

Col. Ike Hill Returns a Convert to the Yellow Metal.

FOLLOWS HIS PARTY'S LEAD.

Indicated himself to the Democracy at the South of Jackson and Has Always kept the Faith—If His Party Declared to Democrats as the Cost of Value the Yellow Metal He Would Promptly become a Full Fledged Diamond Bug.

(London Post.)

"I'm a gold bug now," said Col. Hill, of Ohio, to a Post reporter. "From now I wear a yellow bug."

Col. Hill shook his head in the fashion of one giving himself up to sad yet sapient retrospection.

"I've been a Democrat in Licking county, Ohio ever since I was born. Every night of my life I've said—"

"Now I lay me down to sleep—"

"I'm what you'd call a veteran Democrat, a silver veteran, at that. I stood by the organization when it was part of the daily life of Licking county Republicans to shoot at wandering Democrats, and I never flinched or failed. And then I supposed we were for silver. But it's all changed. I've just returned from a meeting of the Ohio State Democratic Central Committee, of which I'm a member. We got together at the Neil House in Columbus on the other day—twenty-one of us; one from each Congressional district—and since then I'm for gold.

"I went there for silver, and out of the twenty-one members I only found four for silver where there should have been fourteen. I made 'em a speech and declared myself, but I couldn't turn them. So I went with them. I'm for gold now. I'm old, but you can't lose me Charlie. You can't get by your Uncle Isaac in the dark."

Here Col. Hill assumed an air of profundity.

"What did your State central committee do?"

"We decided to hold a convention at Springfield August 20 and 21," replied Col. Hill. "I wanted it at Columbus. The goldbugs wanted it at Toledo. There were eight votes for Springfield, and I gave 'em the four votes cast for Columbus, and that beat Toledo."

TURNED THE TIDE AGAINST TOLEDO.

"I change four votes from Columbus to Springfield," I said, after we'd voted, and I'd seen the cat jump. "This would give Springfield a majority."

"What authority has Mr. Hill to change four votes?" asked one of the Toledo ducks.

"Never you mind my authority," I said, shaking my finger at him like this. "Never you worry about my authority. You can gamble I've got the authority all right, and that's enough for any gum-shoe goldbug to know."

"But you should have heard the speech I made 'em in executive session."

"I'll ask you about the speech later," said the Post reporter. "Was Senator Brice there?"

"No," replied Col. Hill. "Senator Brice was in New York. But his people were there. We had Walter Ritchie and that man they call the Bob Flush, and a lot of others."

"Why do you call him the Bob Flush?"

"Because he never beat anything in his life," retorted Col. Hill. "Well, Walter Ritchie and the Bob Flush were there for Brice; and they used to get an armful of telegrams from him every hour. I'd grams from his telegrams, and sat solemnly. 'What does he tell you to do now?'"

"I made them tired. In executive session I fired off a speech. It was a six-morter. You have mingled in agriculture in your boyhood. Were you ever present on some gala occasion when they accidentally fed the monkey-wrench to the thrashing machine? Well, that's the sort of a speech I made. I told them you—"

"So, you're for gold now?"

"I am," replied Col. Hill firmly. "Your Uncle Isaac Hill will hereafter be for that jaundiced currency. Why, what's the use? We are helpless beneath the rath of the money power. Crush us? My boy, they can crush us by wire. Yes, sir; beat us by telephone. They did it in Ohio the other day."

"And look at Kentucky. I saw Senator Pugh since I returned and he said, speaking of Kentucky: 'Don't mind Kentucky, Ike. That little wrangle between gold and silver didn't decide anything. It was only a dog fall.'"

"Dog fall!" continued Col. Hill, a trifle wildly. "dog fall! Senator Pugh may be able to call that cat-dog fall in politics a dog fall; but to my mind you might as well call the fall of Caesar a dog fall. When they turn down such men as Joe Blackburn, your Uncle Ike can see the handwriting on the wall without an opera glass. I know when to put up an umbrella as well as any man in Licking county, and you listen sharp for I'm going to moderate my voice. From now on I'm a gold bug from withers to hock."

GOLD BUGS ARE GOOD PEOPLE.

"The gold bugs I take it," observed the Post reporter, encouragingly, "are pretty good people."

"Just as likely as not," replied Col. Hill.

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THE LEADING PAPERS.

Populist papers are scoring a strong point by telling what kind of men own the "leading" papers in America. Four of the most prominent of these papers are the New York Times, of which a man named Miller is editor; New York World, Joseph Pulitzer, editor; New York Herald, James Gordon Bennett, editor; New York Evening Post, Godkin, editor. These papers are "Independent Democratic" or something of that kind, but all goldbugs. A cartoon of the four editors is pressed into the papers say:

It was to fight such men and such policies that the Populist party was first organized. They will remain in the saddle until March 4, 1897. And if the Populist party should fail of election in 1896 they will get right into the saddle again. No matter how many of the rank and file of the old party may be in the effort to obtain honest government, the leaders are always in the hands of the ultra European money make. The only American party is the People's Party. Vote to put not one American on guard.

A MATTER OF HISTORY.

North Carolina Furnishes the First and Last Soldier Killed in the Late War.

Winston Republican.

[It may not be generally known that North Carolina furnished the first and last brave men that laid down their lives in defense of the Lost Cause. The first Confederate soldier killed in the war was named Wyatt, a member of the famous Edgecombe Guards, commanded by Col. Bridgers. Our friend, D. N. Woodburn, of Tabernacle, brought to the Patriot office the other day a book printed in 1810, which had been in his family for over three-quarters of a century, in the back of which was pasted the following clipping, taken from the North Carolina Presbyterian shortly after the close of the war. It gives the particulars of the death of the last man killed in line of duty before the close of the most memorable struggle in our world's history. The father of the soldier was Rev. Mebane, who formerly preached in Greensboro, and who was remembered by many of our older citizens.]—Greensboro Patriot.

The Petersburg Index, speaking of the description of a burial-plot in Pocahontas, near that city, makes the following interesting mention of the last devoted North Carolinian:

"There is buried here one soldier—a North Carolinian—who, on the night of the evacuation, was left at Pocahontas bridge to fire it, and was killed there, the last man of the retreating army. He was found dead by the Federal forces in advancing, and by them interred, a blanket his only coffin, and the apron of a woman who came there to weep his only shroud."

A correspondent of the Charlotte Times says that his name was Cummings Mebane, of Madison, N. C., and adds: "It affords me pleasure to give the particulars of his death. On the night of the retreat of Gen. Lee's army, Pocahontas bridge was left in charge of a Lieutenant and a small body of infantry, with instructions to burn the bridge as soon as the troops crossed. Before all the troops had crossed over, the enemy had commenced shelling the bridge, and it was exceedingly dangerous for any one to approach it. At this juncture volunteers were called for to fire the bridge, when young Mebane and Lindsay Wall, of Rockingham, stepped forward and offered their services. Young Mebane, notwithstanding that shot and shell were raking the bridge, reached its middle, and while applying the match was shot through the body with a grape-shot. He walked back to the bank and expired in a few moments. Although only 16 years old he was as cool, intrepid and daring as a veteran of fifty summers. I agree with you and the Index that his remains should be undisturbed and a monument erected to his heroic memory."

A Great Big Truth.

The New York World tells a great big truth when it says:

"To reduce wages is to cripple the farmer's market for his products, while to reduce the price which the farmers receive for their products is to cripple the market for the product of industrial labor. The prosperity of the one means the prosperity of the other, and therefore it is natural that they should move hand in hand for the social reforms now demanded. Excessive rent is eating the life out of the business men and laborers, wherever civilization extends. The percentage of our people living in tenement-houses is yearly increasing. The mortgaged foreclosures are daily wrenching from hard-working, honest farmers the homes in which they were born. There are over 1,500,000 tenant farmers in the United States, and yet the people say there is no cause for alarm!"

Let the man who rests easy in the knowledge that Britshers are gradually gobbling up the land in this country take a trip to Atlanta to Chicago to see a foot of land in that sacred back yard, and he will find that he can do as well as he gets ready to renounce his allegiance to the United States and not before.—Monocornist.

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ALL PROFITS EATEN UP.

Mr. Cunningham, of Georgia, Who Has Been in the Truck Business Twenty Years Tells Why Southern

TRUCK DOES NOT PAY.

The Freight Rates are Twice What They Should Be—Great Favoritism Shown—The South Discriminated Against—Why the Canoe Industry is a Failure—What is the Remedy?

Mr. John D. Cunningham, who owns extensive fruit farms in Cobb county, Ga., and in other parts of the State, appeared recently before the Southern Railway and Steamship association and read a strong paper on the subject of the relationship between the railroads and the growers, showing how the failure of the roads to give adequate rates would unquestionably greatly injure an industry, which, if it received proper encouragement, would bring heavy revenues in the future to the railroads.

We call the following from Mr. Cunningham's very able and interesting article:

"The exorbitant freight rates exacted by southern lines on shipments of fruit and truck from Georgia to the eastern and western markets are crushing the life out of the fruit growing industry."

"The growers find it impossible to realize a profit on the product of their orchards and truck farms, but on the contrary are losing money every year."

"This year, with its abundant crop of peaches, is regarded as a pivotal year by the growers, and if no money is made they will abandon the business in disgust. The crop was never more abundant and the quality never better, and if the growers could secure a fair treatment from the railroads there is no reason in the world why the industry should not become one of the most profitable in the State."

"Just as their crop is ready for shipment, however, they are confronted with the disagreeing fact that the transportation lines will not only not make any concessions in their behalf, but have actually increased rates to the tune of over \$54 per car."

"In other words they have arbitrarily ruled that the minimum weight of a car-load of peaches should be 24,000 pounds, when it is impossible to pack more than 18,000 or 20,000 pounds of fruit in the car—thus securing an enormous rate of freight on 4,000 pounds of fruit that they don't haul."

"This increases the freight on a carload of peaches from Georgia to Boston \$54, making the full amount thus wrung from the growers for freight alone \$329.00 per car."

"These charges do not include refrigeration, which is \$90 per car, and is equally necessary for the preservation of the fruit."

"But the above figures are only a part of the expense of putting a carload of peaches into Boston."

"Every shipment made to that point represents a cash outlay of \$601.00 for Georgia fruit growers, and the maximum gross amount that he realizes for his shipment is not more than \$700.00. A slight effort at subtraction will reveal a profit of only \$38.90, when it takes five acres the average life-time of an orchard to produce one car-load of peaches."

"The actual cost of production is greater than the amount received, and almost any other product would be more profitable."

We clip the following in Mr. Cunningham's own language:

"The rate on peaches from California to Boston, over 3,000 miles, is \$1.30 per 100 pounds. The rate from Georgia to Boston, exclusive of the refrigeration charges of 45 cents per 100 pounds, which must be added to rate always, as it is absolutely indispensable. The rate from Atlanta to Baltimore is 75 cents per 100, and \$1.25 including refrigeration. The rate from Grand Rapids, Mich., to Baltimore, a greater distance, is only 42 cents per 100, and the schedule is fashioned to enable the shipper to dispense with refrigerators. All of our Boston consignments are charged with \$100 per car above the rate. Maryland shippers pay a difference of only 20 cents per 100 between New York and Boston, a most serious discrimination against us, indeed."

"I could mention numberless other discriminations against the Georgia shipper to both eastern and western points, but think the above will show that my assertions are true. In speaking of the necessity of a remedy, I am generally understood to mean the statement that the freight is so valuable that the roads cannot give low rates. Now I deny this. I have been a large shipper for twenty years, and have never used a road or even presented a claim for damages to fruit that I could not get. If it were true we should pay only 4 mills per mile per ton, or about \$38 per car to New York, the same as stone or pig iron."

Mr. Cunningham corrects the impression that the northern and western terminal roads are responsible for the exorbitant rates inflicted on the Georgia fruit growers. They do not insist upon a specific arbitrary rate for their proportion. "I am glad to be assured," said Mr. Cunningham, "by the authorities of the Pennsylvania railroad that this is an error. They say they have offered to allow initial lines to make any rate, and that they would prorate on a mileage basis on all classes of freight."

"The rate from Atlanta to Chicago is 57 cents per 100, exclusive of refrigeration charges. Of this amount the roads from Atlanta to the Ohio river, a distance of 444 miles, receives 49 cents per 100, the roads north of the Ohio to Chicago, a distance of 323 miles, receive only 17 cents per 100, which shows that our own roads demand the lion's share. So this certainly fixes the responsibility on the initial lines."

While scoring the railroads Mr. Cunningham told why the canoeing business has been such a dismal failure in Georgia.

He laid the blame at the door of the southern railroads whose throat, vampire methods of assessing

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DEADLY COILS.

The Serpent of Greed Winding Around and Crushing the Body Politic.

About forty years ago I read a hunter's encounter with a snake that illustrates Uncle Sam's with the Great Red dragon, the money power.

Two men went out to hunt ducks. One of them shot a duck and went to pick it up in the tall grass, and as he took it up he felt something wrap around his ankle. He looked around and saw that a big black snake seven or eight feet long had wrapped its tail around his ankle, and was in the act of clearing itself from the tangled grass.

He said, he being a very strong man was not frightened at all, but thought he was going to have some fun.

It raised itself up gracefully in front of him, and he grabbed it around its neck, thinking he could do it easily. But quick as a flash it jerked itself up and wrapped its head above his knee, and darted its head at his face as if to get it in his mouth. He said he now saw that it was going to be a serious business, instead of fun. The next move it made it sprang up and wrapped around his waist. He determined to put forth all his strength and take it off. But he said he might as well have undertaken to break a steamboat cable. It made another quick move and wrapped around his waist the second time. Then it began to tighten up. His breath began to grow short. Everything began to look blue. He thought in his mind for the first time, but he could not get his knife in his pocket. By a tremendous effort he tore a hole in his pocket and barely had sense enough by this time to open the sheath and draw out his knife, and fell to the ground unconscious. When he came to his senses his companion who had heard his call for help was standing over him. All was the work of a few minutes. He said it was months before he fully recovered from the effects of that hug.

When the exceptions were placed on the greenbacks the great Red dragon got his tail around Uncle Sam's ankle. When the national banks were chartered it got its coils around his hind leg. When the redemption fraud of specie payments was put in force it got its tail around his waist; and in 1873 it took a second twist, and since then it has begun to shut off his wind, and shorten his breath, and things look very blue. Now the question is: How is this serpent going to be reared? Will it have to be reared? Everything in the political firmament now reminds us of 1860. History is repeating itself fast. In 1860 Mr. Douglas divided the Democratic party. That elected Mr. Lincoln. Now both old parties are being divided by the silver question. Looks as if this confusion in the old parties would make the Populists successful in 1896. If so are we to have a repetition of 1860? We had a Dred Scott decision that the negro had no rights that a white man was bound to respect. Now we have a Supreme Court decision that a poor man has no rights that the rich High Priests of Mammon are bound to respect. Will they respect the results of the election if the poor man's party wins? This same court issue an injunction prohibiting the seat of elected. See! Will they not send him to jail instead of inaugurating him as president? They are trying the injunction plan to see how the people will stand it, and educating the people to a new policy of the policy of slaveryocracy was to rule or ruin, and the policy of the plutocracy is the same. We have no Republic now, only in name. We are a Plutocracy and King Monopoly reigns in our boasted "land of the free and home of the brave."

That serpent enroaches on our liberties little by little. The people are educated to stand one measure of iniquity before another is foisted on them. Becoming used to, or familiar with one, then another is introduced. First the corporation tax on the leg; then the body tax. The people will now endure what they would have rebelled under fifty years ago. The stamp act that precipitated the war of 1776 was not a drop in the bucket compared to the usurpations levied on the people now. King Monopoly levies 10 cents per gallon on the gallon of coal oil used by 70 millions of people, and by a stroke of the pen filches millions of dollars from the people; but they stand it. And there will be no let up, nor limit to the exactions of our King Monopoly, but the absolute cause of the people. Greed knows no bounds. The oppressions will increase until the masses are made desperate, then the pendulum will swing to the other extreme.—Rev. D. Ogleby, in Sentinel.

The Waste of Labor.

Of all the waste, the greatest waste that you can commit is the waste of labor. * * * You, perhaps, think to waste the labor of men is not to kill them. Is it not? I should like to know how you could kill them more utterly—kill them with second deaths? It is the slightest way of killing to stop a man's breath. . . . At the worst you do not shorten his life, you do not corrupt his life. But if you put him to base labor, if you bind his thoughts, if you blind his eyes, if you blunt his hopes, if you steal his joys, if you stunt his body and blast his soul, and at last leave him not so much as to reap the poor fruit of his degradation, but gather that for yourself, and dismiss him to the grave when you have done with him, having so far as in you lay made the walls of that grave everlasting (though, indeed, I fancy the godly bricks of some of our family vaults will hold closer in the resurrection day than the sod over the laborer's head), this you think is no waste and no sin!—Ruskin.

We Demand The Free And Unlimited Coinage of Silver And Gold at The Present Legal Ratio of 16 to 1.—People's Party Platform.

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SCARCE MONEY CAUSES RUIN.

What a Free Silver Man Who is Running on a Goldbug Platform Says.

Gen. W. P. Hardin, who was nominated by the Kentucky Democrats for governor last week, is a free silver man. The same Democrats, however, adopted a gold basis platform, and nobody knows what that party means by this Janus-faced business. It seems a pity that such a man as Gen. Hardin should be tied to such a party, and this will become clear when the following utterance from him is read:

"I gained my convictions on the silver question from Carlisle in 1878; Durbin contributed to my store of knowledge. The free silver doctrine is true Democracy. Of Carlisle I have nothing to say. He has changed his mind. I haven't. If his ideas as presented in the Covington and Memphis speeches are carried out your prosperity will go to nothing. Gold will run away, and that will bring disaster. He says gold and silver bear the government stamp make for the convenience of society. Make gold and silver bullion and rob them of their money function, and you might as well have lead."

He is starving because they have made money so scarce that it is more safe to invest in bonds or other property than will bring fixed incomes than to employ it in business on a falling market. There is now a scarcity of money with every nation, and all are clamoring for gold, while one-half of the world's supply has been dishonored. Money is what we want and I don't care where in the devil it comes from so it gets into circulation."

ON HISTORIC GROUND.

A Celebration at the Guilford Battlefield—A Status Travelled.

GREENSBORO, N. C., July 4.—The annual celebration of the Guilford battle ground was enthusiastically observed. The orator of the day, Dr. George T. Winston, spoke on the life and times of Major Joseph Winston, who played an important part in this peculiar battle. Ex-Governor Thomas M. Holt, who was to have delivered the address of presentation of the Winston statue, not being present, Hon. Kemp P. Battle read his speech. The unveiling ceremonies were performed by four North Carolina girls—Misses Peyton, Wittkowski, Mebane, and Fry. The statue of Col. Joseph Winston was presented to the Guilford Battle Ground Association by ex Governor Holt. It is six feet high and was made by Mullins, of Salem, Ohio.

LUMBER TRUST ORGANIZED.

It Will Endeavor to Control the Yellow Pine Lumber Market.

SAVANNAH, Ga., July 5.—Articles of incorporation for the Southern Pine Company, of Georgia, were applied for here to-day. The petitioners are Henry P. Talmage, George S. Fairchild and James Stillmore, of New York city; William Hogeboom, of New Jersey; John Flannery, Samuel P. Hamilton, B. A. Denmark, of Savannah.

The capital stock, already paid in full, is one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with the privilege of increasing to five millions.

Under the new charter there will be a combination of the big lumber plants of Stillwell, Millen & Co., J. J. McDonough & Co., J. K. Clark Lumber Company and other large Georgia concerns, valued at several million dollars. The new company can engage in any business pertaining to lumber or naval stores. It will endeavor, it is said, to control the yellow pine market.

All Opponents of Plutocracy Will Join the Populists.

The disintegration of old parties goes rapidly. Thousands who voted with old parties last fall now confess there is no hope from those parties. It is settled that no financial reform will come from Republicans or Democrats, as their parties are now organized.

Whoever will declare for the free-coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1; much less for the issue of legal tender notes.

Whatever silver leagues may form will, in 1896, find themselves in the People's Party ranks, as no other party will accept their coinage plan. However much some Democrats will deceive themselves, it is well known that the gold men have sufficient power to control the nomination of the Democratic national convention, as well as the Republican. It only requires one-third of the delegates to prevent the nomination of a free silver candidate.

Everywhere men tell me: "We believe in your principles, but heretofore we believed our old parties would adopt those measures. Now we see they will not give us relief." It seems that all things conspire to a great national victory for our party in 1896. Events are moving very rapidly, and all in our favor.

Immense changes which will swell our ranks by millions, will occur being the result of the 1896 national convention we shall raise the standard under which all opponents of plutocracy will fight the battle of 1896 and win it. All we need is to remain firm in the faith. Stand to our colors. Organize! Organize! and sound the battle cry of freedom from the lash of usury.

Avoid all compromise which surrenders any principle—see from all temptation to entangling alliances, and our victory is just as certain as that the sun will set on next election day.—T. V. Cator, in People's Advocate.

There is gathered around the capital of this nation a gang of pirates who plundered successfully at the doors until they have driven this government to the most preposterous acts of bad faith and legalized robbery that ever oppressed a free nation since the dawn of history.—O. P. Morton.

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FOOL 'EM BOYS, LET'S FOOL 'EM.

Harry Hinton's Confab With Ring Democrats—And Advice as to How to Proceed.

TO STEAL OR WIN THE GAME

More Confessions Concerning Party Schemes—Acknowledgment of Some Mistakes—And—on to Correct Them—The People Must be Fooled—There's Mill in It.

In a previous letter to you I made bold to disclose all our schemes; for we feared not the people. We have full confidence in the people, those we have ruled and subjected and educated and trained for the glory of America. The last thing we did to howl for "old glory" was to place at Hell Gate, out at sea near New York city, the monstrous statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." They tell me myriads of gnats, butterflies, and other insects are attracted by the light only to have their wings scorched and to

FALL INTO THE TIDE OF HELL GATE.

This is to say the thousands and millions of simple minded people who may set up a standard other than that set up by us of British and America in fame, will be attracted by the glare thereof. Having their feathers singed they will fall into hell and the sea.

Matt Ransom is on his native heath again and will now take his stand in Dixie. With the persuasiveunction of his religious voice he will straighten out things.

We made a great mistake in having the Memphis gold convention. We should not have precipitated the conflict so soon and have shown our hand at all. The material of the convention also pointed out to the people who their enemies are. We ought to have proceeded

INSOUCENT FARMERS, MECHANICS and merchants to have held the convention and then all would have gone merrily. Instead of that we had bankers, corporation judges and lawyers, and the foremost men in monopolies and syndicates. It was a huge mistake.

Again we put our biggest man first, with a Christian grin, and a profound statesman came Carlisle to have his bladder punctured with a thousand little needles twist now and harvest time.

Whether it was a ventriloquist in the galleries or an echo of 1878, a word was said, received by all, every word, low and muffled. It was heard to say "I am for the unlimited coinage of both gold and silver." Then came again the voice—"The conspiracy formed here and in Europe." At intervals it was heard that the nation had destroyed half the property would do such suffering"—more misery than all.

WARREN PESTILENCES AND FAMINES that have ever occurred. "The disorganization of society!" The demonization of silver the most gigantic crime of this or any other age! "Such a scheme!" "Not a single standard but a double standard."

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"STRIKE THE WIFE OF YOUR BOSOM."

"Strike Your Playing Little Child—But for God's Sake Don't Strike the Dear Old Democratic Party."

People's Party Paper.

During the last national and State campaigns the watchword of the Democratic party was "party fealty." No issue could be discussed, no principles compared, or no reform demanded but what the voter was adjured by all things sacred to stand by his party.

One distinguished Georgian, no less than the then governor of the State, exclaimed in a paroxysm of enthusiasm before a number of auditors:

"You may strike the wife of your bosom while her arms are locked in my embrace about your neck, or your little child as it sleeps in your arms, but for God's sake don't strike the dear old Democratic party."

This hallooing hick had the desired effect. The Democrats got the offices. Honest men voted the ticket when in doing so they felt like they had stolen sheep—just to keep from striking the party. Thousands of good men believed that the party had outlived its usefulness, its leaders were corrupt and that no confidence was to be placed in their promises. But the reverence of sentiment kept them in the ranks. There are times when brave men are crying cowardly, and occasions when those of strong convictions are as vacillating as the slender reed in ways to the breeze. Such men could face an avalanche of argument and logic without the quiver of a muscle, but nothing so completely unmanly as an appeal to the sentiment—"don't strike the dear old Democratic party."

This slogan has kept more voters in the ranks than the hope of achievement, or the promise of salvation.

And what is the result? The country has been in the throes of the worst panic that has occurred since the war. Labor is idle and crying for bread, the wheels of commerce and industry have stopped and the prices of farm products have gone down and down until there is no longer a decent living for those who till the soil.

THE TRUST WON AS USUAL.

The Tobacco Growers in North Carolina not to be Relieved.

TRENTON, N. J., July 5.—The American Tobacco Company gained a partial victory this afternoon in the suit brought by the Attorney General to declare the concern a trust.

In a supplemental bill filed by him the Attorney General alleged that the defendants in securing a monopoly of the manufacture of paper cigarettes, had worked an injury to the growers of tobacco in Virginia and North Carolina.

Chancellor Magill this afternoon dismissed this supplemental bill, holding that the Attorney General must confine himself to injuries in the State of New Jersey, and that he cannot extend the remedy sought in this case so as to go to the relief of persons in other States.

FORTUNE IN A FIDDLE.

When Hugh McGuire Opened His Old Uncle's Violin His Indignation Was Aroused.

WICHITA, Kan., July 3.—