ALLIANCE DEPARTMENT.

O'er every land, in every age
Some curse of creed or human ban
Has controvened the rights of man,
E'en now some subtle power
Enthrones the wrong, exalts the knave,
While idlers reign and toilers slave.

Resolutions of Alexander County Farmers' Alliance.

In view of the depreciation of property, the scarcity of money and the reduction of at least one third on all products of labor—

1st. Be it therefore Resolved, by the Alexander County Farmers' Alliance, now in session, April 12th, 1894. That we ask a reduction of one third on the fees of all Officers from the Governor to the County Commissioners, inclusive, in the State of North Carolina.

2nd. Be it Resolved, That the Alexander County Farmers' Alliance furnish the means and have a sufficient number of copies of this Resolution printed and sent to the Secretaries of the County Alliances in the state, and one to the Editor of THE CAUCASIAN, Goldsboro, N. C., and also the Editor of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N.C.

3rd. Resolved, That the foregoing Resolution, after being printed, shall be sent to W. S. Barnes, Sec., Treasurer N. C. F. S. A., with instructions to forward to Secretaries of the different Counties immediately, and those Secretaries to have written or printed copies circulated in every Sub-Alliance in respective Counties; to the end that all citizens of the State of N. C., irrespective of party may become signors of the same, and that these then be sent to the State Alliance for confirmation, signed by.

J. L. Loller, R. F. White, A. L. Watts, H. W. Richey, N. S. Norton, P. M. Hammer, W. R. Childers, T. A. Hudson, R. C. Clary, J. W. Price, Thos. Walker, J. F. Crouch, J. T. Christopher, J. C. Bell, J. M. Martin, M. M. Alexander, Thos. Little, T. J. White, G. W. Hefner, C. O. Alexander, J. W. Martin, A. T. Alexander, J. J. Alexander, W. D. Gryder, L. L. Dagenhart, W. G. Gryder.

Chatham County.

Pittsboro, N. C., May 15, '94.

Hon. Marion Butler, Dear Sir and Brother—Inclosed please find ten (10) dollars contributed by the Chatham County Farmers' Alliance, to the Polk Monument Fund.

The last meeting of Chatham Co. Alliance was a grand success, both in point of numbers and interest The Alliance is in better condition than it has been in the past three years. W. N. Stranghan,
Sec'y C. C. F. A.

Willow Branch, N. C.,
May 7, 1894.

Mr. Editor—With your permission we will say a few words for Merchant Mills Alliance, No. 1190. In the first place, while we are not so strong numerically as we once were, what we have is pure gold, and we are now on the up grade. Since the coming in of '94 we have received several new members and are expecting more soon. We have enrolled between 35 and 40 members at present. Enclosed find $5.52 for the Polk memorial fund contributed by Merchant Mills Alliance, and we hope to send another contribution soon. I will close, Mr. Editor, for fear of the waste basket.

Success to THE CAUCASIAN and the noble Butler.

Fraternally,
Mrs. H. L. Brown, Sec'y.

Secretary Duncan, of the National Farmers' Alliance, says the order is flourishing now and that applications for charters are coming in rapidly. One application came in from Idaho a few days ago asking for four charters for new Sub-Alliances in that state. He says that about twenty Sub-Alliances have already been inaugurated in South Carolina. The state of Ohio in the last few days has sent applications for one hundred charters.

The Alliance is "marching through Georgia" nowadays. The brethren there have been lying on their oars but they are ready to admit it is better to reorganize.

Greater activity is now being displayed in Alliance circles in Iowa than for two years past. The same is true of Kansas, Pennsylvania, Maryland and numerous other states.

The Texas brethren are pulling for the shore with the Alliance boat. They don't want to be second to any state, and they are not going to be.

There are some members of the order in Arkansas who say both by words and actions: "There is no need of the Alliance now; the people are sufficiently educated and know how they ought to vote." Should its members drop the order now, most of them would live to see their mistake. There is as much need of the Alliance as ever for social and co-operative purposes, and as an educator it is now more needed than at any time in its history. While it is true that many are well informed upon political questions, the great majority are only commencing their study. The conflict before us will be long and stubbornly fought, and to insure success our organization must be kept up new members added, suspended ones reinstated and the youth of our land brought in and educated. Let your Alliance go down and you cut off the recruiting office for future help.—Arkansas Farmer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Wake County.

Rands Mill, N. C., May 22, '94.

Mr. Editor—It is seldom that a man in the humble walks of life, takes the pen to write for a newspaper, but when I read in the columns of your paper the extracts of Senator Morgan's speech delivered in Alabama before his constituency, I was startled at the declarations contained therein. He declared that the goldbugs, by the use of money, were running both of the old parties to enslave the masses and inflict stupendous wrongs that would endanger the life of the Republic. I can not explain how he (Morgan) can longer affiliate with such corruption, and at the same time pose before his people as an immaculate leader if he has truthfully represented his party. In that speech he also contends that money in enormous sums was used to control the convention to befog the voter with resounding promises, and glittering generalities, to make him believe the convention was not hostile to bimetallism. After his severe denunciation and arraignment of his party he is to-day a candidate for re-election in the same old party, and it seems from the standpoint I view it, would resort to subterfuge to reinstate it into the confidence of his countrymen. It appears that he would reinstate according to his own definition a generation of vipers. Now I would like to know when will such men as Senator Morgan get to the place where the roads fork, where they can take leave of the party that is striving to put a yoke of bondage upon the neck of their constituency. Mr. Morgan says "It was a sight to inspire mirth among the dead tenants of the catacombs to see two presidential candidates striving to grasp the sceptre of the veto power that they might hold as a rescue to subvert the will of the people, in case a contingency might arise." I would like to know if the dead tenants of the catacombs would not turn over in their vaults if they could hear of the inconsistency of such Luminaries as Senator Morgan. I do not believe that the electors of Alabama will possively submit to such a halter being thrown over their heads by Morgan or any one else. Twelve months of such administration as Mr. Morgan's party has given to the country will not be so soon forgotten by the intelligent voter.

W. H. RAND.

The Fate of a Tory in 1776.

Seward, N. C.

Mr. Editor—A man named Fate was tried in this county in 1776 for being a Tory. He was convicted and hung. His bones are now rotting in our soil here and the spot can be pointed out. But all the Tories were not hung, unless some have been imported since. We now find around in nearly every county some Tory, some man who is hurrahing and voting for our England oppressors or rather their allies. This is treason. If they can't be converted they should be hung.

J. C. Butner.

A man who will not FIGHT before he will STEAL or BEG is no man at all.—The Road.

P. P. P.

PRICKLY ASH, POKE ROOT AND POTASSIUM

Makes Marvelous Cures in Blood Poison Rheumatism and Scrofula

P. P. P. purifies the blood, builds up the weak and debilitated, gives strength to weakened nerves, expels diseases, giving the patient health and happiness where sickness, gloomy feelings and lassitude first prevailed.

For primary, secondary and tertiary syphilis, for blood poisoning, mercurial poison, malaria, dyspepsia, and in all blood and skin diseases, like blotches, pimples, old chronic ulcers, tetter, scald head, boils, erysipelas, eczema—we may say, without fear of contradiction, that P. P. P. is the best blood purifier in the world, and makes positive, speedy and permanent cures in all cases.

Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in an impure condition, due to monatrual irregularities, are peculiarly benefited by the wonderful tonic and blood cleansing properties of P. P. P.—Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Aug. 14th, 1893.—I can speak in the highest terms of your medicine from my own personal knowledge. I was affected with heart disease, pleurisy and rheumatism for 35 years, was treated by the very best physicians and spent hundreds of dollars, tried every known remedy without finding relief. I have only taken one bottle of your P. P. P., and can cheerfully say it has done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I can recommend your medicine to all sufferers of the above diseases.

MRS. M. M. YEARY.
Springfield, Green County, Mo.

Pimples, Blotches and Old Sores Catarrh, Malaria and Kidney Troubles

Are entirely removed by P.P.P.—Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium, the greatest blood purifier on earth.

ABERDEEN, O., July 21, 1891.
MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.: DEAR SIRS—I bought a bottle of your P. P. P. at Hot Springs, Ark., and it has done me more good than three months' treatment at the Hot Springs. Send three bottles C. O. D.
Respectfully yours,
JAS. M. NEWTON,
Aberdeen, Brown County, O.

Capt. J. D. Johnston.

To all whom it may concern: I hereby testify to the wonderful properties of P. P. P. for eruptions of the skin. I suffered for several years with an unsightly and disagreeable eruption on my face. I tried every known remedy but in vain, until P. P. P. was used, and am now entirely cured.
(Signed by) J. D. JOHNSTON, Savannah, Ga.

Skin Cancer Cured.

Testimony from the Mayor of Sequin, Tex.

SEQUIN, TEX., January 14, 1893.
MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.: *Gentlemen*—I have tried your P. P. P. for a disease of the skin, usually known as skin cancer, of thirty years' standing, and found great relief; it purifies the blood and removes all irritation from the seat of the disease and prevents any spreading of the sores. I have taken five or six bottles and feel confident that another course will effect a cure. It has also relieved me from indigestion and stomach troubles. Yours truly,
CAPT. W. M. RUST,
Attorney at Law.

Book on Blood Diseases Mailed Free.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

LIPPMAN BROS.
PROPRIETORS,
Lippman's Block, Savannah, Ga

WARING'S PERIL.

By Capt. Charles R. King.

Author of "Dunraven Ranch," "An Army Portia," "A Soldier's Secret," Etc.

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VI.

And all day long the storm beat upon the substantial buildings of the old barracks and flooded the low ground about the sheds and stables. Drills for the infantry were necessarily suspended, several sentries even being taken off their posts. The men clustered in the squad-rooms and listened with more or less credulity to the theories and confirmatory statements of fact as related by the imaginative or loquacious of their number. The majority of the officers gathered under the flaring lamp-lights at the sutler's store and occupied themselves pretty much as did their inferiors in grade, though poker and punch—specialties of Mr. Finkbein, the sutler—lent additional color to the stories in circulation.

From this congress the better element of the commissioned force was absent, the names, nationalities and idiomatic peculiarities of speech of the individual members being identical in most instances with those of their comrades in arms in the ranks. "Bvax" had summoned Minor, Lawrence, Kinsey and Dryden to hear what the post surgeon had to say on his return, but cautioned them to keep quiet. As a result of this precaution, the mystery of the situation became redoubled by one o'clock, and was intensified by two, when it was announced that Private Dawson had attempted to break away out of the hospital after a visit from the same doctor in his professional capacity. People were tempted out on their galleries in the driving storm, and colored servants flitted from kitchen to kitchen to gather or dispense new rumors, but nobody knew what to make of it when, soon after two, an orderly rode in from town dripping with mud and wet, delivered a note to the colonel and took one from him to Mr. Ferry, now sole representative of the officers of Battery "X" present for duty. Ferry in return sent the bedraggled horseman on to the battery quarters with an order to the first sergeant, and in about fifteen minutes a sergeant and two men, mounted and each leading a spare horse, appeared under Ferry's gallery, and that officer proceeded to occupy one of the vacant saddles and, followed by his party, went clattering out of the sally-port and splashing over to the levee. Stable call sounded as usual at four o'clock, and, for the first time in the record of that disciplined organization since the devastating hand of yellow Jack was laid upon it the previous year, no officer appeared to supervise the grooming and feeding. Two of them were at the post, however. Mr. Doyle, in arrest on charge of absence without leave, was escorted to his quarters about four-fifteen, and was promptly visited by sympathizing and inquisitive comrades from the Hotel Finkbein, while Mr. Ferry, who had effected the arrest, was detained making his report to the post commander. Night came on apace, the wind began to die away with the going down of the sun, the rain ceased to fall, a pallid moon began peering at odd intervals through rifts in the cloudy veil, when Cram rode plashing back into barracks, worn with anxiety and care, at eleven o'clock, and stopping only for a moment to take his wife in his arms and kiss her anxious face and shake his head in response to her eager query for news of Waring, he hurried downstairs again and over to Doyle's quarters. All was darkness there, but he never hesitated. Tramping loudly over the gallery, he banged at the door, then, turning the knob, intending to burst right in, as was the way in the rough old days, was surprised to find the bolt set.

"Doyle, open. I want to see you at once."

All silence within.

"Doyle, open, or, if you are too drunk to get up, I'll kick in the door."

A groan, a whispered colloquy, then the rattle of bolts and chain. The door opened about an inch, and an oily Irish voice inquired:

"Hwat's wanted, capt'in?"

"You here?" exclaimed Cram, in disgust. "What business have you in this garrison? If the colonel knew it you'd be driven out at the point of the bayonet."

"Sure, where should wife be but at her husband's side whin he's sick and sufferin'? Didn't they root him out of bed and comfort this day and ride him down like a felon in all the storm? Sure it was the doughboys' orders, sir. I told Doyle the capt'in never would have—"

"Oh, be quiet; I must see Doyle, and at once."

"Sure, he's not able, capt'in. You know how it is wid him; he's that sinsitive he couldn't bear to talk of the disgrace he's bringing on the capt'in and the batthery, and I knowed he'd been dhrinkin', sir, and I came back to look for him, but he'd got started, capt'n, and it's—"

"Stop this talk! He wasn't drinking at all until you came back here to hound him. Open that door, or a file of guard will."

"Och! thin wait till I'm dressed, for dacency's sake, capt'in. Sure I'll thry and wake him."

And then more whispering, the click of glass, maudlin protestation in Doyle's thick tones. Cram banged at the door and demanded instant obedience. Admitted at last, he strode to the side of an ordinary hospital cot, over which the mosquito bar was now ostentatiously drawn, and upon which was stretched the bulky frame of the big Irishman, his red, blear-eyed, bloated face half covered in his arms. The close air reeked with the fumes of whisky. In her distress lest Jim should take too much, the claimant of his name and protection had evidently been sequestrating a large share for herself.

"How on earth did you get here? Your house was flooded all day," angrily asked Cram.

"Sure we made a raft, sir—'Louette and me—and poled over to the levee, and I walked every fut of the way down to follow me husband, as I swore I would whin we was married. I'd 'a' come in Anatole's boat, sir, but 'twas gone—gone since last night. Did ye know that, capt'in?"

A groan and a feverish toss from the occupant of the narrow bed interrupted her.

"Hush, Jim darlin'! Here's the capt'in to see you and tell you he's come back to have you roighted. Sure how could a poor fellow be expected to come home in all that awful storm this morning, capt'in? 'Tis for not comin' the colonel had him under arrest; but I tell him the capt'in 'll see him through."

But Cram pushed her aside as she still interposed between him and the bed.

"Doyle, look up and answer. Doyle, I say!"

Again vehement protestations, and now an outburst of tears and pleadings from the woman.

"Oh, he can't understand you, capt'in. Ah, don't be hard on him. Only this mornin' he was sayin' how the capt'in reminded him of the auld foine days whin the officers was all gintlemen and soldiers. He's truer to ye than all the rest of thim, sir. D'ye moind that, capt'in? Ye wouldn't belave it, mabby, but there's them that can tell ye Loot'nant Waring was no friend of yours, sir, and worse than that, if auld Lascelles could spake now—but there's thim left that can, glory be to God!"

"Oh, for God's sake shut up," spoke Cram roughly, goaded beyond all patience. "Doyle, answer me!" And he shook him hard. "You were at the Pelican last night, and you saw Mr. Waring and spoke with him? What did he want of you? Where did he go? Who were with him? Was there any quarrel? Answer, I say! Do you know?" But maudlin moaning and incoherencies were all that Cram could extract from the prostrate man. Again the woman interposed, eager, tearful.

"Sure he was there, capt'in, he was there; he told me of it whin I fetched him home last night to git him out of the storm and away from that place; but he's too dhrunk now to talk. Sure there was no gettin' down here to barx for anybody. The cabman, sir, said no carriage could make it."

"What cabman? That's one thing I want to know. Who is he? What became of him?"

"Sure and how do I know, sir? He was a quiet, dacent man, sir; the same that Mr. Waring bate so cruel and made Jeffers kick and bate him too. I saw it all."

"And was he at the Pelican last night? I must know."

"Sure he was indade, sir. Doyle said so when I fetched him home, and though he can't tell you now, sir, he told me thin. They all came down to the Pelican, sir, Waring and Lascelles and the other gintlemen, and they had dhrink, and there was trouble between the Frenchman and Waring.—sure you can't blame him, wid his wife goin' on so wid the loot'nant all the last month,—and blows was struck, and Doyle interposed to stop it, sir, lolke the gintleman that he is, and the cab-driver took a hand and pitched him out into the mud. Sure he'd been dhrinking a little, sir, and was aisy upset, but that's all he knows. The carriage drove away, and there was three of thim, and poor Doyle got caught out there in the mud and in the storm, and 'twas me went out wid Dawson and another of the byes and fetched him in. And we niver heerd of the murther at all all, sir, until I came down here to-day, that's God's troot, and he'll tell ye so whin he's sober," she ended breathlessly, reckless of her descriptive confusion of Doyle and Divinity.

And still the Irishman lay there, limp, soggy, senseless, and at last, dismayed and disheartened, the captain turned away.

"Promise to sober him up by reveille, and you may stay. But hear this: If he cannot answer for himself by that time, out you go in the battery cart with a policeman to take you to the calaboose." And then he left.

No sooner had his footsteps died away than the woman turned on her patient, now struggling to a sitting posture.

"Lie still, you thafe and cur, and sware you to every word I say, unless you'd hang in his place. Dhrink this now, and go to slape, and be riddy to tell the story I give ye in the mornin', or may the knife ye drove in that poor mummy's throat come back to cut your coward heart out."

And Doyle, shivering, sobbing, crazed with drink and fear, covered his eyes with his hands and threw himself back on his hot and steaming pillow.

The morning sun rose brilliant and cloudless as the horses of the battery came forth from the dark interior of the stable and, after watering at the long wooden trough on the platform, were led away by their white-frocked grooms, each section to its own picket-line. Ferry, supervising the duty, presently caught sight of the tall muscular form of his captain coming briskly around the corner, little Pierce tripping along by his side. Cram acknowledged the salute of the battery officer of the day in hurried fashion.

"Good-morning, Ferry," he said. "Tell me, who were there when you got Doyle away from that woman yesterday?"

"Only the three, sir,—Mr. and Mrs. Doyle and the negro girl."

"No sign of anybody else?"

"None, sir. I didn't go in the house at all. I rode in the gate and called for Doyle to come out. The woman tried to parley, but I refused to recognize her at all, and presently Doyle obeyed without any trouble whatever, though she kept up a tirade all the time and said he was too sick to ride and all that, but he wasn't. He seemed dazed, but not drunk—certainly not sick. He rode all right, only he shivered and crossed himself and moaned when he passed the Lascelles place, for that hound pup set up a howl just as we were opposite the big gate. He was all trembling when we reached the post, and took a big drink the moment he got to his room."

"Ye-es, he's been drinking ever since. I've just sent the doctor to see him. Let the corporal and one man of the guard go with the ambulance to escort Mrs. Doyle out of the garrison and take her home. She shall not stay."

"Why, she's gone, sir," said Ferry. "The guard told me she went out of the back gate and up the track towards Anatole's—going for all she was worth—just after dawn."

"The mischief she has! What can have started her? Did you see her yourself, Sergt. Bennett?" asked the captain of a stocky little Irish soldier, standing at the moment with drawn saber awaiting opportunity to speak to his commander.

"Yes, sir," and the saber came flashing up to the present. "She'd wint over to the hospital to get some medicine for the lieutenant just after our bugle sounded first call, and she came runnin' out as I wint to call the officer of the day, sir. She ran back to the lieutenant's quarters ahead of me, and was up only a minute or two whin down she came wid some bundles, and away she wint to the north running, wild-like. The steward told me a moment after of Dawson's escape."

"Dawson! escaped from hospital?"

"Yes, sir. They thought he was all right last evening when he was sleeping, and took the sentry off, and at four this morning he was gone."

TO BE CONTINUED.

PUBLIC SPEAKINGS!

AND JOB WORK.

Notices of Public Speakings, Alliance Rallies and Picnics, Tax Notices, or any kind of Poster Work, size 9½ x 12 Inches on Colored or White Paper,

300 by Express for	$1.25.
500 by Express for	$1.50.
200 by Mail Post Paid for	$1.10.

SEND CASH WITH ORDER TO

CAUCASIAN JOB OFFICE,
Goldsboro, N. C.

Send us all your orders for Job Work.

COL. PAT. WINSTON.

Continued from first page.

to sell the road, collect its means and pay its debts, it might have been well enough. When this is done with dispatch and the dead body buried out of sight as soon as possible, no objection can be made to the procedure. But this is never done now. The receiver takes the road from the owners and operates it in its own way, he and all his acts being exempted from the operation of the common law, with an occasional suggestion from the court, which he recognizes as a sort of partner in the business."

THE TELEGRAPH.

The same interests that demand the government ownership of railways requires that the telegraph shall be utilized as a part of the postal system of the country. It is the plain duty of the government to furnish us with the quickest mail facilities. There is no reason why letters cannot be transmitted by lightning as well as by steam.

MONEY.

Produce is exchanged with money At the formation of our government, and for three generations thereafter the people possessed the right to carry their gold and silver bullion to the public mints and have it coined into money which was a legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private. This right was free and without limit. They also possessed during this long period of time the right in every state to issue paper money under laws prescribing a basis of circulation. Of these sources of money supply but one remains free to a free people The right to issue paper money has been taken from the people and conferred upon the owners of government bonds, and the right to coin silver into money is denied altogether. Since our principal source of money supply was cut off by the demonetization of silver our money has no longer continued to bear the same relation to the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the property we own, the labor we perform and the debts we owe that it had borne for centuries. We all know the fatal effects of that one act of financial legislation by which plutocracy more than doubled its power and possessions in the United States, and by which the property of every man in debt was practically confiscated, and by which the value of labor was substantially destroyed.

I am in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and the expansion of the circulating medium of the country by the issue by the general government of legal tender paper money in sufficient volume to restore prices to a basis of adequate profit and prevent unnatural fluctuations in values. The national banking system is a monopoly that fails to supply the people with a sufficiency of paper money and affords no adequate security to depositors When one of these institutions fails the secrecy with which the process of liquidation is conducted compels poor depositors to sell their accounts to speculators, who alone can obtain the information which properly belongs to the public.

The establishment of postal savings banks will furnish safe place of deposit for the earnings of the people and prevent their further robbery by the prevailing system. The disloyal practice and privilege of dishonoring the money of the government by discriminating in public laws or private contracts in favor of one kind and against another kind of legal tender should be prohibited by act of congress.

INCOME AND INHERITANCE TAX.

In 1860 the wealth of the country was very evenly distributed. Ninety-one per cent of the people held in fair and even measure 91 per cent. of the wealth. The census of 1890 shows that the conditions of 1800 have been reversed. Nine per cent of the people now own 84 per cent of the wealth. The 4,000 multimillinaires in the United States own over $12,000,000,000 of wealth, which is 50 per cent more wealth than the 55,000,000 members of the wage-working class own. The corporations of the country own one-half of all the wealth in the country, the railway corporations owning one-sixth. In their last analysis all federal taxes are paid by consumers from the incomes whether these incomes are derived from the invested capitol of the rich or from the sale of their labor by the poor. Shall these taxes amounting to $500,000,000 yearly continue to be exacted from consumers without regard to their property or incomes? The corporations that own one half of the wealth of the country do not contribute a dollar to the support of the general government. Our 4,000 multi-millionaires contribute only to the tax on the liquors, tobacco and imported wares they consume. All the rest of us contribute to the same extent.

The only way to compel the rich to bear their just proportion of the burdens of government is to tax their incomes while they live and the right of their heirs to succeed to their possessions when they die. In the language of Senator John Sherman, spoken in congress twenty-two years ago:

"A few years of further exprience will convince the whole body of our people that a system of national taxes which rests the whole burden of taxation on consuption, and not one cent on our property or income, is intrinsically unjust. While the expenses of the national government are largely caused by the protection, it is but right to require property to contribute to their payment."

THE TARIFF.

I am now always have been in favor of so levying the tariff tax as to afford the proper protection to all the great industrial interests of the country, but I recognize the fact that the time is at hand when along with this policy of protection other industrial and financial policies must be adopted to prevent the tariff becoming an instrument of monopoly.

The right to levy a tariff tax is no more nor less than the right to fix the price of the articles upon which it is imposed. If levied for the benefit of consumers as well as producers it serves the purpose for which the system was devised, but if levied to enrich special interests at the expense of consumers it becomes monopoly.

In this connection it is necessary to say that unless a check is placed upon the further immigration into the country of foreign labor, which competes with our own, most of the benefits of a protective tariff will be monopolized by capital.

THE CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

The combined statesmanship of the republican and democratic parties has been able to provide no remedy for the unhappy condition of our country except another issue of interest bearing gold bonds and to suggest none except the employment of state and federal bayonets. In my opinion there are other and better remedies, some of which are outlined above. There is no hope of their adoption except through some political party organized for the sole purpose of their accomplishment.

Neither the republican nor the democratic party will accomplish them.

I believe the people's party will. For that reason I will hereafter support it.

PATRICK HENRY WINSTON.

Spokane, May 5.

VANCE'S GRAVE.

BY F. B. SANDERS.

On Pisgah's mount which overlooked the chosen people's promised land,
Was laid to rest the Hebrew chief by the great Archangel's hand.

But Jacob's seed never washed with tears their greatest prophet's grave;
Nor sculptured tomb ever marked the spot with shaft and architrave

But human hands and hearts of love will dress our hero's turf,
When summer's grassy wave rolls in, and breaks in flowery surf.

But nothing purer than the heart which in quiet rests beneath,
Will ever gem the sod above, or with blossoms it unwreath.

Tho' whitest marble there be reared, and with its column pierce the day,
'Tis not as white as that white soul which informed the sleeping clay.

And dews of Heaven in brightness shed will bewel all the verdure round,
Not brighter they than that great mind which once the body crowned

In war, in peace, he was our greatest, and his blazon of renown
Will light the shield of Carolina till her mountains topple down.

With a lustre that will brighten as the after ages run,
Like a planet in its orbit when 'tis swinging from the sun

-Onslow Co., May 15th, 1894.

VOTE FOR PRINCIPLE NOT PARTY.

We will speak out with no doubtful meaning upon any measure which comes up before the people for their consideration, but as to giving our support for this or that man for any office is a matter in which we shall move very slowly. However it will be our duty to speak out as best we may with such lights as we shall have before us. The most important man for us to choose to whom we may give our support, is the coming candidate to represent the third congressional district in the Congress of the nation. The present incumbent has won our approbation in votes and speeches. But that vote he gave for $1200 additional clerk hire lowered him in our estimation to that extent that we would make strenuous efforts to replace him with as good a man as we take Doctor Cyrus Thompson to be.—Solid South.

THE INTELLECTUAL TRAMP.

Dr. Alexander Kent, of Washington city, in a sermon a few Sundays since discussed tramps. The following is his description of the intellectual tramps:

"Tramps are men who go about the country professedly in search of work, but really in search of something to satisfy their appetite or please their taste. They don't really want work. They won't take it if given. There are men in the intellectual world a good deal like this. They are always on the move apparently in search of information, but really they are looking after something to feed the party stomach. They are blinder in the presence of any real information than a bat in sunshine. The men who in the presence of such conditions as have prevailed in the agricultural districts of this country for several years, can make such statements as this of Senator Hoar evidently belong to the class who don't want information. They won't receive it when given. They are mental tramps, and have no business in places where accurate information is required.

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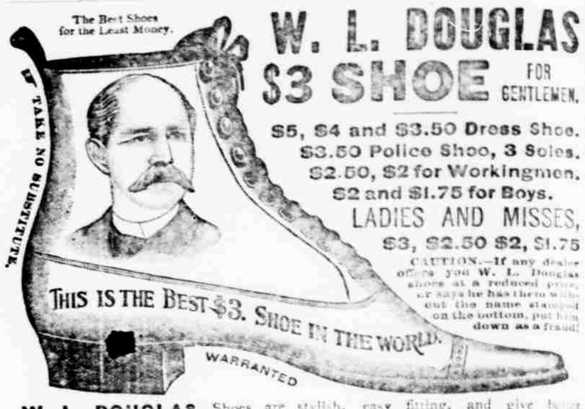

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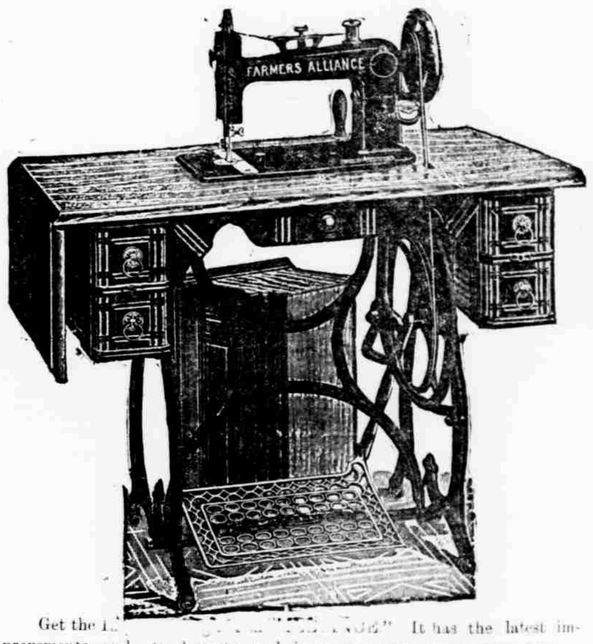

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