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NEGRO RULE.

Shall it Last Longer in North Carolina?

CRAVEN'S BLACK OFFICERS.

-PROF. ISAAC H. SMITH ON THE TICKET.

He is a Negro With an Infamous Record as a Forger and a Cramer—A Vile Man Running for Clerk of the Court. The County Court House Looks Like a Negro Writing School, So Thick are the Negro Clerks—A White Lady of Newbern Slipped Her into the Street—The Negro Ticket for County Officers Will Undoubtedly be Elected in Craven.

Correspondence Charlotte Observer.

NEWBERN, Sept. 6.—The lands of the county of Craven are among the most fertile in the country. For the last decade thousands of dollars worth of track have been sold on the Newbern market. Lands that were once considered worthless have been converted from swamps to productive fields. However, in the last year or two, this trucking business has not progressed as rapidly as it had fair to do five years ago. There has been an obstacle placed before the wheel.

The people that compose the population, amounting to about 4,800 are 2,000 white and 2,800 colored people. There are no better people than the white people of Craven county. They are of the best class of men and women. They are intelligent and kind-hearted. But within the last two years they have been thrown from power and a low class of white men and negro politicians put in their stead. That is why the county is not what it once had been. The class of white men that belong to the republican party in this part of the State are not as good as the average negro. Some of the negro officers here are well meaning men, but they are not competent. Hence, upon the whole, the government of the county affairs is in the hands of a bad crowd. Unless there is something done within a year or two the property here will fall low in value. Good white citizens were not made to be ruled by a few incompetent white men and negro politicians. But at present the case seems a hopeless one here. The Republicans have put out a ticket that is sure to be elected. There is no way to prevent it now, unless the earth cracks open and swallows about 1,000 negroes.

LOOKS LIKE A NEGRO WRITING SCHOOL.
Come and go with me to my county court house of Craven and see what is there to be seen any day in the week to glance at the place as a whole you would at first take it to be a negro writing school. The first office to the right belongs to the sheriff and his crew of deputies. Joseph L. Hahn, a white man with a black heart, is the sheriff. By his side are four negro deputy sheriffs: Northern A. Cobb, who is also the jailer; J. H. Fisher, Wallis Pettipfer, J. E. Payne and C. E. Rhyne. There are other negro deputies throughout the county. Not a white man is on the list.

THE NEGRO "PRESSING THE BUTTON."
Two doors below the sheriff's office, and to the left, is the register of deeds—John B. Willis, colored. He has for his clerks two negroes—A. W. Witherington and one of his own brothers. Witherington is the negro that made a bombastic speech in the republican convention here the other day. Being elated over the progress the negro has made in Craven county within the last few years, he pictured in glowing terms what the negro was now able to do. Among other things, he said:

"In 1896, we pressed the button and behold John B. Willis, register of deeds, came forth! Again we pressed the button and behold Moseley, county commissioner come forth! We pressed the button and deputy sheriffs came forth!"

"And now, in this convention, we have again pressed the button, and behold, C. C. Roach, for county treasurer, is before you, and with the past and present before us, what shall the future give us?"

This was meant for a cat at the white Republicans. The negroes want all. They should have all the republican party can get here, for there are but about 63 white Republicans in the county.

As a special force to list the taxes for the register are three negro bucks on the second floor of the court house, preparing the tax list.

Hahn and Willis are candidates for sheriff and register, respectively in this campaign.

THE CANDIDATE FOR CLERK.
In the republican convention held here a few weeks ago, the following ticket was nominated:
For clerk of the Superior Court, E. W. Carpenter, a white man. I would rather be any negro in Craven county, than to be Mr. Carpenter. He is an old seasoned carpet-bagger. Of all the candidates in the field he is the most degraded. For five years he has lived with a negro woman and to-day she has a home full of children that every good man in the county who knows him and his negro would say are his. It is a notorious fact. In former days Carpenter was a fusion agent. But he has been disbarred from the practice before the Pension Department on account of fraudulent practices. He now acts as agent through a negro named E. D. Cox. This is the character of the man who is going to be elected to the office of clerk of the court in this county.

Dr. W. L. Lantier, a negro, is the present owner of Craven county, and he was nominated the other day for reelection.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS ROACH.

The man Christopher Columbus Roach, referred to in his speech of Witherington as being nominated for treasurer of the county, is a saloon-keeper. He is a thoroughbred negro. The white lady school teachers that teach in Craven county next year will have to draw their pay from Roach. He is going to be elected.

The standard-bearer of the county is James Dudley, colored. And for county surveyor nobly was nominated. There is not a Republican in the county that is capable of being surveyor. R. P. Williamson, John Bittle and Bob Moseley, colored, are the commissioners of the county. This town has ten councilmen, seven of whom are white and three colored. Five of the white men were appointed by Governor Russell and the other two were elected by the Democrats of the town. The three negroes were elected. They are: James E. Shepherd, a drayman; William H. Johnson, a bartender, who has been indicted in court for selling whiskey on Sunday, and Elias Hayes, a carpenter. R. W. Williamson, colored, now a candidate for solicitor of the second judicial district for the Criminal and Superior Courts, is the city attorney. Judge P. Stanley, colored, is constable of this township. He has arrested a number of white ladies and taken them to negro magistrates for trial since coming into office.

A PLAQUE OF NEGRO OFFICIALS.

In the township there are three negro road overseers—George Cooper, A. B. Koonce and C. H. Smith. Each has white men to work the roads under him.

Craven county has twelve negro school committeemen—H. C. Dawson, J. A. Dixon, Jr., W. D. Pettipfer, T. L. Moore, James Hargett, W. F. Morgan, Nero Croomb, John R. Holland, Jesse Brooks, Robert L. Davis, W. W. Lawrence and R. W. Williamson.

The colored police force of Newbern are: Isaac Richardson, R. C. Baker, Henry Pastner, A. A. Bryant and Robert Moseley. These fellows do not give much trouble. They serve in the black precincts. It is the colored magistrates that do the work here, any way. The mayor's court is a slim affair.

Craven county has her share of negro justices of the peace. There are 27 of them. They are: H. E. Dawson, W. D. Pettipfer, Jesse E. Godett, E. W. Fisher, David Ambrose, Dock Cooper, Abraham Dennis, Alonzo Polham, Washington Spirey, James R. Hooks, Albert Foreman, Alexander Palham, A. A. Bryan, Lewis Ham, W. W. Lawrence, Robert G. Moseley, Thomas O. White, John B. Willis, M. W. Chapman, W. H. Green, W. H. Burton, Fred Douglas, L. W. Eubanks, Dennis Perkins, Frank Rasberry, John A. Boons, W. A. Rountell.

"PROF." ISAAC H. SMITH.

Prof. Isaac H. Smith, the Republican candidate for the Legislature from this county, is the greatest freak of nature that this campaign has brought out. He is a negro, a politician, a money-lender and a swell "society" man. Truly, he is the Mark Hanna of this section; the Shylock of Newbern, and the Beau Brummel of the negro population of North Carolina. In the "society" world he has measured swords with George H. White, the negro Congressman of the second district. And next year he claims that he will be on the turf for Congress. He has skinned the toughest of dead-beats, and he has outwitted the shrewdest of politicians. Professor Smith wields a facile pen and uses an oily tongue. Truly, he is a smart negro. He is unique in looks and in character. In business he can fleece the poorest of men. Many are the men that he has skinned alive. True, he has done deeds of kindness. He was one of the first men to contribute to the Vance monument fund. He did it because Vance had worked for the educational interest of the negro.

I saw Professor Smith at his office. The first time I called I asked: "Smith, Isaac Smith, is it?" A big, burly, looking fellow, answering to the description of Smith, told me that he was not in. I then asked when he would be, and was told that it would be the next day at 10 o'clock. I left at once and returned at the time named. I found the same man in the chair behind the desk, but this time asked if "Professor" Smith was in. He said: "Yes, he is in. I am 'Professor' Isaac Smith. The trouble before was that I had not called him 'professor.'"

I said to him: "I have heard that you were coming down from the ticket here in Craven county. Is there any truth in it?" His reply was:

"Who are you?"
"I told him. He then offered me a chair and began to talk. He said: "No, I am not coming down unless the people want me to. They nominated me and they can take me down if they wish to do so. But I am going to run, and I am going to be elected."
In conversation Smith is a very entertaining talker. He is smart, shrewd and mean. Many of his own people curse him for his method of doing business. He lends money and charges outrageous rates of interest for it. For instance, he loaned a negro man \$10 and made him pay \$1 a week for it till the principal was paid back; and in this case the time was over six months. He has let out \$10 and collected as much as \$100 for it. These are his methods. Indeed, he is the boss usurer of the State. He looks at everything from a business standpoint. He was heard to say the other day that this Republican business was like a stock company. The white Republicans were talking of taking him down. He said: "This is a stock company. The negro has 95 per cent, and the white man 5 per cent."

Who shall say what I am going to do?"

THE FEN, CHEATED OUT OF SMITH.

Smith has been convicted before juries twice for forgery, but on account of technicalities he was left off by the Supreme Court. The first time he got off because the solicitor in prosecuting the case had abused his privilege in using the following language in addressing the jury:

"The defendant was such a scoundrel that he was compelled to move his trial from Jones county, where he was known." And, again: "The bold, brazen-faced rascal had the impudence to write me a note yesterday, begging me not to prosecute and threatening me that if I did he would get the Legislature to impeach me." Seventy-fifth North Carolina Reports, 306.

He was again convicted and appealed to the Supreme Court and was allowed a new trial on the ground of the variance between the bill of indictment and the evidence—expressed by the Supreme Court as follows:

"On the trial of an indictment for forgery charging the defendant for having forged an order for \$60.07. Evidence that the defendant had forged an order for any other amount (the two orders in evidence in this case being for \$60 and \$60.27, respectively) is not admissible." Seventy-eight North Carolina Reports, 462.

SMITH'S OWN RACE ADMINES HIS DEEDS.

Smith has been indicted for skinning people in various ways. Some time last year Congressman Geo. H. White, colored, had some newspaper controversy with Smith. After accusing Smith of craning his (Smith's) nose off of a note on which he was co-endorser with White, the latter said, among other things:

"In conclusion, Mr. Editor, permit me to say that I may not be the 'social equal' of a man who has been convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for forgery. I may not be the 'social equal' of a fellow who has cast off his lawful wife and innocent children, who are now struggling for existence in another State, while the father and the husband is trying to buy his way into the society of decent people. I do not wish to be the 'social equal' of a man who has been indicted for forgery and come into court while I was a solicitor and begged me to allow him to put in a plea of nolle prosequere, and let him off by paying the cost to escape the penitentiary gaol."

"But, why need I go further? The docket of Craven county will tell the rest."

"God forbid that I should ever be the 'social equal' of a man who lives by skinning the poor, glibly unsuspecting people of the community where he lives."

Congressman White is not the only negro that has roasted Smith. Everybody in this town knows his meanness. This is the man that will go to the Legislature from this county.

A STURDY BAND OF DEMOCRATS.

The Democrats of Craven county are active men. They are on the alert to see that their rights are respected. Truly, it can be said that they fight every inch. It is a plucky set. They are well posted on the misdeeds of the crowd that now governs them. And if ever comes to a conflict to a finish the best men of the town and county will come out victors. They are outnumbered, but they still have courage and determination.

Where this reign of incompetence and insolence goes on the middle class of whites are the ones that suffer at the hands of insulting negroes. And, too, it can be said, as a rule, that it is not the well grown negroes that are guilty of gross impudence. It is the negro youth that give the trouble. There are several cases where white girls have been shovled from the sidewalks. One case that took place just the day before I came here is hard to believe, but the facts are known to be genuine. A young lady of good family met on the sidewalk three negro boys. She was forced to the fence and then she was struck by one of the negroes as they passed. Being thus insulted, she turned and made some remarks, whereupon the negro turned around and slapped her in the face. Such a thing could not happen in the western part of the State. Nothing was done by the party in power here. Kindred cases occur frequently. No one is safe from the insolence of this crowd of young negroes, made so by seeing the negro in power here. It is the same old story—give the negro the majority and he becomes offensive and unruly.

THEY DON'T CARE FOR INCONSISTENCY.
Charlotte Observer.

Says the Caucasian, this week:
"The People's party was desirous of co-operating with the Democrats in this campaign to secure a victory for the white man and white metal, and made them a proposition to this effect, which was turned down by the Clevelandites and McKinley Democrats who controlled the recent Democratic State convention and captured the organization of the party."

And this made the traders of the People's party so mad that they straightaway went off and got up a "co-operation" with the Republicans in order to beat the white man and the white metal and secure a victory for the gold-bugs and the negroes. In view of their last trade it occurs to us that the least these bosses have to say about their effort to make a previous one, on wholly different lines, the better for their record for consistent conduct."

It is Contemptible!
Caucasian, February, 1897.

HUMAN DEVELS IN COMMAND.

What Fusion Has Brought About—A Retch of Insolence, Incompetence and Corruption—Some Illustrations of the State of Affairs in Wilmington.

Cor. Charlotte Observer.

WILMINGTON, Sept. 5.—The following stories will give an idea of what is going on in the town of Wilmington. Everything is controlled by the police force and the mayor of the city. If they be worthless, then the town has no protection. Such is the case now. The white men in New Hanover county and the town of Wilmington that are put in office by the vote of the negroes in the county are meaner than the negroes. I doubt if the State has a more reckless, careless, worthless man than John R. Melton, chief of the police force of this town. He is a white man of low degree. With such a chief no force could be a good one.

About the 10th of August the good one of Mr. W. M. Harris, ex-mayor of Wilmington, was cut from the back way and ransacked from top to bottom. Mr. Harris was away. On his return he found \$200 worth of clothing and other wearing apparel gone; also, a gun, a guitar and a banjo. It was four days after the robbery before he found it out. He at once went to police headquarters and reported it. They seemed to take no notice of the affair. They never even promised to make an investigation. Mr. Harris has a brother who is a physician in the town. He heard of the robbery and told some of his patients, one of whom had heard of a negro boy trying to sell a guitar at his house the day before. A trap was set by Dr. Harris. He sent the negro boy word to bring the guitar to his house, as he wanted to purchase it. An engagement was made for a certain night at an appointed hour to meet the negro. Mr. W. M. Harris had himself and three of his brothers sworn in as special deputies and arrested the negroes. The gun, the banjo and the guitar were found, but the clothes were not. The negroes were tried before a magistrate and bound over to the next term of criminal court. One of the boys stated that he had passed by a party of five policemen on the street with a gun on his shoulder. He was trying to sell it all the time. This is one of many cases where the citizens of the town have had to act as officers in order to catch thieves and robbers. Mr. Harris does not hesitate to say that if he had taken this case before the mayor of the town that the robbers would have been turned loose.

NEGRO JURYMEN A TRAVESTY ON JUSTICE.

On the 7th of February, 1896, a little 10-year-old colored girl walked into the store of Mr. R. F. Hamney, the latter, of Wilmington, and asked if he had a red Tam O' Shanter hat. Mr. Hamney was writing at the desk in the back of the store. He answered no, and continued his work. After looking about for some minutes, the girl, who was in a rather indignant tone, said: "Well, can't you show me some hats?" Mr. Hamney arose from his seat and went to the front and showed her hat after hat, but she saw nothing that exactly pleased her. However, she liked a red yacht cap and left, saying that she would see her mother and probably return and get the hat. Mr. Hamney went again to his work at the desk and the girl stood near the stove for a short while and then left for home. Nothing more was seen of her till about 1 o'clock. She came in and Mr. Hamney said: "I guess you have come for the hat?" She said nothing to this. At this time she stepped in her father, R. F. Holmes, one of the regular policemen of the town. He had on his badge and his uniform, but did not have his club. He said to Mr. Hamney: "You insulted my girl this morning." Mr. Hamney denied the charge indignantly, but before he had time to think the negro knocked him down with a brass knuck, cutting three deep gashes over the right eye. Mr. Hamney, being a very strong man and a very plucky one, sprang to his feet and made for Holmes. Several blows passed and Holmes tried to draw his pistol. But by this time Tony Ashe, a negro deputy sheriff, ran in and arrested Holmes. Ashe had accompanied Holmes to the door before the fight. He was waiting outside. In the Superior Court Holmes was tried for assault with a deadly weapon. There were several negroes on the jury and they voted to acquit him. Hence a mistrial. The second trial came and the one negro on the jury made a mistrial. And the third attempt for trial failed. The solicitor next dropped the case and said that a white man could not get justice in New Hanover county. Such is the state of affairs in New Hanover as to trial by jury. There are always negroes on the jury and they will not convict a negro.

CHIEF OF POLICE A GAMBLER.

Mr. R. O. Branch, yardmaster of the Atlantic Coast Line depot, has a donkey for his small boy. The boy was riding the donkey in the streets of Wilmington some time ago, when another donkey frightened the boy from his steed. A policeman arrested young Branch's donkey and made him pay for impounding it, while the donkey that did the mischief was not troubled. This kindled Mr. Branch's anger. He did not love Chief Melton anyway. So some time after the donkey affair Mr. Branch walked into Rhode's saloon on Prince Street and found Chief Melton witnessing a game of cards. In some way the two men got into a conversation. Mr. Branch proceeded to curse the officer in unmeasured terms, whereupon Melton arrested him and took him to the station house. He was not going to allow Branch to go off any kind. But Branch, being the wronged man, declared that he would not be looked up. Then Melton allowed some one to go on his bail. The trial came before a magistrate. The magistrate was of the same stripe as Melton. He at first tried to convict Branch for insulting an officer, but finding that he could not, he changed the charge to disorderly conduct and bound him over to court. In this case it was developed that Chief Melton was a fre-

quenter of the bar, a gambler, and that in time past he had kept funds of the city that he had collected for "bonds."

ARRESTED THE WRONG MAN.

Sometimes ago there came a telegram from the chief of police of Mallow, S. C., to the chief at Wilmington. It read like this: "Bob Daniels for murdering his father-in-law." Wilmington has a respectable citizen by the name of Bob Daniels. Chief Melton sent two men to this Mr. Daniels' house at 1 o'clock in the morning to arrest him. He was sleeping after a day's work, when the door-bell rang. In the face of strong protest from Mr. Daniels and his wife he was hauled out and carried to the station house and locked in a cell. Daylight came, and Mr. John D. Bellamy, Jr., Mr. Daniels' lawyer, tried in vain to get his client out on bail; the supposed murdered brother-in-law went down, looking as live as a spring morning, to go Mr. Daniels' bail, but no. Finally some fellow from South Carolina came along and said that he knew the man wanted and declared the man arrested not the man in question. Mr. Daniels was released.

A BRUTAL AND UNJUSTIFIABLE CLUBBING.

This morning I attended Mayor Wright's court at the city hall. One E. D. McIlhenny, an inoffensive, humble, white man, was up for resisting an officer. Last Friday night this man, who had been sick for some time, came out of his room and sat down on the steps of the Wilmington National Bank, a place removed from the sidewalks. He, being weak, fell asleep on the steps. Officer Temple, one of the white officers of the town, punched McIlhenny and told him to move. The sleeper was slow to get aroused and the policeman jerked him off the steps into the street and hustled him off to the station house. The prisoner protested, but in vain. He asked to be allowed to go to his room. On reaching the city hall steps the descending steps led to the cells, and the ascending steps to the mayor's office. McIlhenny made a step to go up the latter and in a jiffy the police officer clubbed him across the top of the head so hard that the club went through the hat and made a wound two inches long on McIlhenny's head. The lick was heard for some distance. The case was discharged this morning without trial. There were several eye witnesses to the whole affair and I heard one say that it was a disgrace to civilization.

Hundreds of such stories can be traced to the bottom in this town. I know the details of many more. The facts given above were collected by me from the principal parties concerned.

OBJECTED TO A NEGRO GAUGER.

Wilmington has one man that has pluck to defend his principles. That man is Mr. W. R. Bradshaw, a distiller. Since May, 1897, he has run his distillery, four miles from Wilmington, without ceasing up to some time in June of this year. Mr. Robert Daniel was his store-keeper and gauger. In June Mr. Daniel was transferred to Snow Hill. Mr. Bradshaw thought that the man in Snow Hill, relieved by Daniel, would be sent to him. He went to the train to meet him, but no one came. Mr. Bradshaw returned to his saloon on Market street. John Sutton, a white Republican, met him there and introduced a negro by the name John T. Howe. Howe extended his hand, but Mr. Bradshaw declined the honor and went on behind the counter. Howe walked in, presenting his papers from Collector Duncan, of the eastern district, assigning him as store-keeper and gauger for the Bradshaw still near Wilmington. Mr. Bradshaw wired Duncan that he would not run with a negro and began to run out his beer to shut down. On the last day of June he suspended operations. But on the 6th day of July he made application for a store-keeper and gauger to begin on the 11th of the month. No answer was received. After several applications Mr. McKoy Dinkins, of Vance county, was sent to him. The still is now running on full time at No. 3,233, fourth district.

Mr. Bradshaw is not a politician, but a plain business man with strong convictions and the courage to back them.
H. E. C. RYAN.

A Voluntary Violation of Dr. Kilgo.
Special Cor. Morning Post.

We, the undersigned, beg to submit that we were present and heard the lecture of Dr. John C. Kilgo, delivered here October 30, 1896. The doctor was here by special request, and his address was a purely literary one. We were highly entertained by his able, learned and polished discourse. To the "diamond ring episode," about which so much has recently been published, we confess we took no exception. If there was any part of his speech disrespectful about ladies we didn't hear it. On this and the many other occasions we have had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Kilgo, judging by the lofty sentiment of his speeches and what we know of the man himself, our opinion of him is that he would be about the last person in the world to say anything derogatory of woman.

(Signed) Mrs. R. L. Featherston, Mrs. J. A. Long, Miss Anna Webb, Mrs. S. B. Winstead, Mrs. N. E. Coltrane, Miss Maggie Long, Mrs. W. H. Harris, Mrs. J. S. Merritt, Mrs. L. D. Chambers, Miss Jessie Webb, Mrs. E. G. Thompson, Miss Eric Street, Mrs. W. E. Webb, Miss Fannie Sergeant, Mrs. Hugh Woods, Miss Bertha Field, Miss Mollie Brooks, R. I. Featherston, Mayor of Roxboro; J. M. Winstead, Cashier of Farmer's Bank; J. A. Long, President of Peoples' Bank; J. S. Merritt, Cashier of Peoples' Bank; J. S. Merritt, R. E. Long, W. R. Hambrick, W. H. Harris.

Both regular and volunteer troops will be sent to Cuba for garrison duty. It is said that the military governorship lies between Generals Merritt, Brooke and Wade, of the regular army.

THE DUTY OF POPULIST VOTERS.

Atlanta Constitution.

There is every indication that the Populist organization is falling to pieces. At the recent Cincinnati convention, even the middle-of-the-road men broke into factions which are irreconcilable. In Georgia, the active effort of the leaders who are left to unite their followers with the negroes has proved to be the last feather that breaks the camel's back.

And no wonder! The element that has given character to the Populist party in Georgia is precisely the element that has most to fear from the evil results that are sure to follow hard on the heels of a coalition with the negroes. The white people of North Carolina now deploring the false step they took, when to feed the greedy ambition of their leaders, they consented to form a coalition with the Republicans. The negro element in North Carolina is less important in North Carolina than in Georgia. We mean by that that the white Republicans are more numerous and perhaps stand higher with the people than most of the white Republicans in Georgia.

Nevertheless, the negro is a very important factor in North Carolina, and the coalition brought him to the top. He is in practical control of many of the counties, and the importance which the coalition gives him need not be described to those who know the negro character. It is enough to say that he is patronizing the small farmers and tenants, whom he alludes to as "the poor whites," and in his newspapers he is asserting that the real cause of so many lynchings is that the daughters of the poor whites fall in love with the negro bucks, and when this is discovered, the charge of rape is made and the negro is sacrificed. This is what the Populists of North Carolina have to stomach. They have acknowledged the importance of the negro by making an alliance with him, and now they are reaping the bitter fruits of their own folly.

For the purpose of securing office the Populist leaders in Georgia are no doubt willing to sacrifice their followers to the sinister results of a coalition with the negroes. But the Constitution believes that the honest and self-respecting Populist voters of this state will refuse to countenance a course so desperate and dangerous. If they do, they will rue the day when they permitted themselves to be so vilely misled.

Let them contrast the men who are seeking their votes by means of a negro alliance with the Democratic candidates, and mark the difference. On one side those candidates are sneaking away from their arms around the negro, are ready to indorse the gold standard, protection and anything else that promises to place them in office. On the other side—the Democratic side—the candidates are standing boldly on the platform which contains the saving principles of the party. What part of that platform is objectionable to any reasonable voter in Georgia? What principle do the Populists object to? We say that if the platform were full of objectionable features—though it is not—if the candidates themselves were objectionable—though they are not—it would still be better for the Populist voters to vote for the Democrats rather than suffocate themselves in the arms of a negro coalition.

The Constitution has never attacked the motives of the Populist voters in Georgia; on the contrary, it has defended these voters against thoughtless attacks. It has admitted that they had grievance when they first drew away from the party; but it advised them then to remain in the party and help reform it. As a matter of fact, that reform was bound to come, and it came at Chicago. It came in the fullest degree when the party wrote into its platform in a manner not to be misunderstood, a doctrine that it had been advocating for twenty odd years.

For these reasons, we advise the Populist voters of Georgia to return to the ranks and support the Democratic candidate for governor and the Democratic candidates for congress. What sacrifice will such a course entail? Surely not one of such sinister import as that which they will have to make if they indorse the negro coalition and accept Republican doctrines which they have bitterly opposed all their lives.

Their choice lies between a negro coalition and the party with which they formerly acted—a party in whose principles they found both hope and comfort.

Repeat the War Tax.

It seems certain, says the Detroit Free Press, that our national treasury is to be embarrassed with an excess of riches. This will be better by a great deal than to be embarrassed by a lack of resources. But the situation should impel Congress to relieve the people at the earliest possible moment of an unnecessary burden. Unless some unforeseen financial stress should entirely change the situation before the first of December, it will be the obvious duty of Congress to reduce taxation by abating many, if not all, of the special taxes now being paid by the people. Such action would not only afford relief from a vexation form of taxation, but would aid materially in avoiding an excessive and troublesome surplus.

The fusion effected at Raleigh last week between Populist and Republican politicians was expected. It has, excited little interest for the reason that it does not signify as much as such a deal once did. Time was when this deal would have meant the delivery of a certain number of votes by either party, but it signifies no such thing this year. The politicians mayicker, but the voters are going to take the bit in their teeth in this year of our Lord.—Charlotte Observer.

STATE NEWS.

J. A. Marsh, Populist, is the fusion nominee for the House in Union county. He was originally opposed to fusion with the Republicans and made a speech denouncing it. After being nominated he made another speech in which he said he would "once more swallow fusion, negro and all." Mr. Marsh seems to realize what his medicine is made up of.

Mr. Louis Correll, of Mt. Vernon, this county, died suddenly Tuesday of heart trouble. He had gone out to the stable to hitch up his horse for the purpose of bringing his daughter, Miss Fannie, who stays at Mr. G. W. Whitlock's, to town when he dropped dead. He had been in good health and on the morning of his death was as hearty as ever. The interment was made Thursday.

A terrible story of cruelty comes from the State farm at Northampton, which is managed by Lewis Summerlin. No weird story from the Black Dungeon of Manila was ever more brutal and inhuman. James Kowe, of Tazewell, Herford county, a white convict who was sent to the Northampton farm, was beat so unmercifully and so brutally that he died shortly afterwards while at work in the field.

John D. L. Klutz, of Rowan county, who has been serving a term in the State prison, was pardoned by Governor Russell last week. Last December Klutz and W. H. Huff, both guards on the county chain gang, became involved in a difficulty in which the latter named was killed. At the February term of court Klutz was tried and found guilty of manslaughter. He was sentenced to a term of five years in the penitentiary.

Cabarrus Mines.

The Little Fichy Gold Mining Company and the Honeycutt Placer and Lode Gold Mining Company, which own adjoining gold mines in Cabarrus County, N. C., about three miles from Gold Hill and near the Southern Railway, have joined in the erection of a 60-stamp mill, of which 40 have been running for some weeks, and the other 20 are about ready. Mr. Fred. Betts, the president of the two companies, writes: "We have been saving our free gold on plates and concentrating our tailings and have a number of hundred tons of concentrates on hand. The companies are also now putting in a four-furnace and two-barrel Thiel chlorination plant similar to that in operation at the Halle mine in South Carolina. This is being rapidly completed and will be in operation about September 1, 1898. The plant will, when completed, be of substantially the same size and capacity as that at the Halle mine, and there is every indication from what has already been done and from the character and quantity of our ore that we shall be able to make as much or more gold. We have three shafts on the vein. The distance between No. 1 shaft and No. 3 shaft is 1,465 feet. No. 2 shaft is between these. The deepest shaft is 170 feet, and we are still sinking. Ore drawn from the shafts is dumped from a chute in cars holding about 1 1/2 tons each, and a mule hauls two of these at a time to the mill on a side hill by the creek 2,000 feet from the farthest shaft. From the cars the ore is dumped into chutes and runs over grizzlies, the fine falling through them directly into the ore bins. The coarse ore is run through the rock breakers and then into the bins. From the bins the ore falls into self-feeders for the stamp mills. The ore is crushed in the mill so as to pour through a 30 mesh screen. It is then run over plates and the free gold saved and the rest run to the concentrating room, where the tailings are concentrated about 8 or 10 to 1, and the concentrates saved for treatment by chlorination as soon as our chlorination plant is complete. The vein is on an average about four feet wide and is of laminated slate mixed with some gray quartz. It carries some free gold, but the greater part of the value is found in the sulphide of iron which is saved by concentration and is to be treated by chlorination. We have been engaged in mining and developing about fifteen months." E. L. Woods, formerly of Pueblo, Col., is the secretary and treasurer of the companies.

Front Seat at the Table.

News and Observer.

The pie-eating Populists try to deter the silver Populists from returning to the Democratic party by saying that "you can get in only at the back-door." Of course this is done merely to try to keep the Populists from acting with white men for white metal. To show how false it is we quote the following from the Plymouth Beacon, referring to one of the Democratic nominees for the State Senate in the Second District:

"J. W. Miller, Esq., of Pamlico, is a hard working farmer who has the interests of the farms and laboring people at heart. He was, up until six years ago, a leading Democrat, but at that time, he like many of his friends, became discouraged and in his eagerness for financial relief, sought that relief in the Populist party. He, like the masses of that party, believes that the only hope of reform was in the overthrow of the Democratic party, but after two years he saw his mistake; he saw that the new party had met its fate; that by its leaders the party had been sold out; and that instead of giving relief to the down-trodden farmer, it had given life to Republicanism and made matters worse, and when his party fused and his leaders elected Goldberg Fritchard to the Senate, he denounced the action and returned to the Democratic fold, and has since labored assiduously for its success as he did for the success of the new party. He is a man of ability, and of character which no man can question, and if elected his Populist friends will find in him a representative worthy of their confidence."