THE VIDETTE.

TROY, N. C., NOV. 8, 1888

The State Safe.

DEMOCRACY VICTORIOUS.

The Wilmington Messenger of the 7th says that news from the State is not very full, but from all points come reports of Democratic gains. The election of Fowle may be set down as certain, by from 20 to 25 thousand. And if the reported gains continue throughout, Fowle's majority may be even larger.

We have lost no Congressmen, unless it be Simmons and Skinner, and the probability is that Moorehead in the Greensboro, and Bunn in the Raleigh District are elected.

The very small returns we have from the Second District lead to the hope that Simmons is re elected.

Of the Legislature and the Judicial ticket, there is not a doubt.

The returns from the country at large, are neither very full, up to the morning hour, and it is not safe to say how the Presidential election has gone.

The Democrats appear to have held their own in Democratic States; and the indications are that the South is still solid.

The battle ground seems to be New York, Connecticut and New Jersey. The latter is conceded to Cleveland and the probability is that we have carried Connecticut, leaving New York State doubtful.

Indiana we have not personally had much hope of. With the solid South, and the vote of New York, Connecticut and New Jersey with us, Cleveland is elected. New York or either of the two States just named, lost to us, and Cleveland is defeated.

News Observer:—4 a. m.—As we close to go to press we give the latest impressions. The Democratic State and electoral tickets have probably 15,000 majority. The legislature is safely Democratic in both houses. We have redeemed the Fourth district, and we think Wake county has gone Democratic, although perhaps a part of the ticket has not been elected. Bunn's majority will run between 1,500 and 2,000.

We think it probable we have elected all the Congressmen for this State, except in the second district, and our returns from that district are too meagre for us to have an opinion.

It is not impossible for Cleveland to be elected without New York, but while that State is still in great boubt, we do not abandon hope of our success there. Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana seem to be reasonably safe.

The Election.

The average Republican majority in this county is 130. Dockery's Majority is 236.

Unofficial reports from Randolph place the Republican plurality at between one and two hundred.

The reports from Richmond county indicate a heavy Republican loss on their vote of two years ago. It is thought Dockery will not carry the county by over 50 majority.

A report from good authority comes from Rockingham, to the effect that telegrams received there last night show that, after an estimate made at headquarters in Raleigh, in which all that the Republicans claim was given them, this State has rolled up a majority of over 20,000 for Dan'l G. Fowle. The same report states that New York had gone for Cleveland and tariff reform.

We learn from the Wilmington Messenger, of the fourth instant, that Hon. C. W. McClammy was called to Goldsboro last Friday night, where a foul conspiracy to defraud Democratic voters had been discovered. He found that a ticket bearing his name was being distributed through the 3rd district. These tickets were printed in colors, bearing designs, and were intended to deceive the unwary. Now this unmitigated meanness was the work of Republican Chairman Eaves, Morton & Co., the rascally set of Southern haters, who away back yonder in the beginning of the campaign began to yell "a free ballot and a fair count," sending out circulars all over the State warning the people against "Democratic lies and frauds." Were there ever a worse set of hypocritical scoundrells known in this State since the days of Holden and his cutthroats! Yet they are the men who again expect by such methods as this and their spy system to obtain control of our State. May God in his mercy deliver us from the power of such devils!

The Jute Trust Bursted.

Durham Recorder.

The combination of farmers against the jute bagging trust is getting in its work.

The announcement is made that two manufactories of jute bagging in Salem, Massachusetts, will shut down indefinitely and five hundred employes be thrown out of work. The twe mills have been producing one million yards of jute bagging annually, the most of which was used for bagging cotton in the South. Last summer the jute manufacturers of the country formed a trust advanced the price of bagging from 6¼ to 12½ cents a yard. The combination was formed late enough in the season to prevent the planters from getting sufficient bagging from abroad to cover this year's crop. Its members were very confident that the planters would be compelled to pay their prices.

But the jute trust, in its greed, killed the goose that had been laying golden eggs for its members. The Southern planters, regarding the price demanded by the trust as an extortion, set themselves to work to find a cheap substitute to jute bagging. They seem to have succeeded in using a bagging made from pine straw, which can be furnished so cheaply that jute bagging cannot compete with it. The result is seen in the shutting down of the two Salem mills That other jute manufacturers will follow the example of the Salem mills is not to be doubted, as the demand for the manufactured product is practically dead.

The moral of this tale would seem to be that industries protected so high as to form a basis for trust combinations do not in the end help the workingmen employed in them. The 500 idle men in Salem and other hundreds employed in the same business who will be idle in the near future will fail to see wherein an industry that is protected until it inflates itself out of existence has made them richer or happier.

The Presbyterian Synod.

Gov. Scales was the moderator of the Presbyterian Synod in Goldsboro. He was the first laymen who ever filled that place. The next annual meeting of the Synod is to be held in the first Presbyterian church in Charlotte. The roll shows that since the last meeting of the Synod the following ministers have died, viz: Rev. E. F. Rockwell, D. D., of Concord Presbytery, Rev. J. H. Coble, of Fayetteville Presbytery, Rev. A. M. Watson, of Mecklenburg Presbytery, Rev. M. McQueen, of Fayetteville Presbytery. Committees have been appointed to prepare memorials on these deaths and present these memorials to this meeting of Synod.—Concord T.

Plumed Knight Flayed.

P. M. General Dickinson's Speech.

Special to N. Y. Herald.

I am quite conscious that I have done little for the welfare of my country, and nothing which merits distinction and honor, at the hands of my countrymen. It is with the utmost pride therefore that I note any evidence that I have merited a fraction of the confidence of my fellow citizens. Catiline's scowl of disapproval distinguished a patriot. Evidence of Aaron Burr's enmity was sufficient to exonerate from the suspicion of treason, and here in this place I was publicly decorated with the distinction which honorable men before me have coveted—the public and bitter criticism of the Catiline of American politics and the Burr of modern statesmen. * * *

It is my plain duty to discuss, especially as he has commended to me the study of history, somewhat, but briefly, the public history of this witness and candidate as a statesman and public man. Complying with this injunction, I have made research to some extent as to the figure he cuts in the history of his country. But whatever record he has made upon his country's history that is still extant is bad; whatever is not extant is burned. He has done more to corrupt the public conscience and to debauch the political morals of the young men of this generation than all other influences combined. He has been enabled to do this, like all public men of history who have attained bad eminence, because in him the burr in politics has been made so attractive that he has been sometimes successful. Brilliancy and magnetism have attracted; but it has been the attraction to ultimate destruction.

He has attacked, maligned and slandered the pure public men of his own party, and they without exception, since he came to his eminence and control, have been illustrious in the ranks of his enemies. At their head stood the great Conkling, who went to his honored grave followed even there by the revilings of this man and his creatures. It is true of Blaine as of no other man that while all honest men are not his enemies, all dishonest public men have been his friends. I do not know that his character as a man when brought to the touch where any innate honor or total moral obtuseness must be shown in man, can be better illustrated than by one incident which became historical in the last days of the campaign of 1884.

This is the man who goes about the country slandering others in the language of untruth and unrighteousness. This is the man of false pretences, upon whom was placed the insignia of the soldiers of the cross—the plumes of a knight—by an infidel and a scoffer.

A plumed knight indeed. A plumed knight was he who kissed the first ray of sunlight in the morning as it glanced from the cross of his sword hilt over the walls of Jerusalem, praying that perchance it might rest again in blessing upon his country in the west. But this man, so far as his public life has shown, has had no thought of his country save as a means to his own ends of self and power. He never originated a measure for the good of mankind. His name is connected with no policy to advance the interests or renown of America. No high and noble sentiment can be quoted as having fallen from his lips during all his public career. True men have been mentioned by him only to be maligned. He entered the lists to do battle only when the battle was done and then only to charge the crippled and defenceless, and like a craven to insult the vanquished. A plumed knight, indeed.

From the time of his beginning of service in the national field as the agent and lobbyist of the Spencer Rifle Company at Washington, during the first year of the war, through his record in Congress, through the black Mulligan history, at the close of which he saved himself from expulsion by audaciously simulating a stroke of Divine Providence; through the State Department, when the power of the government through him was exerted in the Landreau jobbery in guano, down to his last record he has been the centre and the light of systems of jobbery, corruption, fraud and falsehood. There was no jobber in Washington but was his friend. No other man when in the Speaker's chair ever intimated to or caused a statement to be sent to a man with a money scheme before Congress calling attention to the money value of the Speaker's ruling. No other man was ever turned from the State Department and his entire policy in shame reversed.

By The President.

Let us all give Thanks to God.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—*A Proclamation by the President of the United States:*

Constant thanksgiving and gratitude are due from the American people to Almighty God for His goodness and mercy, which have followed them since the day He made them a Nation and vouchsafed to them a free government. With loving kindness He has constantly led us in the way of prosperity and greatness. He has not visited with swift punishment our short-comings, but with gracious care he has warned us of our dependence upon His forbearance, and has taught us that obedience to His holy law is the price of a continuance of His precious gifts. In acknowledgment of all that God has done for us as a Nation, and to the end that on an appointed day the united prayers and praise of a grateful country may reach the throne of grace, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November instant, as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, to be kept and observed throughout the land.

On that day let all our people suspend their ordinary work and occupations, and at their accustomed places of worship with prayer and praise, render thanks to God for all his mercies; for the abundant harvests which have rewarded the toil of the husbandman during the year that has passed, and for the rich rewards that have followed the labors of our people, in their shops and their marts of trade and traffic. Let us give thanks for the peace and for the social order and contentment within our borders, and for our advancement in all that adds to national greatness.

And mindful of the afflictive disposition with which a portion of our land has been visited; let us, while we humble ourselves before the power of God, acknowledged His mercy in setting bounds to the deadly march of the pestilence, and let our hearts be chastened by sympathy with our fellow countrymen who have suffered and who mourn. And as we return thanks for all the blessings which we have received from the hands of our Heavenly Father, let us not forget that he has enforced upon us charity, and on this day of Thanksgiving, let us generously remember the poor and needy, so that our tribute of praise and gratitude may be accepted in the sight of the Lord.

Done at the city of Washington, on the first day of November eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, and in the year of Independence of the United States, the One Hundred and Thirteenth.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President:

T. F. BAYARD, Sec'y of State.

"Throw Me a Life Preserver."

N. Y. Herald.

It may be that Democrats are the "great unwashed," but just the same Chairman Matt S. Quay, of the Republican National Committee, learned a lesson in bathing from one of them Wednesday night that he will not soon forget.

His tutor was Eugene Higgins, of Baltimore.

After the manner of lawyers who berate each other in court and drink together during recess, they met on Broadway, and then, finding that they were bound for the same destination, started for a sumptuous bath-house in Twenty-eighth street with the determination, respectively, of cozzening political secrets one from the other.

"I think I shall take a Turkish bath," said Mr. Higgins, the Democrat, when the lion and the lamb had reached the temple of siestas and began to look about for couches on which to lie.

"Well, I'll go a Russian," said Mr. Quay, with an air that seemed to bespeak much caution since that first batch of boodle out of the $25,000 reward he offered for the arrest and conviction of illegal voters had been bestowed upon a Democratic detective for the capture of a Republican crook. "Turkish baths are too weakening and I need all my strength."

Mr. Higgins smiled at this admission, and the two politicians went to the hot air and steam of their choice. When they had been sufficiently steamed and heated they reappeared in the corridors of the bath house ready for the plunge. Mr. Quay was as confident as a man holding four aces pat with the last ante which he can raise before the cards are drawn. Mr. Higgins was "sizing him up" and making the mental observation that Mr. Quay's many mistakes of late are due to the fact that he is a good man for a ward or a district, and that in managing the national campaign he is "over his head," when that gentleman started down the marble stairs leading to the plunge.

"Hey there, Quay! Can you swim?" asked Mr. Higgins in alarm as he saw Mr. Quay about to take the deep pool.

"Oh, yes, I'm all right," answered Mr. Quay, with the assurance born of the belief that the water was but knee-deep, and that he could safely make a big bluff just as he has done with those ten thousand dollar bets on Harrison. "Here goes."

With a ludicrous splash of the "belly whopper" kind, the dignified leader of the G. O. P. flung himself into the basin. He went under. Great ripples of water circled all around the hole he had made. Suddenly he returned to the surface and spluttered and spattered, yelling at the top of his voice.—

"Throw me a life preserver! Throw me a life preserver!"

As a bath-house is not a fully equipped steamship, there were no life preservers, but Mr. Higgins jumped into the plunge and saved Col. Quay's life—or at least prolonged it until he sinks with the Republican ship.

This is a true story.

MISCELLNEOUS.

Cleveland has done more to reunite this country in four years than all the Republicans have done in twenty.

Senator Beck is slowly convalescing from his recent illness. He is at the country residence, near Washington, of Mayor Goodloe.

Cleveland has sacked Mr. West and sent him East. We reckon Mr. West knows by this time, whether Mr. Cleveland would retaliate upon Englishmen or not.

Mrs. Elizabeth Egg, of Maryland, has been given a $900 clerkship in the Treasury Department, Washington. This is a very nice little nest for her.

The widow of the late Emperor Frederick is making a collection of all the obituary notices which have appeared in the world's press in reference to her husband.

It is reported that when Candidate Harrison learned that Benjamin F. Butler was going to stump Michigan for him, he exclaimed: "Oh, save me from my friends!"

Concord Times: Little George Montgomery fell from a horse he was riding Monday. The horse stepped on his arm, mashing the flesh off and injuring it severely.

The man who goes fishing and sits in a cramp-inviting posture on a narrow thwart from early morn till dewy eve and calls it fun, is the same chap that never goes to church because the pews aren't comfortable.

A queer story is told of a Kansas City woman. She was traveling with her husband, and when the conductor came around after the fares he found the husband cold in death and his wife talking to him. She had been carrying on a conversation with a dead man for at least two hours.

The Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, has sent an expedition to Nava Scotia and secured facsimiles of the "fairy rocks," on which are curious hieroglyphic characters, evidently very old, which may throw some light on the history of the early discoveries of America. The markings are cut in upon a rock of highly polished slate, and the intaglio is about a sixteenth of an inch deep. —Scientific American.

A man in Trenton, N. J., was recently drowned in a beer glass. He had been drinking hard, and was well under alcoholic influences when he entered a saloon and ordered a glass of beer, which was brought him. He sat down at a table and fell into a stupor, his head dropping forward into the glass before him. When the barkeeper tried to arouse him half an hour later, it was found that he was dead, his nose being immersed in the liquor in such a way that respiration was completely stopped.

We shall be glad when the election is over. Then we can write something for the boys, and girls, something for the old maids, something for the town. For more than three months, we have been engaged with our little spade, trying to cover the remains of O. H. Dockery and his kind, who are trying to get the offices to prostitute the credit and good name of North Carolina. When many of you read this, the last shovel of dirt will have been thrown over his grave.—Central Express.

Others of us are glad, now that it is over, provided Radicalism is buried along with Dockery, Morton & Co.

A most interesting experiment has culminated this year in the raising of some wheat grown from wheat as old as the exodus. The experimenter is David Drew, of Cincinnati, who last year received from a friend in Alexandria, Egypt, some grains taken from a mummy exhumed near the ruins of Memphis, and belonging, it is believed, to the period of the ninth dynasty, which would make it grown about 3000 B. C., or nearly 5,000 years old. He planted the seed early in the spring, and carefully nursed it. It grew rapidly, and at the time of cutting measured from six and a half to seven feet high. The leaves alternate on the stalk like common wheat, but the product of the plant is the most singular part of it, for, instead of growing in an ear like modern corn, there is a heavy cluster of small twigs in place of the spindle which hangs downward from its weight, and each twig is thickly studded with kernals, each of which is in a separate husk. From what is threshed a larger crop will be grown next year, as the result proves this to exceed in quality anything modern grain can grow.

Rev. Dr. Kidd was a Scotch minister of some eminence, and very eccentric, and one who had his own way of doing things. One of his parishioners says:—I was busy in my shop when in the midst of my work, in stepped the Doctor. "Did you expect me?" was his abrupt inquiry, without even waiting for a salutation, "No," was my reply. "What if I had been death?" he asked: when at once he stepped out as abruptly as he had come, and was gone almost before I knew it. What a question! What a thought for everyone of us! Does not death come to most, if not all, as unexpectedly as this? And does not the inquiry enforce the lesson from our Saviour's lips, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."—Christian Secretary.

The American Analyst thus sums a baker's profits, or what a barrel of flour is worth when made into bread. A baker will toss a barrel of flour into a trough. Then he tosses 104 pounds of water on top. A quantity of yeast is added, and then the jolly baker has 300 pounds of dough to operate on. The 300 pounds cost him $5. In short order the dough is turned into "twists," high loaves, pan loaves and other styles of the same quality. The oven's heat reduces the 300 pounds of dough to 260 pounds of bread. The baker sells his bread at the rate of four cents a pound, or at an advance of over 30 per cent over what it cost him. There are 1,400 bakers, great and small, in this city, and to them is committed the trust of supplying bread for 1,300,000 persons. There are many bakers in this city who make 1,200 loaves of bread per day and sell it for from $80, to $150, or at a net profit of $40. Little money is lost at the business, and most bakers do a cash trade. It is very seldom that bakers fail. The business is steady, reliable, and attended by a very few risks, unless incompetent workmen.

A WOMAN'S DESPAIR.

"Death would be preferable to this awful, dragging down sensation and aching back," despairingly complained a suffering mother. "You are mistaken," replied the sympathizing neighbor to whom the sufferer complained. "I suffered for years just as you do, and found no relief till a physician finally prescribed Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which cured me, and I have ever since been well, and the wealth of India would not induce me to be without a remedy, if a like affliction should return." "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—gently laxative or actively cathartic according to dose.

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Salisbury, N. C.

Manufacturing Jeweler and Engraver.

Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, silverware, Jewelry and Clocks.

Also the largest line of Spectacles, Eye-glasses &c. in the State. I make a speciality of fitting Spectacles and guarantee a perfect fit.

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