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THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

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A Paper-Cutter, a Padding Machine and New Job Type have been added to our Job Office, and we can now do work to suit even the most fastidious. Call in and see samples of the work we have done in the last few days. Advertising rates made known on application.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

HOW THINGS LOOK FROM OUR STAND POINT.

The Opinion of The Caucasian and the Opinion of others which we can endorse on the Various Topics of the Day.

In speaking of Davidson College conferring the degree of D. D. on two eminent North Carolinians, Rev. W. S. Lacy, of Norfolk Va., and Rev. J. Y. Fair, of Richmond, Va., the State Chronicle rightly says:

"It is too often true of us that we do not honor our learned men until strangers have honored them. We wait for strangers to place a high estimate upon them before we accord them the position their talents merit."

Several of the North Carolina papers are discussing the tariff. That is right. The people need instruction on that line. We suppose in the last fifteen years we have written hundreds of articles bearing on this form of taxation and its oppressions and abuses. If you want to make an impression be in earnest and give line upon line, line a little and then a good deal, and then keep on giving. Every few days the year round we stick our editorial and in the morning known as a protective tariff. The "tariff" is a "dodge" died about the time that Clay expired in 1857, we think it was.

The above appeared in last issue and should have been credited to the Wilmington Messenger.

Gov. Fowle is moving about among the people more than any Governor we have had since the war. He has attended several of the college commencements this month, goes to the celebrations of various kinds, has just returned from a trip to the eastern part of the State, made for the purpose of investigating the depredations upon the oyster grounds incidentally talked with the people with regard to the management of the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad, in which the State owns a controlling interest, and is now at the Teachers' Assembly. His policy of traveling around and conferring with the people is to be commended. If he would visit the various State institutions also and learn personally of their management and needs, he would find himself interested and enlightened.—Statesville Landmark.

If the high prices of sugar interrupt our housekeepers in their annual duties and pleasures of preserving fruits, of which there is such abundance this year, modern ingenuity has put in their reach the less costly, more expeditious, less laborious, and perhaps more satisfactory method of canning, giving them back in the winter as a reward for their pains and thrift, the fruits and vegetables nearly as fresh and savory as when first gathered. This practice makes pleasantly and usefully available vast quantities of what otherwise goes to waste; and is, withal, so cheap and certain in its modes and results that it is surprising that it is not more general. But, after all, domestic canning is only a suggestion to the canning establishments, which, in a country like this, every city and town should have as indispensable. Such would stop to a large extent the drain of money for the purchase of these things abroad. The stock of no family grocery is complete without its canned goods. Home energies could supply the fruits and vegetables. Then we give business to our tinners in making the cans, we give a market to the country around for the disposal of perishable produce; and there is no reason why a surplus cannot find a demand abroad quite as active as that which rewarded other providers of canned goods. Such business might be profitably applicable to all parts of North Carolina. It is one that grows with use; it is still growing; the demand within the past ten years has increased a thousand fold.—Asheville Citizen.

TRINITY AND DAVIDSON.

Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, LL. D., President of Charleston College Thinks They Ought to Move.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 24, 1889.—I cordially concur in the opinions expressed by Mr. Smith, of Johns-Hopkins University, and others in regard to the wisdom and expediency of locating our colleges and universities in centres of wealth and population. The day of rustic colleges has perhaps forever gone by and in the light of contemporary experience we stand aghast at the unwisdom of our ancestors who strove assiduously to bury their seats of learning in the depths of primeval forests. Nearly all the moulding, educational forces of modern and ancient eras, have had their origin and inspiration in cities. The germs of all literary and aesthetic culture were developed in Athens—transmitted through Rome, Paris and London—all great concentrations of material, as well as intellectual power. The irresistible tendency of organized science and literature has always been in the direction of towns and cities. It is in them that the "enthusiasm of humanity" has had its freest exercise, and that the achievements which have made our complex civilization possible have been performed. To descend to more familiar examples drawn from our own experience. The special charm of Harvard is its proximity to Boston with the rich facilities for every form of mental cultivation that it furnishes. The Johns Hopkins University owes its almost phenomenal success, in a great measure, to its situation in the principal city in the South and its convenient access to Washington, now becoming the scientific centre of our country. The fortune of Randolph Macon College has been made by transplanting it from a wilderness to a point in the vicinity of Richmond. Some of our most deserving collegiate institutions in North Carolina, it seems to me, are rendered incapable of extension or wide development on account of the unfortunate character of their situation. I may venture to speak with some freedom of Davidson, as it is under the control of my own church. No one can doubt that the academic standard at Davidson is high, that the teaching is thorough and excellent and that many of its graduates have earned honorable recognition in special lines of study pursued in some of our most renowned universities. Yet the gloomy and forbidding surroundings of Davidson have deterred many a promising student from entering its halls. The same criticism possibly applies to Trinity with equal force, though I am not able to speak from personal knowledge or personal observation. In the selection of Collegiate sites our forefathers appear to have ignored the social nature of young men and to have forgotten that the training and culture of that nature is one of the essential phases of rational education. When we remember the complete isolation of students in a country college from the liberalizing and expanding influences of town and city life the only marvel is that they do not relapse into partial savagery. In some instances they are almost absolutely cut off from social refinement by the isolated nature of their situation. Chapel Hill is, so far as I am aware, much more fortunate than any other institution in the State in this regard, and has always been the centre of a cultured and charming society. If my recollection of Davidson College is trustworthy in consisted of the collegiate buildings, a grocery store and the postoffice, planted in the heart of a forest, at least twenty miles removed from any considerable town or city. Upon general principals and in the light of educational history, I am inclined heartily to concur in the proposition to remove Davidson College to Charlotte and Trinity to Raleigh. I am not familiar with the peculiar local difficulties that may exist, but the proposed removal considered from the standpoint of experience—past and present—would, I think, tend essentially to enlarge their usefulness, and to LIBERALIZE them in the best and truest sense of the word.—H. E. Shepherd in State Chronicle.

CUMBERLAND NEWS.

THE C. F. & Y. V. R. VALUATION—AN OLD MAN COMMITS SUICIDE.

Other Interesting News.

(REG. COF. CAUCASIAN.)

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., July 1st, 1889.

The Board of Assessors to value the property of the C. F. & Y. V. Railway Company for taxation met in this city last Thursday. Capt. A. B. Williams, chairman of the Board of County Commissioners of Cumberland, was ex-officio President of the Board, and Henry L. Cook, Esq., of Cumberland, was elected Secretary. The Board fixed the value of the road bed, track, right of way and property on the right of way, &c., &c., at \$674,490.88, and the rolling stock, &c., at \$120,875.00, making a total of \$795,365.88. The total number of miles of track is 249.08. The \$795,365.88, was divided up between the twelve counties according to the number of miles in each county. Under the appointment Cumberland gets \$109,929.50, for taxation, which is the largest with the exception of Guilford county. Outside of this the road has about \$7,000 worth of property which could not be included in the above as it is not on the right of way, but is given to the list taker as is other property. In addition to the above the value of the franchise of the road was fixed by the Governor, Auditor and Treasurer, at \$86,810.49. Next year Sampson, Pender and New Hanover counties will be included.

HOW THE SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES STAND BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.

The State Chronicle, of recent date, gives the information that in the last number of the North Carolina Supreme Court Reports there are opinions on 86 appeals from judgments in the Superior Courts, and that the Superior Court judges fared as follows at the hands of the higher tribunal:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Affirmed, Over-ruled. Includes names like Connor, 19 0; Shepherd, 5 0; Merrimon, 7 1; Montgomery, 1 0; Avery, 4 1; Clark, 14 3; McRae, 10 3; Gilmer, 4 3; Shipp, 1 1; Phillips, 2 1; Graves, 4 5; Boykin, 0 2; Meares, 0 2.

We have heard lawyers say that a showing such as the above is very misleading, and we are sure it is misleading in many ways. Some judges decide a great many more cases than taken into consideration; but even if it were not, the number of times a judge is sustained or over-ruled is not the best test, probably, of his ability or learning. Thus we see above that Judge Graves' who is by common consent one of the very soundest lawyers on the bench, was affirmed 4 times and over-ruled 5; Judge Boykin, another one of the best, had only two appeals and was over-ruled in both. Returning to the other point just made, we see that there were 17 appeals from Judge Clark and only 1 from others and 2 from others still; so we perceive some of the difficulties in the way of making an accurate comparative estimate of the judges from a table like the above. We have heard it said that the late Chief Justice Pearson, while a Superior Court judge, was over-ruled more frequently than any other judge on the bench at the time, though we do not know how true this is.

Some judges, it is said, are "afraid of the Supreme Court" and do not sit upon knotty causes if they can help it; and in past years it was said that newspaper publication of their relative standing before the Supreme Court made some of them even more timid about deciding cases.—Statesville Landmark.

The Wilmington Messenger says: "Many a man takes his life under great mental distress provoked by poverty and disappointment." The Detroit Free Press solemnly says: "The number of suicides in the United States last year, closely as can be figured, was 7,007, and the majority of them were farmers and farmers' wives. People who write of 'the happy homes of agriculture' don't know how a 9 cent mortgage pulls at the heartstrings."

Don't make mortgages and be content.—Ed.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

SHE LOVED NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL.

The family mansion of the Christies of Oakdale was a grand old building, its tall gables, and narrow windows draped with ivy; and the fluted columns of the wide porches, garnished with trailing roses, whose rich red hearts glowed like drops of blood in the summer sunshine. Within one of the large lowceiled rooms, all softened lights, and dusky shadows, a man sat in a deep cushioned chair, his elbows resting on the marble top of a table before him, and his handsome face buried in his hands.

"Must it all go—all my father's lands, and my beloved home!" groaned Ashburton Christie, as he lifted his haggard face, and gazed out at the fair fountain with troubled eyes; for Ashburton had a Christie's love for his birth-place, and the Christie home-love was a by-word in the county.

"All gone!" echoed a full voice; and Ashburton turned with a start, to see a young girl leaning against the back of his chair.

"Why Winifred?" he exclaimed in a surprised, but not pleased tone, "When did you arrive?"

"I have just come," explained Winifred Deane, Ashburton's cousin, as she laid aside her hat, and sat down on the opposite side of the little table. Her dark brown eyes met Ashburton's blue orbs for a moment, and then her rather plain face flushed a lovely crimson. Winifred was no beauty, and she knew it, yet there was a quiet taste and quaintness about her, that attracted many admirers. For Winifred was rich, and an orphan, and had the means to allow her odd fancies full play. But the one man, who of all the world she desired to please, stood aloof, and scarcely accorded her the cousinly interest their relationship sanctioned.

Ashburton gazed at a moment at the downcast blushing face, when it suddenly occurred to him that perhaps Winifred had come with a purpose. So he raised his handsome head a trifle higher, with some indistinct idea floating through his brain that it would not be quite the thing to accept help from a woman he had always held at arm's length.

Winifred seemed growing impatient at the silence. Flecks of color were coming and going in her cheeks, and her lips quivered like a griefed child's.

"Cousin Ashburton, I am sorry for your trouble," she murmured in a low sympathetic voice; "I did not think the old homestead would have to go."

"I will have to go; as you are now aware, I have little ready money. The old homestead is dearer in my eyes than in the eyes of the world; it will not bring more than twenty thousand dollars, and I endorse for thirty."

"A foolish proceeding," "True; but I thought Winton the soul of honor; I never dreamed of him absconding with my employer's money. I will never trust any man again."

For Rufus Winton, the cashier of a prominent banking firm, had induced Christie to endorse for him under the plea that he was working out some successful financial venture; and after the bubble burst, disappeared with thousands of dollars belonging to his patrons.

"Ashburton," there was a little tremble in Winifred's sweet, full voice, "I have thirty thousand dollars that you may have the use of, until you are able to repay it—if—if—"

"If what, Winifred?" Ashburton leaned forward, his handsome face losing its haggard look, as he listened eagerly.

"If you will love me just a little, Ashburton," blurted out Winifred, dropping her red face on the table; for to tell the truth Winifred would have given twice as much for a portion of her cousin's love.

Ashburton had a really kind heart and an impulsive nature, and Winifred's magnanimous offer touched him deeply.

"Winifred, I do not deserve it," and going around to Winifred's side, he laid his shapely white hand on her shoulder. Winifred looked up into his face with her heart in her eyes. Surely, if ever a woman loved man this woman loves me, thought Ashburton, and with a strange pain at his heart, he stooped down and kissed her on the lips.

Two round arms were around his neck in an instant.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Something Interesting for the Little Folks.

(Prepared for THE CAUCASIAN each week by W. A. Johnson.)

WHO DOES IT?

Little, gentle heart, coming and going away, Who keeps you coming, coming, By night as well as by day?

Little, busy heart, bustling, bustling away, Who keeps you bustling, bustling, By night as well as by day?

Good moves each bustling heart, Good sends each bustling heart, Good watches to night, all day, And keeps us safe all day.

A Serenade on Etiquette.

"Oh, she's my mother's guest," "No! I needn't trouble myself with her. She's my sister's company."

Not a bit of it, my dear. Every person who enters the house is in a degree your "company."

Of course I do not mean that if somebody comes to see an especial member of your family you are to intrude your precious self; but if a guest comes to spend several days she belongs to the whole household, every member of which can do something to make the visit pleasant.

Suppose you should take it upon yourself to see that the friend always has a glass of fresh water in her chamber at night; or, if there be no maid to carry it, the pitcher of hot water for her morning bath. An occasional flower laid on her breakfast plate is a very engaging attention; and a boy does not necessarily pull flowers up by the roots, does he?

It would not be thought "good form" to plump one's lazy self into the most comfortable chair when a guest is present, nor to whisk into one's seat at the table when by accident the visitor's chair has not been placed.

But suppose a friend comes merely to pay a short call? The same rules apply, only modified. If you are in the room, of course you will rise with others to receive her. A thing can be ruder than for any member of the family to continue his reading or his game without pausing to greet whosoever may come. If for any reason it be necessary for you to leave the room, a quiet "I am sorry that I must ask to be excused" is proper, and allows you to "gang your ain gait."

If your mother be detained in another room, it is your part to take upon yourself the entertainment of her visitor. If you find it hard to converse, generally the older lady will be ready to speak, and a good listener is one of the rarest and most charming people in the world.

Don't let your eyes go wandering about the room, but look straight at the person who is speaking. Nothing is more annoying than to try to talk to some one who is evidently thinking of something else.

Ten to one you will be thought interesting if you pay marked attention to what your companions say.

Did you never hear of the gentleman who travelled miles and miles with some one whom he declared to be "the most intelligent person" he had ever had the pleasure of meeting, and never discovered that his companion, who listened so alluringly, was deaf and dumb?—Mary S. McCobb.

EMIGRAS.

BY MRS. T. C.

I am composed of 27 letters. My 14, 14, 2, 3, is costly.

My 6, 7, 21, 27, is a part of speech.

My 1, 8, 9, 16, 17, 6, is a kind of meat.

My 18, 5, 20, 1, is to wander.

My 24, 17, 23, is a body of water.

My 19, 26, 7, 4, 27, is an arrangement in a ship.

My 10, 25, 11, 6, is a legal claim.

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