not been for the crowd of onlookers that stood around ready to cheer if we started, or jeer if we didn't, we would have backed out, one and all. There was no help for it, and with a last despairing look at the beautiful bright world around us that we were leaving—perhaps forever—we solemnly climbed into the flume boat and shook hands sadly with those that were not going.

The boat that was to carry us down the flume resembles nothing so much as a hog trough with one end missing. The flume being built V-shape and at a right angle, the boat is constructed likewise, but at what would be the bow end of an ordinary boat there is no end at all, it being purposely left open in order to provide means for the water that backs up into the boat to escape.

On examination we found our boat to be 16 feet long with a 14 inch plank running the length of the boat, thus making a false bottom, to raise us from reach of the water. On this plank rested four small wooden stools, one for each of the party.

After taking seats, with many misgivings and balancing ourselves, the order to cast off was given, the spikes holding our frail craft to the flume side were pulled out and our craft slid on with the current on its journey to the plains.

The sensation was exactly as if the bottom had dropped out of the universe and we had dropped with it.

"Watch out!" yelled the man in front, throwing himself back on the man behind him.

It was just in time. The sudden shock threw us all flat on our backs and the boat "zipped" under a projecting beam that would have decapitated the whole outfit.

Cautiously regaining an upright position we took a look at the scenery around us. As far ahead as one could see stretched the flume, looking a thin, spidery thread stretching down the mountain side. On either side gloomy rocks and forest trees flashed past in an indistinguishable blur when the flume lay near the ground, but when it rose on the trees to cross some canon or ravine we seemed suspended, like Mohammed's coffin "twixt heaven and earth."

In the meantime our speed had been increasing. Not a member of the party spoke a word, but in dumb amazement held a firm grip to the seat. Our boat had proceeded but half a mile when immediately before us could be seen what we subsequently learned to be one of the steepest inclines of the whole course of the flume—a drop of 250 yards, with a grade of 1,200 feet to the mile. It was but a few moments when our boat was at the head of this incline.

Pieces of timber could be seen on the mountain side below us, these pieces having been hurled out of the flume during their course. The sight was not very assuring to us, but there was no such thing as stopping or turning back at this stage of the journey. Holding our respective breaths and offering mental prayers for our own safety, we consigned ourselves to our fate. The boat stopped for an instant at the head of the chute, pitched over the curve and shot out into what seemed to be mere space.

A dim perception of fleeing torces, dashing wildly past a wall of rocks for a few seconds, the noisy wash of the waters behind us, after all of which we found ourselves at the bottom of the incline trying to regain our breath. It was short, and luckily, too. Human nerves could hardly have stood the strain much longer. Going on at a slightly reduced rate of speed, we were treated to a constant change of mountain scenery, now closely hugging the perpendicular wall of the rocky gorge, again being swept around the sharp point of a mountain on way across wide canons, up as high as 130 feet, with only the knowledge of the frail trestlework between us and—what?

No grander view of the lower Sierras could be experienced than that

which we had as we swept through space. The alternating views of deep gorges, high cliffs, timber clad mountain heights, combined with the novel means of transportation, robbed the journey of all weariness.

Finally we reached King's river, and our course now lay parallel with the stream and at about the same grade. Our boat proceeded steadily, but with none of the occasional rapidity we had experienced in the higher mountains left behind.

After having "flumed" about twenty-seven miles we came to the suspension bridge across King's river. But even fifty-two miles of flume come to an end at last, and the speed becoming tame and slow in comparison with the early part of the trip, with the aid of several men at work "herding" on the flume our frail craft was safely brought to a standstill, and we climbed out on the trestle and stretched our cramped legs. A few moments later, with the aid of a 30-foot ladder, we reached terra firma, our strange cruise ended.

Senator Vance and the Alliance.

In the Eagle, of the 30th ult., is a report of the speech made in Dallas recently by Senator Vance, in which he is reported to have said, touching the Sub-Treasury bill:

"He wrote to Mr. Carr and told him he could not support it, and then it was declared that the assaults began to be made upon him, but he declared that the Alliance as a body was not going back on him, and said that every candidate for the legislature except three were pledged to him. He said that as far as the Sub-Treasury bill was concerned the Alliance was not agreed upon it, and that he demanded that the jury be agreed before they hang him for not supporting it. He said if he voted for it and it was not constitutional, the devil would get him, not them, as he had taken an oath to support the Constitution."

The Progressive Farmer had hoped that the Senator would so modify his views on this great measure as that good and true Alliance men could consistently give him their support. But he persists in declaring the bill unconstitutional. In short, Senator Vance cannot and will not support that measure, and yet he claims that "every candidate for the legislature except three are pledged to him."

Senator Vance makes the issue clear—the Alliance must abandon this measure or it must abandon him. What answer will the Alliance of North Carolina make to this proposition? As the official organ of the order in our State, the Progressive Farmer would be basely recreant and treacherous to its high trust if it faltered in the discharge of its sacred duty. It cannot and will not support any man for Senator who thus places himself in antagonism to a measure which lies so near the heart of this great order. We will not abandon the Sub-Treasury plan, but we intend to do all in our power to secure legislation that will bring the relief to our oppressed people contemplated in this bill. So far as this paper is concerned, it will not give up this measure for any man.

Six Men Shot.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 9.—The Quaker town of Fairmont had its first murder last night. For a time the affair took on the proportions of a riot, and when the smoke cleared away six men had been shot.

"It was the occasion of a democratic jollification, and a knot of the faithful were grouped around an anvil celebrating the recent victories. In the party were W. H. Campbell, Con. Paul, J. I. Berry, Lee Harrington and Jerry Frazier. Harrington had charge of the anvil and was doing the firing when Tom Utley, a negro of unsavory reputation, stepped up and ordered the celebration to stop. Harrington dropped the rod and stepped back and Berry took his place. He was also ordered to desist by the negro and upon his refusal, Campbell came to the front and defied Utley.

"Both men then went for their guns, drawing and firing simultaneously. The duellists stood at a distance of ten feet apart and had fired two shots apiece when the negro was struck in the forehead with a brick tied in a sack by Paul. The blow was severe, but had no effect, and in a second after he was hit Utley wheeled upon his assailant and fired. Paul fell with a bullet through the top of his head, an inch from the forehead. By this time Jerry Frazier, colored, became involved in the fight, and he went to the ground with two wounds through the left leg and right hip. After shooting Paul the negro turned about and ran with the crowd in full chase. The firing became general and he received a bullet in the fleshy part of the back. With three or four men in pursuit Utley ran all over the town, crawled under the barn and was finally captured in the Central hotel by two citizens and escorted to the office of Dr. Hurley. A mob soon gathered, surrounded the office, crying for the negro and blood.

In all six men were shot, as follows: Paul, shot in the head; died this morning at 9 o'clock. Berry was shot through the right cheek and hit with a stone. Frazier, colored, shot in the leg and thigh. William Cobb, a farmer, spectator, shot through the calf of the leg. Utley, wounded in the back; Campbell, wounded in the wrist and arms with stones. Another man, supposed to be from Somerville, was seriously wounded, but in the excitement his friends placed him on board the south-bound train and carried him home.

The affair occurred about 9 o'clock in the evening, and was all over within half an hour. Sheriff Mc-

Faeley and Deputy Fogarn were telephoned for, and arrived at the scene of war at midnight. Finding the town in an uproar and its citizens terribly excited and determined to hang the negro, the riot act was read and the crowd partially dispersed, but it was not until six o'clock this morning that an opportunity was given for stealing the prisoner away. With the exception of Utley the men engaged in the riot are all respectable citizens. Utley had been a resident at Fairmont only three weeks, being a laborer on the new school building. He soon had the whole town terrorized and could do about as he pleased. He is known to be a bad man and willing to engage in any act of lawlessness.

For House of Representatives.

Table with columns: STATE, 1888, 1890. Lists representatives for various states like Alabama, Arkansas, California, etc.

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Happy Women. What is it that makes women more smiling and happy looking than men? We assert them on the cars, on the streets, in the country, by the seashore, always smiling, with a gleaming, eye-opening, and a gladness in their eyes to please. It is an effort in many instances for them to smile, and were it not for a desire to look pleasing and pretty in any way, "never smile again." Why? Because in a large majority of instances they don't feel like smiling. They feel more like crying. With their nervous aches, weakness and bearing down pains, life to them is a burden. What a golden rule to many a physician is a rich sick woman. Why should he advise to cure her and deny himself the pleasure of presenting his pills with the usual regret? It seems from the following, that the surest and cheapest way for invalid women to regain health and strength is by using J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Mrs. J. A. White, 34 W. 11th Street, Peterborough, Va., writes: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I feel that it has done more for me than any other medicine I have ever used. I feel that it has done more for me than any other medicine I have ever used. I feel that it has done more for me than any other medicine I have ever used."

No Language There. "Young man," exclaimed the moralist, pointing to the second hand of the clock as it marked the flight of the moments into eternity, "what is the language of that time piece?" "It has none, sir," replied the idler. "It goes without saying."

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Notice.

Bills will be received at this office until 12 o'clock p. m. of Wednesday, 12th of November, 1890, for furnishing, for the use of the State, 175 tons of Peabodys coal, to be delivered in the coal house, in rear of the Agricultural building.

W. L. SAUNDERS, Secretary State.

Reed in a New Role. Providence Journal.

What an interesting figure Hon. Thomas B. Reed, of the First Maine District, will present in the next House defending the right of the minority against the tyranny of the majority.

We hope that President Harrison will "lay himself out" on his forthcoming Thanksgiving proclamation. It ought to be a great State document this year. It is probable that we shall have to get a part of our turkey supply from Canada, but as Mr. Reed says, we "must live up to" the McKinley bill if it breaks us. He will be a mighty ungrateful Democrat who will not go church and eat turkey this year.

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, a few years ago has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers of the California Fig Syrup Company.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste, soothes the inflamed membrane, loosens the bowels, regulates the stomach, and cures colic, whooping cough, croup, and all the other ailments of infancy.



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