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Keep your eye on Congress. Read Jonothan Edward's letters. He is on the ground and will give the true inwardness of the situation. His letter this week shows that some Congressmen are already weakning. Read THE CAUCASIAN, get your neighbor to read it. The people must keep up with the great battle that is now being waged in Congress between the money power and the people.

A correspondent from Wilkes county says that Dr. Cyrus Thompson had a fair audience at Trap Hill, a large and enthusiastic crowd at Boomer, and a mixed crowd at Wilkesboro. We are delighted to learn that the speeches did a great deal of good. No man in the State is doing more efficient work for the Alliance than Dr. Thompson.

When the Republican party demonetized silver, John Sherman and his party were denounced as traitors; to-day when the Democratic party wants to do the same thing, the New York World call John Sherman a patriot and asks him to come and help them to perform the deed.

See large advertisement of A. & M. College in this issue. For years THE CAUCASIAN has been advocating the need and value of such training as this school offers. Practical and industrial education is the great need of the day. We hope to see 500 boys in this institution.

England is delighted with Cleveland's message.—New York World.

The Democratic State convention of Ohio met last week.

ZEBULUN AND HIS PRINCIPLES.

The situation in North Carolina, so far as the Democracy is concerned, is interesting and peculiar. Senator Vance has cut loose from Cleveland; and the letter published by us not long ago, has arraigned him for his want of faith and consistency. The influence of the Senator is peodigious. The people rally to him, because they see they are about to be sold out by the Clevelandites. Vance's letters were in the nature of a prophecy. The long expected message to congress has appeared. It repudiates the Democratic platform, and there is a direct conflict between the President and a majority of the Democrats in Congress.

According to Senator Vance, the President is dominated by Wall street and adopts the financial ideas of the money kings. His message recommends, in express terms, the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act. His language is, "I earnestly recommend the prompt repeal of the provisions of the act passed July 14, 1890, authorizing the purchase of silver bullion." He also desires that congress should "put beyond all doubt or mistake the intention and the ability of the government to fulfill its pecuniary obligations in money universally recognized by all civilized countries." He means by this, England, Germany, France, Austria and the like—nations which have adopted gold as the standard of value. He means, indeed, that "gold and silver must part company." Thus the pledges of the Chicago platform are deliberately ignored; and, in effect, silver, according to the President, is to be no longer known as a money metal. The people are left in the lurch.

But this is not all. The president takes issue with the Democratic platform upon the tariff. That document condemned the Republican doctrine of protection and declared it to be unconstitutional. The Democrats conducted their campaign, especially in the South, upon the idea that the tariff was responsible for the woes of the country. The president temporizes. He not only did not call congress together in early session; but he is now mealy-mouthed, so far as the tariff is concerned. He says it was his purpose to call congress together, not before September, with a view to legislate upon what he is pleased to call "tariff reform." But now he says that question must be postponed; and in obedience to the commands of Wall street, he recommends that congress must at once and exclusively attend to the money question, before any other subject shall be considered.

Indeed, the real purpose of the president is not to make any radical tariff changes. He never has intended it. He evidently does not believe that the tariff should be disturbed in any essential particular; and he might as well be a republican, so far as the tariff is concerned.

Senator Vance, "our Zebulun," foresaw all this. In fact he has never liked Mr. Cleveland from the very first, when he was president before. In his letter Vance has struck the popular heart. The people shout for him and admire him more than ever. Those editors who read him out of the party are now compelled, in truth, to follow after him. He left a smell of sulphur in the air, and they have taken warning. Had they not done so, they would have had no readers. The people were against Cleveland and with Zebulun. The editors had to be the same way.

The conceited straddler at Raleigh hastened, in his weak way, to condemn Cleveland's message. So he says, editorially, in his hydra-headed sheet, that it seemed to him that Mr. Cleveland had "overlooked" several things that had occurred to his—the editor's feeble mind; and he ventured to say that Mr. Cleveland's message will be a great disappointment to the masses of the American people," and so on. With a fine flow of big words, he declares "that some of Mr. Cleveland's premises are irrelevant and some of his argumentation illogical." He finds he must cut loose from Cleveland, and in doing so, he seems to leave Ransom to his fate; for Cleveland and Ransom are twin brothers.

Poor Joseph Caldwell also has been compelled to follow Vance's lead, after reading him out of the party. The fumes of the sulphur did the business. They choked Joseph and he could not endure the odor. He was indeed "pained" when Vance jumped on him; and his affectionate remembrance of the days when there was no clash between them, almost moved him to tears. But the people support Zebulun and Joseph quickly perceives it. He clearly is not pleased with the president's message; and he again follows Zebulun in the old affectionate way. He has to do so, because the people are with their Senator and Joseph depends upon the people for sustenance. But what shall be said of the venerable parson and Doctor of laws who presides over the pages of the dignified Messenger! He actually loses his presence of mind in such a degree—preacher as he is—as to borrow a phraze from the prize ring! He says "The president throws up the sponge in so far as the United States are concerned." "He thinks our currency should be fixed by other nations." He therefore calls upon the congress at once to repeal this awful law that has worked such terrible consequences." "He seems at the very close to give a hint for gold alone as the American standard of values."

And so the leading editors discourse. They are none of them pleased with Mr. Cleveland, who was elected by their aid, with a whoop. The small-fry journals of the State will follow their example. A howl against Cleveland will ascend from all parts of North Carolina. It is because Zebulun has spoken, and sulphur is floating in the atmosphere from the sea coast to the mountains.

Vance is a great man. He knows how the people feel and what they want. How different he is from Ransom. Vance is bold and outspoken. He deals in no underhanded plans. Ransom is smooth and polished, but when he comes around, the people may take warning, for there is mischief brewing. Vance is plain and straightforward. What he has to do and say is without concealment or treachery. Ransom works slyly and by disreputable methods. Vance speaks plainly to the people. Ransom, with oily tongue, deceives them. Vance has the courage to defy the President, notwithstanding the power and patronage of his great office. Ransom, with his polished and insinuating manners, approaches the Chief Magistrate on the flank, and with winsome smile and sweet speeches, lugs away the offices. Meantime Vance has the love of the people, and Ransom the hollow and treacherous friendship of the politicians. The people will always love Vance; but when Ransom is shorne of his power, his faithless friends will forsake him.

Vance's letters were not only an open declaration of war upon the president, but they were likewise a defiance of his oily-gammon colleague in the Senate. It is interesting to note how the straddler, at Raleigh, endeavored to keep in with both Senators. He says of Ransom, in a a turbid gush of admiration. "He is a very wise man and his counsel and advice have therefore been very valuable in deciding the action of the party. He will now prove a safe leader." Yes—for himself and the politicians; but he is no friend of the people. He does not stand by their interests as Vance does.

Yet, with all his good qualities, Senator Vance lacks in one thing, and that is, he says no word in favor of ballot-reform. He is apparently in full accord with the thieving machine, whose tools, in order to win elections, cheat the people and take from them their most sacred rights. He is now approaching the culmination of his career. The people love and venerate him. Even if he does wrong they still cling to him and he holds a principal place in their affections. Their gratitude would be without bounds if he would advocate the right of all men to cast their votes freely and to have them counted. The methods employed in the late elections (?) are a shame and a burning disgrace to the fair name of North Carolina. And it will be only by the employment of such methods that the gold bugs and the monopolists will be able to continue to defeat the will of the people and then to proceed to rob and oppress them. In North Carolina this question is more important than silver, it is paramount. And Senator Vance can not by his silence endorse such methods without bringing reproach upon his venerable head. Let the Senator write another letter and make himself immortal.

"John Sherman a patriot."
—New York World.

"HAYSEEDER" RODRICK.

FIRES A FEW HOT SHOTS AT 'EM

What is the Democratic Party—Is Cleveland Bigger Than his Party—The Democrats now have a chance—Are you men or Dogs.

MR. EDITOR.—I have remained quiet for some time just to see you take the hide off of 'em poor fellows. How they do wince when you remind them of their broken and shattered promises. Our people are anxious to know what the Democratic platform isnow. It seems that now more are sticking strickly to the Chicago platform while Mr. Cleveland and a good many others ignore it entirely.

* * *

Didn't the Democrats say last fall that Mr. Cleveland was bigger than his party? If he is, then it seems that Republicans and Populists will have to give us free coinage if we get it.

* * *

Say, Messrs. free silver Democrats, do you want another president that is bigger than his party?

* * *

The cry of the Democratic party, "Give us a chance and we will bring prosperity in the country." Won't you please inform them that they now have a chance?

* * *

Just after the election the Democrats said: "Cleveland is elected look how the price of cotton is advancing. Of course it is advancing. Don't you see what fine prices cotton, corn, peas, tobacco, wheat turpentine, tar, timber in fact all products of labor are bringing since the great Democratic victory last November?

* * *

The Democrats say we need more confidence. These same fellows think the Democratic party is the country, taking this view of it they are exactly right, for the Democratic party is very sadly in need of the confidence of the people.

* * *

We are frequently reminded that several Alliance stores have failed. Yes sirs, you are right. These stores went into the time business and a good many men who have always been bitter against the Alliance bought of these stores on time and failed to take up their accounts. If you doubt this look over the accounts of the Sampson county Alliance store and be convinced for yourselves. Just question us a little and we will also show the works of some non-partisan Alliancemen, and then see how much more you will howl over Alliance failures.

* * *

Every time a lie gets out in regard to the Alliance failing or the State Business Agency, such papers as the Sampson county Democrat whine and tree. Watch them when the reform papers show up that it was a lie. They remain as mute as mice.

* * *

The Democrats are all abusing Hon. B. F. Grady because he voted to raise his own salary $1,200 a year. They say they had as live have a yellow dog in Congress. But listen, they say that Matt W. Ransom and A. M. Waddell are patriots and typical Democrats. In 1893 Ransom and Waddell voted in Congress to raise their own salaries $2,500 a year and that without any pretext whatever.

* * *

Some of the "strait-outs" tell us that the People's party is dead. Will they please tell us of anything the Democrats have done since last election to kill it or even weaken it.

* * *

We understand that Mr. Wm. A. Johnson, chairman of the Democratic party of Sampson county, is going to move to Wilmington. Wonder if the Democratic party of this county will appoint another chairman or if chairman George Herring (colored) of the Republican party will act in a double capacity?

* * *

Since so many banks have begun to fail, why the most optimistic enemies of reform are beginning to cry out hard times and say that said failures are caused by scarcity of money and want of confidence. Why it looks like they ought to know that it is caused by an overproduction of banks. Nothing else.

* * *

We know Democrats, who while they were members of the Alliance, claimed that they endorsed every one of the Alliance demands. Now they cannot say anything that is bitter enough against them. They say now that these same demands that they once endorsed are socilistic and would ruin the country. Why did you ever say that the Alliance platform was good Democracy and was what the country needed? Hide your heads in shame, you villanous, cowardly traitors.

* * *

Why don't "Tobe" Stevens show his foot again? He is a wonderful man. The world is struck on him. Senator Vance says that the other callings act in concert, and he asks why cannot the farmers do likewise. We don't know, but then you know that Jay Gould said that one-half of the damn fool farmers could he got to shoot down the other half.

* * *

A man who belongs to a party because he esteems it an honor to him to belong to that party is usually apt to be but very little credit to the party.

* * *

A man remarked to this writer the other day that he believed in People's party principles, but he had been honored by the Democratic party and would have to stick to it. Fellow citizens, what do you think of this?

* * *

This writer was laughed to scorn the other day because he told a Democrat that they couldn't steal the elections from us again.

* * *

Some Democrats are not sleeping at night because thep fear that the Populists and Republicans will fuse in this State in the next election. Messrs. Democrats, remember the last election, will you.

* * *

Of course Mr. Cleveland's election is keeping up the prices of farm products. We know it is because the Democrats told us right after the election that it was.

* * *

Bring on your products. For your cotton we pay 7 cts. per pound; for your turpentine $1.50 per barrell; for your corn and peas 40 cts. per bushel; for your wheat 50 cts. per pushel. Rally up farmers you can get rich and pay out of debt at such prices as these.

* *

Come and pay your taxes. They are a little higher than they used to be. Come and pay your doctor's bill the same as it formally was. Come and pay your lawyers fee, prices same. Come and pay your teachers, prices same as of yore. Come and pay your R. R. bill. The Farmer's Alliance through its R. R. Commission, has reduced that smoe. Come and pay for your bill of dry-goods, that is the same as when your products were high. Oh, you farmers have got plenty of money. Go on prospering and get rich.

* * *

I have got a mortgage on my place and can't raise it. What you can't as much prosperity, as there is in the land? Why don't you send your children to school? You needn't to say you cant pay for it. Why just look what prices you are getting for your products.

* * *

And the Sampson county Democrat said that informed people knew that the Democratic part had an income tax plank in its platform. Well you don't hear much of that plank these times.

* * *

We offer a twenty-five cent reward for a tariff civil service reform Democrat.

* * *

Some Democrats say that the 3 parties will have to come together on free silver. We thought the Democrats had everything.

* * *

Depart from me for you have served your purpose. What? ye campaign promise over there.

* * *

Who voted you in the last election? Wall street. Who will vote you in the next election? Wall street or your wife and children?

* * *

Watch how such Democrats as Vance, Bryan, Bland and others loath to give up the People's party plank on finances.

* * *

Are you men or dogs? Of course you are men. Then don't let your bosses whistle you up and vote you as they please and against your own interest in the next election.

* * *

A man remarked to this writer the other day that intelligent men will continue to vote the Democratic ticket. Of course they will; just look what the Democratic party is doing for them.

* * *

And behold Vance said vote for Cleveland, and now he says that Cleveland is trying to hire Congressmen to vote against the interest of their constituents. Say, Americans, is it not time that you should think for yourselves?

* * *

Do you know of any house that is buying relics? We are offering one for sale. We have a genuine Democrat who yet favors reduction of the tariff.

* * *

Papa, please send me to school this fall. Oh, daughter, I want you to go, but I haven't got the money. Dear father, did you not vote for a further contraction of the currency last fall Papa you know I have been smart and worked hard all last summer, please get me a new suit of new clothes, I need them to wear to church. So, I haven't any money. Dear father is it not time that you begin to think more of your family and less of party?

* * *

The Sampson Drmocrat heads a good long article with "A saving to the people," and then goes on to mention the case of two men who are drawing pensions and says that Hoke Smith has reduced their pensions from $72 per month to $23 and $19 respectively. Of course this reduction of the pension of two men is all the relief that this country of $65,000,000 of souls needs.

RODRICK.

THE MESSAGE.

We regret that we failed to get the President's message in last issue; we publish it in full this week. While it is short, still it could have been written in one sentence. It recommends no new legislation, and offers no suggestions of relief, but simply calls on congress, to repeal unconditionally the present silver law. In the language of Senator Vance, the President "is either a traitor, or a fool." The question now is, will Cleveland go to congress, or will congress go to Cleveland? The industrial and commercial welfare of the country, is hanging in the balance. The Democratic party is in full power, and there is no excuse for it to fail to give the people relief. The majority of the American people are watching with keen and intelligent interest, and their party affiliation in the future, will largely depend on what is, or is not done in the present congress.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

The Hon. W. F Stroud and P. H. Massey, Esq., will address the people of Chatham county at the following times and places, and everybody, regardless of their past party affiliations are cordially invited to come out and hear them:

Harpers X Roads,	August	15th.
Siler City,	"	16th.
Zeno Thompsons,	"	17th.
Cheeks Shop,	"	18th.
Greens Mill,	"	19th.

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CHAPTER II.

Among the ancestral belongings of White Cliffs was a tall corner clock of solid mahogany. It was a trustworthy timepiece, in spite of antiquity and long service. When this majestic heirloom struck nine, with the deliberation becoming to its age and dignity, Mrs. Lorimer, senior, made a final disposition of her wool and needles by dropping them into the gay calico bag which swung from one arm of her easy chair, and addressed the family circle impersonally:

"I think I will conduct my son's wife to her room. She must be fatigued after her journey."

The eagerness with which this suggestion was approved might have been construed rather unflatteringly by Mrs. John, had not she herself been most eager to act upon it. It had been an extremely difficult evening for them all, and no one was sorry to terminate it at so early an hour.

The men drew into a narrower circle about the broad fireplace, as the two women disappeared through the door held politely open for them by Lorimer.

Rafe extended the tobacco canister hospitably towards John. Four pipes were simultaneously exhumed from four pockets. Dick, eager and young, voiced the common desire:

"Now, then, old fellow, let us hear all about it. You see, your letters were tremendously scappy and unsatisfactory."

"Tremendously so."

Lorimer had come back to the fireplace and appropriated the easy chair, on whose arm swung the gay bag. He was studying John's face intently: "Wrote us by one mail that you had serious intentions concerning a young lady in your boarding house, and the next information we get is that you are going to bring your wife home to live; will be up at once."

John fidgeted uncomfortably in his chair. The steadfast gaze of Lorrie's was more than he could stand:

"Not to live, but to stay for six months or so. I had given up my place. And Nora wanted to leave town for awhile."

"And never to tell us that she was a widow! A confoundedly handsome one, Johnnie, no question of that."

The new-made groom flushed hotly. Lorimer made haste to say:

"Dick and Rafe were seeing to the luggage when you introduced the little lady as Mrs. John's niece."

John addressed himself directly to his younger brothers:

"My wife was not a widow. The child is her niece. That is all I am at liberty to tell you just now, except she was as much of a surprise to me as any of you. I did not know of her existence until after the ceremony was performed. I hope mother will not take a dislike to her. She won't be any more in the way, in this big house, than a stray kitten."

Dick laughed: "You've hit upon an unfortunate comparison. Stray kittens are mother's special detestation. But I guess between us all we'll contrive to keep this one from being ostracized."

He wanted to comfort John. They all did, in fact. The bond of brotherly affection was very strong among the Lorimer boys. John's face was not that of a happy groom. It wore an unfamiliar look of anxiety—somewhat as if, having consciously wandered very near the edge of a precipice, he was calculating the chances of plunging over. Lorimer turned his eyes from John's flushed face to the dusty pampas plumes which Dick had criticised so severely. He smiled at the undue importance the boy had given them. The mantel vases might have been ornamented with sides of bacon for all the notice they had excited. Everybody had been stiff, unnatural, uncomfortable.

"Your wife is a beautiful woman, John," Lorimer said, soothingly.

"WILL YOU NOT CALL ME DAUGHTER BEFORE YOU GO?"

John answered almost combatively: "Yes, Nora is handsome. And she is a sweet, good woman. A better one does not live."

"Any family?"

"Yes—no. That is, nobody but Ninette and Ninette's mother."

"Ninette's mother is alive, then?"

"No—yes. Devil take it, boys, I never was in such a snarl before. What between supreme dislike to appear so mysterious here among you all at home, and my desire to respect Nora's wishes, I am acting like an imbecile. I don't know what to say or to leave unsaid."

"Be loyal to her, John. Never mind about us."

John turned a grateful look in Lorimer's direction: "Thank you, Lorrie. You are right. It is easy enough not to mind about you fellows: but how about mother?"

Lorimer shrugged his broad shoulders and looked powerless. Dick grunted dubiously. Rafe laughed nervously. The harassed look came back into John's face; evidently none of them was prepared to help him over that difficulty. Lorimer offered some advice:

"It is well to leave some things to chance and to Providence. The boys and I will gratefully accept any crumbs of information you choose to fling us, but where mother is concerned I would advise you to confide in her as far as possible." His mellow voice rose irritably: "You were ridiculously young to think about marrying at all, Johnnie. Only twenty-five last month."

"I have been in love with Nora for two years. She boarded at the same house with me. She supported herself as a stenographer and typewriter. Good old family, but everything gone. Old story. Ruined by the war. She refused me three separate times. Then all of a sudden she asked me one day if I was of the same mind. When I told her I was, she said she would marry me that day two weeks. And she did. That is all there is to tell you, boys. And if she fails to win mother's heart, it will be the first failure for her to record in that line. Everybody grows fond of Nora. Oh, I say, haven't you anything to tell me about Dennis? Been seen? Been heard from?"

"Neith r seen nor heard from."

"And I a Fairbanks?"

"Thing are about as usual over there, I suppo " Lorimer was spokesman, "she wasting her life away uncomplainingly for a selfish old sybarite whose luxuries are supplied out of her earnings."

"Earnings!"

"Brown bread and flower peddler."

"Ida Fairbanks?"

"Ida Fairbanks."

"Great heavens! She is a fool."

"I fancy that the majority of women are when it comes to a question of putting their own comfort before that of some man brute who has a natural or an acquired claim upon them."

Lorrie's sage conclusion seemed to set them all a-thinking. Silence fell on the little group. John sighed heavily. His pipe lay along the arm of his chair quite dead. As he leaned over to knock the gray ashes out against the tall brass firedogs, he was wondering how "poor little Nora" was "making it" with his austere mother. He was painfully alive to the possibility of his bridal chamber being turned into a chamber of the inquisition that evening.

But there was no inquisition in progress upstairs. The mistress of White Cliffs was somewhat frigidly, but with entire courtesy, making her daughter-in-law at home among her strange surroundings.

There were peculiarities about the lock on the big bureau drawers to be explained; the location of the linen closet, where an inexhaustible supply of fresh towels was always to be found, to be indicated; the meaning of the various bells which would ring in the morning was to be made clear. Then she must examine with her own hands, to see if enough covering had been put on the bed. Nothing was ever left to chance by the mistress of White Cliffs.

But all the while she was moving about in that slow and stately fashion of hers, giving her domestic information in a soft, even voice, she was inwardly pondering some strange words that had fallen from the French bonne's lips just as she, Mrs. Lorimer, followed by John's wife, had entered the room.

From the small adjoining bedroom which had hastily been prepared for the unexpected Ninette came the woman's angry voice. The door was open. They could see the child lying asleep, one dimpled hand supporting her round pink cheek, and they could see the Frenchwoman putting things to order:

"Little fiend! She has quite worn me out. Anyone could tell that she was the offspring of a devil and a light woman. And now she sleeps like an infant saint!"

Evidently the bonne had had her difficult evening too.

"How angry her voice sounds!" Mrs. John peered anxiously into the room where Ninette was sleeping. "I hope she is not vicious. I had so little time for selection."

"You do not speak or understand French?"

"Not a syllable. I wish I did, for Ninette's sake."

Mrs. Lorimer had been accounted a fair French scholar in her school-days. She was glad now that the rusty acquirement had stood her in such good stead.

"Mr. Lorimer did not write you about Ninette, I imagine." Nora said, somewhat nervously, the tour of the room being made and her mother-in-law coming to a stand-still on the hearth-rug.

"No. My son was singularly uncommunicative."

"Yes: of course. There was no time, you know. Everything was so sudden. And—about Ninette he knew nothing at all until after the ceremony."

"Did not know what?"

"Did not know that she was to be with us. I did not know it myself."

"Strange. Exceedingly strange. To whom does the child belong?"

John's wife looked away from the stern face so close to hers, before answering, slowly:

"To me—now. I am all she has in the world. She is the daughter of my only sister."

"And your sister is—"

"Gone."

The answer came after a strangely deliberate pause. Either John's wife was growing more and more confused, or else she was congealing under the frigid conditions of the moment. John's mother was becoming positively magisterial.

"And the father of the child?"

"We never speak of him."

"Humph! I suppose she has a name?"

"Ninette."

"But a surname. One might call a poodle, a pet lamb, or a stray kitten, Ninette."

"It is sufficient for my pet lamb," said John's wife, softly. Then the small young woman, perhaps tired of being badgered, looked the large old woman almost defiantly in the face.

"Mother-in-law, please don't take a dislike to my poor little Ninette. She is such a tiny body, eats so little, and occupies so very little space. One could easily lose her in this grand old house. I shall make Celeste keep her out of your way as much as possible."

It was unwisely said. Mrs. Lorimer felt herself ignobly misconstrued. That does not tend to improve a woman's temper. She abhorred mystery. And here was John's wife tainting the pure air of White Cliffs with it, at her very first appearance. She turned away with a dark frown. Nora pushed her hair behind her small ears with a tired gesture. Her lids were hot with the tears she would not shed in the presence of that stern old woman. The mistress moved slowly toward the door. Suddenly Nora stood between her and it. She had a wistful sort of face and a voice of infinite sweetness:

"Will you not call me daughter once before you go? It will be robbing no one. And will you not say: 'God bless John's wife,' just once?"

The rigid lines about the elder woman's mouth relaxed. She raised her right hand with an uncertain motion. Suddenly it fell by her side like a thing of lead, and she turned away with a curt "good night."

Not yet. Not yet. Celeste's words came back to her and banished the asked-for blessing from her lips:

"Anyone could tell that she was the offspring of a devil and a light woman."

Neither bane nor blessing ever fell lightly from the lips of the mistress of White Cliffs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"WILL YOU NOT CALL ME DAUGHTER BEFORE YOU GO?"

JEFFERSON AND JACKSON

Were Opposed to Banks of Issue Both State and National.

Andrew Jackson it was who said, "if congress has the right under the constitution to issue paper money, it was given them to be used by themselves, not to be delegated to individuals or banking corporations."

Thos. Jefferson it was who said: "Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it belongs. It is the only fund on which we can rely for loans, it is our only resource which can never fail us, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose."

If you believe in the doctrine of Jefferson and Jackson and have the manhood to back up your belief with your votes, what party will you be acting with to-day? tf.

Alliance Speaking.

ED. CAUCASIAN:—There is to be an Alliance pic-nic and tournament in Mecklenburg Co., on the farm of J. Springs Davidson on the 22d 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 Mott, Ad'y Gen. F. I. Osborne, Col. Harry Skinner and Marion Butler, Esq., are expected.

J. SPRINGS DAVIDSON.

July 28th, 1893.

The remedy—the Alliance Demands.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transaction and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonals free.

The Human Electrical Forces!

How They Control the Organs of the Body.

The electrical force of the human body, as the nerve fluid may be termed, is an especially attractive department of science, as it exerts so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and conveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitality necessary to improve their health. The pneumogastric nerve, as shown here, may be said to be the most important of the entire nerve system, as it supplies the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with the nerve force necessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen by the cut the long nerve descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous little branches supply the heart, lungs and stomach with necessary vitality. When the brain becomes in any way disordered by irritability or exhaustion, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving the diminished supply are consequently weakened.

Physicians generally fail to recognize the importance of this fact, but treat the organ itself instead of the cause of the trouble. The noted specialist, Franklin Miles, M. D., LL.B., has given the greater part of his life to the study of this subject, and the principal discoveries concerning it are due to his efforts.

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Duplin county. [july20-4t—2p.

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While the park [illegible] superb, with ample [illegible] ter, beautiful lakes [illegible] age, and attractive [illegible] there will be frequent [illegible] other points of interest [illegible] the Cornwall ore [illegible] Susquehannah river, [illegible] sylvania, and the battle [illegible] tysburg, the round trip [illegible] place to be less than [illegible]

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, [illegible] of Brooklyn, N. Y. [illegible] trained choristers [illegible] conduct the religious services [illegible] p. m., Sunday August [illegible]

Officers: President, Hon. [illegible] Dore, Fresno, Cal.; [illegible] Col. James Young, Middlebury [illegible] Hon M. D Davie, Beverly, Ky. [illegible] C. B. Matthews, Buffalo, N. Y. [illegible] others. Advisory Board, prominent farmers from nearly every State [illegible] Territory. Encampment Committee, National Farmers' Alliance [illegible] Maj. Mann Page, Brandon, Vt. [illegible] Hon. I. E. Dean, Honeoye Falls, N. Y., and Henry C. Demming [illegible] man Harrisburg, Pa., who will be pleased to give any further information desired.

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July 24, '93. [july27-3m

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