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RED SPRINGS, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1892,

ALAS!

The sky is only blue ther from the grass

. are fair there may gather there Margard the breath of sighs or march of care!

that are most to bid adjeur Time's ancient glass

have the heart is only true where false foot pass far all to and rue! maid (Mactie in Granite Duet.

AGED ONE DAY.

OHY I. A BECKET.

amering close of an August englimbing out of a dog cart front of a whitewashed Negro the ragged edge of a Maryland tidy young fellows, of the thief claim upon the gratimee lies in their lending a t to a worn out world. They omed, acceptably featured, ed a pleasant consciousness of

Blue Ridge Mountains were shadows, quite in the manner on colog, athwart the luxuri-Furderick Valley, while the Tields had lapsed from a riotous most lassitude, now that the behind the line of undulating to crass too had intensified into men, which the walls, fences and discinited with the effective wash severely economical, but

and the younger of the two logsied himself in fastening the the tumble dow; fence skirting Arden, "you potter around in and there while I go in and see A search I won't be but a minute; knew you hate the smell of ba Negro's quarters. There are be mice people buried there," he

A laught," said Barnard, and, turnhe strolled leisurely toward the contest which lay just this side of the back unkempt and neglected. The done h was attended once a month free Frederick. The small, whitewashed has a thin blue smoke floating indolentis from its brick chimney, and its wood as such smothered with Virginia was the abode where Aunt war are, breathed and slept, with inyear attention to her brood, and has no ministrations to the priest on his

and a stood in the doorway of her castle data ber arms akimbo. Her white test dished a warm welcome on Paul The on he picked his way toward the

> massy, of dat ain't you, Mis'r she cried, with a colored woautumbes vivacity "I jes done he and gone back to New York

her checked apron across tour of a wooden chair, and made the wan for a moment in the kitchthe small of the bacon was there, orm grip on the nostrils; but hel not mind it. It only gave

and out from Aunt Sarah that If her would come to the chapel wing Sunday. His sister had on to see when the priest would as it would spare her a trip to k if she rould speak to him when

e could not get away without my of the Negress's hospitality to wet of a glass of milk, which she and and creamy, from the show the water cresses grew so ground the spring. He proand deficients as he dried his lips hamlkerchief. Then he shook with Aunt Sarah, pinched the book of a pickaninny who was at her skirts, and went toward where he saw Barthe long up to his knees in the long

ul looked up at his approach, a smile parting his lips I have discov

he said, as Thereon tore his way through the vines and blackberry He pointed to a small, conical * a ' I marble, stained vellow-white by and half a vard high. I say something amusing in the vessive tombs whose brick walls ted thick slabs. Some of them k into the earth on one side, and to out into the marble were so with lichens as to be almost

> ales the liver " said Theron, as and sight of the perky shaft, - the dead giant?" exclaimed Barnard, with his

The in gives his whole history." but down on one knee, brushed sleader grasses, which rose to eight of the monument, and cast

tracery of shadow over the

HAMILTON PINKNEY FAIRFAX: AGED ONE DAY.

with a smile attie beggar! What a short he had didn't he! Some of these ald tombs are the abodes of There are others around righborhood still, I believe, wait interment. They are not quite rough to instify their burial vet." I ever saw a jollier tombstone than aid Barnard, as they made their of the gravevard. "It's fine to ittle man taking his place in the ine and claiming all the honors of a wathy defunct after his one day of Well," he went on musingly, "he fort of thing, and has a nice little monu-

Barnard was a young lawyer from New York who had run down to Frederick County to put in a few days with Theron, who had just started a stock farm there. He was a "society man," with a good position in an old law firm and a moderate, Barnard thought altogether too moderate, income. During the past winter he had conducted two or three important cases with success, and had been very epris with an extremely elegant woman who had an enormous "pull" in society. Barnard had really cared more for his success with the lady than his success with the law. She was beautiful, rated as wealthy, and full of the most charming tact.

Mrs. Amidon was not of the impressionable order, and the men who danced attendance on her were wont to give more than they received. Barnard's comparative success had been matter of

"I can't help thinking of that little beggar," Barnard said, with a smile, as he pulled a ciger from his pocket and lit. it, while Theron gathered up the reins and they drove off, followed by the open admiration of Aunt Sarah's "olive branches." "How unnecessarily he slipped into and out of life. The lifetime of a day! Most of us do little enough with a much longer span, but he did absolutely nothing! If he had been born twenty one years old, and in New York, he might have had a fuller existence, if it were short. Poor little Jack-in-the-box!"

Two months later Barnard met Mrs. Amidon in New York at an afternoon tea. She had only returned from Europe a week before, and the newspaper accounts of her doings there had not been the most grateful reading for him. Her greeting was friendly. But Barnard had the sense that it would have been quite the same if they had chanced upon one an-North. It was so independent of conditions. She would have said: "How do you do?" and would have made some remark about the icebergs as a timely conversational topic. As it was, she said he looked brown. Had he been vachting?

He had never seen her appear so charming. She was to him the ideal grande dame. Her exquisite figure could have warmed an antique statue to an envious thrill. It woke her man dressmaker to extravagant admiration. And her face was so softly, coolly beautiful. Yet her charm of manner almost made one ignore the graces of her form and

Mrs. Amidon resumed Barnard where the close of the season had interrupted him. He fell into his rather favored position in the line with a well-defined purpose of playing himself with such success that he could secure an enduring post at her side. He knew that she had taken bim up; he meant to assume her.

By November, he felt that he had made a distinct advance. Toward the end of that month some fashionable woman gave an entertainment at which Mrs. Amidon and himself were present. The large rooms were not stuffly full. Barnard was very much at Mrs. Amidon's elbow this evening, and there were two or three nuances in her treatment of him which he construed delightedly as a gratified acceptance of his devotion, something so much better than if she had merely shown a consciousness of being able to command

Several of the people present had drawn elecmosynarily on their powers of entertaining. Somebody had played on the violin, a young woman with a brazen accent had recited something from Andre Chenier, and a Creole girl had sung two or three folk songs of French Louisiana with bizarre quality in the lilting chant. Then Barnard stepped a little forward

with a bit of paper in his hand. "In my travels of last summer in the wilds of Maryland," he begain, in his full tones and slightly drawling manner. 'I chanced upon a warrior's grave. For if, as they tell us, life is a warfare, then was he a Knight though he jousted but

Mrs. Amidon's fan moved more gently, until it came to repose. The allegory was amusing.

"He had his monument, had this knight, one proportioned to his life and deeds; for the summer grasses threw slender shadows quite across its top. This memorial shaft chronicled nought beyond the name of him who had fought the good fight, save that he waged it in a day. I thought that even so small a poet as myself might sing of this inconse quential warrior, and, if you will of your patience suffer it, I will read what for lack of better title. I have called "Verses on Hamilton Pinkney Fairfax aged one day.

Mrs. Amidon had sunk back in the broad chair, her fan lightly resting on her bosom, till the glistening gardenias seemed veiled in a film of mourning, as if for the dear, dead summer.

Life's fitful day is o'er, and here he Tucked fast asleep beneath his native

Earth's warm, brown blanket folded on his breast His wisdom monumentally confessed. For when he came, he did not like the

And had the wit to wander into space The crow of chanticleer hailed him be-Noon saw his prime, and twilight found

him done. Hamilton Fairfax, at the crack of doom. Will flicker forth to judgment from his To find how little of the Book of Life

Was needed to recount his earthly strife. This to the world his modest shaft must

When it records his span of but a day: White was his soul at dawn, as white at White when it passed, at curfew, not too

Had he but known life's way he would have chuckled That at her breast he was so briefly suckled.

Hamilton Fairfax, lucky wight were To get to Heaven for what you did not

There was a murmur of soft laughter escaped teething and the croup, and that as he bowed gravely at the close, and

woman tapped him with her fan, and hearted thing, to make fun of that darling little creature! I didn't know whether to weep or to laugh over this abbreviated Fairfax. I watched you, and if you had shown any regret for him. I should have cried. But you didn't -not a bit !"

"Ah, Miss Worden, I spent my emotion at his grave," retorted Barnard, quickly.

'You should have wept." He was making his way, laughingly, to Mrs. Amidon. Almost as soon as the verses were done she had risen, and with willowly dignity of movement passed through the crowd to the hostess and bade her good night. There was in her a faint suggestion of what the flowers must find in the breath of the autumn. She was standing in the hall wrapped in her furs and talking volubly to three or four men as she waited for her carriage, when Barnard found her.

"Are you going so soon, Mrs. Ami-don?" he exclaimed. "I hope Hamilton Pinkney Fairfax has not acted the exorcist, and driven you forth.

'How ungallant!" said Mrs. Amidon, with a brilliant smile at the other men. "Don't you remember what exorcisms are directed against? You must have been deeply stirred, Mr. Barnard, to have betaken yourself to verse. How very amusing you found that little boy. It is absurdly ridiculous to live only for a day, is it not? Good night."

She had spoken hurriedly but gayly until the man opened the door, and with a nod she disappeared, the light falling softly in a parting gleam on the smooth coils of her hair. Barnard noted it with a sort of pain. He had wished to ask her when he could call the following day, but she had offered him no chance for

There was just enough of the canker of doubt in him the next day to make him irritably impatient to see her again. He went to the large brick house on Washington Square rather early in the afternoon for a call. Her coupe was standing at the door as he approached, and when he reached the stoop Mrs. Amidon was descending the steps. She bowed, smiled, paused for a moment when she reached the sidewalk and made some remark on the lovely day as she arranged the last button of her glove. This was all she could have been expected to do; yet Barnard felt he had been relegated

which he thought he had won for him-"I am unfortunate," he said. "Lhad hoped for some little time with you." "I have got to make a dozen calls," she returned airily, as if this were the nearest approach to a sympathetic re-

mark which she could volunteer. "Won't you name some day when you will be at home to see me?" he asked, as the footman opened the carriage door.

"I am always at home Sunday afternoons," she said, suavely. "Yes; but you have a mob of callers then," he retorted.

"They are all nice people," and Mrs. Amidon arched her brows

"Oh, of course! But I would like so much if you would allow me to come some time when you will be alone," he urged, with a pleading look in his eye.

She hesitated a moment. "Come Monday afternoon at five," she

said, and stepped into the coupe. He repaired to Washington Square at the designated time, feeling that he might, or might not, put the question fraught with such intense interest for him. It should depend on how he found her. He would not attempt to settle the point independently of that. His determination to speech should be the outcome of the cir-

As he entered the room where she was sitting, a warming sense of satisfaction made him think he would speak before he left her. The whole made such a charming picture, Mrs. Amidon was sitting in a low, broad chair of pale blue velvet. The exquisite lines of her figure had never seemed more perfect. Her dress was of heavy silk of a lusterless black with which some white fabric was combined, the severity of the gown softened

by a profusion of lace. She gave him her hand and motioned him to a seat. What a perfectly pos sessed woman she was, he thought; every turn, every movement, suggesting a queenly serenity. Ah, if he could call

this glorious creature his "Do you know what a comfortable picture you make, you and your surroundings?" he exclaimed, with the pas-

sion of an artist. "Comfortable! That is a very moderate

compliment. I am a poor rival to the cat there as a picture of comfort." She smiled slightly, as with a move ment of her foot she indicated a vellow plush basket in which was coiled an An-

gora whose soft sides pulsated to the most "I should have said soothing," he haswhat a home would be with such surroundings and such a mistress. Could

man ask for more?" "One would have to consider the man, of course," she made reply, slightly arch-

ing her brows. His gaze was bent upon her burningly, his features set to seriousness. He bent slightly toward her as he said, earnestly: I would ask no more and would feel that I had won a heaven more blessed than I could ever deserve. Amidon, have you not seen what I have felt so long? I am not worthy of you.

"Do you know," Mrs. Amidon, interrupted, quietly, raising her hand a little, 'I should like to tell you a little story. Do you think you care to hear it?" "I shall be charmed," said Barnard,

assuming an attitude of attention. "Ten years ago," Mrs. Amidon began, after a moment's pause, in softly modulated but perfectly distinct tones, and ing in the fireplace, "a girl of seventeen married a boy of twenty. They loved each other in the most simply ardent fashion. The girl was poor, the young fellow had expectations from a wealthy moved away. Smiling faces and mock husband, who was still the lover, died, corn is added.

elso. When his will was read it was cried in a high voice: "You hard- | found that he had bequeathed his property to the issue of his grandson, leaving to him only a modest income. The death of the grandson had spared him this expression of ill-will.

Mrs. Amidon paused again, "Very soon after the grandfather's death a posthumous child, a son, was born to the young widow. He inherited the large estate bequeathed him by this will. The mother saw for one dim moment the little boy's violet eyes before she relapsed into state of weakness in which her life was despaired of. But she rallied, and when she recovered sense of her surroundings asked for her child that she might look for comfort in his father's eyes. They graveyard of the little church.

"Through the death of this short-lived child the mother came into full possession of the large fortune which he seemed to have come only to inherit and transmit to her. It enabled her to gratify every

"Later," continued Mrs. Amidon, raising her eyes to Barnard's face, "she married again. It was a marriage unhappy in its results, for there developed the greatest disaffection. Two years ago the a brief, but rarely perfect, wedded life. She has had one not so brief and wretch. In divers ways the taxing power of the the electoral vote for both Cleveland and edly imperfect. Not long since," and government has been perverted from Harrison, so as to help throw the choice decision of the tribunal of our own se-Mrs. Amidon's eye returned to the blaz public to private puroposes, and moneys into the House. It is absurd to hope lection, then there is an end of all per ing log, "this woman, a widow for the second time, had not yet set her heart to suppress rivalry in business, and, in taken from Cleveland and given to Wea dence which is necessary to all combined against marriage."

She remained with her gaze steadily fixed on the glowing heart of the log with its soft, silvery coating of white ashes, as if in reverie, her hands folded passively in her lap.

Sarnard, softly "Yes, it is theend of the story," Mrs. Amidon answered slowly. "It is the

story of a perfect love and of the substiwoman's desires in the wealth and luxury of her life, which she owed to this little boy who lived only a day.' Barnard drew a slow breath. Then he said: "And his name?"

"Hamilton Pinkney Fairfax," replied Mrs. Amidon. "You found his tiny monument and his little life a very amussome rods to the rear of the position ing theme for your verses at Mrs. Van Brugh's the other night. I thought it right that you should know how they affected me, his mother. You see," she said, smiling faintly, as she looked at Barnard, while the expression which so often seemed about to come and never came, dawned upon her face, "there was something more than the humorous in them for me, for whom he seemed to have lived only that he might be the little intermediary between his father's tender love and the grandfather's stiff-necked opposition. I have seldom been more affected by verses, Mr. Barnard."

"Mrs. Amidon," said Barnard, with the utmost contriteness, "I beg you to pardon me for wounding your feelings. Believe me, nothing could have been

further from my thought." "I quite feel it, Mr. Barnard," she answered, quietly. "You have no need to apologize. You did not know you were reading your verses to the mother of the little boy, 'aged one day.' Nor did you know what that brief life accom-

"And now," she added, rising slowly, her tone and manner consigning the woman who had told him, so simply, the life of Mrs. Amidon, irrevocably to the past, "I must ask you to excuse me, as I have to dress for dinner. Good by. As Barnard took her hand and bowed,

he felt that it was a farewell over the

grave of Hamilton Pinkney Fairfax .-

Independent. AROUND THE HOUSE.

To polish kitchen knives nicely, mix a little bicarbonate of soda with the brick dust and rub them thoroughly.

Slate floors should be polished, rubbing first with a smooth, flat piece of pumice stone, and finally polish with rot-

Coffee is used for mixing blacking for the stove, in order to make it stick closer and last longer. Most housekeepers prefer The cement is easier to apply as it re- and liberties. quires no labor in polishing. No stove month, but it should be kept clean by

is a matter of moment, now that they are rily, it would seem that no Democrat, aspired to be i's leaders. Often mea commonly worn. White silk stockings and especially Southern Democrat, could sho had failed to obtain office from should be washed in a strong lather made | hesitate a single moment as to which of cither of the old political partie; conof castile soap or any good white soap these parties deserved his support. and warm water. Lay the stockings in But a new party has arisen which is personal crops of honor and profit out the lather and rub the soiled spots gen | endeavoring to make people believe that of them. They pass You breathe such a sense of repose and thy with the hands. Then rinse them the Democratic party is no longer to be thrust red farmers aside and involved completeness. I cannot help thinking very thoroughly to free them from all trusted. The argument to prove this is the Alliance in the wildes and mo t imsoap. Wring them dry in a cloth, turning them wrong side out. When they are almost dry stretch and rub them in the hands to make them mooth and at any time been able to prevent or re a mere political party, composed of the bring them in shape, but do not iron them. form them, therefore is it no longer discontented and the disappointed ele-Black stockings may be washed in the same way, but should be kept separate from white stockings in the washing. Some people go so far as to rub their stockings when they are dry with a cold iron, always making the passes one way to make them smooth and glossy. It is a great mistake, however, to iron any stockings. It always makes an ugly crease down the center and does not add to the appearance. It is far better to rub them into shape, fold them up and allow them to fit themselves to the limb.

CORN AND TOMATO SOUP .- To make a soup of corn and tomatoes, scald one quart of tomatoes. Add a quart of stock. a slice of carrot, a small onion, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, one clove, six with her eyes fixed on the great log burn- peppercorns, and if convenient a teaspoonful of minced ham. Let this all ple in the Union, being not strong erto most conservative element of our socook slowly for half an hour, then add a tablespoonful of butter melted and mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Strain the soup through a puree sieve, so that grandfather. Seven months of perfect, every portion except the seeds and seahappiness followed this union, although soning will pass through. Return the the grandfather saw good to frown upon strained tomato purce to the stove. Add it severely. Then," Mrs. Amidon went a liberal teacup of scraped corn. Let on, folding her hands upon her lap, "the the soup boil for five minutes after the

Timely and Able Address and Appeal to Patriotism.

God Has Afflicted North Carolina's Beloved Senator, But He Has Left Him His Clearness of Head and Purity of Heart.

To the People of North Carolina: FELLOW CITIZENS:-For many years proved faithless, past I have been in the habit of visiting

Since 1860 the legislation of our country wishes of these men, they know as well has those principles in charge; in the reasonable taste and to assume a position bas been almost exclusively within the as they know of their own existence, other case we endanger both and falsify in society which, without it, would have power of one political party. Naturally that this party has not only no chance of our pretensions by contributing undenia the extreme. The law-making power has the House of Representatives, about the majority of our fe'low Democrats become the fearfully efficient implement which they appear to be most sanguine. of such classes, corporation, cliques and combinations as could by fair means or The handful of votes which will be cast all associated party effort in the governwoman was again left free. She has had foul obtain control of it. It has been for Weaver in this State, be it as large as ment of our, country; if we personally made to subserve purely personal ends. they can honestly claim, cannot wres-

> vored few at the expense of the many. The varied corrupting influences upon of Harrison,

diminishing in proportion thereto. escape from this.

or to any other power of the general gov- result. ernment for private purposes; and has unceasingly advocated the most absolute and perfect equality of all citizens in the legislation of our country. There is not a single wrong or injustice of which complaint is made in our laws for thirty years past, which can justly be charged to the Democratic party. Nor ONE. It has ever been a breakwater against the tyrannical tendencies of the Republicans; and, though in a minority, was been able to prevent some of the worst legislation ever attempted and to modify other laws which in their original iniquity would have been intolerable. This the two great political parties cannot be

truthfully denied. Now, what is the situation? What i in the coming elections? The two great islation is the agricultural The part political parties into which our people which has steadily resisted this, and confield with their platforms of principles and their candidates, State and Federal, come the evils of which the people complain; they glory in that abuse of the spoken and voted against that unjust and millions poor; and, seeking new fields of injustice and oppression, they openly declare their intention to take resist it. When they did begin to come from the Stat s the right to control the the old-fashioned blacking to any of the election of their own representatives, wishes of almost every just min in the cements, because of its lasting qualities. which is the chief bulwark of their rights United States who was not in some why

The Democrats re affirm their adhershould be blacked more than once a ence to the constitution, their opposition movement of our people founded upon to tariff robbery, to banking monopoly better grounds or more reasonable comwiping off any clots of grease which may and to corporate oppression in all its plaint be spilled upon it. The flues of a stove forms and their desire to have the power should certainly be cleaned as often as to control elections where the consti them against soon came to pass. Men tutions left it, and where it has resided who had little interest in agriculture, The proper washing of silk stockings for more than one hundred years. Prima and much interest in their own fortunes

a travesty on common sense; that because practicable propositions ever heard of for thirty years they have as a party among sane men; and, in defiance of year ago her hair began darkening, and steadily opposed all abuses and have not their constitution soon converted it into werthy of the support of the se who de ments of society, professing no fixed posire a reform. The meaning of this is litical principles or regard for the con the Democratic party has been guilty stitution of their country, But striving of being in a minority. Its sin consists only to obtain the very worse of class in not having done that which it COULD legislation, which is their sole id a of NOT D) Then they in effect say: "Let statesmanship. ing its or ly enemy "

members of the House of Representatives | cause to be thus perverted and debased and two in the Senate! Common sense! Rest assured that no real friend of that

you in person during every important falsely called the "People's," insist that jected to Mr. Lieveland, and preferred campaign and addressing you upon the you shall abandon the Democratic party that he should not have been nominated. political issues of the time. Being on now and vote with them. I am grieved I confess that I was among that number. th's occasion prevented this privilege by to know that there are quite a number of But an individual preference before the told her as gently as they could that he the condition of my health and carnestly our fellow citizens in North Carolina nomination of a candidate is one thing. was lying by his father's side in the believing that the questions to be decid who propose to follow that advice. It and the duty of a true man after that ed by our November election are of vital strikes me as the very extreme of un nomination has been fairly made, is an importance to the public welfare, I am wisdom; and, when done with a full other and very different thing indeed. In induced to contribute, in this way my share in the discussion of them.

I regard the situation as most critical. it has ceased to be general in its benefi- electing their candidates at the polls, but bly to the success of our adversar es. cence and has become local and partial in also none of throwing the election into

the business world arising from this This result is so plain that the Relegislation produced their natural effect. publican leaders, notwithstanding their The classes whose business was thus fa- professions to the contrary, determined "Is that the end of the story?" inquired vored, flourished apace, whilst the un- to not let slip the opportunity, and they do not influence men's actions in such a favored have experienced in the midst of are now ready with full tickets and peace and plenty all the losses and hard- complete organization, to avail themselves to the public welfare ought to be decisships commonly felt only in time of pub- of everything which the dissension and ive. If not satisfied with Mr. Cleveland, lic calamity; and the extraordinary spec- folly of our people may throw into their it seems to me that an honest man should tute for love which came closest to the tacle is presented of a nation whose ag- laps. Their promises to run no State balance accounts pro and con in this gregate wealth is rapidly and vastly in- ticket was manifestly made with the way: "Cleveland agrees with me in creasing whilet the individual wealth of intention of alluring a Third party ticket desiring to reform the oppressive tariff its chief toilers and wealth producers is into the field, trusting that when men taxation, to restrict the abuse of corpor get hot and bad blood prevailed, they ate privileges, to repeal the tax on State From the Republican party, with its might walk off with the prize in both banks and thereby to expand the curdisregard of the limitation of the con | State and Federal elections, Alas! that stitution and its natural dependence for want of reflection or patriotism should support upon the money of the people render this scheme a probable success.

whom it has enriched, all of this corrupt | Indeed, it is so plain that no intellilegislation has proceeded. Without it, gent man can fail to see it, or an honest there was nothing evil done that was one deny it, that the only probable, not matter of the free coinage of silver, and done. It follows as an undeniable truth, to say possible, result of the Third party in respect to this, there is reason to hope that whoever directly or indirectly up movement in North Carolina this fall that the same candor and vigorous inves holds, helps or supports that party is a will be to elect a full Republican State tigation which brought him in full symfriend to the corruptions which it has ticket and to aid in the election of a Re- party with his party on the great quesproduced, and is an enemy to those who publican President and House of Repre- tion of tariff reform will soon bring him would repeal that legislation and reform sentatives. What is to be gained by that to see the absolute necessity of mainthe abuses founded upon it. There is no result I need not ask. How the reforms taining both of the precious metals on a The Democratic party, on the contrary, obtained through Republican success is currency of the world. Harrison, on the believes in the strict limitations of the something which surpasses human con-contrary, agrees with me in nothing. constitution, and has as a party steadily jecture. No true friend of this Common- There is no change or reform which opposed all abuse of the taxing power, wealth, I am sure, will contribute to this desire to which he is not bitterly op-

It is reported that a prominent candi date on the ticket of the Third party says he had rather submit to negro or any other kind of rule than such as we have at present; but I am forced to be lieve that, if this be true, there are very few other white men of North Carolina my doing a damage to the candidate who who are outside of the penitentiary or who eaght to be outside, who entertain sentiments so foul and brutal. Our people know that under Democratic rule they have had good laws, low taxes, economy and purity in the administra tion of their affairs, and I hope and believe they will not lightly risk its overst tement of the acts and purposes of throw by casting useless or hopeless

votes in November. The class of our people who have had it the manifest duty of our people to do greatest cause to complain of vicious legare mainly divided are once mo e in the tinually declaimed against it on the hustings and have struggled manfully to repeal it in the halls of legislation is the thereon. The Republicans profess all of Democratic You will bear me witness their old doctrines from which have that unremittingly since I have been your test men into the wilderness of their un representative in the Senate, I have both texing power which has made a few rich | legislation. At home, as you , know . I never ceased to expose its inequalities and to advise the farmers to organize to bine they had the sympathy and good Democratic party is strong and able and the recipient of the plunder arising from this abuse. Never was there a political

> But that which I feared and werned cluded to PARR THE FARMERS and taise

it be condemned, whilst the Republican Their pro osition to purchase and conparty, which has has the power and ac troi all the lines of transporation and tually did all these things, and still has to egraph in the United Stat a, at the ex the power to undo them and does not, pense of many billions of dollars, and of is acquitt d. Nay, we will help it to refunding to the soldiers the difference keep in power by betraying and destroy | tetween paper and gold at the date of their psyment, at least a billion more; of Therefor the Democratic party, with loaning people money on real estate at its vast o ganization in every State, lower rates of interest than the market county and township in the United rates, and kindred schemes; are so pre States, with its control of one branch posterous that to argue them seriously is of Congress, and comprising in the pop- a slander upon your civilization; and the ular vote a large majority of all the peo- advocacy of such messur. s by the hith enough heretofore to effect refor n for ciety is a notification to all the vorld that which it has labored and wished, being we are approaching that stage of demawithout the Senate and Executive; they goguism and communism which mark a pussy, lighting on her back pecking and claim the only chance for reform is to people as unfit for self-government. My vote for the candidates of this Third unfaltering confidence is in the tru party, whose existence in the national farmers of North Carolina who, as memgover ment and power to control its bees of that Alliance, will, I trust, not legislat on are evidenced by three or four permit their rob'e order and their just

ment now. Laden with so much name, | protests met him. One volatile young | One month later the grandfather died | VANCE TO HIS PEOPLE, and self-preservation would seem to die- noble class of men who, under the provi tate that we should belp the Democrats, dence of God, give us our daily bread, who are almost in power, to get alto-gether in power, and trust them to cor rect abuses as they have promised. One strong pull at the polls in November next would give them control of both and making the very name of Alliance branches of Congress and the Executive, to stink in the nostrils of justice and and the long night of misrule and in common sense. I can but believe that justice would burst into the dawn of a the good judgment of our farmers will new and bet'er day. It would be time enable them to see where their leaders enough to leave them and form a new are taking them, and that their native party when they had been tried and hall honesty will impel them to draw back in

time to save their country. But the leaders of this new party, Many of our people, it is true, have ob

If we refuse to abide by the voice of freely and unmis akably expressed in participate in that consultation or coavention and then refuse to abide by the levied thereby to enrich manufacturers, so; but thirty thousand (30,000) votes sonal honor among men, and the confievery conceivable way, to help the fa- ver will throw the vote, not indeed into effort is gone forever. The man who a Democratic House, but into the hands bets, proposing to collect if he wins and to repudiate if he loses, is in all countries and among all classes of people con sidered a dishonest man.

But if the considerations of good faith

rency; and above all, he is vehimently opposed to force bills and all similar attempts to destroy the rights and liber ties of the States. In all essential reforms he agrees with me except in the which they profess to desire are to be par, to meet the urgent needs of the posed, and his party with him. Why then should I hesitate? Either my vote for Weaver will help Harrison and injure Cleveland or it will not; it cannot avail Weaver, for he has no chance whatever-will probably not carry a single State.. Why, then, should I risk would do most for me, though he does not promise to do all, and contribu'e to the election of the one who promises me nothing but an indefinite continuance of exisiting wrongs and an involent threat of other and greater wrongs as soon as he has the power to perpetrate them?" It seems to me, fellow citizens, that the path of duty was never more plain, or

the necessity of walking in it more im perative than it is at this moment. Let me beg your earnest consideration of the situation before you vote in November; and before you cut loose from the old, constitutional Democratic party, which in times of our extrems peril has so often brought us forth out of the house of bondage, and abandon its shining banner to follow reckless and incompe real schemes. Think well of the possibe result of your action; how easy it is to destroy-how hard to rebuild

I recently cut down in my mountain forest in about five hours, a tree that had taken five bundred years to grow. The willing to help you. Its arm is not shortened that - it cannot save you. To cherish and uphold it is the dictate of patriotism and common sense. . Your fallow cirizen.

Z B. VANCE Black Mountain, Gombroon," pear Sept. 17th, 1892.

White Hair Turning-Black. There is nothing unusual in hair turning white, but a case in which the hair turned black again after being white was recently told by a gentleman from Detroit. A lady of that city originally had time, when she had a sained the age of about seventy years, her hair turned pure where. This was expected, but about a is now as black as jet. There is no doubt. about the change, nor was any artificial means used to produce it, so that the case is certainly one of the most remark. able recorded in the annals of medical history. The lady was not conscious of any change in diet or in her physical condition that would justify the curious phenomenou, so it is absolutely inexplainable on any known hypothesis. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sagacious Birds.

A Farmington gentleman tells a good story of the sagacity of the purple martins, which abound in that vicinity. The gentleman had over fifty of these social birds in the house upon his grounds. A day or two ago, while the birds were flying about the garden, a cat caught one of the martins and started off with it in her mouth, the bird crying pitcously. Quick as a flash, however, the whole flock of martins were after scratching her and screaming as only martins can. Puss could not stand this very long, and she dropped the martin, arched her back up, spit, and ran for to the house, loudly chattering over the rescue of their comrade.