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WHOLE NUMBER, 491.

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THE SUN,
FOR 1890.

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STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

In Superior Court.

James M. Allen, et al.

S. H. McLendon and wife.

NOTICE OF SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Anson county, made at May Term 1887, and also an order made at the November Term, 1888, of said Court, in the cause entitled as above, the undersigned, as Commissioner, will sell by public auction, to the highest bidder, at 12 o'clock, P. M., on the 20th day of January, 1890, at the town of Wadesboro, on Monday, the 4th day of January, 1890, it being Monday, of the said County, 1890, of said Court, the following real estate, situated in the village of Ansonville, in said county, to wit: All the real estate conveyed to the said James M. Allen as trustee by a deed of Mortgagor, dated Sept. 29th, 1883, registered in the Registers Office of said County in Trust Book No. 19, pages 572 &c., consisting of three tracts or lots of land, to wit: A lot of 15 acres on which are situated the Ansonville Female College buildings, presbytery house, and out-buildings, together with all buildings and improvements thereon, situate near the Methodist church lot of one acre, the Baptist church of one half acre, and one acre heretofore conveyed to said James M. Allen by said de- cedent. And a lot of 4 acres adjoining the lot of Mrs. Susan Carter and others. Sec- ond, A lot of 18 1/2 acres adjoining the lot of J. O. Willard and others, together with all buildings and improvements thereon. For a full description of said lots, reference is made to the registry of said mortgage.

JOHN C. McLAUCHLIN,
Commissioner.

NOT ASHAMED OF HIS COLOR.

A Witty and Sensible Negro Urges Self-Improvement Upon His Race.

A Charleston special to the New York Herald says: Dr. J. C. Price, president of the colored college at Salisbury, N. C., and one of the foremost orators of his race, had just delivered at Chester a speech that is attracting great attention. He puts himself squarely against the increasing current in favor of emigration. In his speech he says:

"I have no faith in the doctrine of assimilation. The ancestral pride of the white man, the growing pride of the negro, forbid that this amalgamation take place save on the high ground of matrimony, and there is only one intermarriage out of every 200,000. Some blacks want this. They say that their color is against them. If that could only be changed all would be well. I believe that color has nothing to do with the question. Black is a favorable color. A black horse we all admire. A black silk dress is a gem. A black broadcloth suit is a daisy. Black only loses its prestige, its dignity, when applied to a human.

"It is not because of his color, but because of his condition, that the black man is in disfavour. Whenever a black face appears it suggests a poverty stricken, an ignorant race. Change your conditions; exchange immorality for morality, ignorance for intelligence, poverty for prosperity, and the prejudice against your race will disappear like the morning dew before the rising sun.

"Others would have us disappear by emigration. Your distinguished Senator has just introduced in Congress a measure intended to help us away. As for me I don't want to go. ('No, No!' from the audience.) This sunny Southland, where lie the bleaching bones of my fathers, is dear to me, and I, too, feel to the manor born. This soil is consecrated by the labor, the tears, and the prayers of my ancestors. Talk about Ethiopia, talk of Africa, but I believe that God intends the negro race to work out here in the South the highest status he has ever attained. If anybody wants to go to Mexico or Kansas or anywhere else, let him pack his trunk and go of his own free will. Let Congress appropriate if it wants. I will respectfully ask it to take back my part.

"It may be that God means us to go some day, but that is not the way and this is not the time. Remember, friends, that long ago two little barbs came to America. One landed at Plymouth her load of freemen, the other came to Jamestown with a freight of bondmen. Two separate civilizations sprang into being from these two ships; but we are away from home. The red man alone is at home here, and he won't be much longer if they keep on pushing him westward into the Pacific. When Congress legislates the black man to Africa it would be just as wise to legislate the white man back to Europe. When one goes the other ought to go, too. I am here to stay. I have an unbounded confidence in the future of the Southland. Her broad rivers, her rich fields and well stored mines will one day produce the richest harvest of prosperity the world ever saw, and I want to help reap it and enjoy it.

"What though a man be killed now and then? He who would try to crush us deserves the pity—not the crushed! Though a hundred men fall around me, I will stand firm on the rock of my faith with an unshaken hope.

"The negro is an imitative creature, and this is a sign of much hope. The Indian always does the opposite from what he sees the white man do. Hence he has gone down. It is just the reverse with the negro. A white man gets a house painted white with green blinds; the negro does the same. The white man rides in a buggy; the negro gets one too. The white man drives a horse; the negro buys him a horse. The white man buys a house; the negro does the same. It may be built in the Gothic order, with rafters in view, but it's a house. This promises well. Rome imitated Greece; England imitated Rome; America imitated England. It's a helpervy time, and the negro is following right on in the white man's steps."

Country Roads.

Durham, N. C.

College professors, civil engineers and magazine writers are directing public attention to the subject of country highways, and the Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, has gone so far as to provide for the free instruction in road engineering of one person in each county in the State. The Baltimore Sun, which is agitating the question in Maryland, points out that the power required to draw a wagon weighing with its load one ton on a level macadamized road of broken stones is 65 pounds; that it is increased to 200 pounds on a common dirt road. Prof. Ely, of John Hopkins University, estimates that poor roads cost the farmer on an average \$15 per horse; and Prof. Jenks, of Knox College, Ill., argues that with good permanent roads freight could often be hauled ten miles on wagons cheaper than it can often be taken one mile on a dirt road to a railroad station, unloaded, put on the cars, and carried to its destination. Of the social influences of good roads he says that a large part of the mental inspiration of the farmers depends on their ability to attend church, lectures, concerts and social gatherings at a distance; and really good roads, by enabling them to go so much more easily, would doubtless raise the whole intellectual tone of the farming community, besides keeping within the healthful influence of the farm many who are now forced into the towns.

Not Deaf Enough for the Occasion.

A short while ago while Judge Marshal J. Clark was swearing in petit jurors, one man stepped up and, with his hand to his ear, said:

"Your Honor, I am very deaf and cannot serve as a juror."

"You say you cannot hear well," asked the judge.

"Eh?"

"You say you are deaf," asked the judge in a loud voice.

"Eh?"

"You can go," said the judge, in a low tone of voice.

"Thank you, sir," replied the fellow, as he started toward the door.

"Stop!" cried the judge; "I guess you had better serve."

The Use of an Enemy.

Rev. Dr. Deems.

Always keep an enemy in hand—a brisk, hearty, active enemy. Remark the use of an enemy:

1. The having one is proof that you are somebody. Wishey-washy empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried, nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is proof of existence and position; to run against something is proof of motion.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is twofold—it permits you to know that you have faults, and are, therefore, not a monster, and it makes them of such size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault you desire to know it; when you become aware that you have a fault you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

3. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes light, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and this mental qui vive must be worth something.

4. He is a detective among your virtues. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not, and who are your enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assert than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friends will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work. There is scarcely a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of all his truthful assertions. Your friend will call your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience there of by the zeal your friends manifest. Follow your enemy around and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to having a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy. But let us pray to be delivered from secret foes.

What Makes This Kind of Weather.

Washington Post.

"Don't use my name and I will give you my theory of the present unusual weather," said a mariner of fifty-five years' experience, who was preparing to leave the city last evening on a sea voyage. "I am not ashamed of my theory, understand, but I dislike to have it appear that I am going about seeking newspaper notoriety."

The desired promise was made and the old sea-dog explained as follows:

"We have really undergone a change of seasons, to a certain extent, and all this is caused by the change in the Gulf stream. The Gulf stream is now running 100 miles nearer the eastern shore than it was one year ago. My idea is, this change is caused by some unusual upheaval in the bottom of the ocean, but that as it may, we have such a condition of affairs as I describe. This unusual change has effected our weather and to it is due the frequent and disastrous rains of last summer, and it is this which caused such unreasonable weather as we are now having. The scientist may laugh at this theory, but if you will ask any old sailor he will tell you that what I state is true, and it would not be a bad idea for the Weather Bureau to take this into consideration in making its predictions. At any rate I think they will agree with me that there is something badly out of joint."

The Day's Length.

St. Louis Republic.

At Stockholm, Sweden, it is 18 1/2 hours in length.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and a half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has 18 1/2 hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Danzig, in Prussia, the longest day has 17 hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is 19 hours and the shortest 5 hours.

At Tornes, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly 24 hours long and Christmas one less than three hours in length.

At St. Louis the longest day is somewhat less than 18 hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is 16.

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup for sale by McLendon & Parsons, Druggists.

DECLARATION OF PURPOSES

Of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union Adopted at Saint Louis.

WHEREAS, The general condition of our country imperatively demands unity of action on the report of the laboring classes, reformation in economy, and the dissemination of principles best calculated to encourage and foster agricultural and mechanical pursuits, encouraging the toiling masses—leading them in the road to prosperity, and providing a just and fair remuneration for labor, a just exchange for our commodities and the best means of securing to the laboring classes the greatest amount of good; we hold to the principle that all monopolies are dangerous to the best interests of our country, tending to enslave a free people and subvert and finally overthrow the great principles purchased to the fathers of American liberty. We therefore adopt the following as our declaration of principles:

1. To labor for the education of the agricultural classes in the science of economical government, in a strictly non-partisan spirit, and to bring about a more perfect union of said classes.

2. That we demand equal rights to all and special favors to none.

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

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

5. To constantly strive to secure entire harmony and good will to 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 the 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 sister; bury the dead, care for the widows and educate the orphans; to exercise charity toward offenders; to construe words and deeds in their most favorable light, granting honors to others, and to protect the principles of the Farmers Alliance and Industrial Union until death. Its laws are reason and equity, its cardinal doctrines inspire purity of thought and life, its intention is, "On earth, peace, and good will to man."

Our Colored Brother.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Yes, he is in hard luck. Whatever happens, he is sure to get the butt end of the stick. He is the only perpetual hewer of wood, who is always crowded away from the fire; the only systematic drawer of water, who never gets a drink. Yet, as patient as a camel, he goes on voting the Republican ticket from year to year; and, if one of his race takes a notion to protest, he is straightway bounced for traitor, and driven out with staves and stones, lucky if he escapes with his life. How long, oh Lord how long!

It is none of our funeral, we know that. But it does stick in our gurgard to see the colored brother so set upon. It was bad enough to be ignored by the Administration. That, however, was to be expected. Mr. Harrison is an aristocrat. He hates a poor man only one degree less than he hates a nigger. But there was a hope that Congress would, when it met, do something to make things even. Now, what do we see? We see all the black contested election cases in the House except one, put down at the foot of the calendar, where they will never be reached, and that one exception placed sixth on the list of seventeen, not by the Republicans, but by the Democrats.

It is just as Abram Jasper said in his speech to the colored picnic at Shantytown, in the late Virginia campaign: "Feller freemen," says he, "you all know me, I am Abram Jasper, a Republican from way back. When there have been any work to do, I has done it. When there have been any votin' to do, I has voted, early and often. When there have been any fightin' to do, I has been in the thick of it. I are above proof, old line and tax paid. And I has seed many changes too. I has seed the Republicans up. I has seed the Democrats up. But I is yit to see the nigger up. 'Tother right I had a dream. I dreamt that I died and went to heaven. When I got to depearly gate, ole Salt Peter, he says: "Who's dar?" says he. "Abram Jasper," says I. "Is you mounted, or is you a-foot?" says he. "I is a-foot," says I. "Well you can't git in here," says he. "Nobody's 'lowed in here 'cept them as comes mounted," says he. "Dat's hard on me," says I, "arter comin' all dis distance." But he neber says nothin' mo', and so I starts back, an' 'bout half way down de hill who does I meet, but Gen'l Willom Mahone. "Whar is you gwine, Gen'l?" says I. "I is gwine to heaven," says he. "Why, Gen'l," says I, "taint no use. I see just been up dar, an' nobody's 'lowed to get in 'cept dey comes mounted, an' you's a-foot." "Is dat so?" says he. "Yes, it is," says I. "Well, de Gen'l arter scratched his head, an' arter awhile he says, 'Abram, I tell you whar says let's do. You is a likely lad. Suppose you git down on all fours, an' I'll mount and ride you, and dat way we kin both git in.' "Gen'l," says I, "do you think you could work it?" "I know I kin," says he. "So, down I gits on my all fours, and de Gen'l gits a-straddle, an' we ambles up de hill agin, an' prances up to de gate, an' ole Salt Peter, he says: "Neither one," said the doctor. "Have the hind pocket in your hunting pants down from your waist and put it on the ground, and you'll be all right."

The man went out shaking his head, and said he'd think about it.

JUDGE COOLEY'S NERVE.

His Tact in Dealing with an Insane Negro Coachman.

DETROIT, Jan. 10.—Early last evening Judge Thos. M. Cooley, of Ann Arbor, chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, was sitting in his library when his negro coachman, armed with a double-barrelled shot gun entered. The Judge was satisfied from his appearance that he had become insane, but betraying no alarm he asked him what was the matter. The negro replied that he had decided to kill the whole family, as they talked too much, and left no time to think. The Judge betrayed no alarm, and told him he agreed with him, and that he would attend to it. By the use of consummate tact, the Judge succeeded in mollifying the madman until heat had laid down his gun, and at the Judge's suggestion left the room. As soon as he was out of hearing, the Judge telephoned to neighbors, and in a short time a deputy sheriff placed the coachman under arrest.

Doubtless a wholesale and most frightful tragedy was averted by the nerve and coolness which the distinguished jurist exhibited.

He Knew.

Commercial Traveller.

Little Susie—Mamma, this morning the minister spoke of the worm that dieth not. What did he mean?

Little Charley (scoffingly)—Why, you little goose, you don't you know? It's the apple worm, of course. In the spring it's in the green apples, and in the winter in the dried ones. I should think any one would know that.

HIS EYES WENT BACK ON HIM.

The Remedy for a Man Who Saw a Woods Full of Coons.

From the Chicago Herald.

"Doctor," said a red-faced and water-eyed man from Wayne township as he came into Dr. Babcock's office, in Hammondport, the other day, "I'm afraid my eyes is goin' back on me, and I dropped in to kinde o'see if I can find out where they're lame."

"Ah!" said the doctor. "What seems to be the matter with your eyes?"

"That's what I don't know," replied the man, "but they played me a trick 't'other day that don't leave no room for doubt but what there's somethin' out o' gear with 'em, somehow. I'll give you the symptoms. Maybe you don't know that I'm quite a coon hunter, but I am. 'Tother day my boy bought one o' those britch-loadin' and repeatin' shotguns, and I told him I'd go out and see how it'd work on a coon. I went out and hadn't gone more than a mile up the hill before I seen a 'big coon pop on to the limb of a chestnut tree. He came so sudden that I couldn't get it through me where he had come from or how he got there. But I didn't stop to ask no questions but up and blazed away. Now, I've got the name over my way, Doc, of never missin' anything I shoot at, and, of course, when I pulled up and whanged away at that coon I expected to see him tumble, but he didn't. When the smoke cleared away he set there just as he was when I seen him first. I was surprised, now, I tell you. I thought it was the gun's fault, but blazed away again. The coon never moved. I happened to look, somehow or other, at a tree off to the right of the one the coon was in, and there set another coon on a limb. I thought I'd try my luck on him, and so let him have a shot. He never stirred. I began to git mad by this time, and durin' a little conversation I was havin' with myself about the gun I happened to glance at a tree to the left of the first tree, and there on a limb was another coon. I tried my luck on the third coon and didn't hit him no more than I did 't'other two. I looked at the first tree; there was that coon settin' right where he was when I first seen him. I looked at the second tree and there was that 'coon still on the limb. I turned my head toward another tree and there I seen a fourth coon, and lookin' around me whichever way I might every tree I seen had a coon in it, and all as fat as coons could be. I got wild.

"Thunder!" I hollered, 'here's the woods full o' coon, and I ain't got nothin' but this new-fangled gun that won't hit a barn."

"But I hadn't blazed away as fast as the gun could spit a cartridge, just at one coon and then at another, until every darn load was emptied out o' the gun, and I hadn't dropped a coon. I was just goin' to slat that gun to fanners against a tree when I happened to rub my eye, and when I took my hand down there on my finger was a nice, jolly, fat wood louse. I looked up, but every coon was gone. The fact o' the matter is, Doc, that wood louse had been hangin' on to one o' my eye-winkers all the time, and I thought I was seeing coons. Be I gittin' near-sighted, or is the optic nerve doublin' up on me?"

"Neither one," said the doctor. "Have the hind pocket in your hunting pants down from your waist and put it on the ground, and you'll be all right."

The man went out shaking his head, and said he'd think about it.

Fifty Years in Prison.

Richmond Dispatch.

There will be released on Monday next from the Indiana penitentiary, at Jeffersonville, a convict who has probably served a longer time in prison than any man now living. His name is John Hicks. He was born in Montgomery county, Va., in 1806, and moved to Leesburg, Ind., when a young man. He has six times been sentenced to the Penitentiary in Indiana—twice for attempted rape, three times for grand larceny and once for housebreaking. He has spent in all forty years within that State's prison walls. In addition to this record in Indiana he has served two terms in the Ohio penitentiary and is believed to have served terms in the other States. In round numbers he may be said to have spent half a century in prison. When his term expires next Monday he will go to Indianapolis, where the State Board of Charities have promised to provide for him and secure an honest livelihood for the worn out old felon.

Crushed to Death.

Fourteen Men Killed in a Bridge Caission at Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 9.—A caisson within which was being built a pier for the Louisville and Jeffersonville bridge, collapsed about 6 o'clock this evening, and fourteen workmen in it were crushed to death.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 10.—At 12:30 this morning bodies of three of the unfortunate victims of the caisson air accident were recovered by the workmen. The positions in which they were found showed that a desperate struggle had taken place at the narrow door of escape. One negro had succeeded in pulling his body through the aperture, but death had overtaken him. Another negro had crawled partly through. His hands were fastened by death in the clothing of the negro in front of him, showing that he had died in a desperate endeavor to escape. Between two negroes was the body of a white man. It appeared from his position that he was trying to push back some one who was clinging to his legs. The sound accumulating at the door by the sudden sinking of the caisson had wedged in the body of white man in such a manner that it could not be removed. At 12:30 a. m., work was discontinued, in order to allow the workmen to rest and refresh themselves. After a fresh force was put on duty work resumed.

Further investigation shows two more men to have lost their lives, making the total 16.

TWINKS.

Kate Field says that humanity is divided into three kinds—men, women and cranks.

Guest—You have got your finger in my soup.

Waiter—Oh, that's all right; it isn't hot.—N. Y. Sun.

When a woman fancies to herself the husband she would like to have, he is generally different in important respects from the husband that she has already.—Somerville Journal.

Jolliboy—Good morning, sir!

Bilious—Why, sir, I do not know you.

Jolliboy—I didn't say you did, sir. Good morning, sir!—Boston Herald.

Jags (funny streak on)—Do you keep good cigars?

Cigar Man—Certainly, we do.

Jags—You're foolish you ought to sell them.—Phil. Inquirer.

American girls chewed up seven tons of gum last year. One-half of it can be found to-day sticking under man-tel shelves. The other half was carried away by the young men who go court-ing and lost.

Nahum Spaulding—Yo' won't fight, heh! Den you's a mis'rble sneakin' coward, yo' is.

Hezekiah Thomas—Dat's all rite; ef yo hadn't know'd dat, yo'd bin askered ter affah to fight me.

Adorer (after a rebuke by the old