



CHILDREN'S CORNER

A Pair of April Fools.

(Continued from last issue.) In comfortable bachelor apartment...

Young Folks' Post Office.

My first is in green but not in white, My second is in quarrel but not in fight...

ANSWERS

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652. Daniel was in the lion's den one night.

DR. HATHAWAY & CO., SPECIALISTS

Young and middle aged men, remember! It is not too late to get cured...

COL. SKINNER'S SPEECH.

Continued from first page.

ing of solid vote of the South and in their name they will gather strength as they move on from other sections of the country...

Jonathan and His Continent.

By MAX O'REILL Author of "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull, Jr.," and "JACK ALLY."

Translated by Miss Pauline. Copyrighted by Maxwell & Co., New York, and published by arrangement through the American Press Association...

XLI—CONCLUSION.

Reply to the American Question—The Americans are not so happy as the French. What Jonathan has Accomplished.

"Well, sir, and what do you think of America?" "When one thinks of what the Americans have done in a hundred years of independence...

When I see the proud Democratic ship today upon whose quarter-deck and I have trained from youth and which we were taught and heard taught, bore the ark of our country's hope and the hope of our people's prosperity and happiness...

When I look around upon this fair land, a land rich in history, rich in patriotism, rich in the past and ought to have hope for the future, blessed with the richest plains, the most fertile valleys, the most fruitful mountains, rich in grain and water, in minerals and forests, in war power and hidden treasures...

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Our blundering, in the language of the eloquent Muscurian, have brought us to the parting of the ways; we can be deceived and charmed no more by the glamour of

party prestige and party platform promises or longer incited to unreasonable action by party or racial prejudices in the future. There are but two ways; one means a British policy for American subjects with dependence upon John Bull and a cowardly acquiescence in such prices as he may name for our labor and our products under such restraint as he may see fit or seem proper to impose.

The other way is the American way, the synonym of an independent way of policy, while just to everybody, will secure for American as well as American labor fair prices for muscles and products and an unrestrained exercise of our civil liberties.

In the evolution of economic thought in the science of true political progress, the time has come when the tares should be pulled from the wheat; the sheep separated from the wolves, when the people have the right to know "under which King, Oh Benjamin, will ye serve," which flag will ye follow? Shall we regard you in the future as alien or friend? Will you sustain by your action and your vote Grover Cleveland and John Sherman in their policy of annexation, or will you boldly and bravely stand by the plain people, their rights, their fields, their shores, and for their comforts?

This is the serious problem that now confronts you; decide it without fear or favor or affection but as it may appear to you for the best interests of yourself, your families and your country.

While the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns review their records, which show that they are costing Europe more than \$1,000,000,000 a year, in time of peace, while the European debt is more than \$25,000,000,000, the American treasury at Washington, in spite of corruption, which it well knows does exist, has surplus of \$90,000,000. While European governments edged their wits to devise means for meeting the expenses of absolute monarchies, the Washington government has had a less to know with the money it has in hand. While the European telegrams in the daily papers give accounts of reviews, mobilizations and military maneuvers, of speeches in which the people are reminded that their duty is to serve their emperor first and their country next, of blasphemous prayers in which God is asked to bless soldiers, swords and gunpowder, the American telegrams announce the price of corn and cattle, and the quotations on the New York Exchange.

Happy country that can get into a state of ebullition over a presidential election or the doings of John L. Sullivan, while Europe is trembling as herons, with the rest of each new spring, whether they are republicans or democrats will not be called upon to cut each other's throats for the great glory of three emperors in search of excitement! America is not only a great nation, she is a great people.

The Americans are a great people, holding in their hands their own destiny, learning day by day, with the help of their liberty, to govern themselves more and more wisely, and able, thanks to the profound science in which they live, to meet the needs of their nation and all their energy to the arts of peace.

The well read, well bred American is the most delightful of men; good society in America is the wisest, most genial and most hospitable I have met with. I look at other nations, the more confirmed I am in my opinion, that the French are the happiest people on earth.

The American is certainly on the road to the possession of all that can contribute to the well being and success of a nation, but he seems to me to have missed the path that leads to real happiness. His domestic joys are more shadowy than real. To live in a whirl is not to live well.

Jonathan himself sometimes has his regrets at finding himself drawn into such a frantic race, but declares that it is out of his power to hang back. If it were given to him to live twice on this planet, I should understand his living twice as long as he does. I am sure he is able to enjoy quietly, in his second existence, the fruits of his toil in the first. Seeing that only one sunrise here is permitted to us, I think the French are right in their study to make it a long and happy one.



This was too much for Perry. In his effort to restrain his movement and gulped down a rising flood of laughter, there was heard an explosion that seemed to shake the tent, the sudden collapse of an inflated paper bag, and old Braxton glared angrily at the boy now red in the face with mingled mirth and consternation, caught suddenly from the sight. Was the battery laughing at him? Was the battery commiserating him? Was it possible that they were mocking his ignorance of their regulations? It put him on his guard and suggested a tentative...

"Do you mean that you are right in being so far ahead of our line instead of dressed upon it?" asked he of the big blonde soldier in the glittering uniform. "Where do you find authority for it?" "Oh, perfectly right, colonel. In fact, for six years past I've never seen it done any other way. You'll find the authority on page 324, Field Artillery Tactics of 1894."

For a moment Braxton was dumb. He had long heard of Crum as an expert in his own branch of the service, but presently he burst forth: "Well, in our tactics there's no reason for every blessed thing we do, but I'll be damned if I can see rhyme or reason in such a formation as this. Why, six or seven companies takes up more room than my six-maltese twice as much of a show. Of course if a combined review is to show off the artillery it's all very well. However, go ahead, if you think you're right, sir, go ahead! I'll inquire into this later."

"I know we're right, colonel, and as for the reason, you'll see it when you open ranks for review and we come to 'action front'; then our line will be exactly that of the regulations. Meaning, sir, it isn't for us to go ahead. We've gone as far as we can until your adjutant makes the next move."

But Braxton had ridden away disgraced before Crum wound up his remarks. "Go on, Maj. Minor! Just run this thing without reference to the battery. Damned if I understand their methods. Let Crum look after his own affairs; if he goes wrong, why—his nose or his concern."

And so Minor had nodded "go ahead" to Mr. Drake, and presently the whole command made its bow, so to speak, to Minor as their immediate chief, and then he drew sword and his united voice became faintly audible. The orders "Prepare for review" and "to the rear open order" were instantly followed by a stentorian "action front" down at the left, the instant leap and rush of the right and left battalions, the thud of plunging hoofs. Forty-eight mettlesome horses in teams of two stood ready for the start, and the heavy harness of the mules and teams, the heavy harness of the mules and teams, the heavy harness of the mules and teams...

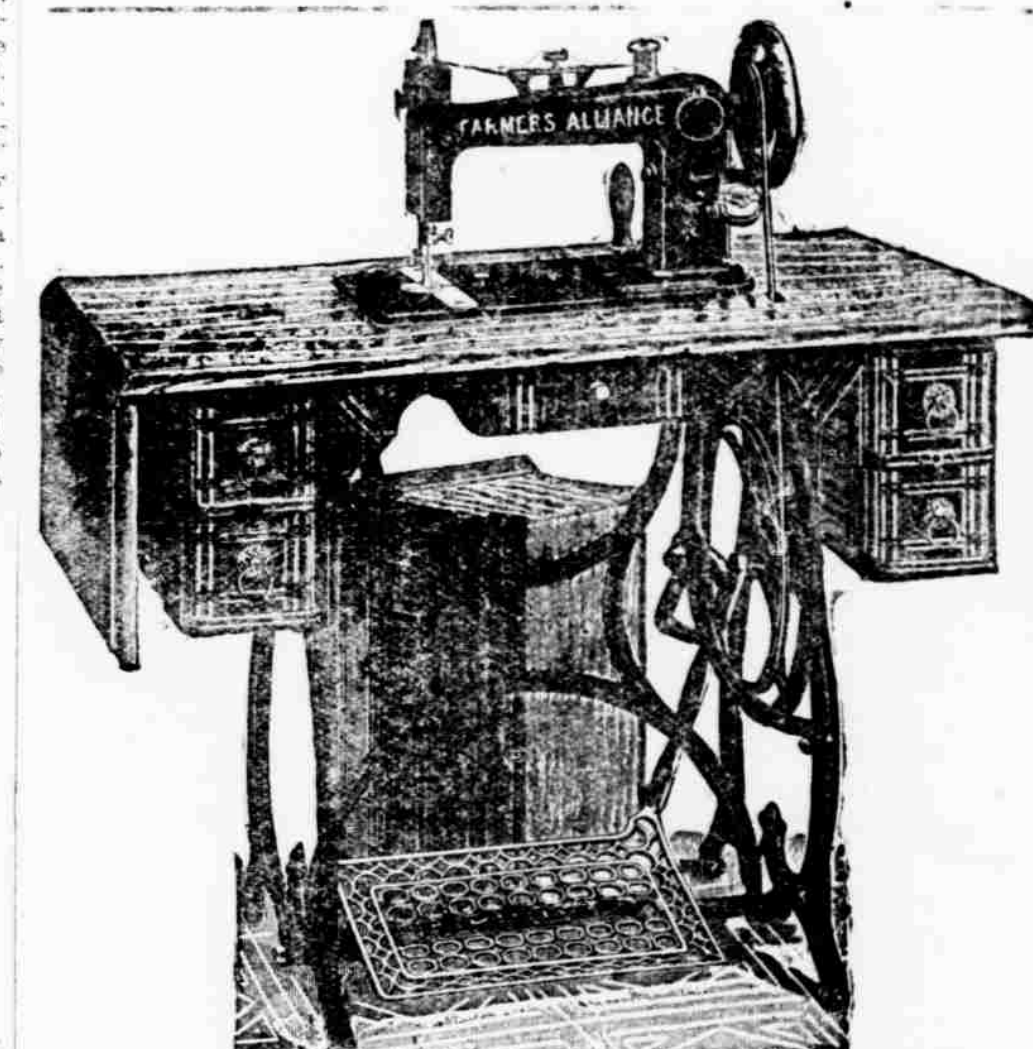
When Braxton, therefore, came down to make his comments and comments upon the conduct of the review, Minor was simply unprepared to hear that instead of being in error Crum had gone exactly right and as prescribed by his drill regulations in wheeling to the right and gaining ground to the rear before coming up to the front, almost precisely as desired, that he wished the colonel, if he proposed having a combined review, would assume command himself, as he didn't care to be bothered with combination tactics of which he had never had previous knowledge. Being of the same opinion, Braxton himself took hold, and the next performance, though somewhat erroneous in many respects, was a slight improvement on the first, though Braxton did not give time for the battery to complete one movement before he would rush it in. He compared notes during the rest of the second repetition. Minor groveled that this was "a little better, but not good," which led to some suggestions in low tone that the major got his positives and negatives worse mixed than his tactics, and inquiring further "whether it might not be well to dub him Minor Major."

The laughter that followed this sally naturally reached the ears of the colonel, and so Braxton never let upon the command until the review was off without an error of any appreciable weight, without, in fact, a hitch in the bit or an unhitch in the horse. As Doyle expressed it, "The colonel's compliments and desires to see Capt. Crum before the big batteryman had time to change his dress."

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