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MAX O'RELL ON FLIRTS AND COQUETTES.

New York Journal.

"The coquette is generally a cold-hearted, cold-blooded woman, as perfectly sure of herself as those famous Mexican horsemen who can ride at full speed toward a precipice and stop suddenly dead on the edge of it." There is a great difference between the flirt and the coquette. The flirt accepts, even invites, your attentions, without expecting intentions. The coquette is a woman who gives you a promissory note with a firm intention of dishonoring her signature. Just as the prudent woman often says "No" when she means "Yes," the coquette whispers "Yes" all the time meaning "No." The flirt promises nothing. She has nothing to refuse because she does not allow you to ask for anything. She does not compromise herself in any way. She says neither Yes nor No. She encourages you to go on. You say to yourself, "Will it be Yes or No? Who knows? Perhaps Yes, perhaps No."

The coquette is generally a cold-hearted, cold-blooded woman, as perfectly sure of herself as those famous Mexican horsemen who can ride at full speed toward a precipice and stop suddenly dead on the edge of it. The coquette has no capacity for love. She does not seek love, but admiration and homage only. Unlike the flirt, she lacks cheerfulness and humor. To obtain admiration and boast of a new conquest she will risk even her reputation, compromise herself, yet her virtue is in safe keeping, for she has neither heart nor passion. In the comedy of love the coquette is the villain of the play.

The coquette uses man as she does her dresses, she likes to be seen with a new one every day. She kills for the sake of killing. She hunts, but does not eat the game she brings down. She plays a man's vanity to satisfy hers. The moment she has received a man's homage she will leave him to occupy himself with one who has refused it to her. She is dull and dreary. She may be as beautiful as you like, she is never lovable. She should be shunned like the card sharper, whom she resembles all the more that against your good money she has nothing but counterfeit coin.

The flirt, on the contrary, is cheerful, jolly, often full of fun, and if you can make up your mind to accept her for what she is worth she may help you pass a very pleasant time. She is not serious and does not want you to take her seriously; she is honest. She wants fun, innocent fun. The coquette tries to lead you as far as she wishes you to go; the flirt does not lead you any further than you wish to go. And it may be added that while flirts have often been known to make very good wives, coquettes have invariably proved detestable ones.

Winthrop was helplessly wrong when he said: "A woman without coquetry is as insipid as a rose without scent, champagne without sparkle, or corned beef without mustard," unless he meant (which he did not) that a coquette is a woman, who, by the care she bestows on her dress and general appearance, and many other ways, knows how to make herself attractive and show herself in the most advantageous light.

The French language expresses the difference to a nicety. "Elle est coquette" means "she dresses very elegantly and has very winning manners;" whereas "C'est une coquette" means "she is a coquette," that is to say "she tries to fascinate for the mere sake of fascinating."

The coquette plays on man's vanity and makes a fool of him. The flirt displays her accomplishments and personal charms either to make you have a pleasant time with her, or, when more serious, to lead you on to an offer of marriage, which she will honestly accept, often with the best results for yourself.

It is only when you see a woman that is a "desperate flirt" that you may come to the conclusion that she is a coquette. Of course, when the flirt is a married woman she is a coquette; but when she is a young girl I would call her a very harmless person. On the other hand, the opposition to that epithet of harmless, the adjective that is most commonly coupled with the word "coquette" is not "harmless," but "heartless."

The word "flirt" comes from the French "fleurir," which means to go from flower to flower, to touch lightly; but although the word is of French origin, the thing, itself is not French. Flirtation is a pastime which is most essentially English. We do not flirt in France; we are more serious than that in love affairs. After all, flirtation is trifling with love, and that game would be a dangerous one to play with a Frenchman. A woman who flirted would pass in France for giddy, if not worse. She knows her countryman well and is aware what she would expose herself to if she flirted with him.

The English girl, in flirting, does not play with fire. Englishmen are reserved, cold. The customs of the country grant liberty to the women, and they accept flirtation for what it is worth. They worst they might say of a girl who flirted with them would be: "She is an awful flirt," with a mixed expression of pity and contempt. An English girl, who has had a good time at a party, a picnic, a ball, can say: "I have had such flirtation!" Why, she

could say that to her own mother, and if that mother was still fairly young and good looking, she might answer: "And so have I."

I take the American woman to be intelligent, I had almost said too intellectual, to enjoy that childish pastime. I hate the coquette and somewhat pity, if not despise the flirt. I love straightforwardness. I admire that woman who blooms in the shade, who is earnest in her affections, and who waits until she is in love to allow the curtain to rise. Then who honestly, devotedly, straightforwardly goes on through the whole comedy.

In everything I hate imitations. If I cannot get the real article, I do without it.

Stand by Your Home Merchants.

Winston Journal.

There are a number of people who live in these cities who are in the habit of ordering what dry goods and clothing they may need from New York or Baltimore, laboring under the delusion that they can buy cheaper and better goods than they can purchase through home merchants.

The experience of experienced buyers is that goods are higher, sold from the retail stores of big Northern cities or purchased through agencies in these cities, than they are at our home stores. It may be a balm to conscious pride to say "I bought this or that from Siegel, Cooper & Company, Macy, Ehrlich, or Crawford, of New York," but it does not add one item to the value of the goods. If you will stop to think for one moment you must realize the fact that your small purchases will never enable you to acquire the experience in regard to the value of goods that a merchant has, and a gratified vanity is all you will get for your trouble, and you may, and often do, find you have paid entirely too much for your purchase.

Now, we take this view of the matter every dollar spent with home merchants tends to strengthen their hands and tends to build up your city. The home merchants rent your store, pay his tax, helps to support your municipal government, gives to charity, and last, but by no means least, does more to advertise your city than any other class of men. Now, remember, when we speak of the merchant we speak of the merchant we speak of the class who do advertise in their home papers telling to the world who they are and what are, attracting the attention of buyers a d others to the city.

A live, progressive merchant is one of the most valuable citizens a city can have, and it is the duty of the people to support them, and usually the masses do, but the wealthier classes often do not. We urge all of our people to stand by the home merchant, the home manufacturer, and in fact, all home people.

Kansas Girls.

Kansas City Journal.

Joseph Lambert, a Chanute boy serving in the Philippines, writes to one of his Kansas girl cousins as follows: "I wish I could see some of the beautiful ladies of Kansas. I have not seen a white lady for so long that I have nearly forgotten how one looks. Kansas girls are the best looking ladies in the world. I know, for I have seen ladies from all nations. If I ever get back to old sunny Kansas some beautiful lady will have to say 'Yes' or 'No' without any delay, for I will be fixed out right. I will have two blankets, a shelter tent—'pup' tent, the boys call them—and a set of dishes, tin cup, knife, fork and spoon to start up with. I know if a fellow has a start like that most any lady would say 'Yes.'"

To Curtail Yarn Output.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Sept. 3.—At a called meeting of the board of governors of the Southern Cotton Spinners' Association to-night a report was received from the special committee which visited Philadelphia last week to confer with the yarn commission men. The report, which was adopted, recommended a curtailment in the present production of yarn for a period of 60 days.

The report is in the form of a joint letter from the representatives of the Southern cotton spinners and the yarn commission men and has been approved by both organizations.

A report was also received from the special committee which has visited the various Southern mills to secure their co-operation in a direct selling movement. This report recommends the concentration of the business in not more than 10 different houses. This report also was adopted.

The Senatorship in Rowan.

Salisbury Correspondence Morning Post.

Since the various aspirants for the United States Senate have announced themselves, their friends have commenced active work in their behalf in this section. Mr. Carr will undoubtedly carry Rowan county, with Colonel Waddell second. Governor Jarvis and Mr. Simmons both have supporters, while there are many who will vote for the venerable and distinguished Ransom. The senatorial primary will be the cause of the Democratic party polling its full strength in the presidential election, as the friends and supporters of each senatorial candidate will see to it that everybody is out and votes.

The new contracts for carrying mails on the star routes will contain a provision to oblige contractors to live on or contiguous to the routes.

HILL ARP'S LETTER.

We thought that maybe the late New York and Akron riots would even up things, and the south haters up in God's country would call off the dogs, but they are still blowing the same old horn. They are hard up, however. Some of the hounds have lost the trail, and all are scattered and there is no keynote to rally them—the buglers don't harmonize. Some said that the riot in New York was owing to a corrupt Democratic administration in that city. The Akron horror called for another solution, and now they boast that they saved the nigger, but if it had been down south he would have been lynched with Sam Hose tortures. A late paper sent me as a marked copy says that Southern mobocracy has crossed the line and is affecting the lower classes up north, just as a contagion spreads in unhealthy regions. It all comes from the south, and there is no quarantine to arrest its progress. That's bad and sad. Let's build a wall.

But seriously we must warn our good negroes not to cross the line. It is dangerous. Keep away from Panama and New York. Stay at home and cultivate our cotton and corn and let politics alone and you are in no danger. Idleness is your curse. If I had my way I would re-establish the old patrol system and make every tramp negro carry a pass or take a whipping. I would empower the town marshals and the country constables to arrest every vagabond on the highway and if he couldn't give a good account of himself he should be tied up and dressed down. We old men know that one good whipping has more effect on a bad negro than five years in the chain-gang. Even a hanging is glory, for they are going straight to heaven. Last Saturday night a tramp negro cut the slat from the blind of Mr. Cary's house and opened it and crawled in and stole his paternal gold watch and his pocket book within three feet of his head, while he was sleeping. No doubt he was armed, and would have shot Mr. Cary had he waked up and resisted. The negro took a night freight and was arrested at Kingston, and the watch was recovered, but he got away. We have got to do something with these tramps. Our chaingangs are full enough. I repeat it, that no good, industrious negro is in any danger in the south, and they know it. Jim Smith is the biggest farmer in the state, and he says there is no labor in the world equal to that of well-regulated negroes, and he knows.

But the spirit of mobocracy is not confined to the race problem up north. The lynching last Saturday at Gillman, in Illinois, was against an old defenseless white woman—a doctress who was suspected of causing a young girl's death by malpractice, but who had not had a trial, nor had any intention to harm the erring girl. A mob of 250 men attacked her house in the night, and she defended herself and her home and killed and wounded as many as she could. They mortally wounded her and burned her house. What kind of civilization is that? Why did they hunt up the man who ruined the girl? Our civilization down south has always protected women, no matter what they did. We will not hang them for murder, for even old Mrs. Nobles was sent to the chaingang. Our women must have protection from white brutes and black fiends, and we would have rejoiced if somebody had given that scoundrel, Dr. Wilkerson, who ran away with his wife's sister, a hundred lashes before he was turned loose in Atlanta. That was a good case for a little mob law. If the law could not reach him the lash would. Poor, helpless, pitiful woman! How you have to suffer in silence and live and die with your wrongs unavenged. How many hearts are breaking now because of a husband's tyranny or his faithfulness to his marriage vows. For her children's sake she keeps silent and buries her secret in her bosom. I know of men who made fame while living, and on whose monuments fulsome epitaphs are chiseled who disgraced and dishonored the name of husband. I know some who are not dead who are doing the same thing now. A woman chained to an unprincipled man is the most helpless creature upon earth. Prometheus, bound to the rock and the eagles eating his heart, was not worse off. Blackstone says there is no wrong but has a remedy. He was mistaken. Women have a thousand wrongs that are remediless. What kind of remedy is divorce or separation or alimony? It is the heart that is broken. It is love and honor that woman wants, and that was promised her at the altar. If, as a last resort, she leaves him, he struts around and claims the children. "The children are mine," he says. The man who says that is a conceited fool. In the first place he does not know for certain that he is their father, and if he is, he made no sacrifice to be so. All the pain of motherhood is hers. All the tender care and nursing and night watching and generally all the prayers for their safety and good conduct

are hers, while he is at his bank or store or office or shop or maybe at his club or billiard table. There was a time when the wife was the husband's slave, according to the law, and the children were his property, and it is hard to eradicate that idea from some men's minds in our day. Woman has been called the weaker vessel, and men the lords of creation so long that it won't obliterate. Girls, be careful to whom you chain yourself for life. Better sew or be a shop girl or a typewriter or a school teacher or live with kindred or friends and do housework than take any risks. Marry a young man who has good principles and good habits, and not much money. The love of money is still the same old curse, and most of the young men want to make it by short cuts and dishonest practices. "Get money, get it honestly, if thou canst, but at all events, get money," is still their motto. The eager, grasping pursuit of money is the curse of this age and generation. Huntington is dead, and left his millions behind, and his boast was that all men were purchasable, and when it was to his interest he bought them, whether they were legislators or congressmen, or judges of the courts. He spent millions that way.

Some of our office seekers are doing the same thing on a small scale—buying votes—yes, buying negro votes. The white primary didn't nominate them, and they have reneged and reneged. A little whisky and a few dollars will secure the darkies, and the fear is that the white primaries will prove a failure. There are men running for office as independents who rely mainly on the negro vote, and can't be elected without it. Such men ought to have the contempt of every good citizen. They ought to have contempt for themselves, and I reckon they do. The negro who sells his vote is not half as depraved as the white man who buys it. But we will know by waiting, and if the primary proves a failure, then let us have the Harvard bill or something better, and may the Lord protect us from unprincipled office seekers.

Fabulous Standard Oil Profits.

"Wall street is simply aghast," according to The Iron and Steel Trade Bulletin, "at the fabulous profits of the Standard Oil Company. The declaration of a dividend of \$8 a share on the \$97,500,000 outstanding stocks of the king of corporations, which means 38 per cent. in dividends so far this year, has set the financial world talking.

"On March 15 last the company declared a dividend of \$20 a share, or about \$20,000,000, which was probably the largest interest disbursement ever made by a corporation in this country. This dividend was followed on June 15 by a payment of \$10 a share, and now comes an additional \$8 per share. Thus \$38,000,000, or about that amount, is required for the payment of the three dividends.

"In the past 18 years, exclusive of the current year, the Standard Oil Company has paid something like \$222,250,000 in dividends. A comparative table is interesting. It shows: From 1882 to 1891 the company paid dividends at 54 per cent. amounting to \$47,250,000; 1891 to 1895, dividends at 11 per cent., \$48,000,000; 1895, dividends at 31 per cent., \$31,000,000; 1897; dividends at 33 per cent., \$33,000,000; 1898, dividends at 30 per cent., \$30,000,000; 1899, dividends at 33 per cent., \$33,000,000; estimated this year, 48 per cent., or \$48,000,000.

"John D. Rockefeller, president of the company, is popularly credited with owning about one-third of the million shares of the corporation. On that basis his check for his share of the president dividend would be approximately \$2,666,000, and should the dividend payments continue only at this rate Rockefeller would draw annually about \$10,666,000 from his Standard Oil holdings alone."

When Negro Suffrage Touched Home Atlanta Constitution.

It might be well for those in the North who are criticizing the recent act of North Carolina to remember some suggestive facts.

When the question of negro suffrage—after the war and before the adoption of the fifteenth amendment—was a local question for the States of the North, many of them answered the question with a decided negative. Connecticut, in 1865, gave a majority against it of 6,272. Kansas voted in the same way in 1867 by a majority of 8,638, and Minnesota by 1,293. In October, 1867, Ohio gave a constitutional majority against negro suffrage of 50,629. New York rejected the proposal of negro suffrage for the third time at late as 1868 by more than 40,000 majority.

Here was the attitude of the people of these States on this question when negro suffrage was an issue concerning themselves alone.

GENERAL NEWS.

A reduction of 11 1-9 per cent. in wages is proposed by Fall River, Mass., cotton manufacturers.

Dr. Howard M. Wilkinson and Miss Josephine Packard, of Dover, Del., have eloped again, this time going to Texas.

REV. SAM JONES' LETTER.

I returned home yesterday morning, having finished up my chautauqua work for the summer, and with wife and children I attended the annual barbecue and picnic of the Knights of Pythias of Cartersville, out at the Rowland Springs, seven miles from Cartersville.

The day was cloudy and the weather was endurable, and a large concourse of people gathered in the grove out at the springs. It was a social occasion which all enjoyed, from the oldest inhabitant to the kids wading in the branches of the meadow.

Barbecued pigs, barbecued sheep, barbecued goats—they had the right aroma, the right taste. It was a feast of fat things. The ladies had brought full baskets of biscuit, light bread, fried chicken, sweet pickles, jellies, pound cakes, and all sorts of cakes and pies. I don't think I ever eat more or had it hurt me less.

After the sumptuous dinner Bill Arp was called upon for a speech, but he must have smelt a mouse for he was out of sight and hearing. He didn't show up after dinner. Rev. Alex. Bealer, D. D., was the next speaker called for, and he entertained the crowd most pleasantly with his inimitable fund of negro stories, jokes on doctors, preachers, lawyers and farmers. Rev. Mr. Brantam of the Methodist church of Cartersville, was called upon, and he said that eating so much dinner his heart was too full for utterance. Next, Rev. Mr. Ambler, of the Episcopal church, made a pleasant talk, then your humble servant made a few brief short remarks, with more pith than pathos.

Mrs. W. A. Felton was the concluding speaker. Law, how smart she is, and how the people enjoyed her talk. Mrs. Felton and Mrs. Bill Arp were the matrons of the occasion, but Mrs. Arp is no speaker as Mrs. Felton is. We honor our old people in Bartow county—really we have not many of them left.

It was a day of great social enjoyment on the part of all attending the barbecue. A vote of thanks was given to the Knights of Pythias for the splendid entertainment of the people. I don't know when I have enjoyed a day more than I have today. These picnics and barbecues are sources of great pleasure and enjoyment to the people at large. The candidates attend such occasions and slip in a few pointers. The politicians today at our barbecue were neither numerous nor loud, they seemed to be grouped together occasionally and were working on each other more than they were on the voters. I did not hear a word of the Spanish war, or the Chinese war, or the Filipino, or the Boers during the whole day. I didn't hear one word said about gold standard, free silver, imperialism, trusts, or greedy corporations. I didn't smell a drop of liquor on the grounds; I don't believe there was a person on the grounds that had drunk a drop this day. It was a sober crowd, a decent crowd, a pleasant crowd of people. The young folks enjoyed the day, the middle aged people, the old people and the children. Such occasions are elevating and ought to be perpetuated. There cannot be an unpleasant memory connected with the feast of good things today.

Things are getting dull again, somewhat. The headlines of the newspapers are not as flashing as they were a few weeks ago, and the pictures not so much like Dante's Inferno, but the southern papers are having their fun out of the northern brethren about the riots in New York, Ohio, Illinois, and so on. It is well enough to give them a little of their own medicine occasionally. The fact of the business is each community is pretty well capacitated to take care of itself and its own cases. Riots are never right and mobs outlaw themselves, but there will be riots and mobs and lynchings until the fellows who get them up shall turn their attention to better things. Yankedoodle and Dixie would both make more progress and sectional feeling would soon die out if each section would leave the local issues to be settled by the parties most interested. We need the negro south—we want him, not at the polls specially, not in politics, but a negro and a mule is the best cotton combination in America, and the negro who makes the most cotton is doing the least voting and meddling with politics is world without end the best negro. A quiet orderly negro is a good citizen. He earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and not one in a million of that class has ever or ever will be lynched. It is the town negro, as a rule, who is getting up the trouble, and he is generally without character or cash, and I keep on saying it, that a man without conscience or character or cash has got no more business voting than a mule, but I came home this evening thankful for a thousand things, with nothing to grumble about.

SAM P. JONES.

P. S.—Know all men by these presents that a barbecue is a totally different kind of animal from a "possum supper." I enjoy one, the red-nosed politician enjoys the latter. The devil is in the average possum supper. That is, if he can stand the crowd. S. P. J.

DANGEROUS LEADERS.

Mill News.

We have been taken to task by some of our friends who have joined the recently-formed labor unions, because we felt impelled to expose the duplicity of certain men that had, unfortunately for the cause got into the fat places and are making money out of those who have blindly followed their lead.

It is frequently the case that in movements for the uplifting and betterment of any class of people, there is a set of men who force themselves to the front as would-be leaders and stand ready to work zealously with their tongues so long as they see a chance to levy a tax in any way on the dear people for their own support.

We have all known such men among the Knights of Labor and other organizations in the past and remember how earnestly they talked so long as they saw a prospect of increasing the membership and adding to the fees and revenues of which they hoped to be the custodians, and how soon they dropped out on some pretext or other so soon as the profitable places had been filled by others.

When the organization of mill operatives began to be talked a few months ago, we were of the opinion that in some places there were evils that needed correction, and thought possibly some good might come of this effort to form textile and other labor unions.

We therefore spoke freely of the rights of labor to organize, and only questioned the expediency of such an attempt in places where pleasant relations already existed between the employer and employe and where it was likely to produce discord without the probability of improving the existing conditions.

But we were sadly disappointed when we became acquainted with some of the leaders and organizers, and the more we have investigated the character of the men and their work, the more we are convinced that no good will come of the movement under their leadership.

We have already paid our respects to Bell, Fesperman, Davis and others who were proved to have been in the employ of a politician that was using them as tools to effect certain purposes in the recent campaign.

Bell professed to be a minister of the gospel, but his sphere was small and his influence limited, so it did not produce any great sensation when it became known that he was a man of very unsavory reputation who was accused of abandoning his family on more than one occasion and going off with other women.

But Davis now has a man in the field, in the capacity of lecturer, who is even more dangerous than either of the others—more dangerous, because he is capable of as much meanness as any one in the crowd and has more sense than all the rest of them together.

This is the Rev. (?) J. F. Austin, and we happen to know personally something of this man's reputation at Weaverville, N. C., where he lived for a number of years. At one time Austin stood very well in his Conference, and was for a while assistant editor of a church paper but he turned out bad, was excluded from the Conference and left the church which he had already injured by his unfortunate course. He simply went to the lowest depths, and it is reported that he abandoned his wife, a good woman, and led an adulterous life. He is also said to have been connected with some shady business transactions which if true should have landed him in the penitentiary. In fact, the citizens of his town have no confidence in anything he does or says, but on the other hand warn strangers to beware of him.

This is the kind of man that is skulking around in the sections of the State where he is not known, and making inflammatory speeches to quiet and honest mill operatives; this is the kind of man that is claiming to be the friend of the laboring man and asking that they leave it to him to work out their destiny; this is the kind of man that is trying to turn them against their best friends in order that he may get some of their hard-earned money. This is the kind of man who, claiming to be a minister of the gospel, attempts to work himself into the confidence of the people that he may make a living off their labor and give them nothing in return.

These charges may seem a little severe, but we do not ask you to take our word. Write to any reputable citizen of Asheville or Weaverville and ask them about him.

Meanwhile we would suggest to our readers to study well the kind of men who are at the head of this movement and have nothing to do with it until it is purged of such would-be leaders who care nothing for the people whose cause they profess to champion beyond the money they can make out of you.

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It is said that the Republicans of this State, having come to the conclusion that State Democratic Chairman Simmons will be elected to succeed Marion Butler in the United States senate, are collecting affidavits in an endeavor to prove that Simmons carried the recent State election for the constitutional amendment and the Democratic ticket by fraud, hoping thereby to keep Simmons from taking his seat if named by the legislature which meets in January next.