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THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner.

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\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
Leading Paper in This Section.
LARGE AND ESTABLISHED CIRCULATION
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A Nightmare

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JUST AS MOTHER USED TO DO.

He criticized her puddings, and he didn't like her cake.
He wished she'd make the biscuit that his mother used to make;
She didn't wash the dishes, and she didn't make a stew.
And she didn't mend his stockings as his mother used to do.
Ah, well, she wasn't perfect, though she tried to do her best.
Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest;
So when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through,
She turned and boxed his ears, just as his mother used to do.

DERICK ALEXANDER AND THE PRESIDENT.

H. E. C. Bryant in Charlotte Observer.
"Good morning, Uncle Derrick, where are you off for to-day?" asked Dr. F. L. Smith, of Concord, of his fellow-townsmen, Derrick Alexander, the old colored wood-chopper, as he trudged along the street.
"I's gwine to de Big House at Washington, where de President lives," said the old dardier. "Yes, sir, I's on my way to see President Roosevelt."
"What are you going to see him for?" enquired Dr. Smith.
"Why ain't you been readin' in de papers 'bout dem big festerbula dat Mr. Roosevelt an' his fine lady been havin' spechully fer de niggers? Dat's it, sir! Dere's where Uncle Derrick's goin'!"

The old fellow was in earnest. He wore his best shoes—a new pair of number 14 brogans—a weather-beaten stove-pipe hat and an antiquated suit of liverly. In a bandanna handkerchief, swung over the end of a stout cane across his shoulder, he carried a few odds and ends of dress.

"Well, Uncle Derrick, how much money are you taking with you? Can you go in good style?"

"Boss, dat's de weak pint 'bout my trip. De ole nigger's des gut ernuff to get to Salisbury, but de ole nigger's frien' dere to hep him on he'll walk. I's gwine to go of de Lawd let's me live. De time dat I's been waitin' fer is done come. It sho' in. All de niggers in my part uv de town is talkin' 'bout goin'." President Roosevelt (dat's what de Dutch folks uv Keebarus county calls him) show' is de frien' uv de nigger. Think uv it! Niggers wid deyer shinin' clothes on eatin' wid de rich white folks uv de lan'! I ain't got no fine clothes but ef de ole nigger kin des git dere he'll be all right; some good white gem'man frum de Souf will hand me out er thanky-suit. No, sir, I ain't 'spectin' no trouble arter I git dere fer de ole nigger's mighty handy 'bout de house. Ef I can't git in at de fust table I kin at de secon'."

"But, Uncle Derrick, they won't let a corn-field negro go in the White House; it's high-toned niggers, like Booker Washington and John Dancy, that attend the receptions of the President."

"What? Dem yaller niggers! Dey ain't fitten to go wid de quality. It's de right black nigger dat's got de 'ristocrat blood in him. My ole marster uster ter say dat a lightskin nigger an' er roan mule wuz de wust things in de worl'. No, sir, I ain't skeered uv no nigger wid er yaller skin. Ef I des kin git to de Big House dat's all ax; I'll do de rest."

Dr. Smith, seeing that Derrick was serious, furnished him with money enough to buy a ticket to Washington and urged him to go forth and be merry.

But, a week later, Derrick returned to Concord, ragged and bruised. His clothes had been rent in many places and his head badly wounded. He hobbled up town and called on Dr. Smith, to whom he told the story of his visit to Washington and recited the fearful tale of woe that follows:

"Marster, I 'clare 'fo' Gawd dat I'll never leave home ergin while I live. Dere's no' good folks in Concord dan anywhere else. I'll die right here. Dem Washington folks is de meane's 'people dat I ever seed. De niggers is bignity an' de white men don't pay no 'tention to you, an' dat's one place de po-lesmens don't take no draggin' fer dey'll knock you down fer lookin' mad. I sho' did think dat judgment day had come when I got dere.

"De trip up dere on de train wuz fust-class. I seed lots uv fine people on de train. No sooner dan I lit on de ground at Washington my trouble started. I followed de yudder travelers frum de train out to de street, where I met a big black nigger wearin' uv 'a beaver. I know'd dat he was fixin' to go to de festerbul. He had on er Jim-swingin' coat an' high-top boots. I step up to him an say: 'Is dis de day fer de President's big blow-out to de niggers an' de big white folks?' De rascal look me up an' down an' all over an' ax: 'What is you talkin' 'bout, ole Rube? What do you know 'bout de President's functions?' I stop right dere fer I seed de kinder nigger I wuz talkin' to. He was too high-fertin' fer me, ta'kin' 'bout functions; when er nigger quits sayin' festerbul it's time to let him eroin. I axed him de way to de Big House an' he sed 'go to de yavanne an' go up.' I say, 'What's dat?' He answer, 'It's de bigges' street in de town.'

"I move on till I meet er pleasant

lookin' white gem'man who say dat he's frum Alabama. I knowed dat he wuz uv de bes' stock in de country fer he had on good clothes an' er big wide brim hat, one lak ole marster uster wear. I pull off my hat an' say, 'Boss, does you live here?' 'No,' he say, 'why?'

"I seed dat he wuz all right, so I pop er few questions to him. 'Boss, is dis de day uv de festerbul at de Big House fer de culled peoples an' yudders?' Well, sir, he smile way down to his Adam's apple, d-s lak de question do him good, and say, 'Is you thinkin' 'bout 'teudin' one uv de White House to-do's?'

"Yes, sir, dat's what I come up here fer; I lives in Concord, North Carolina, wid Marse Jim Cannon, Marse John Wadsworth an' de rest. I sho' do wish dat you'd hep me git in. I's des as good as dem yaller niggers dat's been 'vited."

"He des chuckie when I tol' him 'bout my bizness up dere. He reach in his pocket an' fetch out a ticket wid his name on it an' when he write, 'Let dis nigger in de White House to de festerbul,' he handed it to me an' say, 'Dat'll git you in.'

"But, uncle," he say, 'dey don't call de to-do's festerbula, lak dey do down Souf, but dey is functions an' ceptions.'

"Well, I say, 'des so dey have good things to eat dat's all dat I care 'bout. We calls dem festerbula.'

"Why, he 'clare, dey don't have nothin' to eat. You des go up dere and shake hands wid de big folks. Dat's all you do. Dere ain't no eatin' 'bout it."

"Dat didn't suit dis nigger an' I wuz hot under de collar, fer Marse John Wadsworth tol' me, 'fore I lef' dat dey woul' have er 'possum as big as er sheep an' er sweet-laters an' gravy by de gallon. Dat wuz what I went fer. I kin shake han' wid de big folks at home. I thought de gem'man wuz tryin' to fool me, but I didn't tell him so. He look at me an' laugh an' den go on 'bout his bizness."

"I go on up de yavanne an' meet all de folks. I didn't know dat dere wuz so many people in de worl'. I step in front uv a nice looking man an' ax, 'Boss, is church out?' I seed de crowd an' thought dat wuz de trouble. But de man hain't answer my question yit. He look me in de eye, stick out his han' to shake wid me an' say, 'Jones is my name. What did you say youn wuz?' Dat wuz somethin' else. I wuzn't uster ter shakin' wid white folks, but I thought he might be kin to de President, so I ketches his han' an' 'clare, 'My name is Derrick Alexander, from Concord, North Carolina.' Well, de brief lef' me when he say, 'What kin I do fer you, Mr. Alexander?' I see 90 years ole but dat's de fust time dat er white man ever call me 'Mister.' I slip erway frum de man quick fer I knowed dat he wuz one uv dem 'Yankees dat ole marster uster cuss so hard. I went on up de yavanne but kep' lookin' back to see ef he wuz arter me. Frum dat time on it seem to me dat all de folks dat I see wuz Yankees. Dey lak 'er driv' me crazy. Dat's de truf."

"Dat wuz de longes' street dat I ever seed for it took me er half er day to git to de Big House yard. I wuz dese wile fer all de niggers dat I seed wuz bignity an' de white folks wuz meane. De little niggers look at me an' laugh. Ef I had been back in Concord I'd busted some uv dere noggin's, but I wuz skeered to do it up dere. By de time I got to de Big House gate I wuz mad an' 'stracted. It 'peers dat everybody wuz ergin me. As I started to step up in de gate er man wearin' er uniform an' brass buttons come out frum behint er bush an' say, 'sassy lak,' 'Don't come in here, ole man! Dis's no place fer niggers!'

"Well, sir, dat raised my dander. I des made up my mine to go in dere anyhow. So I say, 'I'm goin' to see de President ef I have ter lick you.' He grin back at me an' 'clare, 'Dere's de President now. He an' his boy' goin' fer er ride.'

"I turnt my head an' looked roun' an' sho' 'nuff dere wuz er man an' er boy ridin' bob-tail horses. I yell out, 'Hello, Mr. President! Dis ole Derrick, from Concord. He's come to yo' festerbul.' I don't know why, but dat peered to make him mad an' his upper lip histed up lak er wider shade an' his lower lip fall down. I 'clare fo' de Lawd dat I never seed sich a mouf full uv tef in my life. Dey shine so dat dey look lak de new dem tomstones in Red Hill graveyard. An' he ain't stop at grinin', fer he say to de plesman close to me, 'Rest dat crank uv er nigger an' look him up!' Dat wuz de las' straw. I des square myself fer to fight. But dat's all dat I know den fer de man wid de uniform whack me over de head wid his Billy-stick an' put me ter sleep. Dat's what made de hole in my foif. As I wuz on de way to de gard house wid de officer, I hear somebody say, 'Why, dat's ole Derrick Alexander. What's he bin doin', Mr. Officer?' 'Tryin' to git to de White House.' 'Well, des as soon as he gits able to travel I'll send him home.'

"I didn't know who it wuz den, but I hear later dat it wuz Mr. Theo. Kluttz, from Salisbury. I had festerbul water fer him ter drink at er speakin' at Concord, one day.

"Dey took meter de look-up an' put me in er iron cell an' it wuz late in de day 'fore I knowed er thing. Den I waked up an' looked 'round me. I seed niggers in all de cells, an' mos' uv dem had sore heads. Dey had been tryin' to git in de White House. I cried des lak 'er chile an' wish dat I wuz back at Concord wid de people dat I know. I imagined dat I seed all de good folks here.

"Early de nex' mornin' de bossman uv de place come to me an' say, 'Ef you'll git outen dis town des as fas' as you kin hustle we'll let you go. A gem'man lef' er ticket home fer you. Take it an' git!'

"Dat sho' wuz sweet music to my ears. I wuz ready to go right den. I went out de do' an' almos' skip to de depot.

"Thank Gawd dat de ole nigger's back home ergin. Dat's where he's goin' ter stay. Dem niggers what go to de White House 'ceptions kin go, but give me my ole fryin' pan, er big fat 'possum, a peck uv laters an' er pint uv gravy. Dat's what suits dis nigger. I ain't hankerin' arter shakin' nobody's han'."

BILL ABP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.
"A little more grape, Captain Bragg," said General Taylor, at the battle of Buena Vista. And so we say now to Captain Teddy. "A few more negroes to office up north and a few more to our southern postoffices. Go the whole hog while you are at it. McKinley gave you a starter by appointing a negro over a white community at Hogsanville, and another at Athens, the cultured college city of the south, but he got alarmed and took the back track. It was just such a case as you have now in Mississippi at Indianola, for the people of Hogsanville went 4 miles to get their mail rather than take it from a negro—a dirty politician." Teddy has done no worse on the postoffice line. The postoffices are the people's not the president's. They are almost as near to us and as sacred as is our preacher or our family physician. No greater insult, no greater outrage upon our rights, could be perpetrated by a tyrant than to appoint a negro as postmaster in a white community. The difference between Teddy and Mr. McKinley is that the latter played fool for a while and quit, but Teddy keeps it up and grows more defiant of southern opinion and southern indignation. Sometimes providence afflicts the people with a fool, and sometimes with a knave to tyrannize over them, but it looks like we are to have both fool and knave in the same person. But "the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth."

A medical friend from over the line writes me that he has a growing sense of justice and abounds in sympathy for our long-suffering people, but that Teddy's deformity does not come from original sin or total depravity, but from physical defects in his anatomy, and says:

"I have studied his cranium and find that he has too small a cerebellum. His occiput goes straight up from the medulla oblongata and meets the sinciput at right angles and leaves no room for moral attributes. A perpendicular back head like Teddy's indicates a fighting, bear-killing, athletic and foolhardy man. The sinciput and the mesial plane are cramped together and Teddy's back head is a perpendicular plane without hill or dale. A man with a very small cerebellum is peculiar, and it will be found on inspection of the sinciput or forehead that the nose and cheek bones generally rest on an enormous jawbone, or, as you might say, the jawbone of an ass. If Teddy had lived in Samson's day he would have rejoiced to have been his armour-bearer, and carried his jawbone some."

Just so—exactly—not only so, but also. I understand it all now, and thank my medical friend. The lack of cerebellum and medulla oblongata and occiput has made Teddy crazy about bears and negroes and other black woolly things. But I should like to know what kind of a cerebellum that fellow Crumplecker or Stumpucker or Dirdauber has got, that makes him so venomous toward our people. At Teddy's request he has introduced a resolution to have a committee appointed to visit Indianola and see what our people are doing to the colored postmistress. Of course, he will be appointed chairman of the committee, but I'll wager ten dollars he don't go. He is nothing but a gas bag and a coward. Mr. Thompson tried to get him to come down to Alabama and see how the negroes on his plantation were getting. He was invited and accepted the invitation, but he did not come. He was afraid. And that is what discourages me about any growing sense of justice prevailing among the common people up north. If they are getting any kinder why do they send such a malignant man to congress? Hating the south seems to be the stock in trade of most of the northern members. The brainy men, like Charles Francis Adams, have modified—and mollified very much of late. Forty years ago he was commanding a nigger regiment down here for which I will never forgive him, but lat-ly he has made a speech at Charleston and another in New York, in which he says concerning the right of a state to secede: "If we accept the judgment of modern students and investigators it would seem as if the weight of argument falls into the confederate scale. The issue was settled by might and not by right." Then why don't they pension our soldiers and pay us for the property they fight us with. Lew Wallace did the same thing. Yes, he did worse. He was president of the court that tried Wirz and convicted him and hung him on perjured evidence. The longer I live the more I am convinced that as a general rule the smartest men are the meanest—especially the politicians.

ROOSEVELT'S "GOOD CITIZENS."

Charlotte Observer.
The first reports of inflammatory utterances at a negro mass meeting in Washington last Monday night have been fully confirmed. The principal speaker was James H. Hayes, a Richmond negro, and this was one of his declarations:

"I am afraid we are anarchistic, that we are anarchists, and I give the warning that if this oppression in the South continues the negro must resort to the sword and torch, and that the South will become a land of blood and desolation."

This is worse than the original reports led one to believe. And again:

"No two people, having the same religion and speaking the same tongue, living together, have ever been kept apart. This is well known, and it is one of the reasons why the dominant race is crushing out the strength of the negro in the South."

This is worse still, because it suggests worse than fire and sword; and as for the responsibility, the Washington correspondent of The Baltimore Sun says with good reason:

The temper of the meeting indicates the interpretation put by them upon Mr. Roosevelt's encouragement of the negroes to become "good citizens."

Senator Overman's Credentials.

News and Observer, S. C.
Yesterday Senator Lee S. Overman received his certificate of election from the Governor, and the event was one of much interest.

When the certificate was signed that made Mr. Overman a Senator from North Carolina for six years from the fourth of next March there were present besides Governor Aycock and Senator Overman, Col. P. M. Fearsall, Adjutant B. S. Royster, Col. Joseph E. Robinson, of Goldsboro, and Col. W. D. Pollock, of Kinston.

The certificate was signed with a handsome gold pen, with pearl handle, which Col. P. M. Fearsall had purchased especially for the occasion. When the signing was over, he presented it to Senator Overman as a gift for Mrs. Overman. It was a graceful act, much to be commended.

A Mother's Recommendation.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy.—Mrs. J. A. Moore, North Star, Mich. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

The Observer is informed that the head officials of the Southern Railway at Washington, have decided to have Spencer, instead of Charlotte, as the future terminus for the passenger conductors and their crews. This, it is said, will result in the removal from this place of the conductors of the Columbia, Asheville, Danville, Richmond, Washington and Charlotte divisions of the Southern, and as the change will affect the porter, flagman and baggage master on each train, it will mean the removal from this city of more than 100 men.—Charlotte Observer.

The best physic. "Once tried and you will always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says William A. Girard, Pease, Vt. These Tablets are the most prompt, most pleasant and most reliable cathartic in use. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

A party of hunters in Madison county, N. C., last week killed a bear weighing 230 pounds.

Think of Henry Ward Beecher preaching from his pulpit that Sharp's rifles were better than Bibles to convert the 's'ave owners of the south, and so his people bought the rifles and the ammunition and told old John Brown to go ahead. But the niggers were loyal to their masters and wouldn't burn nor kill nor destroy. And hence Lew Wallace and Adams and many others armed all they could muster up and joined the grand army and marched them down upon our helpless women and children. - At that time there were 30,000 runaways up north—fugitive slaves—the meanest of the race and nobody but an unprincipled dog of a man would have led them against us. Down further south the negroes mixed with gentlemen and were true and faithful during the war and as General Henry R. Jackson said, they ought to have a monument built to their loyalty as high as the stars.

But, paw! What's the use of scratching the old sores? Let them scab over. Are we not all brethren since the Spanish war? Did not we all fight and bleed and die together in Cuba? Don't the editors and political orators tell us that fraternal peace prevails between the sections? I am still sick, and have been out of the house but twice in three months, and maybe that is why I brood and ruminate over the wrongs we have suffered. When the spring comes and the birds begin to sing and the flowers to bloom maybe I will write more loving letters; and if Teddy will retract and apologize for the lies he told on Mr. Davis I will let him alone, considering that his cerebellum is limited by the medulla oblongata and the sinciput.

I never read the modern novel. They come and they go and are forgotten; but Miss Pettus, of Alabama, sent me the "Princess of Glendale," and I reluctantly took a glance at the first page and got caught. I turned the leaf and read on and had devoured one hundred pages before breakfast and all of it during the day. It is a faithful and charming recital of southern home life on a big plantation before the war. Then the war comes, with its distresses, and Forrest with three hundred men pursues Stract with fifteen hundred and captures him, and Miss Emma Sanson figures as a heroine in guiding Forrest across the river, and then comes the sad story of Sam Davis, the typical southern hero. Interest never flags in the beautiful story, and it will be a landmark for our children and children's children, for it is faithful to the truth of confederate history.

P. S.—The Constitution is mistaken.

Williams, who made that beautiful speech in New York, was not northern Williams, but southern Williams. He is from Missouri, and said "we of the south." Not a northern man except Charles Francis Adams said a kind word for us, and he left out Mr. Davis. If he had said what Waterston said or what southern Williams said he couldn't have gone back to Boston.

B. A.

What the Legislature is Doing.

Progressive Farmers.
The legislature has as yet done little important work. The London and Wattle liquor bills are attracting more attention than anything else. The London bill is endorsed by the Anti-Saloon League, and a vigorous campaign in its favor is being waged by Mr. J. W. Bailey, the legislative manager of the organization. But the whiskey forces are not idle. They have enlisted well-known lawyers to represent them; their forces are well organized, and they have money to spend. The Wattle bill is not nearly so thoroughgoing as the London bill, and is by no means satisfactory to the Anti-Saloon League. As we write this, it seems certain that a decided advance in temperance legislation will be made, though it is not likely that the League will get all it has asked for.

A Most Fated Gift.

Would be the power of foreseeing events. This would destroy hope. A knowledge of the future would unmake happiness. There are, of course, some things about the future we do know. If, for instance, a lack of energy, ambition and loss of appetite shows itself we know it will be followed by serious complaints if not checked. Often Liver and Kidney trouble follow quickly. In any event Electric Bitters will restore you to health. It strengthens, builds up and invigorates rundown systems. Only 50c Satisfaction guaranteed by Fetter's Drug Store.

It is learned that a butcher at Littleton carried a bill to the wife of a purchaser. She disputed it and he cursed in her presence. As soon as her husband learned of this, he shot the butcher, but did not seriously wound him. The butcher laid in ambush Saturday night and shot the man five times. The butcher was arrested and taken Warrenton jail.

The scratch of a pin may cause the loss of a limb or even death when blood poisoning results from the injury. All danger of this may be avoided, however, by promptly applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It is an antiseptic and quick healing liniment for cuts, bruises and burns. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

CHILD LABOR.

The Law, the Mill Man and the Father—Some Extraneous Ideas Regarding Them.
Charlotte Observer.
To the Editor of The Observer.
The question of "child labor" seems to be one of paramount importance at this time, engrossing much of the thought and labor of the philanthropist, the press, the educator and the lawmaker.

Why this is so may be accounted for from these considerations: the conjunction of the children in the mill; the great revival in education, and the struggle toward an ideal condition of life for the masses.

Before the coming of the cotton mill and the factory, the children and youth were so scattered that their numbers and condition did not appear, and could not attract attention. Now you are confronted with them everywhere, so that you could not disregard them if you would. And this is well. They ought not to be disregarded, but should receive their due share of consideration.

With perhaps a very few exceptions, in what has been said and written on this subject, there has been little or no discrimination. The general tread of thought seems to be that the children and youth who have gone into the factory and mill have had a great wrong done them by somebody. The truth is that the great bulk or what has been published on this subject has been in utter ignorance of the facts, and many times, under the influence of a blind prejudice.

While life in the mill may not be an ideal one, yet it is true that the condition of the vast majority of the operatives has been incomparably improved by their going into the mill.

Far be it from me to cast any reflection upon them in saying that as a rule they are among our poorest people. In large part, they belong to the tenant class, living in mere huts and most uncomfortable houses, on poor farms, greatly exposed, thinly fed, and forced from these considerations to associate with much that was vicious; and were unable to avail themselves of either educational or religious advantages. Many times their parents were diseased, or their mothers widowed; and absolutely unable properly to provide for them the commonest necessities of life.

Now they live in much better homes than the average well-to-do country-folk, are not exposed, many of the young women wearing finer clothes than the daughters of the mill owners, eat the very best of food that can be had—much better able to take advantage of every superior educational, Sunday school and religious opportunities that ever before. Many of the mill men, I might say all of them, whether Jew or Gentile, build them good school houses and churches, largely defraying the expenses of these themselves. And yet there comes up a great wall from all over the land that our General Assemblies enact some law for their protection against the cruel rapacity of the mill man. Nothing was ever more cruel or slanderous. The mill man is not to blame for the child being in the mill. Many times he is in there because of his mercifulness, not being able to resist the appeal of the destitute. The child can but be the least desirable of all operatives. He is necessarily utterly ignorant and incapable of performing any remunerative labor for the time. And yet I know plenty of girls and boys ten and fifteen years of age, who are receiving from thirty cents to one dollar a day, who had no earning capacity at all before they went there, but were an actual charge on those who had the care of them.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I am not in the employ of the mill man, or writing at his suggestion or by his knowledge.

My native county ranks third in the number of cotton mills in the State, and I have large personal and official knowledge of the cotton mills and factories of the State; and from this knowledge, I feel that it is but just to them to say, that as a class, I do not know any more humane and clever set of gentlemen than they are—many or the most of them, Christian gentlemen, and greatly interested in the well-being of their employees, ready at all times to resent any insinuation against them. Hence I submit that if any legislation is to be had in deference to the so-called "cry of the child," that it be not aimed at the mill man as the enemy of the child.

There may not be any blame attaching to any one for the child being in the mill. It is possible that he is in there as a stern and inexorable necessity, against which there can be no law.

If, however, it is insisted that there is blame somewhere, it must lie at the door of the child's father. And if he is too trifling to make provision for him, preferring to put him in the mill that he may live in idle luxury and dissipation on the hard earnings of his off-spring, then turn the thunder bolts of the law on his guilty head.

FRANK H. WOOD.
Durham, N. C.

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