VOL. III-

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NO. 17.

#### TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND,

- Ob, why should the world seem strange,
  With its beauty around me still?
  And why should the slope of my swarded path
  Seem suddenly all up-hill?
- I had gone with a buoyant step, Se cheerily on my way; How could I believe so calm a light Could turn to so chill a gray?
- And wherefore? Because the hand That held in its clasp my own— Whose touch was a benediction such As only the blest have known—
- Was caught by the viewless hand Of an angel, and upward drawn. What hope, what comfort, what guidance
- Since the stay of my life is gone?
- "But a stronger is left to thee,"
  Some comforting whisper saith—
  "The arm that shall carry thee safe to him
  When thou crossest the tides of death."
- If Christ in His mortal hour
  Had need of the chosen three,
  Te watch with Him through the awful throeg
  Of His dread Gethsemane,
- Oh, surely His human heart
- Will pity and understand
  That speechless yearning, too deep for words,
  For the "touch of the vanished hand!"

  --Margaret J. Preston, in Harper's Bazar.

# ALL'S WELLTHAT ENDS WELL

BY MRS. NORA MARBLE.

Miss Sarah Ann Titus was no longer young, and, as her own sex thought, never very comel. To day the one upright wrinkle and the other, like the leaning tower of Pisa beside it—her "intaglies," as she facetiously called them—

as are facetously called them—
and more pronounced than ever
har forehead.
hother article upon 'How to be
iful,' she said peevishly, throwing
the newspayer. "Last week I had
concluded to undertake the procording to Daisy's receipt in the Ladies' Own Journal, but there's another treatment directly opposed to the other.

Let me see!" and with that frown deepening upon her forehead Miss Sarah arose to look for the receipt in question.

"Now this is the process 'Daisy' recom-needs! I must pinch my cheeks outward, my mouth upward, going through a gen-eral kneading process four hours at least out of the 24. Rub my forehead horizontally till it tingles. Cut my eyelashes every full moon; bathe my eyes in a preparation, the receipt of which she will send upon request. Brush my hair one hour or more every evening. Massage for the figure, one hour daily. An hour inicure two or three times a week. A chiropodist-no, treatment for the feet is not included, it seems. We will leave that for women of Oriental countries, I suppose. Then the water in which I bathe must be as hot as I can bear it, with an ice cold douche to follow. Then a vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel, and—and—my diet, oh, yes, my diet! Principally vegetable, no coffee no tea, no condiments, no stimulants! "I had resolved upon beginning part of

this treatment to-day, the hot water and rubbing at least, but here this skin specialist, who says she knows of what she writes, advises me totally different treatment. Cold water, soft flannel or linen, no harsh rubbing or pinching, almond paste, creams, lotions, and, yes, no fretting. Her strong point is cheerfulness. Train the eyes to smile as well as the mouth. To be beautiful, cultivate a beautiful spirit; to obtain an emimently pleasing expression say 'plum;' an innocent, touching expression, repeat the word 'coo.' Plenty of good wholesome food, cheerful company, riding on horse-

back, etc., etc.
"H'm! Well, I believe in the kneading process, somehow. It at least lends a glow to the countenance;" and for one mortal hour Miss Sarah Ann Titus kneaded and pinched, and rubbed her re or less sallow skin, disdaining not

t intervals to say "plum" and "coo," coording to the specialist's formula.

"Mixing the ingredients of two receipts on't hurt," thought she. "I have done that often in cookery, and found the result very satisfactory indeed."

At the postoffice a few days later arrived a goodly sized package addressed to Miss Sarah A. Titus, Busyville, Long

"There's bottles of stuff in that aire kage," soliloquized the curious postmistress, turning the package about in her hands. "Smells a deal sight like perfumery. Now what under the sun is ry Ann Titus a wantin' of so much sweet smellin' stuff, I wonder?" from wondering, this amiable lady intly fell to conjecturing, and from rjecturing it did not take her long to ive at a conclusion.

"It's Beacon Smith, I'll be bound, "sho laimed after due reflection, failing in all her efforts to decipher anything like a label through the heavy wrapping.
"The peaky thing's sealed, or I'd know what's inside afore ever it left this office, or my name's not Tillie Sharp. But it's Smith, I'm certain of that. Sary Ann ain't a buying of purfumery by the wholesale fer nothin', jes mark my words:" and Miss Sharp nodded her head sly over some recollection which

"Du tell?" and Miss Betsey Trotter, the village dressmaker, stared in open monthed astonishment a minute later at the postmistress. "Deacon Smith and Sary Ann Titus! Well, I never!"

"But it's so," asseverated Miss Sharp, "or at least-" "Anythin' fer marm?" squeaked a small voice, just here, "Sho's a reckonin' onto gettin' a letter from sister

Jane to-day.

Miss snarp peered into one of the pigeon holes with no amiable expression of countenance.

"No," she snapped, "nawthin'."
"Drat that boy!" she exclaimed to the impatient Miss Trotter; "twice a day fer a month he's been here axin' fer that letter. I wish Jane would write and be done with it."

"Yes, yes," said her listener. "But as you was sayin', Deacon Smith and Sary

"Anything fer Sister Sal?" and "Anything for me?" followed by other inquiries in rapid succession, made a reply from the postmistress impossible, so that Miss Trotter was fain to trot off and leave the matter for discussion to a more convenient season.

"What! Deacon Smith and Sarah Titus! Well, well, wonders will never cease!"

Thus before nightfall had exclaimed more than a score of female voices; and before the close of the next day, 'tis safe to assert, not many persons within the village but had heard the news.

"But," said more than one, "the deacon hain't never tuk her to meetin', and what's more, he ain't never 'peared to take a shine to old maids anyway. Widders always seemed to be his great holt, you know.'

And, in truth, more than one widow in that community felt herself considera-

bly aggrieved at the news.
"I don't believe it," snapped Mrs,
Brown, fair, fat, and forty; "I can't believe it." And in the privacy of her own chamber, I'm fain to confess that this one widow at least, whether justly or unjustly, dubbed Deacon Smith a perfidious wretch, a triffer, a gay deceiver!

In the meantime Sarah Titus had not been idle one hour out of the waking 24. That package from the postoffice she had exultantly carried to her bed chamber, and securely fastening the door, proceeded to open it.

Balms, creams, and lotions; "kohl" for darkening the eyebrows and lashes; a hair "restorative" of a suspicious brewn color; a manicure set, and various unguents, needless to mention. When all were displayed upon her dressing table, something of an incipient apothecary

shop was presented. "Now let me see," said Miss Titus, referring to various clippings neatly pasted in her scrap book. "The last number of Beauty Gossip said no woman could be beautiful unless she went through certain processes every day. Such and such a cream applied at night, this and that lotion during the day. The kept open by steaming hot baths, etc., etc. H'm! Well, by combining one or two suggestions from each of these writers, I shall within a fortnight see a marked improvement in my appearance, no doubt;" and forthwith Sarah Ann applied herself to steaming, pinching, rubbing, and lathering her faded skin with one or more of the preparations be

That week and the next Miss Titus donied herself to all visitors.

Why, the deacon hain't been there this fortnight," said Miss Trotter, while fitting a basque for the butcher's wife. 'I know he hain't, fer when my eye was off'n the front door, one of my 'prentices was on the watch.

"They say she's a keepin' close 'cause it's fashionable," replied the other, "but for my part I hev a notion-hain't you gettin' that armhole too tight, Miss Trotter? You know I must hev plenty of room when use'n the cleaver.'

"What's your notion," returned Miss Trotter, while make the necessary alterations, "concernin' Sary Aun?"

Why," the butcher's wife's voice fell to a mere whisper, "I've got a notion

"Miss Trotter," came a voice from the work room, "is Mrs. Brown's pink calicker to hev a ruffle round the bottom?" "Well," impatiently queried Miss Trotter, after deciding that matter, "well, do let me hear what's your notion, Mrs.

Lamb. I'm expirin' to know." "It's only a notion, arter all, you know, Miss Trotter, jes' my own notion,

"Miss Trotter," again cried the apprentice," how many breadths must I cut off fer the back?"

"One and a half, stupid," was the answer; and again was that "notion" requested of Mrs. Lamb.

"It's my notion, then, that they're already married—on the sly, you know. That's the reason she's keepin' close, for I dessay the deacon's darters 'll cut up purty high over his marryin' sech a sour Mrs. Lamb was going to add "maid," but the age and condition of Miss Trotter made her substitute "thing"

"But they say Sary Ann's well fixed," responded the dressmaker, snipping with evident relish at the goods. She's tuk a mor'gage on Squire Perkins's place, as well as on other farms around hereabouts."

"Oh, that accounts fer it then," replied Mrs. Lamb, with a laugh as rounded as her arm, "that accounts fer Deacon Smith's choosin' a broomstick 'stead of a woman, ha, ha!" and pretty soon the lady took her departure.

"Married! on the sly! Gracious me!" It needed no evening bulletin to spread the news. Miss Trotter had had many customers that day, and Mrs. Lamb's 'notion" was soon merged into a fact.

"It's my opinion the deacon didn't go to town Cother day," remarks that lady confidently as the next morning she dex/ terously cut the chops for the baker's wife, "it's my opinion that .... " a north and a wink surved to daish the amtento.

"Why, who ever?" intelligently ex. should I relate what Deacon Smith said claimed the other lady, "Upon my

Before many hours after this news several exemplary members of the church met in earnest conclave.

"It's not seemly behavior to say the least of it," primly remarks Deacon White's better half, "upon the part of people long past the thoughtlessness and impetuosity of youth,"
"Unseemly!" retorted Mrs. Brown, the

arrow of disappointment rankling more and more in her heart. "I call it downright disreputable, I do!"

"Impetuosity of youth!" grunted a spinster of some 60 summers. "I would not have done such a thing tho' a king had sued for my hand."

"Of course you wouldn't," dryly re-marked one of the ladies. "I am sure we all know under what rigid control you have kept that impetuosity of your nature, Miss Stone," upon which speech a subdued titter went around the circle. much to the discomfiture of the spinster who never had had a suitor in her

A few more friendly tilts of the like nature, and the committee presently found themselves in fitting humor for the proposed visit to the delinquent bride

"I don't think," stammered Miss Titus's maid of all work, perceptibly em-barrassed, "I don't think Miss Titus is after bein' able to see company to-day,

#Sick!" queried one of the ladies with a knowing look at her companions. "Sick, eh?"

"Well, that is all the more reason," interrupted Mrs. Deacon White, stepping within, "that is all the more reason that we should see her. Go tell your mistress a delegation awaits her coming," and without more ado the committee filed into the parlor.

"They looks as if they'd got a funeral on hand," whispers the belp to Miss Titus, "or a prayer meetin' or sumthin' very solemn."

"But I can't be seen," graaned Miss Titus. "Just look at my face!"

"I told 'em you was sick," said the girl, commiseratingly vir wing the face upon which the pixching, scalding, and "lotion-ing" ha . done their perfect work. "I told 'em you was sick, and you can jes hint like 'bout airysipelas or scarlet fever, or anythin' what leaves a red. pimpley skin, you know."

"Yes, yes, "sighed Miss Titus, re-creamsuppose I will have to make some such an apology for my appearance," as sho heroically descended to the parlor.

"Gracious me!" exaculated Mrs. Brown, feeling for her smelling salts, "whatever is the matter with your face, Sarah Ann?" Miss Titus gazed at the concentrated

faces of the committee and gasped out something which might have been Cerebro-Spinal-Menengetis, Erysipelas, or anything else under the sun. "Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Smith," presently said Mrs. Deacon

White, wishing heartily for a bit of camphor the while, "though, for a bride, I must say you do present a most deplorable appearance. "A bride!" echoed Miss Titus, the

blotches upon her face turning the huo of a fine royal purple. "Me a bride!" "There is no need for further secrecy,

Sarah Ann," responded Mrs. Brown. The fact of Deacon Smith being shut up here for days makes the acknowledgment of your marriage a necessity, it seems to

"Deacon Smith! Shut up here for days!" gasped Miss Titus, showing strong symptoms of hysteria. "Why of all things!" At this juncture the frowzy head of the help appeared at the parlor door.

"Deacon Smith! ma'am!" she announced with a giggle, "and he says as how he wants to see you alone, all by yourself, ma'am."

The look of virtuous indignation upon faces of the "rising" committee, added to Miss Titus's confusion.

"I wouldn't see him for the world, she cried. "Tell him I'm ill, dying, anything!" covering her disfigured face with her hands after one despairing glance in

the mirror. "Excuse me," said a suave voice, and into the parlor strode Deacon Smith, notwithstanding the protestations of the help, "but having just returned from a business trip of several weeks, Miss Titus, I have only a few moments ago heard the talk concerning our marriage—oh!" per-ceiving the group of ladies, "I trust I have not intruded upon a meeting of tho

Aid Society." The deacon seemed to pronounce that one word with a peculiar intonation.
"Our marriage!" whispered Mrs. Dea-

con White to the embarrassed Mrs. Brown, "do you hear that, and still Sarah Ann will keep on denying it, I suppose." Deacon Smith's ears caught the whis-

Our rumored marriage," he corrected with a smile, "a rumor without one particle of foundation, permit me to say. Miss Titus, overwhelmed with various

emotions, burst into tears. The deacon with a look of wonderful resolution upon his face, walked over to her cowering figure, and stooping, endeavered to possess himself of her face hiding hands.

The committee, ruther shamefacedly, hereupon took their hurrled departure. "Miss Titue," Faid the denoon, not without some circulate sheet. "I home

upon that delicate occasion, or what, presumably, was Miss Titus's answer?

"Jes' think," exclaims the postmistress a month or so later, "jes' think what a few tattlin' busybodies kin bring about! Now there's that marriage of Miss Titus's and Deacon Smith's! He says how he never would hev the courridge to offer even his company to her, but fer that talk, and to think as how she hed been a hankerin' arter him fer years."

Mrs. Brown laughed ironically. "I guess the deacon's courage had been aroused by the rumors of Miss Titus's investments," she retorted unamiably,

"more than by the other talk." "But the most amazin' thing about it all," chimes in Miss Trotter reflectively, "is the change in Miss Titus's looks, I couldn't help speakin' of it to her, while a fittin' on the weddin' dress and says she, with that peculiar smile of hern (I allers did say there was somethin' taken about Sary Ann's smile), and says she, lookin' at herself in the glass, 'Happiness is God's own cosmetic, Miss Trotter. It will do what lotions, creams, or the formulas of any skin specialists will fail to do." gavs she.

Lotions, creams!" exclaims the postmistress, a light dawning upon her busy brain. "It wasn't perfumery, then, arter all. Land sakes!" But for once she kept her own counsel and a neighbor's secret, for to this day Mrs. Brown and Miss Trotter have failed to draw from her the meaning of that one exclamation.

Charlie W., aged 4, had two petsa canary and a cat. One unlucky day the door of the cage was left open, and the cat was caught swallowing the last morsel of poor birdie. Little Charlie gazed at the cat a few moments in sorrowful meditation, then suddenly queried: "Mamma, will kitty sing now?"-Housekeeper's Weekly.

Electricity is rapidly taking the place of horses and mules in Western Pennsylvania, and mules in Western Pennsylvania, roads are either in cours lines of electric use of con-truction or projected.

Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.

The Pnyx.

If I were called on to name a single spot on earth where is concentrated in view more of interest than in any other. than possibly even of all others, of art ing her almost raw skin, and then plenti- of history, of politics, of religion. I would fully bedaubing herself with powder. "I unhesitatingly select the Pnyx, the tribune cut in the rock on the hill facing the Acropolis, still in the condition it was 2,000 years ago, whence Athenian orators were went to address the people assembled in the agora below them.

I have many times stood on this spot waiting for those moments when, shortly after sunset, the shadows of night already spread over the surrounding country, and the Acropolis, for some unexplained reason, is suffused with an intense and beautiful glow, which brings it into a strong relief against the deep blue and gray of more distant hills. What a panorama was before the orator standing on this spot! How much to inspire him with elevated thoughts and to stimulate his eloquence! To his immediate right the Acropolis with its noble Propyleea and Parthenon in view. To the left Lycabettus and the Hall of the Nymphs. Below him the Temple of Theseus and the main parts of the old city. Beyond the plain of Attica, in a setting of hills and mountains made famous by history. Hymettus, Parnes, Pentelicus, and further still the ranges of Helicon and Parnassus. It was here that Demosthenes delivered his famous Philippics. It was from this tribune that tradition says St. Paul made his address to the philosophers of Athens.-The Contemporary Review.

Peony Beil 250 Years Old.

In the yard of the old Foster homestead is a flaming bed of peonies. The bed has a history. Said Mr. Foster: "Those peonies were brought from Germany by an ancestor of mine 250 years ago. They were at first planted in the yard of the old Breed House. In the early days the Indians used to come to the old Breed homestead and trade a basket of clams for one of the flowers to wear in their hair. "-Lynn (Mass.) Bee.

Cork covering for steam pipes has proved so successful, says Invention, that in some cases it has been found to make a difference of 100 degrees to 124 degrees from the temperature of uncovered pipes.

Can Be Read on the Run. There is always room at the top-for the big strawberry.

The mind 10 ds a bridle sometimes as much as the tongue. Competition is the life of trade-or the death of one of the compatitors.

A train of pure thought will only run on the track of a well graded mind. Some people give much thought to the poor. This is as far as they get.

The revolutionary punches Americans gave the Britons in the long ago were made of the spirit of '70. A crank is a man who has spent his life turning the wheel of a fortune, from

Love's secret is niways to be doing Ulfrigor for God, and lot by British to sure

which other men have taken prizes.

#### SENATOR MORGAN ON THE SUB-TREASURY.

News and Observer.

The change of that organization into a political machine, which politicians were nothing else to count upon. They were trying to accomplish for personal ends, has caused me to feet the most serious apprehensions as to the safety of the South. I mean its safety politically, socially, indus- the shades of private life last fall, and revotrially and financially.

I have been very careful not to give utterance to any epithet about the sub-treasury scheme, because I saw that many excellent men have given it consideration as a proper remedy for our financial troub. les. I hoped that a discussion of this plan | this fall in the State elections a repetition in good temper would be had. I knew of the disasters of lest fall. They did not such treatment would soon leave it shorn cheer up at the prospect of good crops un. of all its plausibility-a naked humbug.

The men who support this scheme are not, as a rule, desirous of anything that is they began to pickup courage and cherish unjust or dangerous in legislation. They some hope. They knew that a large crop are deceived as to its merits, and have not without a foreign demand meant a large seen that it is in plain opposition to the Constitution. They will soon rectify their opinions, and this illusion will pass away as thousands of such fantasies have done. That scheme is of Republican origin, and was imported in the South as "a tub to the knew, too, that in the Western States most whale." It was brought to the South only for purposes of mischief and to deceive an honest, true and confiding people.

It has nearly accomplished its mission, which is to divide our people and to ferment strife between them, and it is about are still held responsible to its demands.

ever heard of Yet it addresses itself with grain and meat of this country, and their plausibility to those who think it is the pawn-broker's shop. It is a deception that the 87 cents of last year to over a dollar a has been already condemned by the quiet bushel, and other grain in proportion. ir brand of every commonsense man who has studied it.

the men who invented and matured it in a darkened recess and demanded the politi. cal death of every man who does not sup. port it are crying out to the great political parties of the country and all their states. men, "If the sub-treasury will not save the

country give us something better." This demand is a confession that the Alliance politicians have no confidence in the Alliance sub treasury. They already demand of the outsiders that they shall provide "something better." I insist that it is too late to call a consultation of doctors after they have crammed their "killor-cure" bolus down the throats of the people and find that they need "something oetter."

If they were statesmen why did they not ee that the country would need "something better" When they took the world in hand to cure it of all is ills and infirma-

I would steadfastly oppose any scheme that had for its purpose the destruction or the Democratic party and the dishonoring of its proud record as the preserver of the rights and liberties of the people.

In my opinion the sub-Treasury schem is a humbug.

### LET US CALL A HALT.

State Chronicle.

The Marion Free Lance talks sense when t protests against the too prevalent spirit of impuguing men's motives which is observable of late. It remarks that if an ditor criticizes the action of any Alliance leader, some fool gets up and shouts, "You are allusing the Ailiance;" or if an honest editor finds in the course of a prominent Allienceman something to commend, some tool gets up and shouts, "You are catering to the Alliance."

This protest is timely. This is a free country and editors have a right to the ame treatment that is accorded to criminals-i. e. the presumption that they are inuocent unth found guilty. There are, doubtiess, corrupt new-papers that are actuated by base motives, but a newspaper ought to be judged by the trend of its whole course.

Let us call a ha't, and let us have more faith in our fellow-men.

### A MUCH MARRIED MAN.

By United Press to State Chronicle

LIMA, U., Aug. 26.- hesiding near ha. polson, Ohio, is Michael Cramer and three wives. They all live on a \$50,000 farm, and three houses are used by the three families with one head. Cramer brought his second wife to the farm in 1879, and placed ber in a cosy house he had erected for her. Wife number one offered no co., jection. He was accested at the time, however, and tried for bigamy but escaped on technicality, In 1881 Oramer brought his third wife to the farm. For some cause no action was othen until Monday, when the county prosecuting attorney completed an investigation and prepared at dence in

### COUNTING ON THE CROPS.

Wil. Star.

The Republican politicians are counting upon the good crops to pull them through next fall, and well they may for they had trembling in their boots at the revolt amongst the farmers which had helped to consign so meny Republican statesmen to intionized the politics of some States which

had been Republican for a generation. The McKinley tariff, with the extravagance of the Billion Dollar Congress were more than they could successfully defend, and the most observant of them expected til the reports from Europe showed such wide failure of the crops there and then surplus and correspondingly low prices which would add to the discontent of the farmers and give additional stimulus to the Third Party which was corner stoned on the distress amongst the farmers. And they of the disaffective element which would go to make up the Third Party would come

from the Republican party. Hence when the reports of the failure of the crops in Europe, and impending distress in some countries were confirmed their to give place to the demand for "something | hearts were lightened, and their spirits be. better" that is to be furnished by those came more joy ful, not that they were made who are excluded from the Alliance and glad by the possible suffering of others but at the prospect of escaping calamity them. I believe that it is the least sensible and selves. They knew that this would make most impracticable plan of finance that I a demand at good prices for the surplu. eyes brightened when the Western grain business of the Government to conduct a pits became active and wheat jumped from

They reasoned correctly that the farmer who was getting the highest price for the But I have not denounced it in the terms | wheat he had to sell would not waste much that it deserves, because many good peo- of his time fooling with a third party, or ple have thought that it possessed real in discussing demands which in the presence merit and were quietly uncovering its of overflowing grainaries and full wallets wickedness in their own way. Now that become ridicule to abenduties, the governit is perishing under the withering influ-ence of the light of trath and sound reason for instance, when the railroads alone would cost \$10,000,000,000, to be paid at some time in taxes by the people, the gov. ernment warehouse system with nothing left to put in the warehouses, and the money-loaning scheme of Senator Stanford, requiring the loaning of money by the Government at a lower rate of interest than the Government pays on its outstanding bonds.

When people are in good humor and there is a prospect of prospering individu. ally and collectively they are more disposed to tolerate abuses in government than when they are pinched, find it difficult to make both-ends meet and have to scratch gravel to pay their taxes, and possibly this may keep some farmers in the Republican hulk who were disposed to get out of it, but it would be a poor commentary on the intelligence or common sense of the farmers of this country if they would give the Repubican party the benefit, and by inference at least, the credit for the rains and the sunshine and the abundant barvests which God Almighty had sent thom.

The Republican party may be benefitted by this and it may not be. The probabilities are that it will benefit some; but sup. pose there had been no failure of crops across the sea and no extra demand for American farm products with the immense crop of this year, over twenty-eight per cent, larger than last year, and over four. teen per cent. larger than any year since 1880, resulting in a much larger surplus, with no market where would it have been then? Instead of praising the Lord for the big crop, the Republican bosses would have looked upon it as a calamity. But the misfortune of Europe opens up a brighter vista to them and gives them at least something upon which to base a hope of not being swept from the face of the earth as a political party.

## A TRUE REFLECTION.

The Democratic papers of the State are not opposed to the farmers. They are not inimicable to their interests. They are with them heart and soul and mind and body in any movement that can redound to their interest and lead to the botterment of their condition. - That which oppresses or harts the farmer necessarily oppress hurts the papers, for the two are so insep-rably associated and their interests are so indissolubly interwoven that an injury to one has its corresponding effect upon the other. When the farmers prosper the papers prosper. When the farmers suffer with oppression, the papers also feel the burden. When misfertune comes to one the other gropes and its shadows. And when the smilght of presperity brightens up the dewspaper men grow resplendent in the natre of their beaming.

A plan is being formed to neces on press olony on Politics for Jain Ohlahe