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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 25, 1890. No. 11.

PROFESSIONAL COLUMN.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
MOUNT OLIVE, N. C.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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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.

We extend our sympathy, not to Senator Hampton, but to those North Carolina papers that are so terribly distressed over his defeat. Their lamentations mean that they are sorry to see the will of the yeomanry of South Carolina freely expressed; that they think our sister State is incapable of self-government except when controlled by half a dozen aristocratic families. But they say Hampton is a hero, he was a gallant soldier in the war and in the dark hours of 1876 came to the rescue and saved South Carolina from negro rule. Yes, this is so, and there are thousands who showed as much courage and patriotism, to-day sleeping in nameless graves, or, who living, are in poverty and obscurity, neither receiving nor asking reward. But Hampton did not do this for reward. Grant it, but he has been rewarded with the highest gifts and trusts of his people—Governor of his State and for twelve years a United States Senator. And during this time has he shown any special ability as a legislator or any special interest in the welfare of the toiling masses? Has he formed and advocated a single measure to check the ever growing and relentless tyranny of money and to give justice to the millions who delve for bread? He has been in his seat (most of the time) preserved his reputation as a chivalrous, high-toned gentleman and draws his pay. And with this record the people of South Carolina would have again honored Hampton, the hero, simply because he was such; but a crisis comes between the few aristocratic farmers and the people.

The people nominated their choice for Governor, the few aristocratic families kick—bolt, and in mass meeting put out their man and call upon the negroes to help them to defeat the will of the people as formerly expressed. On which side of this fight shall we find the hero of 1876, the man who "saved South Carolina from negro rule?" If he was sincere then and his principles now are what they were then, he would have been on the people's side and for Tillman for Governor. But no! The autocratic ring could not give up the public tit. Judge Haskell, Hampton's kinsman, and by his consent, is the bolter's candidate who pleads for negro votes to defeat the will of the yeomenry of the State. Therefore the lamentation does no credit to the lamentators. Irby may not be blameless and he may not be a Solomon, but in this connection it should be remembered that Hampton was never accused of being the ablest man in the United States Senate. It is a grand thing to be a hero, but what does it avail when men are fighting for bread? It is the duty of the people to elect a man who will represent and advocate their wishes. We suppose they have done this. At least they are better judges in the matter than we.

A republican caucus has voted to change the rules of the Senate in order to push the Force bill through. The programme is to debate the bill the rest of this week, then to take up the new Silver bill approved by the same caucus, and pass it in its present condition, if the wicked Democrats do not succeed in substituting free coinage therefor; afterwards the change of rules is to be adopted, if enough Republicans can be persuaded to vote for it.

Representative Mills has introduced a resolution providing for a recess from December 22nd to January 5th, and it has been referred to the committee on Ways and Means. It is not believed that the Republicans will agree to such a lengthy recess, in fact a Senatorial caucus said there would be none.

Representative Pierce of Tennessee, a member or the Farmers' Alliance, has introduced in the House a resolution instructing the committee on Ways and Means to report the Sub-Treasury bill not later than Monday, January 5th, and fixing the following Monday for its consideration.

A joint Congressional committee will undertake next week to make some of the gentlemen concerned tell something about the buying of American industries by foreign syndicates. If they'd tel! what they know it would be interesting.

THE CHRISTMAS GHOST.

BY G. H. BENEDICT.

Elsie had been a very bad girl;
She had pulled her hair all out of curl;
Had pinched her brother and worried the cat,
And with sister May had many a spat,—
Until old Dinah, the colored nurse,
Mutered: "Now, chile, you's gettin' worse,
An' Chris'mus comin'—it's here a'most;
You jist look out for de Chris'mus ghost."

Elsie grew worse from day to day,
And making mischief seemed all her play;
She worried her mamma into tears,
And scorned old Dinah's gruesome fears:
"Now, chile, look out: I'se tol' you true,
Dar won't no Santa Claus come to you;
An', see out dar by de of' gate post
Dar's a hole whar hides de Chris'mus ghost."

Christmas Eve with its mystery came,
But no fear the hoyden child could tame;
Till at last she heard the summons dread,
"Naughty Elsie must go to bed."
She climbed the stairs and sought her room;
The light blown out, soon all was gloom;
And then weird fancies thronged a host,
And Elsie thought of the Christmas ghost.

The night was wild, the north wind blew;
The big trees groaned and the snow it flew;
The windows rattled, the rafters creaked,
The low roof rumbled, the chimneys shrieked;
And in Elsie, shivering alone in bed,
The very air seemed filled with dread—
She sat, half crazed with fear almost,
And cried, "I'm afraid it's the Christmas ghost."

Louder and louder grew the storm,
And fearful noises around did swarm,—
For shuddering wall and moan went by,
And fiendish laughter and doleful sigh;
And Elsie peered where the window pane
Let ketch dimly out on the winding lane,
And lo! where tottered the old gate post,
She saw it arise—the Christmas ghost.

A willer blast, and the window old
Blew in, and the storm so fierce and cold,
Like a sheeted spectre with icy breath,
Rushed in the room with a threat of death.
It seized the blanket, and whirled the sheet,
And smote the child with its palms of sleet;
And she fled with a speed no sloth could boast—
"Oh, save me, save from the Christmas ghost."

In her nurse's arms she told her tale
With streaming eyes and penitent wail.
"Dar now, poor lam', you shouldn't mind,
It's only de storm and de noisy wind;
An' Dinah was jokin', don't have no fear,
For good old Santa Claus soon'll be here.
Just sit up here and your poor feet toast,—
Dar never was no Christmas ghost."

Pragmatic papa explored the matter,
For all the house had heard the clatter,—
The broken window, the drifted sleet,
Told the tale of the storm's wild feat;
And Elsie slept in her nurse's arms,
Safe and serene from the night's alarms;
But 'twas told next day, o'er the turkey roast,
How the fierce north wind played Christmas ghost.

BESSIE'S PETITION.

BY JULIUS PENSTAFF.

Bessie was a queer child. Everybody who knew her said that.

It was not only her big head and her big round eyes, and her little dumpish body, but it was her queer ways and her brightly odd sayings, that caused everbody to notice her.

Bessie had been taught to read at an early age. And why not? Her father had been the village pedagogue for ever so long, and teaching reading was one of his specialties. It was said he had taught several generations to read. Anyhow, he was supposed to be entirely absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge; and when, at the age of 50 or thereabouts, he went and married pretty little Miss Padgett, who had been brought in from way back in the country to work at Farmer Hicks', everybody was very properly astonished, and there was more talk in the village of Hicksville than was ever known before—and that is saying a great deal.

Of course, Farmer Hicks was very angry. He was a great man, the descendant of Grandfather Hicks, who had once owned all the ground on which Hicksville was built. Then he was an old childless widower, and people said that he wanted to marry little Miss Padgett himself.

Bessie grew up a very happy child, for her sweet young mother and her kindly gray haired father doted upon her and thought she was the most wonderful child ever born.

It was said that she could read the primer when she was four years old, and she was a miracle of learning when she was only six.

That is the result of having a pedagogue for a father—or used to be so—for I believe the race of pedagogues has disappeared from the earth.

It was not Bessie's fault that her father died, and that her poor timid mother was left to struggle alone with the world. But she grew older acting and odder in every way from trying to think how such cruel things could be in a world of which she had read such wonderful things.

All the wonderful things Bessie had left was to read. She read all her father's books. Queer books they were, too—histories and biographies and polemical writings, which gave the poor child the idea of a world made up wholly of wars, controversies, debates, petitions, and other queer doings of men.

Poor Bessie! In the lonely little house half a mile out of the village, with only her patient little mother, who grew thinner and paler day by day, for a companion, and with her father's books alone for her reading, what was she to know of the ways of the great world?

She formed her own ideas of many things, and when her mother followed, she could not get out of the bed in the morning, Bessie set her quick wits to work to meet the crisis.

There was Farmer Hicks. She knew he had plenty, for she had often heard so. She also knew that her poor mother was weak and sick from lack of food. Elsie had heard her say, when she thought her child was not listening "Oh, to think there is plenty up in Mr. Hicks' storehouse, and I am perishing for lack of food."

This condition of affairs certainly called for action, so Bessie, with her large knowledge of the ways of the world, decided that a "petit ou" was the

proper thing. In all the historical crises of which she had read petitions had played the chief part.

Bessie therefore drew up a petition:

TO FARMER HICKS:

My mamma is starving, and there ain't a thing in the house to eat. I am hungry, but mamma is worse off than I am, 'cause she is sick abed. In view of these facts I respectfully petition for such aid as your generosity will afford. BESSIE.

Bessie used large words, because she had both heard and read them. She gave her petition much thought, wrote it out with great care on a foolscap sheet, folded it neatly, and then marched with it to Farmer Hicks' storehouse, which she evidently conceived was the proper point of attack.

It was not a long walk, and Bessie found the storehouse open, for Farmer Hicks had just left it for a moment. Bessie was well pleased with the prospect of well filled bins of apples, potatoes, and grain, of barrels and tubs, and she sat down to await developments.

Farmer Hicks was astonished as well as amused when he returned and discovered Bessie, but his astonishment was turned to laughter and finally to something like tears when Bessie arose with dignity and preceeded to read her "petition."

"Well, well," he said. "This do beat all. Howsomever, it won't do to let the poor creetur starve. Wonder if she put that notion into that child's head? She allus was smart. No matter, I'll do what's right."

People talked again when Bessie and her mother moved up to old Farmer Hicks', but nothing came of it, except that Bessie and her mother had a good home, and Farmer Hicks', often made his cronies roar, when he felt in a specially good humor, by relating the story of Bessie's Petition.

SCRAPED TOGETHER.

Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by foreigners.

There are 10,862 school districts, 62,372 teachers, and 2,800,000 school children in Japan.

Provo, Utah, has a red hot anarchist. His wife supports him by taking in washing.

An Englishman proposes laying deep sea electric cables by means of submarine boats.

There are over 7,000,000 pores in the human body, and yet we are surprised because some men are sponges.

The American Congregational churches have resolved to give £2,000 annually for evangelical work in France.

Sixteen barbecues have been given in Wilkes county, Georgia, this year. Two hundred and thirty-eight carcasses were consumed.

The governor of Chinese Turkestan has resigned his post in order that he may attend on his aged grandmother the rest of her life.

A New York money prince has recently ordered a set of brass floor registers plated with gold in an exceedingly ornate design. The registers will be placed in the owner's palace.

The pumps in the Gold Hill mine at Grass Valley, Cal., were uncovered recently after lying nine years under water. They were put to work and lifted water as well as the first day they were down.

Among the best customers for Swiss watches is the United States, although the industry is largely developed in America. Germany takes about 17,000,000 francs' worth of Swiss watches annually, Great Britain 13,000,000 worth, and France 6,500,000 worth.

A large vein of pure white sand, suitable for making glass, has been found near Pittsburg, Pa. The discovery will save the glass manufacturers of that city thousands of dollars annually, as they have hitherto been obliged to send across the Alleghany Mountains for their sand.

The other day the large barn on W. A. Frybarger's farm in Moscow township, Muscatine county, Iowa, was destroyed by fire. A small boy chased a rat into a hole under the building and, being unable to get the rodent out, stuffed the hole full of straw and applied a match with the above result.

The Population of Africa.

Under the name of the Independent State of Congo, its government was organized after the most approved methods of Belgian administration, and it entered fully equipped into the family of nations. There is within its area, which is thirty-three times that of Belgium, a population of 450 whites, about one-half state officials and employees, and the estimated number of natives within its borders is 40,000,000; and in the whole Congo basin is estimated at about 50,000,000. Africa is about three times the area of Europe, or 12,000,000 square miles, and some writers estimate it to contain about an equal population — 32,000,000 souls.—[Forum.

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 V.

THAT evening a group of cavalry officers came sauntering back from stables, and as they reached the walk in front of officers' row a dark featured, black bearded, soldierly looking captain separated himself from the rest and entered the colonel's yard. The commanding officer happened to be seated on his veranda at the moment, and in close confabulation with Dr. Quin. Both gentlemen ceased their talk as the captain entered, and then rose from their seats as he stepped upon the veranda floor.

"Good evening, Stryker," said the colonel, cheerily. "Come in and have a seat. The doctor and I were just wondering if we could not get you to take a hand at whist to-night."

"I shall be glad to join you, sir, after parade. I have come in to ask permission to send a sergeant and a couple of men, mounted, down to the Monee. One of my best men is missing."

"Indeed! Who is that? Send the men, of course."

"Sergt. Gwynne, sir. The first time I ever knew him to miss a duty."

"Your stable sergeant, too? That is unusual. How long has he been gone?"

"Since battalion drill this morning. He was on hand when the men were saddling, and asked permission to take his horse out for exercise and ride down the valley a few miles. I said yes, never supposing he would be gone after noon roll call; and we were astonished when he failed to appear at stables. Perry says he met him two miles out."

"The two culprits!" said the colonel, laughing. "Poor Perry is down in the depths again. He rode up to me with such a woebegone look on his face at drill this morning that I could hardly keep from laughing in front of the whole line. Even the men were trying hard not to grin; they knew he had turned up just in the nick of time to save himself an 'absent.' What do you suppose can have happened to Gwynne?"

"I cannot imagine, sir, and am inclined to be worried. He would never willingly overstay a pass; and I fear some accident has happened."

"Is he a good rider?" asked the doctor.

"None better in the regiment. He is a model horseman, in fact, and, though he never alludes to nor admits it, there is a general feeling among the men that he has been in the English cavalry service. Of course, there is no doubt of his nationality; he is English to the backbone, and, I fancy, has seen better days."

"What made them think he had been in the cavalry service abroad?"

"Oh, his perfect knowledge of trooper duties and management of horses. It took him no time to learn the drill, and he was a sergeant before he had been with me two years. Then, if you ever noticed, colonel," said Capt. Stryker, appealing to his chief, "whenever Gwynne stands attention he always has the fingers of both hands extended and pointing down along the thigh, close against it—so." And Stryker illustrated. "Now, you never see an American soldier do that; and I never saw it in any but English trained soldiers. He has quit it somewhat of late, because the men told him it showed where he was drilled—we have other English 'non-coms,' you know—but for a long time I noticed that in him. Then he was enlisted in New York city, some four years ago, and all his things were of English make—what he had."

"What manner of looking fellow is he?" asked the doctor. "I think I would have noted him had I seen him."

"Yes, you Englishmen are apt to look to one another," said the colonel in reply, "and Gwynne is a particularly fine specimen. He has your eyes and hair, doctor, but hasn't had time to grow grizzled and bulky yet, as you and I have. One might say that you and the sergeant were from the same shire."

"That would help me very little, since I was only three years old when the governor emigrated," answered the doctor, with a quiet smile. "We keep some traces of the old sod, I suppose, but I've been a Yankee for forty years, and have never once set eyes on Merrie England in all that time. Did the sergeant say where he wanted to go?" And the questioner looked up sharply.

"Nowhere in particular—down the valley was all. I remember, though, that Mr. Parke said he scoured much exercised over the name of that ranch down the Monee—I've forgotten what they call it. Have you heard it, colonel?"

"Seems to me I have, but I've forgotten. You have, doctor, have you not?"

"Heard what, colonel?"

"The name of that ranch down the Monee—an English ranch, they tell me, about seven miles away."

"Oh, yes!—that one! They call it Dunraven Ranch. Did the sergeant take any of the hounds with him, captain? It occurs to me he might have been running a coyote or a rabbit, and his horse have stumbled and fallen with him. There is no end of prairie dog holes down that way."

"No, the dogs are all in. I wouldn't be surprised if he had gone to the ranch. That's an English name, and they are all Englishmen down there, I hear. Very possibly that is the solution. They may have tempted him to stay with English hospitality; though it would astonish me if he yielded. I'll tell the men to inquire there first, colonel, and will go and send them now." And, bowing to his commander, Capt. Stryker turned and left the porch.

The doctor rose, thrust his hands deep in his pockets, paced slowly to the southern end of the veranda, and gazed down the distant, peaceful valley, an anxious cloud settling on his brow. The colonel resumed once more the newspaper he had dropped upon the floor. After a moment Dr. Quin came slowly back, stood in front of the entrance a few seconds looking irresolutely at the soldier sprawled at full length in his reclining chair, stepped towards him with a preparatory clearing of his throat as though about to speak, and then, suddenly and helplessly abandoning the idea, he plunged down the short flight of steps, hurried out of the gate and disappeared around the fence corner in the direction of the hospital. Immersed in his paper, the colonel never seemed to note that he had gone; neither did he note the fact that two ladies were coming down the walk.

The soft swish of trailing skirt being insufficient to attract his attention as they arrived nearly opposite the shaded veranda, a silvery peal of laughter broke the stillness of the early evening. Mrs. Belknap's laugh was delicious—soft, melodious, rippling as a canary song, and just as spontaneous. Neither lady had said anything at the moment that was incentive of merriment; but if Mrs. Lawrence had given utterance to the quaintest, oddest, most whimsical conceit imaginable, Mrs. Belknap's laugh could not have been more ready, and her great, dark eyes shot a sidelong glance to note the effect. Down went the paper, and up, with considerable propping from his muscular arms, came the burly form of the post commander. Two sweet, smiling faces beamed upon him through an aperture in the leafy screen, and Mrs. Belknap's silvery voice hailed him in laughing salutation:

"Did we spoil your siesta, colonel? How can I make amends? You see, you were so hidden by the vines that no one would dream of your being there in ambush."

"Oh, indeed, I assure you I wasn't asleep," answered the colonel, hastily. "Won't you come in, ladies, and sit here in the shade awhile?"

"We thought we would stroll around until parade," said Mrs. Lawrence, hesitatingly, "and then sit down and watch it somewhere."

"No place better than this," promptly answered the colonel. "You can sit behind the vines on that side and see, or, what we would infinitely prefer, sit here at the entrance and be seen. Meantime, I've been unpacking some photograph albums this afternoon, and you can amuse yourselves with those while I put on my harness. Come!"

The colonel's collection of photographs was something the ladies had already heard a great deal of. One of the most genial and popular officers of the army, he had gathered together several large albums full of pictures of prominent men and attractive and distinguished women—not only those with whom he had been associated in his long years of service, but men eminent in national and state affairs, and women leaders in society in many a gay metropolis.

Both the ladies had hoped to see this famous collection the evening before, but the colonel had not then unpacked the albums, and they were disappointed. Now, however, the prospect was indeed alluring, and neither could resist. When the first call sounded for parade a few moments after, and the commanding officer was getting himself into his full dress uniform, the two pretty heads were close together, and two pairs of very lovely eyes—one dark and deep and dangerous, the other a clear and honest gray—were dilating over page after page of photographed beauty. There was no need to puzzle over the identity of the originals; under each picture the thoughtful colonel had carefully written the name and address. Absorbed in this treat, they could barely afford time to look up and smile their thanks as the colonel passed, clanking forth at the sounding of adjutant's call, and were too completely engrossed in their delightful occupation to notice what took place at parade.

The long, slender line had formed—the infantry companies on the right and left flanks, their neat and tasteful dress of blue and white contrasting favorably with the gaudy yellow plumage of the four dismounted troops of the cavalry. Company after company had taken the statuesque pose of "parade rest" and its captain faced to the front again, the adjutant was just about moving to his post on the prolongation of the front rank, and the colonel settling back into the conventional attitude of the commanding officer, when from outside the rectangular inclosure of the parade ground—from somewhere beyond the men's barracks—there came sudden outcry and commotion. There were shouts, indistinguishable at first, but excited and startling. Some of the men in ranks twitched nervously and partially turned their heads, as though eager to look behind them and see what was wrong; whereat stern voices could be heard in subdued but potent censure: "Keep your eyes to the front, there, Sullivan!" "Stand fast, there, center of Third company!"

The guard, too, paraded in front of its quarters some distance behind the line, was manifestly disturbed, and the voice of the sergeant could be heard giving hurried orders. Every man in the battalion seemed at the same instant to arrive at one of two conclusions—prisoners escaping, or fire over at the stables—and all eyes were fixed on the imperturbable form of the commanding officer, as though waiting the signal from him to break and go to the rescue. But there the colonel stood, placid, calm, and apparently utterly unconscious of the distant yet nearing clamor. The adjutant hesitated a moment before proceeding further, and glanced appealingly at his chief; whereupon there came from the blue and gold and yellow statue out on the parade, in half reproachful tones, the quiet order, "Go on!" and the adjutant, recalled to his senses and with evident expression of his sentiments to the effect that if others could stand it he could, brusquely turned his head towards the band and growled, "Sound off!" The boom and crash of drum and cymbal and the blare of brazen throats drowned for a moment the sound of the turmoil without. The next thing the battalion heard or saw was a riderless horse tearing full tilt out on the parade and sweeping in a big circle from the right of the line down towards the point where the colonel stood.

Following him came a pair of Cheyenne scouts, their ponies scampering in pursuit, but veering off the green as their riders realized that they were intruding on the ceremony of the day. Relieved of his pursuers, the fugitive speedily settled down into a lunging trot, and with streaming mane and tail, with head and ears erect, with falling bridle rein and flapping stirrups, he circled rapidly the open space between the colonel and the line of battle, then came trotting back along the front, as though searching in the stolid rank of bearded faces for the friends he knew. Officer after officer he passed in review until he came to Stryker's troop, posted on the right of the cavalry, and there, with a neigh of recognition, he fearlessly trotted up to the captain's outstretched hand. Another minute and two men fell out and made a temporary gap in the rank; through this a sergeant file closer extended his white glove, relieved the captain of his charge and led the panting steed away.

The men retook their places; the captain again resumed his position in front of the center of his company, dropped the point of his saber to the ground and settled back into "parade rest;" the band went on thundering down the line, countermarched and came back to its post on the right, making the welkin ring with the triumphant strains of "Northern Route," the trumpets pealed the "retreat," the adjutant stalked his three yards to the front, faced fiercely to the left and shouted his resonant orders down the line, three hundred martial forms sprang to attention, and the burnished arms came to the "carry" with simultaneous crash, ranks were opened with old time precision, the parade "presented" to the colonel with all due formality, the manual was executed just as punctiliously as though nothing unusual had happened; first sergeants reported, orders were published, parade formally dismissed; the line of officers marched solidly to the front, halted, and made its simultaneous salute to the colonel, who slowly raised and lowered his white gloved hand in recognition; and then, and not till then, was any one allowed to speak of what was uppermost in every mind—that Sergt. Gwynne's horse had come in without him, and that the animal's right flank was streaming with blood.

Ten minutes later Lieut. Perry, in riding dress, came hurrying down to the colonel's quarters, where two or three officers were now gathered at the gate. The ladies had put aside the albums, and with anxious faces were scanning the little group as though striving to gauge from their gestures and expression the extent of the calamity or the possible degree of danger. But Mrs. Lawrence looked fairly startled when her husband's voice was heard for the first time above the general hum of consultation:

"Col. Brainard, Mr. Perry is coming, I see, and I presume there is no time to be lost. You have asked if none of us who were stationed here ever visited the ranch, and the answer was no. May I suggest that Dr. Quin could perhaps tell something of its inhabitants?"

"Where is the doctor?" asked the colonel, turning suddenly. "Orderly, go and give my compliments to the post surgeon and say I wish to see him here a moment. All ready, Perry? You have made quick work of it."

"All ready, sir. At least, I will be the moment my horse gets here. There go the men running to the stables now."

"Capt. Stryker will send a sergeant and four men to report to you, and you are to go direct to Dunraven Ranch. The rest of the troop, with the Cheyennes, will scout the prairie to the east and south. 'Twill soon be too dark to trail, but three of the Indians are going back on the horse's track as far as they can. The adjutant is writing a note to the proprietor of the ranch—I don't know his name"——

"His name is Maitland, sir."

"Is it? Have you been there?"

"I've been around one end of it, outside, but nowhere near the buildings. It's all fenced in, sir, and the gates kept locked."

"What an incomprehensible proceeding for Texas! Wait a moment while I speak to Mr. Farnham; he's writing here at my desk. Gentlemen, come in on the porch and sit down, will you not?"

But they excused themselves and hastened away to remove their full dress. Capt. Lawrence had no need to call his wife. She bade her companion good evening, thanked the colonel with a smiling glance for the pleasure the photographs had given her, and added a word of earnest hope that they might find the sergeant uninjured. Then she joined her husband, and together they walked quickly away. Mrs. Belknap and Mr. Perry were left for the moment alone.

"Can you walk home with me?" she asked, in her low, modulated tones, the great, heavily lashed, swimming dark eyes searching his face. "I have not seen you since they broke in upon our talk last evening, and there is something I want to ask you."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Belknap, but I'm on duty, you see," was the young fellow's answer as he gave a tug to the strap of his cartridge belt. "Can't you ask me here?"

"How can I"—and the eyes were full of pathetic disappointment—"when they may come out any moment? You did not finish telling me about—about the tassel last night. I believe you were glad when they interrupted us. Were you not?"

"Nonsense, Mrs. Belknap! I was having too good a time—lots of fun."

"Yes," was the reproachful answer, "that is what it was—to you—mere fun. And now you are going away again, after promising to come in this evening."

"I have to go, Mrs. Belknap. Why, I want to go. Haven't you heard what has happened—about Sergt. Gwynne?"

"Oh, yes, it is your duty, of course; but how unlucky!" And the pretty face was drooping with its weight of disappointment and sadness. She leaned against the railing near his gauntlet covered hand, the dark eyes pensively downcast, the dark lashes sweeping her soft, flushing cheek. "And to-morrow you are on guard," she presently continued.

"Yes, unless some one has to go on for me—in case we are not back in the morning in time."

"Then it's good-by, I suppose," she said, lifting her eyes once more to his. "After to-morrow there will be little chance of seeing you. Mrs. Page will be here by that time."

Mr. Perry looked at his fair companion with a glance that told of much

[Continued on Second Page.]

"SURE TO WIN."

REV THOMAS DIXON SAYS THAT THE ALLIANCE REPRESENTS THE GRANDEST MORAL ISSUES OF THE DAY.

It is the Gigantic Wave of a world wide Movement.

New York, Dec. 22, 1890.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., according to his usual custom, before the delivery of his sermon yesterday, discoursed to his large congregation which fills Association Hall, Sunday mornings, on the following review of current events.

THE FARMERS AND THE COMING REVOLUTION.

The farmers have always been the foremost representatives of conservatism. They have overwhelmed the voice of the restless, dreaming city again and again. On this rural content or stupidity, men who believe in the divinity of that which is have long reckoned with certainty.

At last the farmer has broken the spell that has bound him. He has smashed the traditions of centuries. He has broken the dash board, kicked out of the shafts and is away. The men who have driven him with tight rein from their traditional seats are being hurled into the ditch and ground beneath the wheels. It has been so sudden, they hardly know what has struck them. Some say it is a cyclone, and will soon blow over. They think it is too severe to last. Old man Tradition rubs his hands, forces a smile through his chattering teeth, says he knows it is a cold day now, but then he looks for warmer weather to-morrow and things will move on as usual. Says he has seen "granger movements" before, you know, and nothing ever came of it. And yet while he retails to you these stale observations, you will note that from the restless, uncertain manner in which he glances at the darkening sky, he is not sure of his own prophecy.

The trouble is the people have begun to think—the masses of the people—the old farmer, the patient beast of burden through the years of plenty and prosperity for others who have reaped what he has sowed! When masses of people begin to think, it shakes the world.

It is this mighty movement of the masses that is shaking, to day, the very foundations of the civilization of the nineteenth century, and even now drawing in dim outline the new civilization of the twentieth century. The time was when all eyes were fixed on the great and powerful. Kings and nobles and mighty warriors only could make history. Poets sang only of them and for them. Literature fawned in the dirt at their feet. The poet thankfully ate the crumbs that fell from their table, and was proud to be called a slave or the great.

To day all this is changed. The eyes of the world are now on the weaker classes—the masses. The history of a nation is the story of their condition. The poet sings of them. The "Song of the Shirt" thrills the heart of the world. There are mighty forces beneath lifting up these millions into new life. They are themselves at last becoming conscious of their capacities and needs, and with their capacities as the lever and their needs as the fulcrum they are tugging away at the very foundations of social, economic and political life. Our civilization, to day, quivers from foundation to flag staff beneath these assaults.

The nations of earth all feel this new power.

The Czar of Russia shivers in his palace, puts a new lock on the door, adds another regiment to his body guard, and trembling awaits the next explosion to see whether he is dead or alive.

The Emperor of Germany, seeing the handwriting on the wall, hastens to "make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness."

The drum beat of the Salvation Army echoes around the world, calling mankind to the rescue of the submerged millions of England and all the earth.

The Farmers' Alliance of America is a gigantic wave of this world wide movement of the race. It holds in its hands not only the possibilities of a higher life for this generation—it holds the hopes of unnumbered generations yet unborn. Their organization is superb. It is the strongest social and political machine built in America in the last twenty years. They are determined to lift up the toiling hosts and make their life worth the living. They are teaching and will teach more emphatically then ever, that it is just as honorable to hew wood and draw water and plow a mule, as to make laws, practice medicine, run a bank or a railroad. They have doubtless many crude ideas as yet about law and finance. But whose fault is it that they are ignorant? They will learn as they go along. Absurd demands will take reasonable shape in the red hot forge of public debate and education. Demagogues will mislead for a time; but they will kill two demagogues where they nourish one. Their only danger lies in the possibility of selfish intrigues in politics, in which their lofty principles will be forgotten in a mad struggle for immediate power. Holding fast to their principles, they will sweep this nation ultimately in triumph. They represent the grandest moral issues of the age. Standing firmly on those issues, they are as sure to win as that God is, and that good shall ultimately triumph over evil.

Let the demagogues, deadbeats and bummers, who are trying ever to learn which way the wind blows that they may trim their sails to meet it, take warning! The cyclone has only begun. They had better seek shelter.