

THE CAUCASIAN

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MARION BUTLER, Editor & Prop.

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THE REAL DANGER

Just at present there is much speculation as to what Congress will or will not do. The real danger, says the National Watchman, lies in the compromise measures that may be adopted to tide over the present difficulties.

As in case of the present silver law the Treasury Department has construed it to mean just what Wall Street desired. In fact the money owners of the East knowing they could not pass a bill to meet their wishes, simply incorporated a few ambiguous phrases, and the Secretary of the Treasury promptly construed them to suit the wants of this Eastern money trust.

It is not congressional made laws that the people fear the most, it is judge and department made laws that do the greatest damage. We hope our Populist members will stand for clean-cut legislation that means what it says, and says what it means.

GEN. WEAVER AND JUDGE KERR.

Gen. Weaver, of Iowa, and Judge Kerr, of Colorado, spoke to a big rally at Lenoir on last Saturday of 3,500 people, and at Teachey's Monday to 5,000. Col. Harry Skinner was with them and also spoke at Lenoir. The editor of this paper had hoped to be at one of both of these meetings, but press of other duties deprived us of that pleasure. We saw the two distinguished gentlemen for a moment on Monday night as they passed through Goldsboro on their way North.

THE WEST APPEALS TO THE SOUTH.

At a mass meeting of the people of Colorado an address to the people of the United States was adopted. It is a strong and urgent document. We clip the following part of the address, which is an

APPEAL TO THE SOUTH.

"To the South Colorado appeals with more than felt words. Two years ago you feared with sinking hearts and paling lips, the enactment of the law that threatened to deprive you of self-government and to turn your election booths over to the tender mercies of federal bayonets on election day. To save you from the Colorado of the federal force bill, Colorado's two senators—Republicans—defied the edicts of their party caucus and defeated what was to you a certain humiliation and the horrors of subjection to the electoral will of your former slaves. We saved you then. You can save us now. With us now it is not a death struggle that is then with you. If the schemes of the gold king are accomplished—if the present silver law shall be unconditionally repealed the great bulk of us will be made paupers and our beautiful and wonderful state will be set back to a quarter of a century. Colorado, great in its resources, proud of its business record, filled with brave men and resolute hearts makes this its appeal for preservation to the open-hearted and generous people of the country. We are confident that it will not be in vain. The atrocity of making homeless through the destruction of the chief industries of 1,000,000 square miles of American territory, 500,000 men, women and children, with all the attendant scourges of enforced and hopeless idleness can never be the work of an American congress with your approval.

Hopeful of speedy delivery from the crushing burdens of a financial system, begotten of the greed of Great Britain's remorseless money power, and of the prosperity inseparable from an American system, which includes the free coinage of gold and silver at the American ratio of 16 to 1, we submit to the people of the United States this statement of our cause."

This address will find a ready response among the patriots of the South. No Congressman can fail to heed it without ignoring his constituents.

Owing to the want of space for other important matter, the continuation of Gen. Weaver's speech is deferred until the next issue. Be patient dear readers, anticipated joys are only made the sweeter, (when they do come) by their tardiness in coming.

"John Sherman a patriot."

—New York World.

VANCE THE LION.

THE CLEVELAND CRISP-TREATY OF HARMONY RATIFIED BY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

CRATICE HOUSE

"DEMOCRATS WHO ARE EITHER TRAITORS OR FOOLS."

UNDER WHICH KING BENJAMIN?

Changes in Organization of the Senate and House.

WASHINGTON, N. C., Aug. 7.

Crisp was elected Speaker to-day. The Cleveland-Crisp "treaty of harmony"—agreed upon last April—has been ratified. There was no revolt. Every free silver Democrat in the House voted indirectly to repeal the Sherman law, in the election to the Speakership of the man who betrayed the cause of the people in the late Congress. He was an avowed free silver man two years ago when he was elected Speaker of the 52nd Congress. To-day he is as "silent as the grave."

He wears the Cleveland mantle. He is collared, tagged and labeled. Elected two years ago under false pretense, to-day his election is the result of a dastardly bargain to destroy silver. And no man in the American Congress had the manhood to denounce this outrage. If Crisp's election as Speaker does not mean a cowardly and unconditional surrender to the administration, the Wall Street conspirators are the worst fooled people on the face of the earth. How long Crisp's "treaty of harmony" will bind the free silver Democrats in the House remains to be seen. Ordinarily the will of the Speaker is the law. Members who are interested in special legislation or who aspire to desirable and prominent committee assignments cringe and fawn around him. His control over them is absolute and supreme. His intention to faithfully observe the "treaty of harmony" obligations will soon become apparent in the organization of the committees. If he stands squarely by Cleveland nothing is hazarded in the prediction that the Sherman law will be repealed—speedily and unconditionally repealed. His smooth, seductive rhetoric about "redeeming party pledges" and "legislating in the interest of the people" are antiquated "chessnuts." It is the old story of the highwayman. What the people want to know Mr. Crisp, is do you intend to destroy silver as money? Do you favor the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, law trusting to the justice of capital or the chapter of accidents to, thereafter, obtain favorable silver legislation? If the latter is the Democratic position and that, now, is about the size of it, Crisp and his followers are either "traitors or fools." Senator Vance has graphically defined the Democratic party. The "traitors and the fools" are now in the ascendancy. It is the dominating faction of the Democratic party under its present imbecile leadership. The drift is towards unconditional repeal and more "cowardly" make-shifts. But what will happen next? I have talked the situation over from every standpoint, with the best informed and coolest headed men in Congress, and no two of them agree. They are all at sea, all in confusion. But a little honest politics would settle the whole trouble. More concern for the people's welfare and less concern for party, and the solution is at hand. "Overproduction" of "machine politics"—that has corrupted legislation and enslaved the people—is it responsible primarily, for the existing condition of things. The people have the remedy in their own hands; they need not look to this Congress for the desired relief.

ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE.

The new officers of the House are a decided improvement on the old regime. Yoder for Sergeant-at-Arms was defeated because he followed the example of Congressmen and Senators and turned his office into a family business. The Yoder kin he appointed were Republicans, but that made no difference. "Blood is thicker than water"—not Potomac water.

The most obnoxious, unscrupulous fellow in the organization of the last House was Doorkeeper Turner. He is typical Tammany heeler. His office was run on the "slum" schedule, and it was a disgrace to the House and the country.

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EX-SENATOR THURMAN.

DISAGREES WITH CLEVELAND AS TO THE CAUSE OF "HARD TIMES."

He says the Gold Bug has captured the President. He Turns Casuality Howlers, and Calls "Hard Times."

Ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman, "the noblest Roman of them all," who was candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with Cleveland in 1888, in an interview says:

"I have passed through a number of our money panics, as we called them, but I never saw a time when money was as difficult to get hold of as it is now. True, I have never been engaged in a large way in business, but so far as my business relations do go it is my experience that 'times are harder' now than they have been in this country in half a century. I know it is harder for me to get the wherewith to send the basket to market than it has been for many a day, and after all, that is where it pinches everybody. Has that caused the commercial depression in Turkey in Europe and the financial stringency in India? What nonsense this talk about the Sherman law is."

When asked if he thought a bill will be introduced in Congress to repeal the silver law he said:

"Oh yes, this proposition to re-strict silver coinage is no new chick. The gold bugs have been at it for a long time, but now they have got the Administration with them. Do you think Congress will repeal the Sherman Silver Purchase Act?"

"It will not be done without a hard fight, but I am inclined to believe that it will be the programme."

"Do you think the repeal of this law would have a good effect upon the financial situation?"

"It is my opinion that such legislation would be harmful under the present condition, rather than beneficial. I cannot see how a lack of money can be immediately relieved by cutting out a part of that which we already have."

"Don't you think it would be dangerous policy for this Government to go on coining silver dollars that are really worth, as compared with the gold dollar, not much more than 50 cents?"

"I do not see it so. I know that is the gold bug cry, but I cannot believe that the danger of possible loss from this source seems threatening enough to the average business man to cause him to fear to accept the silver dollar."

This interview shows that some men in the north are working up to the true situation as well as the south and west. Such papers as the Charlotte Observer will after awhile begin to realize that they have been made fools and fools of the gold bugs.

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.

Alliance Picnic.

The following Sub-Alliances, Sutton's Branch, Probability and Lot's Branch, will have an Alliance dinner and picnic at Alum Springs, Glendon township, Duplin county, on August 17th. Dr. Cyrus Thompson and others are expected to speak on that occasion. Come and bring your basket.

PRESIDENT BUTLER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Marion Butler, President N. C. Farmers State Alliance, will speak at the following times August 12th, Thomasville August 12th, Thomasville August 17th.

Whenever one of the partisan papers is unable to answer the arguments of THE CAUCASIAN it squeals "Miss Mary Ann!" We always know we have got the hypocrites down when they resort to this. Some fools are very amusing.

NOTICE.

When remitting send money order or register your letter. A postal note is not any safer than a bill. When you can't buy a money order register your letter. If the amount is as much as \$2.00 you can deduct expense. There is a great deal of stealing going on through the mails. We have applied to the government to investigate the matter. Don't send stamps.

Very truly,

THE CAUCASIAN.

A Boy's Ambition.

There is a rule, nothing more lofty than the ambition of a boy of 5, who has looked carefully over the whole range of human endeavor and made up his mind what he is going to be. To all his kind "big game" he is going to become a lawyer like his father.

"Oh, no," said he with a positive shake of his head. "I am going to be a captain of a big ship, and I'll sail on West and and bombard the Indians on the plains." From the "Editor's Drawer," in Harper Magazine for June.

"John Sherman a patriot."

—New York World.

THE MARTLET SEAL.

BY JEANETTE H. WALWORTH.

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CHAPTER I.

HERE was an air of suppressed excitement about the house when the boys came to the premises at White Cliffs which could not fail to impress a casual observer. The atmosphere seemed charged with anticipation, which found expression during the entire forenoon. The old place held its breath, as it were.

Without a Sabbath-like repose wrapped all things. In the ample front yard, where more than a dozen century-old live oaks conspired to discourage the growth of the grass, leafy shadows were reflected from a freshly scarified surface of carriage-drive earth. The white cliffs carriage-drive made a very grand sweep from the best entrance gate around the outer circle of the old live oaks up to the low stuccoed front steps, on either side of which thick beds of purple and white violets cushioned the brown earth and were even then sweetening the chill November air.

"There are no flowers in the garden—none in bloom, that is. Moreover, I don't believe in assumption of any sort. She is coming to stay. She may as well see us first as she is to see us for all time."

"Then we had better whistle in the dogs and get out of those white shirts," said Lorimer, with a disarming laugh. Lorrie was the only one of the tribe who ever ventured to comment on their mother's dicta or to turn her into gentle ridicule. But she was not to be jested with to-day, even by her first-born.

"Don't be disrespectful, Lorimer. It was not by my orders that you banished the dogs. Raphael seemed to think they might shock Mrs. Lorimer's city nerves. I consider that what is good enough for me should be good enough for John's wife."

Dick Lorimer had a habit of pertinaciously sticking to his text: "Unquestionably, mamma, and what made me think about flowers was remembering how you told us about the fine doings and the gorgeous decorations when father brought you here a bride."

The faintest possible flush mounted into Mrs. Lorimer's sallow cheeks; her eyes flashed, and her square jaw became, if possible, still more square.

"That was different. Times were different. Everything was different. It was my sisters who did it. John has no sisters. Moreover, your father never took me anywhere as a bride. I brought him here. White Cliffs was my father's wedding gift to me. And—"

She turned her eyes wistfully upon Lorimer's handsome face, "while I meant to do the right thing by all of you boys, I wanted Lorimer's wife to be the one to take the reins when I am gone."

Lorimer put out a soothing hand. It stayed the fast-flying knitting-needles for a brief while.

"White Cliffs will need no new mistress for long years to come yet, together. You are worth any two of us today."

"Say a dozen of us," said Dick, liberally. "But to return. Don't you think, all of you, that a few camellias would set the old room off handsomely?"

"There's bushels of them in bloom over at Glenburnie." This from Rafe. "Glenburnie!"

Lorimer turned a warning glance upon Rafe. Mrs. Lorimer's only repeated the word in a thick voice.

"Glenburnie!" She had folded her trembling hands in her lap and turned wondering eyes on the daring suggester of this plan for beautifying the White Cliffs sitting-room.

Rafe stood his ground with outward composure. "Yes'm, at Glenburnie. I rode past there yesterday, and the japonica bushes were loaded down with blossoms."

"They sell the flowers," said Richard, combatively, "and we are free to buy them as anybody."

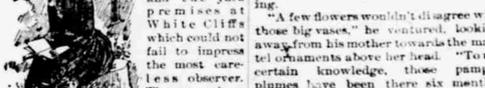
"She sells the flowers!" Soorn, surprise and disgust struggled for the mastery in Mrs. Lorimer's voice.

"Yes, mamma. Why not?" The front on the mistress' forehead deepened. Lorimer looked beseechingly at the boys. Did they not know as well as he did how hard their mother had struggled for the socialism she would need for this coming year? And was it not a pity to have it shattered by dragging Glenburnie into an unnecessary prominence? There was an ominous silence.

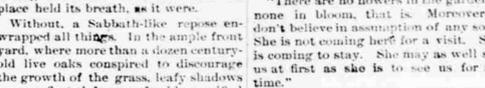
Dick got up, and after moving almost noiselessly about the room for a second, muttered something about reporting progress, and made his escape. Rafe, going over to the window that gave him the



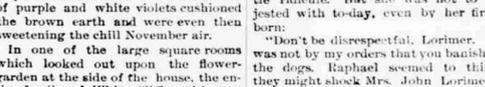
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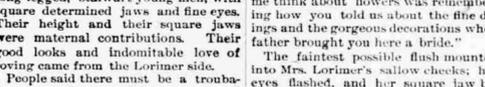
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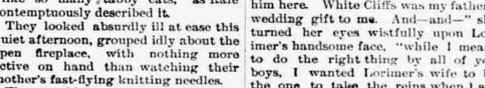
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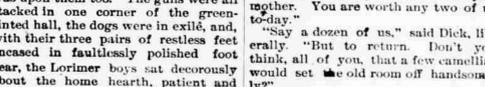
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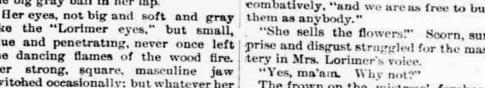
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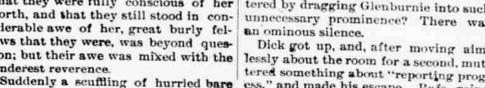
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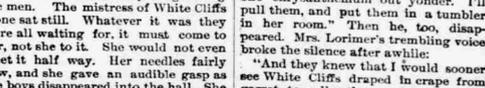
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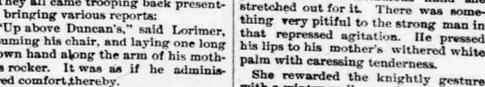
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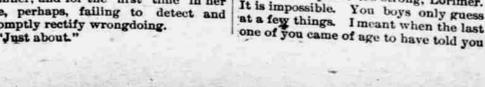
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all about it. I was waiting for Dennis to be twenty-one. Then I meant to tell you the truth about Glenburnie. "Dennis was twenty-one two years ago, mother. But—"

"Thank you, dear." It was said almost timidly. Then she added: "Be patient a little while longer, my dear."

Lorimer looked away. His mother's disturbed face to the branches of the rose-tree that grew close enough to the dining-room window for its roses to be plucked, when there were any in bloom. He was conscious of suffering a great wrong. But how was a man to go about righting a wrong set upon him by a woman, and that woman his mother?

"Lorrie, where is Duke?" Mrs. Lorimer asked, abruptly.

"That there with the rest of the dogs. I suppose."

"I think I would rather have him in here. He is getting old, you know."

Duke was Dennis' favorite setter, and Dennis was among the missing members of the White Cliffs coterie. As Lorimer opened the door to admit Duke, the sound of wheels crunching the gravel on the drive, quite close at hand, met his ears. An eager light came into his eyes. He seized his hat and hurried towards the spot where Dick and Rafe were already standing.

The mistress of White Cliffs laid her ball of gray wool, all bristling with shining needles, aside with slow deliberation. Her face was ghastly in its pallor. She stood up in her place, but made no forward motion. They must come to her. A cruel effort, as if of a sleepy child awakened against its will, smote on her ears. She started at the sound. Had John, so young, so inexperienced, mated with a widow? Could he have made such a fool of himself? The door was standing wide open. It sounded to her as if fifty pairs of feet were shuffling about on the resonant marble pavement. A foreign voice rebuked the fretting child. The boys, her boys, John among them, were all laughing and talking at once. They had forgotten her. She had been standing there "hours." She was already drenched—a lonely, old, superfluous woman. No, they were coming to her. She leaned heavily against the tall back of her chair, then started as she thought of John's wife, who was holding up a sweet, tired face to be kissed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Alliance Speaking.

ED. CAUCASIAN.—There is to be an Alliance picnic and tournament in Mecklenburg Co., on the farm of J. Springs Davidson on the 23d of Aug., the public are invited to come with their baskets, especially the farmers. There will be speaking by some of the best orators, commencing at 9 o'clock, Marshall Matt, A. G. F. I. Osborne, Col. Harry Skinner and Marion Butler, Esq., are expected. J. SPRINGS DAVIDSON, July 28th, 1893.

The remedy—the Alliance Demands.

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