Gastonia, N. C., September 29, 1898.

(Chair in Advance.)

MAJOR JONES TRAVELS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Major Joseph Jones of Georgia.

LETTER X.

FILLADRLEY, May 23. To Mr. Thompson — Dear Sir—You may be sure I was tired when I got back to the Exchange after my visit to Fell's Pint last night. I couldn't help but think how I had been tuck in by that been habe little match seller, and I felt rite mad at myself for bein sich a

I had a fust rate appetite for supper. and by the politoness of Mr. Dursoy—who, tween you and me is one of the clavurest fallers I'vo met with sense I left Georgia—I got a invitation to take tea in the lady's supper room. You know when the grand caraven was in Pineville last year, the manager charged a trip extra for admittin people when they was feedin the armineter. le when they was feed in the annimals. Mr. Dorsey had charged me double price for eath at the hidy's ordinary as they call it, I wouldn't grumble a bit. Ther was a heap of ladys at the bit. Ther was a heap of ladys at the table, rangin from little school galls up to old grandmothers, all dressed out as fine as a fiddle, and looking as pleasin and happy as the Georgia galls do at a Fourth of July barbyone; and sich a gabbin as they did keep I never hear! before. Jest over opposite to me was a bridle party from Virghiny, what had jest been gettin married and had come to Baltimore to see their honeymoon. It was really a interestin party, and it almost tuck my appetite from me to look at 'em they was so happy and so lovin. They was only married bout a week, and of course the world was all moone shine and hummin-birds and roses to tham. hummin-birds and roses to them. They felt like ther was no other inhabitants in creation, and that all that was beautiful and bright sud good on earth, was made for their en-joyment alons. They had their bridespoyment aions. They had their brides-maid and groomsman along, and two or three more young ladys and gentle-men. The galls was all monstrous handsum, but the bride was the hand sumest of 'em all, Pore gall, she looked sort u' pale, and couldn't cat much supper for lookin at her husband, and had Arrink his tes thost ans specand he drunk his ten 'thoat any sweet-

cup with her butiful soft eyes.

They put me in mind of the time when I was married, and of Mary, and by the time supper was over I was as homesick as the mischief. Segars is good for the blues sometimes, and I smoked til my bed whirled round so I couldn't bardly hold my hat on, but it didn't do me not the least bit of good; so I went to my room and tried to find in the arms of Morfyus a substitute for the arms of her who is a great deal dearer to me than any thing else in this

world.

I didn't git much time for sleep for dreamin all night, and when I waked up in the mornin, Hansum sed the second gong had rung and if I was gwine to Filadelly in the cars I better git up rite off. Well, out I got, and dressed and went down to breakfust. After eatin a good breckfust I ax'd for my bill, and Hansum brang down my baggage. Every time I looked at Hansum he was grinning, but as soon as he seed me lookin at him he straitened up his face and sort o' pretended to up his face and sort o' pretended to scrutch his head. I couldn't think what was the matter with the feller; and when I looked at him pretty hard he grinned as much as to say, it was the strangest thing in the world to him why I couldn't understand his meanin. Bimeby, when I was puttin my change in my purse, I specied what was the matter. "Thats it; ain't it Hansum," matter. "Thats it; ain't it Hansum," ses I, handin him a quarter. "Yes sir, thank you sir," ses he and he grinned more'n ever, and if you ever seed a

when I was reddy to start, I went to the door to see if they had put my trunks on the waggon to take them to cars, and rite in the middle of the hall I met a chap standiu' with a big painted label on his buzzum what had on it on lacel on his burgum what had on it.
"Boot Black," in big, yaller latters.
That he stood, like a sentiuel on quarter gard, as stiff as a post, and as 1 walked by him he kept turnin round so his sign was all the timen view. When I cum back that he stood in the same place, with his hands down by his side, and his hed up, lookin' me rite in the face. Thinks I, he must be a deaf and dumb man what blacks the boot of the establishment, and then he wants mo to give him sum change. Well I didn't to give him sum change. Well I didn't know nothin about the deaf and dumb language, and as I didn't have no slate and pencil handy, I begun to make signs to him by pintin' at my boots, and then at him, and then doin my hands like I was brushin's boot. He nodded his hed. Then I tuck out my purse and made a motion to him as much as to any day your sear any as much as to say, do you want sum money, and he nodded his had agin twice. Poor feller, thinks I, he can't dun nobody, and must lose many a debt whar people's always gwine away is a hurro so. So I handed him a half dollar. When it fell in his hand he opened his eyes and started like he was tack by surprise. "Thank ve, sir," ses he scrapin' his foot and bowin' his hed like a snappin' turtle; "thank, ye,

sir." ses he.
You may depend that sot me back

"If you ain't dum," see I, why didne on speak before," see I.

you speak before," sea I,
"I had nothin to spake of," sea he,
"Couldn't you sed you was the boot-

"I'd told ye that," sea he, "but I thought you could rail; and where's the use of keepin' a dog and doln' ones

thought he was a dum man I wouldn't gin him but a sevenpence nebow.

********************************** heavy bisness part of Baltimore from the basic clear out to Fell's Pint, on

Old Town. After we got out of the city they took out the horses and hitched to the rattle-te-klink, over embankments and through cuts soross fields and over bridges, until we was soon out of site of Baltimore. The mornin was dark and cloudy and the ground was wet; so if we lost any thing by not havin brighter skies and a better view of the scenery we made up for it by not havin no dust to choke us to deth. This is

the scats like you do on some roads, for every man has a comfortable seat to himself; and another thing that I liked very much was that the sparks ain't always durtin' about your face, and lightin' down when you ain't spectin' nothin' and burnin your clothes off of

I begin to flud it a great deal colder here than it was in Georgia when I left home. We had summer in Pineville more's a month ago, and everybody bud gardin vegetables on their tables and my corn was more'n knce high before I left. Here ther ain't hardly a English per to be seen and the corn deld malita is still on duty to skeer the birds from pullin' up the sprouts. But in that line of bieness they can beat us all boller, for I've seed two or three skeercrows standin' about it the corn-fields here that wouldn't only skeer all the birds in Gnorgia to death, but they wouldn't leave a nigger on the planta tion in 24 hours after they wer put in the field. They looked more like the old boys in regimentals than I can think of.
The road passes through a rather

thinly populated country, most of the distance, till it gits to Haver-degrass, distance, till it gits to Haver-degrass, whar it croases the Susquehamy River. After that it goes through a country that keeps gottin better and better, till we git to Wilmington, Del., which is a buttful town on the Brandywine River, bout 30 miles from Filladelfy. Between Baltimore and the Susquehamy we crossed over several rivers, on bildges, some of 'em more'n a mile long, but ther ain't no changin' only at the Susquehamy, which we crossed

at the Susquelianny, which we crossed in a butiful steamboat to the cars on the other side. From Wilmington all the way to Filladelfy, we were in sight of the broad Delaware on our right, on the banks of which, and as far as we could see on the left, is one of the hand-somest, agricultural districts in the somest agricultural districts in the country—the houses lookin' like pal-

country—the houses lookin' like pal-aces and the farms like gardens.
When the cars got to the depo, they
was surrounded as usual by a regiment of whips. But Fillsdelfy haukman behaved themselves pretty well for men in their line of hisness. Ther wasn't more'n twenty of 'em at me at me at one time, and none of 'em didn't 'tempt to take my baggage from me whether I would let 'em have it or rot. Soon as I got so that I knowed which eend I was standin' on, I took a hack and druv to the United States Hotel in

nut street to the old State House, whar the Continental Congress made the Declaration of Judependence. The old bildin stands what it did, and the doorsills is that, upon which the feet of our Heyolutionary fathers rested; but whar are they now? Of all the brave hearts that throubed in them old halls on the 4th of July, 1776, not one now is warmed by the pulse of life. One by one they have sunk down into ther graves, leavin a grateful posterity to the enjoyment of the civil and religious blessns for which they pledged ther 'lives, ther fortins and ther sacred honors." I felt like I was walkin on consecrated ground, and I couldn't help but think that if some of our numbers of Congress was two some members of Congress was to pay a oc-oasional pilgrimage to this Meck of our political faith, and dwell but for n few hours on the example of the worthy men who once waked the schoes of these halls with ther patriotic elo-quence, they would be apt to go back wiser and better politicians than they was when they cum, and that we would have less sound and more sense, less for Buncum and more for the country in ther speeches in our Capitol Washington.

After lookin' about the old hall, I went up stairs into the steeple, what the bell still hangs what was cast by order of Congress, to proclaim liberty to the world. It is cracked and rulned, and like the walls in which it hangs, the monuments and status and tho monuments and statues and paintins, and every other relie of them days, it remains a silent memento of the past, and as such it should be pre-served as long as the motal of which it

After takin a good look at it and readin the inscription on it, I went up readin the inscription on it, I went up higher in the steeple and tuck a look at the city. Well, I thought that was brick and morter enough under my eyes at one time when I was on the Vashington monument in Baltimore; but, sir, Bultimore, large as it is, ain't a primin to Filladelfy. I could see nothin but one eternal mass of houses ou every side. On the east, I could see the Delaware, what divided the city from the houses on the Jersey side, but on the north and south, it the use of keepin' a dog and doin' ones own barkin', i' ses he.

Tuck in agin, thinks I. If I hadn't you couldn't tell one from another, thought be was a dum man I wouldn't and then the confused mass of chim-

compare the city to anything else but one everlastin' big chess board, covered with pieces. The churches with steeples, answerin for castles, the Statchouse, Exchange and other public bildins for kings, the Banks for bishops, the Theaters and Hotels for kinghts, and so on down til you caus to the private houses, which would do to stand for counters. The only different counters. to the private houses, which would do
to stand for counters. The only difficulty in the comparison is that ther
ain't no room to move—the game bein
completely blocked or checkmated everywhar, except round the edges, and
whar ther is now and then a square
lett for a public walk.

I was standin they provide to and

I was standin thar ruminatio and underin at the great city what was stretched out at my feet and thinkin to myself what a heap of happiness and misers, wealth and poverty, virtue and vice it contained, and how if I was a Asmodous what a interestin panorama it would afford the, when the fust jumpin spang off the steeple to to the treetops below. Whang I went something rite close by me, with a noise londer than a fity-six pounder. that made the old steeple totter and creak as if it was gwine all to pieces. It grabbed hold of the railing and held on to be with the content of the same with all the content of the same with all the same state. to 'em with all my might, till I tuck seven of them slifted licks, every one of which I thought would nock my senses out of me. It jarred my very inards, and made me so deaf I couldn't bear myself think for a ower afterwards. Come to find out it was the town clock strikin in the steeple rite over my bead. It was a monatrous lucky thing for me that it wasn't no later, for I do believe if it had been 10 or 11 o'clock it would been the deth of

or 11 o'clock it would been the deth of me.

As soon as I got able to trayel 1 cum down out of that place and went through Independence Square, whist's right in the rear of the Statebouse, to Washington Square. This is said to be the handsumest public square in the world—it certainly is the handsumest I ever seed, and I do bleve that out this excasion ther wasn't that spot of earth on the whole globe that could compare with it. I don't mean the square itself, though that is handsum enuff in all conscience, with its butful graveled walks, its handsum grass-plats, its slindy trees, and elegant iron fence, that would cost more itself fron fence, that would cost more itself than all the houses in Pinevilla—but what I mean is the scene what I saw in the square.

If there was one I do believe ther

was fifteen hundred or two thousand children in the square at the same tine, all rangin from 2 to 7 and 8 years old, and all dressed in the most butiful style. That they was, little galls and boys, all playin and movin about in every direction—some jumpin the rope, some rollin hoops, here a party of little galls daucin the polker, and thar au-other playing at battledoor or the graces—some runnin races and some walkin, some of 'em butiful as little Compids, and all as merry and sprightly as crickets. It was a kind of juvenile swoiree, as they call 'em here, and I never did see any little creaters that seemed to enjoy themselves so much, I never seed so many children together before in all my life, and it seemed to me there wasn't a sickly one among me ther wasn't a sickly one among 'em. Perhaps the sickly ones couldn't come out when the wether was so cool lut if they was a fair specemen of the children of Filladelfy, then I can say ther aint a city in the world that can teat her for handsum, clean, well-dressed, healthy-lookin children. Ther was lots of nurses among 'em to take Chestrut street, rite opposite the old raw head and bloody bones, the United States Bank.

After dinner I tuck a walk up Chestrut street to the old State House, what drep not bein sufficiently edicated yet to enable them to discover their equals in the sable descendants of Africa.

While I was lookin about in the squie who should I see but the famous Count Barraty, what was out to Pine-ville you know about two years ago locturein on Greece. That he was with the same old shaggy locks and big mustache, standin near a group of servant galls, with his arms folded, lookin on in the attitude of Bonaparte at St. Helleny. Paor old felier I couldn't help but pity him, when I thought what terrible vicinitudes be has passed through sense he was in Georgis. You know when he left Pineville he told us wo would hear from him in the papers, and in less than a month we did hear from him bore enuff in the Pickyune, what gin a account of that terrible encounter he sum gentleman in New Orleans, whose lady didn't understand Greek enuff to enable her to appreciate his foreign manners. The Count don't wear so rauch jewelry now as he use to in Georgia, and his clothes look a little seedy. But he's the same old Count in every other respect. As soon as he seed me be relaxed the austerity of his mastache and went out of the square.
Bimeby the swoirse was over, and
the nurses began to gether up ther

the nurses negon to gether up ther charges and prepare for ywine home. The merry laugh and song soon died away, and troop after troop of little people filed out of the gates in every direction, until the square was entirely It was tea time and I went to my It was ten time and I went to my hotel. Sense ten I have it you this letter, informin you of my arrival here. I'm gwine to bed early to-night, and if it don't rain to-morrow I'm gwine to take a early start and see what Filiadelfy's made out of before nite. So

no more from your frend til deth. Jos. JONES. (To be continued next week.)

Bine Back Speller. The editor desires to congratulate
J. J. Alien, the new Principal of
Louisburg Male Academy, upon his
good sense in adopting Webster's Blue
Back Speller in his school, Prof.
Alien is the "charpjon" speller of
North Carolina, and it is to the old
"blue back," that he attributes, a
greater portion of his proficiency to
this line. When a boy has learned to
sort of a bing field is to be the were
agreeable. They did the ham thing
mercaline, and it seemed to be mutually
agreeable. They did the ham thing
mercaline, and it seemed to be mutually
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mercaline, and it seemed to be mutually
mercaline, and it seemed to be considered.

Mot more than half a down received
the acoulations and embraces of their
morther release.

Well, as Mr. Lincoln once said about
the high kicking of the ballet-girl. "I
mercaline and the care was very limited.

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Mot more than half a down received
the acoulations and embraces of their gin him but a seven pende notow.
It was 9 2 clock, and I was scated in single in the gray obscure of the the oars on my way to Filladelfy. The mad runs rite along in the edge of the city, near the warves, and gives a glee, as strait and level as the rows in a politic term of the subscure. The fact is, I can't is pretty well up.

BILL ARP ON TROUBLES.

SOME LETTERS HE HAS BECENTLY HECK! SED

One From an Intappy Man Who Wife Had Left Him-Another From a Poor Woman Whose fon in In the Army-A Lescon From the War.

till Arp in Atlanta Constitution,
"Howamail of all that human hearle on here,
That part which kings or laws our cause or
mee,"

Dr. Johnson never wrote a sadder truth than that, It comes home to every man, woman and famfly. Neither kings nor presidents nor laws can give us peace of mind, good health or happiness at home, nor can they prevent it. They cannot bring the rain or the drought or the pestilence or stop it when it comes. There are some things in this life so much bigger than presidents and governors and laws that we cease to regard all human oppreswe cease to regard all human oppres-sion. When a family is broken up by discord or alm or shame it is a greater calamity to them then war is to a na-

tion.
"More fore-denotic love-to longer messions by the condition of doors.
"Its institute by the cruel streke of doors has been on the treater."

What an awful picture is that! The corpse of leve shrouded and coffined in the family room, but never buried or removed. I was ruminuting about this because I have a letter from s disconsolate man who upbraids me a disconsolute man who upbraids me for telling the girls not to marry utili they are aute of a good bushand. He says: "Why not extend your caution to the young men, for my sad experience is that the girls are more capricious and uncertain than the hoys? I thought that I had made a happy choice, but my wife has gone away and left me and the children that the hors to many dury home are deceled."

bore to me and our home are desolate."
Well, that is bad and sad, but it is one case among a thousand. In fact, it is the only one I ever heard of. The to stile only one I ever heard of. The contrast to it is another letter from a distrassed mother who begs me to help her find her boy—her darling boy—who collisted in company B, Twelfti United States Infantry, and was sent to Santingo and she has beard nothing from him since the 24th of July, when he was lying sick in the bospital. She has written him often since then, but never a line nor a message from him. has written bim often since then, but never a line nor a message from him. "He was always good to write to me," also says, "and loves me dearly, and now I am almost heartbroken. I saw in the papers that his regiment had been sent to Camp Wikoff, but where is my boy?"

I wonder how many of those cases there are and who is responsible for it.
The darling boy is dead, I recken, but I have written to a friend in New York to visit the camp and learn what he can. There i nathing! It for these bereaved nothers now but to weep and wall—wall for death and the resurrection. tion. The glad reunion of mother and child in beaven is enough to make

There is trouble that man did not cause, and we fear man cannot cure. cause, and we lear man cannot curs. I do not like fo write a sad letter, but trouble lives sympathy, and most everybody loves to give it. Sympathy casts nothing, and is worth more than money to those whose hearts are aching. Fer four long, anxious weeks our little orphan girl has been wasting and burning with a fever that seems impossible to break, and the dear little patient child grows weaker seer due. and never complains. For three wiu-ters we nursed her in Florida, and she was getting strong and growing in stature and in girlish beauty—the joy and comfort of her widowed mother the light of our house, and all who know her love her. What can we do but pray and plead and hope? Already we are trying to see the silver lining to this cloud—the welcome that she will give us when we cross the river if she should die and join the angels.

But enough of this. Now what lessons shall we learn from all the horrors of this four months' war? (he occurs to me; whenever a sudder is sick in the hospital the officer in charge should be required to require his family by letter or card overy day of his condition, and if he dies, to make known the manner and place of his burial. Every hospital should keep a register of the name and residence und registor of the huma and leadence and nearest kin of every soldler received. Why should this mother have to hunt in helpless ignorance for her son? If he is too sick to write, why should not somebody be detailed to write for him? I am not now arraiging those who virtually murdered hundreds of our boys, but there should be some new army regulations for the next war, or also the volunteer system of which the nation has boasted will have to be abandoned. No man who was Camp Thomas will ever volunteer again. I hope that Colonel Howell will accept the President's appoint-ment and take a part in the investigation; no fitter selection could have been made. He knows from exbeen made. He knows from experionce what war is, and what camps
and hospitals should be. He is a fair
man, conservative and fearleas. I
have known him intimately from early
manhood, and am bold to say be would
make a competent and reliable juror in
any case, and would render a just verdict without fear or favor. If any
white-washing is to be done, he will
expose it and the nation will hear of it.
We see that some of the New York
papers are vary funny over that negon papers are very funny over that negrowench kinding business that was perpe-

to Cubs and Parto files. For there are 300,000 darkles in Cuba and 100,000 in Porto Rico, and they have annalgamatet with coolies and indians and Spaniards so long that their wives will be open to receive new lovers. A writer in the New York Press says these islands will be an Eldorado for our Southern negroes, and predicts that within a year after peace and quict is established not less than 3,000,000, of our Southern negroes will migrate and settle there where they can do nothing but

But molesses emply
And swing upon the gates.

Rat moisses energy
And swing upon the gates.

Well, we can spare about that many, but I predict that the exedns will not come to pass. The typical Southern negro won't go anywhere. He had rather stay here and be lynched or go to the chain-gang than go North to the Yankees or to Africa with Bishop Turner. The good negroes around this part of the country who have familles are content, and those who have homes around Cartersville wouldn't slet them to anybody. They are a curious people. They don't like their Northern friends, but will vute with them and for them at eyery election. They claim General Grant as their deliverer and you can't make one of them believe that Grant was a slave owner up to the very day of Lincoln's proclamation of freedom.

But still we can hardly do without

mation of freedom.

But still we can hardly do without them, and I had rather have Uncle ham and his wife, Aunt Ann, and their children to work and cook and wash for my family than to take my chances with white servants from the North. And so we are not worrying over the negro problem. Let it work out its own solution.

THOMPSON AND WALLACK

Curses. Like Chickens, Come Home to

It was the front of fate that when Dr. Cyrus thompson, Secretary of State, returned from Concord, where he had held up the sobriety of the pres-ent administration in contrast with the ent administration in contrast with the drunkness of Immecratic administrations past—gibbeting Hal Ayer as the only member of the present administration who drinks liquor—be should have found that during his absence his own clerk, A. D. K. Wallace, had been discovered helplessly drunk behind the water cooler in his office. This retribution as to Dr. Thompson. As to Mr. Wallace, no case could be more pathetic than his. For many years he has not been a drinker. Lately a cloud has come over his wife's mind, and after committing her to the insune asplum at Raleigh and going home to his little children he felt the burden greater than his could bear and for surcease resorted to drink. These things he has said in a published card, which is calculated to touch a heart of stone.

It is poinful to allude to the incident. It is prinful to allude to the incident cat sympathy, and we would not true far the man who, for political or other

reasons would seek to make capital of his fall. He may be forgiven but upon In tail. He may be forgiven but upon Dr. Thompson the occurrence reacts twice. He gloated over the infirmitles of other men, and almost before the words were out of his mouth they came back to him. Boarting like a Pharise, of his own righteousness and that of his own confrores, he turns to find in his own office the sin for which he so freely condemned others. But that is not all, nor the worst so far as he is is not all, nor the worst so far as he is concerned. He summarily discharges his unfortunate clerk and parades to the world the reason why. It was Wallace's first offence. Instead of throwing the mantle of charity and the arm of sympathy about him; instead of setting him on his feet, and stead of setting him on his feet and giving him another chance, he throws him off, for one offence of which many a better man has been guilty, and trumpets his murmity to the meanwhile seeking to make a virture of his own meanness and hard-bearted-

It is no pleasure to discuss such i case as this; men's personal habits are largely their concern, and even in the case of public mun they become subjects of legitimate comment only when they luterfere with the discharge of public duties. But Dr. Thompson has forced the issue, and while it is imremind him that curses like chickens, come home to roost, it is fair to say that in his treatment of this unfortu nate man, he has shown bluyelf deficient in that Civistian charity which would much adora a man of

Representative Martin Whips Thre Colored Women. Wadesbarn Messenger-Intelligencer.

The home of Representative Charles H. Martin, at Polkton, was the scene of a lively little scrimmage last Sunday morning. The fact of the occurence, as we learn them, are as follows: It seems that Isaac, Mr. Martin's 8-yearold son, was washing his face when secolored girl (daughter to Mr. Martin's colored girl (daughter to Mr. Martin's cook) came up and put her foot in the busin. This angered Isaac and he struck the girl and the girl struck bim back about this time Mr. Martin appeared on the scene and slepped the girl. Theo Mr. Martin's nurse come up and took the girl's part, whereupon Mr. Martin gave the purso a drubbing. Naxt the cook took a hand in the sorismage, with the result the she too, felt the weight of Mr. Martin's right cous wrath.

An Enterprising Pranglet.

which kissing business that was perpetrated in Virginia by northern truops in passing through. One paper says they took the colored wenches by surprise and kissed and imaged thorn ad libitum, and it seemed to be mutually agreeable. They did the same thing liers at Cartersylle, but the number of wenches near the cars was very limited. Not more than half a down received the osculations and embraces of their souls a furer all over the country by its Not more than hair a dozen received the consulations and embraces of their northern friends.

Well, as Mr. Lincoln once said about the high kicking of the ballet-girl, "I recken that those folks who like that nort of a thing find it to be the very thing they do like." Those are the kind of soldiers who sught to be neat THE RICHEST YEP.

at Said Me Could Rut Come

mack to the Bemoerate and Gave Reasons.

Greenstore Record.

A good many tough stories go the rounds during a campaigu, most of them being jokes, but here is one that is true in every detail.

One day last week a friend of Captain Forbia, of the McLoansville acction, went to see him. During the yisit is said to the Captain:

"Look here, let me make one more appeal to you. You are now an old man. You have lived an upright, honest, clean life. You went off to the l'opulists like a lot of other good men, but as things now stand your place is back in the Democratic party among your friends.

"I believe the Republicans are going to nominate you next Monday and for heaven's nake don't let them do it. You will be defeated, heatdes baving your very life worried out of you and will never get over it."

The Captain, always as erect as an arrow, straightened himself up to his full heighth and said:

"No sir; I left you all for good. I could not go back if I wanted to. I attended your conyention the other day in Greenshoro and about the first man I saw sitling back big as life was Sam Bradshaw, a man who was a Palmer and Buckmar elector, who made speeches for them and has now poked back into the Democratio party where you fellows will have to take care of him. I suppose you have already made arrangements for him to canvas the county. No, sir; I san't do anything like thia."

The funniest part of it is that Sam is a candidate for the Senate on the very same ticket with Captain Porbia—his leader, the bead of his ticket, and he must be obeyed in all essential features of the campaign.

Captain Forbis has not been seen since the convention by the party with whom he bad the onversation and it is not likely he will be seen if he can avoid it.

avoid it.
The Three Thisgs that Bont I'm.

The principal points made upon the The principal points made upon the Democratic party, and the grounds upon which it lost power in the State, were, that it had enacted an unjust and unfair election law; that salaries and fees were too high; that the government was being too extravagantly conducted. Any one of these is a serious charge and if true, should be sufficient, in the absence of some counter-balancing influence, to defeat any party. Let us lariedy examine these alleged wrongs and see what has been done about them.

Under the Democratic election law, concerning which it was said that it

Under the Democratic election law, concarning which it was said that it denied the voter a free isilict and a fair count, the fusionists defeated the Democrate in 1894, overwhelmingly, wresting from them both branches of the Legislature and electing every judge voted for. Could that have been done if the law had been framed solely in the interest of the Democratic party and with the purpose to deep a fair election to the opposition? The question is not worth arguing. Our readers saw elections held under it for twenty years, with both parties equally represented in the judges and poll-holders, and they know it was a fair law. The insignition is not worth arguing of the bode of the interest of the line in the judges and poll-holders, and they know it was a fair law. The insignition minors, coovicts and say other disqualified class can register, and then the burden of proof is upon the challenger to get the illegal name of the book—an almost impossible thing. Salaries and fees, we were told, were too high. Not one has been reduced. On the courtary—to cite one lostance—the laws have been an insignition. duced. On the contrary—to cite one lostence—the laws have been so changed that the Secretary of State now has an office far more valuable than it ever was before. It is worth \$6,000 a year—more than that of a United States Benator—and the present incumbent, that delightful scream—The Cover Transport of the present incumbent, that delightful scream—The Cover Transport of the present of the pres er, Dr. Cyrus Thompson, who used to go over the State declaiming against the too high salaries and fees, and who is still going about talling of the woes of the people, has not been known to turn into the Treasury a dollar that was his by law. was his by law.

The Democrats were too extravagant we were told. Look at the figures— they are from the record:

1891—Cust of State Government.... \$1,179.781.89 1983—Cust of State Government..... LB12,768.10 Cost for 1891-19 (Democratic yours) 8.00.414 m and 1801—Cost of State Government...... \$1,140,265.20

Cost for 1885-97 (Republican years)\$2,713,388.0

The difference is \$318,985.90 in favor of the Democratic party.

"Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hall 22

Reform With a Vengence

Concord Times.

We wish to keep it prominently before the people and tax-payers that Dr. Thompson, the great mogul of Poyulism and fusion, admitted in his speech here that the fusion government of the State had spent in Its three years of control more than two hundred thousand dollars more than the Dameorate spent during their last three years of costrol. The trath is they years of costrol. The trath is they years of costrol. The trath is they spent over \$300,000 more. Where is the reform in that? There were no extra expenses, and no buildings erected—it took this amount to rub the necessary expenses of the government. This is the provided that was going to inaugurate reform, going to improve on the expenses. In is the crowd that was going to improve on the extravagant Democratic administration, as they said. How much more reform like this do the people want? If they make such a record the first cluston they get at the transcury, what will be the result of another lease of power? Will the people endorse their extravagance? Never!

Maney in Montage

Yorkville Enquire

People who own mowers and run them for the public, are making good money. Means, R. C. Jackson and trother, of Clover, made a machine pay for itself last year, and this year expect to get as much out of it as they did last year.

WHO BECOOKERS THE PLANT

"Our country tiret, our story and our pride; Land of our lopes, land where our father

when in the right we'll how the howe bright, when in the weon, we'll die to set thee right. A Southern lady in Pulladelphin has a flag bearing the above heautiful loseription. She knows but little of the history, and would know more. The flag belonged to some Korth Carolina command that fought in a Confederate army, and was presented by an ex-officer of the command, who, after the war was oper, actiled in Philadelphic and engaged in business. When he died he bequeathed it to a Southern woman living there, who is turn left it to her daughter as a priceless heritage. The flag was given by the daughter to her very drar friend, the present fair owner. Will you sat thate superst to print these facts, and any reader under whose sye they may come to write the Observer what he knows of the history of this postetic rule?

WALTERN W. WATT

September 25, 1808.

REVOLUTION IN THE BAST.

Charless Rows.

Hon. James H. Pou, of Raisigh, is spending the day in the city. He has just returned from a tour through the Eastern part of the state and says that a political revolution is in progress in that section of the state. The white tous are coming lack to the Desmocratic party in numbers and he says there is not the alightest doubt that the Jemocrats will poli more votes in the Kant than they have polled before since 1990.

since 1990.
The prospects for the Democracy are growing better every day, and in every county in which he has been Populists are coming back to the Democracy.

Newbers Journal,

One day last week a young lady of this city returning home on one of Newbern's public streets, came to where three nagro men stood on the sidewalk in auch a way as to obstruct the way. They made no effort to move so as to let her pass.

No white man was in meing distance. The intention of the pegroes was probably to compel the young lady, who is indeed but a girl, "standing with reluctant feet, where the stream and river mest," to pass between them. Sin chose to leave the walk in order to pass around them.

As she did so and reached a point opposite the three negroes, one of the brutes, seeing what he considered "hirs" in the young lady, stretched out and slapped has in the face!

She reached her home as quickly as possible and told what had cocurred. To make the matter more appulling, if possible, the young lady is an orphan and has no natural protection. In there a white man in North Carolins who does not wish he was near when the blow was struck?

At two Democratic rallies last week, one at Beldaville and one at Laurel Hill, the exercises were opened with prayer, after which men and women

prayer, after which men and women joined in singing the particle als "The Old North State."

This is litting. This is a campaign that involves far more than the triumph of political principles. It concerns the safety of the home, the protection of the women, the civilization of the race, and the decent government of the State.

Let the good names assessment.

of the State.

Let the good people everywhere invoke the blessings of Almighty God upon the efforts being made to restore good government peace and tranquility to the common wealth, and let the good women be arged to join their bushands and brothers in untiling paterotic airs to the prayers of Christians and the appeals of patriots. The white mon's railies are us truly agencies for good government and the preservation of virtue and morality as any crusade ever waged for the aplifting of the people.

tenthele Takes the Stup

The Salisbury correspondent of the Charlotte Observer, in his letter of the

The Salisbury correspondent of the Charlotte Observer, in his letter of the 16th, says;

"General interest will be fish in the amouncement that Maj, W. A. Guthrie, of Durham, will take the stamp for white supremsey shortly. He will make several speeches in this section, probably one is Bowran county. This information comes to your correspondent from as unquestionable source."

Major Guthrie was the popular Popular Countidate for Governor in 1866, and when he speaks to those who supported him in that memorphic campaign, they will be convinced that it is time for all decent white ment to units in a supreme effect to embers used government to North Carolina. Major Guthrie is one of the most effective stump apasters is the State.

Hear to Lean Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending antirnly on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver is inseture, you have a billious look; if your stomach is disordered, you have a dynaptic loot; if your tidneys are affected, you have a billious look; if your tidneys are affected, you will have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Kleetric Bittees" is good a Alternative and Tonic. Acid directly on the atomach. Ilver and kidneys, pririles the blood, curse pingles blotokes and boils, and gives a good completion. Every bottle generated. Sold at J. E. Curry & Co's Drug Store. SO cents per bottle.