

# THE HAYSEEDER.

How to the Line, Let the Chips Hit Who They May.

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## THE OLD BEAR SONG.

AIN'T IT SO?

It was down on the farm in the long ago,  
That we sat with Uncle Sammie by his log  
cabin door;  
And he told us many tales and he sang many  
songs,  
As he stopped to light his pipe with the old  
fire-tongues.  
He took us through the meadow and he  
stood us by the brook,  
While he taught us many lessons from na-  
ture's open book;  
He told us of the possum and he talked about  
the hare,  
But he always reached the climax when he  
touched upon the bear!  
He danced the old cotillion as he talked the  
watermillion,  
While his gums shined upon us like a pine  
torch race;  
He talked about tobacco and the old Geor-  
gia Cracker,  
Then he went about his mother with the  
tears upon her face.  
But when amid the winter as it pattered  
down the snow,  
He was sure to take his fiddle and to fustom  
up the bow;  
Then he gathered round the children and we  
tingered with him long,  
As he jarred down on the music of the "Old  
Bear Song":  
Oh, 'twas down in the woods of the long  
pine straw,  
I met an old bear with a very nimble paw;  
He could dance and he could fiddle at the  
only tune he knew,  
And he added and he fiddled, but he never  
played it through.  
Then there came a little boy who could  
whistle all the time,  
And he whistled and he sang it by the rising  
of the moon;  
And he whistled and he whistled and he sang  
it o'er and o'er,  
Till Horatio learned the music he had never  
learned before.  
Yes, he learned it all so neatly, and he played  
it all so sweetly,  
That he fell in love completely with the boy  
without a home.  
And he said, "No matter whether it is dark  
or sunny weather,  
We will travel on together 'till the cows  
come home."  
Oh, there was a fine man and a mighty fine  
gun,  
And a bear that played the fiddle, and a boy  
that couldn't run;  
And the boy was named Bosphus, and Ho-  
ratio was the bear,  
And they couldn't find a bite for breakfast  
anywhere.  
Now they couldn't buy their breakfast, for  
their money all was spent,  
So they dropped into a cornfield to collect a  
little rent;  
But they only took a melon and an ear of  
corn or so,  
And were going off to eat them where the  
butter blossoms grow.  
But the old man got up early, with a temper  
rather surly,  
And he chased them with his rifle and to  
catch them he was bound,  
Till he heard the rity-riddle of Horatio and  
his fiddle.  
Then he shouted, "Hallelujah, girls, and all  
hands 'round!"  
So Horatio pulled the triggers, and Bosphus  
called the figgers,  
And they rushed around the field with a right  
and left through;  
Then there was a mighty laughter as they  
shook their feet faster,  
And they bowed to each other and 'round  
and 'round they flew.  
They thought the earth was quaking, but day  
was only breaking,  
And the dide-dide-diddle still was echoed  
from the fiddle;  
Then they struck a merry shouting and it  
ended up in routing,  
All the whine-whime-whiddle of Horatio  
and his fiddle.  
—Jesse Fry.

## Even With Her Cross-Examiner.

"Now," said the lawyer who was conducting the cross-examination, "will you please state when and where you met this man?"  
"I think," said the lady with the sharp nose, "that it was—"  
"Never mind what you think," interrupted the lawyer. "We want facts here. We don't care what you think, and we haven't any time to waste in listening to what you think. Now, tell us where and when it was that you first met this man."  
The witness made no reply.  
"Come, come," urged the lawyer. "I demand an answer to my question."  
Still there was no response from the witness.  
"Your Honor," said the lawyer, turning to the Court, "I think I am entitled to an answer to the question I have put."  
"The witness will please answer the question," said the Court in impressive tones.  
"Can't," said the lady.  
"The Court doesn't care to hear what I think, does it?"  
"No."  
"Then there's no use questioning me any further. I am not a lawyer. I can't talk without thinking."  
So they called the next witness.  
—Cleveland Leader.

## RUTH'S LEGACY.

BY KEEN E. REXFORD.

When Rodney Dare came home from the war without his strong right arm Ruth Trevor's friends wondered if she would marry him.  
"Of course she will," said the friend who knew her best. "Why shouldn't she? He's the same Rodney Dare now that he was when she promised to marry him, isn't he?"  
"Yes, but there's a difference," was the reply. "Then he had another arm to fight the battle of life with. Now—well, I suppose it won't make any difference with Ruth. She always was peculiar."  
"Thank God for such peculiarity," said her friend. "She wouldn't be the woman I have always believed her to be if she refuses to marry him because he had lost an arm. She will take it to her place to believe that the idea has ever occurred to her that this loss need make the slightest difference in their plans."  
And her friend was right. When, one day, Rodney Dare said to Ruth: "I have come to tell you that, of course, I do not expect to hold you to your promise to me under existing circumstances, if you care to withdraw it," she rose up before him with something akin to anger in her eyes.  
"Have I ever given you any reason to think I care to withdraw it?" she asked.  
"No," was the reply. "But when you gave it I was a man. Now I am but part of one."  
"I'll take that part of the man that's left," she said. "It's the part that the Rodney Dare I love lives in. Never speak of this to me again," she added. And he never did.  
But he would not talk of marriage until he had obtained employment of some sort, and for this he began to fit himself. It was almost like beginning life over in learning to make one arm do the work of two, but he had a brave heart and a strong will, and love stood ready to help him in the times when he felt inclined to become discouraged.  
One day Ruth said to him: "I'm going away for a month or two. I've had a letter from Aunt Martha, who lives in the prettiest little country village you ever saw, and she wants me to visit her. I shall enjoy a breath of pure air so much! Only, I wish you were going with me, Rodney. I shall think of you back here in the city and feel half ashamed of myself for having such a good time that you cannot share."  
"I shall share it thinking how much good it is doing you," he said. "One does not always have to take part in the pleasure of others to be benefitted by them. There's a sort of reflex influence, you know."  
"That sounds quite metaphysical," laughed Ruth, "but I think I understand what you mean, and I promise to enjoy myself to the utmost in order that you may feel this 'reflex influence' to the fullest extent."  
Before Ruth had been at Aunt Martha's two days she found that she had been invited there for a purpose.  
"Your cousin Hugh is coming next week," said Aunt Martha. "I wanted you to meet him. I know you'll like him—at least, I hope you will, and the better you like him the better suited I'll be."  
Ruth looked at her questioningly.  
"You wonder what sort of a plan I have in my head, I suppose," said her aunt. "I'm not going to say anything more about it now, but Hugh knows."  
"I infer that it is a sort of matrimonial plan," said Ruth. "If it is, put it aside at once! I may like my cousin very much—I hope I shall—but I could not marry him."  
"Why?" asked Aunt Martha.

"Because I am to marry Rodney Dare," answered Ruth.  
"And who is Rodney Dare?" cried Aunt Martha.  
Then Ruth told her about her lover.  
"A man with one arm!" cried Aunt Martha, "and a poor man, too! You're foolish, Ruth!"  
"Perhaps so," said Ruth quietly, but with a brave steadfastness in her voice. "But, foolish or not, I love him. I have promised to marry him, and I shall keep my word."  
"You've got the obstinacy of the Trevors in you," said Aunt Martha grimly. "But this stubbornness of yours may make a great difference with your future prospects, as well as my plans. I have considerable property that must go to the children of my two brothers. You represent one of them, Hugh the other. I wanted you to marry each other and keep the property together. If you persist in your determination to marry this Rodney Dare, Hugh may get it all."  
"Let him have it," said Ruth. "All the wealth in the world wouldn't influence me in the least in this matter."  
"You're a Trevor all through," said Aunt Martha, angry, yet admiring the spirit of her niece in spite of herself. "Well, since you've made up your mind, we'll let the matter drop; but if you are not mentioned in my will you needn't be surprised."  
"I haven't asked to be remembered in it," said Ruth. "I don't want you to think for a moment, Aunt Martha, that I came for your money. I assure you I have never given it a thought."  
"Perhaps not," responded Aunt Martha, "but money comes handy sometimes, and one wants to think twice before throwing away such a chance as this."  
"I would not change my mind if I were to think a thousand times," said Ruth. "I am just old-fashioned enough to believe that there are other things more necessary to one's happiness than money."  
"Very well, you'll do as you choose about it, of course," said Aunt Martha, frigidly, "but I think my opinion worth considering, notwithstanding."  
Cousin Hugh came, Ruth liked him, but—he wasn't Rodney Dare! Millions of money wouldn't have tempted her to marry him if she had had no lover.  
"I suppose you haven't changed your mind about matters and things?" said Aunt Martha one day, the week before Ruth went home.  
"Not in the least," replied Ruth.  
"You're a foolish girl," said Aunt Martha.  
"Maybe, but I think not," responded Ruth.  
When she got home she told Rodney all about Aunt Martha's plans.  
"Do you think I was foolish?" she asked, smiling in his face.  
"I think you're a noble, true-hearted little woman," he answered, and kissed her. "I hope you'll never regret giving up your share of your aunt's fortune for a man with but one arm to protect you with. I feel unworthy of such a sacrifice."  
"There was no sacrifice about it," said Ruth. "I don't care for the fortune, and I do care for you."  
Six months later a telegram came saying that Aunt Martha was dead. Would Ruth come to the funeral?  
Ruth went, and after the funeral she and Cousin Hugh sat down in the old-fashioned parlor together, with Aunt Martha's old lawyer and one or two of her intimate friends, to listen to the reading of her will.  
In it she bequeathed to Hugh Trevor the property now in her possession; to which she had just title and claim, with the exception of the old family Bible. That went to Ruth.  
"I have brought my legacy home with me," she told her

mother on her return, as she deposited a package, wrapped in thick brown paper and securely tied up, on the parlor table. On the wrapper was written: "Ruth Trevor, to be given her, unopened after my death," in Aunt Martha's prim penmanship.  
"You don't mean to say that you were left nothing but that?" cried Mrs. Trevor.  
"It's as much as I expected," answered Ruth.  
That evening Rodney Dare came in.  
Suddenly Ruth bethought her of the package, which had not been opened.  
"I must show you my legacy," she said, bringing the package.  
"Out the strings, Rodney please." He did so, and Ruth took the old, worn Bible from its wrappings. As she did so, some papers slipped from between its pages and fell to the floor. She stopped and gathered them up. One was a somewhat bulky document. The other was an envelope on which her name was written.  
"Here's a letter from Aunt Martha," she said, and opened it. As she read it a tender light came into her face. Then a look of surprise and bewilderment.  
"I—I don't understand," she said, looking from Rodney to her mother. "She says something about deeds. What does she mean by that, I wonder?"  
Rodney took the large document from Ruth's lap and unfolded it and glanced over the half-written, half-printed page.  
"It means that you're a wealthy little woman in spite of yourself, Ruth. Your Aunt Martha had half her property bequeathed to you before she died. That which she spoke of in her will was the other half of it, which had not been bequeathed to you, and you, of course, supposed that represented all. She leaves you her old home and other property in its vicinity, to the value of a good many thousands of dollars, I should say."  
"It can't be!" cried Ruth, excitedly. "And yet it must be so. Read the letter, Rodney.—read it aloud, and maybe it'll seem clearer to me."  
Rodney read:  
MY DEAR NIECE RUTH: I do not think I have very long to live, therefore, I shall so arrange matters now that there need be little trouble in disposing of what I leave behind when I am dead. When you told me you did not fall in with my plan about a marriage with Hugh I was indignant. If I had had then, you would have got little from me if I could have had my way about it. By and by I began to think it over, and I came to believe that you were right and I was wrong. I calculated from the head, you from the heart, and the heart is to be trusted most in such matters. I think I admire you for your honesty to your womanhood and your loyalty to your own loved one. You did just right, my dear niece—just right—and to prove to you that I bear you no ill-will for not falling in with an old woman's foolish plans, I shall have half my property bequeathed to you at once, so that, at any time after my death, which I have reason to believe may happen at any time and suddenly, all there will be for you will be to take possession. God bless you, dear Ruth, and make you very happy with the man you have chosen. He ought to be proud of so loyal-hearted a wife as you will make him. Sometimes think kindly of the woman who never got much happiness out of life, and may this legacy bring you more enjoyment than I have ever brought me.  
"Dear Aunt Martha!" said Ruth softly, with tears rolling swiftly down her cheeks. "I wish she could know how much I thank her for her legacy—and her letter. Do you know, Rodney, I'm not sure but I value that most."  
For answer he bent and kissed her.  
"Your love and loyalty are worth a thousand legacies," he said. And Ruth threw her arms about his neck and cried: "I'm so glad for your sake, Rodney!"  
—New York Ledger.

## NEGRO POSTMASTER KILLED.

He Presided Over the Office at Lake City, S. C.

Charleston, S. C., Feb. 22.—Frazer B. Baker, the negro postmaster at Lake City, Williamsburg county, was murdered by a mob at 1 o'clock this morning. Since he was put in charge of the postoffice by President McKinley (in September last), diligent efforts have been made by the white people to have him removed. On one occasion he was fired at from ambush with a load of buckshot, but he escaped.  
According to the best accounts obtainable the mob, which was composed of several hundred people, collected in a lonely spot Monday night, and there arranged to kill Baker.  
About 1 o'clock they went to the negro postmaster's cabin, which was also used for postoffice purposes, and fired it. The crackling flames aroused the family, and they rushed out.  
Immediately a volley of lead was poured into the cabin. Baker was among the first to fall dead. His wife, who was holding one of her children to her breast, had a rifle ball to pass through her hand, which afterwards buried itself in the child, killing it instantly. Two daughters and one son were also struck by the shots, but they will live. The mother was seriously wounded.  
Before the shooting ceased the building was covered with flames and the bodies of Baker and the child could not be dragged out. This morning they were found, charred almost beyond recognition. The injured members of the family fled for safety, but they were not interfered with after the murder of the postmaster.  
All the mail in the postoffice was destroyed by the flames.  
It is claimed that the negro Baker was never a resident of the town, and that he was lazy, ignorant and very insulting to the white lady patrons of the office.  
A number of petitions had been sent to the Postmaster General, asking that the man be removed for the above reasons, but nothing was ever done about it. These petitions were signed by 200 of the leading business men of Lake City.  
The murder has been reported to the authorities at Washington.

We frequently come in contact with free silver Democrats, and nearly all of them are pleading for "all free silver men" to vote together. They say that Populists and free silver Democrats should join hands in the same party and under the same banner. They howl calamity as loud as the Pops ever did, and say the country is going to ruin if something is not done, but when we ask upon what ground and under what banner they propose to "unite" the silver forces, they invariably suggest that it must be done under the banner of the bourbon Democracy, and unless they can have it done this way, they are not particular as to whether we get free silver or not. In short, they want free silver provided they can get it through the Democracy, otherwise they are opposed to it. They remind us of the man who wants to get religion provided he can get it in the gambling dens and bar-rooms, but if he can't get it there he doesn't want it.

It seems there is a movement on for a union of all the silver forces under one banner for the next national campaign, which will try to be brought into our State campaign this year. For us we frankly say that we take no fusion in ours. A straight fight on the Chicago platform and white supremacy is our plan. The Democratic party will be weakened by any talk of fusion.—Dunn Union Democrat.

## Democratic Doctors Disagree—A Kill-Kenny Fight Brewing in Their Camp.

It is getting to be amusing. Read the following extracts from the Charlotte Observer, Davidson Dispatch, whose editor is a member of the State Democratic Committee, and F. D. Winston, another member of the committee in News and Observer.  
The Charlotte Observer says: "Re-affirm the Chicago platform in the State convention but don't push the silver question to the forefront in the State campaign. It will be entirely irrelevant then. Only make a determined fight, first and foremost, on the outrageous, extravagant, scandalous State administration, and we assure Capt. Kitchin that the best people of the State—'goldbugs,' free silver men, Jews and Gentiles will with one accord rally to the Democratic standard, and sweep the fusion robbers out of the State's capitol."  
The Davidson Dispatch says: "These fellows who say that a silver man and a goldbug can vote together are the vilest kind of hypocrites. They just as well say that oil and water will mix. Such men are after office and to get office they are willing to lie and deceive men who truly and honestly want better times and better things."  
F. D. Winston in News & Observer says: "Fusion with the Populists and Silver Republicans does not scare any man who is honestly in favor of the principles of the Chicago platform. If fusion of these different friends of the Chicago platform can be had then it is the duty of the Democrats to fuse with those elements."  
"Jones, Butler and Towne have some understanding. Whatever it is, we must, as a part of the National organization, adopt and stand to it, or the present rule in the State cannot be broken."  
"No party State issue can carry North Carolina Democrats."  
The Democratic party must get rid of its goldbug element, then it will find it no trouble to co-operate with the other silver elements in the State. There is no difference between a Democrat goldbug and a Republican goldbug, you can as conscientiously vote with one as the other. Kick 'em out.

For a Straight Fight.  
As will be seen on our local page to-day a friend from Alpha, of the county, and who is also one of our good subscribers, sends us a subscription to the Weekly Sun and admonishes us to "stand square for a straight Democratic fight in our State campaign this year. Straight Democrats or nothing for me. State issues to the front."  
Such a communication does the heart of every editor good, and encourages him to greater efforts in his work. The Sun has heretofore contended for a straight fight on State issues and will continue to do so until the finish—until the State convention has spoken, the highest tribunal of the State Democratic party. Members of the State executive committee who met in Raleigh, on Tuesday last, and passed a resolution to call the State convention to be held May 26th, next, say there were no indications of a desire for fusion, hence it is to be understood that the convention will advise and direct a straight fight. So mote it be. A straight Democratic fight and on State issues is the hope of the party's success this year.  
A straight fight should be the battle cry.—Salisbury Sun.

Butler, Jones and Towne, chairman of national executive committees of populist, democratic and silver republican parties have issued an address looking to a fusion of all the silver forces. Unless they get some more satisfactory arrangements than they had in 1896 we think they will find a lot of kicking.—Chatham Citizen.

## For Us Or Against Us.

If the coming campaign there can be no straddling, no middle ground. If you are not in line for good government, and not ready to take a hand in putting down the present administration, you had as well make a full hand on the other side. Then choose you this day the flag under which you will fight.—Rocket.