

DIXIE'S LAND.

I wish I was in de land of cotton, Old times dar am not forgotten; Look away—look away—look away Dixie land. In Dixie land whar I was born in Early on one frosty morning, Look away—look away—look away Dixie land.

THE NEGRO AND WHISKEY QUESTIONS.

Sam Jones in Atlanta Journal. The two prominent, undownable, unsettled questions in America today is the negro and the whiskey question. Both are like the negro a black cat. He said he took it out and killed it every night for nine nights in succession very dead, and it was up every morning well and hearty. He said he took it out the tenth night and cut its head off, and I granny it was standing on the front steps next morning with its head in its mouth.

Senator Money, of Mississippi, spoke the sentiments of the south the other day in full volume. God gave this country to the Indians and we white folks, took it away from them and it is our country now, by right of conquest and by right of possession. The disfranchisement of a certain class of voters is legitimate and proper. The man who will not pay his poll tax or register, cannot vote and does not deserve to vote and that is right. When 90 per cent of a certain class of voters can be bought or bribed or scared into voting, that fact ought to disfranchise the whole bunch from snout to tail. The best friends of the negro race will give them employment and give them protection in life, liberty and property. The worst enemies of this government and of the negro race are the politicians that use them at the polls simply to put themselves into office.

The negro question cannot settle itself any more than the Atlantic ocean can get rid of its brackishness. It has got to be settled by being fixed and fixed right along certain lines. The negro both in his constitution and by-laws is closely allied with the whiskey question. I have seen the negro carraled and marched and voted for whiskey in local option fights, until it made my heart sick; and the very gang who drove them to the polls is the very gang that debauches them and frequently the gang that lynches them. This country will never be what God and good men what it to be, until the negro is politically relegated and whiskey is permanently abolished.

I see by the decision of the supreme court, the whiskey gang in Floyd county are on the rampage again. Seab Wright and the dispensary crowd of Rome no doubt thought the whiskey gang was dead, but that gang poisons on you. They do not die. You may burn them a thousand years and their ashes will sprout. Whenever a man has sold whiskey he is very nearly incapable of doing anything else. If you run him out of one place he will start up at another. If you think he is dead and buried, he is resurrected and ready for the business before you know it. The wave to strike Georgia is like the one in Tennessee and Texas. If the legislature of this state will eliminate the negro vote or give us a white primary on state local option, we will do some things in Georgia along the lines of smashing jugs, barrels and demijohns, that will astonish the natives.

Soon there will be only six places in Tennessee, I am told, where it can be sold and perhaps not more than a dozen in Texas, and when the proper time comes there will be a movement in Georgia that will drive out the whiskey houses and we will go dry sure enough. Of course the dirty politicians, whiskey soaked bums and the few greedy deacons in the church who want the traffic to go on, and the difference between a dirty politician, a whiskey soaked bum and a money monopolized deacon is simply in odor as they will occupy about the same strata and maintain about the same respectability in hell where they belong.

BILL ARP'S LETTERS.

Atlanta Constitution. Kind friends, please forbear. I know that the time for compositions and debates and essays is near at hand, but I am sick and cannot help you this spring. I am weak and don't want to strain my mind. I haven't been out of the house but twice in three months. My wife and the doctor watch me and won't let me go. A few weeks ago I slipped off to my daughter's one pleasant evening and had to be hauled back in a buggy, for it is up hill to my house, and I was weaker than I thought. You see I had a sunstroke last June and have never recovered from it. Every night, if the weather is bad, I have to get up about midnight and sit by the fire and cough for an hour or two. But I can answer letters and have from a dozen to a score every day. It pleases me to answer the letters of the young folks, for many of them need help. I know that I did when I was away off at school. My father was an old school teacher and knew how to help me. He wrote nearly all of my junior orator's speech and I got credit for it, though I only crossed the t's and dotted the i's and put my name to the end of it. But there are hundreds of boys and girls who have no help and I am sorry for them and so for many years past I have tried to help them. Some of them just want help a little, a few ideas, but others want the whole thing. In fact, one boy asked me to write him two so that he could take choice. Many of them forget to enclose a stamp and my postage account got to be such a burden that, as Rip Van Winkle said, "I swore off" and quit answering such letters. It is bad manners to write to a man on business that does not concern him and expect him to pay the return postage. I receive many long manuscripts with request to read and criticize and return and tell where to have published and what the writer will probably get paid for them. I have two on hand, just received—one stamps enclosed—one is a grammatical curiosity. Hardly a line that does not contain bad grammar of a misspelled word. It takes nearly half a line for the word "spectacles" and it has fourteen letters in it. The word angel is spelled angle, and yet the writer expects to get paid for the story. The other manuscript is an inquiry into the race problem—no stamps—and it contains seventeen questions for me to answer. Another long letter on fool's-cap writes of the good old times and says in conclusion that if I will answer it he will write me again and put his name to the next letter. There is no name to this. He is an Irishman, I reckon. One other request I wish to make about letters. Please place your postoffice address plainly at the top and your name plainly at the bottom. Many a time I have passed a letter all around the family trying to decipher the signature. Sometimes I have cut the signature off and pasted it on the back of the reply, thinking that probably the postmaster at the writer's home would recognize it. If the postoffice address is omitted and the postmark on the envelope is blurred, as it frequently is, it is impossible to know where a reply should be sent, and if I guess at it and guess wrong it goes to the dead letter office. Now, you young people must not forget these little things, for they are important, especially the stamps. Sometimes we literary men are greatly perplexed to know what to do with some letters. One more request. Do not write me at Atlanta. I do not live there. My home is in Cartersville, and I thought that everybody knew it by this time. I have been living here over twenty years. And now let me ask the good charitable ladies who seek to do something for some good cause to send no more endless chain letters to me. They are a nuisance and have annoyed me greatly. I thought that when that common cheat and swindler, Joel Smith, of Monticello, Fla., was broken up and arrested the endless chain business had stopped, but of late it has revived and I received three last week. One of them started in Canada for a so-called missionary work and got all the way down to Louisiana and from there to me, wanting me to copy two letters and send ten cents in Christ's name, and under no circumstances to break the chain. Well, I broke it and shall break every one that comes to me, and shall burn the letters for they never contain any return postage. Some years ago the good ladies of Fredericksburg, Va., wrote to me, saying they wanted about \$800 or \$400 to place head stones to the graves of 260 Georgia soldiers who were buried there. I made an earnest appeal to our people and asked for a dollar from each good man or woman, and I raised \$800 in three weeks. Adjutant General Phil Byrd sent me \$2 all the way from New

Brunswick. I bought the marble, all lettered nicely, from the northern men who own the works at Marietta—bought them at one dollar each, which was less than the cost, for the company said they helped to put our boys there and they ought to help mark their graves. The railroads shipped them free. There was no endless chain in that business. Three thousand neglected confederate graves, at Marietta? Our boys, our dead, buried on our soil, died in defense of their homes, their state, their people. On the other side of the railroad are about as many who were trespassers on our soil—vandals who came as invaders with arms and torches, and their graves are marked with costly marble and adorned with gravel walks and flowers and evergreens, and there is a grand entrance to their city of the dead, all done by the national government, and a keeper employed. And yet it is now settled we were right and they were wrong. Oh, liberty and union! what crimes have been committed in thy name. But Secretary Root seems to be a good man and is going to help us make up the roster, the muster roll of our living and our dead. Maybe he will get a little closer to us and help the Marietta women to make their confederate graveyard just as elegant and ornamental as the one on the other side. Why not try him? Dead soldiers are not enemies to each other and if theirs could speak maybe they would say, "Give us your hand brother." Is it not about time for our women to make an appeal to the government for aid in this patriotic work? Not only for Marietta, but wherever our soldiers are buried. Marietta has many northern burials who spend their winters there, and it seems to me if they brought along a heart and a soul with them, they would go to these ladies and say, "Here are ten dollars. Please mark ten of those graves for me." But I reckon most of them just bring their bodies and leave their hearts at home. Why not do as our Mr. Granger did? Just as soon as our ladies started a move to build a monument to General Young and our Bartow heroes, he was the first to ask the privilege of subscribing \$25 to the cause. He has gotten it all back already in our good will and gratitude. He brought his heart with him when he moved down here and his wife brought her whole soul. She is always doing something for somebody. BILL ARP.

An Egg-citing Egg-It.

Gassonia Gazette. A gentleman from the country came to town one day last week to dispose of a quantity of eggs. Before reaching the town, however, he sauntered leisurely up to the city post house in the northern section of town and enquired in a business like way of the guard, who met him, if they wanted to buy any eggs at that house. "No," said the guard, "the county furnishes us eggs." "Why, is this the county home?" calmly asked the man with the eggs. "No, this is the smallpox home," was the bland reply of the guard; and his words were hardly spoken before eggs were flying like flakes in a snow storm and the frightened egg-man was heeling it at a rapid rate in the opposite direction. If he kept his gait the gentleman is probably enjoying sea breezes down about Wilmington at this time. Those who witnessed the thrilling scene say that his eggs-it was really egg-citing.

Too Affectionate.

Lippincott's Magazine. The Morton-Browns were a very affectionate family. Kissing was quite the order of the day with them. Uncle Silas Brown, hard-fisted, gnarled old man of the fields, had been for a week's visit to the Morton-Browns. "Wal, Silas," said his wife, Keziah, after his return home, "and what did you think of Abner's folks, the Morton-Browns?" Uncle Silas changed his "quid" from one cheek to the other and said slowly,—"Wal, I should 'a' liked them a darned sight better if they hadn't been so cussedified kissy!"

Made Himself Sold.

"John," said the wife, "you'll admit that you're a bright, brainy man, and have leading qualities?" "I certainly will!" was the modest reply. "Then, why don't you run for President of these United States?" And as he clasped her to his bosom, he said: "Molly, I can't bear to leave home!" "Now, boys, what is the best and most appropriate time to thank the Lord?" No answer. "What does your father do when you sit down to meals?" "Cuss the cook." An early crop—the small boy's first hair cut.

CUBA'S ENORMOUS RESOURCES.

Bishop Candler in Atlanta Journal. Since the date of my last letter to The Journal I have gone by railway over the island of Cuba from Havana to Santiago, besides making some observations on horseback and getting some "views afoot" in the province of Santa Clara.

I am more than ever impressed with the wonderful natural resources of the island, and I am thoroughly persuaded that its future will be one of great prosperity.

I saw stalks of wild cotton of extraordinary height, and white with "the fleecy staple." One stalk I took pains to measure, and I was amazed to find it having a diameter of over three inches at the ground and a height of above fourteen feet. It was said to be four years old and was still bearing fruit, although the staple was rather short. It had not been cultivated, but sprang up in a rich spot and grew without attention from human hands.

I met a gentleman who has already made a successful experiment on a small scale with cotton growing, and is so pleased with the results that he has bought a large tract of land and will enter at once into the business of cotton growing in Cuba.

He told me that on land which cost him from three to six dollars an acre he had gathered four bales from one acre, and that the staple measured two inches. From observations of my own I was prepared to believe his story, though to many people it will doubtless seem incredible. This gentleman is now returning to the states to supply himself with implements for cultivating and ginning the product, and to hire hands to make his next crop. He is convinced that one planting in five years will make cotton of good staple and that then it will be necessary to replant in order to prevent deterioration. Of this I am not so sure. I think two or three years will be as long as the plant will grow and do well. But even if it runs a period of only two years, producing, as it does, so enormously this long staple lint, it will bring fabulous profits. Again I say, as in former letter, that cotton of superior quality will be grown in Cuba at an early day and it will be grown in large quantities.

Not far from the large cotton stalk which I measured I saw a coffee plant growing. Many years ago a French colony grew coffee on a large scale in the province of Puerto Principe, but the ravages of war broke up the colony and destroyed the industry. But now a few people are beginning to grow coffee again, and with years of peace the planting will increase.

Of course the great industries of tobacco and sugar will continue, as in former years, to engage much capital and labor.

The grazing lands are the best I ever saw. Before the war Cuba had over 8,000,000 head of cattle. At its close there were less than 400,000 head. Mr. Wilson told me that at the outset of the year 1899, when he was in charge of the Matanzas province, there were not 300 cows in the entire province. Riding yesterday from Matanzas to Havana I counted from the car window on one side of the railroad 998, and they were as fat as the richest pasturage could make them. A friend saw as many more in the fields in sight on the other side of the railway. It is estimated that there are now about 1,000,000 head on the entire island. But not less than 2,000,000 more are required, and the pasturage is sufficient to sustain 5,000,000 to 7,000,000. Here is room for another great industry.

Then there are the tropical fruits and the vegetables. Never bitten by frost nor blighted by drought, they can be shipped from Havana to New York in four days. The railroad now running from one end of the island to the other can carry them quickly to the north ports for shipment. Look out for Cuban vegetables and fruits in Savannah, Macon and Atlanta next winter. Do not expect strawberries, however, for none are grown in Cuba. The people say the strawberry does not do well here. I believe the raspberry would flourish, however. Of that the natives seem to know nothing.

The hard wood timbers will give rise to another profitable line of investment. The mahogany, rosewood and other such growths have scarcely been touched. And the reason of their neglect is not far to seek. Until the new railroad penetrated the region in which they grow most abundantly there was no means of hauling the trees out if they had been cut. All that will change now.

From all these sources of wealth it is

evident that Cuba will soon be enormously enriched.

But some one may be disposed to discount these statements by asking some such questions as these: If Cuba has such resources, why did not the Spaniard find it out and enrich himself? And why did not Americans, always keen-eyed to turn a penny, find all these things before?

To the first question I answer the Spaniard did find out what was here, and notwithstanding his want of skill and enterprise of the highest character he made his millions here. Else whence so many large and wealthy cities? Besides Havana with 250,000 people, I mention the following cities, none of which have less than 20,000 inhabitants, and some of which have above 50,000: Matanzas, Cienfuegos, Cardenas, Santa Clara, Puerto Principe, and Santiago. A page of the paper upon which I write would not suffice for the names of the cities and towns having 2,000 to 10,000 inhabitants. I write a few, as Pinar del Rio, Guanajay, Remedios, Sagua la Grande, Colon, Placetas, Cruces, Ranchuela, Holquin, Caibarien, Neuvitas, Manzanillo and Guantanamo. Now be it remembered that Cuba lacks over 10,000 square miles of being as large as the state of Georgia. Could so small an island sustain so many cities of such wealth as these if it were not rich beyond all possibility of exaggeration? And it must not be forgotten that less than one-fourth of Cuba has ever been brought under cultivation. No wonder the Spaniard fought so hard to retain it; it was one of his best assets. No wonder he expended so much life and treasure in its defense; it was well worth defending.

And it is no wonder that Americans, since the barriers erected by Spain around their island (isolated as it was by barriers of commerce, government, religion and language) have been measurably removed, are rushing in from every direction. Senator Sanguilly, speaking in the Cuban senate on the treaty of reciprocity today, declared that since the war Americans had invested in Cuba over \$80,000,000. If these figures of the senator are correct it is entirely within reason to predict that at the end of the next ten years American investments in Cuba will aggregate more than \$300,000,000 or above the value of all the real estate in the island at the close of the war.

A Bloody Riot in Monterey.

MONTEREY, Mexico, April 2.—During the celebration here to-day, of the victory of the republic with troops under General Diaz, at Pueblo, April 2, 1867, political capital was made of the affair by the partisans of the various candidates for Governor of the State of Nuevo Leon; and a mob of 15,000 citizens formed and marched to the residence of Governor Reyes. They hurled a shower of stones at the Governor and shouted, "Death to Reyes!" The police were sent for and in the mix-up that ensued in dispersing the mob two policemen and two citizens were killed and many wounded. Quiet now prevails, but it is not unlikely that the trouble may break out afresh as political sentiment is high and a strong feeling prevails against Governor Reyes.

The President in Chicago.

CHICAGO, April 2.—Six thousand people, in a hall, the seating capacity of which is but 5,000, gave enthusiastic greeting to President Roosevelt when he stepped upon the stage of the auditorium to-night. The building has held many a throng, but never one that was more hearty and unstinted in its applause for any man than the crowd that filled it to-night. From the first floor to the roof, it was packed to its utmost capacity. Every seat was occupied, and although the aisles were kept clear, all the space in the lobbies and on the stairways was taken and even the passageway leading to the hall from the lower floor were jammed with hundreds of men who were utterly unable to hear a word of the President's address.

Belief in Hell Affirmed.

Bishop Huntington, of the Episcopal diocese of New York, affirmed his belief in hell in his last Sunday's sermon read throughout the diocese, and severely criticized ministers who gain popularity by easing men's consciences about punishment for their sins in the hereafter. He said the English translators wrote hell because the Lord's word meant hell and that for the sinner he could see but one of two things, retribution or annihilation.

"My husband is a perfect brute!" "You amaze me!" "Since the baby began teething nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his papa's beard, and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off."

AN IMPORTANT SUIT.

Concord Times. We have been engaged for some time in doing the necessary printing in the case of Wadsworth against the city of Concord, the case being prepared to be presented and tried before the Supreme court at the present term. The sole question involved is whether a city can furnish its inhabitants lights on the public streets, and pay for the same, without first submitting the question to its voters for their ratification.

We have seen letters from the mayors of nearly all the cities in this State, and we find that nearly every other place is exactly in the same condition that our city is, and hence the decision in the Supreme court will not only affect the interest of parties in this city, but the interest of people in nearly every city in the State.

In the case of Mayo against the town of Washington a majority of the Supreme court held that the city could not erect and maintain an electric light plant at the public expense, without first submitting the question to its citizens for their approval. In that case Judge Clark delivered a dissenting opinion, and many of our ablest and best lawyers in the State concur with Judge Clark in his views. In fact, in the case which we are now printing we see that Judge Shaw finds as a fact that lights are necessary, but says that in deference of the Supreme court he is compelled to decide that they are not necessary, under article 7, section 7 of the constitution.

About thirteen years ago our town contracted with the Electric Light Company for lights, and since that time the Electric Light Company has furnished lights regularly, which were paid for out of the ordinary taxes. But if the Supreme court should hold in the case of Wadsworth against the city of Concord that lights are not necessary, then we understand that it will be the purpose and intention of the Electric Light Company to cut out all lights for the streets of the city. Our people will await the decision with a great deal of interest, and a large majority hope that the court as now constituted may concur with Judge Clark in his views.

The Ground Covered.

Charlotte Observer. "If Mr. Bryan and Colonel Wadsworth would hire a hall, with only themselves for an audience, and finish with their abuse of Mr. Cleveland it would be a great relief to the country, and probably to themselves.—Montgomery Advertiser."

"Neither the country, nor Cleveland has lost anything by the malevolent mouthings of this pair of envious and moribund egotists. Indeed nothing has contributed more toward a wholesome popular disgust and reaction from the 1896 Groverphobic malady they and others like them inoculated the Democracy with. Let the nuisance proceed—it carries its own best antidote.—Vickburg Herald."

This covers the whole ground. Not a word need be added to it.

Mitchell is Satisfied.

President Mitchell, of the Miners' union, expressed himself as satisfied with the decision of the coal strike commission, saying:

"This decision gives the miners greater justice than they have ever had before and I think in future strikes will be avoided."

He said further that while the union had not been recognized, it had made itself felt and had won a victory unparalleled in the history of strike settlements.

Burbank's Potato Best.

Luther Burbank, famous horticulturist, received word from Ireland that after careful experiments the Burbank potato, first produced in Massachusetts by Burbank twenty-eight years ago, is found to be proof against the potato blight. It is predicted that in future this variety will be grown exclusively in Ireland, thus preventing the potato famine, so much dreaded. Burbank is now engaged in fruit and flower culture in California, where he has grown rich.

The Best Place for Him.

Charlotte Observer. In a burst of appeal The Memphis Commercial-Appeal has produced this: "DEMOCRATIC TICKET IN 1904."

"For President, Grover Cleveland, of New York."

"For Vice President, William J. Bryan, of Nebraska."

"Platform: Harmony."

In the event of the adoption of this suggestion Col. Henri Waterson will have to take to the woods, for he will none of the three.

There are only four letters in love, and many a man wishes they had been burned.