

Red Springs Comet.

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All communications must be addressed to B. W. Townsend, manager.

W. F. HARVILLE, Editor.

B. W. TOWNSEND, Manager.

RED SPRINGS, N.C.

Thursday, June 23, 1892.

CLEVELAND AND FILIA.

Cleveland and Vilas, are the Democratic nominees for President and Vice-President. Tariff reform and victory are the watch words of the campaign. Rah, Rah, Rah.

WILL THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION FOR THE SIXTH CONG. DIST. NOMINATE CAPT. ALEXANDER FOR CONGRESS?

At last the issue is fairly before us. Capt. Alexander has thrown down the gauntlet; will the Democrats of this district pick it up? If they do not, then we suggest that the convention adopt the St. Louis platform, twelfth plank and all. He held back his views so long, that his silence had become more painful to the Democrats of this district than his sore finger had to himself. But in his letter to the chairman of the Fifth District, have nominated a candidate for Congress; the Republicans have put out one, and the Democrats will run the number of those who discontinued.

Pure Democracy can't be downed yet by the crippled political tramp yeilded Third party.

in nation. Our nominee, whoever he may be, Alliance Democrat or any other Democrat must be unalterably opposed to the St. Louis demands. There is no middle ground. We must fight this thing out to the end. The only trouble is we should have begun earlier. Nominate no man who dares not show his colors, and no man who will not repudiate the St. Louis platform.

The *Progressive Farmer*, the organ of the Third party in its issue of the 21st, inst., drops that most abominable of all the planks in the St. Louis platform, the Government ownership of railroads, and says, "We hope there will be but one or two planks in the People's party platform and let them be financial reform and a graduated income tax."

And still there are men calling themselves Democrats, who still stand with both feet on that rotten worm eaten plank, and when it snaps, as snap it will, be precipitated into an unfathomable abyss where the bent of political resurrection will never reach them.

This title has turned the other way. For a while, we received a number of cards discontinuing our paper on account of its straight out Democracy. But now we are receiving letters every day commanding our course and subscribing for the COMET, until we have now reached that point where the number of new subscribers more than double the number of those who discontinued.

Pure Democracy can't be downed yet by the crippled political tramp yeilded Third party.

THE NATURAL RESULT.

The Third party men in the Fifth District, have nominated a candidate for Congress; the Republicans have put out one, and the Democrats will run the number of those who discontinued.

Now what will be the result? Just what we have all along predicted, that the Third party is run in the interest of the Radicals, and Tom Settle, a Radical will be elected. Another vote for the Force bill. And still they say there is no Third party in North Carolina.

The Richmond and Danville railroad has been placed in the hands of a receiver by Judge Bond of the U. S. Court. Here is this splendid system of railroads managed by expert railroad men, whose tenets are diametrically, and unalterably opposed to the revolutionary, anarchical doctrines laid down in the St. Louis demands. Col. Polk, the founder of the Third party, did so, and all the ring-tailed, streaked mongrel crew of that party, say so.

NOTE TO DELINQUENTS.

We say once for all, that we do not send out bills to subscribers when they wish their paper discontinued. The subscription price is at the head of the paper, the terms are plain. Now if you wish to stop your paper have the manliness to pay up what you are due and then order it stopped. Finally brethren no amount of boycotting, no amount of cursing, no amount of disowning, can make us swerve one hair's breadth from the principles we have all along advocated. Go follow your masters who have put the Third party bit in your mouths, and the Third party colar around your necks, but you can't intimidate the COMET.

Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Editor COMET:

I see that some of the so-called Democratic papers are still advocating S. B. Alexander for Congress from this district.

One paper says that if Alexander is nominated on a Democratic platform he will be o. k., and stick to the Democratic party. The trouble is though that when Alexander swallowed the St. Louis monstrosity he put himself square off the Democratic platform, square out of the Democratic party. Now if all that is required of a man to make him a good Democrat is to nominate him on a Democratic platform what a great pity it is that some one did not think of it in time and nominate little Benny Har-

rison on a Democratic platform if they had we would have had Benny dead sure; but my gracious there are so many new things under the sun for the last few years that it is no wonder we did not think of it in time.

Some Democrat wrote to the *Robesonian* last week and ventured to make some objection to the nomination of Alexander, or consequence of his endorsement of the Third party platform; the editor referred him to 2nd Kings where Elsie prayed that the young man's eyes might be opened. Now it's the opinion of this poor Faust that if there is a set of people on God's green earth that need an answer to that prayer of Elsie it is the case that have been deluded and led and blindly led by Polk, Mebane & co. For the last few years it certainly required no extraordinary shew of us to see that the object of Polk, Mebane & co. is to hand North Carolina and as many other Southern States as possible over to the tender mercies of the Radical party in November 1892. This has been their aim for years, and unless the good Lord opens some body's eyes they are going to do it. With best wishes for the COMET and hoping that some body's eyes may be opened, I am,

Yours truly,
FARMER.

ZULEIKA,
OR
A LEGEND OF THE MOORS.
BY ERIC DOUANE.

CHAPTER V.

We returned to the camp and partook of a rude breakfast hastily prepared; still our bearings was not visible. We were soon on the road again, sometimes walking, sometimes riding, making generally in a Southern direction. From our limited knowledge of the geography of the section, we felt sure we were not many miles from the Delaware river. We did not ask the Queen where we were going; that would have shown some distrust in her, and besides we had been very hot; the horses seemed jaded, and a little mountain stream that ran along the road side seemed to invite us to halt.

Here we witnessed the expediency of fly fishing. One of the Gypsies taking from his pocket some fishing tackle, and cutting a long slender pole that grew on the banks of the stream, fastened his line to it, and placing on an artificial fly, soon had a dozen beautiful mountain trout fluttering on the grass. While we were watching this expert fisherman, a shout at the camp near by arrested our attention, and looking over there we saw all the children rushing up to Pedro who had arrived with the little lost dog, he joined the crowd. The Queen taking Pedro aside talked long and earnestly with him. We could see glistens at us so often that we felt sure we were the subject of his conversation most of the time. The Queen ordered the teams hitched up, and in a little time we were on the road again. Riding with her as usual, said as Pedro had gone back and crossed the river at Bristol, and hunted around the wharves at Burlington for the dog, when he observed a crowd of men, some four or five in number come riding rapidly down to where the ferry boat landed, and he easily recognized two of them as the leaders of the raid, and another of their number. He dodged aside, but near enough to overhear them ask about a tribe of Gypsies, who had been committing unlawful depredations in a neighboring county; that one of them had badly wounded a citizen who was simply protecting his property; that they had ascertained that they were aided by two young Southern medical students who had recently joined the tribe, for the sake of the frail beauty they had with them. One of the men Pedro said, told the officers of the boat, that he had a paper to arrest the whole party; but more especially they desired to catch the two students. When informed that the parties had crossed the river the day before they seemed much dispointed, and rode slowly off.

Pedro then continued his search for his dog, and at last found him running up and down the waters lobi ng longingly across. To cross the river and strike out with his little dog was short work for the swift footed Gypsy boy, and when he reached us the dog was the most fatigued of the two.

Again was the wisdom or foreknowledge of the Gypsy Queen manifest. Had we delayed our movements in crossing into another State we would have been arrested and beyond all doubt convicted.

The base conspirators had well planned a story that would easily obtain credence and we would have been punished with all the rigors of the law. A hated persecuted, vagabond race, and two young Southerners on the one side; and a whole community, judge and jury on the other it was easy to see what the result would have been.

It was evident too, that we were known to have been in the Gypsy party the night of the foray. We felt sure that we were not recognized that night, our disguise was too complete. We were satisfied it was an afterthought of the young collegians connecting us with the Gypsies. Our refusal to join the raiders, and perhaps other proofs that

would bring back the dog.

That night the Queen informed us that at our next camping place, which would be near a large river, she would reveal to us the mystery of the gari for whom we had so gallantly periled ourselves. That no one outside of the tribe knew the history she would relate to us. That never before had her history been told to any but those in whom the Romany blood flowed. That she was induced to tell us from gratitude, that without our aid on that eventful night the hopes or continuities of patient waiting by the Gypsies all over the world would have gone down amidst desolation and disappointment. But more than this; the stars had shown a strange conning of our lives with theirs; that she did not fully comprehend, and that she hoped to more fully understand when a certain conjunction of two of the planets which would take place the next night, that all relations alighted would clear up more mystery to the initiated than all others combined. She thanked us for the reference we had shown in no equipping after the beauty, and briefly she told us we should then see her talk to her as much as we desired. It was late when we closed our eyes that night. We slept a part from the tribe upon a bed of hay unashed by one trying to carose the huge dog, who enjoyed the fun as much as the others. It was a singular scene that sprawled itself out before us rarely witnessed in a lifetime. This together with our romantic connection with this vagabond tribe, impressed me so vividly it has remained painted on my memory as fresh to day as it was then.

After supper was over, and the camp fire died away, the Queen sent for us to come to her tent. A rude lantern hanging just in the doorway cast its feeble glimmering rays a few yards across the green sward; the bright rays of the moon riding high in the heavens flashed back from the sparkling waters of the river; the roar of distant water falls coming distinctly to our ears; the hooting of an owl far up the hills, all added to the weird harmony of the scene and its surroundings. We approached her with more than ordinary feelings. The time had at last come that we so anxiously looked forward to. The revelations she had promised to make concerning the mysterious beauty, and above all we knew we were to see her again.

To be continued.

had subsequently come in their possession, no doubt convinced them of the fact. At any rate we had made a narrow escape, and it was in a great measure due the Gypsy Queen.

We were soon on the road again. To the South West could be seen the rugged spurs of a mountain chain some ten or twelve miles away; in this direction the road we were traveling pointed. Late that evening we were crossing the last of the lofty hills through which the beautiful Schuylkill river rushed on its course to empty itself in the broad bosom of the Delaware. Just as twilight was casting its mantle over the bewitching scene that presented itself to our delighted vision, we filed out of the road into a green glen between two hills where sprang a pure stream of water that rushing over mossy rocks until it made a long leap into the dashingly river. The wagons were unloaded for the first time since we had joined the Gypsies. The horses were haltered and tied. The camp fires were soon blazing peacefully; the women busy preparing the repast for the evening; the children running and romping on the soft grass, each one trying to carose the huge dog, who enjoyed the fun as much as the others. It was a singular scene that sprawled itself out before us rarely witnessed in a lifetime. This together with our romantic connection with this vagabond tribe, impressed me so vividly it has remained painted on my memory as fresh to day as it was then.

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J. A. HUMPHREY.

Buile's, N.C., Mar. 10, 1892.

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(Successor to M. Faulk & Co.)

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