

trusts and combinations for the arbitrary advancement and reduction of prices should be suppressed.

"12. We pledge that the Prohibition party, if elected to power, will ever grant just pensions to disabled veterans of the Union army and their widows and orphans.

"13. We are unequivocally for the public schools, and opposed to any appropriation of public moneys for sectarian schools; we declare that only by the united support of such common schools, taught in the English language, can we hope to become and remain a homogeneous and harmonious people.

"14. We arraign the Republican and Democratic parties as false to the standard reared by their founders, as faithless to the principles of the illustrious leaders of the past, to whom they do homage with the lips; as recreant to the higher law, which is as inflexible in political association as in personal life, and as no longer embodying the aspirations of the American people or inviting the confidence of enlightened, progressive patriotism. Their protest against the admission of 'moral issues' into politics is a confession of their own moral degeneracy. The declaration of an eminent authority that municipal misrule is the one conspicuous failure of American politics, follows as a natural corollary of such degeneracy, and is true alike of cities under Republican and Democratic politics.

"The tariff issue, as represented in the Democratic Mills bill and the Republican McKinley bill, is no longer treated by them as an issue upon great and divergent principles of government, but as a mere catering to different sectional and class interests. The attempt in many States to wrest the Australian ballot system from its true purpose and to so deform it as to render it extremely difficult for new parties to exercise the rights of suffrage is an outrage upon popular government. The competition of both the parties for the vote of the liquor power and subservience to the money power has resulted in placing these powers in the position of practical arbiters of the destinies of the nation. We renew our protest against these perilous tendencies, and invite all citizens to join us in the upbuilding of a party that has shown in five national campaigns that it prefers temporary defeat to an abandonment of the claims of justice, sobriety, personal rights and the protection of American homes."

"Recognizing and declaring that the prohibition of the liquor traffic has become the dominant issue in national politics, we invite to full party fellowship all those who, on this one dominant issue, are with us agreed, in the full belief that this party can and will remove sectional differences and promote national unity and insure the best welfare of our entire land."

**INFORMATION SOUGHT.**

"Are you a mechanical engineer?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Do you know all about the combustion of fuel in locomotive grates?"  
 "I know something of it. Why do you ask?"  
 "I was looking for information on a certain point."  
 "What point?"  
 "I wish to know if the father who discourages his daughter's lover can be called a spark arrester?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

**A YOUNG MAN'S CHANCES.**

A mother who now sends out a son into the business world launches him at a time when the chances are all in favor of a young man, writes Edward W. Bok in "At Home with the Editor," in the October Ladies' Home Journal. Business men were never more willing to place large trusts upon the shoulders of young men than they are today. "Young blood," as it is called, is the life of the modern business world, and is everywhere sought. In New York the demand for the right kind of young men in all capacities is far greater than the supply, and what is true of New York is true of all the large cities. Bear in mind, however, I say the right kind of young man, and by that classification I mean young men who are willing to work, and work hard. The day of the young man who works by the clock, eagerly watching for the hour when the office shall close, has gone by, even if it ever existed. Hundreds of young men are energetic in a new position until its novelty wears off and then become mere machines whose places can be filled at a day's notice.

No mother need have undue anxiety for the success of a son who this autumn or winter steps out into the business world, so long as he bears in mind a few essential points.

He must be honest above all things, and allow nothing to convince him that there is a compromise between honesty and dishonesty.

He must be an out and out believer in the homely but forcible saying that a man cannot drink whiskey and be in business.

He must, too, decide between being a society man or a business man; he cannot be both.

He must make his life outside the office the same as in it, and not be possessed with the prevalent idea that his employer has no business to question his movements outside of office hours. An employer has every right to expect his employees to be respectable at all times, in the office or out of it.

Is it worth reading? Why? The PROGRESSIVE FARMER. Then read it.

**MR. AND MRS. BOWSER**

The Head Of The Family Buys a Croquet Set.

And They Have a Little Game, in Which Mrs. Bowser Comes out Victorious and Nearly Causes Mr. Bowser to Have a Fit.

[Copyright, 1890, by Charles B. Lewis.]

"What was in that box which came this afternoon?" queried Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser came home the other evening.

"That box! Mrs. Bowser, did you ever hear of the game of croquet?"

"You haven't bought a croquet set?"

"Haven't I? In about half an hour from now I'll be proving to you that what you don't know about croquet would make a large book. Mrs. Bowser, I've got tired of your bragging about how you used to beat every one in four counties."

"But I never bragged, and you know we hadn't been married but eight days when—when—"

"When what? We started to play a game of croquet, but you were so bound and determined to beat me that I walked off. Yes, I remember all about it, and I want to give you a little pointer. If you can't play fair, don't play at all."

"I'm so sorry you brought the set home! Couldn't you take it back and exchange it for clotheslines?"

"Sorry! Clotheslines! What on earth is the matter with you? It's got to a pretty pass if two old married people like us can't go out and knock a few painted balls around the yard without cutting each other's throats over it! You may get mad, but I simply want to take some of the brag out of you."

It was with many misgivings that Mrs. Bowser donned her hat and assisted to set up the arches. Mr. Bowser on the contrary, full of enthusiasm and anticipation.

"Champion of four counties, eh? We'll see about that! If I don't beat you out of sight in this game you can order ten new hats tomorrow!"

"But if I beat you, you'll—"

"Get 'mad? Not a bit! I'm not that sort of a man, as you ought to know by this time. If you beat me I'll ever praise your skill. You may have the first shot. Hold on, now! What are you going through both arches at once for?"

"Why, I've a right to. Every player makes both arches if he can."

"All right—go ahead. I'll give you every advantage and then beat you by half. What sort of a move do you call that?"

"It's a regular move. It's my play to go through the side arch, isn't it?"

"Not in that skewjawked fashion, but go ahead. Here what are you doing?"

"I'm going through the middle arch, of course. There it goes. I call that a good shot."

"All right; it's your last arch! It's simply a run of luck and no skill about it. There—stop right there! You can't play no such a game on me as that!"

"What game? I simply went through the arches and hit the stake, and it was a beautiful shot too."

"But it was a dead swindle!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he waved his mallet in the air.

"It's the rule as laid down, Mr. Bowser, and now I've got you just half whitewashed."

"You have, eh? More of your brag! It's your last shot, Mrs. Bowser, and don't you move that ball the billionth part of an inch, either! There—you've missed! I told you it was only a run of luck. Stand aside now, and I'll show you how to play croquet. There!"

It was a very poor "there" for Mr. Bowser. His ball struck the first arch and rolled fifteen feet away, and Mrs. Bowser clapped her hands and glee fully exclaimed:

"You missed! you missed! Now I shall surely whitewash you!"

"That's it! Jump up and down and yell and scream like a girl ten years old! The mallet slipped just as I struck and I'll try it over again."

"You can't do it! If the ball moves at all you can't take it over!"

"Can't I? I'd like to know why! I've put up with a full dozen of your tricks since this game opened, Mrs. Bowser, but I can't stand too much. There! Now you watch my smoke. I'll show you a little trick you never saw before."

This time the ball went to the left of the first arch and did not stop under thirty feet, and Mrs. Bowser had to clap her hands again and rejoice.

"Poor, foolish women! Can't you see I'm only toying with you to make your defeat all the more bitter!" growled Mr. Bowser. "I told you I'd give you every advantage, and I have. Go ahead now."

Mrs. Bowser did some splendid playing, never missing an arch as she returned, and as her ball finally hit the stake she dropped her mallet and cried out:

"You are whitewashed, Mr. Bowser

—whitewashed! It's the worst beat I ever saw!"

"Mrs. Bowser," he whispered in reply, with his jaw set and his face very pale, "we have a child in the house."

"Yes, dear."

"Don't jest, dear, me! He is a young and innocent child."

"Yes."

"He has not yet learned how to prevaricate and swindle and then brag over it, and I don't want to tempt him to do so, therefore—"

"Why, what are you doing, Mr. Bowser?"

"Removing a temptation!" he replied as he went about pulling up the arches and gathering up mallets and balls.

"There they go—over into the alley, Mrs. Bowser, and we'll never have another set as long as we live together! Suppose that innocent child had been a witness to your actions!"

"My actions! Why, what did I do!"

"Never mind Mrs. Bowser—never mind! I know and you know, but I will keep it from him, poor child! You can run into the house now. This may encourage you to rob and murder me in my sleep, and I ought to look over my papers and get things ready so that our child will have a trusty guardian appointed and be taken care of after I am gone and you are hung. Run in, Mrs. Bowser. Nothing you can say will ever blind me to facts again!"

**THE ARIZONA KICKER.**

Some Strangers Should Beware When They Come to Town.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]

WHO WAS HE?—Monday morning at about 10 o'clock, while his honor the mayor (who is ourself) was in his office in the town hall, a boy entered and informed him that a stranger who was lame in the hip and could not climb the stairs wished to speak with him on the street on important business. With that cheerful courtesy characteristic of the gentleman his honor at once laid aside his work and followed the boy down to the street. The only stranger in sight was a bad looking redheaded man on a white mule, and his honor had scarcely reached the sidewalk before this fellow opened fire and began to yell. His honor had left his gun up stairs, but as soon as he realized the situation he dodged about trying to borrow one. The result brought out a singular state of affairs. Steve White's pistol was fouled and the cylinder would not revolve. Abe Johnson's was caught in the lining of his pocket and could not be extracted. Tom Williams, who is always blowing around about being heeled for a sudden emergency, handed out a gun without a single cartridge in it! His honor got hold of five different weapons before he found one ready for business. Meanwhile the redheaded man was whooping it up and the mayor was dodging about. As soon as he opened fire the stranger decided to git. The mayor got three shots at him, and the last one must have struck him hard, as he dropped one of his guns and clutched the saddle to keep from falling.

Who the stranger was or is no one seemed to have any idea, but it is pretty safe to believe that he was sent in here by the Cinch Valley cowboys, none of whom has sand enough to show up in person. He couldn't have been in the locality very long or he would have known his man better. He had nerve enough, but was a very poor shot. Only one bullet out of the ten or twelve he fired was a line shot, and that passed through his honor's hat. Most of the others went into the telegraph pole in front of the door. We have no particular fault to find with the stranger, whoever he is, but as for the four or five of our fellow townsmen who were standing around with useless guns in their hip pockets, we feel they deserve the harshest criticism. A gun is of no earthly use in this county unless it is in order. If not in order, then a man is an idiot to load himself down with it. He'd better carry a stone in his pistol pocket or a club over his shoulder. As for Tom Williams, who wasn't loaded at all, he'd better go bury his gun and arm himself with a corn cutter or a buzzsaw. He'd have been in a nice fix to have begun a religious discussion with some of the boys, would'nt he! We have crossed his name off our subscription books and we want him to keep away from our office in future.

**NOR EXACTLY.**—An eastern subscriber to the *Kicker* writes us to inquire if this town has mineral springs and is a health resort. It has no springs as far as we know of, and isn't exactly a health resort. The climate is healthy or unhealthy, according to the man. We have known strangers to come here and gain three or four pounds of flesh per week, and again others would fall away so rapidly that when hung up to a limb there was hardly weight enough to keep the rope taut. His friends thought he was

going into a decline and advised him to come here to restore his health. During the first week of his stay he was so quiet that everybody took him for a theological student, and he gained almost a pound a day. He began the second week by bragging of the number of men he had planted, and ended up by shooting a pipe out of Alderman Henderson's teeth and threatening to clean out this office. He didn't gain any that week, and when he left town Saturday night he was losing fat at the rate of a pound a mile. We have but very little sickness here, and malaria is entirely unknown. The deaths are most always very sudden, and the coroner feels called upon to hold an inquest and search the pockets of the deceased. We think the right sort of a man can continue living in this locality until he gets so tired of drawing his breath that he will go out and suicide unless tied to a post.

**WARNER'S CROP BULLETIN.**

Some Marked Changes Since the Last One Came Out—Other Matters.

SANDERSVILLE, N. C.

There has been some marked changes in the political atmosphere this week. More candidates are now in the field and the weather has changed to accommodate them. On account of my last bulletin the executive committee thought cool weather essential to save their candidates. I find that their tongues are still coated and they are wearing overcoats as they go around humbugging the people.

Reports from the central district indicate a good crop of candidates at low prices; fever high and promises numerous. The rainfall has been below the normal and the prayers more earnest. Office holders and those wanting office are in a majority. Several correspondents report blacksliders reclaimed and many others sliding backwards.

In the eastern district it is reported that one candidate has been arrested for cussing, but one correspondent says he was praying and the weather prognosticators didn't know the difference. Peanuts and cotton are opening rapidly, the cotton from the effects of the sun, peanuts by means of the people's teeth. Corn is pretty good and candidates all fond of it when stewed; fishing good on the coast. A sea serpent three miles long was seen near Beaufort.

In the Piedmont district, including Rowan, candidates are pretty thick; politics red hot; turnips and moonshine distilleries in full blast, especially in Davie and Wilkes. New brandy is beginning to get in its work and black eyes are worn by members of all parties.

Western district is all right. Two candidates to each voter, and still they come. Brandy distilleries all in running order and no revenue officers invited; several candidates are running for fun, others for money. The prospect for winter apples is pretty good; snakes are hunting their dens and bears are turning over for a fresh nap; rainfall 4.01; wind blowing first one way and then another; plenty of horses and cattle, but no money to buy them with; either eye can be worn tied up in a rag with poultice.

From all correspondents I learn that the outlook is good and getting better. Many candidates will not be elected, but it will be because the people do not want them. There is a disposition on the part of many voters to vote as they please, but they are afraid to. No man ought to do as he pleases. Consult your wife and then do what she says. My old lady has often told me that, and I never fail to take her advice, whether I want to or not. Love to all.—*Jake Warner, in Salisbury Watchman.*

**INFORMATION WANTED.**

He Didn't Think Much of Shakespeare or Columbus.

I was the only passenger by the stage, the driver of which was a humble looking man of forty five. I shared his seat with him, and after we had got well started he turned to me and said:

"Stranger, I want to ask you three or four questions, and I hope you won't git mad about it."

"Go ahead and ask anything you please."

"I've been drivin on this line for ten years and more, and have carried a heap of intelligent people. Some of 'em make it a pint to talk to me. I had one old cayuse up here this summer who kept talking about Christopher Columbus till he got me half scared to death. I'll be hanged if I ever heard of any sich galoot. If you have, then give it to me straight."

"Yes, there was a Christopher Columbus. He was a Spaniard. He died over 350 years ago."

"Did, eh? And that old cayuse kept on talkin about him as if he hadn't been dead over a month. So there was a Columbus? What was his particular line?"

"Why, he discovered America."

"Is that all? Why, I thought he'd killed a dozen Indians by the way he old chap blowed around. Just discovered America, eh? I'll remember that and be primed for the next feller as tries to show off over me. Now, then, who was Shakespeare? I had a woman up here the other day who kept talkin about Shakespeare. I kinder let on that I'd seen him once or twice, and that he'd passed over this line two or three times with other drivers, but now I want dead facts. What's his peccoliarities?"

"Shakespeare was a great English writer, you know."

"He wrote, eh?"

"Yes."

"Did nuthin but write?"

"No."

"Couldn't stay by a bucking broncho, throw a lasso or handle a gun?"

"I believe not."

"Humph! And people talk about him! All Columbus did was to discover America and all Shakespeare did was to write books! Say, stranger?"

"Well?"

"Lemme ask you sunthin else."

"Go on."

"Aren't you from the east?"

"Yes."

"And that old cayuse and that old woman were from the east, too, I guess?"

"Very likely. What was the question you wanted to ask?"

"Jist this, stranger: How in Halifax do you manage to live in a blamed country whar they praise up folks who hev bin leader'n a dead gopher fur over 300 years? Why, one of our drivers killed a stage robber last summer jist below here, and the thing got old all along the line inside of ten days!"

**SHE RECOILED, BUT DIDN'T KICK**

Heroic Conduct of a Tall, Graceful Girl at the Supreme Test of Love.

Two tall, graceful girls strolled slowly along the beach earnestly conversing. They were conspicuous in the throng, and many an admiring glance was turned toward them as they sauntered to and fro. A cloudless sky was reflected in the calm waters below, while scarcely a breath of air was stirring.

The girl in the pure white blazer was doing most of the talking.

"It is all very well," she was saying, "to insist that you would die for the man you love, but the sacrifice is quite another thing."

The girl with the blue yachting cap shrugged her shoulders.

"You speak," she observed, "like one who had made the sacrifice."

"I have the right so to speak."

Affecting recollections poured tumultuously over the soul of the girl in the white blazer. Her lips trembled and the superb eyes bent upon the sand of the beach glistened with the dew of gathering tears.

The girl in the blue cap smiled haughtily.

"Indeed," she sarcastically retorted, "how very interesting! And how does it feel to actually die for the man you love?"

Reproachfully the girl in the white blazer directed her gaze upon the girl with the blue yachting cap.

"You shall not make light of it."

"Fogive me."

For a time they walked in silence. Both were deeply affected, the one filled with remembrances of the past; the other her resentment gone, with womanly sympathy.

"Tell me about it, Ethel."

The girl in the blue yachting cap was tenderly persuasive.

"It was worse than dying for him, Clara."

With a quick movement the tears were dashed from the superb eyes, and the girl with the white blazer faced her companion.

"It was at Easter, Clara. You remember the dear, bright fellow I was engaged to then. One evening but a short while before he said he did not believe I bore him the deep love I should. I challenged him to name a sacrifice I would not make for his sake. With an insight into feminine character which was Mephistophelian in its subtlety, he dared me to do that which causes every woman's heart to recoil with horror. But I did it."

They had paused in their walk, and were looking at each other fixedly.

"Ethel!"

"Yes, Clara, I did it. I went to church that Easter morning, sat in the very front seat, and I never looked around during the service."

The girl in the blue yachting cap drew a deep, tremulous breath.

"Ethel!"

"Yes, Clara."

"You are a sublime heroine. Can you forget my hasty words?"

"I can, Clara."

**TO THE FRIENDS OF REFORM.**

I have been commissioned as State Organizer for the Citizens' Alliance and Industrial Union, and request the hearty co-operation of all friends of reform. The Citizens' Alliance and Industrial Union is to be the tradesmen, merchants, laborers and others, what the F. A. and I. U. is the farmers, and was established to enable the people of the cities and towns who are not eligible to membership in the F. A. and I. U. to make an active, systematic and effective fight for equal rights. There is no money on hand to pay the expenses of myself or any one to visit the cities and form assemblies, and I expect my brother mechanics and friends of purity to take up the work and secure signers for an assembly in each city. Write to me for blanks and instructions. When ready to organize, notify me and I will come and give you the secret work and put you in working order. Remember that success or failure lies with you, and that a successful fight demands organization.

W. H. WARNER,  
 State Organizer C. A. & I. U.  
 641 Asheboro St., Greensboro, N. C.

**NOTICE.**

SECRETARY'S OFFICE  
 N. C. F. STATE ALLIANCE,  
 RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 8, 1892.

Secretaries of Sub and County Alliances will please send all money for Polk Memorial Fund to Mr. H. W. Ayer, Raleigh, N. C., and not to me. It will save trouble in this office.

Respectfully,  
 W. S. BARNES,  
 Sec'y-Treas. N. C. F. S. A.

**NOTICE.**

The Executive Board of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union have decided to hold the next meeting of the Supreme Council at Memphis, Tenn., on the third Tuesday in November, 15th. Applications have been made to day to all the railways for special rates.

Yours fraternally,  
 J. H. TURNER,  
 Sec'y N. F. A. & I. U.

**NOTICE.**

The County Lecturer of each county in the First Congressional district will please forward his name and address to me immediately.

Respectfully,  
 J. F. BRINSON,  
 Lect' First District,  
 Reelsboro, Pamlico Co., N. C.

**NOTICE.**

Any County or Sub Alliance wishing to employ a good lecturer, one who has no superior in the State can do so by writing to me. The expenses and a small compensation for services will have to be paid.

Respectfully,  
 W. S. BARNES,  
 Sec'y-Treas. N. C. F. S. A.

**NOTICE.**

Parties inviting any of the officers of the Alliance to make an address, are expected to pay expenses of the same. The State Alliance cannot pay the expenses of any one except when doing regular work. The brethren will please note this and arrange matters accordingly.

Respectfully,  
 W. S. BARNES,  
 Sec'y-Treas. N. C. F. S. A.

**NOTICE.**

All communications intended for the Executive Committee of the State Alliance of North Carolina should be addressed to Capt. S. B. Alexander, Chairman, Raleigh, N. C., care of W. S. Barnes, Secretary-Treasurer.

By order of Executive Committee.  
 W. S. BARNES,  
 Sec'y-Treas. N. C. F. S. A.

**NOTICE.**

Please take notice that I have resigned as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the People's party, owing to my nomination for Congress in the Fifth district, S. Otho Wilson, Raleigh, N. C., is Chairman of the State Executive Committee.

Respectfully,  
 W. R. LINDBRAY.

**NOTICE.**

HON. MARION BUTLER,  
 Elector at Large, will speak at the following times and places:

Windsor, Tuesday, Oct. 18, 11 a.m.  
 Edenton, Wednesday, " 19, 11 a.m.  
 Elizabeth City, Thursday, " 20, 11 a.m.  
 Gatesville, Friday, " 21, 11 a.m.  
 Winton, Saturday, " 22, 11 a.m.

**PEOPLE'S PARTY SPEAKING.**

Dr. W. P. Exum, candidate for Governor, and Hon. Jas. M. Mewborne, Elector at Large, will address the people at the following times and places:

Hertford, Tuesday, Oct. 18  
 Camden Court House, Wednesday, " 19  
 Currituck, Thursday, " 20  
 Salander, Monday, " 21  
 Jackson, Tuesday, " 22  
 Rosboro, Thursday, " 24  
 Hillsboro, Friday, " 25  
 Pittsboro, Saturday, " 26  
 Carthage, Monday, " 28  
 Liberty, Tuesday, Nov. 1  
 Walnut Cove, Wednesday, " 2  
 Dobson, Thursday, " 3

S. OTHO WILSON,