

THE ASHEVILLE DAILY CITIZEN

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1894.

To an outsider it would appear that New York State and City politics are in a woefully mixed condition. There are any number of tickets in the field, and an unnumbered number of candidates. Almost every day sees one or more changes in one or two of the tickets, and yet election day is at hand and most of the voters must have now made up their minds how they will vote.

Recd has had too much to do to be great stress on the hard times cry against the Democratic party, but the other day in Chicago he let this slip: "Why, we are not having our own goods, let alone goods from foreign countries. Our market has grown smaller and smaller. Until the year 1892 our market was the greatest market in the world. Do you know what made it the greatest market? What makes a great market? What is a great market? It is a place where people have money to spend."

The Springfield Republican calls Recd's attention to the fact that at the moment he was speaking the Chicago Dry Goods Reporter was being sold on the streets of Chicago with this paragraph in it: "In comparison of the fall trade in the Chicago market 1894 is no longer considered. It was with the 1892 season, the best season up to that time in record, that comparison is now made. Averaging the reports of the three large houses in this market, it is safe to say that in (omnibus) this season of 1894 is already ahead of the corresponding time of the season two years ago. Trade still continues remarkably well sustained and the managers are not made when the season is wound up the amount in dollars and cents will also eclipse 1892, in spite of the big slump in prices. No matter as to that, this fall season is already an assured success beyond all expectations."

Old Buncombe should arouse herself, and give Carwood a larger majority than ever before. Why? Because, first, Richmond Pearson is not a Democrat, and this is a Democratic county. Because, second, he is a nondescript politician, and unless this county favors the starting of a museum of political frauds and missing links in the Capitol in Washington, it can have no use for a man there who avowedly has no platform to which it can be certain he will adhere for two consecutive days.

But there is also another reason: if Richmond Pearson gains materially over Carwood in this county the fault will certainly be attributed to the use of money by the former. It will be said that there is a considerable vote in Buncombe that is purchasable, and which sold its priceless suffrage for money to the only candidate in the campaign who had money to spend in plenty. Is it possible that a political adventurer like Pearson will be allowed to put such a stain on this grand old county? Shall the counties west of the river be given a chance to point the finger of scorn at Buncombe, and say: "Your county is corrupt; you sold your vote?"

Moreover, is Buncombe prepared to set the seal of disapproval on the honorable ambition of a man who has carved a slow and, at times painful way upward till men high in the councils of the nation gladly give him a seat among them? Will it reward the tolling sound of obsequy and poverty, or the dilettante splendor of the talents beaped upon him by wealth and opportunity? Richmond Pearson with all his opportunity for culture, stands intellectually today below his competitor on the stump, the man who has nothing not earned by his own hands and brain.

Think on these things.

FOREIGN PAUPER LABOR. Ex-Vice President Morton and His Imported Conchman. From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The affair is a very just reflection upon the consistency of Mr. Morton in his political beliefs, and upon the protective policy for which he and his party stand. The contract labor law was enacted to give some force to the pretensions of the high tariff as a creator and protector of American high wages. To shut out the products of foreign "pauper" labor, while admitting such labor free and without restriction, was palpably an absurdity, so long as the aim of the tariff was to keep American wages above the normal standard.

The ex-vice-President has plainly transgressed the spirit of the law, and appears in the light of one who, while in politics professing a great solicitude about the maintenance of high wages to the American laborer, is yet engaged quietly in bringing foreign "pauper" labor into competition with him.

V. S. LUSK AND HISTORY.

EDITOR THE CITIZEN:—In answer to the article appearing in your issue of the 24th inst., under the caption: "This is History," I am under the necessity of informing you that many of your statements therein are not history at all. You state that I said in my Catholic Hill speech, Monday night, that "I fought four years to free you niggers."

I made no such declaration. I did not refer to my participation in the war one way or the other, and if I had done so true history would have compelled me to say that I fought four years to keep the negro in slavery, as all the fighting I did was on the Confederate side, under the Democratic flag of secession; and, if my information is correct, that had for its object the perpetuation of slavery and not for freedom of the negro.

Your statement that I persecuted Shotwell is as far from being "history" as the statement that "I fought four years to free you niggers." Shotwell undertook to come on a certain occasion here in the streets of Asheville. He came with a friend and struck me on the head with a stick. I then shot him in the thigh with a pistol. He plead guilty in court and I asked the judge not to punish him for the assault, after which he was permitted to go without punishment. Two years later he was indicted in the United States court at Raleigh for kidnaping James Justice of Kutherford, N. C. I was then assistant district attorney, and when the case was called I declined to appear in the prosecution, owing to my superior in office that Shotwell had been in a personal difficulty with me, for that reason, I did not appear in the prosecution. He, as I was afterwards informed, was convicted by the testimony of his associates in crime and sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the State penitentiary.

Subsequently, at the instance of Photo Durham, I wrote an official letter (having been appointed district attorney for the western district of North Carolina), to President Grant, asking him to pardon Shotwell, and having in Washington City at the time, I secured and obtained an interview with the President and he pardoned him in person in person. A few days later, Shotwell was pardoned and he and I came home on the same train. While he must have known that he owed his liberty to the aid of I had made in his behalf, still he overtook me, but all his life thereafter sought opportunities to abuse and malign me.

As to my evidence before the outrage committee in Washington, I have to say that you are nearer to the "history" of the case than in your other statements. The Ku-Klux had murdered my political friends because of their political opinions; they had scourged and beaten Republicans by the thousands; they had threatened me with the same penalty, until a report of the shocking details of the pages of 20 large books of history, written by a single one of the murderers has been brought to justice.

Am I to be condemned in the eye of civilization for demanding the execution of the murderers of both God and man against the slaying of honor, blood and life? "Whoever shall shed man's blood, his blood shall be shed." But I forgot—there is an amnesty for all the bloody crimes of the Ku-Klux, but there is no amnesty for the man who wanted the Ku-Klux punished for their bloody crimes.

I regret to see this bloody shirt dragged from its hiding place of 20 years ago, but, Mr. Editor, "Thou canst not say, I did it; never shake thy gory locks at me." V. S. Lusk. Asheville, N. C., Oct. 25.

A HEADLESS TOAD. Editor Herald-Hustler: On Saturday last Mr. Julius Thomas found a toad-frog near my place with no sign of a head. He brought it to my home and we examined it well. It is head had ever been cut off. It had entirely cut off and showed a visible sign of ever having been cut off. It was after and jumping around as lively as other frogs. W. Aiken. Tip Top, Oct. 17.

True to Her Sex. From the Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Lense remarked at a recent meeting: "When I cannot talk I want to be buried."

LOSS OF POWER and Manly Vigor, Nervous Debility, Larynx, or Pale, Organic Weakness and wasting of the Brain upon the system, resulting in dullness of mental faculties, impaired memory, low spirits, slow or irritable temper, fear of impending calamity, and a thousand and one derangements of both body and mind result from pernicious secret practices, often indulged in by the young, through ignorance of their ruinous consequences. To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunate to health and happiness, is the aim of an association of medical gentlemen who have prepared a book, written in plain but choice language, treating of the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. The World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., will, on receipt of this notice, send 10 cents in stamps for postage, mailed in plain envelope, a copy of this useful book. It should be read by every young man, parent and guardian in the land.

HE KNEW ABOUT THE BEANS.

It Was Not Natural That They Should Jump the country, was said. "Taint ez how the blamed things aint tew be explained; taint that it's just how tew explain 'em ez gets me," he said, as he stood before the pharmacy window in lower Broadway watching a number of jumping beans waltzing about a sheet of white paper.

He was a tall, rawboned man of probably fifty years of age, and his well-tanned skin and general alertness suggested a greater familiarity with the furrows of a plowed field than with the pavements of the metropolis. Hundreds of people came and went after satisfying their curiosity, but no amount of pushing and jostling seemed to disturb him.

"You ain't from the country, hey you?" he suddenly asked me. "No," said I, rather nettled at a question that suggested to imply something baselessly in my looks.

"I thought not," he said confidently. "But I'm familiar with it," I quickly answered. "You think you air, but you ain't." I was about to enter a protest, but he quickly continued, with a pitying smile.

"No one tew get riled about it; we cant all be smart. Name I do come from the country, and I'm cawking that them beans never growed that way?" "I didn't for a moment suppose that they did," I answered, rather hotly. "Then what air they all afloatin' 'em in that window for without a label tell me that? Have you stopped to consider what a hole of them air beans would look like if they jumped about like that? Air you aware that in place of harvestin' you'd have to trap 'em just like rabbits? Then just think of the trouble in roastin' 'em; why, you'd have to put a tail into every mother's son of 'em to keep 'em in the dish. I tell you it ain't natural. There's something wrong about the hull thing, ain't it? I'll take 100 of them air beans home with me, and when I come to New-York you'll hear something about 'em; I'll tell you about 'em to every mother's son of 'em in the country, and I'll tell you about 'em to every mother's son of 'em in the city, and I'll tell you about 'em to every mother's son of 'em in the State, and I'll tell you about 'em to every mother's son of 'em in the world."

HOW THE DUST FLIES.

Patent Observations on the Limit of Sight Under Varying Conditions. The other day Mr. Aitken laid before the Royal Society of Edinburgh the results of 15,000 observations of the density of dust particles made in different parts of the world during the last two years. This is a monument of patient observation, unfortunately made in his search for health. It must be kept in mind that the greater number of dust particles found in the air are the greater is the contamination of the vapor and the thicker is the atmosphere. The limit of visibility through the haze is thus determined. Mountains are fixed upon which are at known distances from the observer, say 20, 30 and 40 miles. If the nearest mountain is just visible the limit is 20, if half visible the limit is 40, if the third part only of the farthest mountain is visible the limit of visibility is 60, and so on.

The observations were made at Kingdome and Alford, in Scotland, and at Big Kalm, in Switzerland. If these were absolutely accurate, both as to the counting of the dust particles and the determination of the limit of visibility through the haze, then the probability of the number of particles in a cubic inch, multiplied by the number representing the limit, should be a constant. The nearer the perfect accuracy, the nearer is the constant dust determined to the average of the continent. For example, at Kingdome, when the air was very dry (humidity from 7 degrees to 40 degrees), the number of dust particles per cubic inch was 25,000, when the limit of visibility was 100; therefore the constant (the product of these numbers) is 2,500,000.

Now, the average for several hundreds of observations, when the limit of visibility varied from 10 to 250, was 2,500,000, which shows the closeness of the observations. Again, at Alford, with the same humidity, the mean of hundreds of observations brought out 4,998,730 as the constant; and at Big Kalm the constant was 1,987,570, a remarkably close figure indeed. This remarkable result is sufficient test of the accuracy of Mr. Aitken's observations in counting particles and in determining distances.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Care of Fine China. There is an English custom that has been imported into this country with pleasing results, and perhaps has been handed down from mother to daughter among an English descended family. That is the habit of washing the fine china at the mistress's hands. A little cedar tub is brought into the dining-room, after the meal, or, in some cases, a large bowl is set aside for this purpose alone. The lady of the house dips the cups and saucers into the hot water with her own dainty fingers. Her little daughter has been taught to carefully dry them. Those who know the dubious delight of owning fine tableware, and sending it into the kitchen to be chipped and marred, will appreciate this alternative.—Philadelphia Press.

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