

THE CAUCASIAN

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MARION BUTLER, Editor & Proprietor.
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Mr. E. M. Peterson, of Sampson county, formerly on THE CAUCASIAN staff, but now traveling for a business house, in a private letter written from Dover, Delaware, says:

"This is the finest farming country I ever saw; that is, the land is rich and the people are industrious. The people have a plenty of everything with one exception, that is money. Among the agricultural and laboring people, I find money as scarce here as in North Carolina; can you understand this? There is no overproduction of cotton in this State."

The above speaks for itself. The wealth producers everywhere are suffering from the same cause, not an overproduction of products, but an overproduction of money. Not enough of it to measure the products which they make at a fair price, and to transact the business of the country. If the gold-bugs control the next congress, the People's party will have a big following in Delaware, as well as in North Carolina. There would already be a bigger vote there than there is, if the people only knew the cause of their poverty, suffering and distress.

If the Liquor Dealers Association of North Carolina should always act with the Democratic party, you will never see anything in the machine papers about the organization going into politics. But if the time should ever come when the machine should refuse to stand by the liquor men and they should decide to take independent action, then you will hear a terrible howl go up all over North Carolina, that "the organization was a good thing till demagogues and office-seekers carried it into politics."

Our friends now say that THE CAUCASIAN is the best paper in the State. But it will be still better when congress meets. Don't let your subscription run out, don't let your neighbor's run out. Now above all other times you should read THE CAUCASIAN. Have you a neighbor who does not take the paper? If so, don't let him do without it another week. How can you expect your neighbors to agree with you on public questions, when they do not know the facts.

If a congressman votes for a gold bug Speaker, he may afterwards vote for free silver, but he will not thereby fool the people. The people know that the real fight is over the Speaker. They know that the Speaker appoints the committees. They know that the Speaker has the power to stifle or bring forward legislation. The people will watch how each congressman votes for speaker. The man who betrays his people at this point is a traitor all through.

Charges have been preferred against the Postmaster at Dallas, N. C. The chief specification is that he does not wear socks. The Mugwump Administration after considering the matter for some time, decided that offensive feet was a crime equal in rank to offensive partisanship. So the sockless P. M. has been bonned. However, he should not commit suicide in despair, for it is quite possible that Jerry Simpson may yet be President.

It is reported that Mr. Thurber, Mr. Cleveland's private secretary, said a few days ago that they could rely on Ransom and six out of the eight Democratic congressmen of North Carolina to vote for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman silver law. If they do, not one of them will ever be re-elected from North Carolina. Every congressman from this State is pledged to the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

Why should labor be impoverished and hard times prevail while our broad beautiful land is groaning under its load of poverty? Who is to blame for it?

Rev. Thomas Dixon has been preaching on the "Power of Money." Next Sunday he will preach on the "Weakness of Money." He will tell what money can do, and what it cannot do.

"A Machine Democrat" wants us to hold up on the election frauds, He writes us a "private letter" about it, but we publish it just the same.

Col. Harry Skinner will address the Alliance picnic at Cedar Creek, Cumberland county, to-morrow.

We regret to learn that Maj. W. A. Graham, Trustee of the State Business Agency Fund, is very sick.

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The Postmaster at Mackley's Ferry, has been arrested by the Government detective for robbing the mails.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

(Continued from first page.)

mentioned the subject to one single intelligent man here who does not speak of it only as a piece of consummate folly. But the old game of "feeding the people" will be resorted to. Will it go down just once more? We shall see.

HOW IT WILL BE ACCOMPLISHED.

The Sherman law cannot be repealed with the adoption of a cloture or gag rule in the House. In the last Democratic congress, when the passage of a free coinage bill demanded a cloture rule, it was denounced on the Democratic side of the House as un-American, un-Republican, un-American, tyrannical; it was the resort of the despot; Carism; Ransomism—a conception of the devil himself. By an overwhelming majority at the polls the people had demanded the free coinage of silver. Speaker Crisp made the rules of the House to suit the emergency. A handful of Republicans and gold-bug Democrats frantically tried to bring about a cloture, and the one man who is more responsible for this result than the American Congress put together is Charles Crisp, the Democratic speaker of the 52nd Congress. I defy the whole Democratic party to controvert this assertion. But how is it now? "Cloture, cloture, cloture!" Without a cloture rule we can never repeal the Sherman law or pass a tariff bill. It is all the talk one hears now. And it all comes from the very Democrats who were the loudest in denouncing cloture in the last congress. Effrontery is no name for it. It is simply unadulterated gall! I have been reading the debates on this subject in the last congress, and later on I shall ask space in your paper for the deadly parallel column—illustrating the Democratic position then and now. It is worse than "now," it is thoroughly decomposed carrion.

THE RALEIGH CORRESPONDENT OF THE RICHMOND DISPATCH says that Gov. Elias Carr has gone down town to "Beechbridge farm" for a few days. When did that farm get that English don't-cher-know name? But then the Governor you know boasts that he has forgotten how to do everything but represent a farm and vote the Democratic ticket—since he was President of the State Alliance.

CONGRESS WILL MEET. It will be an important session. The whole world will have its eyes upon that body and the fate of millions will be decided before that body adjourns. Human liberty will gain or lose ground. THE CAUCASIAN will keep you posted. We are not dependent upon the misleading and often false telegrams sent out by the agents of monopoly, but we have our own correspondent there. No paper in America has a better writer and shrewd observer at Washington City than THE CAUCASIAN has. "Jonathan Edwards" will turn on the light.

If a congressman pledged by his people to free silver goes into a caucus and ties his hands to the gold bug, he will have to face the dilemma of being crazy or being a traitor to his people. The real right is over the election of a speaker. The election of a gold bug speaker, kills silver and more money.

In this week's issue see an open letter to Capt. Ashe. Also another to Gov. Carr. These are written by Alliance members of the Democratic faith. They write to THE CAUCASIAN, not because they love the paper, but because they are anxious to reach the people.

"The largest and the best meeting we have ever had" is the report that comes in from many of the county Alliances. The farmers are just beginning to realize that they need an organization of their own, party or party.

EVERY VOTER in America should keep his eye on the next congress. THE CAUCASIAN will get the facts if any paper does. We are not dependent upon tools of monopoly to furnish us with the facts. We have a long-headed man, who is a true friend of the people, in Washington. He will be there all the time. If anyone can find out what is going on behind the curtain he can and will. Be sure to get your neighbor to read THE CAUCASIAN. It is your duty to help get the facts before every voter. A man who does not know the truth can not act on it.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

"Dunk Downing" Stirs Up the Vote Thieves and He Defends Mr. Grady.

Mr. Editor:—I will give you a few of the happenings in Cumberland. Some of the "Democrats" in Fayetteville are frothing at the mouth about my letter to THE CAUCASIAN. A crowd was standing in the sheriff's office with THE CAUCASIAN in hand trying to dig up "Dunk Downing's" article but could not read it, but would hand one to another, and one of the crowd, who was a lawyer, said that it was a "pity that the law was not changed so a man could be prosecuted for writing and publishing such letters." The presumption is that the lawyer who was amended so that a man can be prosecuted for writing the truth. These organs think now that it is unlawful to write the truth; however, they are taking it for granted that "custom makes law."

The moon, which was in its last quarter, hung almost over the horizon in the far east of the canyon; the air was so still that the soft murmur of the river came clear to his ears as he stood in the shadow of the trees and looked toward his dwelling. Suddenly the silence was gently stirred—not broken by what he thought of as he listened, but by a stifled pulse, the faintest, most distant chorus of voices.

As a dream it seemed to come to him from some far off desert space, like voices of the stars. Yet he surely heard it, faint, but clear, the air of "Annie Laurie," sung by male voices in unison, and it seemed the sweetest sound he had ever heard. It was for but a few moments that it was audible, and he sank away in the deepest silence, and he heard his heart's loud beating. He looked up at the silent stars and caught his breath. What madness was this? Had he truly heard the voices, or were the sounds but some fantasy born of the hour and the night?

After a little reflection he arrived at the conclusion that what he had fancied he heard was but the result of momentary mental derangement, superinduced by the recent physical strain to which he had been subjected. It could have no other explanation, and he resolved to be careful in the future. His reflections were interrupted by the approach of people and the sound of female voices. He sank deeper into the shadow of the trees, and hurried to a position where he could command a view of his own house and see all that occurred.

The group approached and he saw that it was Lela and three of her women. She had been talking gaily to them, but dwelling her voice as she neared the dwelling, where she expected to find Chalpa. But Chalpa had heard their voices and had come to meet them, holding aloft one of Eric's candles. The light of his swartly face, showing a look of fierce, triumphant joy, in the shadow of his brows his black eyes flashed like those of a snake. He was plainly surprised at his visitor's visit, and also at her coming, so at variance with that of the last two days, and he could not see that he was wondering what errand had brought her there. As they neared the door he stepped toward them, saying:

"This is a strange hour for a maiden to be abroad. What seeks my sister here?"

"I come to beg one favor of you before I die," answered Lela, throwing into his voice all the pleading, plaintive tones she could command. "Let me see my brother and speak to him for but a little moment; I would see him alone, for I edgemint of it. The letter starts off as follows:

"MR. MARION BUTLER, Editor and Proprietor of THE CAUCASIAN—DEAR SIR:—A copy of your paper bearing date of May 18th came to this office addressed to me. I am opposed to it, and I do not grant it any aid or relief for the present. I confess that my first impulse was to throw down your paper and not read it. But this was followed with a feeling of curiosity to see what you could now say for your cause. I came to read your editorials and I now confess that I am glad to see before I stopped that I am glad to see that I agree with you in much that you say, and I only regret that you are not in the Democratic party using the same effort and argument to purify it and get the same reforms that you are fighting for the purity of the ballot. I am glad to see that you must soon come through my party or some other. I admire your boldness and courage. I believe you are on the right line. You are certainly doing what all editors should, that is exposing duplicity and wrong doing no matter by who promulgated. Every time you can expose a hypocrite and false friend of the people I say go ahead and do it. You will be doing the people a service. I am convinced that there is much truth in the charges you make, for none of the Democratic papers that I see try to answer you or contradict what you say, etc.

"Yours very respectfully,"

The Editor and The Caucasian.

MR. EDITOR—I notice that in the column in which you publish articles from your readers on the "Issues of the Day" that you head it "Forum of Public Opinions," while the New York World heads the same column "Echoes from the People." This would seem to indicate that the World thinks that it furnishes ideas ready made for the people, and that when one of its readers writes, it is swallowing one and then writing it back that it is an echo of its own ideas from the people. On the other hand your paper recognizes the fact that the people read and do their own thinking independently.

Very truly,
JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Do you want your neighbors to read THE CAUCASIAN. If so, see in another column how we will help you. Offer good for two weeks only, act at once.

THE HIDDEN CITY.

By WALTER H. M'DUGGALL.

CHAPTER XII.
IN THE HOUR OF NEED.

He stood there for a moment looking at the door, and then moved away, for a group of people was approaching, and he wished to evade them. The city gate leading to the orchards and to his own house was high, and he went out into the fields.

After walking awhile he came to his mill, silent and dark by the riverside, and then he thought that he would go beyond and to his own dwelling and see if he could spy out anything there. This scouting proved so much of the romantic and perilous that it was fascinating. It brought back his boyhood's dreams to him and filled him with a queer sort of fine novel heroism that was positively thrilling.

It was within two hours of midnight. The moon, which was in its last quarter, hung almost over the horizon in the far east of the canyon; the air was so still that the soft murmur of the river came clear to his ears as he stood in the shadow of the trees and looked toward his dwelling. Suddenly the silence was gently stirred—not broken by what he thought of as he listened, but by a stifled pulse, the faintest, most distant chorus of voices.

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GIDEON'S ARMOY.

HELD A MEETING AT MORNING CITY LAST WEEK.

CONGRESSMAN WOODRUFF AND OTHER POLITICAL LEADERS OF THE STATE POLITICAL CONVENTION.

(Special to Richmond Dispatch.)

MORNING CITY, July 11.—The MORNING BOY are coming to the Bogart, where the State Alliances encamp this year. A military band will be given on Friday night, and aged and participated in the Carolina's Four Hundred. They and his staff will lead the parade.

POLITICAL.

Congressman Woodruff, of the second District, has been invited to a private conference with the political leaders of the State, to whom are now here.

TURNIPS.
SOUTHERN PRIZE.

The finest and best Turnips, Fall, Winter and Spring varieties. They stand the SOUTHERN weather. They grow successfully on all soil North as Ohio in the open ground. They furnish more growth, and are Spring, and larger turning, than any variety known. I have grown them to weigh 15 lbs. and 20 lbs. in circumference. One lb. weighs 1.2 lb., prepared, 40 cents. 10 lbs. 20 cents. Prepared, 40 cents. ABBOTT L. SWANSON, Goldsboro, N. C.

Oxford Female Seminary.
OXFORD, N. C.

The 43rd Annual Session, August 30, 1893.

All the Comforts of Home with the Advantages of a First-Class School. Reasonable Tuition. Facilities in Music and Art. For catalogue, F. P. HOBBS, President. Mention THE CAUCASIAN. July 20-1mo-2p.

THE NORTH CAROLINA College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

Will begin its Fifth Session September 7th, 1893. This College is well equipped for its special work, having extensive Wood and Iron Shops, carefully fitted up. Branches, Chemical, Botanical and Agricultural Laboratories, Greenhouse and Barn.

The teaching force for the year consists of fifteen men, two courses lead to graduate degrees in Agriculture and in Mechanical and Civil Engineering. Total cost a year, including Board, Tuition, and Expenses, \$93.50. For catalogue, A. Q. HOLLADAY, President, Raleigh, N. C. July 20-4-2p.

Ridgeway High School.
WARREN COUNTY, N. C.

For Boys and Girls. Endorsed by the University and the College. Classical and Business Courses. Extra Charges. Total Expenses, Session of Twenty Weeks. Tuition, \$15.00; \$20.00 and \$25.00. Music, Piano \$12.50, use of Instrument \$2.50. Board (including fuel, light and room) \$45.00. Total \$50.00. Fall Session, 1893, opens Aug. 28th. Address for a catalogue, JOHN GRABER, Ridgeway, N. C. July 20-1m-2p.

Cane Mills.

I am representing the Big Iron Works Co., and can tell you their Cane Mills, Evaporators, at factory prices. Write for catalogue, &c. Address, S. H. GOWELL, Wallace, N. C. July 20-4-2p.

Shropshire Sheep Wanted.

Breeders please give price of pure and Bucks, one and two years, when you write. Answer this once. Respectfully, S. H. GOWELL, Wallace, N. C. July 13-2p.

Kinsey Female Seminary.
LAGRANGE, N. C.

A Boarding School for GIRLS and YOUNG LADIES.

FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS. Literary, Art and Music Department. Stenography, Typewriting and Bookkeeping taught in Business Department.

LOCATION HEALTHY. State Chemist in examination of water says: "I have probably never examined a better sample."

For catalogue giving full particulars write to JOSEPH KINSEY, Principal. Diploma granted to young ladies finishing course of study. July 13-4-2p.

University of North Carolina.

EQUIPMENT—Faculty of 25 teachers, 11 buildings, 7 scientific laboratories, library of 30,000 volumes, 200 students.

INSTRUCTION—5 general courses, 6 brief courses; professional courses in law, medicine, engineering, chemistry, optical courses.

EXPENSES—Tuition, \$50 per year. Scholarships and loans for the poor. Address, PRESIDENT WINSTON, Chapel Hill, N. C. June 20-1m-2p.

WANTED.

A position as School Teacher. Give first-class testimonials. Am graduate of one of the leading male Colleges in this State. Am parties desiring my services. Address, MISS K. Mt. Olive, N. C. July 13-4-2p.