

RED SPRINGS COMET

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL

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Have you noticed, asks the Arkansas Traveler, how many murders and shootings are recorded in the daily papers during the past few months? The number is getting to be something appalling.

The attendance of women at the Boston University, amounting as it does to 300, illustrates how the cause of woman is progressing nowadays with a rapidity that surpasses even that of geometrical progression.

Few people perhaps are aware of the fact, believes the Boston Transcript, that there was once a Postmistress-General. She did not serve in this country or in the present century, but the fact that a woman ever served in that capacity is indeed remarkable. Denmark was the home of this remarkable woman, whose name was Constance Gyldeboer, or Dorotina Krag, as she was called during her term of office, which extended from the year 1793 to 1711. The present postal system in that country, which is considered one of the best in the world, was inaugurated by her.

The record of ship building in New England for 1891 showed that the sailing ship is by no means a thing of the past, even in this country, remarks the New York Tribune. In England the returns for the same year are even more suggestive, the tonnage increase of eight per cent being all in sailing vessels. Sailing vessels, moreover, constituted twenty-five per cent of the total construction of 1891, against nine per cent in 1887. The obvious lesson is that a profitable field still exists for sailing ships, and that under certain conditions they are expected to compete successfully with steamers.

If the people of Argentina would turn their attention to agriculture instead of to revolutions, there seems to be no reason, the New Orleans Picayune is convinced, why that country should not be rich and prosperous. The Bureau of American Republics has a letter from a settler in Diamante, Entre Rios, Argentina, which says that overnight reaping machines and forty-five threshing machines were received in that locality last year, while the cost of the twine used for binding wheat amounted to \$60,000, and estimates that this year \$150,000 worth of twine will be used. He says that the settlers this year will need 600,000 bags. Within the last two months Diamante has purchased \$482,000 worth of agricultural machinery. The yield of wheat during the past season had averaged almost a ton an acre, and is of superior quality.

James B. Allen, a young citizen of Chicago, Ill., recognized in 1893 as the oldest settler by presenting him with a medal suitably inscribed, in honor of some interesting reminiscences. He was brought to the log settlement in 1833, being then two years old, by his father.

The family came from Oxbow, N. Y. They took up their residence in a little house immediately south of the picket fence surrounding the fort. It was the only house left by the Indians after the massacre of 1812, and General Winfield Scott had once occupied it. The General presented to the elder Allen three old cannon, which were afterward thrust muzzle down into the ground and used as hitching posts. Later they were cast into a well for the court house. Old Allen built Chicago's first dock, on River street. "The first water works Chicago had," says his son, "were operated by Nic Reiss, who peddled water to the settlers at the price of twenty-five cents a hoghead. The water works consisted of a two-wheel cart on which was placed a sort of tank, and the whole arrangement, was drawn by a horse which old Nick Reiss used to drive. A good many years after that my father and Virgil C. Walter, under the firm name of Allen & Walter, operated the old hydraulic water works at the foot of Lake street. The water was conducted to the city in wooden pipes."

He continues: "I remember the old ferry across the river where the Rush Street Bridge is now; it was pulled by a rope attached to a windlass on each bank of the river. There also used to be a ferry where the Lake Street Bridge now swings. The stage coaches for the West, which used to make Galena their objective point, used to be ferried across there." Mr. Allen remembers the first vessel launched in Chicago, the Marguerite Allen. It was originally (by courtesy) a gunboat, and formed one of the fleet that took part in Perry's victory on Lake Erie. It was lengthened and rebuilt as a schooner, and in this form began its trading career. The first hotel was known as the Green Tree House, and was built by John Gray. The first steamboat to ply on the lake was the James Allen, named after the elder Allen. Mr. James B. Allen is a veteran of the war. He claims to be a great-pew of Ethan Allen.

A TRIFLE.
A kin he took and a backward look,
And her heart grew suddenly lighter;
A trifle, you say, to color a day,
Yet the dull grey morn seemed brighter.
For hearts are such that a tender touch
May banish a look of sadness;
A small, bright thing can make us sting,
But a frown will check our gladness.
The cheeriest ray along our way
Is the little act of kindness,
And the keenest sting some careless thing
That was done in a moment of blindness.
We can bravely face life in a home where
No foothold can discover,
And he lovers still if we only will,
Though youth's bright days are over.
Ah, sharp as swords cut the unkind words
That are far beyond recalling,
When a face lies hid 'neath a coffin-lid,
And bitter tears are falling,
We faint would give the lives we live
To undo our ill sojourning;
Then let us not miss the smile and kiss
When we part in the light of morning.
—San Francisco Call.

ROPER'S THOUSAND

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

ROPER went along the street with the strangest feeling he had ever had in his life. He wondered if men with large sums of money in their pockets felt as he did. A sharp electric light flashed upon a jeweler's display case. Roper felt that he might go into that shop and buy any one of the glittering things he pleased. Then he laughed. Imagine misus with that diamond star on her calico breast! Yet it need not be a calico breast. But no, he decided, misus would do without diamonds and a silk dress. For how could he tell her about the money? A hot feeling surged up into his face. But wasn't the money his?

He could reason as well as any walking delegate he had ever heard, and his reasoning told him the thousand dollars in his pocket belonged to him. He had worked faithfully for Boyd & Co. for twenty years, and had his old Boyd said ten years back that Roper should be remembered in his will to the tune of a thousand dollars? For why? Well, young Tom had come down to the wharf the day old Boyd said that, and fallen overboard and sunk twice.

"A thousand to the man who saves him," cried old Boyd, like a ghost. But Roper was already in the water, diving under a boat, and had the boy on terra firma in five minutes, miraculously escaping the craft that threatened to suck both of them under. Old Boyd laughed then, and said the ducking served Tom right, and would teach him to behave himself next time, and—Oh! eh!—the reward! Well, he would remember Roper to the amount in his will, and now everybody got to work.

Roper had always counted on the thousand dollars, and it made misus proud, and Melia and Mary Edith sort of heiresses. Old Boyd died a month ago, and misus and the girls and Mary Edith's baby went and looked at the funeral cortege quite as though they were relations, and Roper had got a decent suit of black from Isaac Blum, round the corner, and trembled every day when he went down to the warehouse.

Trembled for nothing, for when old Boyd's will was opened it was found that everything went to charity, even Tom being cut off with a few dollars.

It was hard on Roper, for Mother Jones, in the lower flat, had it on misus, and laughed on the stairs about people who expected money and did not get it.

Misus and Melia and Mary Edith were rather cool too, and misus told him in private how much in debt they were, and told it with a sort of satisfaction. Roper could not forgive old Boyd. It was not that he wanted to be paid for saving the life of Tom—perish the thought! But the promise had been given, and he had believed his old employer.

And worse had come: for only last week Badger, representing Co., had informed him that sixteen dollars a week for a porter was preposterous, and that hereafter it would be twelve, and there were many who would be glad of the place for ten.

Roper brooded over it, could not eat, could not sleep. And now here he had the thousand dollars in his pocket. Of course it was his, if old Boyd had made his will that day ten years ago there was not the shadow of doubt but that a thousand dollars would have been bequeathed to the man who at the peril of his own life had saved that of Tom. That the will had not been made ten years ago was no fault of Roper's; it was old Boyd's fault. No; it was Tom's fault—Tom, the scapegrace, who had nearly ruined his father, and whose ill doing had soured the old man against the world. But, any way you could fix it, it was no fault of Roper's. What was a public charity? Did he not need it as much as a church fund? A church fund! It would go toward building a magnificent temple into which the poor and lost would never dare to look, said Roper. Queer, that handsomely dressed rich people should go to a beautiful room once a week, and hear about lost sleep and sort of thing, and feel good and safe! It was no charity to leave money for such things, and even the walking delegate couldn't have seen that quicker than he did. There was Tom Boyd cut off with a dollar and two. Where was the charity in that? Tom would go to the old boy faster than ever now, and all the time his father's money would go towards keeping up a handsome church. Tom had looked very rocky to-day when he came down to the wharf. Tom would only be clerk there till the end of the month, then he would go West, and Badger would be

glad to shake him. Tom had looked queer when he spoke to Roper this evening, and kept him till all the rest had gone, and commiserated him on having his wages cut down.

"And you weren't even remembered in the will," laughed Tom. "I was."

Roper broke from the young fellow at the door, and made for home. When he reached the corner, he pulled himself together; he had done something he had not done in many years—he had left the house to be looked up by some one else. Tom's stopping him and tantalizing him had rattled him. So he went back. Tom had not looked up, of course; the place was empty, the gas burning in the office. Roper went to turn it down to a star, as it was usually left, for the benefit of the watchman outside. His hand was on the key of the gas-fixture, when he noticed that the fire-proof was open. He did not know how to lock it; that was Tom's function. Dared he leave the place with that fire-proof open? No; he must stay here till the watchman came, at any rate, for there was money to be safe; there it lay—greenbacks—a little pile. How careless rich people were with money! There was a paper beside the notes. He stooped down; the paper said the money was the rent for some of old Boyd's property, and had come too late for the bank to receive it. So this also would go to the church fund.

Roper picked up the bundle. How strangely valuable these little bits of paper were! He turned over the notes, counting them. Why, there are just a thousand dollars here, the amount old Boyd had said he would leave him in his will. Was this a posthumous righting of a wrong? The cold sweat came out on his forehead. He looked round him. No, there was no one there. Tom had been the last one there—impetuous, impatient Tom, the cut-off, angry son. He would swear Tom had said good night to him on the step—and who had ever known Sandy Roper to lie? Melia was delicate, and had an unpaid doctor's bill; Mary Edith's husband did not get on well, a mere photographer's assistant, and the photographer's shop one of those on wheels; misus owed a good deal, and Blum wanted the money for that suit of black—and here his wages were cut down. His lips were pressed tightly together. He reached and turned down the gas, then quickly flared it up to full heat, and left the counting house. As he went out he dislodged a newspaper on a chair, then reached down and placed it just as he thought it had been. Then he went into the street, leaving the door unlocked, as he had found it.

A new recklessness came to him; he felt like slapping some one on the back. He came to the jeweler's shop, and thought of diamonds and misus. He crossed the street, and plunged into a dark narrow way under the cloudy sky. His head was burning; it was almost as though he had been to one of the labor meetings and stood treat to a dozen men, who must stand treat in return. He came to the tall house he called his home. There was Mother Jones in the hall with Bill.

"Bill," she said, "go get them onions. We ain't having money left to us. And hurry, for it's getting to rain."

Roper laughed, and told her it was a large evening. He went up to the third floor. There was a buzz of voices there. Mary Edith must have come to spend the afternoon with her mother. There was also a good smell; misus always had something nice for supper when Mary Edith came. All at once he heard the cough of a baby. He stopped short; he seemed to have lived this moment before; he was coming home, misus was getting supper, and their first child was gurgling unintelligibly in the cradle.

Sometimes I think things upset me a purpose. Don't think of it, Dan, I— But she broke down again. "Oh, Dan, it's little Buster. He— Maybe it's because it's his birthday and Mary Edith brought the picture; maybe it's because of poor Jim Jordan, but the little fellow seems so near to me to-day. I'm not crying because he's dead. Roper, don't think it. S'posen he'd lived. He'd be twenty-eight. Maybe he'd went wrong. I often think of him when I see a real man in the street, and when a man's a thief, or the like. It'd a broke my heart if little Buster'd turned out that way. Don't think me a fool, Roper."

She had come round to him, and now positively kissed him. The daughters exchanged glances and smiled, and went to the baby.

"Dan," said his wife, "don't mind about that money you didn't get, don't mind about the lower wages. We'll pull through. Maybe we've been proud without getting the money. Let's be proud without it, for we can hold our heads high; we're honest, and nobody can say we ain't."

She left him and went to the girls. Roper sat at the table. Honest? Buster knew if he was honest or not. Jim Jordan knew, old Boyd knew, all the dead knew. Only the living did not. Was little Buster shrinking from him? There was little Buster's picture. He remembered the time the daguerrotype was the original of that picture, had been taken. It was the Fourth of July, and he and misus and the baby had gone to see the parade.

Misus loved him, his girls loved him, nobody had much against him. But he was poor, he had not been treated right, and his children needed the assistance he would have been able to afford them had he been treated right. And yet—ah! those pure shining little lights still shining in his eyes, would they fade away and never be found by him in the huge hereafter?

The women were murmuring over Mary Edith's sleeping child, talking about the hard times and the sorrow of being poor.

"Roper!" said Roper all at once. "Who's poor? Only the thief's poor." He glanced at them, and misus had a word ready for him, when she happened to remember the day.

"A thief!" he repeated. "Do you hear! A thief!" His wife strode over to him and caught him by the arm. "You lie!" she sternly said. "You are the man I chose for a husband; you are the father of my children!"

"Let me go," he cried, "it'll be the worse for you. I must go down to the wharf, I tell you. I have no nothing to do there. I— I didn't lock up, and the safe's open, and I saw a thousand dollars there!"

Misus ran and got his hat. "Go!" she said, a strange look in her face. "Go! If need be, stay there all night and watch. Don't come home till that money's safe. Here! Take little Buster's picture with you—take it; I say. Do you hear me! Take it!"

Did she suspect the truth? He would never know. If she guessed at it, she blamed herself and her own blame of him. She hustled him out, stood at the head of the stairs till he had disappeared. He could hardly get his breath. He tore through the streets. He reached the wharf.

Yes, everything was as he had left it. Not quite; in the office was a man. Roper stopped abruptly, angered to the soul—rage for the possible thief there, rage as dire as man never experienced. He peered through the glass partition letting upon the office, and fell back—the man was young Tom Boyd, his head down upon his desk there.

He went boldly in. Young Tom never moved. Roper uttered his name. Then the figure sprang up from the desk. He caught Roper by the throat, but his hand slid away, and he laughed hysterically.

"Sandy," he said, "I'd had such a scare. The money! That's it in your hand! I see! You found the fire-proof open, and took the money with you for safe-keeping. I— He burst into a torrent of grief. "Sandy, I'm a scoundrel. I left that money there for a blind. I meant to take it, and fasten the guilt on you. You gave up your life, and to the debt by forging a poor wretch who will try from this night out to be— Well, worth what you have twice done for him." He put out his hand, and caught Roper's. Buster's picture was in Roper's hand, and was clasped between the two palms.

"Put the money back into the safe," said young Tom. Then the store was locked, and the two went outside. Young Tom lit a cigar.

"Good-night," he said, quietly, and the two separated. But he called to Roper, and came back and shook him by the hand once more, then moved rapidly away.

Roper stood for a little while looking after him in the darkness. Father and son both to ill-treat him? He almost forgot what he had done.

Just then he glanced up to the sky. Two stars looked out from the clouds there. He thought of Buster's eyes, and the guilt that had assailed him, and Tom had said he would henceforth try to be worth what he had twice done for him. He!

"Lord help us both," he said, brokenly, "young Tom said me!" His rough hand tightened, clapping the little picture, he stumbled on, anxious to get to misus and his girls.—Harper's Weekly.

COURT MARTIAL OF AN OFFICER.
RICHMOND, VA.—The court martial trying Commander Jas. J. Graham, recently commanding of the United States, monitoring lying below Richmond, Md. for the second time in the custom house in this city. Captain Montgomery Scott, who had not arrived on Monday, was present and was sworn in as a member of the court. The pleadings of the accused were presented by one of his counsel, Capt. James Parker, ex naval captain, and allegations were spread on the record bringing the charges. After an exciting legal tilt between Judge Advocate Lanchester and Capt. Parker, the prosecution was announced as ready to begin, and Past Assistant Surgeon George P. Lumsden, was the first witness called. He testified in reference to the offensive language used by Commander Graham, relative to the death of Admiral David B. Porter, and the alleged testimony that the accused said "Porter is dead."

He said he had been asked long ago the son of a gun. He had gone to hell and I wish I was a first-class freeman there, for I would make him roast; God—him."

Assistant Paymaster John Quilman Levell testified in reference to the wearing of the badge of mourning for Admiral Porter, and stated that the mourning was not put on by Commander Graham the day the department ordered it to be worn in reference to Commander Graham cursing him. Oliver one day brought back to the monitor a load of provisions on the steam launch, when he should have brought back coal. He did so through a misunderstanding. When he reached the fleet, Commander Graham, seeing the provisions and expecting he coal, began, so Oliver alleged, to curse him, and he was a fool, a—ah, and too God—ignoring for anything. Oliver conferred charges against the Commander to be sent to the department, but Graham signing an agreement with him, Oliver kept the charges back. This agreement provided that Graham should not ill-treat Oliver or the crew of the ship, and that Commander Graham would use all efforts to be detached from the monitor by February 10, 1892. The counsel objected to Oliver's testimony.

Danville's Leaf Tobacco Trade.
DANVILLE, VA.—Sales of loose leaf tobacco on this market in March amounted to \$3,888,842 pounds. Sales from October to March 31, the first half of the current tobacco year, 20,011,270 pounds. The March sales were the largest for any one month in the history of the market.

ALLIANCE INFORMATION.

The Plan of the Alliance Aid Degree Explained.

News Notes and Current Comment Upon the Great Reform Movement.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Hundreds of inquiries come pouring in for more complete explanation and information relative to the new degree authorized by the Supreme Council at Indianapolis, showing a deep interest in plan, and a desire to know more of it and to avail themselves of its benefits.

The degree is a fraternal and co-operative one, designed to fulfill a part of the original intention of the organization, viz., to help ourselves instead of helplessly and blindly depending upon others, whose only interest in us was what they could make out of us.

The resolution establishing the degree reads as follows:

Whereas, one of the cardinal tenets of our Order is the duty we owe our brethren in distress, their widows and orphans; and whereas, our charter expressly provides for a fund for their relief; therefore, be it

Resolved, That a co-operative degree be instituted in the Order for the purpose of creating and maintaining a fund for the benefit of families of deceased worthy members, and that the executive committee be instructed to establish said degree as soon as practicable.

The National Alliance Aid Degree is the result, and it provides for life insurance on the assessment plan precisely similar in general features to the ancient order of United Workmen, Knights of Honor, Women, Odd Fellows, and Masonic and other secret order associations. It admits all members of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, men or women, between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five years, who can pass the required careful medical examination. Members over fifty five, or those physically disqualified, are welcomed as honorary members without fees, and do not participate in the insurance, but do in the other advantages. A member can take either a \$500, \$1,000, or \$2,000 policy, or a man and wife can take a joint \$1,000 or \$2,000 policy, in which case the survivor receives entire amount of joint policy. A joint policy costs one-half more than a single policy of same amount.

The entry fees are low; just enough to pay expenses of securing members, viz., \$3 for \$500, \$5 for \$1,000, \$6 for \$2,000. A registry fee of \$1 on all policies, regardless of amount, except joint policies, which are \$1.50, is also collected for office expenses. All unused fees are turned into the benefit fund at close of each year.

Where a sub-Alliance or county Alliance wishes to establish a degree, and seven or more members join at one time, seven being lowest number a charter will be issued to them. The fees may be reduced to \$3 each, but only to charter members, and regardless of size of policies taken, thus making it an object for an Alliance to join in a body.

Assessments are made not oftener than once in two months, and then only when deaths occur, and are graded according to age, and never advance after a member once joins. A member 18 to 25 is assessed \$1.00 on each \$1,000 carried by him; from 25 to 30, \$1.10; 30 to 35, \$1.20; 35 to 40, \$1.35; 40 to 45, \$1.50; 45 to 50, \$1.75; 50 to 55, \$2.00; 55 to 60, \$2.25; 60 to 65, \$2.50; 65 to 70, \$2.75; 70 to 75, \$3.00. On a joint policy where the ages differ, one-half the sum of their ages is taken as a basis.

A Washington dispatch says: The Farmers' Alliance has opened a campaign headquarters in this city, and will commence this month the publication of a party organ to be known as the National Advocate.

Stenographers of Congress declare the present House superior in grammar to the Fifty first Congress. Yet demagogues of photocracy? Is it possible that "haystacks" are not only better posted upon legislative enactments and common law, but surpass ye in diction and syntax—National Economist.

from the government, bears grateful witness to the large-heartedness of the man who owes no grudge, but, on the contrary, feels the tenderest and noblest sentiments towards the family who once "owned him."

LAUNCHING THE SHIP.

The U. S. Cruiser "Raleigh" is christened by Gov. Holt's Daughter and Slipped From the Stays in Sight of an Immense Throng.

NORFOLK, VA.—Despite lowering clouds and the prospect of rain at any moment, at least 25,000 people watched the new steel armored cruiser "Raleigh" slide gracefully into the water at the navy yard at 11:35 Thursday morning. The boats, steam launches, barges and crafts of all kinds and descriptions were pressed into service, and every elevation and house-top from which a view was possible was crowded with enthusiastic humanity. Large passenger boats were hurried into excursion boats, for the time being, and were literally packed with crowds of spectators.

At 11:34 Mrs. Haywood, daughter of Governor Holt, of North Carolina, stepped forward, and with the usual formula broke a bottle of champagne, grey bedecked with red, white and blue ribbon, over the new cruiser's bow. The blocks were then removed, and amid cheers, yells, and a deafening chorus of steam whistles, the "Raleigh" moved slowly into the stream. A long tow of logs were in the path which the "Raleigh" took when off the stays, and she crashed into it, cutting it completely in two. One of the men in charge of the raft had his left arm crushed between the slabs and was horribly injured. A shed on the roof of which a large crowd had assembled, was unable to stand the strain, and suddenly gave way with a crash, throwing the occupants of the raft roof into a confused or more or less injured heap on the ground. Only one man, an artilleryman, in the navy yard, was seriously injured, his leg being so badly crushed as to necessitate amputation. Many were bruised and badly shaken up.

Among the prominent people on the reviewing stand were Secretary Tracy, and prominent naval officials, Governor Holt and staff, of North Carolina; Hon. J. S. Carr, of North Carolina, and many others.

The cruiser was ordered built by Congress on September 7, 1888, at a cost not to exceed \$1,100,000. The speed predicted was 19 knots, with a premium of \$50,000 for each quarter of a knot additional.

KILLED A NEGRO BISHOP.
He Preached Perfect Holiness and Was Sitting in His Pulpit Who Shot.

Augusta, Ga.—News has been received here of the murder of Bishop Jones, a noted colored preacher in Allendale, S. C., on Thursday night. Jones formerly preached here, but went to Allendale to preach sanctification and perfect holiness. He succeeded in getting a following, mostly women.

Some of the husbands of the women objected, and there was a division among the colored people of the town. The anti-holiness people tried to dislodge the Bishop. They prosecuted him for vagrancy, but he made a good showing on the trial, many women testifying that they willingly contributed to his support, and that they would give him the last cent of their earnings if necessary.

Then several men, disguised as women, waylaid the Bishop at night. He was bewildered and overwhelmed at so much feminine attention and readily fell into the arms of his assailants. A short time afterward his adherents built a church, in which the Bishop preached.

On Thursday night last service was going on in what they called the Holy Temple. The Bishop had prayed and taken a chair in the pulpit, and an assistant had begun to preach. The window was stealthily opened, the stick of a gun was thrust through, and a report followed.

The door of the church was shut. The murderers had taken the precaution to fasten it from the outside. Upon the discharge of the gun every light was extinguished. Then there was great confusion. Women screamed and expected instant death.

Some one finally struck a light, and it was found that the Bishop was dead. Justice Mixson and a jury of fourteen white citizens investigated the matter for two days, but up to a late hour no clue was found to warrant the arrest of any one.

Girls Painted Him Red.
SAULT STE MARIE, CANADA.—A half dozen prominent young women of this city adopted a novel way tonight of punishing Fred Clayton, a young man who has been scattering scandalous tales regarding them. Dressed in old clothes and armed with brushes and two buckets of bright red paint, they called at his home and "painted" him. Four of the young women seized and dragged him half a block down the street and held him while the remaining two vigorously plied the paint brush. When they finally released him there was not a spot on his clothes, face or head that was not covered with a coat of fiery red paint.

Converted to Catholicism.
BOSTON, Mass.—Dr. William H. Rudwick, of South Boston, for years a prominent figure in Masonic circles in this city, and heretofore a leading member of the Church of the Advent, has left the Episcopal Church and become a Roman Catholic. He was a 32d degree Mason, and was connected with nine different Masonic bodies, from all of which he has resigned.

When Gripsack, a commercial tourist died, shortly before the funeral his widow was told that he had been to mortify. "Then," said the afflicted one, "it can't be John. I don't think anything could mortify him. He has been too long on the road."