

### NO NATIONAL FUSION

**MAJ. GUTHRIE SAYS HE DID NOT VOTE FOR TOM SETTLE.**

### WILL VOTE FOR NO GOLD MAN

**He Was Afraid Somebody Might Think He Voted for Tommie the Gold-bug, So He Made a Democrat Watch Him Vote—No Fusion on National Questions—But Dr. Mott Thinks There Will Be, But Doesn't Know Just How.**

Three unique men were in Raleigh yesterday. Col. William F. Cody, Maj. William A. Guthrie and Dr. Joseph John Mott were within our walls.

Col. Cody with his long hair and flowing mustache carries with him the air of the untrained West.

Maj. Guthrie might be taken for the Jolly Friar or for Buffalo Bill's chief ring master.

Dr. Mott is a man apart—sui generis—a bird of a rare species. He is tall and straight as an Indian, with a face as impenetrable as Tom Platt's, and the easy, smooth voice of a most discreet politician.

Maj. Guthrie and Dr. Mott arrived together, and saw the performance of the celebrity from the Wild West.

"What do you think of the opposition among the Republicans to fusion in the National ticket?" a reporter asked the general.

"I don't know anything about politics," he said, "I've been practicing law at Chatham Court for ten days, and am now doing the same thing in Durham. I don't even know whether there is such a split among the Republicans.

"But I will say this much, and you can quote it: I do not expect to see a gold-bug and free silver ticket run together here in North Carolina next year. I honestly believe that the Populists will stand by their platform in national affairs, and will vote only for free silver candidates. I do not believe they will support a mixed electoral ticket. They will, I think, stand by the resolutions passed by the silver convention that met here on Sept. 25th.

"There may be co-operation on State issues and a State ticket—co-operation with the liberal wing of the R-publican party who are not so unalterably committed to the cause of monometalism.

"But if the Republicans put up a gold-bug candidate for President, I have no idea that the Populists will support the ticket or any part of it.

"If this occurs we will come to the parting of the ways in national matters.

"As for myself I would not advise a man to vote a ticket that I wouldn't support myself. And I don't intend to vote for any monometalist for President or help to send one to Congress.

"Do you know," continued the Major, pointing his forefinger at the reporter, "I didn't vote for Tom Settle for Congress last year. I told Tom that I couldn't vote for him, for I was a silver man and would not support any man who voted for the repeal of the Sherman Act.

"I put my ballot in for Dr. William Merritt, of Person. And, besides, I have a Democratic witness to prove it.

"When I went up to vote, one of my Democratic friends, Mr. B., was in line just behind me. I asked him to read the ballot I had in my hand. He read it. 'Now,' said I, 'watch where it goes.' I dropped it in the box, and he saw me vote it.

"I will not vote for a monometalist. That's where I am; and it is where I'm going to stand."

Which shows that in the ranks of Mr. Marion Butler's party not all favor throwing their principles to wind, and fusing "for revenue only."

When the reporter approached Dr. Mott as he was waiting to take the afternoon train home, that astute politician did not seem inclined to talk.

He was asked what he thought of Settle, Holton and Devereux regarding Fusion with the Populists. He hadn't read Mr. Devereux's interview, but, after the position of the Raleigh lawyer had been explained to him, said slowly, "Well, there's some sense in that."

"Do you regard fusion as certain next year?" the reporter asked.

"I rather think there will be fusion on State affairs," guardedly replied the Doctor. "I favor co-operation as we had it before."

"But will there be fusion in national matters?"

"I don't know the general sentiment on that point. I haven't heard the matter much discussed, except in the newspapers. All that I have heard is individual opinion. There has not, so far as I know, been any conference on this question, and these are only individual expressions.

"But," he cautiously continued, "I think there will be co-operation on the national ticket in some way—in what way I don't know. That must be determined later."

### RACE PROBLEM IN AMERICA.

**An English Paper Describes a Decade of Negro Supremacy.**

LONDON, Oct. 9.—The Times this morning prints prominently a letter headed: "The race problem in America," signed by Thomas Edmonston, recounting the story of a decade of negro supremacy in South Carolina, up to 1876, which he describes as having been utterly unendurable. He says:

"We may as soon expect to see the sun rise in the West as to witness a community of Anglo-Saxon blood submitting tamely to the oppression of a horde of savage negroes. We ought to wish our kinsmen in South Carolina all God speed since their efforts are directed towards true constitutionalism and not its reversal."

### A Novel Law Suit.

Murphy (Cherokee County) Scout.

Some of the citizens around Ducktown engaged Ben Posey to institute suit against the Ducktown Sulphur, Iron and Copper Company for \$1,000, as they claim that they have been damaged to this amount by the smoke killing their crops and vegetation. The timber is also killed for miles around.

### For the News and Observer. THE OLD TIMEY NIGGER.

Within the days of Useterbe an interesting nigger. Was one whom everybody liked, the good, old-fashion nigger. Beside the negro dude to-day, with lemon-colored shoes, With slick store clothes, a speckled shirt and hide brimful of booze, There's some who are disposed to think that he might be called a dullard, This here old darkey, who would cuss if you should call him "cullud."

It looks to me just like as if the nigger's had his day And long with other cherished things has got to pass away, There's some of us who recollect him on the old plantation, And who would never swap him for the present generation.

I know so far as I'm concerned that this is just the case, And I consider him to be the noblest of his race, So here's a little song for him—I wish it was bigger—

A song from one who'll always love the good, old-timey nigger. The nigger of the slavery days, who took the cows to "parster."

At break of day, when they were milked, and then walk up "ole marster." Polite as he could be, he was, although his speech was poor; His old black face was kindly and his honest laugh a roar.

At night he'd take us children up, according to his habit, And upon his knee, and tell about Br'er Fox and sly Br'er Rabbit. Delighted, we would listen and would cuttle sing and warm.

And, growing weary, fall asleep upon the strong black arm. He was a mighty hand at work, and also good at eating—

And how he'd show his appetite at every big camp-meeting! As I just said before, he was only a "nigger man,"

And would 'a' died had you called him "Afro-American." For he despised new-fangled names and bifalutin' nigger—

God bless his memory, now he's gone, this old ancestral nigger.

He loved us well, and his "ole oman" was to us a mother; In fact, we called her "mammy" then, me and my little brother.

This nigger of my childhood days that I have in my mind, Was but a common type of those before the war you'd find.

I don't believe that with their freedom and their education The present race can be compared to that old generation.

In native worth and honesty and all that makes a man I am afraid they have declined from this old African.

Of course there are exceptions, as there are to every ruling. Regarding some of them who took advantage of their schooling.

But, all the same, it seems to me there's something that they lack— Don't think now that I want them into slavery to go back—

But, while we're talking, here's this song— I wish that it was bigger— Which comes from one admirer of the plain old-fashioned nigger.

Delmar, Delaware. EDWARD GILLIAM.

**Wear and Worn.** When the tired factory operative, the weary out-door laborer, the overtaxed book-keeper or clerk seeks a medical recourse for expenditure of bodily force, where shall he find it? Could the recorded experience of thousands of workers be voiced, the verdict would be that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters renews failing strength, stimulates the jaded mental powers to fresh activity, and relaxes undue nervous tension so as nothing else does. Digestion, a regular habit of body, appetite and sleep are promoted by it, and it is an admirable auxiliary in the recovery of health by convalescents. A fastidious stomach is not offended by it, and persons of both sexes in delicate health who occasionally feel the need of an efficient tonic, the whole range of the pharmacopola and the catalogue of proprietary medicines does not present a more useful, safer or more decisive one. It is also incomparable for fever and ague, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

HELLER BROS., Raleigh, N. C.

### Citricura WORKS Wonders

In curing torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humours of the Skin, Scalp, and Blood when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. PORTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

### A. G. BAUER, ARCHITECT,

Raleigh, N. C. Plans and Specifications for tender application.

### Uses Mexican Mustang Liniment

On his horses, on his drivers.

RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 8, 1905. Lyon Mfg. Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Having seen Mexican Mustang Liniment extensively advertised here induces me to tell you how useful it is to persons in the livery business. I have used it for the past 18 years on my horses for almost everything that horses are subject to. For sprains and stiff joints I do not think it has an equal, and for such things as harness galls and rubs it is wonderful.

I once had a very fine driver who was thrown from his carriage in a runaway and so severely bruised about his shoulders and breast that I did not think he would ever be able to get on a carriage again. I remembered, however, that Mexican Mustang Liniment did for my horses in case of bruises and had him use it constantly, and in about two weeks he was as good a driver as ever, and not an ache or pain remained.

I know you must get tired of receiving such letters, but I thought I would add one more testimonial to the useful ness of Mustang Liniment. Yours truly, W. H. LANCASTER.

For 18 years in Livery and Transfer business.

### For the News and Observer. THE OLD TIMEY NIGGER.

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And how he'd show his appetite at every big camp-meeting! As I just said before, he was only a "nigger man,"



Mr. Al. G. Hyams Hamilton, Ohio.

### The Same as Bread

Hood's Sarsaparilla on the Table at Every Meal

"In my opinion Hood's Sarsaparilla has not an equal as a blood purifier. I doctored 6 months for stomach trouble and Neuralgia of the Heart

without any good and then took Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every spring and fall since I have used it and it has done me lots of good. I have not been attended by a physician for the last four years. My wife was suffering with water brash and

Feeling All Tired out. She was severely afflicted but upon my prevailing upon her to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills she felt differently in a short time. Now she is quite well. We have great faith in Hood's Sarsaparilla and put it on the table at every meal the same as bread."

AL. G. HYAMS, with T. V. HOWELL & SONS, residence, 428 North Third Street, Hamilton, Ohio.

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And we will make you our friend if you will trade with us.

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Two toned crepons with serpentine wool stripes, as black on green or black on brown.

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Camels Hair Mirror and Damasse in rich dark colorings

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Samples promptly mailed upon request.

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Loan and Trust Company, WINSTON, N. C.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000 Authorized Capital, \$1,000,000

STATEMENT

At the close of business September 28, 1905:

Loans, \$37,330.07

Overdrafts, 44.95

Bonds, 1,570.00

Building and fixtures, 22,523.14

Real estate, 8,061.05

Cash on hand and in banks, 114,592.83

Total, \$205,123.02

Capital, 200,000.00

Surplus, 11,000.00

Deposits, 284,300.93

Due to banks, 9,137.14

Cashier's Checks, 529.88

Total, \$505,123.02

DEPOSITS: June 15, 1893, \$1,000.00

Dec. 15, 1893, 39,708.93

June 15, 1894, 28,983.00

Dec. 15, 1894, 147,988.33

May 15, 1895, 201,324.43

Sept. 28, 1895, 284,300.93

YOUR BUSINESS SOLICITED.

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E. G. HARRELL, MANAGER. Send for catalogues.

Land for Sale.

On Monday, October 21st, 1895, at the court house door in Raleigh, N. C., I will sell at public outcry the tract of land in Wake county, about six miles southwest of Raleigh, in Swift Creek township, which was formerly owned by Donald Campbell, deceased. Said tract adjoins the lands of Moses Woodard, C. E. J. Goodwin, Collin Campbell and others, and contains about 217 acres. Will be sold in two parcels. A plot showing the two parcels will be found in the record in the case of Hicks, executor, vs. Campbell et als, No. 3420 C. I. D., Wake Superior Court. Sale made by order of court in said case of Hicks, executor, vs. Campbell et als. Terms, cash. Hour of sale 12 m. S. F. MORDECAI, Com. Sept'15-tds.