

NEWTON ENTERPRISE

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A WORD TO THE PUBLIC

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GEMS IN VERSE.

Before the Gate.
They gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
To little song and jest,
To moods of sobriety as idle, after,
And silences, as idle, too, as the rest.
But when at last upon their way returning,
Through the broad meadow in the sunset burning,
They reached the gate, one fine spire hindered them both.
Her heart was troubled with a subtle anguish
Such as but women know,
That wait, and lost love speak or speak not,
Laughish,
And what they would, would rather they would not so.

The Thought of You—A Song.
I care not whether the skies are blue,
Or the clouds gleam black above me,
A sweet thought comes with the thought of you—
You love me, dear, you love me!
When the world is cold and its friendships few,
And toil is a vain endeavor,
A sweet voice sings to my soul of you,
And the world is sweet forever.

Heal thy Me.
I have a mole on my forehead,
Who has not traveled much,
But loves the scenes around her
With fancy to retouch.
Does some grim jail tower over us,
My sweetheart craves her love,
She is dear little Doris,
With heritage of woe.

"Is Papa Tummin Round the Hill?"
My little boy climbed to the window ledge,
And he looked out on the field of snow,
That spread like a garment of white
Over the hills and the valley below.
And the glance of his eye ran down the road
As every chimney lighted the mill,
Then he turned and said, in tremulous tone,
"Is papa tummin round the hill?"
(Twas scarce a day since his loved papa,
In robes as white as snow,
Had been laid to rest in his narrow bed
In the graveyard just below.)
Then he climbed up into his little cot,
And all was silent and still,
Till I heard him murmuring in his sleep,
"Is papa tummin round the hill?"
—James Johnson.

If We Had Never Met.
If we had never met, I never should have known
The world was so full of sorrow,
Through changing tide of time and years,
Would life have seemed as sweet—
If we had never met?
Thought drifting days and happy hours
Have passed for each their fitful flame,
If we had never met all of my life,
Would I have known the same—
If we had never met?
In this space which I have known
Fate had decreed we'd never meet,
Would we have known a voice so sweet,
A nameless want, not quite regret—
If we had never met?
—Clara M. Dunn.

Death.
I am the key that parts the gates of Flame;
I am the cloak that covers coward shame;
I am the final goal of every man;
I am the storm-tossed spirit's resting place.
The messenger of sure and swift release,
The friend of those that have no friend
left me.
I break all chains and set all captives free.
I am the cloud that, when Earth's day is done,
An instant veils an unrepentant sun;
I am the brooding lady that follows strife,
The working form of dreams that men call—
Life!
—Florence Earle Coates.

Sea and Shore.
The brigantine sea
Is teeming with the shore, his wedded bride,
And in the fulness of his marriage joy
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her.
—Alexander Smith.

Love Stories.
There is but one
Love story in this withered world, forsooth,
And it is brief and ends, where it began.
(What if I tell, in play, the dreary truth,
With something new to cheer the young?
—Mrs. S. M. B. Platt.

Pastor's.
One kindest sorrow may be sent to bring
The dearest guest our life has ever known—
Sweet patience, who, in gathering the sting
From others' lives, forgets about her own.
—May Riley Smith.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 5 cent per box. FOR SALE BY T. R. ABERNETHY & CO. DRUGGIST.

The Alliance and Democracy.

A Definition of the True Principles of Each and an Impathic Warning Against Third Partyism.

Progressive Farmer.
MR. EDITOR:—Sometime since I made an appeal to my brother farmers in behalf of ex-President Cleveland, citing his honesty and independence, his courage in the discharge of duty, his broad statesman ship, and particularly his claims to the gratitude of the whole South, and especially of the Southern farmers. I am happy to say that this appeal met with a hearty response from every part of the South; and I am more certain now than ever that my Alliance brethren do not feel that they have lost their manhood and independence, and that they intend to exercise, as in times past their own judgment about men and measures.

The only objections to that plea are Mr. Cleveland, that I have seen are two correspondents in the Progressive Farmer. One of them has read me out of the Democratic party and the other out of the Alliance, and both in this summary ejection have shown a spirit of bitterness which tramples in the very dust that injunction of our Constitution, "To constantly strive to secure entire harmony and good will among all mankind, and brotherly love among ourselves." The Constitution of my country guarantees to me freedom of thought and freedom of speech. The Constitution of the Alliance and the ritual give me a solemn pledge that there shall be no interference with my politics nor my religion. With this shield I can turn all the shafts of malice that may be hurled at me. In that plea I attacked no man's belief. I impugned no man's motives. I indulged in no personalities. I simply appealed to the sense of justice and right that all true-hearted men possess.

But one of my critics argues that I cannot support Mr. Cleveland and be a true Democrat, because he does not agree with his party about the coinage of silver. My first answer is that the only test of true Democracy is its National platform. In that platform certain broad fundamental principles are laid down, and an acceptance of the whole, or a greater part of them, confers the title of Democrat, and that platform has never had a word in it about the coinage of silver. Therefore it is no test on that question.

There is a difference between principle and policy. Principle is the foundation, policy the superstructure. The one is fixed, immovable; the other allows latitude and variety in detail. The principles of a party deal with the fundamental ideas of which the State is founded, and must be stable. The policy of a party refers to the administration of Government, with the shifting needs of an advancing civilization. Now Mr. Cleveland, while standing on the broad, solid principles of Democracy, and even while he was the chief of the party, and head of the nation, expressed himself clearly, as he always does, on the policy of unlimited silver coinage, and no one thought of reading him out of the party. On the contrary, his party again made him its leader, and the white voters of the nation endorsed him by a large majority. There is no more reason for denouncing him now for the sentiments of his silver letter, than there was for denouncing him then, for the same sentiments in his message.

Again I say his letter was not directed against a judicious coinage and circulation of silver, but against a certain Congressional bill, which threatened to flood the country with a depreciated and fluctuating currency which does not affect capitalists and speculators so seriously, but always brings distress upon the poorer classes. And hence I asked a suspension of judgment until we could understand the full scope and effect of that particular bill or measure.

As it appeared to me, one serious effect would be to create one of the most gigantic monopolies that the country has ever seen. Under the unlimited free coinage clause, every owner of a silver mine would become more powerful than Aladdin with his wonderful lamp. Every capitalist could more than double his capital in three investments. Let me illustrate: The mine owner has \$700 worth of silver metal, or bullion, as it is called, or the capital goes into the market and buys \$700 worth of bullion (the market price of a dollar being 70 cents in bullion). Now under this bill the

government must put its stamp on it, and it is immediately worth to the holder \$1,000, thus clearing \$300 on a single investment. But this is not all: The capitalist buys a poor man's farm for \$1,000, and gives his note, payable in ninety days. He gets \$700 and buys silver bullion, which he stamps at the mint into \$1,000, then offers to pay notes, and the poor man has to take it, for under this bill it is legal tender, and thus pays his \$1,000 debt for only \$700.

You denounce the national banks and capitalists for the high rate of interest they charge, but here your bill gives the capitalist an interest of over 40 per cent, making the rate you complain of pale into insignificance. Now let the government judiciously purchase silver according to the needs of the country, and without unduly stimulating the silver market, and all this percentage goes into the pocket of the people instead of speculators and mine owners. With this view of the case, who is the friend of the farmer, the beneficiaries of this bill or Mr. Cleveland? I have no authority to speak for Mr. Cleveland, but I think I have the right to say for him, and for every other true Democrat, that whenever there is clear evidence that a modification or change of any given policy is for the undoubted benefit of all classes, he will not hesitate to advocate it.

But waiving all this, you cannot throw Mr. Cleveland overboard while Randall's case stands as a precedent. Mr. Randall, who was a great man, stood upon the broad principles of Democracy: Strict construction of the Constitution, the reserved rights of the States, local self-government, the largest liberty of the citizen consistent with the rights of government, and so on, for which he stood with great power, and won the lasting gratitude of the country, especially the South. But, on a question of policy, he differed with his party, leaning rather to a protective tariff than of a tariff for revenue only; and while some extremists would have ostracized him, the great mass of the party put its veto on the idea, and it is just so with Mr. Cleveland to day: the great mass of the people know that he is a true Democrat, and that in the future, as in the past, he will stand with undaunted courage by the rights and best interests of his countrymen, and they will stand by him. The charge that Mr. Cleveland is a tool of "gold bugs," and that his letter was dictated by "Wall Street," is really too trivial for notice. It is only intended to catch gudgeons. Such a charge, if brought in a court of justice, would not stand a moment. Not only because there is no evidence against him, but the evidence is all the other way. There is just as much evidence that President Polk is bought by the "silver kings" as there is that ex-President Cleveland is bought by the "gold bugs." But really ex-President Cleveland and President Polk need no defence on this score. Both are above suspicion.

But "Lucius Lagone" appears on the scene. "The sun has risen, let owls and bats retire to their caves!" With the stately stepplings, and lofty tread of a "green bay horse," he comes; he ascends his throne, and with a wave of his puissant arm sweeps both "Grover" and myself from the face of the earth. "Grover" is denounced as a traitor to the party, and myself as a traitor to the Alliance. Ye nations of the earth, at what time ye hear the sound of cornet fute, sack but and psaltery, it is commanded that ye fall down and worship the silver image set up by this mighty, modern Nebuchadnezzar! I trembled in the the presence of his august majesty, but I cannot help remembering that his great prototype after issuing that thundering proclamation, had his head wet with dew from Heaven and was tured out to grass with the other asses of the field. "On what meat hath this our Caesar fed, that he can kill and make alive? With him situations are nothing, guaranteed rights are nothing; he substitutes vituperation for reason and plaudits, and assertion for argument, then assumes the air of one who has conquered the world! Everything must bow to his autocratic ipse dixit and his "recorded demands," "let them be good or bad."

I joined the Alliance before the day of "recorded demands," and before such fiery apostrophes of a new faith came to the front.

In those peaceful days we discussed the best way of carrying on our business as farmers, the best methods of recuperating our worn and exhausted lands, of improving our degenerated stock, of beautifying our homes, of resisting jute trust, and in teaching and learning the ways of thrift and economy in car-

ing for our sick and helping our needy and devising the best ways and means to improve the mental and moral condition of our sons and daughters. In our simplicity we thought these noble aims were enough to engage all our time, and all our powers without throwing our doors wide open and admitting the fierce contest of the political arena. We saw that wherever and whenever politicians forced themselves into any business, temperance or religious organization, that dissensions, strife and decay followed; and to guard against this dreaded danger we gave the waiting candidate a solemn pledge that his political faith should be as sacred and inviolable as his religion. But how is it now? Through this back door of "recorded demands," which Lucius says "we must not fight against, let them be good or bad," the rushing tide of politics is flowing, our business as farmers is relegated to the rear, and "third party" and third party politics engross all our time. That certain parties particularly in the West, are striving to make the Alliance a political machine, cannot be denied. It is a delusion to say we can adopt political questions in a "non-partisan spirit" and not be a political party. As soon as we attempt to bind the members of our order to a political question it becomes a "partisan question" and we become, contrary to the law of our order and the law of our State, a secret political society. It is also a delusion and a snare to say that we can formulate demands in the Alliance and then if existing political parties do not accede to them, we will form a political party of our own outside of the Alliance.

Preparatory to this political move the idea is persistently calculated by lecturers and others that we farmers must not identify ourselves with any party; that we must cut loose from the rest of our brother countrymen, our neighbors and friends of other classes, and instead of uniting with them in their honest efforts to secure good government for all classes we must stand aloof look upon them with coldness and suspicion, and if they cannot conscientiously accede to our "recorded demands," let "them be good or bad," then we will abandon them, and form a party of our own; modestly claim for our new party all the ability and all the statesmanship that there is in the country.

Well, let it be done, then pray tell me how you are going to do yourselves what you could not do with the help of others? The stream cannot rise higher than its source, nor will it be any purer and better than its source, for the main body of present parties in the source from which you propose to form your new party, and you will find that political tricksters and impracticable theorists will effect an entrance, if they have not already done so, and will muddy your pure waters in spite of you. The science of politics is a practical science—mere sentiment and theory have a very subordinate place in it. If you stay out of party because all your theories are not adopted, and you can't get all you want, you will very apt to find yourself "out in the cold" for an indefinite time. Every party and all just government of the people is the result not of a perfect agreement in all things, but of a just compromise between conflicting interests. The experience of a hundred years in this country teaches that parties founded on the narrow basis of local, sentimental or class ideas, though they may throw demagogues to the front for a time, always vanish away like a summer cloud. The same experience teaches that a better plan is to unite with your neighbors and friends of all classes and convince them by reason or a fair statement of facts that your grievances are real—not exaggerated or imaginary; and that your claims are just; and there is not the least doubt that you will get every party on the narrow basis of a class policy to separate yourselves as a class from the rest of your countrymen, to assume a haughty and domineering air, and claim that with you is all the intelligence, all the honor and all the justice, is to lay the foundation for factions; and a country, whether ruled or rent by faction is ruined. All history teaches this truth. Washington, the father of his country, in reviewing his short history and looking back at the great republics that had risen to great power—ruled the world, and then perished—uttered these solemn words of warning for us:

"All combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with real desire to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberations and actions of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to or-

ganize faction, to give an artificial and extraordinary force to put in the place of the delegated the well a party, often a small but artful and enterprising part of the community; and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.

"However combinations, or associations may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and then usurp for themselves the reins of government, destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

"The alternate domination of one faction against another, sharpened by the spite of revenge, natural to party dissension, which, in different ages and countries, has perpetuated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries, which generally result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purpose of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty."

(Note the history of France since 1790.)
The habit of magnifying particular evils, though they be real, will surely have the effect of obscuring greater evils, left to grow and accumulate hidden power, while we are engrossed with the lesser, will burst on us some day with the sudden fury and destruction of a cyclone.

In view of the recent peril which the nation, and the South particularly, has just escaped from force bills and other despotic centralizing measures, it looks like the folly of madmen for us to abandon our fortifications and expose everything we hold most sacred to risk of destruction. What will silver bills and sub treasury bills be worth to us if we are again placed under the domination of ignorance and rapacious greed, as in the days of reconstruction? "It is folly to fly from ills we have to others we know not of."

What I have written is intended to rouse the good of the Alliance, and will receive the calm consideration of my conservative brethren. Extremists will denounce it as treason. But that word has no more terror for me than it had for Hampden and Pym, who stood up boldly for their constitutional rights against a despotic king.

I plant myself on the impregnable rock of the constitution, and the pledge of my Alliance, and in the language of Patrick Henry, who was also denounced as a traitor. I say "if this be treason make the most of it."
R. L. BEALL,
Lenoir, N. C.

DOES NOT CARE FOR THE STATE.
Winston Sentinel.
"We hear of a certain paper outside of the State that has 9000 weekly subscribers in the State, and this is to the neglect of faithful home papers. That paper is a good one, but it really cares nothing for North Carolina or its interest. It never defends the State or seeks to advance its interest. It really takes no more interest in the affairs of North Carolina than it does in those of Massachusetts, although published in the South. It is no more North Carolinian than the New York Herald or Tribune or World is North Carolinian—Wilmingon Messenger.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE ALLIANCE AND THE THIRD PARTY.

As we expected, the Kansas and Ohio men, who composed the recent Convention at Cincinnati organized a Third Party, and formulated a platform. Of the 1,218 delegates present, Ohio furnished 317 delegates, composed mainly of the socialistic element of Cincinnati, and Kansas furnished 411 delegates, and the remainder were mainly from the contiguous States. Early in the session it became apparent that three or four States had brought enough delegates to control the Convention. The region in which the Farmer's Alliance was born and grew was practically unrepresented in the Convention. But the party has been organized, and next February it will nominate a ticket. Everywhere the question is asked: "What will the Alliancemen of the South do about it?" The indications are that Southern Alliancemen will do nothing at all about it, and have nothing at all to do with it. Practically the Southern Alliancemen were united against its organization. They believe that a false step has been taken, and they will allow the organizers of the party to run it to suit themselves. They will remain in the Democratic party, the natural champion of the rights of the people, and seek to bring about the needed reform legislation through that party, which has ever been faithful to the needs and necessities of the great mass of the people. If that is not their intention, why did they not send delegates to the Convention? Why did they protest against the organization of the party? and why do they proclaim that they are Democrats? We choose to believe their utterances, and although there are those Southern Alliancemen who favor a third party under certain circumstances, we do not believe that any considerable number of them will be so foolish as to give the control of the Southern States over into the hands of the Republican party. Support of a third party would surely produce that result—a result which no patriotic Southerner can contemplate without a shudder.

THE COTTON CROP.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—The report of the statistics of the department of Agriculture for June makes the acreage in cotton 97.7 per cent of the area of 1890, and the average condition 85.
The reduction in area is attributed in some districts to concerted contraction on account of low prices, but it is evident that it is mainly due to unfavorable conditions for planting and germination. The record of planting in the May report is quite accurately a history of the crop to the present time. Planting was delayed by early rains, droughts in the latter half of April, followed by continued droughts in May. Germination arrested, replanting active, defective stands corrected, are features of the record frequently and almost universally reported. These conditions were less general and controlling in Texas than in other States.

Acreage as compared with those of last year are given as follows: Virginia 96, North Carolina 94, South Carolina 95, Florida 99, Alabama 96, Mississippi 95, Louisiana 96, Texas 105, Arkansas 96, Tennessee 95.

The general condition is the lowest for June since 1874, though it is only a fraction lower than that of 1883 and 1889; the latter a year of good yield through favorable later conditions.

State average of condition are: Virginia 78, North Carolina 75, South Carolina 80, Georgia 80, Florida 90, Alabama 80, Mississippi 88, Louisiana 88, Texas 91, Arkansas 89, Tennessee 78.
The temperature of May was quite too low for cotton, cool nights checking germination and retarding growth. Of course these conditions make crops late in development in some places—a few days in some, in others a week or two later than in seasons of early development. There is frequent mention of bad stands, but constant replanting will reduce the vacancies to a minimum. Cultivation is necessarily late and fields are grassy, with the usual variation resulting from difference in soil, amount of replanting and relative promptness and efficiency of plantation managers.

THE PUREST AND BEST.

Articles known to medical science are used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every ingredient is carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. The medicine is prepared under the supervision of thoroughly competent pharmacists, and every step in the process of manufacture is carefully watched with a view to securing in Hood's Sarsaparilla the best possible results.

An Ohio lady was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

The oldest female tramp in America is Catharine Warren, who has seen 84 winters. She carries the regulation stick and bundle of her profession. Last Saturday she walked from Hartford to New Haven, a distance of 40 miles.

THE FIRST STEP.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at T. R. Abernethy & Cos. drug store.

Ex-Gov. Biggs, of Delaware, and his two sons expect to sell 60,000 baskets of peaches this year.

MILTON, FLA.
This to certify that I have been afflicted with Scrofula, or Blood Poison, for a number of years. The best physicians of Mobile and this city said nothing could be done for me. I also took a large quantity of —, but no relief in anything that I took. My limbs were a mass of ulcers, and when I went to a physician in Mobile my entire body was a mass of sores. I had given up all hope and as a last resort tried P. P. P. (Hickory Ash, Polk Root and Potassium), and after using four bottles (small size) the sores have entirely disappeared, and my general health was never better than at the present time, and people that know me think it a wonderful cure.
Respectfully,
ELIZA TODD.
For sale at T. R. Abernethy's drugstore.

"My father, at about the age of fifty, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color."—P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.