

Salisbury Globe.

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SALISBURY, N. C., SEPT. 21, 1904.

STATE DEMOCRATIC TICKET

- For Governor: ROBERT B. GLENN.
- For Lieutenant Governor: FRANCIS D. WINSTON.
- Associate Justice Supreme Court: W. A. HOKE.
- State Auditor: B. F. DIXON.
- State Treasurer: R. B. LACY.
- Secretary of State: J. BRYAN GRIMES.
- Supt. of Public Instruction: J. Y. JOYNER.
- Com. of Labor and Printing: H. B. VARNER.
- Corporation Commissioner: S. L. RODGERS.
- Commissioner of Agriculture: S. L. PATTERSON.
- Electors at Large: W. A. SELF and F. S. SPRULL.
- For Congress, 8th District: W. C. NEWLAND.
- Elector For 8th District: T. C. BOWIE.

MR. BLACKBURN'S SPEECH.

In all of the Hon. Spencer Blackburn's ramblings Saturday, there is not to be found room for serious debate. There would never a word be said but for the fact that he talked recklessly and the necessity for having some one to reply to him is plainly apparent. Blackburn has repeatedly said by way of discrediting Newland that if he can't beat the Democratic nominee, he can't beat anybody. We say only what all men know, that if Blackburn can beat Newland, anybody can do it.

If the late Senator Ingalls said one thing more than another that deserves to live, it is that famous epigram "Honesty in politics is an iridescent dream." An so despite Blackburn's frequent appeals to the Democrats to "got decent, be honest" and the like, the wise Jeffersonian will keep his eyes upon Epluribus. He is not honest and he knows it.

What Democrat has not grown weary denying the imperishable charge that the Wilson-Gorman tariff law of 1894 reached back a year and caused the panic of 1893? That's just what Blackburn said in his speech Saturday. He declared as his party platform declares, that Democratic tariffs have always been followed by business adversity and Republican always by business prosperity. There's not a word of truth in this and if Blackburn has as much information as a fried oyster, he knows he is not telling the truth. The panic of 1873 came upon the country following Grant's second inauguration and this was under a Republican tariff. The panic of 1893 came on under the McKinley tariff and that piece of legislation was one of the causes of that depression. This panic, which was almost world wide, was also attributed to that demagogical device, known as the Sherman Silver law, a Republican contrivance, and to other minor matters extraneous to this country.

There is another thing. Blackburn has learned and learned to pronounce correctly that euphonious combination used by Lincoln and Brann, "irrevocably fixed" and repeated by Judge Parker. This is in reference to the Gold Standard and its operation upon the financial policy of the country. He knows, or ought to know, that Cleveland was a gold standard man and that McKinley was not; that Linney, Pritchard and the Dockerys, the biggest Republicans in the State went crazy upon the subject of free silver just as

the Democrats did and that it is very improper for him to attempt a satire upon his political opponents when the Republicans named, were the only ones in his party who had sense enough to go crazy upon anything. He calls the Democratic tariff a free trade measure, although it was highly protective and contained some schedules written by Republicans. It had no feature that even remotely related to free trade and if he doesn't know this he ought to go read his primer.

How wonderful a legislator he and this silly canard do make of the Democrats! That party had not done a bit of law-making for thirty-four years when it came into power, and it had then but two years in which it could legislatively disport itself. But such was the strength of our party that its tariff law took effect one year before it was enacted and the poverty that attended it reached into the billions.

And the Hon. E. Spencer revived the ancient and arrant lie that Cleveland dined Fred Douglas, the colored miscegenationist in whose honor Blackburn's Legislature adjourned once while refusing to pay Robert E. Lee the same homage. He knows that Cleveland denied this last winter. Nobody has had the hardihood to repeat the charge since. He also knows that Cleveland denied ever having signed a bill compelling the white and colored children to attend school together. Why he welcomes the race issue, we do not try to guess. It's like "pap's hugging the nigger cook, the best he can do" we suppose.

It was not our purpose to say so much, for it does no good. But we intend to have more at another time about the Watts Law. Just this much now—all over this State the Republican party has been incorporating churches and school houses, establishing dispensaries and other agencies diminishing the sale of intoxicants without putting the matter to a vote of the people. That is just what the Democrats have done on a large scale. It is the most decent thing the Republicans have ever done in this State. No wonder they are ashamed of it now.

We had meant to say that Hon. Spencer Blackburn is a charlatan, a quack, and is no more to be believed than any other Republican whose desire to plant himself in a congressional cushion, is so inordinate.

A JUST VERDICT.

The jury in the White trial rendered a just verdict and the sentence of Judge Cooke is in consonance with their judgement. This paper has never said a word concerning the case until it came to trial. It was known that a removal would be asked and it was sought to say no word that could be tortured into creating a sentiment against the defendants. This editor was all along in sympathy with the Sherrill family because he knew them and has known in all his life, no finer people. The very demeanor of Mrs. Sherrill upon the witness stand, should have made any court proud of the womanhood of this county. But the accounts of the trial, written in the Sun were free from personal opinion and individual point of view, absolutely fair, unless indeed they were too favorable to the defense. For this, there is no need of explanation—it was only in keeping with the court's desire to give the defendants a fair trial. They received it.

When the White brothers received the letter that caused the homicide; they did what three of the attorneys advised indiscriminately, all people to do—to arm themselves and shoot dead the supposed perpetrator of the wrong. When they went to young Sherrill's home and called him up to his death, they only did what those lawyers advised and what most people would have done under the same circumstances. But when they shot the defenceless young man dead before his mother's eyes and then fled without a word of

regret or explanation; when they went to Sherrill's home and declared that they were there to protect their niece and ended the terrible tragedy with the abominable subterfuge of self-defense, the most pietistical purist must have been disappointed in that struggle for the preservation of feminine sanctity. The Whites swore consistently on the stand that they did not mean to kill Sherrill. They swore that if he had refused to marry their niece, they would have had to leave him at home. And all this time, counsel were thundering "kill the seducer, he must die," and the rest, while the defendants were swearing they meant to do no such thing. The verdict could not have been different unless it had convicted the lawyers and released the defendants.

The deception of an innocent woman in a way that ruins her chances in life, is a thing that may merit the death of the offender. But no man has the right to visit that penalty. And while feminine virtue may be regarded all too cheaply, it is held in no less contempt than human life is. It does not become any great man to advise the death of a fellow man. And what anomaly is greater than that of Cy Watson, the man who will not prosecute a capital case by legal means, recommending the killing of an untried man?

While our young men are being taught that what will befall them if some girl lays her shame at their door, let the girls know, too, that the keeping of their chastity is in their own hands and not those of any man, not even a relative who has had the smallest opportunities for ascertaining the facts and is least able to render a just judgment. There will be just as much harm to come from the relaxation of the moral tie when it is believed that there will be an avenging relative as there will be good, and it is wrong to advise the commission of violence.

It is said Roosevelt has been offered the command of the Japanese armies in the event of his defeat. We do not care how far off Mr. Roosevelt goes, but we are bound to think this report the most preposterous lie. The idea of putting this tin soldier, this military charlatan at the head of those heroes is too anomalous for credulity itself.

When the New Pope was called from ease and content to Rome and the "fierce light that beats upon a throne," he exclaimed: "What shall I do without my country walks, my Venice, and my sea." If Judge Parker is called of the people to supreme place, he will miss most, amid the dark maelstrom of our politics, that morning dip in the peaceful river below his home.

Watched Land Never Slides.

It is a fact, however, that landslides come as a surprise. They are never detectable months in advance. In September, 1890, Thomas B. Reed returned from Maine where he had been re-elected, satisfied that the country at large would be in accordance with that of his own state on the record of the first session of the Fifty-sixth Congress. He as a speaker, had reformed the rules of the House, and McKinley, as chairman of ways and means had revised the tariff. The result was the other way, and was as much of a surprise to the Democrats as to him. The Democrats carried the House by a large majority.

In 1892 there was no sign of a landslide that restored Mr. Cleveland to office. His managers fought as though for their lives. They conceded all of Tammany's demands in New York, regarding New York as essential to success. They traded with the Populist in the west on the Populist's own terms. Mr. Bryan has told the story of how he supported Weaver, the Populist candidate for President, on the advice of the Democratic national committee, whose object it was to defeat the Republicans in Nebraska. And yet, as matters turned out, Mr. Cleveland had an easy road to victory. If his friends had only known it, they might have sent both Tammany and the Populists about their business.—Washington Post.

WHERE THE TROUBLE COMES.

Supporting a "Sealskin Wife" on a "Muskrat Income."

People celebrate the discovery of a new fact in nature; they grow eloquent over the invention of a new piece of machinery; they heap riches in the lap of the man who puts on the market a new breakfast food. Why should they not pay some slight tribute to the author of a new epigram? A really great epigram is rarer than the ruby. The jewel may be crushed, but the verbal gem lives forever and defies all the forces of decay. Its sparkle may never be dimmed.

If the saying expresses a great truth in few words, if it shines with the glint of homely humor, if its appeal be broad and general, so may it be decided whether the epigrammatic offering be genuine or only a clever imitation. Apply these standards to the rough and uncut yet precious phrase which lies imbedded in the speech of a plain Methodist minister from the up-State counties of New York and Vermont delivered the other day before the Conference of his brethren in his district. He was telling of the hard work and small pay which are the lot of himself and his fellows in the poorer districts of the country. And he closed with this tremendous question. "How shall a man support a sealskin wife on a muskrat income?" The epigram may provoke a smile, perhaps, that same question never before so well put, has vexed many other men in and out of the ministry. Attempts to answer it have ended before now in the penitentiary. It is that question, if authorities are to be believed, which is responsible for the increasing number of bachelors, particularly in the cities, and for the corresponding increase in the number of middle aged spinsters. It is a question which might possibly be profitably debated by some of the women's clubs.

Are too many girls of the present day being reared in a way which fits them only to be "sealskin wives?" And where shall the young man with a "muskrat income" look for a proper helpmate? At any rate, the new epigram cuts deep and raises serious questions. It deserves a permanent place in the archives of the English language, alongside that other classic which describes the plight of the unfortunate who acquired "a champagne appetite with a beer in come." It is its companion piece.—Rutland, Vt., News.

Blackburn and Poker.

Our young friend, Spencer Blackburn who is running for Congress on the Republican ticket in the Eighth district of North Carolina, disappoints us. We had been led to believe that he was a politician and knew that in the game of politics all was fair—and that the policy of politicians was to admit nothing and deny nothing. But in a card in the Charlotte Observer he denies that he ever played a game of poker in his life—this because some one in the audience when he was speaking yelled "down with the poker player."

Why bless his soul! Does he not know that in the game of politics that white is painted black—and black white? Does he not know that when political scavengers come in that nothing in the world is sacred and that character, reputation, all things which men hold sacred are dragged in the filth and slime? Does he not know that a "campaign lie" has been floating as long as there has been politics in the world—and that no matter what a man may not be guilty of he will be accused and must stand to the rack without murmuring and without complaining?

There is no use to deny it. The general public does not believe anything it hears for or against a man who is in the dirty boat of politics. It knows that he will be traduced and lampooned and black-garbed; it knows that truth has no place in its economy—so what it hears it hears—and lets it go at that.

The fact that a gentleman plays a game of poker in no way detracts from his ability as a National law maker, for, indeed, is not poker a National game—and do not some of the best and wisest and purest of our statesmen play at cards for money and booze? To be sure they do. Mr. Blackburn must not complain. If this is all that is hurled at him, lucky indeed he can count himself.—Fairbrother's Every-thing.

Sale of Horses.

A car load of western horses arrived today at Harper Bros., stables. They will be sold Saturday to the highest bidder. Now is the time for you to get a fine horse at reasonable prices.

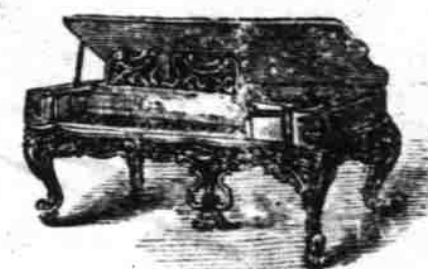
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