

The prosperity of all men depends on double forces inherent in the nature of things, and developed by the fixed rules of recompense and retribution. These forces and these laws apply to labor and capital in the development of material things; and when fraud, circumvention and cheating is done fear is begotten, and the father of lies rules for a season the destinies of men as well as nations. Fear teaches there is rottenness somewhere as well as the hovering of the carrion crow; and fear indicates that the abuses of society, the unjust accumulation of property, are to be avenged. When equal rights are denied, and special privileges are given by class legislation, fear bodes, mows, and gibbers over government and property.

That obscene bird now hovers over the destinies of this nation while the golden sun of liberty is well nigh sinking with the millions of workingmen beneath the mountains of wealth, wrung from the hands of toil by unwholesome laws that giveth to the rich by oppressing the poor. It has been said that "the timidity of slavery, as it once existed in the South, led to secession; secession to civil war, and war gave freedom and citizenship to the slaves." So, it may be said, the continuous oppression of the people has frightened capital into most formidable organizations, by means of which the fetters and shackles of controlled labor have turned three-fifths of all the wealth of the country into the hands of comparatively a few millionaires, of whom it may be said forty-one are United States Senators.

The situation is appalling to every lover of country and kin! Absolute truth arranges the logic of facts so as to force home the truth of all that can be said of the injustice, and degrading legalized tyranny, by which \$648,220,000 of the people's money is locked up in the national treasury, and turned over to the rich without interest to be loaned at a high rate of interest. With such a state of things, caused by a wrong financial policy, the country is threatened with anarchy and factionalism.

Clans are organized in every department of industry, many of whom make quite unreasonable demands upon all not of their vocation, forgetting the inevitable laws of recompense and retribution. To illustrate: There be those who consider it a favor conferred upon the publishers of a newspaper for them to read the paper, when the law of recompense says, "Pay for the paper, then read it to thy heart's content." Then there be those who consider it a favor conferred upon school teachers for their children to attend the school, day in and day out, tuition unpaid, and the day of retribution coming when that community is without educational facilities. The same class strikes the lawyer and the doctor in the form of a gale, but when they strike the verdant merchant there is a regular financial cyclone, and down goes the man of the yardstick. These illustrations indicate why it is there is a want of confidence, and organized clans, not that the meritorious, pay as you go, fear being left, but because dead beats and those who live beyond their income create discontent by persuading their fellows that the wheel of fortune is grinding those of their particular vocation.

To reverse this wheel of fortune local clans were organized, then unions and alliances, which by combination have rolled into one fermented, seething mass of discontent, demanding, God only knows what, as their doctors disagree about the diagnosis of the disease.

We find those whose life work has been to aid in perpetuating laws favorable to the growth of monopolies, standing side by side with those whose life work has been for the greatest good to the greatest number. Both paid lecturers to enlighten clansmen on the causes of hard times, and prescribe the remedy. These doctors of different political schools confound confusion when a draught of simon pure elixir, drawn from the pure fountain of democracy, would elevate the world's workers to thinking, acting, responsible citizens.

Some men are mining iron ore and coal in Alabama; others are getting out lumber in North Carolina. After certain changes are wrought by the hand of in-

dustry, of these a plow is made, sold to the farmer, and in turn he produces the materials of food and clothing for those who contributed to his wants in making the plow.

The miners and lumbermen cannot wait for the users and consumers of their products to produce what they most need, food and clothing; neither can the farmer cultivate his lands till he has tools. To accommodate both the capitalist and merchants step in with money the representative of values, and the laborers, both in the mines, the factories and on the farm, receive a warrant every Saturday night on the world's great store for what each individually has contributed during the previous week to the stock in trade. What is the stock in trade but so much accumulated labor waiting in the hands of the merchant to be exchanged for other labor at the fiat of money.

Then the life and vitality of all labor is a rapid exchange of products, and liberal consumption, which means good wages to all working men and women, so that each may have the ability to purchase at the world's great store such products of labor as may be desired for comfort and pleasure.

To be Continued.

To Investigate the Civil Service Commission.

The civil service commission has much to gain from the investigation of its methods and results which the House civil service committee has decided to recommend to the House. The charges are that the commissioners evade the law and show partiality, in their selection of persons for appointments. These are to be inquired into, as also the results generally of the new system. The reports made by the commission of its own investigations ought, perhaps, to come within the scope of the committee's inquiries. Its appointments may have been all right, but its investigations of the charges made against various postoffices during Mr. Cleveland's administration at the request of republican civil service reform clubs were considered by democrats at the time very partial and prejudiced efforts. The reports on the investigations were desired by the clubs for campaign documents, and some of them were so framed as to be utilized for that purpose. The paucity of like investigations and reports in the past year is noticeable. Mr. Roosevelt's recent report on the New York custom house rather confirms the rule, as it is directed to showing up the wickedness of democrats only. Righteousness is not, we believe, at any time a monopoly of either party.—Baltimore Sun.

Mr. Windom's Silver Scheme.

The Milwaukee Sentinel well says: With the market value of the metals fluctuating, experience shows that we are in constant danger of losing either our gold or our silver. As gold was driven out because the market value of silver was less than its money value under Hamilton's ratio, and as silver was driven out by the act of 1834 because the market value of silver was greater than its money value under that ratio, so would we lose our gold under present conditions if there should be a large foreign demand for specie from this country. Under Mr. Windom's plan it would be impossible to undervalue or overvalue silver in relation to gold. The bullion value of silver might change from day to day, but the ratio would change with it. A silver bullion certificate for one dollar would be worth always one gold dollar's worth of silver, no matter what the bullion price of silver might be. Unless silver should depreciate frightfully, there would always be bullion enough in the Treasury to redeem it, and mining would cease if it should depreciate enough to involve a danger.

Because passion has never touched with its fire and its glory the prim life of the æsthetic prig, or the rotund Philistine, it is not for that reason perished off the face of the earth. It exists in the same force and same fervor as in the days of Othello and Stradella; and, I confess, seems to me more fitly a subject for the novelist or the dramatist than the fictitious "realism" of the spineless commonplace.—Ouida.

The recent heavy rains in California drowned thousands of gophers and destroyed the eggs of the Hessian fly, which affords the farmers some consolation.

AVMOR

Havoc Among the Dogs.

When Maj. T— was appointed provost marshal on St. Helena Island, in front of Beaufort, just after the war, he found it inhabited by half a dozen whites, some 1,500 negroes and several thousand dogs. These dogs belonged to the negroes, half a dozen to a family, and were dangerous brutes, generally crosses between the mastiff and bloodhound. It was unsafe to dismount or enter a yard without first warning the inmates of the house of one's presence.

One day he started to enter a yard when he felt his hand seized. He looked down and there saw a big dog, which had taken his fingers in its mouth and was holding them, tightly enough to hurt without actually biting. As soon as he could he withdrew his fingers and reached around for his revolver. The dog was still menacing, and as Maj. T— leveled the weapon the brute opened his mouth for a growl, which was never finished. The major dropped a forty-four bullet down his throat.

The provost marshal finally came to the conclusion that there were more dogs than there was any call for. So he sent up to Charleston and got a pound of strychnine, with which he doctored up about twenty pounds of meat chopped up into little cubes. Armed with this, he rode quietly over the island and gave a mouthful to every dog he met. If the dog was particularly noisy, he gave him two. Within the next twenty-four hours scores of excited negroes rushed in upon him.

"Marse T—, de dawg 'all daid. Some powful misery done tuck 'em un dey's dyin' ebrywhar. I los' t'ree dawg. Sam Jenkin he done los' de bes' coon dawg on St. Helena. My boy Pete done los' all his'n. We dunnow wat make of hit."

"The epidemic lasted three weeks," said the major to The Post. "I must have poisoned over 2,000 dogs. If the negroes had suspected me, my life would have been in danger."—Washington Post.

Forgot Himself.

With radiant smile and bewitching blush the beautiful heiress placed her hand in that of the ardent young foreign nobleman who knelt at her feet.

"I am yours, count," came softly from her lovely lips.

The count sprang to his feet in ecstasy.

"Zis ees ze happiest day off my life!" he exclaimed, in that charming accent that so delights the ear of the romantic maiden of America when uttered by a titled foreigner.

"My love," he said, drawing a ring from his pocket and slipping it on her tapering finger, "permeat me to present you zees leetle tokane off our enkachment."

And he tenderly jabbed a kiss upon it. "Dear count," replied the blushing girl, "I will wear it forever. And now, in return, I know you will accept this ring from me, and wear it on your little finger."

The count took it. As he turned it about in his hand and inspected it, a dreamy, abstracted look settled on his face, and he murmured absentmindedly: "Mees, I couldn't possibly let you hafi more zan feefy cents on zis piece off chawelry!"—Chicago Tribune.

Important Discovery.

Benevolent Old Lady (to little girl)—My little dear, do you wash your face and hands every morning?

"No, mum."

"Good gracious! That's perfectly dreadful. Do you wash your face in the middle of the day?"

"No, mum."

"Dear me! When do you wash yourself?"

"I never washes."

"Horrible! It is shocking how depraved the lower classes are! I must organize a society to see that children are properly washed. Tell me, little one, do you really never wash yourself?"

"No, mum, mamma washes me every morning."—Texas Sittings.

Where Was the Cat?

A cook who had burnt a piece of roast veal weighing four pounds threw it away, and afterwards explained to her mistress that the cat had eaten the meat.

"Very good," said the lady, "we will see that directly."

So saying, she took the cat, put it on the scales, and found that it weighed exactly four pounds.

"There, Frederike," she said, "are the four pounds of meat, but where is the cat?"—Kolmer Tageblatt.

A Poser.

Bennie—Mamma, do people really buy babies?

Mamma—Of course, child, of course. Run out now and play.

Bennie (in a brown study)—Then, why is it, mamma, that poor people buy more of 'em than anybody else?—Northwest Magazine.

Deafening.

Smith—What do you think of my new suit?

Jones—I can't hear myself think.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Comforting.



Professional Medicant—Would you please help me, sir? I have only one leg, sir, and I am cold an—
"Why, my dear man, you have a decided advantage over me in having only one foot to get cold; good day."—Time.

Real Estate. THE ASHEVILLE DEMOCRAT, A Large 8-page Weekly Paper,

— BY —

ROBT. M. FURMAN AND DAVID M. VANCE,

NATT. ATKINSON & SON,

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

It will be a large, 8-page, weekly paper, devoted to the Social, Industrial and Political interests of Western North Carolina. It will be the earnest endeavor of the editors to make THE DEMOCRAT useful to the great and varied interests of this rapidly growing city and section. No efforts will be spared to make it entirely acceptable because of its usefulness.

DEMOCRATIC IN POLITICS

It will be Democratic in politics—emphatically and reliably so—as its name and the life-time creed of its editors imply.

Dealers in

Real Estate

In all its branches

THE INDUSTRIAL INTERESTS OF THIS SECTION, Agricultural, Mechanical and Mining, will receive special attention. The resources of every county, the various enterprises of all the people, will have constant consideration.

The department for the Home Circle will be complete. As THE DEMOCRAT is already assured a large circulation in the city of Asheville and all the Western Counties, it will be an excellent medium for advertisers. Rates will be reasonable.

Send in your names with the cash at once. Address,

THE ASHEVILLE DEMOCRAT,

FURMAN & VANCE, EDITORS,

Asheville, N. C.

Refer, by Permission, to all the Banks of Asheville.

For Particulars, Price List, Etc., apply or address us at this place.

We will thank any one for any name or names of friends residing in any of the States or Territories that we may send specimen copies of THE DEMOCRAT.