

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

Claudius F. Wilson, Editor.

GET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMST AT, BE THEY COUNTRY'S, TRY GOD'S, AND TRUTHS.

\$1.50 a Year, cash in Advance

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BILL ARP'S LETTER

AN ESSAY ON KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.

HE CHRONICLES UNCLE SIMON PETER RICHARDSON'S PHILOSOPHY, AND EXPLAINS SOME OF HIS SAYINGS

Uncle Simon Peter Richardson heard a man say that he had kept sweet potatoes sound and sweet all winter and some years until potatoes came again.

That's so, he replied. I have no doubt of it. I have seen them kept for seven years, and they were still keeping, and what is more remarkable, they were growing and getting bigger every year.

Uncle Simon's assertions are frequently surprises to his hearers, for he has traveled much and seen a great deal and is a man of observation. His manner of talk carries truth with it, and being a preacher, the presumptions of truth are all in his favor. I lived at Key West a long time, he said, and as there is no winter there the potatoes don't sleep long in the ground, but start up again and grow some more. They swell and crack open and put out sprouts, and are not fit to eat, but they don't rot if left in the ground. They will grow and grow until they get as big as a young log. Sometimes a man weak in faith will walk off from Uncle Simon and leave him talking, and hence he is very cautious about narrating extraordinary experiences for fear they will not be fully believed and it will bring discredit upon his calling. It is astonishing how little we know about other countries and other countries and other people.

When I was in Florida I heard a man ask another man if he had any sweet potatoes to sell. And he said: No, but if I sell, I'll go for the lumps. I found out that lumps were potatoes left in the ground after the season was passed and they grew again and made potatoes the next season, without cultivation and the second crop was called lumps.

A friend of Uncle Simon told me that he was a truthful man—strictly truthful, and not given even to innocent exaggeration. Said he: I had heard that he was born and raised in South Carolina, and as that was my native State, I asked him one day what part of the State he came from and he replied without hesitation, I came from Dutch Fork. He saw me smile and said: You are acquainted with the Fork I presume. Yes, I was born and raised right there and am not ashamed to own it. If I am anybody or have done anything worthy of a man I deserve the more credit for having sprung from the Fork.

My friend told me that Simon Peter was the first man he ever heard admit that he came from Dutch Fork—for it was a poor, barren, God-forsaken region, between two rivers about twenty miles this side of Newberry, and the people who lived there had nothing and did not want anything, and raised their scrawny, tow-headed children on potatoes and dirt. Clay was a popular diet among them and a good substitute for chewing gum and tobacco.

Uncle Simon used to be a book agent. That business is a good school for any man or even a woman to acquire a check and learn the ways of the world. He was appointed an agent to sell Bibles, and to buy money to buy more Bibles, and he gave Bibles away to the poor, and so he traveled overland all over the country, and talked and prayed and preached as he went along. No refusal ever bluffed him, for his heart was in his work, and he rarely left a man without getting something out of him, or leaving a Bible with him. One day he stopped in front of a store and introduced himself and made known his business. The merchant was a loud-talking, obstinate man, and said: Well, you needn't stop here for money. We have been bled to death in this town. There's hardly a day passes but what some broken-down man or woman comes along for charity. No, sir, we are bled to death.

But, said Uncle Simon, my work is for the Lord. I'm at giving the people God's books, and—

Well, you'll get nothing out of me. I tell you we are bled to death.

Won't you give me \$1 for the Bible case?

No, sir. Fifty cents?

No, sir. Twenty-five cents?

No, sir. Not a cent. I tell you we are bled to death by beggars.

Well, said Uncle Simon please step inside and let me show you my arm.

I don't want to see your arm, the man said, gruffly.

Well, just come in. I want to show it to you. It is a curiosity.

And the crowd followed Uncle Simon into the store and watched him take off his coat and roll up his sleeve, his pointed out three little scars near the elbow and said:

One time I was very sick, and sent for a doctor to come and bleed me, and he tried three times to hit the vein, but missed it, and never got a drop of blood. He rolled down his sleeve, put on his coat and remarked: A man can be bled that way every day, but if his blood comes he is no worse off for blood, is he, my friend?

The crowd laughed, and the merchant's face turned red, and he took Uncle Simon back to his desk and gave him \$5.

One time the old gentleman was traveling in a hack that was full of passengers, and as they were passing a poor, desolate farm they saw a woman picking cotton, and there were six little half clad cotton-headed children near by trying to help her. One of the men pointed at her and said: You're the old hen and her chickens! I'll bet the whole shebang don't get fifty pounds a day. Uncle Simon said: Stop driver; stop a minute. Gentlemen, that is a poor woman; a very poor woman. She can hardly stand up straight, she has been stooping so long over that little low cotton. Let us make her happy for a while. Suppose we give \$1 a piece. They all agreed but the first man who had made fun of her. The others made up five dollars and Uncle Simon called the eldest girl to the fence and gave it to her. She looked wild and scared and took it in her trembling hand and ran to her mother. Go ahead, driver, said Uncle Simon, but every head was turned toward the old hen and her chickens, and when she seemed to understand that no harm was intended and it was a gift from generous men, she took off her old sun bonnet and bowed to them and pointed her hand to heaven. It was learned afterwards that the woman was a poor widow, and she was trying to harvest her husband's crop. That was a big thing in that family, and they are talking about it yet. I reckon. The other man caught the infection before they reached their journey's end, and gave another poor child a dollar for bringing him a gourd of water from the spring at the foot of the hill. He didn't want the water, but just wanted an excuse to get even with the crowd.

But I have heard as big stories as Uncle Simon's later story right here at home. It was in the judge's room, one night when we were all talking about what a great county was Gilmer and he stood up beside it and tried to span it with his long arms and couldn't reach more than half way round. He looked to Judge Underwood for a nod of confirmation and got it. That is so—exactly so, said the judge. I have seen that tree. It came from a seed that was planted by old Noonootooty, a half breed Indian who came from North Carolina about fifty years ago. Thus fortified General Hansell continued his remarks by saying that the average annual crop of this tree was 500 bushels, and the apples were what is known as the black apple—they were such a very dark red.

Judge Underwood cleared his throat and said: And General don't you remember that lane—Fraser's lane, on Laughing Gal creek—where there is an apple tree in every fence corner on both sides of the lane clear up to the top of the hill, and the limbs of the trees have got tangled up together in a solid mass and you can't see the sun above you as you drive along.

Oh, yes, said the General. I remember it perfectly. And

one fall when you and Trippe and Chastin and Shackelford and Hanks and Hackett and John Word and Hooper and ever so many more of us struck that lane there were twelve buggies all in a row going to court. And you and I were in the hindmost buggy and that lane was ankle deep in apples, and the horses could hardly get along, and I looked back and the horses and the wheels had mashed apples until there was a stream of cider running down the hill that was big enough to turn a mill. You remember that General?

Perfectly, perfectly, said the General, but he was weakening a little.

And old man Fraser told me, said the Judge, that one year he turned the cider into the vats in his little tanyard, and it made very fine leather. Cider makes very fine tanning, you know, General. My father wore a pair of calf-skin shoes for seven years that were tanned with cider, and you could turn them wrong side out as easy as india rubber.

The Judge had not herded Herod and a general hierarchy succeeded his last effort. Baron Munchausen and the Arabian Nights had a wonderful influence over the grand old gentlemen of the olden time. They were fine story-tellers, and could just make them up right along.

Nothing but superlative merit can account for the phenomenal reputation achieved by Salvation Oil. It kills pain. Price 25 cents.

The Darwinian theory perplexes the multitude. They object to descendants from monkeys. But not even a baby objects to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

SENATORIAL DISTRICTS.

There was much discussion when it came to fixing the Senatorial districts. As the final result the districts stand as follows:

1st District Currituck, Camden, Pasquotank, Hertford, Gates, Chowan and Perquimans shall elect two Senators.

2nd District Tyrrell, Washington, Martin, Dare, Beaufort, Hyde, and Pamlico shall elect two Senators.

3rd District Northampton and Bertie shall elect one Senator.

4th District Halifax shall elect one Senator.

5th District Edgecombe shall elect one Senator.

6th District Pitt shall elect one Senator.

7th District Wilson, Nash and Franklin shall elect two Senators.

8th District Craven, Jones, Carteret, Lenoir, Onslow and Greene shall elect two Senators.

9th District Duplin, Wayne and Pender shall elect two Senators.

10th District New Hanover and Brunswick shall elect one Senator.

11th District Warren and Vance shall elect one Senator.

12th District Wake shall elect one Senator.

13th District Johnston shall elect one Senator.

14th District Sampson, Harnett and Bladen shall elect two Senators.

15th District Columbus and Robeson shall elect two Senators.

16th District Cumberland shall elect one Senator.

17th District Granville and Person shall elect one Senator.

18th District Caswell, Alamance, Orange and Durham shall elect two Senators.

19th District Chatham shall elect one Senator.

20th District Rockingham shall elect one Senator.

21st District Guilford shall elect one Senator.

THE RESULT.

THE WORK OF THE LAST LEGISLATURE SUMMARIZED.

APPROPRIATIONS, NEW LAWS, AND THE MOST IMPORTANT CHANGES IN OLD ONES.

[The ADVANCE did not publish the proceedings of the General Assembly because, 1st, the reports in the daily papers were of too unsatisfactory a nature to afford satisfaction to any but the most careful student, and 2nd, we found it impossible to secure a Raleigh correspondent worth having at the time the present arrangement came into control. The following brief summary was published in the Wilmington Messenger, and was prepared by Col. F. A. Olds.—EDITOR.]

The more important acts of the late Legislature, very briefly summarized, are as follows: Taxes levied, general, twenty-five cents, school, fifteen cents, pension three cents.

Public institutions established: Geological survey, \$10,000 annually; Bureau of Immigration, consolidated with the Agricultural Bureau, with only \$150 allowance additional to Commissioner of Agriculture; Normal and Industrial school for white girls, \$10,000 annually; Institution for white deaf and dumb, \$10,000 annually; Railway Commission, three members, \$2,000 each, clerk \$1,200, and expenses allowed; Confederate Soldiers' Home, \$3,000 annually; Colored Agricultural and Mechanical college, \$3,500 annually; Colored Normal school of Elizabeth City, \$900 annually, taken from other Normal schools.

Appropriations for existing institutions: State hospitals, Goldsboro, \$43,000; Raleigh, \$87,000; Morganton, \$85,000; institutions for the deaf and dumb and blind, \$43,000; Penitentiary, \$35,000; Oxford Orphan Asylum for whites, \$10,000; for colored, \$1,000; State Industrial Association, colored, \$500; repairs at the State University, \$1,500; furniture, etc., at executive mansion, \$1,250.

Other appropriations: For exhibit at the World's Fair, \$25,000; for disabled volunteer firemen, not to exceed \$2,500. The first sum will be derived from interest on the returned direct tax; the latter from an extra license tax on insurance companies.

Important new laws: Forbidding oyster and clam dredging, and creating an oyster commission; closing registration books at noon the Saturday before elections; prohibiting emigration agents from carrying on their business, by imposing \$1,000 license tax in each county in which they operate; making it a misdemeanor to entice minors out of the State; providing for the election of solicitors in the same manner as judges; requiring clerks of superior courts to make annual reports of all funds in their hands, and making embezzlement by them a felony; allowing each judge \$250 annually for traveling expenses; allowing persons to change name only once; giving to justices of the peace jurisdiction in cases where though a deadly weapon is used no damage is done; requiring all banks to make stated reports to the State Treasurer; prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to persons under 17 years of age; providing for temperance text books in the public schools; limiting the number of times of county boards of education to four annually; making it a misdemeanor to make any threats or use any undue influence against jurors or witnesses; providing for the office of tax collector in the various counties; making the railway commission a court of record inferior only to the supreme court; making gambling at agricultural fairs or other public places a misdemeanor; to allow the State board of education to invest its funds received from the sale of swamp lands and defining the meaning of the term "swamp lands."

To pay judges and canvassers of elections \$1 per day, and to allow persons summoned as witnesses at coroners' inquests the same as regular witnesses in courts. To allow supreme or superior court judges to take probate in cases where the probate judge is a party, in interest. Regulating sheriffs' and constables' fees in cases of claim and delivery of personal property and fixing a uniform fee for the service of road orders. Requiring all sheep dealers and butchers to keep registers of cattle, etc. Requiring all dentists from other

States, practicing here, to stand a regular examination, and all physicians from other States, practicing here to either do this or else file a certified statement that they are regularly licentiates. To allow the Governor to offer not over \$400 reward for felons, whether their names are known or not. To make the words adjoining and bounded by of equal meaning, as applied to land boundaries. Requiring tax listers to collect and report agricultural statistics. Requiring railway roads to redeem unused tickets, and to make ticket scalping a misdemeanor. To protect seed buyers, by requiring date to be placed on all packages of seed sold; engaging the names of insane asylums to hospitals and of poor houses to homes for the aged and infirm; allowing sheriff, clerks, etc., to give bonds in guaranty companies; making the fee for cotton weighing 10 cents per bale, half to be paid by buyer and half by the seller; allowing traveling expenses of the Board of Public Charities; limiting the time of issue of county bonds for railway subscriptions; making it a misdemeanor to obstruct streets, roads, squares, etc., compelling personal representatives to plead the statute of limitations, allowing guardians to rent or sell ward's lands privately, where to interest of wards, and by permission of clerk of court, allowing county convicts to build and repair bridges and clear out streams, to cure defective probates.

The Congressional Districts are arranged as follows: 1. Beaufort, Camden, Carteret, Chowan, Currituck, Dare, Gates, Hertford, Hyde, Martin, Pamlico, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Pitt, Tyrrell and Washington.

2. Bertie, Edgecombe, Greene, Halifax, Lenoir, Northampton, Warren, Wilson and Wayne.

3. Bladen, Cumberland, Craven, Harnett, Jones, Moore, Onslow and Sampson.

4. Chatham, Franklin, Johnston, Nash, Randolph, Vance and Wake.

5. Alamance, Caswell, Durham, Granville, Guilford, Orange, Person, Rockingham and Stokes.

6. Anson, Brunswick, Columbus, Mecklenburg, New Hanover, Pender, Richmond, Robeson and Union.

7. Catawba, Cabarrus, Davidson, Davie, Iredell, Lincoln, Montgomery, Rowan, Stanley and Yadkin.

8. Alexander, Alleghany, Ashe, Burke, Caldwell, Cleveland, Forsyth, Gaston, Mitchell, Surry, Watauga and Wilkes.

9. Buncombe, Cherokee, Clay, Graham, Haywood, Henderson, Jackson, McDowell, Macon, Madison, Polk, Rutherford, Swain, Transylvania and Yancey.

EVERYBODY KNOWS

That at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months of cold confinement in poorly ventilated stores, workshops and tenements. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier ever produced. It is the only medicine of which "100 doses one dollar" is true.

THE PLATFORM

Of the Farmers' Alliance Upon Which They Propose to Stand.

[As a matter of news, because it has never been seen in the columns of the ADVANCE, we publish the platform of the Farmers' Alliance. It will be remembered that Rev. Tom Dixon declared that Articles 5 and 6 were "deals as high as Heaven itself," and who will say they are not. This organization is destined to wield a tremendous power in the control of the government of the United States. Read the following, from the National Economist, very carefully.—EDITOR.]

There are few persons, except such as belong to the Farmers' Alliance, that know anything about the organization. Many think that it was brought into existence by a shiftless set of fellows who called themselves farmers, who were failures in their own business, and were nothing more or less than an idle set of vagabonds filled to the overflow with hatred and prejudice for all other classes of persons which through close application to business had made a better success in life.

There are many men of intelligence, men capable of informing themselves on any subject, who are constantly displaying their ignorance of us in the most glaring manner. We were surprised a few days ago to hear a gentleman of distinction say that the Alliance was a secret political organization dangerous to the liberties of the people. For the enlightenment of all such, and for the benefit of those whom they would delude, we publish below, what is called, or may be called, the "Declaration of Principles of the Farmers' Alliance." We ask a careful reading of the same,

and then conclude whether or not these principles can be the ground work of any theory or theories dangerous in any way to the American people.

CONSTITUTION.

Profoundly impressed that we, the Farmers' Alliance, united by the strong and faithful ties of financial and home interests, should set forth our declaration of intentions, we therefore resolve—

1. To labor for the education of the agricultural classes in the science of economical government in a strictly non-partisan spirit.

2. To endorse the motto: "In things essential, unity; and in all things, charity."

3. To develop a better state, mentally, morally, socially and financially.

4. To create a better understanding for sustaining civil officers in maintaining law and order.

5. To constantly strive to secure entire harmony and good will among all mankind and brotherly love among ourselves.

6. To suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices; all unhealthful rivalry and all selfish ambition.

7. The brightest jewels which it garners are the tears of widows and orphans, and its imperative commands are to visit the homes where lacerated hearts are bleeding; to assuage the sufferings of a brother or a sister; bury the dead; care for the widows and educate the orphans; to exorcise charity towards offenders; to construe words and deeds in their most favorable light, granting honesty of purpose and good intentions to others; and to protect the principles of the Alliance unto death.

Its laws are reason and equity, its cardinal doctrines inspire purity of thought and life, its intentions are "Peace on earth and good will towards men."

The first idea set forth—to labor for the education of the agricultural classes in the science of economical government in a strictly non-partisan spirit—has been prosecuted with vigor. What the result has been, or may be, time will tell. Can anyone doubt the necessity for such teaching? Were the great wealth producers of this land to be idle in the matter of government—to take no part in the political affairs of this nation, when every other class of people were organized and constantly procuring such legislation as would better enable them to rob us? We could bring column after column to prove the necessity for education in economical government, and necessity too for the practice of economy in the affairs of the government; however we will only introduce one reliable witness and rest our cause.—National Economist.

GUARANTEED CURE FOR LAM GRIPPE.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer, because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at A. W. Rowland's Drug Store. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

HEED THE WARNING.

It is not infrequently the case that itching pimples and irritating "cat-bills" are the forerunners of larger evils, or the more serious carbonaceous eruptions of Nature puts out her danger signals, and they should be heeded at once. The pimples and little boils show that the blood is not in a good condition and nature is trying to relieve the system. A few doses of Swift's Specific at this juncture will accomplish wonders.

The eruption will be heeded and the system cleaned of its impurities. The modern paraphrase or the old saying, "A stitch in time, etc.," is that "Timely stitches will save nine pairs of breeches." The modern form has a touch of humor that does not modify the truth of it. In that vein, we may say that a course of Swift's Specific prevents its terrific.

GOOD LOOKS.

Good looks more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be in active, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blisters, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at A. W. Rowland's Drugstore, 50c per bottle.

HOW HE JOINED.

GEN. GORDON IS NOW A FULL-FLEDGED ALLIANCE MAN.

A BIG BURLESQUE UPON THE REAL INITIATION PROCEEDINGS.

[Two weeks ago the ADVANCE told its readers that Gen. John B. Gordon had joined the Farmers' Alliance. The following laughable burlesque account of the proceedings will amuse every Alliance man who reads it. It is a brilliant piece of work, and comes from the Athens (Ga.) Banner.—EDITOR.]

General Gordon is now a full-fledged Alliance man, and will hereafter be made to ton the mark, and address Livingston, Macon and Harry Brown as "Brother." The initiation of this distinguished gentleman went through without a jolt, and was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic audience of Alliance men.

At the risk of being shot for exposing the secrets of our Order, I will give the Banner a full report of the impressive ceremony that awaited General Gordon from the clutches of politicians and made him an humble disciple of the plow.

The candidate was escorted into the ante-room of the Alliancemen by a body-guard of farmers. He manifested some nervousness when his conductors demanded that he should enter the realm of agricultural bliss. He was then arrayed in a pair of copperas pants, upheld by one suspender, and a hickory shirt, wool hat and brogan shoes. The Alliance (his guide explained) was no respecter of persons and every member must be on an equal footing.

Three raps were given on the lodge-room door, and a sepulchral voice from within demanded: "Who comes there?"

"A poor penitent who is groping in darkness and asks that the light of the Alliance be burned upon him, was the reply.

"Is the candidate a tiller of the soil?" was the next query from within.

"He says he has always been the best friend the farmer of Georgia ever had," was the evasive response.

"See if there are any corns in his hand or cuckle burrs in his hair," was the command.

"The recker of light says he is only a farmer by proxy, and the corns are in the hands of the men who work his land, was the response.

Does the candidate ask admittance into our Order on his own volition, and is he prepared to pass through the ordeal of initiation?" He does and he is, was the reply from without.

Let the candidate then remain in darkness until his eyes are prepared to receive the great light that the Alliance will turn upon him and he can be admitted into our sacred precincts, was the next order.

The eyes of the applicant for Alliance knowledge were bandaged with a second-hand guano sack, the door of the lodge-room thrown open and Georgia's ex-Governor and United States Senator, for the first time in his life, found himself in the inner sanctuary of the farmers lair. He was marched three times around the room, while the members welcomed him with—

While the lamp holds out to burn the sinner, let him return. With a gas, and lo! the candidate was escorted to the Grand Tycoon, who used as chair of state the small end of a bale of cotton.

Our would-be brother, your humbling entry into this room teaches you a useful lesson. A few minutes ago you came to us reeking with the odor of the politician, and arrayed in the paraphernalia of a great man. You were stripped of your fine apparel, which means that you must also leave behind in your future communications with farmers your worldly dignity, or the Alliance will strip you of your honors as easily as it did of your tailor-made garments. All men (except the nigger) are free and equal.

The odious bandage that obscured your vision is a necessary attachment to the farm, and while it teaches an Alliance man that he must not expect his pathway through life to be sprinkled with the otter o' roses, will be special reminder to you of the offensive manner that you spoke of our leaders and friends during your recent campaign. The conductor will now convey the candidate before the high and mighty hater for further instructions, while the brethren will please sing.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand The H. and M. hater was equating between the handles of a plow stock. Without further ado the candidate had an iron hook fastened in the seat of his pants, to which a rope was attached and drawn over his head above. With a steady gaze by two newly Alliancemen, the distinguished gentleman was soon dangling in the air, with hands and feet vainly clutching at the floor. Now hold the candidate in that position, while he can better appreciate the

beautiful lessons inculcated by the Alliance, remarked the G. and M. H. It is needless for a partially initiated brother to longer clutch at the floor. He has already had some experience at resigning and the wisest thing he can do is to resign to practice that virtue and be resigned to the position we have placed him in, and not postpone this matter until he gets to Washington again.

That hook, the High Histed explained, illustrates the firm hold the Farmers Alliance has on mankind. Your struggles in the air show the folly of a candidate trying to regain his equilibrium while in the mighty grasp of our Order. It also illustrates over a man at will, to elevate or lower a man at will. Your futile clutches in the air are to show the folly of a candidate trying to reach for office through politicians. The candidate can now be released and carried before the Supreme Spanker for further enlightenment, and while he is making the circuit of the room the Brother who had just received the candidate is beginning to shiver in the cold air of the room.

The Supreme Spanker sat upon a bale of hay. He ordered the bandage removed from the candidate's eyes, remarking that he had perhaps progressed far enough to stand the light of the Alliance, and, besides, he was to go through another ordeal that required all of a man's faculties to endure.

The seeker after light was then led up to a barrel, and in a twinkling stretched over it.

Bring forth the sub-treasury plank, commanded the Supreme Spanker, and convince the new brother that it is not a rotten one, but made of good, sore, ever green. Let the High Exhorter do his duty like a good and true Allianceman, while we will all sing:

Once I was blind but now I see. Forty times that plank rose in the air and came down with a mighty bump, before the writing vint was released and carried before the Supreme Spanker again, to have the motion he had just received explained. You have passed through one of the most beautiful and edifying chapters in the Alliance mode of initiation. You have publicly asserted that we had only one plank in our platform, and that a rotten one. I feel assured that you are now prepared to correct this statement, and assert that our sub-treasury plank is one of the soundest that you ever felt. We have several other planks, as we can prove to your entire satisfaction, if so desired. Oh! you say you are satisfied! Well, be careful in the future how you speak blurrily of something you know nothing about. Now carry the candidate, Brother Conductor, for other useful lessons, and while he is on the move he had just received explained. This is the way I long have sought.

The great drencher had on a table before him three black feathers and a goblet half filled with what appeared to be old Bourbon.

After his long fatiguing pilgrimage our brother is doubtless in need of rest and refreshment. Place a corner of that good, sore, ever green upon the table, and by some sleight-of-hand the candidate made a miss and landed on the floor.

My unfortunate brother, you have now learned the uncertainty of political campaigns. Just as a man thinks he has found a nice, comfortable seat, the Alliance slips it from beneath him, and painful indeed is now his disappointment. I spoke just now of refreshment, but here so far from the mess of crow for you; I now discover in your recent speech you made before the Alliance convention, that you have already eaten all of the sub-treasury crow, except a few tail feathers. But here is a glass of Jeffersonian Democracy, according to the Epistle of the Roman that may be secure so far. This is the last of the oak and please swallow the same. Well, if you hesitate, I will have to order the grand executioner to show you another one of the planks in our platform. Ah, you find the liquid is encased in glass, so that it will not wet your parched lips. That, my brother, is modern Jeffersonian Democracy. It is very nice to look upon, but like Dead Sea fruit, is tasteless. This shows you that to depend on other classes than the Alliance and the organized Democracy for office and honors is to partake of a phantom political lunch.

This, my newly-made brother, ends the first degree in the Farmers Alliance. The G. and M. H. and beautiful truths you have seen illustrated to-day will make a lasting impression on your mind. The brethren will now join hands, and, while they march around the new member, sing Once I was lost, but now I am found.

Thus ended one of the most interesting ceremonies ever performed in our State.

It is to be regretted that every Allianceman in Georgia could not have witnessed the snatching of this distinguished brand from the fire built around it by the politicians.

A tall man is sometimes very short, but the average man is never so short, that he cannot buy Old Catarrh Cure to cure himself, when afflicted with catarrh.

We request all mothers to stop using laudanum for their babies, and use Dr. Bull Baby Syrup, a safe medicine. It contains nothing injurious.