

The Greensboro Patriot

PUBLISHED BY FRIDAY.

OFFICE: WEST MARKET STREET.

Subscription rates: One year, \$1.00; Six months, \$0.60; Three months, \$0.35.

Advertisements: One inch one week, \$0.25; Two inches one week, \$0.40; Three inches one week, \$0.55.

JOHN B. HUNNEY, Editor & Proprietor.

GREENSBORO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1882.

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A special telegram from Raleigh is to the effect that the "Liberal" concern is about to collapse.

It all depends on Hubbell. This paragraph is double leaded to attract the attention of the Raleigh and Charlotte newspapers.

Now is the opportunity to have the central dome of the great column of material advancement erected on North Carolina soil.

The office of secretary of the North Carolina Agricultural Association is vacant.

The first school house south of the Patonae was built in North Carolina. We have made very little progress in school house architecture since that time.

The lawyers of Indiana, after mature deliberation, have decided that an attorney's duty to his client does not require him to commit a felony under any circumstances.

While the long train of ages is gliding away, the people are anxiously inquiring when the central organ of the great Republican party of this Nation is going to get up and prove that there was relief for the toiling millions in that Republican caucus bill which proposed to repeal the tax on bank checks and patent medicines.

Col. Henderson, secretary of the Republican Congressional committee, says that no money was turned over by the committee to the North Carolina "liberal" whom report said got \$2,000 and made personal use of it—Washington Star.

The only error in the statement is in the amount received, suggests a man at one elbow.

W. S. Ball furnishes the National Republican with an account of the Republican meeting at this place in which Ball's speech figures conspicuously. The fact is incidentally mentioned that Dockery made a speech also. The Republican report is understood to be a double-buck.

Geo. B. Everitt swears that he is "the most devoted man in seven states" when whipping out the Keogh-Causey combination he has tackled the administration and swears that he will die in the "last ditch" some time ago Mr. J. W. Flannigan, a general storekeeper, living at Graham, was arrested, and his place filled by a man who was willing to tote the goods.

Flannigan applied to the sheriff for a writ of habeas corpus and was ordered his re-assignment. He applied to Everitt yesterday for the keys, showing Raun's commission. Everitt refused to deliver the keys, intimating that Raun might go to a warmer climate than the North pole, and that he, Geo. B. Everitt, was running the collection office in the 5th district. Flannigan is in town and has telegraphed for further instructions. He meantime swears holds the fort and says he'll "be damned" if he don't stand up for his rights.

The combination say that other changes objectionable to Everitt will be made by Raun, and that he will finally be forced to resign.

No Cure No Pay. Leont's Topic. The Daily Greensboro Patriot is one of the liveliest and most enterprising dailies in the State. Bright, sprightly and always up to time, we always read it.

A Lucky Find. Some hands at work on the railroad a few miles from this place, putting in silts a few days ago, found a five dollar gold piece imbedded in the dirt around one of the silts.

A Squirrel Hunt. Judge Nelson, chief of police, Rees, Candidate Wheeler, and others have gone out in the New Garden neighborhood squirrel hunting to-day. They carried along a huge vessel in which to cook the game, and plenty of ice, etc. A gentleman just arrived in town from the "hunting grounds," says Judge Nelson shot at a squirrel while running and accidentally hit a candidate for the legislature who was standing in an adjoining field. This gentleman says candidates are more plentiful than game in the county at present.

The Everitt-Medlin Row. There are one or two corrections to note in the account of the Everitt-Hardin row at Graham Wednesday. Everitt was not invited out into the "big road" to be "spanked." When interrupted by Hardin he told him that, whatever he had to say he could say outside the court house. Hardin was hissed by the crowd, which enraged him. Everitt wore pearl colored trousers instead of "sky blue." He passed through this morning with a jaunty leather floating on his Mackinaw. He is under the impression that he has given the "combination" a—, and promises to keep it up while there is wind in his attenuated anatomy.

The Midland Road to Be Built. The stockholders of the Virginia Midland held a meeting at Winston yesterday. Among those present were J. Turner Morehead, Maj. Hairston, Rev. W. C. Wilson, Jos. A. Kelly, G. M. Bingham, A. W. Bose, S. A. Woodruff, J. D. Johnson, J. A. Williamson, A. Leazar, J. S. B. Thompson and J. M. Vaughn. From Maj. Morehead who passed through this morning we learn that two million of the bonds of the company will be issued at once, and that all the money necessary to complete the road will be at once available. There is now no barrier in the way of the road's immediate completion, and Maj. Morehead is sanguine that it will be done with all the expedition possible. The outlook is now more assuring than at any time in the history of the project.

Could the curtain of secrecy be lifted, we should see a vast drag-net of extortion thrown out by the committee from Washington over the whole land from Maine to California, with every humble official laborer—from those under the sea at Hell Gate to the weather observers on Pike's Peak—entangled in its meshes; and, busy among them, for their prey, a series of tax extorters ranging down from Hubbell, the great Quorum, to little Hubbells by the hundred, each paid a commission on his collections in true Turkish fashion (to which the large amounts extorted beyond regular plunder rates are added.) These minions, book in hand, are haunting the official corridors and tracking the public laborers. They mouse around the bureaus for names and salaries which all high-toned officials contemptuously withhold. Neither age, sex, nor condition is spared by these spoils system harpies. They waylay the clerks going to their meals. They hunt the Springfield arsenal and the Mississippi breakwater laborers to their humble homes. They obtrude their impertinent faces upon the teachers of Indians and negroes at Hampton School and the Carlisle Barracks. They dog navy-yard workmen to their narrow lodgings. The weary scrub-women are persecuted through their garrets; the poor office boys are bullied at their evening schools; the money needed for rent is taken from the aged father, and only son; men embroiled on the battlefields are harried in the very shadow of the capitol; life-boat crews, listening on stormy shores for the cry of the shipwrecked, and even chaplains and nurses at the bedside of the dying, are not exempted from this merciless, mercenary, judicious conscription, which reproduces the infamy of Oriental tax farming. We know of the head of a family who hesitates between defying Hubbell and taking a meaner tenement; of a boy at evening school black-mailed of \$3 while wearing a suit given in charity; and of a man pillaged of \$17 when the furniture of the mother he supports was in pawn, and many have consulted us as to the safety of keeping their earnings, which they need. In every case there is fear of removal or other retaliation. Pages could be filled with such cases from the reports of citizens. A newspaper before us gives that of a laborer, with a family, earning \$750 a year, pursued by a harpy for \$15, and also that of a boy of thirteen, earning \$1 a day, with another harpy after him for \$30. To women and girls no more mercy is shown.—Dorman B. Eaton, in North American Review.

After reading an account of Dockery's campaign speech a rich New York antiquarian offers him a fabulous sum to go to Egypt on an exploring expedition. From the New Yorker's letter we infer that he regards Dockery as the only survivor of a pre-historic race.

Ike Young got over-dosed with "Liberalism" and the "festive cuss" has hid himself off to Cape May.

"The man who can make the next State fair a big success," is the sort of a prodigy wanted for secretary of the association. Applications still in order.

The Spirit of the Age laments Ball's fall. "On the other hand the 'whisky organ' at Raleigh announces his conversion in great, booming letters. In the meantime Ball's grip on the office of assistant district attorney grows firmer. All of this illustrates what Ball meant when he said in his speech the other day, 'as a moralist I am a Prohibitionist, as a partisan I am a Republican.'

Dowd was renominated for Congress in the Charlotte district yesterday on the 22nd ballot. Steele, Rowland and Leak were the contestants.

Since the engagement at Shaluf, Saturday, the Egyptians have left every position they held between Suez and Ismajia and are retreating in disorder towards Zig-zig. The indications now point to guerilla war.

In Lincoln county Alexander Brevard has been nominated for the Senate and Dr. W. L. Crouse for the House.

From the American Architect. There can be no question that straw lumber is admirably adapted, to many kinds of finishing work, barrels, table and counter tops, line doors, and ornamental work; and we are assured that it can be produced and sold in competition with the finer grades of pine or in competition with the price of the latter. The standard manufacture is in widths of thirty-two inches, a length of twelve feet, and a thickness corresponding to that of surfaced boards. The dimensions may be varied to

and embrace any width, length or thickness. Unlike lumber, however, narrow widths are the most costly. The straw lumber may be ripened with the hand-saw or the buzz-saw; may be run through the sticker for the manufacture of mouldings, and takes a narrow or screw about as well as oak. It may be finished with varnish or with paint, and is susceptible to a high polish. This practically water and fire-proof, being manufactured under 500 degrees of heat, and we are assured has been boiled for some hours without any apparent change of structure. Its tensile strength is greater than that of walnut or oak, and its weight about one-fifth greater than the former when dry. It is made from any kind of straw, including hemp and flax-fiber—in fact from any material that will make pulp—and a ton of straw will produce 1,000 feet of boards. The pulp is rolled into the sheets, a number of which, corresponding with the thickness of the lumber desired, are placed together with a peculiar cement, which is claimed to be water-proof, and are then rolled under a pressure sufficient to amalgamate them into a solid mass, which may be worked with a plane if desired.

When it is remembered that it takes one hundred years to grow a tree to maturity, suiting it to commercial purposes—and a tree producing 32 inch lumber will require fully twice that time—while 20,000 feet per acre is a large yield under the most favorable circumstances, it will at once be realized that where 3,000 feet can be taken from an acre of ground for an indefinite number of years, the process which enables such a result to be accomplished, and which will yield a really valuable lumber, is one of vast importance. We look for valuable results in the future in the manufacture of lumber from what is practically a waste material, but which will be produced in endless quantities so long as the United States maintains its character as a grain-producing country.

Everitt now proposes to clean up the administration. It takes three stout men to hold him when the Keogh-Causey combination is mentioned in his presence.

Waddell's paper starts well, but needs a little "expediting." Tuesday's paper was received to-day it is as free from blemishes as an initial number could well be. As a healthy indication we notice that it is brim full of glittering new advertisements. Its tone is emphatically democratic.

The Charlotte Journal publishes a "special" from Washington under date of August 21st as follows:

There is quite a stir in Republican circles over the fact that ex-Congressman Leach, of North Carolina, has received about two thousand dollars from the Republican campaign committee, rendering a plea that he was using it for defeating democracy in North Carolina, whereas it is said to have been traced to numerous creditors.

This statement is denied by the secretary of the Republican executive committee, as published in yesterday's Patriot. It would be curious to know how such a report obtained currency.

A correspondent of the Winston Sentinel who has interviewed Dr. Tyre York, of Wilkes, states by authority that he will not run as an independent candidate for Congress in the 7th district. That means Robbins' election beyond peradventure.

The apple-jack crop of New Jersey will be unusually large this year. The usual annual average is 120,000 gallons. New York produces nearly as much of the same kind of lightning, and it needs but a brief meditation in the country churchyards near by to show how large a proportion of the inhabitants get struck by it.

It is assumed that the mongrelizing of political parties in differentiation of States means the disintegration of old parties. It would seem that the assumption is abundantly sustained by the facts. A glance at the different political combinations will interest the reader of current politics. In Michigan the Democrats and Greenbackers have "fused," nominating a ticket composed equally of the two parties. A like fusion has been formed in the State of Maine. In Missouri the Republicans and Greenbackers have "fused." In Mississippi, Virginia, Alabama, North Carolina and Kentucky the Republicans and Independent Democrats have "fused." The Republicans denounce "fusion" in Maine and Michigan, but cheer for it in Missouri, North Carolina, Virginia and Mississippi.

"Port Pillow" Chalmers, the most obnoxious Bourbon Democrat in the State leads the "fusion" ticket in Mississippi. Leach, who has been the most ultra of Democratic partisans, leads the movement in

North Carolina. Very recently both Chalmers and Leach have been denounced by Republicans for all that is mean and vicious in politics. How is it in Virginia? But a little while ago the Democrats denounced Parson Massey as representing all that was base and despicable in politics. Now he is the Democratic candidate for Congressman-at-large in that State. He is now pictured by them as a "grand old man," while the Republicans, who in the days of Democratic abuse, saw in him all that was lovely, have discovered that he is a "scoundrel, a forger and a traitor." Democrats denounce "fusion" in North Carolina and support it in Maine and Michigan. What has become of the principles of the two parties? The policy of "fusion," or coalition, which is so unspairingly denounced in some States by both parties, is readily embraced by either wherever it may tend to success. In view of such glaring inconsistency and such readiness to grasp at any means to attain political power, is it surprising that the old party organizations are falling to pieces. And if the Democratic combinations in Maine and Michigan embrace the worst elements of the two parties as does the fusion between the Republicans and Democrats in North Carolina, the sooner the disintegration takes place the better.

J. C. Black, of Moore county, has been nominated for the Senate from Moore and Randolph. The Raleigh Observer says Mr. Black is a native of Randolph, and removed about seven years ago to Carthage, where he has established for himself an enviable reputation as a man, a citizen and a lawyer. He is a good speaker, popular with his fellow citizens, of a pleasing address, and will make a capital canvasser.

Worse than Demagoguery. Leach told some gents at the depot he didn't want to beat Leach in the last man in the last ditch, decent people have a right to demand that the belligerent adopt such methods as shall not disgrace the whole people and poison the moral atmosphere to the lasting injury of the young men who are coming on the stage of active life.

For it is a self-evident fact that while the air is kept full of villainous scandals, while the press of each faction is accusing the leaders of the other faction of bribery, corruption and every species of political scoundrelism, while men who have filled the highest places in the confidence of the people are being painted for the gallery of eternal infamy—while this sort of work is the leading industry of each faction, the effect of it on the general public is similar to the influence of a six-months' perusal of the Beecher-Tilton scandal on the inmates of a girl's boarding school.

Earthen jars, charged with powder and various chemicals of most offensive smell were formerly used in vessels of war as handgrenades in boarding ships. Webster describes them and calls them "stink-pots." But such vile contrivances are no longer employed in any navy. Why, then, will these fighting factions insist on the metaphorical use of them?

The latest scandal—last in a line of hundreds—represents Mr. Conkling as the agent of monopolist trying to bribe Governor Cornell to sign certain bills that he could not honestly approve. The country does not believe that Conkling would, either directly or indirectly, attempt to do so shameful a thing. The country does not want to believe that Governor Cornell is a bribable man. The scandal is an outrage on public decency, but it is not a whit worse than many of its almost numberless predecessors.

Each side in New York, each side in Pennsylvania, each side in the long drama that culminated at Chicago two years ago last June, each side in the deplorable contest that followed the nomination of Mr. Robertson as collector of New York, each side in a thousand of its most reprehensible has a right to lead the leaders of the other.

It is not one of these Montague's Capulets—"a plague o' war" to your houses"—to change their tactics! Must the public mind be always getting familiar with some fresh scandal! Must fresh victims of this malvolence be offered up every week! Must this family linen be always flapping in the breeze! Must the deadly exhalations from Republican wash-kettles poison the air for all time to come!

The Democratic half of the American people has borne this affliction as patiently as any quiet household could bear the incessant howling of a quarrelsome family living next door. But patience is well nigh exhausted. If, therefore, the fight must go on, the Democrats will insist that the offensive earthen vessels above named be abandoned in order that there may be a possible chance of a cleaner moral atmosphere.—Washington Post.

idea that the grand old party does business exclusively on principle is too antiquated to be endurable. It is money that makes the party go, and as no one who is not interested in a job cares to contribute to the maintenance of a lot of other jobbers "this committee cannot hope to succeed if those most directly benefited by success are unwilling or neglect to aid in a substantial manner." It is pretty hard on a grand old party to get down to where it cannot live without robbing the families of underpaid office-holders; still, facts are facts, so Assessor Hubbell's committee says to each office-holder, "It is hoped that by return mail you will send a voluntary contribution equal to two per cent of your annual compensation." What the old party needs and cannot do without is at least two dollars and a half from every office-holder.

One of the worst results of the chronic and bitter fight between the two principal factions of "the grand old party" is its depraving influence upon public morals. There has scarcely been a day since the disturbance began when the country has been free from the deplorable effects of this demoralizing agency.

Scandal has succeeded scandal in such rapid succession that the moral atmosphere has been constantly impregnated with the fetid odor of falsity. The Republican household divided against itself has washed its dirty linen every day in the week, Sunday not excepted, and the steam from its kitchen, like a dread miasma, has settled down on the face of the whole land.

A nauseated public demands a cessation of this kind of warfare, demands it in the name of decency and in the interest of all classes. If these brethren must fight, if their war is to be one of extermination, if there can be no let-up till the last man is in the last ditch, decent people have a right to demand that the belligerent adopt such methods as shall not disgrace the whole people and poison the moral atmosphere to the lasting injury of the young men who are coming on the stage of active life.

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Horrible Accident. Last night, by an unlooked for movement of a lot of cars, Mr. Joseph Gee, of Manchester, met with a terrible death. Mr. Gee, who was employed to watch the cars and other property of the Richmond & Danville railroad at Manchester, was at the time of the accident in company with Mr. Puckett, watchman of the Bucket factory, and while they were standing together a heavy shower of rain forced them to seek shelter, which they found under two cars on the track near the factory.

These cars had been standing for nine months. The two men were in their place of shelter but a short time when suddenly, from some unknown cause, a train of cars higher up the track broke loose and came thundering down the heavy grade into the two under which they were seated. Both men attempted to jump from under the cars while they were in motion, but Mr. Puckett got out but made a narrow escape. The wheels caught and severed the skirts of his coat, and, being a large man and not so active, was caught under the wheels and dragged a great distance, the wheels passing over his body several times. His death was instantaneous. He was a brother of conductor Gee, of the Richmond and Danville Company, who is now at the Red Sulphur Springs.

Mr. Puckett, though bruised, was not seriously injured.—Richmond State.

A letter from Richmond to Mr. W. D. Alsop, of this place, who is a kinsman of the deceased, states that Gee, on the night in question, was watching for some thieves who had been stealing old brasses from some cars in the Manchester yard, and got under the cars for the purpose of concealing himself. The deceased was a highly respected young man.

Gen. Scales came next and was received with great cheering. He is so deservedly popular for his upright conduct and unswerving integrity that the people are always glad to see him. He made a good speech to all that could get in the court room. There were many more who wanted to hear him, but could not get in.

The Negroes and the "Bourbon Whig." Goldsboro Star, colored. "That portion of the North Carolina revenue ring who have for the past fifteen years ruled and controlled the negro vote of the State, seem determined to continue their monarchial sway or damn the party. Their dirty tricks to delude, beguile and defeat the colored and honest white Republicans of this district, are unparalleled. Summing up the matter we arrive at the conclusion that all this dodging means good for neither the colored men of the district nor the Republican party."

Spirit of the Age. To capture Prohibition Republicans and make them come into the support of the Anti-Prohibition ticket, they tell that the Prohibitionists in the future of the campaign to be ignored, and that, if a "Bourbon Whig" candidate, being the Anti-Prohibition candidate, he will be elected. This is a plan, and that the Republican party, running the campaign upon other issues, &c.

This is the kind of specious argument which the wire-walkers are using to make men stultify themselves, eat dirt and turn and kick the hands that smite them.

All the arguments which can be invented by sophistry and political cunning cannot blot out this fact and don't you forget it, that for O. H. Dockery is the name of the Anti-Prohibition "slap Hood" side last year, and the devil's side the year before, which Col. Ball of Greensboro, and Rev. J. C. P. of New Bern, fought so bravely. Col. Dockery stands high when he did last year, on the liquor platform. He has not changed his compromised, but mounted on his pyramid of whisky barrels, with a flag on which is printed a still house for a motto, waving over his head, he commands, and some of the boasted champions of Prohibition fall upon their knees and worship the man and the man which one year ago they declared was on the devil's side.

But thank God, all are not cowards and political dirt-eaters. There are some true, manly, independent Prohibition Republicans who can neither be kicked in nor be made to eat dirt. Some who love their race better than they do the party—some who cannot be bought by any man, and some who will not be bought by that party, led by Spaulding Co., which nominated Col. O. H. Dockery.

Beware of the ticket. We told you that O. H. Dockery is the Liquor Dealers candidate. He is not the Republican candidate. And any Prohibition Republican who votes for him or the ticket which he heads simply sells himself for less than a mess of pottage to the Anti-Prohibitionists.

Beware of tricks. Avenge life is more terrible than death, it is then the crueler valor to dare to live.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Know that the world—that the great, big world—From the penning up to the King, Has a different dog to sing. And a different song to sing. But for me—and I care not a single fig, If they say I am wrong or an right—I shall always go in for the weaker dog. For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—that the great, big world—Will never a moment stop. To see which dog may be in the foot, But will about for the dog on top. But for me I shall never be in the right. Which dog may be in the right? For my heart will beat, while it beats at all. For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said that better not said, Or 'twere better, had I said it more. Will bear and act with glass filled chock to the brim. Here I lack to the bottom dog!

Horrible Accident. Last night, by an unlooked for movement of a lot of cars, Mr. Joseph Gee, of Manchester, met with a terrible death. Mr. Gee, who was employed to watch the cars and other property of the Richmond & Danville railroad at Manchester, was at the time of the accident in company with Mr. Puckett, watchman of the Bucket factory, and while they were standing together a heavy shower of rain forced them to seek shelter, which they found under two cars on the track near the factory.

These cars had been standing for nine months. The two men were in their place of shelter but a short time when suddenly, from some unknown cause, a train of cars higher up the track broke loose and came thundering down the heavy grade into the two under which they were seated. Both men attempted to jump from under the cars while they were in motion, but Mr. Puckett got out but made a narrow escape. The wheels caught and severed the skirts of his coat, and, being a large man and not so active, was caught under the wheels and dragged a great distance, the wheels passing over his body several times. His death was instantaneous. He was a brother of conductor Gee, of the Richmond and Danville Company, who is now at the Red Sulphur Springs.

Mr. Puckett, though bruised, was not seriously injured.—Richmond State.

A letter from Richmond to Mr. W. D. Alsop, of this place, who is a kinsman of the deceased, states that Gee, on the night in question, was watching for some thieves who had been stealing old brasses from some cars in the Manchester yard, and got under the cars for the purpose of concealing himself. The deceased was a highly respected young man.

Gen. Scales came next and was received with great cheering. He is so deservedly popular for his upright conduct and unswerving integrity that the people are always glad to see him. He made a good speech to all that could get in the court room. There were many more who wanted to hear him, but could not get in.

The Negroes and the "Bourbon Whig." Goldsboro Star, colored. "That portion of the North Carolina revenue ring who have for the past fifteen years ruled and controlled the negro vote of the State, seem determined to continue their monarchial sway or damn the party. Their dirty tricks to delude, beguile and defeat the colored and honest white Republicans of this district, are unparalleled. Summing up the matter we arrive at the conclusion that all this dodging means good for neither the colored men of the district nor the Republican party."

Spirit of the Age. To capture Prohibition