

MAJOR JONES TRAVELS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Major Joseph Jones of Georgia.

LETTER X.

Philadelphia, May 25. To Mr. Thompson—Dear Sir—You may be sure I was thrilled when I got back to the Exchange after my visit to Philadelphia last night. I couldn't help but think how I had been tucked in by that bominable little match seller, and I felt like mad at myself for being such a fool.

heavy business part of Baltimore from the basin clear out to Fell's Point, on Old Town. After we got out of the city they took out the horses and hitched to the old steam Belzebub, and away we went rattling to-kilak, over embankments and through cuts across fields and over bridges, until we was soon out of site of Baltimore. The ground was dark and cloudy and the sun was not to be seen. It was a better view of the city than I had ever seen before. We made up for it by not having no dust to choke us to death. This is a beautiful railroad, and the cars is as comfortable as a rockin chair with arms to it. You haint got to be lumpy and crowdin up together in the seats like you do on some roads, for every man has a comfortable seat to sit on. I was a little tired when I left my car, but I was a little better when I got to the depot. I was a little tired when I got to the depot, but I was a little better when I got to the depot.

compare the city to anything else but one everlasting big chess board, covered with pieces. The churches with steeples, answerin for castles, the Statehouse, Exchange and other public buildings for kings, the banks for bishops, the Theaters and Hotels for knights, and so on down till you come to the private houses, which would do to land for countess. The only difficulty in the comparison is that there ain't no room to move—the game here completely blocked or checkmated everywhere, except round the edges, and what there is now and then a square left for a public walk. I was standin their ruinatio and wonderin at the great city what was stretched out at my feet and thinkin to myself what a heap of happiness and misery, wealth and poverty, virtue and vice it contained, and how it was all Amosudus what a interestin panorama it would afford me, when the fast thing I know'd I cum in a ace of jumpin sprung off the steple into the street below. Whaung I went something like close by me, with a noise louder than a fifty-six pounder, that was the old steple totter and crack as it was getting in a piece. I grabbed hold of the railing and held on 'em with all my might, till I tuck seven of them all-fired links, every one of which I thought would sock my seuses out of me. It jarred my very insides, and made me so deaf I couldn't hear myself think for a over afterwards. Come in find out it was the town clock strikin in the steple rite over my head. It was a monstrous 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 be the detb of me.

BILL ARP ON TROUBLES.

NOTE LETTERS BY EAR RECENTLY RECEIVED.

One From an Unhappy Man Whose Wife Had Left Him—Another From a Poor Woman Whose Son is in the Army—A Letter From the War. Bill Arrp in Atlanta Constitution. "How small of all that human hearts can love. That part which lifts or lays our course or care." Dr. Johnson never wrote a sadder truth than that. It comes home to every man woman and child. Nothing or 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 cannot regard all human oppression by discord or sin or shame it is a greater calamity to them than war is to a nation. "How very sad and wery is the room Where love-domestic love-to no longer meet But smitten by the cruel stroke of doom Like corpses lie on the streets." The corpse of love smothered and confined in the family but never buried or removed. I was rummaging about this because I have a letter from a disconsolate man who upbraids me for telling the girls not to marry until they are sure of a good husband. 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 boys? I thought that I had made a happy choice, but my wife has gone away and left me and the children that she bore to me and our home are desolate." Well, that is sad and sad, but it is one case among a thousand. In fact, it is the only one I ever heard of. The contrast to it is another letter from a distressed mother who begs me to help her and her boy—her darling boy—who enlisted in company B, Twelfth United States Infantry, and was sent to Santiago and she has heard nothing from him since the 24th of July, which he was lying sick in the hospital. She has written him often since then, but never a line nor a message from him. "He was always good to write to me," she 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 reckon, but I have written to a friend in New York to visit the camp and learn what he can. There is nothing I can do for these bereaved mothers now but to weep and wait for death and the resurrection. The glad reunion of mother and child is heaven is enough to make anybody get religion. There is trouble at our house, too just now—a trouble that man did not cause, and we fear man cannot cure. I do not like to write a sad letter, but trouble loves sympathy, and most everybody loves to give it. Sympathy costs nothing, and is worth more than money to those whose hearts are aching. Her four long, anxious weeks ago a little orphan girl has been wasting away and burning with fever that seemed impossible to break, and the dear little patient child grew weaker every day, and never complains. For three weeks 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. How 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? One occurs to me; whenever a soldier is sick in the hospital the officer in charge should be required to acquaint his family by letter or card every day of his condition, and if he dies, to make known his name and place of burial. Every hospital should keep a register of the name and residence and nearest kin of every soldier 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 arraigning those who virtually murdered hundreds of our boys, but there should be some new way of keeping the mother, wife or sister of the volunteer system of which the nation has boasted will have to be abandoned. No man who was at Camp Thomas will ever volunteer again. I hope that Colonel Howell will accept the President's appointment and take a part in the investigation; no fitter selection could have been made. He knows from experience what war is, and what camps and hospitals should be. He is a fair man, conservative and fearless. I have known him intimately for many years, and am bold to say he will 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 bear it. We see that some of the New York papers are very funny over that negro which kissing business that was perpetrated in Virginia by northern troops in passing through. One paper says they took the colored soldiers by surprise and kissed and hugged them and libtism, and it seemed to be mutually agreeable. They did the same thing here at Cartersville, but the number of venches near the cars was very limited. Not more than half a dozen received the accolades and embraces of their northern friends. Well, as Mr. Lincoln once said about the high looking of the bullet fired, "I reckon that those folks who like that sort of a thing had it to be the very thing they do like." Those are the kind of soldiers who ought to be sent

to Cuba and Porto Rico. For there are 500,000 darkies in Cuba and 100,000 in Porto Rico, and they have amalgamated 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 quiet is established not less than 3,000,000 of our Southern negroes will migrate and settle there where they can do nothing but eat molasses candy. And seeing that the matter. Well, we can spare about that many, but I predict that the exodus 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 chalu-gang than go North to the Yankees or to Africa with Bishop Turner. The good negroes around this part of the country who have families are content, and those who have homes around Cartersville wouldn't sile them to anybody. They are a serious people. They don't like their Northern friends, but will vote with them and for them at every 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 them, and I had rather have Uncle Sam 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 WALLACE. (Carroll, Like Chickens, Come Home to Roost. Charlotte Observer.) It was the irony of fate that when Dr. Cyrus Thompson, Secretary of State, returned from Concord, where he had held up the sobriety of the present administration in contrast with the drunkenness of Democratic administration past—gibbering that Ayer as the only member of the present administration who drinks liquor—be should have fallen ill during his absence his own clerk, A. B. Wallace, had been discovered helplessly drunk behind the water cooler in his office. This revelation 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 insane asylum at Raleigh and going home to his little orphan child, he has felt the burden greater than he could bear and for succor resorted to drink. These things he has said in a published card, which is calculated to touch a heart of stone. It is painful to allude to the incident. Mr. Wallace is entitled to the tenderest sympathy, and we would not trust far the man who, for political or other reasons would seek to make capital of his fall. He may be forgiven but upon Dr. Thompson the occurrence reflects twice. He hated over the infirmities of other men, and almost before the words were out of his mouth they came back to him. Boasting like a Pharisee, of his own righteousness and that of his own confessions, 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 concerned. The summary discharge of the unfortunate clerk and paragon of the world the reason why. Instead of throwing the mantle of charity and the arm of sympathy about him; instead of setting him on his feet and giving him another chance, he throws him off for one offense of which many a better man has been guilty, and trumpets his infirmity to the world, even while seeking to make a virtue of his own meanness and hard-heartedness. It is no pleasure to discuss such a case as this; men's personal habits are largely their concern, and even in the case of public men they become subjects of legitimate comment only when they interfere with the discharge of public duties. But Dr. Thompson has forced the issue, and while it is impossible to resist the temptation to remind him that cures like chicken, come home to roost, it is fair to say that in his treatment of this unfortunate man, he has shown himself deficient in that Christian charity which would much adorn a man of his high position. Representative Maria Whips Three Colored Women. (Washington Messenger—The Observer.) The home of Representative Charles H. Martin at Polkton, was the scene of a lively little scrimmage last Sunday morning. The fact of the occurrence, as we learn them, are as follows: It seems that Isaac, Mr. Martin's 8-year-old son, was washing his face when a colored girl (daughter to Mr. Martin's cook) came up and put her foot in the basin. This angered Isaac and he struck the girl and the girl struck him back about the same time Mr. Martin appeared on the scene and stopped the girl. Then Mr. Martin's nurse came up and took the girl's part, whereupon Mr. Martin gave the nurse a dressing. Next the cook took a hand in the scrimmage, with the result the she too, felt the weight of Mr. Martin's righteousness.

THE RICHEST YET. A Populist Held His Ground But Came Back to the Democratic and Gave Grounds. (Greensboro Record.) A good many tough stories go the rounds during a campaign, most of them being jokes, but here is one that is true in every detail. One day last week a friend of Captain Forbis, of the McLaneville section, went to see him. During the visit he heard, let us make one more appeal to you. You are now an old man. You have lived an upright, honest, clean life. You want off the Populists 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 sake don't let them do it. You will be defeated, beaten, having 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 height and said: "No sir; I left you all for good. I could not go back if I wanted to. I attended your convention the other day in Greensboro and about the first man I saw sitting back big as life was Sam Bradshaw, a man who was a Palmer and Beckner elector, who made speeches for them and his now poked back into the Democratic party where you fellows will have to take care of him. I suppose you have already made arrangements for him to canvass the county. No, sir; I can't do anything like that." The funniest part of it is that Sam is a candidate for the Senate on the very same ticket with Captain Forbis—his leader, the head 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 had the conversation and it is not likely he will be seen if he can avoid it. The Three Things that Don't Ruin. (Stateville Landmark.) 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 the 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 briefly examine these alleged wrongs and see what has been done about them. Under the Democratic election law, conceding what it was said that it denied the voter a free ballot and a fair count, the Populists defeated the Democrats in 1891, 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 Democrats and with the purpose of defeating the opposition? The answer 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 knew it was a fair law. The Populists replaced it with one under which mthors, convicts and any 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 contrary—to cite one instance—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 \$5,000 a year—more than that of a United States Senator—and the present incumbent, that delightful scoundrel, Dr. Cyrus Thompson, who used to go over the State declaiming against the too high salaries and fees, and who is still going about talking of the woes of the people, has not been known to turn into the Treasury a dollar that was his by law. The Democrats were too extravagant, we were told. Look at the figures—they are from the record: 1892—Cost of State Government, \$1,125,210.00; 1893—Cost of State Government, \$1,125,210.00; 1894—Cost of State Government, \$1,125,210.00; 1895—Cost of State Government, \$1,125,210.00; 1896—Cost of State Government, \$1,125,210.00; 1897—Cost of State Government, \$1,125,210.00; 1898—Cost of State Government, \$1,125,210.00. The difference is \$218,099.90 in favor of the Democratic party. "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Repent With a Vengeance. (Concord Times.) We wish to keep it prominently before the people and tax-payers that Dr. Thompson, the great mogul of Populism 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 Democrats spent during their last three years of control. The truth is they spent over \$500,000 more. Where is the reform in that? There were no extra expenses and no buildings erected—it took this amount to run the necessary expenses of the government. This is the crowd that was going to inaugurate reform, 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 chance they get at the treasury, what will be the result of another lease of power? Will the people endorse their extravagance? Never! Reply to Newsman. (Yorkville Enquirer.) People who own mowers and run them for the public, are making good money. Messrs. R. C. Jackson and brother, 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 RECOGNIZED THE FLAG? A Philadelphia Lady Shows North Carolina Confederate Colors and Wants to Ascertain the Command of the Standard. (Charlotte Observer.) Communicated to the Charlotte Observer. "What country are you and my wife? Look at her uniform, will you not tell me?" A Southern lady in Philadelphia has a flag bearing the above described inscription. She knows but little of its history, and would know more, if she belonged to some North Carolina command that fought in a Confederate army, and was presented by an officer of the command, who after the war was over, settled in Philadelphia and engaged in business. When he died he bequeathed it to a Southern woman living there, who in turn left it to her daughter, a prominent business woman. The flag was given by the daughter to her very dear friend, the present fair owner. Will you ask State papers to print these facts, and any reader under whose eye they may come to write the Observer what he knows of the history of this poetic relic? September 25, 1898. REVOLUTION IN THE EAST. Former Chairman Puts Signs The White Men are Returning to Democracy. (Charlotte News.) Hon. James H. Poe, of Raleigh, in speaking 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 men are coming back to the Democratic party in numbers and he thinks there is not the slightest doubt that the Democrats will poll more votes in the East than they have polled before since 1890. The prospects for the Democracy are growing better every day, and in every county in which he has seen Populists are coming back to the Democracy. Unhappy Newborn. (Northern Journal.) One day last week a young lady of this city returning home on one of Newbern's public streets, came to where three negro men stood on the sidewalk in such a way as to obstruct the way. They made no effort to move so as to let her pass. No white man was in seeing distance. The intention of the negroes was probably to compel the young lady, who is indeed but a girl, "standing with reluctant feet, where the stream and river meet," to pass between them. She 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 "airs" in the young lady, stretched out and slapped her in the face! She reached her home as quickly as possible and told what had occurred. To make the matter more appalling, if possible, the young lady is an orphan and has no natural protection. Is there a white man in North Carolina who does not wish he was near when the blow was struck? Democrats in Earnest. (New's Observer.) At two Democratic rallies last week, one at Beaufort and one at Laurel Hill, the exercises were opened with prayer, after which men and women joined in singing the patriotic air "The Old North State." This is fitting. This is a campaign that involves far more than the triumph of political principle. It concerns the safety of the home, the civilization of the race, and the decent government of the State. Let the good people everywhere invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon the efforts being made to restore good government peace and tranquility to the commonwealth, and let the good women be urged to join their husbands and brothers in uniting patriotic airs to the prayers of Christians and the appeals of patriots. The white man's rallies are as truly agencies for good government and the preservation of virtue and morality as any crusade ever waged for the uplifting of the people. Catholic Takes the Stumps. The Salisbury correspondent of the Charlotte Observer, in his letter of the 10th, says: "General interest will be felt in the announcement that Maj. W. A. Taylor, of Durham, will take the stump for white supremacy shortly. He will make several speeches in this section, probably one in Rowan county. This information comes to your correspondent from an unquestionable source." Major Guthrie was the popular Populist candidate for Governor in 1895, and when he speaks to those who supported him in that memorable campaign, they will be convinced that it is in fact for all decent white men to unite in a common effort to restore good government to North Carolina. Major Guthrie is one of the most effective stump speakers in the State. How to Look Good. Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver is inactive, you have a bilious look; if your stomach is disordered, you have a sallow look; if your stomach is disordered, you have a sallow look; if your kidneys are disordered, you will have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is good. Alternative and Tonic. Add directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, cures pimples, blotches and boils, and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at J. E. Query & Co's Drug Store, 505 S. E. Cor. 2nd St.