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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, AUGUST 27, 1891. No. 46.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE To communicate with about ten thousand of the best country people in this section of North Carolina then do it through the columns of THE CAUCASIAN. No other paper in the Third Congressional District has as large a circulation.

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☞Repairing of Watches and Clocks and mending Jewelry is a specialty. All work I do is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.
Respectfully,
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When you wish an easy shave,
As good as barber ever gave,
Just call on us at our saloon
At morning, eve or noon;
We cut and dress the hair with grace,
To suit the contour of the face.
Our room is neat and towels clean,
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And everything we think you'll find;
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And all our art and skill can do,
If you just call, we'll do for you.
Shop on DeVane Street, opposite Court House, over the old Alliance Headquarters.
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To Goldsboro be sure to stop at the
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Good fare, attentive servants and large comfortable rooms.
When you get off the train "Isaac" (everybody knows Isaac) will be there. Give him your baggage and go with him.
WILL HUNTER,
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Has removed his Tailoring Establishment from his old stand to his office on Sampson Street, next to the M. E. Church.
The great and orignal leader in low prices for men's clothes. Economy in cloth and money will force you to give him a call.
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Has been recognized for years as one of the foremost and finest whiskies placed before the American public. Like every article of fineness it caters not for the bulk of consumers, to whom one whiskey tastes but little different from another, but for the appreciation of the connoisseurs only. It is, in short, a gentleman's beverage, and intended for gentlemen only. L. J. RUSSELL,
Clinton, 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 Wilmington Messenger in an editorial headed "Information Sought," says:

"We would be glad to read editor and President Butler's views upon the Federal Government owning all the railroads, and how it proposes to obtain them—whether be seizure or paying down the "spondulics." If the latter, where the money is come from?"

The information sought was given in last week's CAUCASIAN. We reproduce a part our editorial which answered the above questions before they were asked:

There are a number of papers and politicians in the State who admit that five of the seven demands of the Farmers Alliance are just, yet say that they can never advocate the government ownership of Railroads and the Sub-Treasury plan. Now let us see the wording of that plank of the Ocala platform that refers to government ownership. It is the sixth plank and reads as follows:

"We demand the most rigid, honest and just State and National governmental control and supervision of the means of public communication and transportation, and if this control and supervision does not remove the abuse now existing, we demand the government ownership of such means of communication and transportation."

The above means clearly that the Alliance is determined that Railroads, telegraph and express companies shall be controlled by the government in so far as is necessary to protect the rights of the citizens, and the last part of the above, the conditional part of the demands, is simply meant to emphasize the necessity for control and supervision. But suppose these corporations should prove to be so powerful that they could not be controlled, then the government must own them or be owned by them; may heaven forbid that it shall ever come to this.

We do not know how to express ourself any plainer than we do in the above language. Yet the editor of the Messenger in last Saturday's issue says that we do not make our position plain, and further seems to discredit, or rather not to accept our statement as to objects and aims of the Alliance with reference to the matter. Now if the learned editor of the Messenger insists on knowing himself exactly what the object of the Alliance is, then it is useless for him to seek information. In the same article Dr. Kingsbury says:

We would also like to read an article from his pen upon class legislation; what he understands by it, and if he favors or opposes the principle. After discussing those, if he will not think us impertinent, we may suggest politely a few other mooted questions of much "pith and moment."

To ask one whether he favors or opposes the principle of class legislation, is like asking a doctor whether he favors or opposes the swallowing of poision. And yet their most efficatious remidies contain some of the deadliest poisions.

But what does the Messenger mean by class legislation? It is next to impossible to enact any statute law that is not literally speaking class legislation, in that it means more to the benefit of some than to others. But what is usually meant by class legislation is laws that are enacted for the benefit of the few only. Now the financial plank of the Ocala platform is enacted into law would, if it worked to the benefit of the farmer, be benefical to the great bulk of the American citizens. This cannot be doubted. Therefore it would not be class legislation—it would be legislation in the interest of the many.

During the last two weeks the State Alliances of Virginia, North Dakota, Oregon, South Carolina, Maryland, Alabama, West Virginia, North Carolina, Louisiana, Tennessee, Georgia, Kansas and Texas have been held. At each of these meetings the whole of the Ocala platform (including of course the Sub-Treasury plan) have been endorsed unanimously or with only one or two dessenting votes. This is quite a disappointment to the politicians and the hostile press, who have been predicting that the order would split and go to pieces on the Sub-Treasury rock. In fact it is an evidence that the Sub-Treasury plan is one of the solid great corner stones. The Money Devil, sniffs the breeze, trembles at the threatened approach of honest government and is preparing for a desperate fight. In the mean time the brotherhood is marching forward with solid ranks and determination. Let every member do his duty and we believe the God of justice will smile on the army of truth and right.

A great many of the so-called friends of the people seem to be much exercised for fear that the Farmers' Alliance will flood the county with a worthless medium of exchange. They claim that a medium of exchange based on the government's promise to pay would depreciate and ever stand below par. What is a U.S. bond but the government's promise to pay? And these bonds are the basis of the present banking system.

A number of papers are just now devoting much space trying to show that the government does not loan money to banks. Well it is true that it is not called a loan, but the banks have the use of it at 1 per cent., so what is the the difference? If the people can have the use of it the same way, they will not insist that it be called a loan.

NORTH CAROLINA REFORM PRESS ASSOCIATION.

A North Carolina Press Association has been formed with the following papers as charter members: THE CAUCASION, Clinton; Progressive Farmer, Raleigh; Rural Rome, Wilson; Farmer's Advocate, Tarboro; Salisbury Watchman, Salisbury; Alliance Sentinel, Goldsboro; Hickory Mercury, Hickory; The Rattler, Whitakers; Country Life, Trinity College; Mountain Home Journal, Asheville.

This Association was endorsed by the State Farmers, Alliance at Morehead, August 1891. Any paper can join this Association that stands squarely on the Ocala demands. Applicants to join this Association must address W. S. Barnes, Secretary and Treasurer, Reform Press Association, Raleigh. N. C., for information.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

In pursuance of authority conferred upon the executive board of the Confederation of Industrial Organizations, at the session of January 24, 1891, held in Washington, D. C., and after correspondence with members of the board, as chairman thereof, I hereby give notice that the next meeting of the said Confederation of Industrial Organizations, will be held at Washington, D. C., February 22d, 1892.

By authority of a resolution passed in the said meeting, January 24, '91, as president I hereby invite the attendance of delegates from every industrial organization in the country to meet with the Confederation of Industrial Organizations at the meeting hereby called, that there may be harmony of action and combination of influences to effect the reforms which all deem necessary.

Basis of representation will be made public hereafter.

BYN TERREL,
President of Confederation, and Chairman Executive Board.

A MANUFACTURED SPECIMEN OF NEWS.

The Charlotte Chronicle publishes the following news item sent from Raleigh by its resident correspondent:

"Raleigh, N. C., August 19.—Said a non-Allianceman to-day: 'There is a growing disposition to down Col. Polk. Some prominent members of the Alliance are against him and make no secret of it. The friends of John C. Scarborough and Marion Butler are not on good terms, this dissension growing out of Butler's defeat of Scarborough in the contest for the presidency of the State Alliance.'"

If there is a word of truth in, or the least foundation for, the above it is beyond our knowledge.

GOOD OFFICERS.

We heartily congratulate our brethren of the Press, Butler of the Clinton CAUCASIAN, and Barnes, of the Rural Home. Mr. Butler is a brilliant, bold, aggressive young man and will make the Order a wise leader and perhaps the State a good Chief Executive, although rumor says he has no such aspirations. Mr. Barnes is a thoroughly conscientious man, a firm adherent of Alliance doctrine, and will continue to fill the office with satisfaction. The fact the highest office in the National Alliance and the two highest in the State are held by North Carolina newspaper men is a high tribute to the ability of the State Press.—Wilson Advance.

"PRESIDENT BUTLER."

We doff our hat to Mr. Marion Butler, editor of The Clinton Caucasian, upon his election as President of the State Alliance. Mr. Marion Butler is a young gentleman, having graduated from Chapel Hill Hill about three years ago. In January, '90 we believe, he organized an Alliance department in his paper. He was elected to the Legislature and was an Alliance leader in the Senate. He is a sterling Democrat and very talented. Mr. W. S. Barnes was re elected Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Butler had some strong opponents "but he got there just the same." - Lumberton Robesonian.

I feel it my duty to write you in regard to the benefit your Bradycrotine has been to my wife. Ever since a child she has been subject to the most dreadful headaches, usually several times a month. She has tried doctors from Maine to California but none could prevent these spells running their course. Bradycrotine has not failed to effect a cure in a single instance, one dose usually being sufficient. OSCAR F. FROST,
Monmouth, Maine.

TEN MINUTES TO TWELVE

M G McCLELLAND

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER 1.—Dr. John Hart Royal, who has been seriously injured in a railway accident, is a passenger on a train running to the mountain districts of Virginia, and by chance a Dr. John Hart Royal No. 2 gets on board at a way station and proffers attention to the invalid.

CHAPTER 2.—Dr. Royal No. 2 insists that the suffering man shall wait over at the town of Matoacca and recruit his strength. The stop is made, and Dr. Royal No. 1 confides to the other that he must reach a distant point before 12 o'clock the following day to be married to his cousin, Phyllis Royal. A fortune for the cousins, bequeathed by an eccentric aunt, depends upon the marriage being celebrated before that time. Convinced by his medical judgment that the prospective bridegroom cannot make the journey alive, Dr. Royal No. 2 offers to go on as a proxy and is accepted.

CHAPTER 3.—The proxy reaches the church where the parties are assembled awaiting the traveler. The ceremony is finished ten minutes to 12.

CHAPTER 4.—The anxiety of Dr. Royal No. 1 is explained to No. 2 by the discovery that the bride is blind.

CHAPTER 5.—The proxy and bride set out on the wedding tour, and at Matoacca Dr. Royal No. 2 hastens to the bedside of No. 1 and finds that he is dead, having passed away at exactly ten minutes to 12 on the day of the marriage.

CHAPTER 6 AND 7.—The proxy learns something of the family affairs of the Royals, and makes a public acknowledgement of Phylis as his wife.

CHAPTER 8.—The law in the case is made clear, and Dr. Royal No. 2 finds that he is legally married and determins to stand by it. The bride remains in ignorance of the situation by reason of her blindness and long separation from her cousin.

CHAPTERS 9 AND 10.—The situation of the strangely wedded pair is developed. Phyllis is under treatment for the restoration of sight, and friends prevail upon Royal not to shock her with an explanation. The proxy is in love with the bride.

CHAPTER 11 takes Royal away from the scene on important business. Phyllis writes a confiding letter announcing her recovery of sight, and the proxy answers by making a clean breast of the affair, ending with a declaration of love.

CHAPTER 12.—Royal returns and is forgiven by Phyllis, who has known the truth longer than the proxy suspects. A real marriage is arranged.

CHAPTER XIII.

This she opened and took from it a thick envelope.

"Miss Phyllis, Dr. Royal say how you mus' git ready right quick, kase he gone arter a buggy fur to drive you out to Ashton dis afternoon."

The maid stood with the door knob in her hand, and smiled with the joyousness peculiar to the colored countenance. She addressed Mrs. Royal familiarly by her Christian name, as is still the habit with southern domestics, and her gaze rested upon the young lady with approval.

"Lawd! Miss Phyllis, dat cert'n'y is one pretty dress you got on! Arter you git done wid it you mus' save it for me, please 'm."

Phyllis laughed and promised. She was used—as what southern woman is not?—to having her clothes bespoken before the dressmaker's folds were out of them. She glanced down at the admired garment. It was a tea gown of soft India silk, white, with a tiny black figure, in deference to her mourning; the collar and cuffs were also black, and the puff of silk in front was caught against her waist with a knot of black and white ribbons. A pretty gown, indeed, and it set off the charms of the wearer. Phyllis smoothed it with her hand and touched the ribbons caressingly. And why not?—had not her husband praised the dress, and he not found her fair, and told her so with kisses?

The remarriage had taken place a fortnight before very privately at the house of a clergyman over in the district. No one had been present save Mrs. Hart, and there had been no public mention of the affair. None was necessary, for the first marriage filled all legal requirements, and the second had taken place simply to gratify Phyllis.

After the ceremony the pair had gone away together for a little wedding journey, agreeing to return to Alexandria in a couple of weeks to join Mrs. Hart, when all three would proceed to Virginia for the meeting with the executors. Phyllis also wished to remain a few days in Matoacca, in order to superintend the erection of a monument to her cousin.

And she made her preparations for the drive. Phyllis hummed to herself in a tender undertone, the happiness within her finding vent in music as naturally as does that of nature's woodland children, for the girl was almost as much a product of field and forest as are mocking birds and thrushes.

The impatient was on and her fingers [illegible] with the strings when abruptly ceased from motion and gazed deep into the eyes which regarded her from the mirror. How clear they looked, how sentient and strong! A wave of thankfulness swept over her, and she murmured reverently, "And for the sight of our eyes, O Lord, accept ye praise!"

Then her husband's voice from the hall called up to her to hasten, and she caught up handkerchief and gloves. At the chamber door, however, she bethought herself and turned back to a desk on a small table near the bed, wherein were John Royal's letters, his photographs, and her most treasured souvenirs of her aunt. This she opened and took from it a thick envelope, which she slipped in her pocket as she sped down stairs.

"I forgot something and had to go back," she explained, as she joined her husband and Mrs. Hart, the latter having come out to the door step to see them off.

"Did you make a cross in the path?" the lady questioned, gayly.

"Poor, dear old mammy! What a point she always made about 'backin' de luck with a cross mark! No; I forgot it. I'll do it now!" And she daintily traced a cross on the doorstap with the toe of her little boot.

"Come along, you superstitious young woman," called Royal from the pavement. "I've turned back scores of times after starting and nothing ever happened to me."

"Fortune's favorite!—just hear till him!" quoted Mrs. Hart mockingly, as they drove away.

The pleasant country road led away from the city six or seven miles to the ancient home of the Lees. The air was balmy, yet bracing with autumnal vigor and a suggestion of the frost to come; the road was fairly good, for a Virginia road, and the pair chatted gayly as they bowled along. Phyllis enjoyed it all with the zest of a child, and seemed never weary of the delight of the eyes. The tangles of vines on the roadside, the mosses and ferns around the springs they passed, the festoons of wild grape vine pendant from the trees and rich with the shadings of dark fruit and yellow foliage, the marvelous blending of crimson, gold, green and tawny bronze showed by the leaves, over the waving brown sedge and stiff little corn, like Dutch toys, dotting the worn out fields, all appeared to her beautiful.

Presently they ascended a long, steep hill and drove along its crest a hundred yards, and Royal turned the buggy and called on his wife to behold the world and the wonder thereof. And Phyllis, after a rapturous cry, uttered low down in her throat, like the note of a wood pigeon, folded her hands together and was speechless, spellbound at the loveliness of the scene before her.

Washington, with its countless beauties of architecture, its monuments, steeples, roof trees and dominating dome—Washington in slumberous autumnal graciousness was spread before them, strangely beautified by distance and backed by the tender purplish blue of the far horizon. Nearer—almost at the foot of the hill—rolled the gleaming waters of the Potomac, "all quiet along" its banks now, for many a year quiet, restful and infinitely beautiful—thunder of cannon and rattle of musketry, sounds of battle and bivouac, hushed forever, and the river flowing tranquilly, taking its share in the labor of the present, with hardly a suggestion left of its participation in the sorrow and wrong doing of the past.

Away in the distance the stream seemed fettered by the links of an iron bridge, over which, as they gazed, a train passed slowly, overshadowed by a canopy of bluish gray smoke. To the left, bathed in afternoon sunlight, sleepy old Alexandria, steeped to the eaves in the joy of calm, showed picturesquely against the background of the Virginia hills, and over the heights of Georgetown the shadow of a cloud passed dreamily.

Then they drove on, talking of things that had been in the nation's history; but as they neared the gateway of Arlington silence fell again. It was disrupted in a moment, and all sentiment and solemnity dispelled by a party of little negroes who swarmed out from the archway, like flies, tumbling, grinning, and dancing around the buggy with shouts of "Please, sar, gimme penny! please, ma'am, gimme penny! Look at me, lady! Dis a-way! I ain't no daid folks! I kin stan' on my haid fur penny, I kin!"

Royal menaced the laughing cohort with his whip, but his face was too good humored for his gesture to make much impression, and the hilarious scraps of ebony held their ground until Phyllis had distributed among them all the small change in their possession.

"It spoils the solemnity of the approach," she admitted when Royal smilingly suggested that they might be encouraging a nuisance. "But they looked so jolly I couldn't help giving them something. I haven't seen a lot of little negroes jumping about for years. It does my eyes good."

Inside the gates there was no lack of solemnity, and Royal pulled his horse up to a walk and slowly followed the road winding under magnificent trees, through stretches of velvety verdure, past plots of exquisite blooming plants, rockeries, and tall vases filled with flowers, vines and ferns, untouched as yet by frost. Now they caught glimpses of shady dingles and clear streams rippling purely, and again of level meadows, suggestive of old homesteads, lowing kine, milkmaids—anything, everything, except a graveyard.

Gradually the road ascended, and a thrill passed through Phyllis' sensitive nerves as her eyes rested for the first time on the home of the south's great chieftain. She wished to go there at once, but Royal turned aside to the cemetery which surrounds the home of [illegible]

[Continued on Second Page.]

Great Exploits For Us

DR. TALMAGE POINTS OUT WHAT WE MAY DO.

A Deed of Greater Worth Than Leading an Army to Victory in Battle

IS THE LEADING OF A HUMAN SOUL TO GOD.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Aug. 23.—This is camp meeting Sunday at Ocean Grove. Its celebration is always regarded as the great event of the year at this famous religious watering place. This year the attractions of its observance have been enhanced by the presence of Dr. Talmage, who preached this afternoon in the Auditorium. Every seat was filled and every inch of standing room in the aisles was occupied, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. It is estimated that fully fifteen thousand persons were able to hear the doctor, and many others were deprived of that privilege. His text was Daniel xi, 32, "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits."

Antiochus Epiphanes, the old sinner, came down three times with his army to desolate the Israelites, advancing one time with a hundred and two trained elephants, swinging their trunks this way and that, and sixty-two thousand infantry, and six thousand calvary troops, and they were driven back. Then, the second time, he advanced with seventy thousand armed men, and had been again defeated. But the third time he laid successful siege until the navy of Rome came in with the flash of their long banks of oars and demanded that the siege be lifted.

And Antiochus Epiphanes said he wanted time to consult with his friends about it, and Poplius, one of the Roman embassadors, took a staff and made a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes, and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle, whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Hebrews had submitted to the invader, but some of them resisted valorously, as did Eleazer when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out, although he knew he must die for it, and did die for it, and others, as my text says, did exploits.

An exploit I would define to be an heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement. "Well," you say, "I admire such things, but there is no chance for me; mine is a sort of humdrum life. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight I also could do exploits." You are right, so far as great wars are concerned. There will probably be no opportunity to distinguish yourself in battle. The most of the brigadier generals of this country would never have been heard of had it not been for the war.

THREE GRAND OPPORTUNITIES.

Neither will you probably become a great inventor. Nineteen hundred and ninety-nine out of every two thousand inventions found in the patent office at Washington never yielded their authors enough money to pay for the expenses of securing the patent. So you will probably never be a Morse or an Edison or a Humphrey Davy or an Eli Whitney. There is not much probability that you will be the one out of the hundred who achieves extraordinary success in commercial or legal or medical or literary spheres. What then? Can you have no opportunity to do exploits? I am going to show that there are three opportunities open that are grand, thrilling, far reaching, stupendous and overwhelming. They are before you now. In one, if not all three of them, you may do exploits. The three greatest things on earth to do are to save a man, or save a woman or save a child.

During the course of his life, almost every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires, is ground between two millstones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demolition. It may be a financial or a moral or a domestic or a social or a political exigency. You sometimes see it in courtrooms. A young man has got into bad company and he has offended the law, and he is arraigned. All blushing and confused, he is in the presence of judge and jury and lawyers. He can be sent right on in the wrong direction. He is feeling disgraced, and he is almost desperate.

Let the district attorney overhaul him as though he were an old offender, let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him, because he cannot afford a considerable fee; let the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case, and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he live seventy years, for seventy years he will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than its predecessor. In the interregnums of prison life he can get no work, and he is glad to break a window glass, or blow up a safe or play the highwayman, so as to get back within the walls where he can get something to eat and hide himself from the gaze of the world.

A HOPELESS OUTCAST.

Why don't his father come and help him? His father is dead. Why don't his mother come and help him? She is dead. Where are all the ameliorating and salutary influences of society? They do not touch him. Why did not some one long ago in the case understand that there was an opportunity for the exploit which would be famous in heaven a quadrillion of years after the earth has become scattered ashes in the last whirlwind?

Why did not the district attorney take that young man into his private office and say: "My son, I see that you are the victim of circumstances. This is your first crime. You are sorry. I will bring the person you wronged into

[Continued on Second Page.]

Whose Fault?

PRESIDENT POLK SPEAKS IN RICHMOND.

A Great Issue---The Remedy.

The State Alliance of Virginia was in session in Richmond last week. Col. Polk was present and delivered a public address. We make the following extract from the Richmand Times' Reporter.

Major Page then in a few words presented Colonel Polk, the president of the National Alliance. He is a man of rather striking appearance and the possessor of a decidedly pleasant face. Past the middle age, perhaps, he stands perfectly straight and has the power of holding his audience closely. He has a remarkably bright eye and wears a long iron-gray beard. He spoke in measured but distinct tones at first, speaking faster as he proceeded with his subject, and was listened to with the most wrapt attention. When he arose to speak he was greeted with a burst of applause, and in the course of his talk he said:

"I desire to express my warm appreciation of the honor done me. I want to thank you most gratefully for this greeting, and I desire to thank the Mayor for the welcome he has given me and to assure him that I do feel quite at home.

RICHMOND MEMORIES.

"There are glorious memories clustering around this historic city which cannot be remembered by North Carolinians except with a sense of kinship.

"We have assembled here for a purpose. We are not here to discuss political parties, but principles; not the merits of men, but measures. Men are transitory as the dew drop on the morning rose leaf."

He referred eloquently to his travels over this country, and in speaking of the wonderful growth and development said:

"When I look into the faces of men who have constituted the great middle class, that class which has always proved itself to be the conservative element into whose minds is instilled the droctrine of peace, good will towards men' without whom all civilization would die, the men who clothe and feed the world, and without whom Jay Gould would starve, I forget the grandour of the country and think only of the men.

TAFFY ENOUGH.

In continuance Colonel Polk said, a man who would stand before this audience and suppress the truth is not worthy of trust. We have had taffy enough in this country. Those who do not read our literature, but only the partisan press are not always fair to us, and naturally drift into prejudice. I want to say to the merchant you are in our boat, and it is being steered by the strong hand of the farmer, and if it is drawn in the vortex and goes down you go along with him. Merchants we are neighbors and should be friends. We expect men to differ with us, but we say on our side that they have no right to say hard things of us until they know what they are talking about. I have seen people who never heard our principles, and I have seen intelligent lawyers who had never read our platform, and a gentleman in the legal profession who heard the platform by me said when I finished, that he was looking for something objectionable to follow, and if that is all here is my hand, and I am with you. Here Colonel Polk read an epitome of the main principles as set forth in the platform of the party; which were greeted with applause as favorite sections were reached.

PUCHASABLE POWER OF MONEY.

In comparison of the purchasable power of money Colonel Polk said no man can remember wher railroads, manufactories and land enterprises flourished as they do now, or when agriculture languished as it does; and he showed by statistical statements that the wealth of the country had increased at the expense of the farmers who had worked hard for twenty years, and were now poorer than they were at the beginning.

The most consummate villianous scheme for robbing labor of its hard earnings has been practiced in the United States Congress for twenty seven years. The government lends our money to the National Banks at 1 per cent. and then authorizes the banks to lend us our money back at 8 per cent. The basis of this money is bonds. The basis of bonds is government credit. The government is your agent and yet they do this and call it statesmanship. It is John Sherman statesmanship. We don't want any of that kind in ours nor the Cleveland kind either, for that matter.

It is only a question of time when there will be such a financial crash as was never heard unless the people will come to our aid and place agriculture again in its natural position.

Where is the farmer that is making money? Show me one and I will show you ninety-nine getting poorer every day.

I have some consolation, however, for the Virginia farmer. The dollar now has more purchasing power than ever before. But where can you get the dollar? Will buy more of what? It will buy more of the products of labor. Then drawing a beautiful picture of the once magnificent luxury of the old Virginia home he contrasted the farmer of the present day, reverently giving thanks for the necessities of life, and said this is what 3,000.000 of farmers are kicking about and will continue to kick until they get what they want.

WHOSE FAULT?

It is not our fault that we are in this condition. The trouble lies in

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How it Looks To One Outside.

COL. HARRY SKINNER ON THE SUB-TREASURY PLAN.

Why State Banks Will Not Give the Relief.

The following is the report of an interview which a representative of the State Chronicle had with Harry Skinner on the morning after the adjournment of the State Farmers' Alliance and the Dental Association:

(Staff Correspondence.)

MOREHEAD CITY, Aug. 16 [illegible]

Yesterday morning I met Col. Harry Skinner, of Pitt county, on the veranda of the Atlantic Hotel. He looked like he was waiting in expectacy of a certain Southern beauty to take to breakfast, and the following conversation took place:

Reporter.—Good morning Colonel. You look fresh after the banquet. We expected you to respond to the calls for you last evening.

Col. Skinner.—Thank you, but for the very late hour I should have done so; besides the opportunity was so good to talk financial reform. I feared to trust myself for fear I should say to the representative Dentist Association that they applauded the advancement of dentistry, referred to advancement in surgery, medicine, science, but the old theory of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, and any innovation or revolution on their theory was met by prejudice from every class who boast of advancement in their own line, and then my dentist friends would have thought it unkind to have intruded the Alliance into their banquet.

Reporter.—By the way Colonel, you have been in attendance upon the Alliance?

Col. Skinner.—No, not exactly. I have been for more than a month off and on at Morehead City, and I have found it very pleasant to continue my stay during the session of the Alliance. I have met a great many members of the Legislature and the meeting has been very pleasant, and I have also met pleasant friends from all portions of the State, and besides I have watched with interest the meeting.

Reporter.—I see Colonel you have been making Alliance addresses in different portions of the State.

Col. Skinner.—Yes, and they were the largest audiences I ever addressed. The crowds at Snow Hill, Maxton, Woodlawn, and Rocky Mount were immense. I am to speak at Williams, in Edgecombe, with President Butler, on the 28th, and at Kittrell's church, in Gates county, on the 2nd of September. At both places the crowds will be very large—the people are aroused and terribly in earnest.

Reporter.—In earnest about what?

Col. Skinner.—About Financial Reform. They need and propose to have Financial Relief.

Reporter.—In your opinion how can this be obtained?

Col. Skinner.—Well, you know I am a Sub-Treasury plan man. I mean by this that I am a firm believer in the principles of making the staple crops a basis for the issue of a currency. I regard them as stable as gold, and the flexibility of the currency makes it very attractive to me, for every dollar that is issued will be redeemed by the actual necessity of the human race, and every dollar floated with this basis must remain good; besides, it is the only plan by which, as Southern people, we can dictate the price of our great staple, cotton; besides, the South, being interested as a section and as individuals, the cotton crop is a matter of national importance. It is the great contributor to our national balance of trade, our greatest purchaser of British gold, and I do insist that as long as protection is extended to commerce and manufactures that cotton is worthy of the fostering care of the government.

Reporter.—How will you carry this principle into operation?

Col. Skinner.—It will be impossible for me to tell you in this short conversation. I will say in brief there are two ways.

One is the repeal of the tax on State Banks of Issue, and the formation of State Sub-Treasuries with the the same basic value given to Land and Staple crops; the other is something simular to the Sub-Treasury bill. One contemplates relief within State lines—the other looks to the general government, either will be satisfactory to the Alliance, but they know in advance that it is impossible to repeal the ten per cent. tax on State Banks of Issue—that only three States in the Union would favor it—Virginia, North Cerolina and South Carolina. There is a common prejudice against State Banks of Issue that cannot be overcome, besides the Alliance on this issue would divide; they would lose their Western and Northern and Eastern following. They want speedy relief, and they believe their relief must come by the assistance of the Sub-Treasury of the general government and regardless of reports they seem united in this demand; they will not cavil over the machinery, but they do insist that a currency privilege shall be extended to staple crops on a parity with gold and silver.

Reporter.—How do you regard the movement?

Col. Skinner.—It is a big revolution; the leaders of our party have not awakened to a sense of appreciation of the movement. They had just as well realize it and meet the

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