

THE TINY LITTLE GIRL

Mother says she's awful bad. Gets so cross it makes her mad. Wants to know if I can't do something, little girl, to you. Think I better whip you well. Says you're good and had a spell. I ain't home all day to see. So don't know how bad you be. But I wouldn't bear to whip her. When I see her sweet lips curl. For she's such a very little. Such a tiny, little girl!

HIS SEVEN SONS.

"Put me in mind of old man Freeman," said Mr. Teakwood reflectively as he shaved a keener edge on the wooden sword he was making and sighted along the blade with a discerning eye. Old man Bolivar tilted his chair back at a more reverent angle and clasped his hands about his knees in an easy attitude for listening. George Smith closed the soft drawl which he had been droning into the ears of the storekeeper, and Pendarvis brought in his huggy cushions and made himself comfortable on a cracker box.

"Well, what about old man Freeman?" asked George Smith at last in an unexpressed way. "Old man Freeman, he's back on the ole place," the story teller finally began, "and that boy of his, that Jim, he's in that little cabin on the Hi Waters place, that cabin where the gal'ry's done fell in."

"What made 'im move?" asked George Smith, whose weakness it was to try to help along with fatuous questions. "I been a-knowin' old man Freeman for nigh on to a real long time," pursued Mr. Teakwood meditatively, "and it look to me like he could do a mighty good job now if he could go back an bring up his boys over again. It's a powerful pity, it seems like to me, that a man can't have but one chance to raise his children, an if they don't seem to pan out right that time there ain't no more show for him. I reckon it was a mighty bad year when old man Freeman's boys begin to grow up."

"They was a plenty of 'em, such as they was," remarked old man Bolivar with quite unusual and unexpected candor. "The ole man had seven boys," Mr. Teakwood went on, with a dry inward chuckle at some memory, "an if the ole folks had a raised 'em right he could set back in his easy cheer an never done no more work as long as he lived. He did try the easy cheer game, but it was everlastin'ly too late. Them boys had grew up to think that the airth was pretty much made of so's they could have a good time of nothin to do."

"They ain't one of them seven boys that's worth killin' today, an the ole man's workin' harder today than he did 25 year ago. "But I reckon he thought Jim was goin' to do something. Long last winter Jim began to shine up to one of 'em Forstall girls—the one with the turn up nose—an it would 'a' made anybody plum sick to have saw the way the ole man took on."

"I tell you, they's outcome to that boy of mine, that Jim," he says to me, rubbin' his hands together, pleased as pie. "You wouldn't 'a' thought they was that much spunk in Jim, would you? An there he is, sparkin' up to that girl, an her gran'pa was a member of the legislature! An shor as yer livin' Jim'll be in the legislature himself some day, fur he's got the nerve to try it."

AYCOCK ON THE AMENDMENT.

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ly not the North Carolina Supreme Court a majority of whom are Republicans. Certainly Senator Pritchard and Governor Russell and the other Republican leaders in the State who are so afraid that some white men who habitually vote against them may be disfranchised, do not expect a Republican Supreme Court to be anxious to do what these leaders are so anxious shall not be done. And unless the court is anxious to do so how will they be compelled to do so when almost every constitutional lawyer in the State worthy of the name who has investigated the question, believes the amendment constitutional. Then it must be the Supreme Court of the United States of which these gentlemen are afraid.

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In Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines the negro not only does not vote but is shot by our government for even wanting to vote, while Senator Pritchard calmly votes appropriations to shoot them into obedience, saving, however, time enough between appropriations to weep over the sad fate of the "brother in black" in North Carolina. If it is "manifest destiny," and the "White Man's Burden" to civilize and govern the weaker and more ignorant races in the Philippines, it cannot be treason to undertake to slay that destiny and bear that burden here. We began the good work in 1898. The sacrifices of that great campaign were worse than useless if we lay down the work unfinished. We have put our hands to the plough and we will not turn backward. In 1898 we unfurled the Democratic banner to the breeze of "White Supremacy." We volunteered under that banner to the end of the war. We have won the end of the war, we have driven them back in disorder, and they are making one last desperate stand, re-forming their broken lines behind the breastworks of prejudice and demagoguery. They form in vain. The traditions of North Carolina Democrats are filled with glorious achievements; their courage is of the best, their determination is unyielding, their certainty of victory amounts to inspiration. For prosperity, for a universal education, for that day when the race issue forever settle, we can have an absolutely free ballot and a fair count for "the glorious privilege of being independent," for general toleration of honest if mistaken opinions, we renew the contest. Let the banner of 1898 be again unfurled. Let it still be inscribed with the motto "White Supremacy," but above that let there also appear as the aim and end of white supremacy, good government for all, absolute justice before the law and unquestioned liberty of opinion.

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What Virginia's Former Governor Said. In this famous North Carolina Creed. In the midst of one of his impassioned speeches years ago, during the "Know-Nothing" campaign, the late Henry A. Wise, formerly Governor of Virginia, and perhaps its most eloquent orator, stretched himself to his full height and exclaimed: "Those mountains which lift their hands to milk the clouds." The old chap was without doubt referring to Chimney Rock. His index finger was pointing directly at Chimney Rock. Henry A. Wise is dead. But Chimney Rock still lives. Henry A. Wise is immortal. So, Chimney Rock. Chimney Rock is one of the boldest of American crags. The Seaboard Air Line will take you there. It is only seventeen miles beyond Rutherfordton. Railroad tickets good over the stage line. The ride is one of phenomenal grandeur. The inn is set cozily in the recesses of the low mountain range. One dollar to two dollars per day. The beds are clean. The food is plentiful and toothsome. The pools are solitary and cool and glistening with speckled trout. The leafage of the steps is a ceaseless study and so lace and stimulant. The thermometer does light duty, having a "beat" of only from 60 to 81. This means deep sleep by night and long climbing walks by day. Everybody wants to walk. But Henry A. Wise said it all. Summer tourist rates from all parts of North Carolina. Don't miss it, men and brethren. Inquire of all Agents. "Kick" if everything is not perfectly comfortable. Watch the baby get well. Watch the boy from college get tough as hickory. If Chimney Rock is anything it is a place to set the family up against the Fall Excursion tickets on sale at all Seaboard Air Line ticket offices to Chimney Rock and return at greatly reduced rates.

WASHING DISHES. A mountain of dishes confronts the average housewife after all the family have dined. They are greasy, dishes, too, and hard to get clean with soap and water. The best, easiest, quickest and cheapest way to wash dishes is to use a little GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER. It acts like magic, cuts the grease and makes the dishes perfectly clean. In fact all cleaning is made easier by this great cleanser, and at half the cost of soap. For greatest economy buy our large package. THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY. Chicago St. Louis New York Boston

ROCKY RIVER Springs... This Popular Summer Resort Will be... Under New Management this year. Grand Opening June 1st. Rocky River Springs, Stany county, N. C., will open under new management for the season of 1899. Grand opening June 1st. Free supper and dance. It is the purpose, under the new management, to bring this noted summer resort up to a standard comparable to any resort in the country. The Waters are Equal to any—Iron, Arsenic, Sulphur and Magnesia—and surpass many of the Waters of now Famous Resorts. This heretofore so-called dark corner of North Carolina, but really one of its garden spots, is very rapidly coming to the front. The neighboring towns, Albemarle and Norwood, have taken on new life, the latter having doubled its population in the last two years; the former, for so long a time a mere hamlet, is making progress, and within a decade or two we expect to see it a city. Many Improvements Will Be Made at the Springs. A phone connecting with all adjoining towns, daily mail, first-class laundry, blinds put to the hotel, new bath houses built, and spring houses repaired, will constitute some of the improvements. It is the purpose of the management to have a ten-pin alley and other games in readiness by June 1st. The hotel will be supplied with new furniture. A band of music will be on hand for the season and dancers can dance at will. The dancing hall, however, will not interfere with those who do not desire to participate, or wish to be disturbed by its noise, as it is nearly a quarter of a mile from hotel. As a special inducement to mothers we would say arrangements have been made to have one or two good physicians present during the entire season. To reach the Springs via Southern Railway, change cars at Salisbury, thence to Norwood or Albemarle, where fine livery is ever ready to take you to the Springs, 7 1-2 miles distant. By Seaboard Air Line Wadesboro is the nearest point. Fine livery here also. For further information address, R. B. BECKWITH M. D., Silver, Stanley County, N. C.

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