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A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

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Shutting up Her Fold.

SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

The fire burns dimly on the hearth,
The light is turned down low;
And wintry winds through bare old trees
In fitful gusts oft blow.
The mother pulls the curtains down
To keep away the cold;
Tucks tightly in the children's beds,
She's shutting up her fold.

She covers up the little hand
Thrown over the coverlet;
She wipes the place on baby's cheek
Which one stray tear had wet:
Kisses the little ones who sleep
And smoothes the hair of gold.
Then kneels and "prays the Lord to keep."
She's shutting up her fold.

Oh, little ones, fenced round secure
With mother's love and care,
What looks of peace and trust and joy
Your sleeping faces wear!
Outside to night some children, who
Are tall and large and old,
Are wishing they could be once more
Sheltered in mother's fold.

What We Can Do.

(Salisbury Herald.)

Last Monday morning a bale of Rowan county cotton was opened at the Salisbury Cotton Mills, the cotton was worked into yarn, the yarn was carried over to the Knitting Mills and at noon men's stockings were ready for wear. Cotton in the bale at 7 in the morning and seamless hose at 12 o'clock! We may well ask: "Whither are we drifting?" We believe with the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record* that we are drifting or rather pushing ourselves into the ranks of a great manufacturing people and hope that soon we will be in the front ranks of it. This new half hose made out of Rowan county cotton and manufactured by Rowan county labor has appropriately been named the "*Farmers' Alliance Half Hose.*" They retail at 10c. This hose is not the shoddy product of a Northern or foreign mill, but the honest straight raw material grown in our own county and worked up by hard working home labor. These socks are seamless and to repeat a casual remark of a disinterested party they have only one fault,—they will not wear out. We advise our people when they buy socks, to ask for the Farmers' Alliance brand, which is a guarantee for goods worth your money.

Pungent Paragraphs.

(Pomeroy's Advance Thought.)

Depend on yourself awhile and give your friends a rest.

Men are bad because we have not taught them to be good.

To be alone is a million-fold better than to be in bad company.

The chief beauty of woman is in her spirit, not in her perishable body.

Men's wants are fewer than they generally think for, and generally of a different nature.

Activity in some business pursuit, or in doing good to those in distress, is a sure way to lessen grief.

No man loves his wife and children unless he holds them as of more importance than his appetite for drink or gratification of self.

There is far more honor in educating persons to keep out of crime than to imprison or hang them for being victims to circumstances left open for them to enter.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at E. T. Whitehead & Co. Drugstore, large bottles 50c. and $1 000.

Don't irritate your lungs with a stubborn cough when a pleasant and effective remedy may be found in Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm!

For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

If you are all run down—have no strength, no energy, and feel very tired all the time—take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will impart strength and vitality to your system.

For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

THE NEW SOUTH.

BY HON. HENRY W. GRADY.

New York Ledger.)

Some one, wittier than kind, has said: "The old men of the South, sitting amid their ruins and looking for better days, remind me of the Spanish hidalgos sitting on the porches of the Alhambra and looking for the return of the Spanish Armada."

There is pathos, but little fun, in that, to me. These old men, for the most part, lived stainless lives. The curse of fallen humanity, slavery, under their wisdom and kindness, largely lost its horrors and lived by the excellence of its administration when it had been condemned by the world. About it they built a civilization that in tender and engaging grace has not, perhaps, been equaled. The scenes amid which they moved, as princes among men, have vanished forever. A grosser and more material day has come in which their gentle hands could garner but scantily, and their simple hearts beat but feebly. And so, without a murmur, they pass quietly from the stage—never to give place to princelier and better gentlemen. As they sit in the porches of their dismantled homes into which dishonor never entered, and to which discourtesy is a stranger, and gaze out to the horizon beyond which their Armada has drifted forever—though the sea shall not yield them from the argosies that went down with their ships—yet their sons, rendered back in God's mercy, shall find them richer and broader in prosperity than that they have lost.

Years ago I was a chum of one of these old gentlemen. That is, I would sit at his side and listen for hours to his quaint and courtly talk. I can see him now as I write—his kingly figure, his ruddy face, his white hair, his lisle thread gloves, his closely-buttoned coat—hiding poverty and pain. And with his memory comes the picture of old Colonel Newcome, as he used to stand in his black gown, with the order of the Bath on his breast, and answer "Adsum" with the pensioners in Greyfriar's hospital. For my old friend, too, leaned in his old age on a charity he might have bought a thousand times over in his youth. One day he said to me: "Do you know, it appears to me that turkeys have lost their flavor?" I avowed that, to me, the great bird was still toothsome. "On my island,"—for he was one of those sea-island kings—"they fed largely on mast, which gave a nutty richness to their meat. I had thousands every year—the finest birds imaginable." I suggested that from these great droves of turkeys he must have had quite an income. "Income!" he replied; "why, my young friend, no Southern gentleman ever sold poultry!"

I happen to know the old man's son—a strong, upright, manly fellow. He came home from the war a bullet or two heavier than when he left college and throwing off his gray jacket—hung up, however, for his children to revere—he went to work. Sell poultry? Well, I should say so! He sells the eggs, then he sells the meat, then he sells the feathers, then he has the soil of his poultry-house scraped up and sold. From these once despised resources—sold with huckster-like exactness, though in larger spirit—he has rebuilt the fortunes of his family, and restored his father to independence. I see them often—the old man, trembling and aged, but happy in the heart and home of his son—the young man, confirmed in his new life, and holding it to be, though more strenuous, yet broader and better than the old life ever could have been. And as they walk out together—and they often do—each honoring and respecting the other, though their lives are wide apart, I notice that the old man's hand seeks lovingly the young man's shoulder, and rests there, ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment, as it lays there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father!

Along the line of the gulf coast, near where ex-President Davis now lies dying, and on the South Atlantic coast, from Darien to Charleston, there is where our *Ilium Fuit* is yet written. There the bat yet flits through deserted mansions where once beauty and chivalry gathered amid scenes of splendor. Immense rose-gardens burst upon the traveller in the midst of a deserted wilderness. Through magnolia groves gleam the white pillars of palaces, empty and desolate. Avenues of orange trees lead the curious to heaps of ruins that tell of the torch, dead thirty years ago. On parterres where once peacocks swept in royal beauty, ill-omened birds now lope and hover. Rabbits gambol by the light of the moon in superb gardens where once in splendid fetes the moon itself was shamed. Swarms of negroes, seeking the coast by instinct, hold almost undisputed possession. Always the country homes of the rich—points of luxury and pleasure—the busy South has not yet found time to reclaim and rehabilitate these homes.

Royal homes were these old "sea islands"—principalities in area, dukedoms in revenue. The main product was the long staple cotton, which commanded three times the price of ordinary cotton, and of which they had a monopoly. Often a thousand slaves were owned by one islander, and on the mainland, tended his rice plantations. Every species of game thronged the forest of the island, and the tropical fruits flourished. All that art and wealth could do to make these islands enchanting was done. Guests from both sides of the ocean found there hospitality that the best homes of England could not surpass. Pleasure vessels opened the sea to the planter and his friends, and his own ships carried his cargoes to and fro. On the mainland was clustered the oldest and best society of the States. In Liberty county (Georgia) is the home of Lyman Hall, one of the signers of the Declaration. It is now occupied by an illiterate negro. A mile away is the old Medway church-yard in which lie buried four of Georgia's governors. Near that church, that cradle of liberty in Georgia, a few months ago, a man claiming to be Christ harangued thousands of negroes. They deserted home, fields, everything, and lived with their new Messiah. The most horrible rites and orgies ensued. Negroes of both sexes, perfectly naked, galloped on all fours around the false Christ, grunting like hogs, until they fell exhausted. When he was arrested they ran naked in troops for miles, following the sheriff's buggy. They then set up a black Queen of Sheba, and worshipped her. Despoiled of their queen, they rallied about a dusky exhorter, who claimed to be King Solomon—the obstinacy of their superstition literally paralyzing the industry of the county. This, too, a county that for half a century was the ruling centre of wealth and intellect in Georgia.

The exceeding beauty and richness of the islands along the Georgia coasts have attracted Northern millionaires. Mr. Carnegie bought "Dungeness," the old home of General Nathaniel Greene. It was here that Eli Whitney, a tutor in General Greene's family, invented the cotton gin. At the first test of the gin the cotton packed on the roller. Mrs. Nightingale, General Greene's daughter, observing Whitney's annoyance when the cotton clogged the machine, took her tortoise-shell comb from her hair, and holding it firmly against the roller, solved the problem. It is at "Dungeness" that Light Horse Harry Lee, the father of General Robert E. Lee, is buried. "Dungeness" was famous for its rose-gardens, covering acres and acres, and for the beauty of its old mansion. Mr. Carnegie restored the gardens, avenues and mansion, and no prince has a finer estate. Jekyll's Island, near by, has been bought by a club of Northern men, who have already spent over half a million dollars, and have not begun. Jekyll's is thick with game. All manner of ducks fill its bogs and ponds. Quails make its thickets musical. There are over two hundred deer in one drove. Wild turkeys, squirrels and opossums abound. English pheasants were introduced and have multiplied amazingly. The owners are delighted with Jekyll's, and intended to make it the rival of Tuxedo.

A Good Hint to Farmers.

(Hickory Press.)

The rich black liquid that flows off from the barnyard contains the wealth of the farm. Use absorbent materials and save it. The loss of liquid manure is very great, and if saved would not only add fertilizing matter to the farm but increase the value of solids.

If you feel "out of sorts," and peevish—take Dr. J. McLean's Sarsaparilla; cheerfulness will return and life will acquire new zest.

For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

Scandal Scavengers.

(State Chronicle.)

Recently the Baltimore Manufacturers Record contained a wise and timely editorial protesting against the publication of every exaggerated sensation that penny a-liners could work up in the South. Referring to that editorial Mr. Peter M. Wilson, the wise and level-headed Commissioner of Immigration, wrote the following words of wisdom:

You deserve the thanks of every man who despises the bird that befouls its own nest. The lot of sensational rot under the head of violations of law of some kind, that is telegraphed over the wires and sent through the mails is appalling. Decent newspapers pay for it, or it would not go in such quantity. These scandal scavengers and coroners' strikers literally gut the country papers, and by flyblowing half truths send forth a volume of falsehoods that is not understood. If there was truth in them it would be worth a man's life to visit this part of the world, or any part as for that. Fictitious localities are given feigned names—devices that distort ingenuity to supply the space paid for. Will not your timely warning save us from further endurance? It is, of course, idle to appeal to the writers. The man who will understandingly write such horrors is too pinched by want or too careless of his acts to be reached. But will not the newspapers stop the flow of such putrid stuff, and save their space for better things? It's a short-sighted policy that will for a "flare of types" make a public believe that a community is given over to violence as a past time. In the face of the double murders, slaughter of negroes, suicides, terrible suffering from starvation, mobs, ku-klux, how does it happen that the law courts are empty? The census shows an almost abnormal increase in population and wealth. Surely there is need for good memory for these wretched "silhouette artists" of the morals of the day.

A Woman's Way.

(N. Y. Herald.)

A Brooklyn Woman who for years had been looking under the bed for a man actually found one there night before last. And she was so astonished at her success that she had the poor fellow arrested.

A True Girl.

[Seaside.]

There is a girl and we love to think of her and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend on and look to for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother. In her own name she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, still fingers that falter at their work; her strong figure is a staff upon which the gray haired, white faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the fall's sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and genial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only a mother. And when there comes a day when she must bend, as girls must often bend, over the worn out body of her mother lying unheeded in her coffin, rough hands folded, her long disquiet emerged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss and the girl who helped mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

Opportunities.

Great opportunities only present themselves once or twice in a lifetime, and if you have been unfortunate heretofore, or are not now profitably employed, you can seize a great opportunity to make yourself independent by at once securing an agency for the Memorial Volume of Hon. Jefferson Davis, which is being prepared by Dr. J. Wm. Jones, the "fighting chaplain," with the approval and assistance of Mrs. Davis. The publishers, B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main street, Richmond, Va., are anxious to secure the aid of a few more live, energetic agents. Apply early: "take time by the forelock and not by the fetlock,"

RAILROADS

AND RAILROAD COMMISSIONS

No. 10.

When the advocates of a railroad commission plead for it, they are answered that there is such a commission for all the states with jurisdiction over every foot of railroad in the United States, and what more is needed? Here is the answer to that argument: The national commission has no jurisdiction whatever over a single foot of railroad in any state in the Union. It only has jurisdiction over the traffic that passes over the roads, and then only when that traffic passes from one state to another. The freight transported must pass from the jurisdiction of one state to that of another state before the Federal commission can assume to act.

It would be much better for the country if that commission would never assume jurisdiction in any case. I do not assert as a fact, for I have no means of knowing, but I give it as my opinion that the Federal commission has been worth to the railroads more than five millions of dollars annually and has damaged the people more than six millions of dollars annually. I think the creation of that commission a stupendous fraud upon the rights of the states; and that fraud must have been conceived by the railroads and lobbied through Congress by railroad attorneys by the aid of the moneyed kings of that body.

The railroads of this state are citizens of this state and are under the control of the state as much as any other citizen.

The Federal government has assumed control over these roads when goods pass from one state to the other, simply because the people have tamely submitted to it. The government does this under the flimsy pretext of regulating commerce between the states, which it has a right to do.

The clause in the Constitution giving Congress power to regulate commerce between the states could not have meant more, in the minds of its framers, than that no state should lay any embargo or tax on the articles made in one state and sent to another for sale, and that the traffic between the states should be free and untrammeled.

The framers of the Constitution intended to have absolutely free trade between the states, and in order to insure this, the power to regulate was delegated to Congress.

Surely it never entered the brain of those who established the government to give Congress the power to regulate wages for services performed by the citizens of one state for the citizens of another state.

This whole matter as to services by individuals and corporations between the same of different states is one of contract, and was so considered and left to be governed by the rules and laws of other contracts. Then how can a commission created by the legislature interfere with a contract made in this state between the citizen of of this state and its other corporation citizens? Simply because the corporation is an artificial citizen vested by the state with specific powers for specific purposes, and no others. And these corporations can exercise no greater power than was granted them in their charter, and the legislature could grant no more to these corporations than the people had given it the right to grant in the Constitution.

And who will assert that the people ever granted or ever intended to grant, in the organic law of the state, any right to the legislature to surrender their sovereign power, or to grant by charter to any combination of individuals or to any corporation the power to deprive themselves and rob their descendants of the inalienable right to maintain protection against combined corporate powers?

This power of self-protection existed and asserted itself in the formation of the states, in the formation of the Federal Union, and will ever exist and assert itself. It has never been surrendered either to the states or in Federal compacts, and when the people acceded to these constitutions of the states by ratifying them they did not so understand it. And when the states acceded to the constitution of the United States, they understood that they were reserving to the people the right to control their own state affairs, to govern their own citizens, and especially the citizens of their own creation. This right was inherent, and if the powers that be attempt to withold it or render it nugatory, and the people shall realize the fact, they will by revolution or [illegible] as the case may be, assert their rights and place it in the organic law of the states and the United States, or we shall soon go into bondage.

I am now discussing the rights of the people in their nature and the organic law of this land to protect themselves from oppression and wrong, from whatever source, and especially from corporations either natural or artificial.

Although the railroad corporations are not human, yet they are manned by men of reasoning faculties, and who have invested their money in them. They are, therefore, justly entitled to a fair and reasonable compensation for their services and reasonable dividends upon the capital invested. And to maintain would rob them of this right is neither fair nor honest.

But the people are labouring under the impression whether right or wrong is not the question that these corporations are charging exorbitant rates for their services to the public, that they are growing and being rich and powerful; that they are becoming oppressive and dishonest in their dealings with the people, that they are controlling elections, the governments of the states and to some extent the courts as well.

Now, if these impressions are false and without foundation, as I doubt some of them are, the right to the state is the same as if they were true. Therefore, there is a necessity for a national commission to investigate all these alleged wrongs and ascertain the truth and let the world know it.

It seems to me that on business principles, if the railroads were innocent of these charges, they would be more anxious for a commission than the people. Or, if not so anxious, if they are not guilty, they ought to demand a commission. A man is charged with a crime, he declares he is not guilty, he demands an investigation. He feels conscious innocence, and yet he lays [illegible] the light turned in. And when the light is brought near he [illegible] extinguishes it if possible [illegible] proceedings for an injunction.

If these corporations have not violated their charters; if they have not been guilty of wrongs; if they have not been charging too much for their services; if they have not discriminated against one section in favor of another, nor against one man in favor of another, in their dealings with the public [illegible] fair and honest and reasonable, how could they be damaged by a commission? How could any investigation injure them? Would it not rather be to their benefit? Would it not bring about good feeling between the people and these corporations? Would it not relate the prejudice from the minds of some against the corporations? And if it would, is not this more than enough reason why it should be done, for the benefit of the people and the state for the corporations?

A Financial Famine.

[illegible]

I would be glad to get up [illegible] at this office, but I'm [illegible] ain't a dollar of [illegible] money [illegible].

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, [illegible] of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined. I feel that bad feeling [illegible] from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, [illegible] of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle at E. T. Whitehead & Co. Drug Store.

The most potent remedies for the cure of disease have been discovered by accident. The first cure of Dr. Shallenberger's Antidote to Malaria was given, as an experiment, to an old lady almost dead from the effects of Malaria, on whom quinine acted as a poison. One dose cured her; and a single dose has cured thousands since. It is the only known Antidote to the poison of Malaria. Sold by Druggists.