Chatham Record

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
$1.50 PER YEAR
Strictly in Advance.

# The Chatham Record.

VOL. XXII. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1900. NO. 33.

Chatham Record.

RATES
OF
ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion - $1.00
One square, two insertions - 1.50
One square, one month - 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

## THE FLOWER OF GALA WATER.

### A LOVE STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Copyright by Robert Bonner's Sons.

CHAPTER VI.
CONTINUED.

"But it concerns me as Katherine's guardian. I never liked Mowbray, and his acquaintance with him have proved not to be correct. He will not cause trouble to arise between me and Katherine's lover, and he will not be allowed to press himself offensively upon the proprietor."

"He has not asked Mowbray Manor. Probably you fear that a fate is one of the finest in Westmoreland."

"He is rich, he said he was, but he is not."

"I am sure he thought he was. No man could enjoy an estate more pleased with the perfect ease and dignity Mowbray possessed exhibited."

"Why do you defend him? He lies."

"I do not think he does about myself."

He rose from the piano at this words, with the air of a man refusing to carry on a conversation.

"You see, Jessie, I sent Lamplighter Mowbray. He has found out some very strange things. Mowbray has not been to America."

"Well! I do not believe it."

"He is no New Yorker, very near it to this place."

"Of course not for Katherine."

"Sure, indeed! It is grand this for a girl to be taken out of the sight of such a fellow as Mowbray. I hope he will stay his visit to America. There is nothing between you and Katherine, Jamie, and the sooner you are apart the better."

Jamie did not answer a word.

"Do you understand me?"

"No."

"I am sure I might as well talk to a log as the deaf and the deep set a heart as you and Katherine. Neither of you know your own mind two days together."

"Katherine's mind is very much Catherine's mind to-day? No, sir. I will not promise to do that. I am to understand—"

"Nothing for you to understand. Katherine is out of the matter. Each individual of my marriage dropped. I will not say it concerned in my house again until it can be discussed in a different spirit."

"Perhaps you would rather drop the subject of your overtime marriage on Winthorn House?"

"Yes, I would. Let me know the worst of the matter. I am tired of that threat also. How soon do you intend before you? I will stop my whole estate and go to him with the resolve rather than be bothered and threatened by you any longer."

"Well, sir, I will threaten you no more. I will act."

"That is great also."

"You will find out. If I did right I would take my walking stick and give you the flogging I ought to have given you many times when you were a poor, silly, overindulged boy."

Jamie stood up and looked at the big fellow standing at his uncle's head. He felt in front of that threatening attitude a little brag—a little bluster. He opposed to gaiety, dress and, having politely, answered

"What you can still do as a man reasonable to anger, uncle, I will gladly receive you. Only I have never been let upon you or anybody, and that I have not to my more friendly to my uncle's understanding."

Then he took his hand and said, reproachfully "Uncle! I need your help. That is why I came to you. Katherine will not listen to me. Perhaps you can persuade her to—to—to—"

"Speak out, sir. Do not stammer. Katherine is—to—to—what?"

"I have said it already. But if you are to like the way who has stolen your love—"

"Stolen your love! Will you repeat? No one can steal what is worthless to you, sir."

"What do you intend to do in the case?"

"Move up your ground with my stepfather. Let him suppose you are willing that the consideration for our marriage shall stand. Richard will be here before the end of September."

"But are you not very sure, by what I can see, that this attitude is the best of me?"

"I shall be allowed to remain at home with common politeness, I should suppose. But in the first house one inserts in a modern rail, I should be sent to school, I know not where; perhaps to France or Germany. And in the meantime every day will be a terror full of threats and remonstrances. You know how quickly I can make the whole house."

"And when Mr. Mowbray does come back? What then?"

"We shall be married."

"Your stepfather will not permit it. He will raise no end of objections. And until you are of age you cannot marry without his consent."

"I have mamma's consent; that is enough. I shall marry the man I love, and no other."

"Have you, then, the right of running away to be married?"

"I do not think of running far. Jessy and I were thinking, Jamie—we were thinking that perhaps you might be so very good—so wonderfully kind as to let us be married at your house."

"Katherine!"

"You see, we could not expect Doctor Telfair to take any part against the laird, and I do not like to trust the Hodges or the Netherbys, but, oh, Jamie, it would be like going to a brother's house to be married if you would not mind our having the vicarage at Winthorn! You would not mind very much, would you, Jamie?"

Her proposal struck him first with pain and amazement. He could hardly credit it. That Katherine should marry Mowbray from his house with all sanction, was an outrageous parody in the topsy-turvy-ness. He laughed hysterically at the prospect; but as she pressed her idea and gave one reason after another for it, he began to realize that such a supreme vindication of all his own choice would really be both his noblest revenge and his clearest gratification. And when Jessy joined them she had come to publish what now officially such a move would take the sting out of all his friends' condolences. They would be cured state, tame and unnecessary.

Talking over the matter, they lingered in the wood until the sun set, and even then it kept presenting new views or unforeseen difficulties. Jessy put them all aside. She was full of resources for Katherine and comfortable words for Jamie; and he felt her kind smiles and the touch of her sympathetic hand to be a great consolation.

At the garden gate they saw the laird standing. Winthorn went frankly to him, and said

"I am sorry we had cross words this morning, uncle. I crave my all-tempers."

And the laird, after a proper hesitation, looked over the offense. Katherine then undertook the negotiation, and succeeded well with it. She made no promise, and yet Brathens understood that the preserved marriage to school, and he took all else for granted.

Jamie walked behind them, with Jessy at his side. They stood a moment before a bed of superb pansies, and Jessy stooped and gathered one and gave it to Jamie.

"Heart's ease!" she said softly.

And Jamie looked in her cheerful, merry face, and felt that it would be unkind to kiss her smiling mouth.

"I am so miserable, Jessy," he said.

"But you ought to be happy, Jamie," she answered. "You have every good thing you could wish for."

"Katherine does not love me. She says she never has loved me. I am so humiliated."

"Yes, you are humiliated, and a most perfect gentleman. No old knight ever behaved more chivalrously than you have done the last hour or two. And I think and believe more than Katherine can give you."

Then he looked affectionately down at his little counselor, and pressed her arm close to his side, and felt that he was not altogether a blank.

So the next few weeks went onward with a kind of dull acceptance of events. The laird advised Jamie to leave his home just as much as possible for his declared and determined absence; and Jamie, only too glad to do anything that would help him to forget his misery, went to Edinburgh and other cities. But Christmas was to bring home Katherine and Jessy, and Jamie could not bear to be away from Winthorn House by Christmas Eve.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FRIENDS AND FOES.

### Those Who Favor and Those Who Oppose the Amendment.

### THESE PEOPLE ARE CONTRASTED.

### It is Found That All the Best Citizens Favor the Measure, While Demagogues Oppose.

There is no eloquence like the eloquence of truth; there is no logic like the logic of facts. That saying should be remembered in time of fierce excitement when the political sky is full of it tumult of conflicting views, the thunder of its cannons and the shouts of its people. North Carolina could love to face with the genuine issue with the genuine people. The facts presented to that the negro shall share with the white man the privilege of suffrage and become a power in ruling this State.

The Democratic party announces a cardinal principle in its platform that the white man must forever control affairs in this commonwealth, which was founded by their fathers, their ancestors and the shedding of their blood. Can any white man doubt where he ought to stand? Among the white men, regardless of party lines and regardless of station in life, exists a profound and abiding conviction that political equality between the two races is ruinous to both. But the Fusion leaders, beneficiaries of the negro vote, resist the passage of the amendment because it will take away their pelf and condemn them to richly deserved political extinction. It is a foregone conclusion that they will attempt to hinder their followers in every article which their ingenuity can devise in order to prevent them from understanding the merits of the case. The disfranchisement of the negro will be a great measure relief and a great wrong committed by the Republican Reconstructionists when they let go of the helm in his unmanned blundering to the State. Since anti-amendment politicians often quote anonymously the utterances of those Republicans who numerically war upon the ballot, I will give them an authority from their own camp, and no less a personage than Abraham Lincoln, who for all that he differed with us, was a statesman of broad views and tender sympathies, wrote to a friend, Mr. Lincoln pronounced himself unfriendly toward negro suffrage. Gen. Tarrell's life of Lincoln: Indeed he was rapidly dividing even from the radical element of his party when Booth's bullet struck him down. The ultra Republicans to-day plead that by his death the greatest obstacle in the way of their plans for reconstructing the South had been removed. This sentiment found vociferous echo on the floors of that wing of the house with the words. There are no negroes in the Providence of God. Whom will the citizens of North Carolina follow? Will they accept the testimony of Lincoln upon the question of negro suffrage or will they be disciples of the men who thought that Robert E. lee ought to be hanged on the gallows as a traitor? The amendment is offered to the people of North Carolina as a remedy for the evils of negro suffrage. Will it accomplish the purpose for which it was designed? Will it take away the

### NEGROES POLITICAL POWER?

Its opponents themselves admit that it will disfranchise ninety thousand negroes by the operation of the educational section alone, leaving fifty thousand who, if they pay poll tax and comply with the other requirements of the act, can vote. Other place the number who will be debarred at eighty thousand. I must very well concede the point as I did in a former article and their own statement shows that the negroes power will be hopelessly broken and abolished. Those fifty thousand negro voters would be scattered for and against the State, without any reference to obtain legislation on their own account. The white vote would exceed the negro vote as a hundred and seventy thousand. In fact the anti-amendment writers and speakers put their figures too high. Every day's experience and a moment's thought must convince any man of the condition of the negro vote in the State will show that not one out of four would be registered. Probably not one out of three would vote. Nobody can be with any degree of certainty that the success would have been voters their names all the way. What can a negro want with a vote? What can it do for him? Nothing. Why should he register? Why should he vote? Why should he not prefer to be left alone? Why should he not prefer to be left alone? Why should he not prefer to be left alone