

Poetry.

JOHN INGALLS, OH, MY JOHN.

TUNE: "JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE, JOHN."
John Ingalls, oh, my Joe, John,
When we were first acquainted,
The Kansas people worshiped you,
And thought you were a saint,
But now their eyes are opened,
They see you as you were before,
They see you have betrayed your trust
And helped to make us poor.

Household.

RICH BREAD.
Two cups milk, two cups boiled rice,
one cup white corn meal, three eggs well
beaten, two tablespoons butter, tea-
spoonful salt. Bake in a hot oven, in
rather shallow pans.

BILL NYE'S LETTER.

Nye Writes of the Relief Expedition--
The Story Told by the Rear Guard

Tutewiler Would Have Been Relieved if
He Hadn't Taken the 4 O'clock
Boat for Home--The Ex-
plorers Set Right Be-
fore the Public.

So many conflicting stories are now
afoot regarding the conduct of the rear
guard of the expedition which started out
last July for the relief of Emin Tutewiler,
who was supposed to be somewhere in the
jungles of interior Congo Island or
Far Rockaway, that I make bold to write
this defense of myself and our party in
order that history may, as Emerson says,
give us a fair show.

our gun bearers also became violently ill
at that place from eating the rind of a
watermelon that had been prostrated by
the heat.
So far as the spoonju is concerned we
took what Mr. Jaggs thought would be
necessary, thinking that the main expedi-
tion, perhaps, had made other arrange-
ments. I also remained a day or two
longer at Far Rockaway than had at first
been intended, partly because I did not
know but that Emin might be disguised
and stopping there, and partly because I
wanted to.

Letters addressed to my care will be just
as safe as they would anywhere.
BILL NYE.
Late Chief of the Rear Guard of the Emin
Tutewiler Relief Expedition.
QUICK TO TAKE A HINT.
Yesterday forenoon a tall, slim man,
wearing a faded Greely hat and well en-
veloped in a linen duster of ancient date,
entered the Woodbridge street station
and said to the sergeant:
"I just come in on the train. Look at
me and see if I resemble Capt. Kadd or
Charlie Ross."
"I can say that I do," said the ser-
geant.
"Are people all looking at me and
grinning. Anything wrong in my dress?"
"Well, that—that duster is a little off,
perhaps."
"O! it is the duster. People don't
wear 'em any more?"
"Not that style and color."
"I see. I'm a little ancient?"
"A trifle."
"Well, off she comes. I thought it in
this town six years ago. The man war-
ranted it to me as a combination of duster,
hammock, flying-jib, liver-pad, bed
blanket, burglar alarm, life preserver and
certificate of moral character, and it has
pulled me through a steamboat explosion,
two railroad smash-ups, a hotel fire and a
half dozen free fights. Kinder hate to go
back on her, but style is style. If the
style has changed, then I've got to change
with it."
He pulled it off, rolled it into a bundle
and laid it on a chair and said:
"Give it to some sad and disconsolate man
—some one who hasn't a sensitive soul.
It has kept out the flies, ward d off the
moths, and saved me from rattlesnakes
and mad dogs, but the time has come
when we must part. When I strike De-
troit and hear a boy call out, "Is that
thing alive?" I know he means me and
that duster. When I go up the street
and a man calls out, "Schoner hoy!" I
know he means that duster and me.
When I get into a car and see the women
look me over and then hitch away, I know
they are wondering which of us is who,
and whether it will bite or not. I'm too
sensitive by half, but I can't help it; I
leave her in your hands. Good-bye."
Detroit Free Press.

one day, and for two months he was a
model postmaster. Then he got sassy
and shot at us, and we left a bullet in his
shoulder. That lasted him until the other
day. He then got on his ear and tried to
prick us with a bowie knife, and in sheer
self-defense we shot off a part of his left
ear and banded him with the butt of the
revolver. It was in the interest of the
whole public. He'll be on deck in a
week, and for the next three months he'll
work like a steer and be as pleasant as
a peach.—Detroit Free Press.
FOUND HIS ENEMY.
Thirty Years of Waiting for Vengeance
Upset.
We were sitting on the veranda of a
hotel at Niagara Falls, writes a New York
Sun contributor, when I noticed the man
on my right looking sharply at the man
on my left, and presently he got up in an
excited way and walked about. After a
bit he halted before the other man and
asked:
"Isn't your name Graham?"
"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.
"Didn't you used to teach school at
Elmira, New York?"
"Yes, sir."
"Is 1863?"
"Yes, sir."
"Do you remember a boy named God-
kin?"
"Very distinctly, sir."
"Do you remember that he put a pack-
age of fire crackers under his desk and
touched them off?"
"As if it happened only yesterday."
"Did you kicked him for it?"
"I did. I lashed him until he could
hardly stand, and I've always been glad
of it."
"Have you eh?" said the other, breath-
ing fast and hard. "Do you know that
boy swore a terrible oath?"
"I presume he did, as he was a thor-
ough young villain."
"He swore an oath he would grow up
and hunt for you and p and you within
an inch of your life."
"Did I hear from him yet?"
"You hear from him now! He stands
before you! I am that boy!"
"Well?"
"Prepare to be licked! My time has
come at last!"
He made a dive for the old man, but
the latter evaded him, made a half turn
and hit him on the jaw, and Godkin went
over a chair in a heap. Then the whilom
schoolmaster pried into him and licked
him until he cried "En ough," and it
didn't take him over three minutes to do
it. Then he retired to get on another
collar and replace some buttons, and I
helped Godkin up and observed:
"You didn't wait quite long enough, I
guess."
"Say! That's where I made a mis-
take!" he replied. "I see now that I
ought to hold off until he had got to be
about 150 years old. The old devil is all
of 70 now, but he licked me right off the
reel, and I'll never have the sand to stand
up to him again. Here's thirty years of
waiting for vengeance knocked into a
cocked hat in three minutes!"
BROKE THE COMBINATION.
How a Wisconsin Man Came to Lose
His Faith in Lotteries.
A colored man had passed around the
hotel office offering lottery tickets to such
as he thought might buy, says the New
York Sun, when the man who had been
sucking the head of his cane and looking
out upon the street with a vacant air for
half an hour, turned and said:
"I used to play the lottery every
month the year round, but I never touch
a ticket now."
"Ever strike anything?" was asked.
"O, a trifle now and then, but what
cured me was ticket 55,555."
"By George! but that ought to be a
lucky ticket!"
"You shall hear. I was in La Crosse,
Wis., when a man broke into a house to
rob it. He was discovered and shot at,
and he shot back and killed the citizen.
Among his plunder was the ticket I have
named. The officers pursued him, and
he took refuge in a barn and there committed
suicide."
"Gracious, but what luck that ought to
have brought!" gasped one of the listen-
ers.
"Now, mind you," continued the re-
later, "the house he broke into was No.
5 on that street. It contained five im-
mates. It was five o'clock in the morn-
ing when the murderer rushed out. He
was pursued five miles by five officers,
and shot himself with a five-chambered
revolver."
"Jewhittaker, but what a combination!"
"I sent over at five o'clock in the
evening and offered the widow five dollars
for the ticket. It took her five minutes
to make up her mind, and she sent it to me
by a man who had five white rabbits at
home. I received it in the presence of
five men, and we took five drinks to bring
luck. I was five days going home, and
it was just five days to the drawing."
"Why, man alive, you must have hit a
million dollars on that!" shouted one.
"Didn't get a red," was the answer.
"You don't say?"
"Not a red; but I know the reason. It
was a combination of five, and we broke
it."
"By not hiring five jackasses to kick
me five blocks for being fool enough to
suppose I might hit it."
HELPING ON THE BOOM.
Prominent Kansan—Hang the luck!
They're goin' to put another passenger
train on the P. D. Q. railroad!
Newcomer—I cannot see as that gives
you any cause to grumble. I—
Kansan—Grumble. Wal, I reckon
you'd grumble, too, stranger, if every
time a train whistled you had to drop
your work and jine the rest of the popu-
lation in rushin' to the depot and paradin'
up and down so's, in case there was any
capitalists from the east on board, they'd
think the town was on a big boom!
NOTICE.
County and Sub-Business Agents will
please send their names and postoffice
address, with certificate of bond, at once
to the State Business Agent,
W. H. WORTH, Raleigh, N. C.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS
LIKE SUCCESS.



The reason RADAM'S
MICROBE KILLER is
the most wonderful
medicine, is because it
never failed in any in-
stance, no matter what
the disease, from LEP-
TOSPIRY to the simplest
disease known to the hu-
man system.
The scientific men of
to-day claim and prove
that every disease is
CAUSED BY MICROBES.
—AND—
RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER
Extirminates the Microbes and drives them
out of the system, and when that is done you
cannot have an ache or pain. No matter what
the disease, whether a simple case of Malaria
Fever or a combination of diseases, we cure
them all at the same time, as we treat all dis-
eases constitutionally.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations!
See that our Trade-Mark (same as above)
appears on each jug.
Send for book "History of Microbe Killer,"
given away by Lee, Johnson & Co., Druggists,
sole agents, corner Fayetteville and Martin
streets, Raleigh, N. C.

NOTICE.
The stockholders of the Border Farm-
ers' Alliance Warehouse Company will
meet at Masonic Hall at 11 o'clock in
Danville, Va., on Wednesday, the 30 day
of September, 1890, for the purpose of
electing a board of directors and attend-
ing to other important business.
JAS. H. WILSON, Pres't B. D.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
DEAR BRETHREN:—In future please
write orders and letters on separate sheets
of paper. It will save much time to this
office, and we will be less liable to errors
in transcribing your orders. When mark-
ing inquiries about orders and letters of
importance please give date of same, and
duplicate of the order. Don't fail to give
your postoffice and also shipping point.
In sending money please state who it is
for.
Fraternally,
W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.

WAKE COUNTY ALLIANCE BUSI-
NESS AGENCY READY
TO WORK.
The Wake County Alliance Business
Agency is now established at 307 South
Wilmington street, Raleigh, and the
Agent is now ready to attend to the
wants of the Alliancemen of the county.
If you want to sell your farm products,
stock, or the handiwork of your wives or
daughters, or if you wish to purchase
anything in this market, your Agent may
be of material benefit to you. If you
have stock of any kind to sell, give me
a careful description and price of same that
I may record it in this office, or if you
wish to buy stock, call at this office and
examine my registry. Consult this office
on the market prices of all your products,
and bagging for covering your cotton.
Cotton stored and money advanced on
same at the lowest rates for charges. Let
your wants be known at this office and
they shall be attended to.
R. JAS. POWELL, Bus. Agent.

NOTICE.
To Business Agents and Cotton Raisers
in North Carolina:
Look to your interest. Norfolk is the
best market for your cotton. Write me
for particulars. Address
J. J. ROGERS,
Man'g'r Alliance Exchange, Norfolk, Va.
Box 364.

THE BRUNSWICK COUNTY ALLI-
ANCE READY TO WORK.
SHALLOTTE, N. C., Jan. 30, 1890.
The Brunswick County Alliance Busi-
ness Agency is now ready to attend to
the wants of the Alliancemen of the county.
If you want to sell your farm products,
or if you wish to purchase any thing in
the markets, your agent may be of mat-
erial benefit to you. Consult me on the
market prices of all your products. Let
your wants be known to me and they shall
be attended to.
E. L. STANLEY,
Business Agent.

COUNTY BUSINESS AGENTS.
I want your name, postoffice address
and shipping point immediately after your
election in July. This is important busi-
ness.
W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.

NOTICE TO FORSYTH COUNTY
SUB-COUNTY SECRETARIES.
Please send the name and address of
your Sub-Business Agents to our County
Business Agent, Bro. J. F. G. Smith,
Winston, Forsyth Co., N. C. This is im-
portant, brethren, as he has business of
importance with your Alliance, but has
no list of the Sub-Agents.
Fraternally,
E. A. CONRAD, Co. Sec'y.

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.
On all matters relating to the State Alli-
ance, address E. C. Beddingfield, Raleigh,
N. C.
On all matters intended for the organ of
the order, address THE PROGRESSIVE
FARMER, Raleigh, N. C.
On all matters relating to the Business
Agency, address W. H. Worth, Business
Agent, Raleigh, N. C.
On all matters relating to the National
Order, address L. L. Polk, President, 511
9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The agency will always keep posted
and buy in the best markets at lowest
prices on the day the order is placed.
W. H. WORTH, State Agent.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The Western Editor Also has His
Troubles.
We extract the following from the last
issue of the Arizona Kicker:
THEY GOT LEFT.—Feeling the need of
a few days' rest from brain work, we
hied ourselves to Jim's Peak last week, to
remain about ten days. Soon after supper
a stranger approached us and gave us a
hint that the boys were planning a ser-
enade, and that we had better have a
speech ready.
In this Western country some words
have a double meaning. A "serenade"
may mean sweet, soft music by the band,
with a call from a lot of jolly good fel-
lows, or it may mean a visit from the gang
who are provided with a rope but no
music. In order to be on the safe side we
took up a temporary home in a thicket,
and from thence discovered that this was
to be a rope serenade. Some of the boys
from Johnson's ranch had determined to
lynch us as a great moral warning, but
while they were hunting for us around
the hotel we were meandering through
the jack-pines and midnight darkness to
safer quarters.
In one sense, we don't blame the boys
so much. An occasional hangup adds
zest and gusto to this Western life, and it
is very rare that the victim's friends can
claim that any mistake was made. In
another sense, the boys are to be blamed
for their lack of taste. We have it on
good authority that they meant to hang
us with an old mule-chain. There were
thirty of them in the crowd. We make
no boasts, but let our readers watch for
developments. We'll have sheriffs and
detectives here after at least thirty-
one of them, before the week is out, and
then we shall borrow a shot-gun and go
on a hunt after the odd one.

SOLD AGAIN.

Our esteemed contem-
porary has made another dismal failure.
On Monday he came out in a double-
headed two column article on the Whar-
ton shooting case and tried his best to
prove that we had an active hand in it
and were responsible for Judge Johnson's
death. At the coroner's inquest, held on
that same afternoon, Major Bliss testified:
"I was sitting at a table in the Red
Cross saloon with the editor of the Kicker.
We were there to talk over the McKinley
bill and to take the initiatory steps to-
ward establishing another Sunday-school.
Judge Johnson came in. He was pretty
drunk. He saw Bob Wharton at a table
beyond us and pulled his gun. The
editor of the Kicker kindly asked him to
put it up, and offered him a year's sub-
scription to the paper to go home and
take a nap. The Judge refused and pressed
forward to get a shot. Next moment
Wharton dropped him.
This was the truth and the whole truth,
and yet our jealous-pated contemporary,
hoping he had a hold on us, tried his
hardest to make out that but for us there
would have been no shooting. We used
to refer to him as toothless, knock kneed,
bow-legged, lop-eared, hump-backed,
white-livered, cross-eyed, and so on. We
have a mortgage on his whole outfit, and
we used to threaten to foreclose on it.
We used to meet him on the street and
scare him into kneeling down and begging
our pardon. We now let him have his
own way. Some day we will bury him
in our private graveyard—some day when
he has tired us completely out.

THEY ARE WRONG.

Those of our citi-
zens who are asserting that our late
trouble with the postmaster was caused
by jealousy of his position on our part
are doing us a grave injustice. True, we
were a candidate for postmaster, and true,
also, we are a mighty sight better man for
the place than the present incumbent, but
we are not jealous. Wanamaker refused
to appoint us, and we refuse to wear
Wanamaker's clothing. It's an even
thing thus far.
The trouble began as soon as this man
entered the postoffice. He held back our
mail and made us weary in many other
ways. We pounded him half to death