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THE STANCHEST EXPONENT OF DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES IN THE SECTION OF THE STATE

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WESTERN SIGHTS.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

Our Correspondent Concludes his 25000 Miles Western Tour.

This article would be incomplete without the names of my travelling companions; therefore, I will proceed to give them: Capt. W. D. Bethell, K. C. W. & N. W. R. R. and wife, Mrs. Minter Parker, Messrs. A. P. Bethell, P. C. Bethell, Willie Bethell and P. C. Long and Miss Janie Bethell, all of Memphis; Dr. J. H. Foster and wife, of New Orleans, and Mr. Alex. Foster, of Texas.

Sunday morning, Sept. 23, several friends joined us for a trip to Kansas State Prison, Soldier's Home and Leavenworth. Leaving Kansas City on a special train, we soon arrived at the Kansas State Penitentiary. The officers in charge invited us in, had dinner prepared for us and carried us through the several departments, showing us a new building that was being prepared for the accommodation of the criminals and told us that this institution paid the State very handsomely. Dinner was prepared by convicts and waiters in striped pants and white aprons served it very nicely in an elegant dining room, on the wall of which hung some beautiful paintings executed by convicts.

About 2 o'clock we saw the criminal march into dinner. Eight hundred and ninety-six passed by, and as I looked upon them I noticed that in connection with their low organic quality, their heads were somewhat pinched in the region of the moral sentiments and that the region of the propensities was abnormally developed.

We were informed that most of these criminals work in a coal mine that opens up inside the grounds, which no doubt pays the State better than working them on railroads.

We next visited the Soldier's Home. Here 1907 old disabled Federals were kept up at the expense of the government. They have everything necessary for their comfort and for all the work they choose to do they are paid handsomely. The officer in charge here is a gentleman highly endowed with the organ of language, and he took pleasure in showing us through and explaining everything. A man of this stamp always takes pleasure in talking when he can find a listener. Bidding our talkative friend good-day, we next went to Leavenworth and there proceeded to conveyance to Leavenworth for Kansas City.

This fort is about four miles from the city, is situated on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri river, and is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw.

The pretty grounds, interspersed with gravelled walks and carriage drives, and the beautiful buildings, conspicuous among which is the prison, with guards walking up and down in front all together, form a scene not easily forgotten.

Just as we were preparing to leave the grounds, the bugles sounded, the soldiers came out of the buildings and formed lines, the roll was called, the flag lowered for the night, a cannon was fired and they all dispersed. We returned to the car and were soon speeding away toward Kansas City.

We next went to Holton, Kans., had our car sidetracked there and spent one day on the Indian reservation hunting prairie chickens. This reservation consists of 77,000 acres of prairie land on which roam vast herds of cattle. We drove about forty miles on the prairie, saw a few Indians, killed six prairie chickens (all we could find) and returned well pleased with our drive, but not so well pleased with the hunting.

We left for Denver, Colorado on Thursday morning, Sept. 26. Passing across the States of Kansas and Nebraska, we saw vast herds of cattle and some horses.

This is a fine country and it produces quantities of grain. In north-

western Colorado, the sand drifts, so badly that the railroads build plank fences near deep cuts to keep them from being filled up. Similar fences are built with net to prevent the cuts from being filled with snow drifts.

We arrived at Denver on Friday about 7 P. M. Denver is a beautiful little city in sight of the Rocky mountains and has the prettiest Union depot I ever saw. We spent Saturday there and visited Tammen's Museum. There we saw a beautiful collection of minerals, Indian relics, buffalo and wild cat robes, and specimens of birds and animals. We also saw the Tabor Opera House, which is a very magnificent building.

From Denver we went to Colorado Springs, a beautiful little town in sight of Pike's Peak. Here we procured conveyance to Montrose. Winding around on a beautiful, but very dusty road, we passed Colorado City, the site of the old Capital. Montrose is a beautiful little summer resort at the foot of the mountains. Here we stopped and drank from the Soda Spring. The water was very fine indeed.

Our guide carried us up through Ute Pass to Rainbow Falls. This is by far the grandest scenery I have ever beheld.

The road through this pass is cut into the side of the mountain and on the edge is some delapidated railing. Above us were overhanging rocks and below us at a distance of several hundred feet a beautiful stream rushes madly down the steep descent. We returned through the Garden of the Gods, saw the beautiful rock and rocks that resemble different kinds of animals. These have been worn down to their present shapes by the rain and storm of ages past. In this garden is the finest display of rocks in the world, and if the gods convene anywhere on earth no doubt it is here.

Capt. Bethell was suffering intensely from an attack of sick headache as we came through the garden of the Gods, and we did not tarry to examine the rocks, but hurried back to the car.

Am glad to say that next morning found him quite well again.

About 4 P. M. we started for home and early Tuesday morning we arrived at St. Louis. Here we spent the day and visited several places of interest: First, the Simmons' Iron-ware house, the largest in the world, then the Suspension bridge across the Mississippi. The bridge cost \$8,000,000 dollars, and for a long time was the finest structure of the kind in the U. S. It is second now to the Brooklyn bridge.

There are quite a number of attractions at St. Louis just at this time, namely: the Stock Fair, the Exposition and the Prophets Procession. The city is filled with visitors, and as it contains about a half million inhabitants, you can imagine that it is by no means a lonesome looking place.

After walking around for some time and admiring the magnificent buildings, conspicuous among which were the Safe Depository, the Equitable Bank, the Bank of Commerce and the Exchange building. We next went to the Exposition. Here I heard the famous Gilmore's Band, which was furnishing music for the occasion.

This band consists of fifty-two performers and is said to be the leading band of the U. S. The Exposition was very good indeed, and if I had the space I would endeavor to give you a description of it. Late in the afternoon we returned to the car and were soon on our way to Memphis.

About 10 A. M. Wednesday, Oct. 8, we arrived at Memphis, found the city in a healthy condition, fully recovered from the recent fright caused by the yellow fever, and business fast recuperating.

We spent nearly two weeks in sight seeing and recreation, during which time we travelled over about 35000 miles of railway. We all enjoyed the trip immensely and are under lasting obligations to Capt. Bethell, our kind and genial chaperon. Respectfully,

W. G. THORNTON

SAM JONES.

SOME OF HIS SAYINGS.

We Hear Some People Sing: "The World's a Howling Wilderness." And You are the Dogs Doing the Howling.

An infidel back there says there is nothing in the Bible for him. Listen: "The fool has said in his heart, there is no God." Don't that fit your case, old fellow?

The best husband in Durham is the one that sticks closest to the Bible. I reckon God did call all the preachers into the ministry, but I believe he called some of 'em to keep 'em out of devilment.

There is no reason on earth or in hell why every man should not be a faithful Christian.

It is easier to tell the truth than it is to tell a lie. All a fellow has to do to tell the truth is to open his mouth and out it comes. But to tell a lie, he must ram back the truth and pump out the lie.

We hear people sing: "This world's a howling wilderness." And you are the dogs doing the howling.

Your church members pray for God to put whiskey out of North Carolina. That's nonsense. If you want it out, vote it out. God-don't vote, you fool.

If you ushers don't attend to your business better, I'll turn you off, and if you don't like this kind of talk, you can quit.

A man who will lay his sin on old man Adam, is as mean as dirt.

All this cock and bull story these preachers tell about man being a man of sores from head to foot is a lie. I ain't rotten. I don't know their case, however.

All some old fellows want in this world is somewhere to sit, and some place to spit.

There are many old fellows in Durham, if they believed the streets of heaven were paved with gold, would get there or lose every toe nail trying.

If you are good, God says you are, and if you ain't you ain't.

All some girls want is to go to a ball, and have a young buck put his arm around them. Girls there ain't anything good in that. I know, 'cause I used to be a buck myself.

I never knew a fellow passionate of mind of billiards that was worth killing.

Sister, if I were you when I went home this evening, I would say to my husband: "Now look here, husband, I want you to have family prayer tonight," and if he wouldn't, I'd tell him when the hour came: "Now we'll have family prayer," and then say to the children: "you children get your rattlers and little red horse, and keep your little father quiet, while I read a chapter and pray, and I'd knock the old fellows teeth out, and nurse him on my breast until he learned to be a man."

God pity the brute, the brute-human brute, that will swear before his child. There is not a hog in North Carolina that would be guilty of it if he had the ability to swear. I mean a two legged hog.

If you old fellows want something to get mad about, just poke your horns in this old warehouse Sunday evening at 3 o'clock. I will preach to you then.

Brethren, I've been a mighty nice fellow ever since I've been here. I ain't said any hard thing yet, but I'll light in next Sunday afternoon.

A man that will swear will steal if it wasn't for seriffs and chain gangs.

Boys, I am just holding up a mirror that you old fellows may see your old carcass one time in your life.

Some of my illustrations are not elegant but they illustrate.

When I call a fellow a hog you needn't answer if that ain't your number.

The trouble, brethren with the church is the devil can run a mile while we are pulling on our boots.

Brethren, I despise a slungy man-one that you must beg and beseech

before he'll give to God. There is a man who lives down in Georgia, who is the hardest fellow to get money out of I ever saw. Now I have raised a great deal of money in my day--they say I'm good at it. But this fellow down in Georgia, he's given me more trouble than all other men I ever tried to get money from. One day I went to him for \$1,800, I had a good place for it, but he said he didn't have it. I told him he was a liar. I knew he was making money, and I had promised his wife to help them to go to heaven. He got mad, but finally shelled it out. In a few weeks I went to him and said: "A poor woman in Cartersville--my home--will have her house sold, and she will be homeless next week but \$3000 can save it, and now old fellow you can give me the money for her." He didn't have it. I told him he was a liar, and I'd have it or stamp his gizzard out of him. He shelled it out, and now when that fellow sees me coming he just asks: "Jones, how much do you want? You can have it." If you won't say any thing about it, and these newspaper reporters won't put it in the papers, I'll tell you his name. He is my wife's husband. And, old fellow, when you tackle your wife's husband--the fellow that wears your mustash--for money, you are after the biggest Radical in Durham then, sure.

A man who had been married three times told me that first he married for money, the second time for beauty, and the third time for intellect, and said he: "All combined I had the world, the flesh and the Devil." I'm sorry for you fellows who have got it all in one lump.

A Beautiful Tribute.

His mission, lasting but a brief period, ended in his cruel death; and we search through the recorded gabble of the world, and we find stories of brutal conquests--the rise of empires and the fall of kings; sages and poets are told of, and their wise teachings and beautiful words come down to us; but of Christ, of his life, sufferings, and crucifixion, there is a dead silence; not a word was said, not a sentence went to record. The great noisy world roared on without Him. This mission of the carpenter's son was too insignificant to command the slightest mention. And yet the divine work went on. A ray of God's sunlight had pierced the gloom, and it strengthened and broadened until it embraced all the earth. There are no miracles, they tell us; and yet the low solemn teachings of this Nazarene, left to the keeping of ignorant laborers, sneered at by scientists, fought at by conquerors of all else, the poor followers thrown into loathsome prisons to rot, given to the wild beasts to devour, branded as criminals and outlawed as convicts, hold the earth now and forever. This may not be a miracle, but it can be explained only by a true reading of our Saviour's word, which taught us that He appealed to the Christ that was born in us when we came fresh from the hands of our Creator; that it is the better, stronger, and more vital part of our nature, and when awakened gives us a joy no words can describe. Such awakening calls for no learning, no culture, no burning of midnight oil in vain study of what we cannot comprehend. He was with us in the beginning. He is with us now. He will be with us till the end of time. *Donn Platt.*

As the *Loudon* says: "A man may drink and not be drunk; A man may fight and not be slain; A man may kiss a bonnie lass, And yet be welcomed back again." But he can't vote unless he is registered.

We Can and Do

Guarantee Acker's Blood Elixir for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this country that it is superior to all other preparations for blood diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilitic, poisonous, Ulcers, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Sold by Sanford Drug Store Sanford N. C.

CHURCH AND STATE.

THE LINE DRAWN

By the Presbyterians at Goldsboro. (Wilmington Messenger.)

But as a body, a court of the Church of Christ, and Synod refused to memorialize the Legislature. This is in keeping with the record of the Southern Presbyterian Church in regard to the relation of Church and State. From Proceedings of Synod at Goldsboro.

We are glad that so pronounced and respectable Christian body of people as the Presbyterian Synod, has seen fit to declare, so emphatically, the position that all Christian organizations should occupy in respect to the peculiar or civil affairs of the country.

This declaration of the Synod is in relation to the Liquor Traffic. The line of demarcation is drawn to indicate where the business of the church ends, and where the public supervision of the affairs of the body politic begins.

We think the distinction timely. That the line is wisely drawn.

On the restrained license and promiscuous use of liquor, there can hardly be two opinions. Of the necessity for a strict and proper surveillance of the liquor traffic, there are not many to dispute.

But a confession that the laws of the land, the public sentiment of the people, and the quickening sense of our institutions are not sufficient to deal with a matter of police regulation, without the influence and interference of the Church as a body, stimulated by the zeal of devotee, concentrated upon an idea of intense morality, is to admit that civil government is a failure. That the people are incapable of self-government. That the chart of civil liberty ought to be blotted out and religious control assume the direction of the affairs of human government.

The separation of Church and State, has been esteemed as the saving feature of the American system of Government. The declaration for civil and religious liberty was what united the widely divergent Colonies in their strength against the oppression of Great Britain, when the Puritan, Baptist, the Lutheran, the Catholic, the Episcopalian and the "rascally Presbyterians," (as Governor Tryon styled them in North and South Carolina) united as a common body of patriots, to resist the aggression of tyranny. In all the contest that have occurred, in our State over this question "what shall we do with the liquor traffic" our apprehension has been that the Church might fatally fasten itself the feature political organization. That in entering the arena of political reform Ministers and church members might besmirch themselves in the mire of politics.

Our forefathers emphatically repudiated every claim and pretension of an established Church. They declared that "as long as water runs and grass grows" there should be no Church control over the civil affairs of this country. They nominated it in the bond that principles of the Spanish Inquisition should never be left here, and that the work of the rack and wheel should be unknown in free America.

LET THE WOMEN GO.

Give us the Patriot.

The Charlotte Democrat asks the following question: "Is it not a big mistake to invite females to political speaking in buildings where there is not room enough for voters? The 'dear creatures' cannot vote, and when they occupy the space of a voter it is that much loss to the Democratic party in an argumentative point of view."

Not a bit of it. A political meeting is very much like an omnibus--there's always room for one more, and we have rarely found it the case that a speaker had to complain of too much crowd in front or around about him. Then, too, is there not a deal of injustice

in closing the doors of public meetings upon women simply because they are not voters? They are members of society, wives and mothers--or intend and expect to be--with a position to sustain and children to rear in the fear of God and the exercise of good citizenship, and it is only right that they should be informed of the principles of government and the issues dividing the people into parties. Besides, the great difficulty has hitherto been to get Democrats to attend campaign speakings; but let us invite "lovely women," and the matrons will see to it that their husbands go, while the maids will draw the young men after them with an irresistible attraction for surpassing the discussion of 47 per cent. taxation on all the necessaries of life.

It is true, this lovely non-voting part of our population suffer now and then for their patriotic interest in public affairs. Not long since a charming young girl (one of perhaps half a dozen of her sex present) sat near the writer in the Democratic meeting, and our interest in the political proceeding speedily became lost in our contemplation of her silent suffering. For the first few minutes there was an eager, expectant look upon her sweet face, but as the speaker got down to "hard pan," and crunched up the leaves, and reeled in the prosaic statistics of her tax on trace-chains and the \$113,292,643.27 3/4 cents surplus in the Treasury, there was a hopeless droop to the corners of the pretty mouth, unutterable weariness had taken possession of the lovely eyes; and the nervous flutter of the heart and the impatient tap of the little foot on the floor, said as plainly as words could speak: "Sold by thunder!" When the orator closed with "I will not detain you any longer," the tasteful lace fixings at the delicate throat heaved with a deep sigh of relief, and the fresh air of heaven that struck her flushed cheeks at the outer door welcomed a glad bird out of a cage, if ever there was one

S. B. ALEXANDER IN LENOIR.

The President of the Alliance Talks Political Truths to Farmers. (Kinston Free Press.)

He said that there was something wrong somewhere as shown by the organizations, the farmers into Granges and Alliances, the mechanics into Knights of Labor. It is our duty to find out what is wrong. There is not much difference in the condition of agriculture anywhere. The farmers of the West are as bad off as we are here. The farmers of Kansas are mortgaged up worse than we are. We find the jails, asylums and poor-houses over-run. We must find out how to remedy these evils with which we are burdened and vote to protect our interests. He then touched upon the tariff, and said that President Cleveland has made the reduction of the tariff the paramount issue. His explanation of the operation of the present unjust tariff rates was plain and very easily understood. He showed how great a burden it is to all except a few protected manufacturers.

He said that except for the Republican high tariff Dundee bagging could be imported and sold here for 5 cents a yard. The bagging trust was sprung on us just at the time of gathering the crop, the jute bagging manufacturers knowing it would take four months before this Dundee bagging could be imported. He believed the Democrats were thoroughly honest in trying to crush out monopolists and trusts. When we take into consideration that most of the members of these trusts are Republicans we can easily understand why Blaine declares trusts are private affairs with which the public has nothing to do.

Happiness and Contentment cannot go hand in hand if we look on the dark side of every little obstacle. Nothing will so darken life and make it a burden as Dyspepsia. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure the worst form of Dyspepsia, Constipation and Indigestion, and make life a happiness and pleasure. Sold at 25 and 50 cents by Sanford Drug Store Sanford N. C.

W D Hoyt & Co. wholesale and retail druggists, of Home, Ga. says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters.

THE GREAT ISSUE.

Col. John N. Staples to Chairman Whitaker.

It would be a sin and a burning reproach for the Democrats of North Carolina by apathy, or spite, or on account of local prejudices, jealousies, or disappointments, to let the Republicans again get control of the State. How would our people reconcile it to themselves, if by their indifference and apathy the electoral vote of North Carolina should go to Harrison and Morton? What have they to gain by such a course? Nothing, absolutely nothing. But, on the other hand, much to lose; the one great issue of this campaign would be retarded for years. All other issues are of minor importance and subordinate of this great economic question of bread and meat for the people--cheaper and better clothing for the masses. In other words, the great issue presented to the American people is, "Should the necessities of life be emancipated from the bondage of monopoly, and the baneful and hurtful influence of trusts?" Sir Francis Bacon said: No people overcharged with tribute is fit for empire.

Are the people of America overcharged with tribute? Let the mighty voice of the surplus millions of the people's money daily and hourly accumulate in the Treasury at Washington, answer; let the sweating brows, the weary muscles and the heavy hearts of the thousands of our countrymen from whose toil and hard earnings these millions are wrung, say whether they are over taxed; let the cry of poverty and want and suffering and distress seen and heard on the streets of our cities and in many parts of the land say whether the many are taxed for the benefit of the few.

No Republican leader of respectability and intelligence dares to go before the people and justify this enormous taxation which is imposed upon the country under the present Republican tax laws but, on the contrary, they concede (since the passage of the Mills bill) that there should be a reduction of the revenue, and a reformation of the tariff laws. If they are sincere in this, why is it the Republican party has not, long years ago, either of its own motion or in conjunction with the Democratic party, which has been demanding such a reduction, formulated and enacted into a law, a schedule of tariff rates and duties which would relieve the people of the enormous taxes now imposed upon everything they wear and a great deal of what they eat?

The difference between the Democratic and the Republican party on this issue is simply this: The Republican party is in favor of a tax levied in the interest of the manufacturer, and it is for the people to say at the ballot box whether they are for or against themselves.

I feel the same interest in the result of the pending election as is common to every other American citizen who is neither a candidate nor an aspirant for political preferment, and I express it as my deliberate judgement at the welfare of the people at large, and the general prosperity of the country, would be greatly enhanced and promoted by the re-election of President Cleveland; and from my personal knowledge of affairs in North Carolina for the past twenty years, I unhesitatingly state that, in my opinion, the defeat of the Democratic party in the present election would be a greater calamity in the State than famine, pestilence and food all combined.

Yours very truly,
JOHN N. STAPLES.

Wonderful Cures.

W D Hoyt & Co. wholesale and retail druggists, of Home, Ga. says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters.