THE CAUCASIAN.

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THE $25.00 PREMIUM

WHICH THE CAUCASIAN OFFERED IS BEING COMPETED FOR.

Three Persons Offer Their Plans in this Week's Issue.

In the interest of good government, in the interest of honest elections, THE CAUCASIAN is offering a reward of $25.00 to the person who will offer the most feasible and effective plan for preventing fraud and securing as near as possible a fair and honest election next fall under the present election law. That THE CAUCASIAN has struck the key note of popular interest is evidenced by the prompt response we have received. We publish three this week:

No. 1.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 22d, '93.

MR. EDITOR:—In answer to your proposition, I will say that the only plan I can think of now is to do as all polls as we do in Cotton Grove. Let the judges, whether honest or dishonest, understand that they must make a fair and honest count, and return the same. We don't have any patching of returns here. A. H.

No. 2.

BEAVER DAM, N. C., Dec. 23rd '93.

—EDITOR CAUCASIAN:—I wish to be enrolled on the list of competitors for the premium you offer in your paper of Dec. 14th, 1893, for the most feasible and effective method for preventing fraud securing as near as possible a fair and honest election next fall under the present election law.

I give the plan we have inaugurated in Anson county, believing that if adopted throughout the State that it will not only secure a fair election next fall but will greatly strengthen the People's party before the election comes off. As I wish to give our plan of organization in full I hope to be excused for being tedious.

Let each township elect an executive committee of three of their best men who shall constitute the officers of the People's party club for their respective townships to be known as president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer. Then let all the officers of the several townships meet and organize themselves into a county club by electing a president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer outside of their own number. Let the president of the county club be ex-officio chairman of the county executive committee which is composed of the several presidents of the township clubs and let the vice-presidents and secretary-treasurers of the township clubs with the vice-president and secretary-treasurer of county club be constituted a bureau of information thus giving us an organization ready for business.

Now let the voting strength of each township be taken and all that will enroll themselves on the club list take their names, age, occupation, place of birth (giving county and state born in) and place of residence, so that when the registration books are opened next fall their names can be easily registered according to law. This is one important duty for the bureau of information to look after and while it is being done the people should be stirred up to a sense of the dangers of neglecting this important duty. In the meantime let the People's party put out their candidates early and declare for "a free ballot and a fair count."

The next important duty is, at the proper time, to get a petition and present to the county commissioners asking them in the name of honesty and fair dealing to give to each party that has a ticket in the field an equal representation on the board of elections, allowing the chairman of the executive committee of each party to select his men. Nearly everybody will sign such a petition regardless of party affiliations. If the said commissioners heed the petition (and they dare not refuse) the only thing necessary is for the poll holders to see that no frauds are practiced in voting or counting. Let only one box be counted at a time, if it takes all night to finish the count. When the returns are sent up to the county seat let full delegations from each township go with the returning board and never adjourn until the vote is officially announced.

If every county of the State will organize and go to work we cannot only secure a fair election but can carry the People's banner to victory in '94. We must have a free ballot and a fair count, and Anson county will put up with nothing less. One more thought: Let all our public men including our preachers be called upon for a public expression of their views on the subject.

E. W. FLAKE.

Beaver Dam, N. C.

No. 3.

EAU GALLIE, FLA., Dec. 16, '93.—

EDITOR CAUCASIAN:—I see you offer a reward of $25.00 to the person who can suggest the most feasible and effective method for preventing fraud, and securing as near as possible a fair and honest election next fall under the present election law. To my mind the only possible way to have a fair and honest election, under the present election law, is to serve for Registrars and poll holders HONEST men, who will respect their oath, and who believe that every qualified voter is entitled to cast one vote and have it counted as cast no matter what his politics, then the canvassing boards would be composed of the same kind of men, and if there would be no throwing out townships on the most frivolous pretexts, and you would have a fair election and an honest count. Under the present law the canvassing board is master of the situation, no matter how honestly and fairly the election at the polls is conducted, so long as the canvassing board can reject any township's vote it chooses on any sort of pretext, as they did in the last election, there is very little hope of an honest count.

The canvassing board has no right, even under this law, to throw out the vote of a township, but only to correct the irregularities if any, and throw out any illegal votes, and then record the legal votes cast, this being so they violate the law and should be held responsible in court for malfeasance in office for their arbitrary exercise of power which the election law does not give them, hence I suggest that able counsel be employed in every county to attend the meeting of the canvassing board, and see that the letter and the spirit of the law be complied with; otherwise that a criminal prosecution be instituted against them. As Judge Connor said, an office is property, and it is a monstrous outrage that a half dozen irresponsible men should arbitrarily take it away from the man honestly elected by a majority of the voters and give it to his defeated opponent.

It cannot be possible that honest, law abiding citizens, will, in their sober senses, endorse such methods. A great many people were so misled and deceived by the machine newspapers last fall that they actually thought a People's party man was worse than the devil; now, however, since they have had a chance to see what the Mighty Grover and his Democratic congress are doing for them maybe they will conclude that the People's party men were not such fools after all.

If THE CAUCASIAN could be read every week by every honest voter in the State, any sort of an election law would answer to record the verdict of an outraged and disgusted people.

Yours truly,

A. H. PADDISON.

Mr. Paddison is a citizen of Pender county, N. C., and is now in Florida visiting his brother. He was elected sheriff of Pender last fall.

WHAT THE STATE AUDITORS BOOKS SHOW.

The Joint Legislature committee has finished its examination of the State Auditors books and give out the following statement of the Treasury balances:

Balances November 30, 1892:	
Educational fund.....	$ 28,568 83
General fund.....	310,400 93
	$ 338,969 76
Receipts during fiscal year ending November 30, 1893:	
Educational fund.....	$ [illegible] 19
Public fund.....	1,181,066 34
	$1,212,153 52
Total available.....	1,551,128 29
Disbursements during fiscal year:	
Educational fund.....	$ 26,909 77
Public fund.....	1,284,024 41
	$1,310,934 18
Balance Nov. 30, 1893	240,189 11

There is a great falling off in the receipts from merchants' purchase tax and liquor tax and the shrinkage of the general taxes is also great. There is a falling off of $4,000,000 this year in property, solvent credits and money on hand. The increased assessment of railroad property amounts to $4,000,000.

$25.00 PREMIUM.

THE CAUCASIAN offers $25.00 as a premium to the person who can suggest the most feasible and effective method for preventing fraud, and securing as near as possible, a fair and honest election next fall under the present election law.

Every honest voter in the State, (no matter with what party he affiliates) has seriously thought of this matter. So give THE CAUCASIAN and the public the benefit of your ideas. Every patriot should do this, not only to stand a chance of getting the premium, but also in the interest of good government. Make your articles as short as possible to express your idea. We will publish them week after week. The State Ex. Com. of the People's party will decide to whom the premium shall be awarded.

MORE "RED-LEGGED GRASSHOPPERS."

Collector Simmons continues to increase his brigade of "Red-legged grasshoppers." He has already appointed more men than the Republican collector had employed. But places must be made for as many hungry Democrats as possible. The latest appointments are as follows: For brandy gaugers, Henry A. Foote, of Warren, (editor of the Warren Gazette) and R. A. Williams, of Person. For storekeepers and gaugers, Lewis Burwell, of Granville, George Turner, of Lenoir, James S. Dalton, Rockingham county; George B. Williams, Moore; J. L. Jones and E. H. Woodall, Johnston; J. N. Borden, Wayne; G. W. Suggs, Green; R. C. Hill, Lenoir, for deputy collector, and James Steed, of Ashboro, for list clerk in office.

The Boy Knew the Men.

"Johnnie," said his teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in seven days, and your uncle George can do it in nine days, how long would it take both of them to do it?"

"They'd never get it done," said Johnnie; "they'd sit down and tell fish-stories."

AN ADDRESS.

TO THE BRETHREN OF THE N. C. F. S. ALLIANCE.

The Executive Committee, believing it to be to the interest of the Order, have instructed the Business Agent that on and after the first day of January, 1894, to place orders for members of the Alliance only who are known to him to be in good standing or upon whose order the seal of the Alliance has been placed, except upon wagons, sewing machines and organs which can be sold to outsiders at an advance over regular Alliance prices. No order for a County or Sub business Agent shall be filled whose accounts are over due, unless accompanied by the cash.

It is further ordered that the State Business Agent shall not keep his prices standing in the columns of any newspaper, but shall furnish once a month or oftener if necessary to the Secretary of each Sub-Alliance as many copies as needed by the Sub of a printed revised price list. It is advised by your committee that these prices shall be kept strictly within the Order, not made public, and that members be urged to attend their meetings in order to learn prices for buying and selling that they alone may reap the benefits of the Business Agency. We urge you further to keep all matters pertaining to the Alliance strictly among yourselves, as it is not right for any one who does not belong to the Order to obtain the benefits of our organization. It is the desire of your Executive committee that not only lowest prices for buying shall be furnished you, but that your products may be sold in the best markets of the world, and that you may reap the full benefits of our organization financially and otherwise. Already your Business Agent has issued a circular in regard to the shipment of eggs, etc. The plan has been thoroughly examined by us, and we give it our full endorsement and urge you to take hold of the matter as he has suggested.

The Executive Committee at the recommendation of your Business Agent has permitted him to engage the services of brother W. S. Barnes, your Secretary-Treasurer, to push this matter, he having given much thought to the subject and having a thorough knowledge of the plan and has shown conclusively to your committee the great benefits that will be derived from the plan to our organization, it not only building it up, but for financially helping the poorest members of our Order.

Your State President has been given full authority to reorganize dormant Alliances, and we hope every brother will assist him in restoring these Subs to their proper places among us.

We suggest to you futher that you plant largely of food crops. Make everything you can for your needs at home and incur as few debt as possible.

At the present prices of cotton, tobacco and wheat, which have been our main money crops, we cannot continue to plant for that purpose with expectation of bettering our condition, as we cannot expect any better prices under our present financial system. As soon as possible let each one of us get to trading upon a cash basis, thereby taking our labor and our products from the hand of Shylock's greed.

On account of rough weather and the unsettled condition of our people generally, in January we have concluded it is best not to fill but few applications for speakers until next quartely meeting. At April meetings we hope to have every county visited.

We find that our organization is growing in members and sentiment, though its members are very poor financially, and we hope this increase will continue until the objects intended by our Order shall be accomplished. But to succeed in doing this, it is the duty of each member to put his shoulder to the wheel and push with all his might to this end.

Fraternally,

MARION BUTLER, Chmn.,
J. J. LONG,
A. F. HILMAN,
Executive Committee.

Raleigh, Dec. 15, 1893.

A LADY ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

(Special Cor. to THE CAUCASIAN.)

WARSAW, N. C.—Miss Clyde Bass, daughter of Mr. Rufus Bass, was painfully shot through the foot, in the postoffice at Warsaw one day last week. A gun which had been leaned against the wall, fell and was discharged. The load was emptied into the young lady's foot, and so damaging was the effect, that the foot had to be amputated.

Not Her Fault.

"I don't see why it takes Bertie so long to learn to talk," said the young mother anxiously. "I spend hours every day trying to teach him. B'ess it's 'ittle footsy-tootsies! Doesn't muzzer dess do ever'sing she tan to det it to talky-walky! Tum to its muzzer! Popsy-wopsy doucy ducums! Widdlecome buddlecome fiddledee dee! Toze its pitty 'ittle eyes now and go s'eepy!"

A WEEK'S NEWS

GATHERED FROM EVERY QUARTER OF THE WORLD

And Briefly Told For The Readers of The Caucasian.

A Charitable Millionaire.

Robert Fisher, millionaire, aged 57 years, died at Yonkers, N. Y., on the morning of the 26th ult. The deceased attended the Xmas services at the Episcopal church, and was apparently in good health. At the conclusion of the services he took a stand near the door and handed each of the poorer members and attendants at the church a $20 gold piece as a Xmas present. He had just completed his charity when he suddenly reeled and would have fallen without assistance. He continued to grow worse till his death occurred on the following morning.

A Brilliant Marriage.

Senator Faulkner was married to Miss Virginia Whiting, at Hampton, Va., yesterday, the 3rd inst. The happy event was celebrated with great ceremony in the Episcopal church. Invitations to the number of 2,300 were issued for the ceremony.

Whites and Blacks.

There was a riot between the whites and blacks at Wildwood, Fla., last week. Fifteen negroes were wounded and four killed. The Tampa Rifles were ordered to the scene and quiet was restored.

SAM JONES THE SECOND.

He uses cuss words in the pulpit and gets into trouble.

After listening to Rev. Sam Jones preach for several weeks at Birmingham, Ala., a colored preacher, Davidson, decided to imitate the noted evangelist. Said colored brother seemed to be much pleased with Sam Jones' customary epithets, "you dirty yellow hound dog," "you imps of hell," &c. At his next service, Davidson addressed his hearers thus: "you black devils," "you imps of hell," "you old sow cats" "Kill him!" was echoed through the congregation. Some one suggested that he was crazy. He was arrested and watched like a maniac. Davidson explained that he was using Sam Jones' tactics on his congregation, but they didn't believe that such was customary, and had him arrested for using "cuss words" in the pulpit. This was pretty rough on Sam.

CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT HELP.

Paul Vandervoort, commander-in-chief of the Industrial Legion, has just issued an address in which he says:

"I believe the corrupt managers of the money kingdom will create riots and stir up anarchy in order to charge the crime upon the people. We must band together to insure that the victory will be won at the ballot box and not with the bullet and bomb. I believe that the money monarchs wish to forever destroy free government, crush out the republic and enslave the common people."

The money power can't do this without the help of the people. But the money power controls both the Democratic and Republican parties and all who vote for either party will help them. Dear voter on which side are you?

The Great Fair.

"Are you going to the fair, Tompkins?"

"Nope."

"Oh, you ought to go. It's the finest show there ever was."

"I know it."

"Can't you afford to go?"

"Yes."

"Can't you get away?"

"Yes.

"Then why in thunder don't you go?"

"I've been."—Harper's Bazar.

"So the young widow is going to marry Mr. Jenkins? Is he a good catch?" "I sincerely hope so. They say she used to throw rolling pins at her first husband."—Truth.

Two thousond men out of employment paraded the streets of Amsterdam on the 26th ult. They werr repeatedly disbursed by the police, but soon gathered again. Finally one hundred policemen were ordered to charged the paraders with swords. The police were received with volleys of stones, and a savage fight ensued. Three paraders and one policeman were seriously injured.

Mrs. Benjamin Whitehurst, a widow, was killed near Greenville, N. C., a short time since by her youngest child, a boy 12 years old. The boy was fooling with a gun when it accidentally discharged, the entire load striking the mother in the face. Both eyes were put out, and after a few hours of intense suffering, she died

A landslide on the Norfolk and Carolina railroad just one mile west of Kelford on the Roanoke river, on the 22 of December caused the wreck of an engine and nineteen freight cars, and tore up 100 yards of track. The engineer, William Barlow, was killed. The fireman and train hands escaped by jumping. The damage is estimated at $50,000

Gross negligence, or worse, has been charged against the New York custom house officials. The amount involved is stated to be as high as $1,000,000. These irregularities were discovered by a special agent of the department recently detailed to make an investigation.

George Murphy, colored, was found in a vacant lot at Fayetteville, N.C., on the morning of Dec. 22nd. He is supposed to have froze while in a drunken stupor.

Basing the estimate on reports from 95 per cent. of the cotton growing sections of the United States, Bradstreet reports the cotton crop of '93 at 6,000,000 bales.

A distinct earthquake shock was felt at Huntington, Pa., on Christmas morning. The vibration lasted about five seconds.

The Legislature of Colorado will convene in extraordinary session on January 10th.

Mr. Geo. L. Morton has been appointed postmaster at Wilmington, N.

Continued on second page.

Magistrate—Now, then McCarthy, no prevarication. Tell us all that passed between you and the defendant.

McCarthy—Brickbats, yer honor; jist brickbats

Jonathan and His Continent.

By MAX O'RELL (Author of "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull, Jr.," Etc.) and JACK ALLYN

Translated by Mme. Paul Blouet. Copyrighted by Cassell & Co. New York, and published by special arrangement through the American Press Association.

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) is a remarkably clever Frenchman, who has devoted his talents mostly to satirizing the Anglo-Saxon race. The book from which the following extracts are made is his latest production, and material for it was gathered during his recent visit to America.

VI—DIAMONDS.

The Sweat of Jonathan's Brow Crystallizes in His Wife's Ears.

Man has been perpetuated to expiate the transgression of his first parent by hard labor. Jonathan is a proof of it. The sweat of his brow crystallizes upon the arms and neck of his womankind in the form of diamonds.

To the American woman the diamond is not an object of luxury, it is an object of prime necessity. An English old maid would do without lace before an American woman would go without diamonds.

Oh, those diamonds in America! Not one woman in a hundred will you see without a pair of them in her ears.

Diamonds, at night with evening dress and artificial light, are things of beauty; but diamonds in the street with morning dress, at early breakfast in company with morning wrappers; diamonds in the ears, at the neck, in the bonnet strings, on arms, on fingers, diamonds all day long and everywhere, is a remnant of savagery. Nay, I saw diamonds on shoe buckles one day in broad day on Union square.

"There is a woman who is not afraid of tripping and losing her diamonds," said I to myself; "but perhaps she got them in the same way that she might have lost them. Certainly she cannot be a lady." However, it appears she was.

Diamonds are worn by the woman of fashion, the tradesman's wife, shop girls, work girls, servants—all the womankind. If you see a shabbily dressed woman who has not a pair in her ears, she has put them in pawn.

Naturally, in America, as elsewhere, all that sparkles is not diamond.

I have seen pretty, lovely women completely disfigure themselves by hanging enormous diamonds in their ears. These ear drops had a very high commercial value—but artistic value, none.

Love of woman, innate in the American, is not enough in itself to explain the luxury that man lavishes on her in the United States.

The luxury of the American women must be explained in another way.

Money is easily earned in the United States, and is freely spent. Business savors more of gambling than of commerce in the proper sense of the word.

Jonathan, then, is in a position much like that of a man whom I saw give a hundred franc note to a beggar one day in the streets of Monte Carlo. "If I win," said he, "what are a hundred francs to me? I can afford to be generous to a poor fellow creature out of it; if I lose, it is so much that the croupiers will not get." When Jonathan covers his wife with diamonds, he says to himself: "If I win I can indulge my wife without inconveniencing myself; if I lose, it is so much saved from the fray."

This is not all.

If the American thirsts after money, it is not for the love of money, as a rule, but for the love of that which money can buy. In other words, avarice is a vice almost unknown in America. Jonathan pursues wealth to improve his position in life and to surround those dependent upon him with advantages and luxuries. He is the first to admit that their love for diamonds is absurd, but he is good humored, and says: "Since they like them, why should they not have them?"

In Europe there is a false notion that Jonathan passes his life in the worship of the "almighty dollar." It is an error. If a millionaire inspires respect, it is as much for the activity and talent he has displayed in the winning of his fortune as for the dollars themselves. An American, who had nothing but his dollars to boast of, might easily see all English doors open to him, but his millions alone would not give him the entree into the best society of Boston and New York. An American girl who was rich, but plain and stupid, would always find some English duke, French marquis or Italian count ready to marry her, but she will have great difficulty in finding an American gentleman who would look upon her fortune or her dot as a sufficient indemnity.

At a public dinner, the millionaire does not find a place of honor reserved for him, as he would in England. The seats of honor are reserved for men of talent. Even in politics money does not lead to honor. No, refined Americans do not worship the Golden Calf, as Europeans are often pleased to imagine. As to the women, that is perhaps different—but we shall speak of them in another chapter.

VII—NOTES ON GREAT CITIES.

New York, "Boston," Philadelphia, Chicago—And the Liveliest of Them Is Chicago.

The large cities do not constitute the real America. To gain a correct idea of the country, one must go and see those hundreds—I had almost said those thousands—of flourishing little towns which spring up day by day.

Great cities surely have their interest, especially those of the United States, which, with the exception of New York, have each their own particular characteristics.

The city of New York looks like a slice of honeycomb on the map; twelve great arteries run from north to south, crossed at right angles by over a hundred streets, forming an immense number of "blocks."

Except in the city proper, where they have particular names, the streets are all numbered: First street, east or west, Second street, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and so on. The great arteries take the name of Avenues First, Second, Third, up to Eleventh, besides Broadway. It will readily be seen that nothing is easier than to find a house situated in such and such a street, at such and such a number. The thing which puzzled my wits was to remember the addresses of my acquaintances: 103 East Fifteenth street; 44 East Twenty-sixth street, etc. You can readily imagine the perplexity of the foreigner who finds himself confronted with this difficulty and with a score of calls to pay.

As I looked at the New Yorkers walking along the streets with that serious, preoccupied look of theirs, I said to myself: "Those good people must be trying to keep their address in mind, and are repeating it over to themselves all the time."

It is no use looking in New York for monuments in the sense which we attach to the word in Europe. The streets are horribly ill paved. From my windows, which looked on Madison square, the carriages appear to rise and fall as if on a troubled sea. Drunkards have had to drop their habits; they could not reach home from the beer saloons.

That which strikes the visitor to New York is not the city itself, but the feverish activity which reigns there.

Overhead is a network of telegraph and telephone wires, on the ground a net work of tram-car rails. It is estimated that there are more than 12,000 miles of telegraphic wires, about enough to go half round the world.

The whistles of the boats that ply on the East and Hudson rivers keep up, day and night, a noise which is like the roar of wild beasts. It is the cry of Matter under the yoke of Man.

In almost every street tram cars pass every few minutes. It is an incessant procession. The cars are magical, like everything American. Built to carry twenty-four persons, they are made to hold sixty and more. There is always room for one more. You hang on the rail beside the driver or conductor, if it is not possible to squeeze yourself inside and hold on to the leather straps provided for the purpose; you gasp for breath, it is all you can do to get at your pocket to extract the five cents which you owe to the car company; but the conductor cries, in his imperturbable nasal drawl: "Move forward, make room." If you do not like it, you have the alternative of walking. At night, when the theatres are emptying and the loads are the heaviest, is just the time when the stoppages are most frequent, some one gets on or alights at every block; the strain on the horses must be tremendous. Cabs are few. This is not wonderful, seeing that the lowest fare is a dollar or a dollar and a half.

In Third avenue and Sixth avenue, you find the overhead railway called the "Elevated." All the existing means of transit are acknowledged to be insufficient, and an underground railway is talked of. There will soon be travelers underground, on the ground, and in the air. Poor Hercules, where are you with your "Ne plus ultra?" You had reckoned without your Yankee.

Coachmen strike the middle course between the London coachman who avoids foot passengers and the Parisian one who aims at them.

The populous quarters, such as the Chinese quarter, the Italian quarter, the Jewish quarter, with their tenement houses, those barracks of the poor which I visited one day in company with a sanitary engineer, remind one of some of Dante's descriptions: it is a descent, or rather an ascent into hell.

Hard by this frightful squalor, Fifth avenue, with its palaces full of the riches of the earth.

As in London, hundreds of churches and taverns (called beer saloons); it is the same ignoble Anglo-Saxon mixture of Bible and beer, of spiritual and spirituous.

New York is probably the most cosmopolitan city in the world.

I received one day a circular of a meeting of the Knights of Labor. It was printed in six different languages.

There is a small collection of pictures in the museum in Central park, but most of the art treasures of America are to be found in private collections.

Boston (pronounce Boas'ton) is quite an English city, handsomely and solidly built. It has a public garden in the center, the effect of which at night is superb. It is the most scholarly city of the United States, one of the greatest centers of learning in the world.

Boston society is less showy than that of New York, the women have perhaps less chic, but they have more color in their faces and more repose.

Nothing is more diverting than to hear the dwellers of each great American town criticise the dwellers in the others. At Boston, for instance, you will be told that the Chicago people are all pig stickers and pork packers. In Chicago you will hear that Boston is composed of nothing but prigs.

The English spoken in Boston is purer than any to be heard elsewhere in the north. If you think yourself in England the illusion becomes complete when you hear the well bred people speak.

All the anecdotes told in America on the subject of Boston are satires upon the presumptuous character of the Bostonian, who considers Boston the center of the universe. Here is one:

A Boston man has lost his wife. As soon as telephonic communication is established between that city and paradise he rings and cries:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" from the other end.

"Is that you, Arabella?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, my love, and how do you like it up there?"

"Oh, it is very nice, of course—but it isn't Boston."

Before leaving Boston I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at home. The doctor's reception was most cordial.

He is a small man, looking about 75, but the expression of his face is young, and will be so to the last, I imagine. His smile is full of contagious gayety. Thick bushy gray eyebrows, which stand out and a protruding under lip, make his profile odd looking. The eyes are twinkling with humor—and good humor. Philosopher, poet and humorist are written plainly on the face.

The doctor was soon chatting away about his last trip to Europe, and how he went to Paris to revisit the haunts of his youth, where he had studied medicine, how he found it a desert void of all the old familiar faces—but his daughter shopped to her satisfaction.

Then, turning to modern French literature, the doctor remarked:

"Who will ever say again that France has no humorists? I have been delighting in Alphonse Daudet's 'Tartarin.'"

At the very thought of the Tarasconnais' adventures, he laughed. The autocrat's laugh is, as I said, infectious. It is quick, merry, hearty; he shakes over it in a way not common with any but stout people.

Hung upon the wall in a corner was a caricature of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," one of the Vanity Fair series. Upon my espying it, the dear old doctor said: "There, you see, I am not a vain man, or I should hide that away."

A lady friend told me that, meeting him one day after he had an ovation

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

THE PUBLIC PRINTER.

WHY THE APPOINTMENT HAS NOT GONE TO NORTH CAROLINA.

BROUGHTON, OF RALEIGH, AN ELIGIBLE, CAPABLE, AND AVAILABLE MAN,

BUT HANDICAPPED BY "BOSS" RANSOM'S URGENT ENDORSEMENT OF HIS NEIGHBOR, HARRELL,

Who Owns a "Hell-box" at Weldon—Three Iron new Machine Made Postmasters—Senator Vance Stricken but Hopeful and Cheerful—Expressions of Tender Affection and Evidences of Touching Devotion on the part of the People come to Him Daily—His Treatment under the Cleveland Oligarchy must arouse the Indignation and Resentment of the People.

(From Our Special Correspondent in Washington.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1st, 1894.—The government printing office is a great workshop. Its employees are numbered by the thousands. Among them are men of culture and attainments and women of the highest social position. The wages are small compared to the regular departmental employment and the work is exacting. Delicate women work there from 8 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon at the rate of $40 and $50 per month. They are eager to obtain employment at those rates, for in hundreds and hundreds of cases it is that or nothing.

Appointments are controlled entirely by political influence, and employment has no protection such as the classified services in the departments enjoy under the civil service law. The office is a political dumping ground for members of congress. Its standard, consequently, suffers great impairment by comparison with departmental employment. A new administration means wholesale removals and that means great distress and actual suffering to the employees and the hundreds who are dependent upon them.

The present incumbent, a Republican, is a reliable man. To capability, eminent fitness, and large experience he adds a broad humanity in the executive administration of the office that commends him strongly to Mr. Cleveland and explains the reluctance of the Administration to make a change. The legal qualifications—"a practical knowledge of printing and book-binding"—are of the smallest consequence in the successful administration of the vast business of the office. The essential requirements are nerve, judgment, conscience, integrity, firmness, discrimination, executive capacity. A rich, ripe, juicy plum is the office of the Public Printer, in the way of salary, perquisites and patronage.

The Democratic applicants for the place are numerous but eligibles are few. In the list of sixty or seventy applicants only two or three have been considered in connection with the appointment. The place has been tendered Benedict, the public printer under Cleveland's former administration, with the distinct understanding that whenever possible the employees should have the protection secured to other employees in the governmental service. Benedict declined it. The two highest rated candidates are McAbee, of Chicago, and Broughton, of North Carolina. Broughton is a better qualified man than McAbee, but he is handicapped by "boss" Ransom's endorsement of Harrell, the Weldon man and the boss's near neighbor.

A MONUMENTAL ENDORSEMENT.

Harrell has a monumental endorsement, twenty thousand or more people throughout the United States, Canada and the Hawaiian Islands, asking the President to appoint him Public Printer. Every week or two he appears in Washington with a few additional thousand endorsements. He is known at the White House by all the attachees from Thurber and Simmons down, and his coming is greeted by waving of flags and beating of tom-toms. The one endorsement, however, which climaxes all the others and fills his ambitious soul with inexpressible delight and joyous pride is "boss" Ransom's letter to the President urging his appointment. This letter he shows to his hundreds of admiring friends here who seem to doubt his sanity in his wild pursuit of the government printing office. When he dies this letter will be chiselled in the cold marble shaft that perpetuates his memory.

It would be violating a confidence to state its contents, but it is permissable to refer to it as a master-piece of English composition. Letter-writing is not one of the "boss's" weaknesses, but when he gets a bright new steel pen between his fingers, he has no peer in graphic, terse composition. This recommendation of Harrell, which some people who are close to Mr. Ransom say, is all a joke and that he so informed the President, has prevented the appointment of Broughton, who is not only eminently fitted for the place, but has done yeoman work for the Democratic party in the Raleigh district. He was fool enough on one occasion to surrender the congressional nomination to Bunn, and honest enough on another occasion to make two or three speeches in Chatham county from the same platform with the heroic, patriotic, and lamented Polk. He made the fatal mistake in not at some time having been a Republican. The lack of this antecedent political qualification, in connection with the urgent solicitation of "boss" Ransom in Harrell's behalf makes his appointment extremely doubtful.

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