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THE CAUCASIAN.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
By MARION BUTLER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

VOL. IX. CLINTON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1890. No. 9.

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Will practice in Sampson county.
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I have just received a large lot of Elegant Jewelry. This I will guarantee to the purchaser to be just as represented. I sell no cheap, "fire gilt" goods but carry a STANDARD LINE OF GOLD FRONT GOODS. The attention of the ladies is called to the latest styles of BREAST PINS—they are "things of beauty!"
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Respectfully.
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Tobacco, Snuff,
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Raise Turkeys weighing from 30 to 40 pounds, and worth twice as much as common stock, by buying full-blood breeds. Address,
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Wallace P. O.,
nov6—tf Duplin Co., N. C.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

HOW THINGS LOOK FROM OUR STAND POINT.

The Opinion of The Editor and the Opinion of Others which we Can Endorse on the Various Topics of the Day.

"THE (UNFORTUNATE) CAUCASIAN."

The Caucasian is unfortunate. We asked it to do us the favor of printing a reply we made to one of its questions. Doubtless The Caucasian intended to do it, but it didn't. It says "the following is the News and Observer's answer to our inquiry" and then prints an extract from this paper about a different matter. Certainly the slip was unintentional, and we suggest that our contemporary can straighten matters in its next issue.

On a former occasion The Caucasian unfortunately made an odd mistake when publishing something that we asked it to print; but we know that mistakes are easily made in newspaper offices.—News and Observer, December 5th.

We venture to remind The Caucasian of its unfortunate mistake with the view of having it corrected.—News and Observer, Dec. 6th.

The sympathy of the News and Observer for THE CAUCASIAN is rather ill-timed; but if to champion the people's cause, to search for truth and facts with which to support their demands is unfortunate, then THE CAUCASIAN is unfortunate, pleads guilty to the charge; if to oppose the wishes of the people to attempt to hush their demands for equal justice by misleading statements is to be fortunate, then we must decline that honor. The News and Observer intimates above that it has published some facts in opposition to a commission that we are afraid to give to the public or discuss. If such was not its intention then we do not understand each other, if it was then our esteemed cotemporary does not understand THE CAUCASIAN. We are not advocating a commission in a partizan spirit at all. We have no more to gain or lose by the establishment of a commission than any other citizen. It has been our opinion for some time that a proper commission wisely managed will benefit the whole State and work no injustice or hardship upon the railroads. We have investigated and tried to throw light upon the subject. We have not gone to Tom, Dick or Harry and asked him to furnish us with his side of the question or with facts to fit the case. We have stated actual conditions. We have gathered freight bills and have given and are ready continue to give names of shippers, class of freight, points to and from shipped, over what lines and the freight actually paid. Notwithstanding if the News and Observer can show that we are wrong, it will save the next Legislature from making a mistake and do the whole State a great favor.

But to come back to the News and Observer's grievance. It says we did not publish its reply to our question (asking where it got the freight rates it published) but printed an extract about a "different matter." The extract we published was about THE CAUCASIAN and the commission in its issue of November 29th. We did not see any other reference to the matter in that issue. Since then Capt. Ashe has sent us a marked copy of the same issue, calling our attention to another article in a different column. It is as follows:

"We were not advertent to any enquiry made by THE CAUCASIAN that we did not reasonably answer.

The freight rates it alludes to were furnished us on our application by Col. W. A. Turk, who represents the Richmond & Danville Railroad system, which has a greater mileage in this State than any other road. We suppose the charges of the other great lines are virtually the same. The News and Observer made the publication in the interest of truth, and because it regards that it is no less dangerous to the Democratic party than wrong in principle to mislead the people, and to inflame their prejudices, because of an alleged state of facts that does not exist. The Caucasian will favor us by printing the above.

And now let us ask The Caucasian why it did not publish the facts stated in our editorials to which it alludes; and particularly why it did not publish the information we gave it about the use of grape baskets by our Baleigh grape growing Association?"

We publish the above with pleasure and wish to thank the News and Observer for the information that it was Col. Turk, who furnished it with the freight rates it published. But that information however important it is does not throw any light on the situation, for as we have said before, that among all the freight bills we have been able to gather (many of them of the R. & D. R. R.) we find no such rates actually existing. Now again "in the interest of truth" and in order that the people may not be misled and their prejudices inflamed "because of an alleged state of facts that does not exist," we call upon the News and Observer to give specific facts, by stating between what points in North Carolina and on what classes of freight such rates are charged.

We do not remember the information the News and Observer gave about the grape basket business, but we will take pleasure in publishing any facts concerning the freight rates from here to Raleigh as compared with the rates from Petersburg to Raleigh.

As to the "odd mistake" we made on a former occasion, we have no idea to what Capt. Ashe refers. If he will point out any mistake we have made, or any omission, we will take pleasure in making the correction.

Now in conclusion we will venture to suggest to the News and Observer that when discussing the commission it should remember that to secure reasonable freight rates is only one of the seven points that will be aimed at in framing a commission bill.

A CONVENTION OF BREAD-WINNERS.

THE NATIONAL FARMERS' ALLIANCE AND INDUSTRIAL UNION IN SESSION AT OCALA.

COL. POLK RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT.

He Recommends That a Legislative Council Be Formed.

THE FRAUDULENT CENSUS, THE BAYONET FORCE BILL CONDEMNED, AND CONGER LARD BILL CONDEMNED.

Macune and Livingston Investigated.

NO THIRD PARTY—'TIS BETTER TO BE THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

The largest and most important meeting of bread-winners ever assembled since the world began, was the annual meeting of the National Alliance, which convened at Ocala, Florida, on Monday of last week. One year ago, when the last National meeting was in session at St. Louis, the world paid little attention, save ridicule, to the "grumbling hay-seeders." The metropolitan papers simply referred to the meeting in little paragraphs in some corner of their sheets and no congressmen allowed such a matter to disturb his slumbers. But how different to-day. The bold and positive stand taken by that body backed up by the powerfully convincing logic of the farming and laboring people on the 4th of last November, has turned sneers into fears, ridicule into respect, and indifference into the deepest interest and concern. The farmers have waked up and they are waking the country up. For the last ten days the eyes of the nation have been upon the Ocala meeting, the metropolitan papers have given with double and tripple headlines every particular they could get. The pigmy President's message and the doings of the National Congress have been matters of minor importance. The one body is a rebuke to the other. The former is a protest against present conditions, the latter with reckless deviltry is intensifying these very conditions.

President Polk, in his annual address, said:

"Profoundly impressed with the magnitude of this great revolution for reform, involving issues momentous and stupendous in their character, as affecting the present and future welfare of the people, the public mind is naturally directed to this meeting with anxious interest, if not solicitude, and you cannot be unmindful of the importance and responsibility that attach to your action as representatives, coming from States and localities remote from each other, and differing widely from each other in their material and physiological characteristics, and marked by those social and political differences which must necessarily arise under our form of government.

"It is your gracious privilege, as it shall be your crowning honor, to prove to the world by your harmonious action and thoroughly fraternal co-operation that your supreme purpose is to meet the demands of patriotic duty in a spirit of equity and justice."

In his recommendation upon the proposed National Legislative Council President Polk said: 'I would suggest that a Legislative Council be formed, to be composed of your National President, who shall be ex-officio Chairman, and the Presidents of all the State Alliances represented in the Supreme Council, and that this body shall hold its annual meeting within sixty days after the adjournment of the Supreme Council, at such time and places may be designated by the National President; that it be empowered and authorized to appoint such legislative committees as in its judgment may be wise, and that it be required to transmit to each of the States, in printed form, through the National Secretary, for distribution to the reform

[Continued on Third Page.]

DUNRAVEN RANCH

A Story of American Frontier Life.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,
Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "From the Ranks," "The Deserter," Etc

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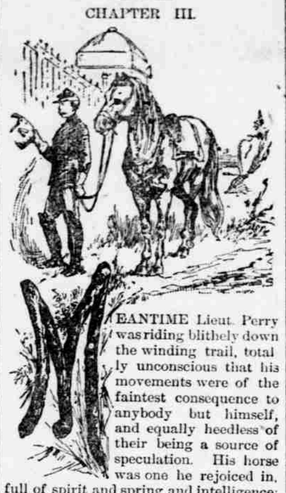
CHAPTER III.



MEANTIME Lieut. Perry was riding blithely down the winding trail, totally unconscious that his movements were of the faintest consequence to anybody but himself, and equally heedless of their being a source of speculation. His horse was one he rejoiced in, full of spirit and spring and intelligence; the morning was beautiful, just cool enough to be exhilarating; his favorite hound, Bruce, went bounding over the turf under the slopes, or ranging off through the cottonwoods along the stream, or the shallow, sandy arroyos, where the grass and weeds grew rank and luxuriant. Every now and then with sudden rush and whir a drove of prairie chickens would leap from their covert, and, after vigorous flapping of wings for a few rods, would go skimming restfully in long easy curve, and settle to earth again a hundred yards away, as though suddenly reminded of the fact that this was mating time and no gentleman would be mean enough to shoot at such a season.

Every little while, too, with prodigious kicking of dust and show of heels, with eyes fairly bulging out of his feather brained head, and tall lop ears laid flat on his back, a big jack rabbit would bound off into space, and go tearing across the prairie in mad race for his threatened life, putting a mile between him and the Monee before he began to realize that the two quadrupeds ambling along the distant trail were obedient to the will of that single rider, who had no thought to spare for game so small. Some Indian ponies, grazing across his pathway, set back their stunted ears, and, cow like, refused to budge at sight and hearing of the big American horse; whereat a little vagabond of a Cheyenne, not ten years old nor four feet high, set up a shrill chatter and screech and let drive a few well directed clods of turf, and then showed his white teeth in a grin as Perry sung out a cheery "How! sonny," and spurred on through the opening thoroughfare, heedless of spiteful pony looks or threatening heels.

Perry's spirits rose with every rod. Youth, health, contentment, all were his, and his heart was warm towards his fellow men. To the best of his reckoning, he had not an enemy or detractor in the world. He was all gladness of nature, all friendliness, frankness and cordiality. The toughest cowboy whom they met on the long march down, the most crabbed of the frontiersmen they had ever encountered, was never proof against such sunshine as seemed to irradiate his face. He would go out of his way at any time to meet and hail a fellow man upon the prairies, and rarely came back without knowing all about him—where he was from, where he was bound and what were his hopes and prospects. And as for himself, no man was readier to answer questions or to meet in friendliest and most jovial spirit the rough but well meant greetings of "the plains."

Being in this frame of mind to an extent even greater than his normal wont, Mr. Perry's eyes glistened, and he struck spur to hasten Nolan's stride, when, far ahead, and coming towards him on the trail, he saw a horseman like himself. Being in this mood of sociability, he was something more than surprised to see that all of a sudden that horseman had reined in—a mere black dot a mile away—and was presumably examining him as he advanced. Hostile Indians there had been none for many a long month, "road agents" would have starved in a region where there practically were no roads, cowboys might, and did, get on frolics and have wild "tears" at times, but who ever heard of their being hostile, man to man? Yet Perry was plainsman enough to tell, even at the mile of distance, that the stranger had halted solely to scrutinize him, and, next, to his vast astonishment, that something in his appearance had proved either alarming or suspicious, for the horseman had turned abruptly, plunged through the timber and across the stream, and in another moment, veering that way himself to see, Perry marked him fairly racing into the mouth of a shallow ravine, or "break," that entered the valley from the south, and there he was lost to sight.

"What an ill mannered galoot!" was his muttered comment as he gave Nolan brief chance to crop the juicy grass, while his perturbed rider sat gazing across the stream in the direction taken by the shy horseman. "I've half a mind to drop the ranch and put out after that fellow. That ravine can't go in so very far but what he must soon show up on the level prairie; and I'll bet Nolan could run him down." After a moment's reflection, however, Mr. Perry concluded that as he had come so far and was now nearly within rifle shot of the mysterious goal of his morning ride, he might as well let the stranger go, and pushed ahead himself for Dunraven.

The stream bent southward just at the point where he had first caught sight of the horseman, and around that point he knew the ranch to be. Very probably that was one of the ranchmen of whom Mrs. Lawrence had spoken—churlish fellows, with a civil word for nobody, grim and repellent. Why, certainly. That accounted for his evident desire to avoid the cavalryman; but he need not have been in such desperate haste—need not have kept at such unapproachable bounds, as though he shunned even being seen. That was the queer thing, thought Perry. He acted just as though he did not want to be recognized. Perhaps he'd been up to some devilment at the ranch.

This thought gave spur to his speed, and Nolan, responsive to his master's mood, leaped forward along the winding trail once more. The point was soon reached and turned, and the first object that caught Perry's eye was a long row of stakes stretching from the cottonwoods straight to the south up the gentle slope to the prairie, and indicating beyond all question the presence there of a stout and high and impassable wire fence. There are few things the cavalryman holds in meaner estimate.

"That marks the western limit," thought Perry to himself, "and doubtless reaches miles away to the south, from what I hear. Now, where does one enter?"

A little farther on he came upon a trail leading from the low bluffs to his left hand. It crossed the winding bridle path on which he rode, though some of the hoof tracks seemed to join, and wheel tracks too. He had marked that between the fort and the point no sign of wheel appeared; it was a hoof trail and nothing more. Now a light and little traveled wagon track came in from the north, and while one branch seemed to cross the Monee and to ascend the opposite slopes close along the wire fence, the other joined him and went on down the stream. This he decided to follow.

A ride of a few hundred yards brought him to a point where a shoulder of bluff twisted the trail well in towards the stream, and he, thinking to cross and reconnoiter on the other shore, turned Nolan in that way, and was suddenly brought up standing by the heaviest and most forbidding wire fence he had ever seen. Yes, there it stretched away through the cottonwoods, straight as a die, back to the angle whence started the southward course he first had noted, and, looking down stream, far as the eye could reach, he marked it.

"Well," thought Perry, "I've often heard an Englishman's house was his castle, but who would have thought of staking and wiring in half a county—half a Texas county—in this hoggish way? How far down is the entrance, anyhow?"

Following the trail, he rode down stream a full half mile, and still there seemed no break. Nowhere on the other shore was there sign of bridle path leading up the slopes. Turning to his left in some impatience, he sent Nolan at rapid lope across the intervening "bottom," and soon reached the bluffs, which rose perhaps forty or fifty feet above the stream. Once on the crest, the prairie stretched before him northward, level as a floor, until it met the sky; but it was southward he longed to look, and thither quickly turned. Yes, there it lay—Dunraven Ranch, in all its lonely majesty. From where he gazed the nearest building stood a good long mile away. That it was the homestead he divined at once, for a broad veranda ran around the lower story, and white curtains were visible at the dormer windows of the upper floor. Back of it and on the eastern flank were other buildings, massive looking, single storied affairs, evidently stables, storehouses and corrals. There was a tall windmill there—an odd sight in so remote a region—and a big water tank.

Perry wondered how it ever got there. Then at the southwest angle was a building that looked like an office of some kind. He could see horses tethered there, and what seemed to be human figures moving about. Beyond it all, to the east and south, were herds of grazing cattle, and here and there in the dim distance a horseman moved over the prairie. This reminded him of the stranger who had given him the slip; and he gazed westward in search of him.

Far up the valley, between him and the distant post, he could plainly see a black object just descending the slopes from the southern prairie to the stream. Not another was in sight that his practiced eye did not know to be cattle. That, then, was his horseman, once more going fort-wards in the valley, after having made a three or four mile detour to avoid him. "Now, what sort of a Christian is that fellow?" thought Perry, as he gazed at the distant speck. "Going to the fort, too. By thunder! I'll find out who he is, anyhow. Now I'm going to the ranch."

Down the slopes he rode. Down the winding trail once more he trotted, peering through every gap among the cottonwoods, slaking Nolan's thirst at a little pool in the stream, and then, after another long half mile, he came to a sudden turn to the right. The road dipped and twisted through the stream bed, rose to the other side, wound through the cottonwoods and then out on the open turf. Huzza! There it stretched up the slopes straight away for the south, straight through a broad gap between two heavy gate posts standing on the selfsame line of that rigid fence. Nolan broke into a brisk canter and gave a neigh of salutation; Perry's eyes glistened with anticipation as he bent over his charger's neck, keenly searching the odd looking structure growing on his vision as they neared the fence. Then, little by little, Nolan's eager stride shortened and grew choppy. Another moment, and horse and rider reined up short in disappointment. Between the gate posts swung a barrier of cobweb lightness, slender and airy as spider ever wove, but bristling with barbs, stiff as "bullfinch" and unyielding as steel. One glance showed Perry that this inhospitable gate was firmly locked.

For a moment he sat in saddle, studying the situation, while Nolan poked his head over the topmost strand of wire and keeping at respectful distance from the glittering barbs gazed wistfully over the inclosed prairie in search of comrade quadruped who could tell him what manner of place this was. Meantime his rider was intently eying the heavy padlock that was secured on the inner side of the gate. It was square in shape, massive and bulky—something utterly unlike anything he had ever seen among the quartermaster's stores. Dismounting and holding Nolan well back from the aggressive fence with one hand, he gingerly passed the other through the spike fringed aperture and turned the padlock so as to get a better view. It was of English make, as he surmised, and of strength sufficient to resist anything short of a trip hammer. Evidently no admission was to be gained here, he reasoned, and yet it was through here that that horsemen had come but an hour before. Here were the fresh hoof prints in the trail, and it was evident that the rider had dismounted, opened the gate, led his horse through, closed and fastened it, then remounted and ridden away. Perry was plainsman enough to read this from the hoof prints. Studying them carefully, a look of surprise came into his face; he bent down and closely examined the two or three that were most clearly defined upon the trail, then gave a long whistle as a means of expressing his feelings and giving play to his astonishment.

"Johnny Bull holds himself too high and mighty to have anything to do with us blarsted Yankees, it seems, except when he wants his horses shod. These shoes were set at the post blacksmith shop, or I'm a duffer," was the lieutenant's verbal comment. "Now, how was it done without the quartermaster's knowing it? That's the cavalry shoe!"

Pondering over this unlooked for revelation, Mr. Perry once more mounted and turned his disappointed steed again down stream. At last, full half a mile farther on, he saw that a wire fence ran southward again across the prairie, as though marking the eastern boundary of the homestead inclosure, and conjecturing that there was probably a trail along that fence and an opening through, even if the southeastward line should be found fenced still farther, he sent Nolan through the Monee to the open bank on the northern side, cantered along until the trail turned abruptly southward, and, following it, found himself once more at the fence just where the heavy corner post stood deeply imbedded in the soil. Sure enough, here ran another fence straight up the gentle slope to the south, a trail along its eastern side, and a broad cattle gap, dusty and tramped with the hoofs of a thousand steers, was left in the fence that, prolonged down stream, spanned the northern boundary. Inside the homestead lot all was virgin turf.

Following the southward trail, Perry rode briskly up the long incline. It was east of this fence he had seen the cattle herds and their mounted watchers. He was far beyond the ranch buildings, but felt sure that once well up on the prairie he could have an uninterrupted view of them and doubtless meet some of the ranch people and satisfy himself what there was in the stories of their churlish and repellent demeanor. The sun was climbing higher all this time, and he, eager in pursuit of his reconnoissance, gave little heed to fleeting minutes. If fair means could accomplish it, he and Nolan were bound to have acquaintance with Dunraven Ranch.

Ten minutes' easy lope brought him well up on the prairie. There—westward now—was the mysterous clump of brown buildings, just as far away as when he stood, baffled and disappointed, by the gateway on the Monee. Here, leading away towards the distant buildings, was a bridle path. Here in the fence was a gap just such as he had entered on the stream, and that gap was barred and guarded by the counterpart of the first gate and firmly secured by a padlock that was the other's twin. Mr. Perry's comment at this point of his explorations was brief and characteristic, if not objectionable. He gave vent to the same low whistle, half surprise, half vexation, that had comforted his soul before, but supplemented the whistle with the unnecessary remark: "Well, I'll be damned!"

Even Nolan entered his protest against such incredible exclusiveness. Thrusting his lean head far over the topmost wires, as before, he signaled long and shrill—a neigh that would have caught the ear of any horse within a mile—and then, all alert, he waited for an answer. It came floating on the rising wind, a responsive call, a signal as eager and confident as his own, and Nolan and Nolan's rider whirled quickly around to see the source from whence it rose. Four hundred yards away, just appearing over a little knoll in the prairie, and moving towards them from the direction of a distant clump of grazing cattle, another horse and rider came trotting into hailing distance; and Perry, his bright blue eyes dilating, and Nolan, his dainty, sensitive ears pricked forward, turned promptly to meet and greet the new arrivals.

For fifty yards or so the stranger rode confidently and at rapid trot. Perry smilingly watched the outturned toes, the bobbing, "bent over" seat, and angular elbows that seemed so strange and out of place on the broad Texan plain. He could almost see the "crop" in the free hand, and was smiling to himself at the idea of a "crop" to open wire gates, when he became aware of the fact that the stranger's mien had changed; confidence was giving place to hesitancy, and he was evidently checking the rapid trot of his horse and throwing his weight back on the cantle, while his feet, thrust through to the very heels in the gleaming steel stirrups, were braced in front of the powerful shoulders of the bay. The horse wanted to come, the rider plainly wanted to stop. Another moment, and Perry could see that the stranger wore eyeglasses and had just succeeded in bridging them on his nose and was glaring at him with his chin high in air. They were within two hundred yards of each other by this time, and to Perry's astonishment, the next thing the stranger did was to touch sharply his horse with a barbed heel, whirl him spitefully about, and go bobbing off across the prairie at lively canter, standing up in his stirrups, and bestriding his steed as though his object were not so much a ride as game of leapfrog.

It was evident that he had caught sight of Perry when Nolan neighed, had ridden at once to meet him, expecting to find some one connected with the ranch, and had veered off in disgust the moment he was able to recognize the uniform and horse equipments of the United States cavalry

[Continued next week.]

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfuly,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
181 Pearl st., New York.

PREMIUM LIST

OF SAMPSON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

Annual Fair November 26, 27, 28 and 29th, 1890.

Society Premiums.

Premiums awarded by the Committees of the several deyartments:
R. F. Boykin, best sample Oates, 50.
" " " " Table Peas, 50.
" " " " Field peas, 50.
" " " " Rye, 50.
A. D. Williamson, best sample of Wheat, 50.
F. M. Carroll, best bread corn, 50.
J. R. Beaman, Sr., best bale cotton 2,00.
J. R. Beaman, " " potatoes, 50
R. F. Herring, best Turnips. 50.
" " " Johnson crab apples, 50.
" " " Shockley, 50.
J. R. Beaman, best bale hay, 1.00.
Lawrence Herring, 2nd best bale hay, 1.00.
D. F. Colwell & Co. 2nd best bale cotton, 2.00.
R. J. Pearsall, best sample pea nuts, 50c.
A. Robinson, " " seed cotton 50
D. F. Colwell & Co. best sample stalk cotton, 50.
H. J. Peterson, 6 native cabbage, 50.

Farm Impliments and Machinery.

W. B. Owens, best ½ Doz. axe handles, 50.
L. W. Moore, best cotton basket, 50.
Abram Graham (col) best Pannel doore, 1.00.
J. S. Crumpler, best donble ox yoke, 1.00.
G. W. Hargrove, best one dozen brick, county made, 50c.
A. F. Johnson, best specimen Veneer work, 1.00.
F. G. Honeycutt, best Bereau, 1.00.
J. B. Sessoms, best Spirets Bbls. 100.
W. T. Williamson, best ox cart Sampson made, 1.00.

Orchard and Fruit.

R. F. Boykin, best lot grape vines. 50c.
W. R. Weeks, best collection apple trees, 10 varieties, 50c.
Miss S. W. Fryer, best lot Pecaus 3 varieties, 50c.
Miss Florence Hubbard, best Beauquet everygreens, 50c.
R. F. Boykin, best and largest variety grape vires 5 varieties, 50c.

Stock.

B. L. Scott, best mare and colt, 3.00.
G. W. Hobbs, best Stallion. 5.00.
J. J. Barden, best Stud 2 years old, 2.00.
R. J. Williams, best mare colt 2½ years old, 2.00.
D. M. Kornegay, best thorough bred Stallion, 10.00.
D. M. Kornegay, best 1 year old horse colt, 1.00.
C. C. Corbett, best 4 year old mare 3.00.
A. J. Matthis, best mule 4 years old Sampson raised, 3.00.
T. H. Partrict, best short horn Durham Bull, 3.00.
Mrs. A. A. McKoy, best Jersey cow, 3.00.
C. C. Carbett, best Jersey bull 3 years old, 3.00.
J. R. Beaman, best bull under 2 years old, 2.00.
R. F. Boykin, best heifer 2 years old, 1.00.
Rich Hubbard, best heifer 3 yers old 1.00.
V. J. McArthur, best bull 4 years old, 2.00.
J. W. ich, best native bull 4 years old, 2.00.
W. K. Pigford, best cow and calf, $2.
E. Peterson, best heefer 2½ years old, $1.
A. F. Johnson, best yoke of work oxens, $3.
A. F. Johnson, best single ox, $2.
E. Peterson, best lot beef cattle, $3.
W. K. Pigford, best milch cow, $3
Bate Matthis, fastest horse, 7.50.
Charlie Moore, 2nd fastest horse, 250.
R. C. Holmes, Scrub trotting race special premium by R. J. Williams, $5.
Lovett Lee, fastest running horse, $5.
Howard James, 2nd fastest running horse, 2.50.
R. C. Holmes, Scrub running race, $4.
Willie Hobbs 2nd best scrub race, $1.
M. M. Matthis, scrub trotting race $4.
R. C. Holmes, 2nd scrub trotting racer, $1.
M. E. Hobbs, best harness horse, $5.
Luther Wilson, best saddle horse, $3.
R. B. Pigford, best pair goats, $3.
L. A. Powell, best pair grade sheep, $1.
J. M. Powell, best pair native sheep, $3.
L. A. Powell, best herd of sheep, $3.
B. L. Scott, best Poland China boar, $2.
R. C. Holmes, best pair of pigs, $1.
D. B. Nicholson, best boar 1 year old, $2.
H. K. Bennett, best sow and pigs (10), $2.
B. L Scott, best boar Sweep Staks, $5.
B. L. Scott, best lot fat hogs, $5.
Mrs. A. E. Murphy, largest fat hog $5.
G. W. Hargrove, 2nd largest pen of fat hogs, $3.
E. Peterson, best native sow and pigs, $2.
Mrs. L. A. Powell, best bacon hams $2.
Mrs. W. F. Kilpatrick, best corned beef, $1.
Mrs. A. W Lamb, best Tallow, 50.
" " " " " Lard, $1.
" " " " " Soap, $1.
" " " " " dried apples, 50.
" " " " " Peaches, 50.
" " " " " beef foot oil, 50.
Mrs. Sallie Henry, one boned goose, 50.
Mrs. D. B. Nicholson, best butter 3 lbs, $2.
Miss Lillie Wright, 2nd best butter, 3 lbs, $1.
Miss Walker Morisey, best cocoanut, cake, 50.
Miss M. C. Lamb, best milk yeast bread, 50.
Miss M. C. Lamb, best loaf cold water corn bread, 50.
Mrs. A. W. Lamb, best raison cake, 50.
Miss Annie Giddens, best light buiscuit, 50.
Mrs. W. K. Pigford, best fruit cake, 50.
Mrs. W. K. Pigford, best citron cake, 50.
Mrs. L. C. Hubbard, best rolls Point Lace flour, 50.
Mrs. J. A. Oates, best Hop yeast bread, 50.
Mrs. A. M. Lee, best plain buiscuit, 50.

Poultry.

F. B. Johnson, best lot thorough bred game chickens, 50.
Mrs. M. L. Reynolds, pair bantam chickens, 50.
E. W. Boney. Imperial Puddle Ducks, 50.
J. S. Bizzell, grade cock and 3 hens, 50.
Leona Boney, best pair Turkeys 50.
A. E. Rackley, 6 native geese, 50.
Mrs. A. A. McKoy, Muscovy Ducks 50.
G. W. Rackley, one coop Guinea chickens, 50.
Mrs. J. B. Bodenhammer, best apple sweet cider, 50.
Miss Annie Herring, best specimen of Preserves, 50.
Mrs. A. W. Lamb, best specimen of Janes, 50.
Miss Mittie Beaman, best specimen of Jelly, 50.
E. R. Powell, best sample Syrup, $1.
J. A. McArthur, 2nd best sample Syrup, 50.
Annie Herring, best canned whortleberries, 50.
Annie Herring, best canned peaches, 50.
Mrs. A. W. Lamb, best canned Tomatoes, 50.
Mrs. F. T. Atkins, best canned Blackberries, 50.
Mrs. A. W. Lamb, best canned Grapes, 50.
Mrs. A. W. Lamb, best Rumykin Pickles, 50.
Mrs. A. W. Lamb, Peach pickles, 50.
Mrs. A. W. Lamb, Green Tomatoe pickle, 50.
Mrs. A. W. Lamb, Citron pickle, 50.
Miss M. A. Oates, best Cucumber pickle, 50.

Domestic Manufacture.

Miss Lizzie Vann, best patchwork quilt, $1.
Mrs. M. Hanstein, best crazy quilt 50.
Miss Anderson, best lace handkerchief, 50.
Mrs. David Ezzell, best embroided gown, 50.
Miss Walker Morisey, best embroided silk handkerchief, 50.
Miss Mittie Beaman, best embroided handkerchief, 50.
Mrs. M. Hanstein, best embroided scut, 50.
Mrs. T. L. Hubbard, best catchall, 50.
Mrs. David Ezzell, best bud work watch pocket, 50.
Mrs. T. L. Hubbard, best wall pocket, 50
Lelie Hubbard, one match striker, 50.
Mrs. F. T. Atkins, one gentlemans shirt, 50.
Mrs. W. F. Kilpatrick, 2 toilet sets 50.
Mrs. T. L. Hubbard, one pair knit slippers, 50.
Mrs. J. R. Fisher, best single counterpen, $1.
Mrs. A. W. Lamb, best blanket, 50.
Mrs. M. A. Lee, one red counterpen $1.
Mrs. R. J. Williams, one red plush harp, 50.
Miss Temperance Herring, one cray on portrait, 50.
Eddie T. Boykin, one cray on drawing, 50.
Miss Sudie Faison, one oil painting, $1.
Mrs. R. J. Williams, one red handkerchief, 50.
Mrs. T. L. Hubbard, premium on died goods, 50.
Mrs. S. C. McArthur, one knit Jersey, 50.
Mrs. S. C. McArthur, one cortchet shawl, 50.
Miss Kate Owens, best collon knit sacks, 25.
Mrs. M. E. Williamson, best counterpane, $1.
J. L. Powell, best woolen Jeans, $2.
Miss Mary J. Barden, 2nd best patch work quilt, 50.
Miss Sudie Faison, best and largest display of oil paintings, special premium, one Fur cap awarded by W. A. Johnson.
Miss Phi. Williams, best oil painting "spring" scens, special premium, 2.50 awarded by W. S. Thomson.
Miss Sudie Faison, best oil painting autum, special premium awarded by Dr. W. P. Kennedy, 1.00.
Miss Mamie Oates, best drawing of school girl, 1.50, special, awarded by Prof. Canon.
George Pope, prettiest baby 8 months old, special premium of 5.00 awarded by Sol Bear.
Daniel Fryer (col), one box tobacco for largest 4 leged bear.

Special Premiums by the Society.

Mrs. B. F. Boykin for fine silk embroidery, 2.50.
R. C. Holmes, one fine sow and pigs, 2.50.
Mrs. J. A. Oates, for fine light bread, 2.50.
D. B. Nicholson, one fine sow and pigs, 2.50.
W. H. Boykin, for fine display of cattle, 2.50.
J. L. Powell, best 5 yards home made Jeans, $2.
J. R. Beaman, Sr., best bale cotton 10,00 by Williams and Murchison.
M. E. Hobbs, best buggy horse one whale bone buggy whip by J. F. Southerland.
Luther Wilson, best saddle horse one riding pridle by M. S. Witherington.
M. E. Hobbs, best buggy horse $1. in cash by Sam Eason.
J. M. Powell, best turnout one whale bone buggy whip by D. M. Partrick.

[Continued on Second Page.]