A Pair of April Fools.

I'll bet five cents you get fooled before the day is over!"

Ted Barton grinned provokingly across the table at his pretty sister Nan, who had just laughingly made her boast that no one would be able to take her in with any first of April jokes.

At Ted's exclamation she only replied, lightly, "Nonsense, Ted! It would take a smarter boy than you are to fool me." Then she went out to help her father on with his overcoat preparatory to going on his daily rounds among his patients.

Ted looked at her departing figure and snickered softly, and when the aforesaid trim little figure had vanished, in blissful unconsciousness of coming evil, the young scamp executed a hornpipe, and then holding his sides laughed until the tears stood in his mischievous eyes.

Two hours later Nan answered the postman's ring and returned with a letter in her hand, which she opened at once. Ted watched her slyly. Womanlike she looked at once to see who it was from, and a rush of rosy color flooded her pretty face, deepening as she read, while her dark eyes grew luminous with joy. As soon as she had finished reading her letter she ran out of the library and up to her own room.

Ted was twelve years old, but as soon as Nan had left the room he immediately proceeded to stand upon his head and flourish his naughty heels high in the air.

Nan sat in her room, her sweet face still flushed, and her heart swelling with joy. Presently she raised the letter to her lips and pressed a quick, shy kiss upon it, and then opened and and read it again. What she read was as follows:

"Miss Nan Barton:

"Dear Nan,—I have long tried to tell you that I love you. Could you love me enough to become my wife?

"Yours in hope,

"Jack Akers."

Tears of humanity and joy stood in Nan's soft brown eyes. Jack Akers—the talented young journalist and author—loved her! She had almost dared to hope, sometimes, that he was not entirely indifferent to her, and she—why! did not her foolish, tender little heart beat in a most unruly manner whenever she was in Jack Akers' presence? Nevertheless this proposal was a surprise; for although handsome Jack Akers had frequently beer at her father's house, and had seemed to find her company very pleasant, he had never spoken a word to her that anyone might not have heard,—and yet he had loved her all the time!

Nan read the letter over. It was a beautiful thing to her. What if the handwriting was a little scratchy? That was because Jack was literary; she had always heard that the penmanship of literary people was proverbially bad.

She was very happy all day; and when Ted asked her slyly who her letter was from, she laid her hand with more than usual gentleness upon his curly head, and said, brightly,

"Never mind, Teddy dear. Perhaps I will tell you by and by."

It was strange, but someway the pressure of that soft little hand hurt Ted, and an odd lump rose in his throat. Yes, it was certainly queer, but all at once he found it impossible to look into Nan's happy face and his eyes sought the floor, while as Nan passed on and ran lightly up the stairs he gazed after her remorsefully.

"I say!" he muttered, "it was a nasty trick! I never thought she liked him, and I meant to tell her right away. But now——"

Ted was begining to find out that "the way of the transgressor is hard." He felt as though it would be impossible to tell Nan the truth now. Anyway, he would put off the evil hour until night, and then when she came to kiss him good-night, as she had always done since their mother died, three years before, he would make a clean breast of it. So, satisfying his conscience, he rushed off to spend the afternoon with his chum, and forgot all about it.

When he came home at four o'clock Nan sat with her wraps on, warming her feet before the library fire.

"Hillo, Nan! Where've you been?" Was Ted's first greeting.

"I just ran down street to post a letter, dear;" returned Nan, absently, gazing dreamily into the fire.

The intelligence acted like an electric shock upon Ted. For an instant he gazed at her pretty profile in great consternation; then he came up to her and said, in a somewhat strained voice,

"Nan, you never answered that letter you got this morning so soon as this, did you?"

"Why, Teddy, you don't think it was to soon, do you?" Asked Nan, anxiously, wondering how Ted had guessed her secret.

"Well," mumbled Ted, incoherently, "seems sort of sudden,—same day, you know."

"I can't help it now," murmured Nan, in a slightly troubled voice, "and, Teddy dear, I may as well tell you that it was from Mr. Akers, and in it he asked me to be his wife."

Such a beatified look as Nan's face wore. But Ted's face was scarlet; Nan thought he was going to cry.

"But you never told him you would, Nan!" he said, faintly.

"Why, yes, dear brother, I did, for I love him with all my heart."

Ted groaned. Life was not a bed of roses to him at that moment.

"Don't feel bad, Teddy dear," said Nan, gently. "I shall love you just the same. I have tried to be both mother and sister to you since dear mamma died, and I shall still try to."

That troublesome lump had gotten into Ted's throat again.

"Are you not the least bit glad for me, Teddy, when I am so happy?" Asked Nan, softly.

Ted made a dive for the pretty gloved hand, pressed a hasty kiss upon it, and then dashed out of the door and out of the house. But a round, discolored spot was left on Nan's daily glove where a big salt tears from Ted's eyes had fallen. Nan looked at it, half-smiling, half-sad.

"Dear boy!" she said: "I did not think he would feel it so deeply."

Ted sushed pell mell down the street, his only thought to recover Nan's letter, if possible, before it reached Jack Akers, and thus save his sister that humiliation. But, alas! he was too late, for Nan had been out some time, and had posted her letter at once. Ted had a bad quarter of an hour then, and for the first time in his life it occurred to him that boys were really a superfluous element in creation.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

THE EDITOR TO THE YOUNG FOLKS.

DEAR CHILDREN:

We are glad to see that your letters are improving each week. We start an interesting story for you this week. See in next issue who are the "Pair of April Fools."

Now, dear children, we wish to make a little request. We want each reader of this department to help us increase the circulation of the paper. Let every one go to work and try to send us at least one new subscriber. You little folks can help us a great deal and we are sure you will.

Your friend,

THE EDITOR.

Young Folks' Post Office.

CHARADE.

My first is in church but not in steeple,
My second is in preacher but not in people,
My third is in hair but not in head,
My fourth is in grave but not in dead,
My whole you will find to be a letter in the alphabet.

Three cheers for THE CAUCASIAN.

Yours truly, V. P.

Little Coharie, N. C., Mar. 20, '94.

Mr. Editor:—As I have not seen anything from any of our girls in the past few months, I will write and ask where they all are?

Oh, where is Miss Ethel and Miss Gil? I never hear anything from them these hard times. Write again; your letters are very interesting.

Success to THE CAUCASIAN.

Mrs. "Gil."

ANSWERS

The French dug the Suez canal.

Nora G.

I think the answer to Floyd Taylor's charade is "Grover Cleveland."

Sarah.

The answer to Julia Edgerton's charade is "Populist."

Washington's wife's name was Martha. Penina Rountree.

First Boy—The paper says that when some train-robbers started to rob the passenger out West, a man jumped up an' knocked 'em down, an' kicked 'em out.

Second Boy—Guess he must a-been some immigrant wot hadn't been livin' in a free country long enough to get scared.—[Good News.

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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.

XXXIX—RECREATION IN AMERICA.

The Hotel the American Mecca—Rocking Chairs—More Duchesses.

Hotels are one of the strongest attractions in America to Americans, especially the ladies.

When we Europeans travel, we alight at a hotel, because it is impossible that we should have a pitching place of our own in each town we visit, or friends able to receive us; in other words, we go to the hotel, because we cannot help it.

In America people travel hundreds, nay thousands, of miles for the pleasure of putting up at certain hotels. Hotels are for them what cathedrals, monuments and the beauties of nature are for us.

Jacksonville and St. Augustine are in winter what Saratoga, Newport and Long Branch are in summer: the rendezvous of all who have any pretensions to a place in the fashionable world.

But what do they do at Jacksonville and St. Augustine? You think perhaps that in the morning they set out in great numbers to make long excursions into the country or on the water; that picnics, riding parties and such out of door pastimes are organized.

Not so. They get up, breakfast, and make for the balconies or piazzas of the hotels, there to rock themselves two or three hours in rocking chairs until lunch time; after this, they return to their rocking chairs again and wait for dinner. Dinner over, they go to the drawing room, where there are more rocking chairs, and chat or listen to an orchestra until bed time.

And the table d'hote!

In France, we look well at the bill and study it; we discuss the dishes, arranging them discreetly and artistically in the mind before making their acquaintance more fully on the palate. We are gourmets. In America, the question seems to be not "Which of these dishes will go well together?" but, "How many of them can I manage?" It is so much a day; the moderate eaters pay for the gluttons.

You see women come down at 8 to breakfast in silk attire, and decked in diamonds. And what a breakfast! First an orange and a banana to freshen the mouth and whet the appetite; then fish, bacon and eggs, or omelette, beef steak or chop with fried potatoes, hominy cakes and preserves.

"How little you eat, you French people!" said an American to me one day, as I was ordering my breakfast of cafe au lait and bread and butter.

"You are mistaken," I said, "only we do not care for our dinner at 8 o'clock in the morning."

The larger the hotel is the better the Americans like it. A little, quiet, well kept hotel, where you are known and called by your name, where you are not simply No. 578, like a convict, does not attract the American. He must have something large, enormous, immense. The Ponce de Leon hotel at St. Augustine is not only the largest and handsomest hotel in America, but in the whole world. Standing in the prettiest part of the picturesque little town, this Moorish palace is a revelation, a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

Here the Americans congregate in search of a "good time," as they call it. The charges range from $10 to $25 a day for each person, exclusive of wines and extras. The American who goes to the Ponce de Leon with his wife and daughters, therefore, spends from $100 to $200 a day. For this sum he and his family are fed, played to by a very ordinary band and supplied with an immense choice of rocking chairs.

You must be able to say, when you return to the north, that you have been at the Ponce de Leon. This is now it can be managed. You go to some other hotel near the Ponce. In the evening, dressed in all your diamonds, you glide into the court yard of the great caravansery. Another step takes you to the immense rotunda where the concert is going on. You stroll through the saloons and corridors, and, taking a seat where you can be seen of the multitude, you listen to the music. About 10 or 11 o'clock you beat a retreat and return to your own hotel.

With few exceptions, the waiters in all the great hotels are negroes. You are served slowly, but with intelligence and politeness. No "duchesses" in the great cities of the north or the fashionable resorts of the south.

Those good negroes have such cheerful, open faces!

At the Everett hotel, Jacksonville, I one day went to the wrong table.

"You've come to de wrong table, sah," said the attendant darky. Then, indicating the negro who served at the next table, he added: "Dat's de gentleman dat waits on you, sah."

I never met with such memories as some of those darkeys have. At dinner time you may see from 600 to 1,000 people at table. The black head waiter knows each of the guests. The second time they enter the dining room he conducts them to their places without making a mistake in one instance.

At the door of the dining room a young negro of 16 or 18 takes your hat and puts it on a hat rack. I have seen hundreds thus in his care at a time. You leave the dining room and, without a moment's hesitation, he singles out your hat and hands it to you. It is wonderful when one thinks of it.

Another negro in the hall goes and gets your key, when he sees you return from a walk. No need to tell him the number of your room, he knows it. He may have seen you but once before, but that is all sufficient, he never errs.

Negresses are not employed as chambermaids in hotels. Unhappily for you, it is the objectionable "duchess" that you find again, up stairs this time.

I remember having one day insulted one of these women—certainly unintentionally, but the crime was none the less abominable for that. I was dressing to go out to dinner and wanted some hot water to shave with. Having rung three times and received no answer, I grew impatient and opened the door in the hope of seeing some servant who would be obliging enough to fetch me the water in question. A chambermaid was passing my door.

"Could you please get me some hot water?" I said.

"What do you say?" was the reply, accompanied by a frown and a look of contempt.

"Would you be so good as to get me some hot water?" I timidly repeated.

"What do you think I am? Haven't you a bell in your room?" said the harpy.

I withdrew into my room in fear and tremoling and shaved with cold water that day.

XL—VALUE OF THE DOLLAR.

What American Women Must Spend on Dress—Current Prices—The Beggar and the Nickel.

If you go to a changer, he will give you five francs in French money, or four shillings in English, for a dollar. But in America, you are not long in discovering that you get for your dollar but the worth of a shilling in English money, or a franc in French.

The flat that lets for 4,000 francs in Paris, and the house that is rented at £300, or 4,000 shillings, in London, would be charged $4,000 in New York, Boston or Chicago.

The simplest kind of dress, one for which a Parisian of modest tastes pays 100 francs, would cost an American lady at least $100. A visiting dress costing 500 francs in Paris would cost $500 in New York. A bonnet that would be charged 50 francs is worth $50. The rest to match.

Here is a dressmaker's bill, which fell under my eyes in New York:

Robe de chambre	$200
Cloth dress	175
Opera cloak	500
Riding habit	180
Bonnet	30
Theater bonnet	50
Black silk dress	840
Ball dress	650
Total	$2,625

In this bill, there is neither mantle, linen, boots, shoes, gloves, lace, nor the thousand little requisites of a woman's toilet, and it is but one out of the three or four bills for the year. I am convinced that an American woman who pretends to the least elegance, must spend, if she be a good manager, from six to eight thousand dollars a year. Add to this the fact that she loads herself with diamonds and precious stones.

A great number of Americans come to Europe to pass three months of every year. This is not an additional extravagance, it is an economy. They buy their dress for a year, and the money they save by this plan not only pays their traveling expenses, but leaves them a nice little surplus in cash.

Copper money exists in America, but if you were to offer a cent to a beggar he would fling it at you in disgust. When the barefooted urchins in the south beg their formula is: "Spare us a nickel," or "Chuck us a nickel, guv'nor." The nickel is worth five cents. The only use of the cent that I could discover was to buy the evening paper.

If expenses are enormous in the United States I must hasten to add that it is chiefly the foreign visitor who suffers in purse. The American can afford to pay high prices, because his receipts are far larger than they would be in Europe. Situations bringing in three or four hundred dollars, as in France, in England, are unknown in America. Bank clerks and shop assistants command salaries of a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a year. A railway car conductor gets $50 a month.

In the grades above, in the professions, the fees, compared with those earned in Europe, are also in the proportion of the dollar to the shilling or franc. A newspaper article, for which would be paid in France from 100 to 250 francs (and no French paper, except The Figaro, pays so much for articles) is paid for in America from $100 to $250. A doctor is paid from $5 to $10 a visit. I am, of course, not speaking of specialists and fashionable doctors: their charges are fabulous. I know barristers who make over $100,000 a year.

Every one is well paid in the United States, except the vice president.

If I have spoken of the high cost of living, it is to state a fact, and not to make a complaint. I went to America as a lecturer, not as a tourist. Jonathan paid me well, and when Cabby asked me for a dollar and a half to take me to a lecture hall, I said, like M. Joseph Prudhomme: "It is expensive, but I can afford it," and I paid without grumbling.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PEOPLE'S PARTY CLUBS.

The rules and regulations for governing the organization of the People's Party Club are as follows:

First, There shall be neither fees, dues, signs, grips, pass-words, or obligation in a Club.

Second, Clubs may be started in any locality by any reputable person, and organize with five or more members.

Third, The meetings of the clubs shall be public. Those who are not members should be invited to attend. Those who attend should be urged to join.

Fourth, The conditions of membership shall be opposition to the financial policy of Grover Cleveland and the Democratic party and a promise to vote with the People's Party to secure a legislature next fall that will give the people a free ballot and fair count.

Fifth, Each club shall have a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. In all other matters each club may make its own rules and regulations.

Sixth, As soon as a club is organized the Secretary should fill out the following blank and send at once to Marion Butler, Goldsboro, N. C.

PEOPLE'S PARTY CLUB.

County.....

Township.....

Name of Club.....

No. of Members.....

President.....

P. O.....

Secretary.....

P. O.....

Write very plain the names and postoffice address of the President and Secretary. I will send a communication for consideration at the second meeting of your club.

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II.

For twenty-four hours old Brax had been mad as a hornet. He was not much of a drill-master or tactician, but he thought he was, and it delighted him to put his battalion through the form of review, the commands for which he had memorized thoroughly and delivered with resonant voice and with all proper emphasis. What he did not fancy, and indeed could not do, was the drudge-work of teaching the minutiæ of the school of the battalion, explaining each movement before undertaking its execution. This was a matter he delegated to one of his senior captains. For a week, therefore, in preparation for a possible visit on the part of the new brigadier-general or his inspector, the six companies of the regiment stationed at the post had been fairly well schooled in the ceremonies of review and parade, and so long as nothing more was required of them than a march past in quick time and a ten minutes' stand in line all might go well. The general had unexpectedly appeared one evening with only a single aide-de-camp, simply, as he explained, to return the calls of the officers of the garrison, six or eight of whom had known enough to present themselves and pay their respects in person when he arrived in town. Braxton swelled with gratified pride at the general's praise of the spick-span condition of the parade, the walks, roads and visible quarters. But it was the very first old-time garrison the new chief had ever seen, a splendid fighting record with the volunteers during the war, and the advantage of taking sides for the union from a doubtful state, having conspired to win him a star in the regular service only a year or two before.

"We would have had out the battery and given you a salute, sir," said Brax, "had we known you were coming; but it's after retreat now. Next time, general, if you'll ride down some day, I'll be proud to give you a review of the whole command. We have a great big field back here."

And the general had promised to come. This necessitated combined preparation, hence the order for full dress rehearsal with battery and all, and then came confusion. Fresh from the command of his beautiful horse battery and the dashing service with a cavalry division, Cram hated the idea of limping along, as he expressed it, behind a battalion of foot, and said so, and somebody told Brax he had said so,—more than one somebody, probably, for Brax had many an adviser to keep him in trouble. The order that Cram should appear for instruction in review of infantry and artillery combined gave umbrage to the battery commander, and his reported remarks thereupon, renewed cause for displeasure to his garrison chief.

"So far as we're concerned," said Cram, who wanted to utilize the good weather for battery drill, "we need no instruction, as we have done the trick time and again before; and if we hadn't, who in the bloody Fifty-first is there to teach us? Certainly not old Brax."

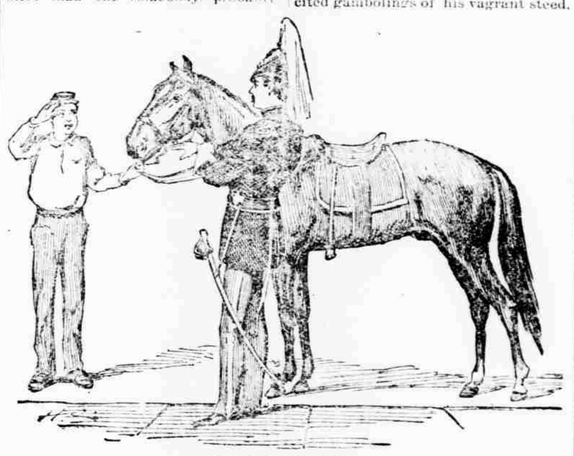
All the same the order was obeyed, and Cram started out that loveliest of lovely spring mornings not entirely innocent of the conviction that he and his fellows were going to have some fun out of the thing before they got through with it. Not that he purposed putting any hitch or impediment in the way. He meant to do just exactly as he was bid; and so, when adjutant's call had sounded and the blue lines of the infantry were well out on the field, he followed in glittering column of pieces, his satin-coated horses dancing in sheer exuberance of spirits and his red-crested cannoneers sitting with folded arms, erect and statuesque, upon the ammunition-chests. Mrs. Cram, in her pretty basket phaeton, with Mrs. Lawrence, of the infantry, and several of the ladies of the garrison in ambulances or afoot, had taken station well to the front of the forming line. Then it became apparent that old Brax purposed to figure as the reviewing officer and had delegated Maj. Minor to command the troops. Now, Minor had been on mustering and disbursing duty most of the war, had never figured in a review with artillery before, and knew no more about battery tactics than Cram did of diplomacy. Mounted on a sedate old sorrel, borrowed from the quartermaster for the occasion, with an antiquated, brass-bound Jenifer saddle, minus breast-strap and housings of any kind, but equipped with his better half's brown leather bridle, Minor knew perfectly well he was only a guy, and felt indignant at Brax for putting him in so false a plight. He took his station, however, in front of the regimental colors, without stopping to think where the center of the line might be after the battery came, and there awaited further developments. Cram kept nobody waiting, however; his leading team was close at the nimble heels of Capt. Lawrence's company as it marched gayly forth to the music of the band. He formed sections at the trot the instant the ground was clear, then wheeled into line, passed well to the rear of the prolongation of the infantry rank, and by a beautiful countermarch came up to the front and halted exactly at the instant that Lawrence, with the left flank company, reached his post, each caisson accurately in trace of its piece, each team and carriage exactly at its proper interval, and, with his crimson silk guidon on the right flank and little Pierce signaling "up" or "back" from a point outside where he could verify the alignment of the gun-wheels on the rank of the infantry, Cram was able to command "front" before little Drake, the adjutant, should have piped out his shrill "Guides posts."

But Drake didn't pipe. There stood all the companies at support, each captain at the inner flank, and the guides with their inverted muskets still stolidly gazing along the line. It was time for him to pipe, but instead of so doing there he stuck at the extreme right, glaring down towards the now immovable battery and its serene commander, and the little adjutant's face was getting redder and puffier every minute.

"Go ahead! What are you waiting for?" hoarsely whispered the senior captain.

"Waiting for the battery to dress," was the stanch reply. Then aloud the shrill voice swept down the line: "Dress that battery to the right!"

Cram looked over a glittering shoulder to the right of the line, where stood the diminutive infantryman. The battery had still its war allowance of horses—three teams to each carriage, lead, swing and wheel—and that brought its captain far out to the front of the somber blue rank of foot; so far out, in fact, that he was about on line with Maj. Minor, though facing in opposite direction. Perfectly confident that he was exactly where he should be, yet equally determined to abide by any order he might receive, even though he fully understood the cause of Drake's delay, Cram promptly rode over to the guidon and ordered "right dress," at which every driver's head and eyes were promptly turned, but not an inch of a wheel, for the alignment simply could not be improved. Then after commanding "front" the captain as deliberately trotted back to his post without so much as a glance at the irate staff officer. It was just at this juncture that the bay colt came tearing down the field, his mane and tail streaming in the breeze, his reins and stirrups dangling. In the course of his gyrations about the battery and the sympathetic plunging of the teams some slight disarrangement occurred. But when he presently decided on a rush for the stables, the captain reestablished the alignment as coolly as before, and only noticed as he resumed his post that the basket phaeton and Mrs. Cram had gone. Alarmed, possibly, by the nonappearance of her warm friend Mr. Waring and the excited gambolings of his vagrant steed, she had promptly driven back to the main garrison to see if any accident had occurred, the colt meantime amusing himself in a game of fast-and-loose with the stable guard.



"NOW, JIM, LET GO."

Then it was that old Brax came down and took a hand. Riding to where Minor still sat on his patient sorrel, the senior bluntly inquired:

"What the devil's the matter?"

"I don't know," said Minor.

"Who does know?"

"Well, Drake, possibly, or else he doesn't know anything. He's been trying to get Cram to dress his battery back."

"Why, yes, confound it! he's a mile ahead of the line," said the colonel, and off he trotted to expostulate with the batteryman. "Capt. Cram, isn't there room for your battery back of the line instead of in front of it?" inquired the chief, in tone both aggrieved and aggressive.

"Lots, sir," answered Cram, cheerfully. "Just countermarched there."

"Then I wished you'd oblige me by moving back at once, sir; you're delaying the whole ceremony here. I'm told Mr. Drake has twice ordered you to dress to the right."

"I've heard it, sir, only once, but have dressed twice, so it's all right," responded Cram, as affably as though he had no other aim in life than to gratify the whims of his post commander.

"Why, confound it, sir, it isn't all right by a da—good deal! Here you are 'way out on line with Maj. Minor, and your battery's—why, it isn't dressed on our rank at all, sir. Just look at it."

Cram resumed the carry with the saber he had lowered in salute, calmly reversed so as to face his battery, and, with preternatural gravity of mien, looked along his front. There midway between his lead drivers sat Mr. Doyle, his face well-nigh as red as his plume, his bleary eyes nearly popping out of his skull in his effort to repress the emotions excited by this colloquy. There midway between the lead drivers in the left section sat Mr. Ferry, gazing straight to the front over the erected ears of his handsome bay and doing his very best to keep a solemn face, though the unshaded corners of his boyish mouth were twitching with mischief and merriment. There, silent, disciplined and rigid, sat the sergeants, drivers and cannoneers of famous old Light Battery "X," all agog with interest in the proceedings and all looking as though they had never heard a word.

"I declare, sir," said Cram, with exasperating civility, "I can see nothing out of the way. Will you kindly indicate what is amiss?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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FUSION.

How and Why the Democrats Want It.

(Spec. to THE CAUCASIAN.)

WARSAW, N. C., Mar. 28, '94.

MR. EDITOR:—With the State Democracy on bended knee praying for a fusion, after months of the vilest abuse and insult hurled with poisoned darts against the strong armour of right and justice, is indeed a recognition of our power by the enemy, and those whose hopes have dwindled somewhat in the past may now take fresh courage, as our adversaries are at last driven to bay after a ceaseless struggle waged by the brave men who dared to speak and write in the interest of the toiling millions.

The Democrats ask for a fusion on what conditions? They have not given them, but I will venture to sum them all up in one sentence—that the Reformers must lay aside the banner of the People's party and enlist under that of Democracy. If this is not true will the Democrats join us under our name and lay aside theirs?

The last condition is the one we favor because we are men who believe in the principles laid down by Jefferson and embodied in our platform more than we do in the name and prejudicial ideas used by Democracy to influence and deceive while robbery of the people continues and the monster of financial depression fastens its fangs upon every enterprise, and before its withering breath the steady tramp of thousands is heard, leaving all that is dear to them in order to find work that they may not perish.

Friends, this fusion business is another one of their treacherous designs by which they hope to ensconce themselves in office, and when safely anchored the demands of the people will be heeded as they are at present when placed before this administration.

In conclusion, we invite all men, no matter what may have been their former party affiliations, to join hands with those who demand a free ballot and an honest government, and when the stormy scenes of the coming election clear away they will find themselves upon the grand old ship of State safely riding upon the waters of peace and prosperity, while from the mast head flying in the breeze can be seen "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

HOWITZER.

Subscribe to The Caucasian $1 a year.

THAT HALIFAX MEETING.

Continued from first page.

This sharp repartee [illegible] and prolonged laughter.

Capt. Kitchin urged [illegible] ing be adjourned to 1st [illegible] June. Mr. Hill thought [illegible] cessary to adjourn to a [illegible] but relegate all these [illegible] county convention.

Capt. J. M. Grizzard [illegible] journ sine die.

Major Neal said he [illegible] ter to adjourn sine die, [illegible] matters to the democratic [illegible] vention.

Upon Mr. Kitchin's motion [illegible] journ to meet 1st Monday [illegible] the vote was taken and it [illegible] the chairman declared the [illegible] adjourned until 1st Monday [illegible] Maj. Emery asked, that as [illegible] close, those voting, repeat [illegible] counted.

Chairman Daniel said he [illegible] prefer that. Those voting [illegible] on either side of the [illegible] the count showed the vote [illegible] in favor of meeting 1st Monday [illegible] June. The meeting was [illegible] adjourned to that time."

[Where was Capt. Bill Dan[illegible] he had been there he could [illegible] told "the boys" how to "[illegible] fax" harmony or no harmony [illegible] boasted at the last election [illegible] negro at the Weldon box [illegible] voted the Democratic ticket [illegible] will harmonize the negroes.

Senator Kyle's Coxey.

Senator Kyle, chairman [illegible] Committee on Education and [illegible] has suspended his signature to [illegible] ment in which he denies the [illegible] purported to have been had with [illegible] about the Coxey scheme to [illegible] army of unemployed on the [illegible] the Capitol. He says he is not [illegible] sympathy with the silly scheme [illegible] on foot by Mr. Coxey, but says he [illegible] heartily in sympathy with the [illegible] pressed classes throughout the [illegible] try and never leaves an opportunity [illegible] lighten their burdens.

Oh, merchants in thy hour of [illegible] If on this paper you should [illegible] Take our advice and be the [illegible] Go straightway out and advertise [illegible] You'll find the project of some [illegible] Neglect can offer no excuse [illegible] Be wise at once, prolong your days [illegible] A silent business soon decays.

—Oneonta (N. Y.) Star.

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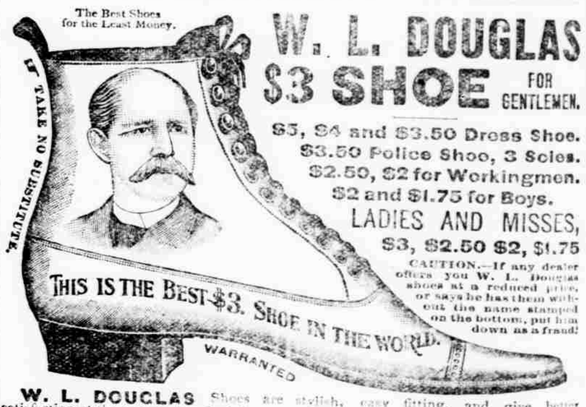

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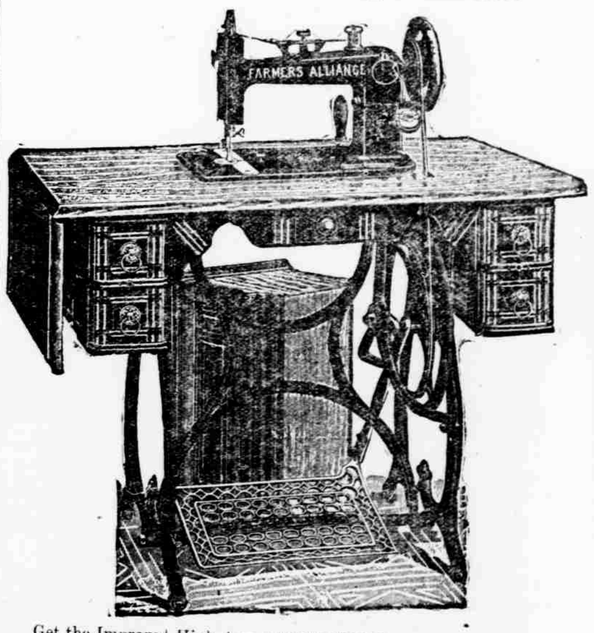

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