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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

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NO. 14.

## ELIZABETH MEREDITH STEELE.

I.  
Elizabeth! Elizabeth!  
The first May morning whispereth  
Thy gentle name in every breeze  
That lispeth through the young-leaved trees.  
New rained in white and green  
Of bloom and leaf to crown the queen—  
And, as in odorous chorus, all  
The orchard blossoms sweetly call,  
Even as a singing voice that saith  
Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

II.  
Elizabeth! Lo, thy fair,  
In deep cool shadows of thy hair,  
Thy face maintaineth its repose—  
In it, O sister of the rose,  
So better, sweeter, blooming thus  
Than in this briery world with us—  
Where frost o'ertaketh, and the breath  
Of biting Winter barrieth  
With steely rains and blighting snows  
All fairest blooms—Elizabeth!

III.  
Nay, then!—So reign, Elizabeth,  
Crowned in thy May-day realm of death!  
Put forth the scepter of thy love  
In every star-tipped blossom of  
The grassy dais of thy throne!  
Sadder are we thus left alone,  
But gladder they that thrill to see  
Thy mother's rapture, greeting thee,  
Bereaved are we by life—not death—  
Elizabeth! Elizabeth!  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

## A PHANTOM PORTRAIT.

"Dear Mike: Will you look in at my shop this evening? Quiller is in town, and is going to dine with me at the club. I can't stand an evening of him alone, but if you and Teddy O'Brien will support me, with pipes and potatoes, I think we shall be a match for him. Come early, and I'm your friend for life."

DICK GRAVES.  
I had nothing particular to do, so I sent word round to Dick that I should turn up, having first made sure that Teddy O'Brien, whose studio was in the same block, would go also. Quiller we knew of old, as all the world knew him—a man who had seen everything, done everything, been everywhere—and these occasional visits of his were a perpetual terror to Graves.

Dick Graves, who usually shone as a host, was not at his best that evening. He was nervous at first, and rather silent, leaving the burden of the talk to Teddy and myself.

"Will you fellows look over my Cornish sketches?" said Graves, suddenly jumping up in desperation. "I think there are some you have not seen"—and he began to rummage about among a pile of old canvases.

Quiller resumed his seat and sat half-absently, he contemptuously, watching us as we turned over the paintings—possibly he was amused by our jargon of "tone" and "quality," and the rest. At length I picked up from the heap a painting that caught my eye and propped it on the easel near the lamp. It was quite unlike Graves's usual work, and I stood looking at it for a moment, not quite knowing why I did so. It was the head of a young woman, pale and slightly worn. She was leaning a little forward, looking out of the picture, her mouth parted by a slight, tremulous smile, and in her eyes a look that was a strange mingling of emotions, as if a new hope and happiness had come into a life of sorrow—a look half wistful, half exultant. I turned to speak to Graves, and saw that Quiller had got up and was standing gazing at the picture with a look of fascination or of fear. Hear at last was something that interested him.

"Where did you get that?" he asked abruptly.

"What do you think of it?" said Graves slowly.

"It's a good head," said Teddy O'Brien.

"It's a wonderful model," said I.

"A face to haunt one," said Quiller, in a tone quite unlike his ordinary cynical one.

"Ah, that's it," said Graves. "It's more than human."

"Who is it?" said Quiller, in his abrupt way again.

"For my soul I can't tell you, for I don't know. It's a queer story, and one I'm almost ashamed to ask you to believe. I shan't blame you if you think I'm humbugging."

We settled ourselves by the fire with our pipes, and Dick began his story in a manner, for him, so unusually grave and impressive that it seemed to leave no room for doubt as to his perfect good faith in the matter.

"I went into Cornwall, as you know, at the end of the summer, and after loafing round Newlyn for awhile, I went to the south coast to try and find some place that had been less painted. I stayed a few days at Polperro, but it was all so much like the smaller exhibitions in town that I could not stand it, and I finally landed at—, naming a small seaport town, "where there were no painters and not many visitors. I stayed at the 'Ship Inn,' and looked round for some place to hang up my palette. After some inquiries I found a small cottage which had been empty for some time, but which had evidently been used as a studio, for there was a wall knocked out at one side and a good sized room added, with a high north-light. On the south the kitchen was 'arlor,' which opened one into the other had a view of the loveliest little harbor in the world. The place was just what I wanted, and the rent was absurd—only £10 a year; so I took it for six months on the understanding I was to keep it or I chose. I bought a few things to make the place comfortable, and got an old woman to look after it for me; but I lived most of the time at the 'Ship Inn,'

and just at first I spent very little time at the studio, only taking in my canvases at night. When October set in cold and wet, I had to do some work indoors, and then it was I began to think there was something queer about the place. On day I had been painting a young girl from the village, the granddaughter of my ancient dame, and I was putting a few touches to the background when I heard a sound close behind me, like a very gentle sigh. I looked round quickly, but there was no one in sight—no one in the room, in fact. I went on painting, with an uncomfortable feeling of something uncanny, and in a few minutes the sound was repeated actually at my ear. I dropped my brush with the start made, and then I went all through the house to see if any one was in it. I knew that Annie and her grandmother had gone home, and I thought—I hoped—that some poor soul had crept in to shelter from the rain by the kitchen fire. Well, there was not a soul near the place. I looked up carefully that night when I went back to the inn, and in the solace of a glass of grog and a pipe before I went to bed I almost persuaded myself there was nothing in it. In the morning I had really forgotten it, I fancy; but when I got back to the studio a curious thing had happened. Right across the face in my picture were a couple of brush marks, such as you might make if you were trying the tooth of a canvas, completely spoiling my work of the day before. I called up Annie and her grandmother, and accused them of playing tricks. They were indignant at the idea, and finally I had to apologize for my suspicions. We reached the house together, but could find no means by which any one could have entered, and at last I was obliged to conclude that I must have done the damage myself when I let my brushes fall. In a few days, however, it became impossible to explain the thing by this or any other natural means; constantly my canvases were tampered with, and I grew to have the feeling that after twilight I was never alone in the room; that faint sigh, which had so startled me at first, I came to listen for and expect, and I began at last to clothe it with a personality, and to wish I had some means of comforting the poor soul who had no other language in which to express her despair. I did not think it was she who had defaced my canvases, however, and I took to carrying my work back with me at night to the inn, where they were secure from interference.

"I suppose the thing would have ended there but for an accident. There was a race meeting in the town, and the 'Ship' was invaded by a lot of fellows, who got drunk and made beasts of themselves generally. The place became unbearable, and I determined to camp in the studio until they cleared out. I made up a big fire, got my old woman to leave me some hot water in the kettle, and with help of a rug and a pillow stuffed into the back of my chair I made myself tolerably comfortable for the night. How long I slept I don't know. I awoke suddenly, not as one does in bed, with a drowsy feeling of relief that it is too early to get up, but with every sense on the alert, and a curious impression that something unusual was happening. The fire was still bright, and made a glow on the opposite wall; but what made the room so light was the moon shining in through the square window in the roof. I could see everything in the room quite plainly, but I seemed oppressed by some weight that made me powerless to move. I sat there staring at what had happened as helpless as if I had been bound. My painting things were just as I had left them; my canvas, on which I had sketched in a head, on the easel, and close by, on a stool, paints, brushes, and palette. They had been there, that is to say, for now there stood in front of the easel, with his back to me, a tall man, with a stoop in his shoulders, and dark gray hair; he had my palette in his hand, and he was painting with a sort of nervous intensity that it thrilled me to see. I looked to see what he was painting, for he kept glancing over toward the patch in the moonlight; but at first I could see nothing. Then I heard that little gentle sigh, but not, it seemed to me, so utterly weary and heartbroken as formerly; it was a sigh almost of content. And as I pondered on this my eyes seemed to become more accustomed to the light; and there in the moonlight, on the very chair in which Annie had sat, was a woman, leaning slightly forward, young, beautiful, and very pale—but you have seen the picture. I looked at her now more than at him, only glancing now and then to see how the work went on. As I watched her the face changed, and the sorrowful, worn look gave place to a kind of wondering happiness—he has not quite got it in the picture; it was as if the feeling were so intense it made a kind of radiance round her. I don't know how long I watched. At last a sound made me turn and look at the painter; he had thrown down the palette and brushes, and was standing looking at his work; then he turned slowly and held out his hands with a supplicating gesture. She had risen, too, and came a step forward with a wonderful light in her eyes, and just as she put her hands in his a cloud crossed over the moon and blotted out the figures from my sight. When it passed the patch of moonlight was empty, and there was only the painted head and the palette lying on the floor to convince me that I had not been dreaming. After that I must have fallen asleep, for it was broad daylight when I next remembered anything, and I heard the welcome and familiar sound of my old woman preparing my breakfast. The smell of frying pilchards was refreshingly mundane, and I got up stiff and sore from my uneasy couch, prepared to find that my phantoms of the night before had been nothing but a dream. No; there was the picture just as you see it, and on the floor were the palette and brushes. I picked them up, and looked curiously at them. If you'll believe me, I could never make up my mind to clean the paint off that palette, and it hangs there just as that fellow left it."

We sat silent for some minutes when Graves had done. I confess the story impressed me a good deal, and glancing up I could see that Quiller was strangely moved.

"And did you never have any explanation of the thing?" said I at last.

"No," said Graves. I never had any explanation, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

Quiller had risen, and stood near the fire.

"I think I can give it," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

Graves stared at him; no one spoke, and he went on, as if unwillingly:

"That must have been Drake's cottage you had; he was before your time—I dare say you never heard of him. He lived there with his wife—and that's her portrait."

Graves's stare of surprise became more profound, and Teddy and I looked on in silent wonder. Quiller went on, speaking like a man that has been carried quite out of himself:

"There was a tragic story told about Drake and his wife. He was a good deal older than she, and changeable and moody in his ways; and she, poor child, was ambitious to help him to be great. At first he was tender and thoughtful toward her, and then he seemed to forget how fragile and sensitive she was—he neglected her, and grew more and more morose and moody. He used to get very savage about his models, and complain that it was impossible to get any one with intelligence enough to sit decently. Once his wife asked him whether she could not sometimes help him by sitting, and he only laughed at her, I remember. 'You—you!' he said—that was all. Then the poor child had an illness, which, if she had been happier might have ended differently, and been a new happiness to both of them; but she was too worn out with sorrow and disappointment, and in the end she died. In her delirium she was always calling to her husband; 'Let me help you, let me be of some use; only once, dear, paint me only once; and poor Drake, who woke up to a sense of his loss, was heartbroken at his inability to satisfy her. The tenderest and most passionate tones of his voice never reached her, and she died without ever knowing him again. After that Drake was a changed man; he seemed to have only one idea—to paint the portrait of his wife. Canvas after canvas he spoiled, and when I went to see him he would say: 'She can not rest until I have done it. I must succeed; sooner or later I must satisfy her.' At length he became so unmanageable, eating nothing, and spending long, sleepless nights walking about the country, that his friends came and took him away. He died some months after in an asylum."

"By Jove!" said Teddy O'Brien when Quiller had finished, and then relapsed into silence.

I looked at Graves, but he was lost in a wonderment too deep for words.

"The portrait's very like her," said Quiller, with a strange awe in his tone. "I'm glad poor Drake succeeded at last."

"You think—" said I, and broke off.

Quiller was putting on his coat. He answered my unspoken question with a solemnity for which I was not prepared.

"For 23 years those two poor ghosts have been waiting their opportunity. Let us be thankful that in the end they found it."

He seemed to forget to take leave of us in any way, and went without another word. As the door closed each of us drew a deep breath of relief. Dick raised his head with an air of stupefaction.

"That's a rum story," said Teddy O'Brien; "why did you never tell it before?"

"The rummiest thing about it is the sequel," said I. "Dick, old man, is your part true?"

"I don't know," said Dick; "I begin to think it must be."

"Great Scotland Yard!" said Teddy O'Brien, "did you make it up?"

"Every word of it—on the spur of the moment."

"Did you know—"

Not a word. Quiller seemed struck by that picture, and it was the only sign of human interest he had shown, so I thought I'd humor him. I didn't mean a ghost story when I began, but it somehow developed into that. I would have given a good deal to take a rise out of him, but I never hoped for anything so complete as this."

"It was a curious coincidence that you should have taken Drake's cottage," said Mr. O'Brien.

"Yes," said Dick dryly; "but the most curious part of it all is that the cottage was made up too."

"Great Scotland Yard!" said Teddy O'Brien again.

"And who painted the head?"

"I painted it myself," said Dick, "and I begin to think it must be a damned good picture." —Cornhill Magazine.

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## THE STATE PLATFORM OF PEOPLE'S PARTY.

IT DEMANDS MANY CHANGES AND MANY PLANKS ARE CONSTRUCTED.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS

IS ASKED FOR AMONG OTHER THINGS, AND THE FREE AND UNLIMITED COINAGE OF SILVER.

By United Press, to State Chronicle.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Aug. 6.—The People's party convention, after listening to a speech from Hugh Cavanaugh, the permanent chairman, heard the report of the committee on platform. The report demanded and favored among other things the forfeiture of the charter of the Standard Oil Company; the enactment and rigid enforcement of a law for the suppression of all forms of gambling in futures on all agricultural and mechanical products; favoring the election of United States Senators by popular vote of the people of the States; demanding the enforcement of laws against adulteration or counterfeiting of food; free school books for our public school system and compulsory education; the prohibition of child labor under 14 years of age, the abolition of contract prison labor, believing in the doctrine of equal rights and special privileges to none, and that taxation, national, state or municipal, shall not be used to build up one interest at the expense of another; the abolition of national banks as banks of issue and as a substitute for national bank notes we demand that full legal tender treasury notes be issued in sufficient volume to conduct the business of the country on a cash basis, and we favor government loans directly to the people on real estate or other ample security at a rate of interest not exceeding two per cent. free and unlimited coinage of silver, the passage of laws prohibiting alien ownership of lands and that Congress take prompt action to devise some plan to obtain all lands now owned by alien and foreign syndicates, and that all lands held by railroads and other corporations in excess of such as is usually used and needed by them be re-claimed by the Government and held by actual settlers only, and a just and suitable system of graduated tax on incomes.

"That the exclusion, importation, exportation, manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors shall be conducted by the government or State at cost, through agencies and salaried officials in such towns and cities as shall apply for such agencies.

Asserting that the right to vote should be given to everybody irrespective of sex or color; government ownership of all means of transportation and communication between and by the people of the United States; favoring liberal pensions to all honorably discharged Union soldiers of the late civil war and generous care of their widows and orphans and demand that the differences between the value of gold and greenbacks at the date of payment be made equal to gold, so as to place the soldier on the same footing as the bond holder has been.

The resolution referring to liquor was recommended to the National Committee for adoption. All the resolutions except that referring to the liquor question were adopted in the lump.

After considerable debate on a motion to lay the liquor plank on the table, the committee's recommendation to refer it to the National Committee was adopted.

Hon. John Slet, of Tiffin, was nominated for Governor and Frank Rist, of Cincinnati, for Lieutenant Governor.

## A DESCRIPTION.

W. E. CHRISTIAN'S DESCRIPTION OF SAM P. JONES, THE EVANGELIST.

Mr. Christian a former North Carolinian, and at one time editor of the Charlotte Democrat, gives the following description of Mr. Jones:

"He has the grace of a snake. His eyes are as steady and as charming as a snake's eye. He has the velvet tread of a panther and the plausibility of an old shoe. He was facing a strange audience he descended upon the Philistines. He was like David, only he don't use smooth stones and uses more than five. He is full, and the sinners hair began to bristle up on the backs of their heads. They were mad at his gaiety. 'They showed fight and went away saying he was a backslider. But in that sermon he had struck Goliath plump. Sermon followed sermon, each built up differently. Sam gives the sinners blue-eyes one day and quinine the next. He lets him down and tones him up, and now and then, in one of his pathetic moods, he takes him by the hand and leads him into green pastures and by the side of still waters—and the fellow lets a tear fly without knowing it. Sam is a man of big heart and says vulgar things at times; but what he says is bold truth clothed in the language of the low-bred man. He talks this way to catch the low-bred fellow. He fishes at different depths. For the deep, high-toned fellows, he introduces now and then a longer line, but he knows a low-down cat-fish blue-blooded stack-up mountain trout bite best at different baits. In the midst of his black portraits of life he will now and then let in a clear, mellow, chaste bit of rhetoric as sweet and translucent as a deep cool pool of blue sky through the rugged edges of chelling clouds."

## MATTER OF HISTORY.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE INCIDENTS WHICH LED TO THE FAMOUS SAYING OF

"WHAT THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA SAID TO THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA."

Atlanta Journal.

Every man in the United States is supposed to know what the "Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina," but possibly some do not know when and under what circumstances the famous remark was made.

Nearly a century ago a man prominent in political affairs in North Carolina moved across the border and settled in South Carolina. He had been there only a short time when he committed some small crime of misdemeanor, for which he was indicted. To escape arrest he returned to his old home in North Carolina. In due course of time the governor of South Carolina issued his requisition on the Governor of North Carolina for the fugitive criminal.

The fugitive had rich and influential friends in his native State, and they interceded with the governor until he refused to grant the requisition. A long official correspondence followed. Prominent men in South Carolina told the governor he had not been treated with proper official courtesy by the governor of North Carolina.

The result was that the South Carolina governor, accompanied by a large party of friends and advisers, journeyed by stage to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, for a conference with the governor about the matter of giving up the criminal.

The governor of North Carolina, with a large party of distinguished friends, met the governor of South Carolina several miles from town, and escorted him to the governor's mansion with all the ceremony due such a distinguished visitor.

Before the object of the visit was stated the entire party sat down to an elaborate dinner. After dinner wine was served, and after wine came brandy—the "apple-jack" for which the Old North State is famous.

After many rounds of drinks the decanters and glasses were removed, and the governor of South Carolina stated the object of his visit. He demanded the surrender of the fugitive criminal. The governor of North Carolina refused. Then followed a long and heated discussion in which the attorney-generals of the two States took an active part.

Finally, the governor of South Carolina grew angry, and, rising to his feet, he said: "Sir, you have refused my just demand, and offended the dignity of my office and my State. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the State, and, turning with my army, I will take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor what do you say?"

All eyes were turned on the Governor of North Carolina, and his answer was awaited with breathless interest. The governor rose slowly to his feet and beckoned to a servant who stood some distance away. His beckoning was firm and dignified, as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the governor of South Carolina demanded: "What do you say?"

"I say, governor, that it's a long time between drinks!"

The reply restored good humor. Decanters and glasses were brought out again, and, while the visitors remained, if any one attempted to refer to the diplomatic object of the visit he was cut short by the remark that it was a long time between drinks.

When the visiting governor was ready to return home he was escorted to the State line by the governor of North Carolina, and they parted the best of friends.

The fugitive was never surrendered.

## HE CAUGHT IT.

AND THE LADY IN FRONT OF HIM WISHED HE HAD MISSED HIS MARK.

Leviathan Journal.

A gentleman who attended church at Camp Ellis last Sunday evening came near breaking up the meeting and spoiling a love of a bound at one fell swoop. He sat serenely in his pew and found the services very enjoyable until the mosquitoes began to interfere. Soon he became assured that he had been singled out by a particular persistent and vigorous insect. As he bowed his head in the attitude of prayer the little piping poison bottle perched on his neck, and a sense of proper decorum was at last restrained a blow. The insect was gently dislodged with the left hand, but immediately took refuge on the right ear of the sorely annoyed worshipper.

Up went the right hand and the bug took his departure to reappear on the other ear. It was no use, the restraint of a lifetime was thrown off and with a mighty thrust out went the right hand and snatched at the little offender when, to the consternation of two people and the irrepressible amusement of a score of less devout worshippers, the gentleman found in his hand the feather of a lady's hat and the lady felt her hat violently wrenched from her bowed head.

## KENTUCKY'S ELECTION.

DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY 25,000—THE NEW CONSTITUTION ADOPTED.

A telegram from Louisville, Ky., dated August 5th, to the Wilmington Star, says: Returns on the election of Monday, from 95 out of 119 counties show no considerable change from the estimate sent in these dispatches. The new constitution, has been carried by 75,000 to 100,000; the Democratic majority is 25,000; the people's vote, 10,000 or less. The Senate will stand: Democrats, 27; Republicans, 10; People's, 1. House—Democrats, 69; Republicans, 17; People's, 12; Independent Democrats, 17. Many Democrats are far from in sympathy with the Alliance.

## A MINISTER COWHIDED.

MISS BROWN STRIKES REV. MRS. JASON BECAUSE HE WILL NOT LOVE HER.

News and Observer.

ORANGE, N. J., Aug. 2.—Rev. William C. Jason, pastor of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church here, was assaulted yesterday by Miss Adelaide Brown, a member of his church, who was armed with a horse-whip. Mr. Jason is a graduate of Drew Seminary, and has been in charge of the church for about a year. It is claimed that Miss Brown showed him a good deal of attention and sent him presents and love tokens. He wrote her a letter saying that he was not in love with her, and she then asked to have her name taken from the church roll. While Mr. Jason was in his study yesterday morning Miss Brown knocked at the door and entered the room. She immediately drew a cowhide and struck the minister a number of stinging blows. He wrenched the whip from her hand and put her out of the room, and then went to the police station and swore out a warrant for her. Detective Conroy arrested the young woman in the afternoon in the house of Mr. Blass, on Evergreen Place, East Orange, where she is employed as a domestic. She was arraigned before Judge Davis and refused to give bail, saying that she wanted to go to jail. She was thereupon committed to the county jail. The young lady is thought to be out of her head.

## WE MUST BE REPRESENTED.

Rocky Mount Argonaut.

It commences to look as if North Carolina will not have an exhibit at the World's Fair, after all, that is, if she has to depend upon a legislative appropriation for that purpose. It looks very much as if the last legislature deliberately voted to appropriate money which they knew could not be diverted from the purpose for which it was intended. In other words, not wishing to bear the stigma of refusing to vote enough money to enable the State to be properly represented at the Columbian Exposition, they resorted to a trick, which, while relieving them from the odium of allowing our State to be unrepresented at that great exhibit of the resources and industries of the world, yet most effectually prevents such a representation. It seems incredible to think that our legislators should do this, but it is more incredible to think they were so ignorant as not to know that they could not legally divert money owing to private individuals, to any such purpose. The thing seems to us absolutely ridiculous, and would be amusing as an illustration of imbecility and demagoguery, if it did not involve consequences so disastrous to the best interests of our State. But this action of the legislature, must not be allowed to defeat a proper exhibit of our grand resources, at Chicago. Some arrangements must be made to have the State properly represented. This is no time for hesitating. Let the people of the State take hold of this matter and see that it is attended to. Thank Heaven, we have a business man for Governor, therefore we are confident he will do everything he can to help this all important movement.

## LABOR.

Kenly Visitor.

Labor may be a burden and a chastisement, but it is also a honor and a glory. Without it nothing can be accomplished. All that to man is great and precious is acquired only through labor. Without it civilization would relapse into barbarism. It is the forerunner and indispensable requisite, to all the sweet influences of refinement. It is the herald of happiness, and makes the desert blossom as a garden of roses, it whitens the sea with sails and stretches bands of iron across the continents. It is labor that drives the plow, scatters the seed, and causes the fields to wave in golden harvests for the good of man. It gathers the grain and sends it to different regions of the earth to feed other millions toiling in less favored channels there.

Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the fields and the fleece from the flock, and weaves them into innocent soft, warm and beautiful. The purple robe of royalty, the plain man's arbuter suit, the fantastic dress of the painted savage, and the furry covering of Arctic lands are alike the results of his handiwork, and proofs of its universal sway and honor.