

THE WILSON MIRROR.

"Our Aim will be, the People's Right Maintain,
Unawed by Power, and Unbribed by Gain."

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THE BIG CONTEST.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC AND SPIRITED STATE CONVENTION.

The Friends of Fowle, Stedman and Alexander Meet in Noble Rivalry and Struggle for Supremacy.

On Wednesday the Democratic State Convention met in Raleigh, and was called to order by Chairman Battle of the State Executive Committee. He selected Col. Morehead as Temporary Chairman. A committee on permanent organization was then appointed and they selected that wise and admirably and courtly parliamentarian, Gen. Cox, to preside over the deliberations of the Convention. R. M. Furman, of Asheville, was made secretary, and all Democratic editors present were requested to act as assistants.

The chair then announced that if there were no further preliminaries to be arranged the convention would proceed to the nomination of a candidate for Governor of North Carolina.

W. A. Branch, Esq., of Beaufort, was first recognized, and in a brief, pointed and handsome speech placed in nomination Hon. Daniel G. Fowle, of Wake.

H. A. Gudger, Esq., of Buncombe, nominated Lieutenant Governor Chas. M. Stedman, of New Hanover, in a strong, compact, logical speech of fifteen minutes.

Hon. W. L. Steele, of Rockingham, nominated Hon. S. D. Alexander, of Mecklenburg. Col. Steele said that with Alexander at its head the Democratic party would be victorious, but it would also be victorious with any of the other gallant leaders who had been proposed for its leadership.

Hon. Oct. Coke, of Wake, spoke forcibly, as always, seconding and endorsing the nomination of Hon. Daniel G. Fowle.

W. M. Bond, Esq., spoke forcibly as always, seconding the nomination of Lieut. Gov. Stedman. Mr. Bond, who is a prominent young lawyer of Chowan, created a good deal of merriment, at one time, by addressing the convention as "gentleman of the jury." His speech was a capital one.

R. W. Winston, Esq., of Granville, spoke endorsing Alexander, in terms of genuine eloquence.

Hon. F. N. Strudwick spoke, endorsing Fowle, but said "No matter on whose shoulders the mantle of Scales shall fall success is ours."

When Capt. Strudwick had concluded, the convention shouted for the ballot, which was immediately proceeded with. The roll of counties was called and the vote taken.

The result of the ballot was then announced as follows: Fowle, 374 64-100; Stedman, 331 74-100; Alexander, 245 58-100; Gilmer, 8; Bennet, 1.

No candidates having received a majority of the number of votes cast the convention proceeded to take a second ballot.

The result of this ballot was: Fowle, 403; Stedman, 236; Alexander, 230.

A third ballot was taken resulting as follows: Fowle 415, Stedman 317, Alexander 228; showing a gain of twelve votes for Fowle.

A fourth ballot was taken resulting as follows: Fowle 417, Stedman 315, Alexander 231; showing a gain of 3 votes for Alexander.

A fifth ballot resulted as follows: Fowle 418, Stedman 315, Alexander 217; showing a gain of 10 votes for Stedman.

The 11th ballot resulted as follows: Fowle 423, Stedman 313, Alexander 230, R. H. Battle, Esq., 11.

No election and the convention proceeded to the 16th ballot, which resulted as follows: Fowle 393, Stedman 298, Alexander 231, Gilmer 29, Hon. Walter Clark S.

At this ballot the convention adjourned until 10 o'clock Thursday morning.

The convention reassembled at 10 o'clock on Thursday and the balloting began in real earnest. On the 22d ballot Stedman withdrew, and on the 24th ballot Fowle was nominated, the final vote standing 561.

At 12:45 Maj. Stedman entered the Hall, amid great applause. He was introduced by Chairman Cox. He looked rather pale. He won the regard of the entire Convention at once. He made a speech, which in language and sentiment was a model. He said it was his high pleasure to cordially and cheerfully support the nominee of the Convention. He thanked his friends and asked that any difference of opinion be laid aside. He was given three cheers with a will.

At 12:50 Judge Fowle entered the Hall. He was given a grand ovation, the entire

Convention rising and cheering until he took the platform. The cheers were deafening when Fowle and Stedman clasped hands with great heartiness. Standing in front of the stage Stedman introduced Fowle as the next Governor of North Carolina. Fowle made a speech, which was a marvel of vigor and grace and acknowledged kindness shown him by the grandest Convention which ever assembled in North Carolina. He expressed his willingness to do any work for the great Democratic party of the State. His eulogy of Stedman and Alexander drew loud and long applause. He pledged himself to conduct an earnest campaign. His description of the glorious work done by the Democrats in all departments of the State Governments was greeted with special applause, as were also his allusions to Vance, Jarvis and Scales. He discussed the condition of colored people and pledged the fairness and justice as well as kind consideration, but he declared that this is, and must be, a white man's country. He complimented the farmers and the Farmers' Alliance, and remarked that if the agriculturists had had ninety days more, their candidate would have swept the field. He termed the farmers the backbone of the Democratic party. He spoke of the demand for the repeal of the internal revenue laws, and expressed joy at the end of sectionalism, and at the unity of the country. He paid high tribute to Cleveland, and classed him with the ablest of the Presidents. This expression was roundly applauded. In conclusion Judge Fowle said he was ready to give the Republican party a Roland for its Oliver. [Great cheers and laughter.] He assured them of a great victory for the Democracy and good government. At the close of his speech, Maj. Stedman was the first to congratulate him. There was a rush to the stage to shake hands with the next Governor. The Convention was in the highest spirits.

At 2 o'clock it was decided to go into the nomination of Lieutenant-Governor. LeGrand's nomination of Alexander was very ably seconded by Thos. W. Mason, of Halifax, F. N. Strudwick, of Orange, and Kope Elias, of Macon, Alexander was nominated by acclamation and by a raising vote. At 2:15 the Convention took a recess, as the delegates were completely worn out.

Nominations for three Supreme Court Judges being in order, Joseph J. Davis was nominated by acclamation; James E. Shepherd on the second ballot, and A. C. Avery on the third.

W. L. Saunders, for Secretary of State; D. W. Bain, for Treasurer, and S. M. Finger for Superintendent of Public Instructions, were nominated by acclamation. Geo. W. Sanderlin was nominated for Auditor. A. M. Waddell and F. M. Strudwick were nominated for Electors at Large.

(For the MIRROR.) My Second Legacy.

BY ERNEST HARTE.

It was a bright June morning, twenty years ago, that I received the information that my uncle John Winburne was dead, and that he had bequeathed to me the contents of a sealed yellow envelope with the intimation that it contained something of inestimable value.

For an instant, surprise predominated over grief, for my uncle, years before, when I was but a clerk in his employ, suddenly entered the counting room one morning, and roughly announced, "Frank Lawrence, your service is no longer needed, your diabolical crime has been intercepted, and was it not for the sake of your mother who is my only sister, I would hand you over to the officers of the law, to be dealt with as your treasonable conduct deserves."

In vain did I ask for an explanation, and my entreaties were unheeded. "Go, sir, go! or I will kick you from my door, and your conscience shall be your own accuser," roared uncle in a perfect fury, as he gave me the amount due for my service.

Thus I was hurled into the world to meet my destiny, without money or fame, and stripped of honor by my only friend and relative.

It seemed impossible that my uncle who had ignored me through weary years of struggles and privation, and who had believed my character tarnished by an indelible stain, had so far relented as to remember me in his last will and testimony. Fearing that there might possibly be some mistake I wrote to know if I was really the person in question. On receiv-

ing a reassuring answer I resolved to once more visit my native state, from which I was driven by stern necessity.

A week later I reached the flourishing little city of H— and registered at James Hotel. It was in a part of the town which had been newly built, and there I stayed for fully four hours without seeing one familiar face. I was beginning to feel a stranger in my own country, when a well dressed man appeared, who after looking carefully around, fixed his eyes on me, exclaimed as he advanced, "How do you do, old boy?" and then hesitatingly "is this really you, Frank Lawrence?"

I returned the cordial grasp of his hand and recognizing the voice and address of my old school mate and companion, ejaculated, "Why Harry Benton!" For an instant we stood gazing at each other. He first broke the silence by saying, "Lawrence, I welcome you back to Carolina, but frontier life must have been agreeable, for I am at a loss to understand how the delicate boy that left us ten years ago could have developed into the robust man I see before me. Do you find H— much changed?"

"Wonderfully, the only natural feature being the pretty girls, for which H— has always been justly famed."

"Among them is your little cousin, Effie Winburne," said Benton.

"Who is heiress to an enormous fortune which no doubt adds a lustre to her beauty," I interrupted.

"You are badly mistaken, Lawrence, I am the lawyer employed to settle her father's estate, and I tell you frankly that Miss Effie will not be, by no means, handsomely provided for after the creditors are all satisfied; there is something for you, probably bank notes; but of course you know this."

"Yes," I answered, "and to find if possible the course of my uncles unjust treatment, and his ultimate favor is what calls me again to H—."

"What do you mean by unjust treatment?" asked Benton, "I thought Mr. Winburne was all that a father could have been."

"All that a father could have been, surely you are jesting, Harry."

"Upon my honor, Lawrence, I am not, but I find it after twelve, good night, call at my office on the corner of 12th and 18th streets, tomorrow morning and we will discuss the matter more largely."

On being left by my friend I sought the solitude of my own room and there pondered over the conduct of my uncle. If Harry Benton knew nothing of my relative's motives I was sure no one in H— did, so I had crossed the continent only to return without accomplishing my purpose. I determined to ascertain if my efforts should be utterly foiled, and if so, to secure my legacy and leave at once for my home on the Western prairies.

On entering Benton's office next morning I found him busily engaged, with a troubled countenance, examining paper relative to my uncle's estate.

"I had no idea Mr. Winburne's affairs were so complicated," said Benton, addressing me, "but to be brief with you, his daughter will inherit but a mere pittance of her father's wealth, his creditors are almost innumerable."

"I regret to hear this exceedingly, but tell me did uncle speak in terms less disparaging of me, before he died?" I asked.

"No one in H— ever heard him speak of you except in terms of approbation, and if any unpleasant transaction ever passed between you, rest assured that it has never been so much as intimated by him."

"But what reason did he give for my leaving him so abruptly?"

"He simply said that you had been called away on business, and it was uncertain how long you might remain."

Finding it impossible to obtain any clue to my uncle's mysterious conduct I questioned Benton concerning the sealed envelope, and its valuable contents.

"Something valuable Mr. Winburne said, and when I suggested bank notes he smiled, so I am not sure but what your inheritance will excel his daughter's," said Benton.

"Never," I protested vehemently, "and if her financial circumstances are as you have described, I pledge you my honor that what ever that envelope contains shall be hers, there is no need of further delay so produce the parcel and reveal the treasure."

As Harry placed the envelope in my hands, I noticed that it was well filled. "Here," I said returning it to him, "I prefer that you should open it."

This Benton did with the careless approbation of a lawyer, and as he took the faded sheets of paper from within, a small note fell to the floor. I instantly reached forward and secured it reading aloud:

"My governor made a clear \$3,000, yesterday he will be on a big spree by night, come over and help me put him out of the way, everything down here will be ours, and for a while we will have some fun."

Aug. 13th '81. F. L.

Benton threw down the other papers with a disappointed air, remarking, "Those other papers are blank and what you have just read appears to be your only legacy. Lawrence, what could Mr. Winburne have meant?"

"I confess that I am at no less a loss than your self to understand," I replied, "and see it bears my initials."

"Are you sure that you did not write this?" asked Benton.

"Quite sure; what is the date?"

"August, 13th, '81."

"That is the very day I left my uncle; the day he charged me with attempting to perpetrate some terrible crime."

"Charged you with what? Let me see the note," and snatching it from my fingers Benton perused it again and again.

Then suddenly exclaimed as if convinced by some overwhelming evidence: "Frank Lawrence this is surely my writing."

"Yours! impossible, Benton," I replied.

"Do you remember," he continued, "that silly custom of ours, when we were boys of using each other's initials for our own?"

"Yes," I assented.

"And whenever father met with special good luck he celebrated the event by becoming fearfully intoxicated. On each occasion I would invariably send for you to help get father home, and when he was safely in bed we would carouse around the rest of the night with a crowd of wild boys."

"I remember all of that perfectly well, but tell me what has it to do with this note?"

"Didn't you see," answered Benton impatiently, "that this is a note I wrote to you on such an occasion, which your uncle found, and placed a wrong construction on the words, 'put him out of the way' for see they are heavily underlined with blue ink while the writing is in black. Had not Mr. Winburne a few days before you left him made a large profit on his tobacco? I remember that father with several other farmers had."

"He certainly did, Benton, and you think uncle suspected that I was tempted by his money to commit some foul deed—to murder him, and to get it into my own possession."

"Candidly, Frank that is my solution. You know Mr. Winburne confided in no one, and even mistrusted his wife and daughter."

Seeing that this was the inevitable deduction from circumstantial evidence, I unexpectedly accomplished my purpose in visiting Carolina, so returned West immediately.

Not long after my arrival on the prairies, I received a letter from Benton informing me of the destitute condition of Effie Winburne. She was without money, home or friends, and by delicate training utterly incapable of providing for herself. The first thing that she needed was a home and how could I in my Western ranch furnish her with that?

But money, surely I had amassed a considerable sum, and what was I going to do with it? Strange, but I never thought of deriving any pleasure except in hoarding the glittering treasure. If I should die whose would all this be? Almost surely Effie Winburne's as she was my nearest relative.

Soon after I forwarded a sufficient sum to defray her expenses at any first class college. I instructed Benton to keep Effie at school until her education was completed, taking care that she should be ignorant of her benefactor.

When Effie left school I began to think that Mr. Winburne had left his most valuable possession without an owner; and as I was the nearest of kin surely had the best claim. So I did the most natural thing in the world; wooed my sweet little cousin, and she, alas, for the fancy of woman, did the most unnatural thing, married me, a bachelor twice her age.

And thus I obtained my second legacy.

My daughter suffered greatly with neuralgia in the face and forehead and was unable to secure any relief. I saw Salvation Oil advertised, sent for a bottle, and one application gave entire relief.

J. S. McCULLLEY, (policeman.)
Residence 204 N. Bond St., Balto., Md.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

Numerous Newsy Notes and Many Merry Morsels Paragraphically Packed and Pithily Pointed.

—Always comes out on top—hair.

—No thorough fare—An oatmeal dinner.

—A copper trust—getting credit for a cent.

—The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

—The thirst of desire is never filled, nor fully satisfied.

—Money is an enigma that everybody must give up.

—A chess tournament is always played on the square.

—The canned article that goes the quickest is a dog's tail.

—Artaxerxes had 900,000 men at the battle of Cunaxa.

—A dentist will file your teeth but not for ready reference.

—Something that should be looked into—a pretty girl's eyes.

—It is unfortunate that a little money doesn't go a long way.

Crocket Marshal, of Kansas, has a suckling calf that gives milk.

—The highest price recorded for a Stradivarius violin is \$8000.

—When a man claims the earth it is time to unearth his claim.

—Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.

William Harvey, an Englishman, discovered the circulation of the blood in 1578.

—A craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow.

—If thirty-two is the freezing point, what is the squeezing-point? Two in the shade.

—It is just one hundred years since the price of oats in England was as low as it is now.

—Mary Sharelefs, the richest child in America, is nine years old and worth \$50,000,000.

—Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott has accepted the pastorate of Beecher's old church in Brooklyn.

—Two of the Northern Methodist delegates have died during the session of the Conference.

—The city of Edinburgh, Scotland, was burned by Richard II. of England in 1355, and by Henry IV. in 1401.

—Tom Sweeney, of Greensburg, Ky., has a lamb born with two perfect bodies, eight legs and only one head.

—Foraker is understood to be against Sherman, and is taking a hand in the Mahone Sherman fight in Virginia.

—Bishop Joyce is a native of Ohio and is fifty years old. Bishop Newman was born in New York State in 1826.

—If the postage of this country were divided up equally, it would cost each individual eighty five cents, a year to get their mail carried.

Four generations live in a house in Central Falls, R. I. There are a mother, daughter, daughter's daughter and daughter's daughter's daughter.

—The largest edifice in the world is the Colosseum at Rome. It took 60,000 men ten years to build it in honor of Titus, and it seated 87,000 spectators.

—Buenos Ayres succeeded from the Argentine Confederation, and was recognized as an independent State October 12, 1853; reunited with Argentine Confederation, November 11, 1859.

—Lorenz Hummel, of Adrian, Mich., was switching one of his children the other day, when the switch broke and a splinter struck him in the eye, piercing the pupil and destroying his sight.

—The Moors invaded France from Spain in 720, but were overwhelmingly beaten by Charles Martel, near Tours, October 10, 732. This defeat prevented the extension of Moorish rule beyond the Pyrenees.

—A famous collection of bric-a-brac has just been sold in Paris, belonging to Charles, first an errand boy, then a billiard maker, a croupier, and finally a millionaire. He had an immense establishment and finally went crazy.