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BENJ. H. SWAIN, OWNER AND EDITOR.

VOL. IV. WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1888. NO. 12.

JNO. W. WOOD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
LEWISTON, N. C.

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MY NATIVE HOME

MRS. ANNA N. IRWIN.

Land of the South imperial land,
How proud thy mountains rise,
How sweet the scenes on every hand,
How fair thy covering skies;
But not for this—oh not for thee,
I love thy fields to roam,
Thou hast a dearer spell to me,
Thou art my native home.

Thy rivers roll with liquid wealth,
Unequal to the sea,
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health
And green with verdure be.
But not for thy proud ocean streams,
Not for thy azure dome,
Sweet Sunny South I cling to thee,
Thou art my native home.

Thou hast prouder glories too,
Than nature ever gave;
Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,
And freedom's pinions wave,
Fair science flings her pearls around,
Religion lifts her dome,
And all that come, have always found,
The South a pleasant home.

SOUTHERN AUTHORS, NORTHERN PUBLISHERS.

Scene.—The office of Mr. Mayflower Northrup, publisher.

Enter.—Mr. Southdown, a Southern author seeking literary fame.

Mr. N. Well, Mr. Southdown, I have read your manuscript, and find "Loowatha" a very pretty story. The plot is most ingeniously contrived. The characters are all admirably drawn. Every incident is full of interest, and the style is unexceptionable. But, seriously, Mr. Southdown, do you expect a Northern publisher to take hold of a Southern novel which does not contain one syllable about the negro?

Why, sir, as a rule, I won't permit a Southern writer to enter my august literary presence without a negro on his back, metaphorically speaking.

Mr. S.—You surprise me, Mr. Northrup.

Mr. N.—Don't be surprised, I beg you, what I say is consistent with the eternal fitness of things, I suppose you have heard of that. Think of Shakespeare without Othello, a pack of cards without a suit of spades, an ink stand without ink, a boot without patent polish, a company of twenty-five without a Smith—in short, think of day without night, and you will then be in a suitable frame of mind to conceive of a Southern story without a negro. No, sir, it is the negro alone who can accredit you Southern authors to the Northern republic of letters, and once admitted, you are expected to drop English and adopt the dialect and manner of the negro.

Mr. S.—But why is this?
Mr. N.—Why is this? Because it amuses us, and at the same time gives more or less consequence to the negro.

Mr. S.—But does it not depress and dwarf and degrade the literary talent of the South to hold it to such a level?

Mr. N.—That may be, but it is none of our business.

Mr. S.—But Mr. Northrup, you seem to concede that my story has literary merit?

Mr. N.—I do; that is, I would, if it came from Boston, or even from Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strand. But unfortunately it comes from the South without the Southern trade mark.

Mr. S.—Which is, I suppose, an African rampant on a field vert with weeds. But, pardon me; I meant no disrespect to your friend. And now let me enlighten you a little. Do you know how a Southern story is made up?

Mr. N.—Of course not.

Mr. S.—Well, when a Southerner writes a story he does it all at first in pure white and English.

Mr. N.—Why, bless me, I thought it was always done in pure white and black.

Mr. S.—Yes, and that is just where you are mistaken. It is done at first, as I tell you, in white and English. After enjoying the contemplation of his work a reasonable time, the author then

proceeds to put in shape for the Northern market.

Mr. N.—And how is that?
Mr. S.—Why, he first determines which of the characters are to be transformed into niggers, and then he paints their faces black, changes their English to African, sends them to the kitchen and they are then ready to be swallowed by you Northerners like a number of other things that come from the kitchen.

Mr. N.—You literally paralyze me! Do you mean to say that "Uncle Billy" in that charming tale of "The Old Plantation," which I published on shares was not a negro?

Mr. S.—I do most emphatically. He was a Chinaman, and you, through your utter ignorance of the real negro character, could not detect the shrewd imposture. How, Joseph, in Herod and Marianna, escaped being "Old Uncle Joe," is a mystery to all Southerners, but we suppose Miss Rives must have obtained a dispensation.

Mr. N.—You amaze me. I never dreamed of such a thing. That puts me to thinking.

Mr. S.—Well, just continue thinking, and meanwhile I'll take my leave. Good morning. Exit.

--S. D. D., in Richmond Whig.

CAMPAIGN FUNDS.

The State Executive Committee of the Democratic party has made known the fact that necessary funds for the legitimate uses of the campaign are badly needed, and have not been as readily forthcoming as they should.

We are glad to know that this section of the Cape Fear has responded, as it always does.

We never need and never use money as a corruption fund in this State, and the limited sum required for the legitimate purposes of paying the expenses of canvassers, printing and circulating campaign documents, printing and distributing tickets, and other proper party work, should, it seems to us, be easily obtained by light contributions from the various sources whence such funds are to be expected.

The brunt of the battle always falls on the poor press. There is not a paper in the State which does not contribute out of proportion to its ability and duty. We are expected to do any amount of gratuitous work for every campaign, and of course we do it. The press is freely used in every locality for making announcements, printing hand bills, and other work outside of its legitimate sphere of news purveying and editorial advocacy of party principles and the support of individual candidates for office. The press, in every campaign, is taxed out of all proportion to other people and other interests, and it never complains.

Why don't other elements as readily respond? What, for instance, do the two Senators and seven Representatives in Congress contribute to the exchequer of the Central Committee? For the terms of their incumbency, they receive in the aggregate \$130,000, exclusive of mileage and other allowances. Two per cent. would yield \$2,600. They ought, voluntarily, to fork over this much; and, on a pinch, double it.

The State officials at Raleigh receive, say, \$50,000 for their term of office, (it should, by the way, be \$100,000). Two per cent. would bring \$1,000 from this source. Under great stress they ought to double up to \$2,000.

The Judges, Supreme and Circuit, draw \$240,000, during their terms of office. They should readily contribute one per cent. in every State campaign. This would produce \$2,400.

Here then are source from which should readily flow into the Committee Treasury \$6,000 in every campaign, to say the very least, and in an emergency the sum should easily be made \$7,500. There are a number of Federal officials in the State whose contributions to the State Committee ought to be liberal.

There are unofficial persons, of course, whose contributions, if comfortable means, throughout the State, whose interest in the

cause of good government should make them willing contributors on a liberal scale.

From \$15,000 to \$20,000 ought to flow into the treasury of the State Committee, with natural ease, unsolicited. And upon appeal, under an emergency, \$30,000 should be forthcoming without delay or hesitation.

We know nothing about the volume of the contributions to the State Committee, but if they are short of the amount above indicated, we have to say that all Democrats are not doing their duty. We make no reflection, of course, but in the line of free suggestion, we make bold to say that the office-holding class should cheerfully bear its proportion of the burden of every campaign, and not leave it to the poorly paid press, or to the men in private station.—Wilmington Messenger.

AN EPISODE.

During the State fair at Elmira many visitors from way 'way wended their way into the newspaper printing offices. A very verdant specimen strolled into the engine room and said to the engineer:

"Be you the editor?"
"No," responded that official; "you'll find the editor in the next room."

The stranger went as directed by the joking engineer and accosted the foreman of the press room with:

"You be the editor, be you?"
"Yes," said the printer of papers, who understood the joke.
"How long afore you're going to edit some papers?" said the granger.

"Right now; look out!" answered the pressman, pushing the lever and starting the lightning perfecting press at the same time.

As the machine went to work turning out the papers so rapidly that it made the old man dizzy, he put his hands on his knees, stuck out his elbows, opened wide his potato trap, and yelled to his son, who stood in a distant part of the room:

"Great Scott, John, come over here and see this man edit papers!"

The suppressed laughter among the press room hands got vent at the old fellow retired, and fairly shook the building.—Elmira Telegram.

PUT IT IN WRITING.

Verbal contracts occasion more trouble, disputes and litigation than any other business transactions. The wise merchant, taught by experience, will endeavor to have a writing executed by the party to be charged in every case of importance arising in business. This is especially necessary of guarantee. A man enters your office whom you know to be perfectly responsible. He tells you to sell Brown a thousand dollars worth of goods. Brown is all right; he will answer for that, etc. Make him sign a memorandum. A customer gives you a large order for future and installment deliveries. Make him sign it in writing. You engage a salesman for a year, or for a month, or for a trial trip. Have it all put down in writing and signed. You save taking your chances before a jury, who nine times out of ten prove uncertain and too sympathetic with that party whom they consider is the "under dog." It is only a little trouble at the time, but it usually saves a heap of trouble in the future.—Trade Mark Record.

Two hundred Crow Indians are reported as advancing on the Sioux in Dakota. It looks from here as if the Crows were going into this fight without cause.—Rochester Post.

Emerson's grave, at Concord, Mass., is marked by a large boulder of pink quartz, which was destroyed by fire on November 4th. Loss, \$12,500; insurance about \$12,000.

The Mineral Spring House, at Lowville, owned by John O'Donnell, Railroad Commissioner, was totally destroyed by fire on November 4th. Loss, \$12,500; insurance about \$12,000.

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COURTESY IN BUSINESS.

The other day a gentleman entered one of the largest stores of Cincinnati in pursuit of an article the price of which he knew would scarcely exceed the cost of postage on an ounce letter. The fact of its insignificance and that it was rarely called for made it hard to find. One clerk after another was enlisted in the search, till finally they were joined by the proprietor before access crowned their efforts. Somewhat mortified at the amount of trouble he had caused, the customer began apologize, when he was silenced by the proprietor with, "My friend, it was no trouble; it was business. We have experienced full as much pleasure in finding that for you, as you have in receiving it. If you insist upon calling this trouble, please remember that we like to be troubled."

That merchant made an investment by his courtesy. He laid up treasure where moth and rust doth not corrupt, and it was laid up in Heaven, either. He secured the patronage of a man, though he did not know it, who sometimes makes purchases that are worth the while. Without intending it, he cast some bread upon the waters.

A BOUQUET FROM EDEN.

Purity is a lily of spotless whiteness on which the dust of pollution is not permitted to fall. An emblem of a seraph's character, it is a symbol of the divine nature. Modesty is a violet, with a sky colored robe and fragrance sweet as it just wafted on a gale of melody from the land of the blessed, yet bowing humbly its head to earth and hiding its blushing loveliness amid the clustering foliage. Amiability is a rose of rare beauty, with the blush of loveliness on every petal and a fragrance that an angel would delight to inhale. Meekness is a bunch of chamomile. From its own lovely bed when trampled upon, gives out a fragrance that rises to the throne of God. Faith is a honeysuckle, conscious of its own weakness, clings for support to something more substantial. Olive is a sprig of evergreen from the tree of life and brought thence by the messenger dove of mercy. Take these and bid them together with the ribbon of perseverance and wear them, and they will render you more lovely than all the gay trappings of earth. Each flower is perpetual, and if constantly worn all will flourish in unerring loveliness, but if neglected or thrown aside will wither. MRS. ANNA N. IRWIN.

BATTLE FOR RE-ELECTION.

There is likely to be a sharp contest for the seat in the Senate now held by Matt W. Hainson. He is a candidate for re-election. Alfred M. Waddell, ex-Congressman from the Sixth district, and candidate for elector at large on the Democratic ticket, is an avowed aspirant for the position, and a strong one; but there is another factor which, for the first time, enters into the contest. The Farmers' Alliance has today 1,825 new alliances and about 60,000 members in the State, all white men, all full of their faith, which is to support Alliance men and Alliance principles. It is said that the Alliance will press its President, S. B. Alexander, of Charlotte, for Ransom's place in the Senate. In case Alexander is not chosen, many Alliance men would favor Waddell.—Raleigh Dispatch.

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