THE CAUCASIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR, - - - - - - - - - $1.00
SIX MONTHS, - - - - - - - - - 50

[Entered at the Post Office at Goldsboro', N. C., as second-class mail matter.]

WATCH FOR THE BLUE CROSS

A blue cross opposite your name means that your subscription will expire before the end of the month; and if you desire the paper go to you any longer you must send in your renewal by that time. The low price of the paper makes it JUST OUT OF THE QUESTION to send it longer than it is paid for. Be governed accordingly.

"TONEY" JOE

Whether in a democracy or in an OCHLOCRACY, (which Worcester defines to be a government by the multitude), the government is a republic, a commonwealth, a thing too common, wherein the masses possess and exercise the sovereign power. In an aristocracy, the power is exercised by nobles, the principal persons in the State.

When "Toney" Joe of the Argus—
("This Argus o'er the people's rights
Doth an eternal vigil keep;
No soothing strain of Maia's son
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep!")

When Toney Joe of the Argus, the aristocratic ring-master of the Tobe Stevens combination, had touched up his animal to sign another anti-alliance letter in his paper of May 25th, he took occasion to remark, with all the fervor of one commenting upon his own offspring, "If anyone can read its irrefutable statements of facts and longer give heed or sustenance to the conscienceless Third partyites—the OCHLOCRATS—who seek to lead the people away from right principles for their own personal gain, it will indeed be passing strange. The days of the Ochlocrats are numbered in North Caro'ina,—and their number is VERY FEW." Coming from an Irishman, one who advocates Ochlocratic Home Rule for the liberty-loving Ochlocrats in his fatherland, Toney Joe's deliverance is remarkable. It suggests a suspicion that, after all, he doesn't own the show, but feeling proud in new spring livery he, like all servants, apes the manners and affects the sentiments of his aristocratic masters. These sentiments he utters with the precision of a parrot: the people, voting with the Democratic party, are democrats, justly exercising the suffrage; these same people, voting against the Democratic party, are Ochlocrats, "a mob," from whom the suffrage may as justly be withheld. Such is the logic of his utterance. If "the days of the Ochlocrats are numbered in North Carolina," evidently we are come to the days of the Aristocrats, established against the popular will through election frauds that disgrace the fair name of the State. Democracy and Aristocracy cannot exist together. The Democratic party should either change its name or return to its bedrock principles which Jefferson wrote in the Declaration of Independence. The people are going to rule; and instead of foolishly trusting the hundred-eyed Argus to keep eternal vigil o'er their rights, they've concluded to let it go to sleep and they'll watch a while themselves.

"THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE CENT DOLLAR."

Under the above head the St. Louis Republic writes the following editorial a few days since. The Republican is one of the largest and most influential Democratic papers in the great West. If that paper means what it says and has the courage to stand to it even in a campaign, then the fight between the Eastern and Western Democracy that must soon come will be a "battle royal." No Northern or Eastern paper, Democratic or Republican, could be induced to write such an honest, manly and truthful editorial. It will be noticed that this editorial is on the same line as the article from Mr. W. J. Peele, which we published last week, and which The World and Constitution refused to publish. This is Democratic testimony:

"The people of the West and South are in debt for such an immense sum that figures can convey to the mind no adequate idea of its immensity. It is a debt in which the unit is the thousand of millions. Although it was forced on them by discriminating legislation and by an abuse of power which has never been exceeded in the history of civilization, they mean to pay it dollar for dollar, and one hundred cents on the dollar in dollars worth one hundred cents. What they will not do is to pay it in dollars of one hundred and twenty-five cents. A most determined effort is being made with an immense power behind it to force them to settlement on that basis, but they will never accept it. There is nothing conceivable that they will not rather accept than submission to such intolerable injustice.

Under the existing financial system it is impossible to do business on a basis that even approximates that of cash. The credit basis cannot be avoided, and the people of the entire country are forced into debt. In New England itself, with all its boasts of money in savings banks, the common people are virtually owned by a few money lords. The mortgage debt of Rhode Island (on farms and homes only) has reached a total so extraordinary that it gives the remarkable average of $530 for every family in the State, making an interest tax per family which will average higher than the tax levied by the State itself for all purposes.

Extraordinary as is this debt, it is exceeded by that of Western States. The average farm and home debt per family is $630 in Nebraska, $850 in Kansas, $520 in Iowa and $500 in Illinois.

The statistics of the Porter census are far from being complete, but they will show, if they show the truth, that the common people of the Northeast are being crushed by the same despotism that is grinding us on this side the mountains. Millions of people have been forced into debt to less than 50,000 capitalists who control more than half of the entire wealth of the country; who have dictated financial legislation; who now say that the thousand of millions of debt on which they are drawing interest from the labor of the country must be settled, principal and interest, at the rate of a hundred and twenty-five cents on the dollar. This is what they mean by "an honest dollar," and if anyone challenges their right to collect on this debt, in addition to interest, at least one-fourth more than the amount of the original loan, they are glib in calling him a repudiationist and are already in the mood to buffet him in the face if he dares resist them by showing the dishonesty and the extortionate nature of their claims.

The issue is one which cannot be avoided and which cannot be compromised. It will be settled and settled right."

NOTES TAKEN ON THE TRAIN.

The writer was on the cars two days recently and took notes of some of the things he heard and saw.

* * *

On the seat in front of us sat two men. They were discussing their experience in getting bills through the Legislatures Mr. A. said well did you have any trouble in getting your bill through with the consolidation clause in it this time. Mr. B.—No, a few raised objections to it but the majority of this crowd were all right. I ought to have had better sense than to have tried to get the bill through 2 years ago, but Senator —— told me that he could slip it through for me. There were some fellows in that Farmer's Legislature who were smart enough to catch on to anything.

* * *

On a seat on the opposite side of the car sat a lady who was returning from the Commencement of one of our fashionable Female Colleges. She was talking to a gentleman in a seat behind her. She was discussing some school for girls (we could not catch whether it was the Normal and Industrial school or some other) where the girls were required to do some industrial work. She said that she did not like that kind of thing at all. That it would do, though, for common girls who would have to work for a living. The gentleman then asked her where her daughter was who graduated last year. She oh, Evelyn was so delicate and was so exhausted from her Commencement duties that she had to stay and rest a few days before she was equal to the exertion of riding home.

* * *

We went forward in the smoking car. We took a seat behind two traveling men who were discussing the enormous number of failures. Mr. A. said that it was a bad break of Reynolds in Winston want it?

Mr. B.—I have not heard the particulars, tell me about it.

Mr. A.—Why he broke for $100,000.

Mr. B.—How much were his assets?

Mr. A, I think about $160,000.

Mr. B.—How is this?

Mr. A.—Well you see he has enough property to leave him a fortune above his debts, but he had to raise some money and could not do it. He could not get it from the bank or any where else even on gilt edge securities.

M. A.—I have heard of a number of failures of that kind. What is the remedy for this state of affairs? —we are bound to have more money.

Mr. B.—Yes we must have more money or half of the business enterprises of the country will go to the wall. But I guess Cleveland will fix it all right. I see he is going to call an session of Congress to repeal the silver law.

At this point we leaned forward and said: My friend, does not the present silver law add $4,000,000 a month to the amount of money in circulation every month?

Mr. B.—Yes I believe it does.

We then said, my friend if this is true, will not the money pressure be $4,000,000 a month tighter than it is now if the silver law is repealed.

Mr. B.—Well I don't know about that, but I believe Cleveland will fix it all right.

The Charlotte Observer claims that it is want of sense and education that causes men to champion such "heresies" as government control owner ship of railroads and all public monopolies which are now used for private gain. Does the Observer mean to say that Gov. Elias Carr has more sense and education than Capt. S. B. Alexander. Was it due to the great mental power and wisdom of Gov. Carr that caused him to write his article last spring against that plank of the St. Louis demands? And was it due to mental depravity and federal ignorance that caused Capt. Alexander to take his stand on the other side?

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

DEMOCRATIC DISHONESTY OR IGNORANCE—WHICH? NO EXPECTATION OF TARIFF REFORM OR FREE COINAGE OF SILVER—THE PARTY HOPELESSLY DIVIDED.

AN EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS TO REPEAL THE SHERMAN SILVER LAW—DEMOCRATS COERCED BY THE ADMINSTRATION.

The Next Congress, it is Predicted, Will be an Ignominious Failure.

WASHINGTON, June 5, 1893.

It is not easy to draw the line between dishonesty and ignorance in party leaderships. Both are reprehensible. The people have been deceived either through the dishonesty or ignorance, or both (which is most likely) of the politicians of both the old parties. The Democratic party was either dishonest or ignorant in its late "tariff reform" campaign. It has either ignorantly or knowingly deceived the people. Once it got its power it promised to make short work of "the McKinley bill." It promised solemly to tear it up "root and branch." How has the promise been kept? It is now in complete and absolute control of every branch of the Government. The first and only logical step was an immediate session of Congress in March. It was not ordered. The people, naturally, were disappointed and indignant. What extenuation has been offered? None whatever. If the McKinley bill was "highway robbery" during the campaign it is "highway robbery" now, and every day the Democratic party ignores its pledges to repeal it, it is *particeps criminis* in robbing the people—from the Democratic standpoint. Have the people been deceived by these promises? It looks very much that way. Who now hears a word about the "tariff robbery?" And why not? The truth ought to be known. The game didn't work.

The Democrats got more than they wanted. The result of the election was a great surprise to the Democratic party. Democratic leaders not only expect to receive control of the United States Senate, but they expected to lose the House of Representatives and the Presidency. They made promises in their desperation which they perfectly well knew they could never keep, and which they never intended to observe. If by luck or chance they should control the House, it was their intention to formulate an extreme tariff measure which, of course, they knew would meet its death in the Republican Senate. They were prepared to try the old game once more of deceiving the people. But there is an end to all things. The country ought to rejoice that the Democrats are now masters of the situation.

THEY MUST NOW ACT.

They promised to repeal the McKinley bill, will they do it? The first opportunity has passed unheeded. When Mr. Cleveland refused to call Congress together for this purpose he gave the lie to Democratic promises. It is true an extra session may be convened sometime in September, but for what purpose? Ostensibly for tariff legislation, but in reality to repeal "the Sherman silver law!" It is perfectly safe to say that but for the financial situation there would be no session of Congress until December. It is the one great peril that confronts the peace and prosperity of this country. Mr. Cleveland recognizes the fact, and in doing so concedes the advance position taken by the Reform press and thinkers. But what a difference it makes whence the policy eminates? In blazing the way for Mr. Cleveland the Reform press has been denounced as "calamity howlers," "lunaties" and "fanatics."

So Congress will be asked to repeal "the Sherman silver law." Who heard that it was the great issue during the campaign? Who now honestly believes that it is responsible for the financial distress that threatens the money centers with disaster and the country generally with bankruptcy?

A PLAIN DUTY.

The remedy is too plain for any ordinarily intelligent man to be misled in the application of it, and it is too plain for the people of the country to be longer deceived about it. The plain duty of the Democratic party now is to put silver where it was in 1870. It was the money of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Adams, Clay and Jackson. It was the money of the PEOPLE. Make it money again. Repeal every law enacted on the subject since 1870. It can be done in fifteen minutes—without debate or argument. Everybody understands it. But will Mr. Cleveland advise this course? Never. Will the Democratic House and Senate do it? Never. The National Democratic platform demands "free coinage," yes. But a National convention and a Democratic Congress are two entirely distinct organizations. The Democratic party is as hopelessly devided on a financial policy as it is on a tariff policy.

THEY ARE HEDGING.

Already the free coinage" Democrats are trimming their sails. They say "we will vote to repeal the Sherman law provided you give us something better in its place." It is worse than school boy talk. The truth is they are afraid of the President. The administration has made it a question of patronage.

CONGRESSMEN COERCED.

A Virginia Congressman said to me to-day, "I am afraid to say that I will not vote to repeal the Sherman law. It will put me in opposition to the Administration and that means my political death. It will be time enough when Congress meets for me to declare my position. By that time the patronage in my District will have been disposed of and I will be free to speak my sentiments and vote my convictions. "Now this man is not a coward physically or morally, yet he is doing a cowardly thing. Why? He expects the patronage in his Distriet to re-elect him to Congress. Of course it is denied that any such coersion is being used, but it is clear enough to anybody here who watches the appointments.

A PREDICTION.

I predict now that the next Congress will be the most ignominious failure in the history of American politics. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

It seems that if Mr. Cleveland had unlimited patronage that he would have unlimited influence over Congress.

WORLD'S NEWS IN BRIEF.

STATE.

A Big Industry.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., June 17.—In one day last week the Charlotte Oil and Fertilizer works shipped 500 barrels of cotton seed oil, 400 bales of cotton linters and 500 tons of cotton seed meal, amounting in all to 50 carloads. The next day 500 barrels of oil were shipped, and they are still shipping.

No State Fair in North Carolina.

RALEIGH, June 17.—It is possible that there will be no state fair held at Raleigh this year Secretary Ayer says that the delay of the railroad authorities in answering questions concerning rates for transportation has caused him to postpone publication of the premium lists and has frustrated his plans for making improvements at the grounds.

Where Farming Pays.

RALEIGH, June 17.—While F. H. Hinson of Clear Creek township, Mecklenburg county, was plowing in his cotton field he found a lump of gold weighing 27 pennyweight. After selling it for $22 he returned to the field to plow some more.

Genuine Indian Relics.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., June 17.—A farmer named Mack Hail, while plowing in Gaston county, plowed up a dead Indian. The bones and trinkets were brought to Charlotte and sold as relics.

Wadesboro Messenger-Intelligencer: Last Sunday morning the horrible news was brought to this place that Mr. Richard Crowder, of White's Store township had been found dead in his pasture, and that his body had been partially devoured by hogs. He was in town only a few days before the terrible catastrophe, apparently in his usual health, and it was hard to realize that such a fate had overtaken him. The dead man's brothers, ex-Sheriff J. A. Crowder and Mr. Joe Crowder, both of this place, accompanied by Coroner E. F. Fenton, left for the home of the deceased as soon as possible after receiving the news of his death. An inquest was held over the remains and it was shown beyond all doubt that death was the result of natural causes There was no evidence whatever of foul play.——All sorts of crops are usually promising in this section for this time of the year.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.—Burglars entered the beer bottling establishment of D. R. Huggin Wednesday night of last week and cracked his safe, getting $1.730. They also entered the mills of J. D. McNeill, cracked the safe and got $200 and some valuable papers. No trace of the burglars has been discovered. A telegram says that the work was evidently done by professional safe crackers. Later.—The robbers, (two strangers) have been caught and lodged in jail.

Wilkesboro Chronicle: On the night of May 30th a fine new buggy and harness belonging to Major Pardue, of New Castle township, was taken from his yard and literally destroyed, afterwards thrown into the creek. It is suspicioned that the perpetrators of this outrage are the men whose blockade distilleries in that vicinity have recently been cut up by revene officers, and who charge Pardue with reporting them.

Newt Robinson was cut almost to death by his son Melvin, in Catawba county, a few days ago. Both men were drinking, and it is not known just how the row came about. The old man was badly carved up and is yet in a precarious condition. It is the third time his son has come very near killing his father, and he is now in jail under a $1,000 bond.

The Raleigh correspondent to the Wilmington Star says: "The movement for a monument over the remains of Col. L. L. Polk has been revived, and some liberal contributions have been promised. He had many warm frieds here, outside of political considerations.

A brick warehouse in Wilmington, owned by Wm. Calder, and in which some three or four hundred bales of cotton was stored, was burned early last Saturday morning. Jos. B. Willard, a member of the fire department, was crushed by the fall of the building.

Washington Gazette: In two generations only two young people have died on Ocracoke. This is marvelous but true.——In two days last week one boat caught 2,500 pounds of trout at Ocracoke with hook and line.

Concord Standard: The fish are dying in the pond at the Cannon factory. The water is so hot that cooked fish are seen floating on the water's surface. This is due to waste steam being run in to the pond.

There is a good deal of old corn, wheat, cotton, and tobacco for sale in the old North State. The reason is, merchants buy of the foreign markets. Yet they cry patronize home industries.—Hickory Mercury.

A very destructive hail storm passed over Taylorsville, Alligahany county, the first of last week, totally destroying crops in many instances. The fruit crops are also badly damaged.

NATIONAL.

A telegram from Little Rock says that a passenger train and a stock train collided near Butler, I. T. on the 13th. Both engines and baggage and mail cars were telescoped and the car ditched. Amos Frame, engineer of the stock train, and his fireman were killed. The other fireman, named Stevenson, is missing, and Engineer James Gales, of the passenger train, is fatally injured. More than a score of persons are injured, and some may die.

ALBA, Mich.—A village of eight hundred population was totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday of last week.

Gen. A. W. Cambell died at his home in Jackson, Tenn., on the 13th of cancer of the throat.

CLIMBING UP! CLIMBING UP!!

The circulation of THE CAUCASIAN is climbing up daily. But we want it to climb faster and higher still. Now is the time to work. Let every reformer consider it his duty to help get the paper into the hands of the people. Get up clubs. Every one can help.

If you want to keep up with the procession you must read THE CAUCASIAN each week.

THE HIDDEN CITY.

By WALTER H. M'DOUGALL.

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(Chapter VIII Continued.)

Upon the day that Gilbert was to start the machinery of the mill the entire populace gathered at the riverside. In all the vast crowd standing there waiting there was not one incredulous observer, not one skeptical doubter of the success of the project, as there would have been in any other city on earth perhaps, but every man felt confident that its success was assured. They were there not to test nor criticise, but to see the triumphant beginning of a new era.

Gilbert did not feel the usual tremors of the inventor thrill his frame before this audience, for he knew that if the machinery failed to respond to the water's power the people would not be disappointed or doubtful; their ignorance of mechanics assured that, and any explanation would have sufficed them. But to make it certain he had tested it the evening before and knew that everything would work to his satisfaction, and he mounted the stone steps leading to the sluiceway with a confident smile accompanied by Lela, Iklapel, Kulcan and several of the principal citizens. Standing there beside the water gate, with his hand upon the long wooden bar which raised it, he turned to the multitude of upturned faces and said:

"My brothers, when I lift this gate you will begin to live in a new age. The past will be no longer with you. It will do in one day more than all your women, and they will rest and teach your children. We will make the river weave our cloth and water our fields and do other things for us in times to come. In the land from whence I come the elements are bound to our service and they toil for us night and day. And so they shall toil for you, for we shall go on and on until we have here in our city all that other lands have to make life pleasant and toil less arduous."

Then Iklapel stepped forward, and after waiting for the noisy outcry to subside spoke to them. He said:

"Our brother is right. He has told me many things of the fair land he lived in before he came to us. In that land there is no night, for they turn it into day with many suns and moons which they have made for themselves. They have made great monsters that work for them unceasingly; they can speak to each other afar off, even when they can not see one another; they make wood and gold and silver talk; they walk upon the water and under it, and they fly through the air like birds; they kill their enemies with their eyes and with thunder. We are glad that our brother has come to us. He is Quetzal, the long awaited, the restorer of Atzlan."

This speech of the aged high priest was greeted with tumultuous applause, but Kulcan's sharp eyes detected around Chalpa a group whose silence and peculiar looks denoted that there was some feeling among a few inimical to Gilbert and his ideas. He noted it with a mental resolve to investigate its meaning, but it passed from his mind a moment later as Gilbert raised the gate and the water rushed down the sluiceway and poured over the wheel.

For an instant it seemed to resist, as though the long ages of superstition, barbarism and ignorance were loath to relax their dead grasp, and then it slowly turned with a majestic motion and began to revolve easily and gracefully under the steady flow. Gilbert ran into the mill while the people stood in silent awe outside, and he saw the yellow grain pour out upon the stones, and in a few moments the meal, rich and tempting, appeared, and he called them all with a glad, triumphant shout to come and see it. They crowded in with rather timorous looks and gazed wonderingly upon the moving wheels and the golden meal pouring into the bins in steady streams, and they voiced their thanks most heartily. It was a touching sight indeed to Eric and to Lela, for it meant so much to them, with their minds filled, as they were, with plans for the good of the people of Atzlan.

That night they feasted, a merry gathering, and the principal viand was bread and cakes made from the new meal. It was delicious, perfect, and for a long time it was regarded by the people as almost sacred, but the steady outpour from the mill soon familiarized them with the product of its machinery, and as it entirely abolished the use of the laborious mortars and grinding stones it made the lives of the women less toilsome. This made him more of a favorite than ever among the women, and old Bari, the wife of Listah, idolized him. She came with her grain to the mill frequently and praised Eric's good deeds to the men in charge until they tired of her garrulity.

Listah had disappeared and secluded himself in order to fast, pray and become "epsu," or purified, by isolation from mankind, but where he had gone was a mystery that perplexed these two young men. Bari used enough meal for two, and they believed she was supplying her husband with food, yet they could not detect her taking it to him. It was the custom to tempt, annoy and disturb any "epsu" seeker in order to test his strength, and they desired to discover his whereabouts, but they failed, for garrulous as she was she could hold her tongue when she wished.

It was while they were plying her with vexations questioning that they were overheard by Gilbert, who was surprised to find that Listah had taken up his vow as soon as he had laid away his crutches, and drawing the old woman aside he asked her to tell him where her husband was hiding, promising to keep her secret carefully. Bari looked at him with a knowing smile and replied:

"Quetzal knows full well where his servant Listah hides, waiting for the day that is to come when he will be needed. Why ask me, the old woman, when he knows his servant is under his feet, down in the dark halls beneath us, becoming purified and perfect? I take food to him from your mill every night, but he has not seen the sun for many days."

From this Eric readily divined that old Listah had taken refuge in the underground passages that were so generally avoided by the people. He wondered if Iklapel was aware of the priest's retreat, but he came to the conclusion that Listah had probably discovered some opening in one of the remote passages and remained near his base of daily supplies. He had certainly chosen a most secluded place to perform his vows, and he hoped he would be undisturbed.

I have said that Eric and his assistants were the only active workers in Atzlan during the long summer days. Every hour had its duties, and his labors kept him awake far into the night. He was compiling an Atzlan dictionary, studying the ancient records, making a collection of the fauna and flora of the canyon, making sketches of the people and their costumes, with notes upon their habits and customs; teaching Lela and Eltza the English language and the art of reading and writing during intervals in his regular occupations of furnace building, mining, milling and curing the few ills of a generally healthy populace.

He wore the Atzlan costume, for his own clothes had long ago become rags, and he felt himself as thorough an Atzlan as any man in the city, and when he saw the autumn come again and the harvest feasts were held he felt all the joy of a native. The people were more lively; they held games and weird dances every day, which interested him intensely in their esoteric significance, and the prospect was very satisfactory to him and to Lela and Iklapel. That his coming had been of immense benefit to the people he could see, and he felt a swelling of pride at the fact which was only quelled by the thought of what he could have accomplished with better facilities. He felt no desire to return to civilized life; he was willing to devote several years to the work of converting this city of the stone age into a modern borough with all its improvements. With iron as his servant everything was possible, and in a few days iron would be forthcoming. Then for machinery, steam, electricity!

Meanwhile he had accomplished wonders. Hundreds of labor saving devices benefited the city: candles, soap, glazed pottery, spinning wheels, improved looms, beer, yeast, pulley hoists and many other valuable fruits of civilization had been introduced. While he was finishing his furnace he had made molds for casting plowshares, harrows, anvils, grates, axes, hammers and other implements of cast steel, and he viewed the outlook with supreme satisfaction. His iron works were some distance from the city—down in the canyon—where he had discovered the remains of ancient smelting furnaces forgotten long ages since and almost buried in the debris of the shaly cliffs. Remains like these have since been discovered in other parts of the region and show the facilities which the prehistoric races possessed for smelting and casting ores. The Atzlans had traditions only of the times when their forefathers mined and worked their ores. He had built as nearly perfect a Bessemer furnace as he could with his materials, and it promised great results.

He had erected a stone dwelling for himself outside the city walls in a wooded spot facing the river. On the approach of autumn he moved into it with all his belongings. It had three rooms, with modern fireplaces, and windows with glass of a poor quality, but a home product. The walls were hung with the great, gorgeously colored Atzlan blankets, and furs covered the antique pavement of the floor—a treasure rifled from an old portion of the city.

Iklapel had long before assigned to him a body servant named Jan-ila, a dark, active lad of twenty, Ainee's only brother, who cared for his wants with pious zeal. Jan-ila—or "Johnnie," as Eric was fond of calling him—slept in one of the smaller rooms, his master in another, while the larger apartment served as a general office, dining and council room. Jan was so apt a pupil that he outstripped both Kulcan and Iklapel in his knowledge of mechanics, arts and language under Eric's tuition, and of modern ideas he was a most eager imbiber.

All of Gilbert's reforms and improvements had been accomplished without in any manner usurping the functions which Iklapel exercised pending the election of a new governor. He had almost entirely left his priestly duties to Kulcan, who performed them with a laxity born of increasing distrust of the efficacy of the religion of his fathers. This the crafty Chalpa had observed, and he used it as a pretext for fomenting the fears of the priests. He painted in strong, fervid colors, and with potent logic, the decay of their ancient faith, the downfall of priestcraft and the loss of their fat livings. He so wrought upon their fears at every opportunity by these forceful pleas that he had already formed a fairly strong following.

Familiarity with Eric had lessened their awe while it had increased their admiration of him. They were already willing to abandon their belief in his divinity, and were beginning to realize that instead of a being from another world he was a man like themselves. The events which now occurred aided Chalpa's plans and strengthened his position as a candidate for the governorship. Both Iklapel and Kulcan were aware of a growing feeling among the priests in favor of Chalpa's candidacy, but they did not believe that he could gain adherents enough to affect the result of the election, which was to occur in the early spring, a week before the feast of the Katun. Eric and Iklapel had determined to divest this feast of its horrible, sacrificial, murderous character, and the old priest's powers were all bent in this direction while he left the electioneering to Kulcan.

All of the younger priests could be counted upon to favor his advanced views, but only a few of the elder could be expected to depart from a time honored and powerfully potent religious custom. While only a few of them had witnessed the last Katun feast, fifty-two years before, yet the barbaric rite had many firm adherents. The subject had been approached at great tribal meetings in the circular estufas, but it had been handled so carefully that even Iklapel could form no opinion of the strength of the new movement.

The blast furnaces had proved successful; men were even now grinding the new axes to an edge with intense eagerness and satisfaction, and every one of Eric's castings had turned out perfect, much to his delight. It was midwinter before they were finished, and his assistants had worked indoors and converted one part of the great tenement into a huge factory, where the crash of hammers upon anvils filled the air with a cheerful din, and the great, dim room, with its cobwebbed rafters black with the smoke of ages, was peopled with grimy figures hurrying here and there in the glare of the forges. Inquisitive, curious Atzlans crowded about the doors, wrapped in their blankets and furs, and cheered their fellow citizens, who worked not for wages, but for the benefit of their kind, under the tutelage of the strange visitant from the skies. Great things were prophesied for Atzlan in the coming spring by the gossips of the city.

One cold night Eric sat at his rude table, while Jan-ila lay stretched on a pile of furs before the fire, with his back to it, like a lean dog, when Iklapel entered the door. The old priest was enveloped in a colored blanket, and as he removed his fur head covering and seated himself upon one of the benches by the wall he said:

"The geese fly fast and thick to the north. The spring will come early."

"It will be welcome," replied Eric.

"Aye, and by none more joyfully than me," answered Iklapel.

"Yet it will be stormy," spoke up Jan-ila; "more stormy than ever spring was before in Atzlan."

"How do you know that?" asked Eric, with a gentle smile. "Where did you gain your weather wisdom?"

"I have heard much," he answered, sitting up, "and I have held my tongue because it is not meet that a boy should speak before his father, but I know that Chalpa fears that there will be no Katun, and he talks daily to the priests and sometimes to others as well. He is plotting mischief, for he walks abroad at night, wolf that he is. Ah, he distrusts me, and yet Jan-ila, the water rat, has crept near enough many and many a time to hear his words of hate and treachery! I remember the look his face wore on the day you saved my sister, and I know he hates and fears our Quetzal. Why I know not, except that he hates all things good and loves darkness.

"Today as I was hunting along the cliffs I heard voices, and walking softly in the light snow I came close to one of the old homes up there where no one dwells. The voices were within, loud and angry. I heard Chalpa speak. He said that unless we had a sacrifice we could hold no Katun feast; that he who opposed the Katun sacrifice was a foe to Atzlan and should die. Then there was disputing, but he silenced it and declared that the new governor must be of the old religion—a believer in the death gift and all old rites. He claimed that he had many votes among the people and the priests and could be elected, but the people must be stirred up to proclaim their desire for a great, glorious Katun, with a beautiful victim.

"Oh, his words made my flesh creep and my blood to boil. I longed for Quetzal's thunder death that kills afar off, but I held my peace and crept behind the rocks, for they began to come forth. There were twenty in there. Agzai, Bela, Quastit, Rakki-pisk, Bartzel-ai and Gela, the hunchback, were among them—the oldest of our fathers—and they silently went down in the twilight like murderers."

Upon closer questioning Jan-ila, whose memory was very remarkable, repeated the debate verbatim, and it was serious enough to cause Iklapel and Eric to look grave and anxious.

"What can we do?" the latter inquired.

Old Iklapel gazed into the fire for several minutes, then answered:

"I am in doubt, my brother. It is too soon to announce our plans or proclaim our views to the people. They are not ready yet. But Chalpa is gaining ground, I can see that, and he can cause us much trouble. I know not what to do."

"Kill him!" cried Jan-ila, looking at Eric. "Kill him as you did the snake and the great beast in the woods! Then he will no longer trouble you."

In the midst of his speech Jan-ila started and sprang noiselessly to the door. He peered up and down, across the moonlit space between the house and the river, and turning to those within whispered:

"I heard a sound. Some one was listening at the door."

As he spoke Eric saw a shadow pass the window on the other side. Iklapel had heard nothing, but Jan-ila was convinced that some one had been spying, and that one he believed to be Chalpa himself. Iklapel soon rose to go, saying:

"It is near to midnight, and old men need more sleep than young ones."

And wrapping his blanket tightly about him started forth, declining Jan-ila's offer of his company.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALLIANCE SPEAKING!

Bro. Cyrus Thompson, State Lecturer, of North Carolina Farmers' Alliance, will address the Brethren and the public generally, at the following places:

HARNETT COUNTY.

Bunn's Level, June 16th.
Green's X Roads, " 17th.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Wood's School House, June 19th.
Luther's Grove, (71st Township) June 20th.
Flea Hill, June 21st.
Cedar Creek, Cumberland county, June 22nd.

ROBESON COUNTY.

St. Paul, June 23, at 11 o'clock, a. m.
Lumberton, June 24, at 11 o'clock, a. m.
Ashpole, June 26, at 11 o'clock, a. m.
Alfordsville, June 27, at 11 o'clock, a. m.
Red Springs, June 28, at 11 o'clock, a. m.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

Poplar Spring Church, June 30th.
Louisburg, July 1st.

PITT COUNTY.

Farmville, July 4th.
Greenville, July 5th.

EDGECOMBE COUNTY.

St. Lewis, July 6th.
Maple Swamp, " 7th.
Cocoa, " 8th.

NASH COUNTY.

Nashville, July 10th.
Dortch's Alliance, " 11th.

WILSON COUNTY.

Lucama, July 12th.

County Alliance Meetings.

ORANGE COUNTY.

Hillsboro, July 13th.
Gilford county, (near Jamestown) July 14th.
Forsythe county, July 15th.

Other appointments will follow.

Brother Thompson represents the Business Agency and carries samples of Shoes, Cloths, &c., to show you, and will explain the benefits to be derived by patronizing the Agency.

Let every one turn out and hear the distinguished Lecturer. It will pay you whether an Allianceman or not.

Yours fraternally,
W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.,
North Carolina Farmers' State Alliance.

IMPORTANT TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It really seems the Postal Clerks or Postmasters are determined to stop the circulation of THE CAUCASIAN by stealing our letters containing money. The thing has gone on until we are compelled to give notice to those sending us money that they must send money orders, or else register their letters. Get in as large amounts as possible, and register at our expense. This is to those sending us money. Now to those who are stealing it, we will say if you are not very careful somebody is going to get caught. Look out. tf.

Just think of how that robber Republican tariff is sucking away your life blood every day. How much longer can you stand it? The Democratic bosses have charge of the menagerie, but they have not yet wrung the neck of the "McKinley bill."

If you believe our principles are right, identify yourself with us and help push the battle for their supremacy to a successful end.

ALLIANCE DEPARTM

O'er every land, in every
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While idlers reign

Keener Union.

The Keener Al
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Good News From Cabe County.

DR. C. THOMPSON
BROTHER.—As you
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BENTONSVILLE, N.
MR. MARION BUTLER
CASIAN, DEAR SIR:
Our lodge is prog
We get a new
and yesterday, the
June at our regu
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son Cole gave
and before meeting
application for mem
person present that
who did not already
order.

I have been showing your
paper to the neighbors and
them to subscribe. All want
per but money is very scarce,
ing your valuable paper
cess. Yours W.

Alliance Union.

MINGO, Sampson Co., N. C.
HON. MARION BUTLER,
—At the last meeting of
ance Union of the Alliance
brooks and Mingo townsh
Union passed resolutions
ly condemning the legislat
their course in trying to
charter of the State Allia
for the amendments to it.
Union meets at Shannon
House in the upper part of
township. All are invited to
their baskets, we expect
eat and good speaking. S
be discussed, "Should the
go into politics," "What bes
Alliance into existence?"

Everybody is invited to co
hear. Truly,
H. H. Dra

Let it be remembered t
Democratic party (which
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charge of every branch of
ernment, both State and
Therefore every day they
pass, every day they suffer th
to be robbed and oppressed
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responsible for it, they are
the crime.

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another column how we
you. Offer good for two we
act at once.

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june 22—tf—2p.] Magnolia

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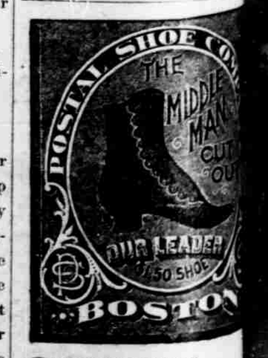

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