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NO 33.

Big Democratic Majority.

THE AMENDMENT CARRIES BY 60,000 MAJORITY—STATE TICKET—A CLOSE SECOND.

Everybody Satisfied With the Outcome—Mecklenburg the Banner County, Giving a Majority of 3,500—The Negro Goes Out of Politics Forever.

RALEIGH, August 2.—Pasquotank county claims to have gone Democratic on entire ticket. The Republicans concede Bertie county to the Democrats.

Wance county gives Democratic majority of four hundred to five hundred.

Wake county gives Democratic majority of at least 1500. About 15 negroes voted for the amendment. Seven precincts in Anson county claims to have gone Democratic on entire ticket—from 1200 to 1500 majority.

Granville county democratic for the county and state ticket.

Brunswick about evenly divided, figures not obtainable.

Conservative estimate of New Hanover gives Aycock and the amendment 3,000 majority. Only two negroes voted in the city of Wilmington.

Pitt county claims large democratic majority for whole ticket.

Martin county gives 800 Democratic majority.

Lenoir county claims 900 for state and amendment.

Orange county reports 200 for legislature and amendment.

Beaufort county advances indicate Democratic majority for whole ticket.

Johnson county claims 2,000 to 2,500 majority for the whole ticket and amendment.

Six precincts in Anson county give the amendment 1,205 majority. Other precincts not heard from, but 1,400 is claimed.

Catawba county claims 300 Democratic majority.

Person county estimated 350 to 500 Democratic majority.

In Davidson both sides claim the county. Republicans claim 400, Democrats between 300 and 500. The amendment ran behind the State ticket.

Northampton county reports the election of full Democratic ticket.

Rowan county reports a probable result of 1,600 Democratic majority and 1,300 for amendment.

Latest from Harnett county gives 400 Democratic majority.

Martin county gives Democratic majority of 1083 for entire ticket and amendment.

Rowan will have 1600 Democratic majority.

Beaufort county is safe for democracy by about 1500.

Iredell county for the amendment by 600. State ticket Democratic by 800 majority.

Wake county goes Democratic by 2000.

Edgecombe goes Democratic by 3000 majority.

The estimated majority for the amendment and Democratic ticket in Mecklenburg is 3500.

Pasquotank county gives amendment and state Democratic ticket 200.

New Hanover, one vote against the amendment, Majority for white supremacy, 2,969.

Washington county is Democratic by 400 to 500.

Forsyth county goes Democratic by 500.

McDowell county goes Democratic by from 250 to 300 majority.

Cumberland county will have a majority for Democracy and the amendment of 1,000 to 1,200.

Semi-official returns from eighteen counties in the State indicate an increase of 50 per cent. over the Charlotte Observer's forecast. If this vote is maintained the amendment and State ticket will carry by 60,000 majority.

Granville county gives 600 Democratic majority. Oxford township gives Aycock 300 majority. Two years ago this county gave a fusion majority. The amendment will probably run 100 behind the ticket.

Greene county gives 500 majority for the amendment and the Democratic ticket.

Wilson county reports indicate 1,200 to 1,500 hundred majority for Democratic ticket and the amendment. A gain of over one thousand over last election.

Granville county goes Democratic the entire state and for the amendment.

Brunswick county about evenly divided for the amendment and Democratic ticket, figures not obtainable.

Pitt county gives 750 majority for amendment.

The town of Greenville gives 450 majority a gain of 400 over last election.

Guilford county is close but the entire Democratic ticket and amendment is safe by 80 majority.

Seven townships in Bertie county gives 1000 majority for the amendment and Democratic ticket. It is claimed that other townships will increase this.

Returns at Raleigh, at 12 o'clock from forty-eight counties gave Democratic majority of 59,900.

New Hanover county gives entire Democratic ticket and amendment over 3,000 majority. Not more than 20 Fusionist and anti-amendment votes cast in the county.

Wilkes will elect Green, Democrat, to the Legislature. The balance of ticket will be Republican.

Chairman Simmons retired shortly after midnight satisfied with the result. He said: The Democratic majority will exceed 50,000. I think we will secure three-fourths of the legislature.

Craven county and city of Newbern will give a Democratic majority of about 15000.

Every indication is for at least 50,000 majority for white supremacy.

Davidson is Democratic by a small majority.

Edgecombe will have over 3,000.

Caswell is Democratic by small majority.

Anson will have near 2000 majority.

Polk county is Republican by very small majority.

Alamance also Democratic by about 150.

RALEIGH, N. C., August 3.—The Democrats rejoiced quietly all over North Carolina today. The compilation of returns tonight shows that Democratic majorities aggregate 64,678 and fusion majorities 5,125, making the net Democratic majority 59,553.

There will be contests in several counties, there being gross irregularities in Randolph and Harnett and smaller ones in Wilkes and Chatham. In the latter county, at Congressman Atwater's precinct, a fusion stronghold, the fusionists, finding they were being outvoted, assaulted the election officers, smashed the ballot boxes and burned the ballots. This is the only outrage which occurred in the state so far as known.

The returns show to the senate there are elected thirty-eight Democrats and nine fusionists, with three seats doubtful, and to the house ninety-five Democrats and thirteen fusionists, while twelve seats are in doubt.

There was some talk today about national politics. This grew out of a rumor that Senator Butler had declared North Carolina's electoral votes should be cast for McKinley. Chairman Simmons said at Democratic headquarters tonight that the state's vote would be cast for Bryan beyond peradventure.

Mecklenburg, Edgecombe and Robeson are the banner counties so far as the vote on the constitutional amendment is concerned. Each gave it 3,500 majority, New Hanover ranking second with 3,016.

There will be only two populists in the legislature, both from Senator Butler's county, Sampson.

Senator Butler is here. He has kept very quiet to-day. The local military ordered on duty Tuesday afternoon by Governor Russell was relieved from duty at noon to-day. Senator Butler said this afternoon election returns were not definite enough for an estimate by counties, and added:

"Every negro county has gone Democratic and the majority for the constitutional amendment can be anything desired. Certificates of election will be given, I should say, to seventy Democratic representatives and thirty to thirty-five Democratic senators. Of course it could be more, because stealing capacity is unlimited."

The Senator says he expects to spend next week fishing and resting after his campaign, which is the most disastrous on record in North Carolina.

The News learns that the Pacolet mill at Pacolet, S. C., which is the third largest mill in the South, is to change its class of goods. It has been shipping its output to China, and therefore find it necessary to make a change of goods suitable for this and other countries. The change of goods means a change of machinery. The mill of course will be forced to shut down when the change is made.

Sanctificationist Church Burned. Ducktown, Tenn., Dispatch.

The enraged people at Shoal Creek, N. C., destroyed the church of the Sanctificationists to-day. Rev. Guy Bregan, a Methodist minister, preached to the crowd while the building burning, and encouraged its destruction.

The man who is too poor to lend his friends money will never have many enemies.

Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise.—Quarles.

BILL AARP'S LETTER.

It is good for a man to travel and study geography without a book. I am down here in the wiregrass talking to the people living along the line from Cordele to Savannah. This is a new road to me. It is only ten years old and is called the "SAM" road. The seaboard has got it now. Sal has bought Sam and is running him. If railroads have sex the feminine is ahead. Some might big things are feminine. Ships are called she, but that they say is because the rigging costs more than the hull.

An old man showed me the spot at Mt. Vernon where the old log school-house stood in which my father taught school some eighty years ago. Father used to tell us his varied experience there. How some bad boys had run three teachers off in succession and broke up the schools and how reluctantly he undertook the work of reformatory. He had about sixty scholars, boys and girls, and their ages ranged from eight to eighteen years. The oldest boy was six feet tall, a sapling with long arms and legs, a red head and freckled face. He was the ringleader in running the teachers off and father was cautioned about him. The first day he made them a good, friendly talk, told them he came to do them good, to teach them books and morals, and manners, and he wanted them to obey the rules and help him to make the school a success. You can't afford, he said, to grow up without some education. No nice young man would marry the girls, and no smart girl would marry an uneducated boy. Now, boys, when you come into school after dinner I want you to come in good order. Don't rush and crowd the doorway like you did this morning. You ran over a little girl and threw her down and hurt her. Be quiet and orderly and come in two or three at a time, and before you take your seat make a little bow to me. That's nice; that's good manners. I will like that and I want all of you boys and girls to do that. Will you do it? If you will please hold up your hands."

All hands went up promptly except those of Bill Jenkins, the red-headed rebel. Next morning he declined to make a bow, but looked sour and defiant. When school turned out that evening, father heard him say: "I'll be darned if I'll make a bow to any yankee." Next morning two other big boys failed to bow. Bill Jenkins had worked on them. That evening father told Bill to stay in a little while, as he employment to several hundred hands. Pine lands are now bringing \$8 to \$10 an acre for the timber and the owner keeps the land after the pines are cut away. It is right sad to see these beautiful forests passing away, but this is destiny. While sojourning here I was the guest of Judge Williams. I felt very much at home, for his lovely wife and twelve children adorn the large, inviting home. These children are from two to twenty years and are well behaved, obedient and kept their faces clean. The two younger ones began to call me grandpa as soon as I arrived. Beautiful fruit abounds and I get as much of it as I wish and it keeps me in good health.

Yesterday I visited McRae-Helena, the twin city. McRae is the boy and Helena the girl, and they get along in harmony like Winston-Salem in North Carolina. There is but one college and one of the newspapers is The Twin-City News, published by two of these Scotchmen—McIntosh and McRae. This is a new, lively and progressive town adorned with pleasant homes and cultured people. It is high dry and gently rolling and quite a resort sick and tired people. I forgot to mention that Hagan-Claxton, the other twin towns have no corporation and don't want any. No mayor or aldermen, no marshal or police. It is like Pelzer, in South Carolina. Judge Williams said why should the good people of a town require these officials any more than the good people in the country. If they behave they are needed and they do behave here. I've been living here six years and have not yet heard of a fight or even a quarrel, and if a blind tiger or one that wasn't blind should come here we would strap him over a log and run him off in two hours. This Scotch blooded stock has ramified all over this region and make laws for themselves when necessary. I met Rev. Mr. Walker, of McRae-Helena, today and he told me he had twenty-seven McRaes in his church book and half the other names began with Mc.

Tattnall county was named for Jemshah Tattnall, who was governor just one hundred years ago. His son Josiah, was in the United States navy and commanded the Grampus, a man of war. In 1858, while England was fighting China, Tattnall was ordered there to watch and protect American interests. But to preserve a strict neutrality. His vessel got stranded on a rock in the China seas and he was in distress until an English man of war came to his relief and helped him off. Soon after this the Chinese were getting the best of the fight and Tattnall pitched in and helped the English to whip them. For this he was court-martialed when he came home and when asked why he did it answered: "It was gratitude to our kindred. I couldn't help it, for blood is thicker than water. That reply acquitted him and made him famous."

I wish everybody could visit the little village of Longpond. It is in the country, eight miles from Mt. Vernon, and eight miles from a railroad. I never was in a better settlement of farming people. I spoke there in the day time and those country people came from far and near and spread before us the finest picnic dinner I ever saw. It is a Scotch settlement, and their fathers and grandfathers all came from Robeson county, in North Carolina. At least three-fourths of the names begin with the prefix of Mc. I made a memorandum of the many Mcs I was introduced to—all different—such as McArthur, McRae, McAllister, McLung, McNair, McLanrin, McLemore, McGuffie, McDuffie, McConnell, McDonald, McDowell and so forth. There were thirty-seven of them and many of these had sons and brothers and kindred of the same name, and so it was Mc something everywhere. If a man's name begins with Mc in that region it is a

guarantee of good stock. It is a fine farming region and these people are almost all farmers. I never saw finer corn or cotton in upper Georgia. The women, matrons and maidens were all well and neatly dressed and were good looking, good size and healthy. They could handle their skirts as gracefully as a city lady and as my old friend Bill Rainey used to say, "Major, these women are well coupled and stand up square on their pasty joints." Rainey had dealt in horses for fifty years and talked horse talk about women and everything else. He was a genuine David Harum. I have most pleasing recollections of Longpond and its people.

My next call was to Hagan-Claxton, a double town only three miles apart, but whose people work in harmony and have a very fine high school and school building called the Hagan-Claxton institute, that is just midway between them and is sustained by both. The teachers' convention was in session there—about a hundred teachers from Tattnall and other counties—and I say truthfully I never looked upon a more thoughtful, intelligent and earnest body of teachers, both men and women. By request I made some fatherly remarks to them and then had to stand up and receive a hearty hand-shake from every one. That night I gave my lecture "Behind the Scenes," in the beautiful large hall where 450 good people from the twin towns and adjacent country had gathered. How easy it is for a lecturer or a preacher to please and magnetize a large audience when they are packed close together. The standard of teaching is raising higher in this region. The county school commissioners are good scholars, graduates of our colleges, and they are exacting in their examinations. Nineteen applicants were rejected recently in one county. This is an interesting region and farming is easy and prosperous. The long staple cotton is grown here. I did not know until now that the bloom was first yellow—a bright canary—and then turned red. The seed are black and are rolled out instead of being ginned out. It is harder to pick this cotton from the bolls and seventy-five pounds is a good day's work. It is now 20 cents a pound. Sugar cane abounds here and is the most luxuriant crop I know of. But it is the turpentine and lumber business that scatters money so freely in all this region. I visited the Perkins mills. They are up to date in all respects and cut and kiln, dry and dress 75,000 feet in a day, and give employment to several hundred hands. Pine lands are now bringing \$8 to \$10 an acre for the timber and the owner keeps the land after the pines are cut away. It is right sad to see these beautiful forests passing away, but this is destiny. While sojourning here I was the guest of Judge Williams. I felt very much at home, for his lovely wife and twelve children adorn the large, inviting home. These children are from two to twenty years and are well behaved, obedient and kept their faces clean. The two younger ones began to call me grandpa as soon as I arrived. Beautiful fruit abounds and I get as much of it as I wish and it keeps me in good health.

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CHARLEY AND THE POSSUM.

Harry Stillwell Edwards' Story of a Negro's Trial.

Harry Stillwell Edwards author of "Two Runaways and Other Stories," has recently brought out a new volume of stories, called "His Defense and Other Stories." They are very good stories, these written by Mr. Harry Stillwell Edwards. He writes of the South, and his negro stories are a delight. One of the shortest is entitled, "Charley and the Possum."

It seems that Charley Brood had been arrested for larceny, the particular charge being that he had stolen a "possum and steel trap, the property of Peter Thompson. "Charley having demanded that he be tried by a jury of his peers, the Justice, with that accommodating spirit peculiar to some backwoods officers, had called in six colored gentlemen as a jury, arraigned the prisoner, and put the prosecutor under oath to tell the truth the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Peter Thompson's story was that he had set the trap, had found it missing the next day, and had found Charley Brood carrying a bag in which he found his trap and a "possum."

Charley came forward smilingly. "Hit's de lake dis, Judge," he began. "I ain't no town nigger, an' I'm proud of de trap." "Dese tyah town niggers,"—and all eyes were directed towards the late witness—"dey low as how dey own de whole worl' an' ev'rythin' dat wears hair or feather foun' hen-roos' ter 'possum holer. Dey ain't satisfy en town; dey mos' come down hyad an' brek up de ole-time huntin' an' dey nets. Ef dey'd come lak er white man an' hunt wi' er dog an' gun, hit'd bin diff'unt, and folks'd had some 'pec' fer em. Ain' dat so, Unc' Finger?"

This appeal to the prejudices of the county negro had an immediate effect upon the jury.

"Hit sho' ez de troof," replied Finger; and his companions seemed to coincide with him. The prisoner continued:

"Jedge, I sorter like 'possum marse', but I ain't set no trap. I hunt 'im wid de dog an' de torch, baker man. Dat night I was out tryin' ter show er fool puppy how ter trail, an' bimely he opened up an' lit out. I sez ter mers': 'Charley, you gwine ter han' 'possum fer dinner.' An' 'bout dat time I des natchally laugh out loud. 'You gwine ter hab 'barbecue 'possum,' sez I. Jedge, I see dat 'possum right fo' me on de dish, brown all ober."

A slight shudder shook the form of the Reverend Septimus Smith, and a momentary sensation swayed the other jurymen. It was as a little breeze wandering among sleepy rushes.

"I seed dem split sweet 'aters round' dat 'possum lak er yaller-bawberry chain round' er bigger gal's neck. I seed de brown gravy leakin' down es sides as 'e lay dere cryin' fer joy all ober, an' er jag er 'simmion beer—"

"Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! Ho-ee-ee!"

This explosion came from Fergal Cave Scotland, who doubled up, and would have fallen out of the chair but for the restraining hand of his next neighbor. The sensation was complete; the little breeze had become a whirlwind.

The court administered a ponderous rebuke, and the witness proceeded:

"Hit was des dat way, jedge; an' I hope yo' honor ain't think hart er Unc' Finger fer his natchal feelin'."

"Cause 'las' 'possum I made, hit war like up an' on es table lak I tell yer. An' dey'd be dere more offen er hit warn' fer dese tyah biggity town niggers an' dey traps."

"Go on with your story!" The Judge rapped the table with his knuckles.

"Yassah. Well, jedge, by dat time de fool puppy was plam out er 'earin' an' I knowed he done struck er fox. Hit was de July-bloed 'em. I gin ter look round fer 'possum, 'cause day breakin' when I stumble on somethin', an' bless God, dere was de possum settin' right fo' me. I sez 'Charley, hyah possum de lead som yer.' 'Possum he settin' up dere by 'cause an' eyes des er-shinin'." I sez, "Hold dis possum he sick! No, possum ain' sick, he des too fat ter trabbel. I sho' eat dis possum." Den I look er gin. Dat, now! 'Possum hitch en er trap! I say ter mers': 'Charley, dis ain' yo' possum dis somebody else's possum! You ain' gwine tek 'er man's possum, is yer?' Den I say: 'No, course I ain' gwine tek dis tyah possum! What I want wid 'er man's possum' an' walk right ober, sorter singin' an' ter mers': 'Raccoon tall an' tingel all about!'"

"I git 'bout fifteen last er way, an' den I kinder natchally look back, an' Jedge, hit's Lord's troof, dat litt' ole 'possum settin' back dere on dat trap look so ed' an' shinin' I feel Larry fer 'las' settin' back dere, 'way out on de wet swamp, es col' an' lone some, an' de owls des er-hollerin' an' de beet taps er-hammerin' on de dead trees. I sez ter mers': 'Charley, you sho' ain' gwine tek dat 'possum settin' out hyah all by case' en de big swamp, es yer? Somethin' 'bout' ter catch 'im, sho'?" Den I sez: "Who 'e blong ter, anyhow? Did de man wha' set dat trap raise

im? Does dat man own dis tyah hyah? Does 'e own de holler tree dis tyah po' litt' wand'rin' possum born en? No, 'e don't, sez I. 'Possum is es own boss.' Den I go back an' look 'im en de eye, an' I say: 'Litt' 'possum, you col' ain't yer?' An' bless goodness, he smile cl'ar back twell es jaw-toof shine. An' I sez: 'Does yer want er git en Charley's warm bay an' go long back ter sleep?' An' 'e smile er gin. An' I sez: 'All right, but how 'bout trap?' An' Jedge, den dat possum look se'ous, an' lay es nose down on es leg. I tell 'im den: 'Litt' 'possum, Charley ain' gwine tek yer out tyah en de col', an' you bin up all night. He gwine ter drap yer en de bag, 'cause you yo' own boss an' kin come an' go, but es you fetch dat trap er long, hit's you own 'sponsibility. Charley ain' got no business ter tech 'er man's trap. But I gwine shet bofe eyes, an' 'dere won't be witness.'"

"Den de 'possum he smile er way back er gin an' I drap 'im en de bag, bofe eyes shet. An', Jedge, dat's de Lord's troof. I ain' tech dat trap. Dere hit ez down dere on de flo, wi' de 'possum han' still on hit. I ain' git er smell er dat 'possum, an' I ain' stole nothin'!"

"There was a murmur of applause as Charley concluded, but this was quickly repressed. The Justice, putting on his glasses, read the law as to wild animals to the jury and explained what was meant by larceny; and the jury retired. When they returned they brought in a verdict of 'not guilty.' This was explained afterwards by the Reverend Septimus Smith. He said that the jury was clearly of the opinion that a possum was no man's property until actually stolen in his possession, and that if the trap was stolen, it had been stolen by the 'possum, and not by Charley Brood."

Butler Gets "Sassy."

Raleigh Cor. Charlotte Observer.

Senator Butler to-day wrote the following letter, signing it as Populist State chairman, to Congressman Bellamy, at Wilmington: "You are quoted in the morning papers as saying in a speech at Wilmington yesterday that the Democrats should 'forcibly expel' me from the State, or that some one else should do it. Do you mean that one man should do it? Do you mean that one man should undertake it, or that a cowardly, lawless mob should do it? Now, if you think I should be expelled from the State, I suggest that you undertake the job yourself. You are one man and I am one man. If you mean what you say, and have any courage (except when you have a mob of red shirts behind you), I suggest that you proceed to Raleigh, and begin the expelling business at once. If you have not the courage to undertake this job, then I suggest that you have the decency to keep your mouth shut."

The report of the Southern Railway company for the year ending June 30th has been made public and shows some interesting figures. The actual amount of gross earnings was \$31,169,000, an increase of \$3,473,000, or over 10 per cent, compared with the previous year. The net earnings estimated for the same period were \$9,389,000. The net earnings for the eleven months ending May 31st show an increase of \$842,000, and it is believed that for the year the increase will be \$900,000. An interesting fact is that the gain is on more mileage than was operated during the year ending June 1899! After deducting interest and rental a balance is estimated of \$5,323,000, which would be equal to net earnings of 5 1/2 per cent on the preferred stock of the company. The former policy of the company in maintaining the physical condition of the system and in carrying out extensive improvements charged to expenses has been continued.

George Gould attended a meeting of the Union Pacific Railroad directors a few days ago and heighed a cigarette. "Drop that cigarette," said Chairman Harriman. "I have issued an order forbidding employees to smoke cigarettes. You are an employee; you get \$10 for attending one of these meetings. You, too, Mr. Schiff," addressing another millionaire director who was toying with a lighted perfecto. "We directors must not make rules for employees and then break them ourselves." The distinguished employees quietly obeyed orders.

A patent medicine advertisement is being published in a number of newspapers about a "white man turning yellow." There is nothing very remarkable about that. In this neighborhood and throughout North Carolina generally there are a number of white men turning black, and some of them actually negro a negro. After they vote