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MAJOR JONES TRAVELS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Major Joseph Jones of Georgia.

LETTER XVIII.

NEW YORK, July 18.—To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—When I left off in my last letter I was whizzin along in the cars at the rate of 'bout 15 miles a ower, on my way to Buffalow. You know ther ain't no grate deal of romance in a railrode journey, if you don't happen to no mishaps, sich as runnin off the track and bein tilted heels over bed down a 50-feet embankment, into a quagmire 40 foot deep, or pitchin into the train what's gwine tother way, and havin a double seat, brick and all, jammed rite through your stummuck in the collision, or bustin yer biler and havin your arms and legs sent whirlin in every direction among the tree tops in a hurrycane of bilin hot steam. Well, as none of these accidents didn't happen to us to make our trip interestin, I shan't trouble you with a very long account of my journey through this part of the great Empire State.

It is a Empire State, shore cuff—a empire of cities and towns, standin so thick that, in the railrode cars, it jest seems to be one everlastin Broadway, with here and thar a Bolin Green or a Union Park by way of variety. I tried to keep a run of the towns, but they stood so thick together and the cars went so fast, that when I ax'd anybody the name of a place, before I could make him understand what I wanted, in the dominable racket, we was in the middle of another town, and by the time I could understand the hard name of that one we was running the children and pigs off the track, and settin the dogs a barkin and the wimmin a lookin out of the winders in another. Just as we got out of Amsterdam I ax'd one of the passengers what place it was. He was readin a newspaper, and didn't hear me good at fust.

"What town is this?" sez I.

"Eh?" sez he.

"What place is this?"

"This! Oh, this is Tripe Hill, I believe," sez he.

"What Hill?" sez I.

"It looks like Cawnewaga," sez he.

"Cawne-which?" sez I.

"Now we are in Fonda?" sez he.

Seein I couldn't git no satisfaction out of him, I give it up. And shore cuff, cum to flod out, we had been gwine through three towns while I was tryin to find out the name of the fust one.

This is a go-a-head country, to be shore. I couldn't help but think, as we went dashin along in the middle of cities and towns, over lakes and rivers, through mountains and valleys, wakin the echoes with the thunderin clang of our iron wheels, and settin all the animal creation a caperin over the fields with the snort of our steam car—how the old codgers what lived 3,000 or 4,000 years before the Fourth of July would be tuck a-back if ther ghosts was to cum on a jurney to the United States now—how ther old notions would have to stand out of the way before the march of human knowledge, which they would see displayed in everything around 'em. What, for instance, would old Mr. Abraham think, to see more'n a thousand people, with bag and baggage—more'n all the jackasses and camels in his kingdom could carry—travelin at the rate of 15 miles a ower, all of 'em as comfortable and snug as if they was settin in ther own parlors? Or, to cum down to the later times, what would sich fellers as old Pompy and Socrates, and them, think to see Romes, and Athenses, and Troys, springing up all round 'em, thick as toadstools on a foggy mornin, with more commerce, and havin almost as much inhabitants as the cities of ther own day, what they used to think couldn't be bilt short of two or three of ther long-lived generations?

I used to think that the people of the old times had a monstrous sight the advantage of us, livin as they did to five and six hundred years old; but when I cum to consider, I don't know as they was much better off than we is. For what's the odds if we don't live so long as Mr. Methuseleum, if we can accomplish more in our lifetimes than he did in his? If we can git up a bigger nation in half a century than they did in five times as long—if our boys know more about science and other matters at ten years old, than ther's did at a hundred—if we can travel farther and see more of the world in a week than they could in five years—if we can harness up fire and water, and make 'em pull more cars in a train than Faryo had chariots in his hoste—if we can make the lightning carry our mails from one end of the yeath to the other in the twinklin of an eye—if ye can print more books in a day than they could rite in a century—if we can do all these things and twenty thousand times more than was never dreamed of in ther filosofy—then what's the use of our livin as long as they did?

I believe Providence regulates these things jest about as well as Congress could if it had the management of 'em. This world is only a state of preparation for another kind of existence—a sort of human cabbagepatch, whar plants is raised from the seed to be set out in the gardin of immortality—and the higher the state of cultivation the sooner we cum to the proper degree of human development, and of course the sooner we is reddy for transplantin. But a railerode car ain't no place to filosofize, so I'll drap the subject and go on with my jurney.

We got to Syracuse early in the evenin, and as we wasn't in so grate hurry, we concluded to stop ther all night, and take the train the next day. Ther is salt manufactured in this place, you know, to keep all creation from spilin, and I wanted to see how they biled it. We druv up to the salt-pumps, and seed 'em pumpin the water, and I couldn't help but think, when I seed the everlastin vats of salt water and the piles of salt in every direction, that Mrs. Lott must been near this place when she looked back at Gomorrow. It's a monstrous nice town, with a heap of butiful private houses and high board fences, all as white as table-salt. We tuck a walk round it by moonlight, and then went to our hotel and went to bed. The next mornin, 'bout 'leven o'clock, we tuck the cars agin, and, passin through one of the butifulest countries in the world, arrived at Rochester, a handsum city 'bout as big as Savannah and Augusty both together, a little after dark. Here we tuck another rest til mornin, when we tuck the cars what set us down in Buffalow before dinner time.

After dinner we tuck a walk through the town, which is a fresh-water seaport, you know, and a pretty considerble of a place. In the afternoon we went aboard of a little steambote what was gwine down the Niagary River to the Falls. While Hooper and me was smokin our segars on the deck, and the passengers was cumin on board, one of the big lake steamers started off with a rigment of sogers, what had been ordered from Buffalow to sum other place up the lake, makin a mighty grand show with her flags flyin and a band of music playin. "Hail Columby."

Our bell rung, and in a few minits we was off. But as we was about gettin out of the mouth of the creek into the lake, we seed a bote with four sailors in it, and a lady, and a little fat man what was wavin his handkerchief to us like he was in grate distress. Our captain stopped his bote til the sailors rowed alongside and put the lady and the little fat man aboard. He wanted us to give chase to the big bote what was gwine up the lake with the sogers, to put the lady on it, who was the wife of the Cornel, and was left by mistake. Ther bote was tied behind ours, and away we went after the big bote, as hard as we could crack it. But it was no use. The big steamer was leavin us fast, and all the signals we could make wouldn't stop her. The lady set on the seat and cried like her hart would brake, and the little fat man cussed and stamped about like he would kick our smoke-pipe down if he was only big enuff. The lady, who was a young wife, just married a few months, was left in his charge by the Cornel to see her to the bote while he tended to his sogers; but the fussy old feller didn't git her ther in time, and the bote was gone with the Cornel, leavin the poor gall to cry her pretty eyes out at the idee of bein parted from her husband until some other bote could take her to him.

It was a mighty hard case, and made me feel monstrous bad, but ther was no help for it; and after tryin his best to catch the big bote, our captain had to put her and the old man in ther battow agin; and the last I seed of 'em the sailors was pullin in to the shore, what was about five miles off—the old man tryin to console the poor wife, and she wipin her eyes with her handkerchief, and gazin after the bote that was fast gettin smaller and smaller as it bore her husband from her.

As we was runnin back to the outlet of the Niagary River, I noticed that our flag didn't have no stars, and the stripes on it run cross-ways. Thinks I that's monstrous curious, and I ax'd the captain what sort of a gigantarree he had got up thar for a flag?

"That?" sez he. "That's St. George's cross!"

"Who's Saint George?" sez I; "does he live about these parts?"

"Oh, no!" sez the captain, "that's the English colors."

"The English colors!" sez I. "Why, captain, what upon yarth is you doin with the British flag on your bote?"

"This is a British bote," sez he.

"The thunder it is!" sez I.

And shore enuff, ther we was, aboard of a British bote, with a English captain, and the British flag flyin over our heds. Hooper sed it was all right; but I couldn't help but feel sort o' queer with that flag over me, and I thought of the time when the gallant Perry made 'em pull it down on that very lake.

The captain was a monstrous clever little man, and tuck a grate deal of pains to oblige his passengers. And if all the British was like him, I don't think we'd have any more rumpus with 'em.

Ther wasn't many passengers, and as we passed down the river, and all engaged in conversation, about the interestin scenery on its banks, and the grate wonder we was gwine to see, we got pretty well acquainted. Among 'em was a tall, thin, pale-lookin Englishman, what wore a grass-linen cote and trouses, with a high-crowned, speckled straw hat. He was runnin about all the time with his gide-book and pencil in his hand, axin everybody questions, and gabbin and talkin on 'bout every thing, like he was half out of his senses. He was as nervous as a woman; and when he first seed the column of spray risin from the cataract—which we saw several miles before we got to Navy Island, where the patriots kicked up such a rumpus, you know, a few years ago—he rubbed his hands together, and begun to talk poetry like a playactor.

We was soon at Chipawa, near the old battleground, whar we tuck a horse railrode for the Falls. The moon was up high and bright and the horses trotted us along over the rode, and we could hear the thunder of the mighty torrent above the noise of the car. We was all bound for the Clifton House; but when we got within about a mile of it a man met us, to tell us that ther was no room thar, and all except a old gentleman and two or three ladys what had rooms engaged tuck to the Pavillion Hotel, what stands upon the hill just above the Falls. And I was rite glad we didn't git in the crowd below, for we found plenty of room at the Pavilion—a good supper, a obligin landlord, and excellent accommodation in evry respect.

With the roar of Niagary in our ears, it was impassible to go to sleep without first satisfyin our curiosity, by takin a view of the Fall by moonlight, so as soon as supper was over, our party, consistin of Hooper, the Englishman and me, and two other gentlemen from Philadelfy, started to find what we thought ther wouldn't be no danger of missin

We soon cum to a path what had a gide-board to it and led down in the direction of the falls, and followed it down the almost perpendicklor steep, holdin on to the bushes by the way. We didn't go far before the top of the precipice which we was decendin shut out the light of the moon so we couldn't see a sign of the path. One straggled off one way and one another, each feelin his way and holdin on to the roots and bushes, and callin to the others to follor, until we found ourselves scattered in evry direction, unable to git to one another, afraid to go any further down the slippery, misery bank. We could hardly hear each other's voices for the heavy thunder of the flood below, what seemed to shake the foundation of the hill to which we clung, as it rolled its grav mists up among the dark tree-tops below.

"I say, gentlemen," sed our English frend, "let's commishun the one nearest to the top of the 'ill to go back to the 'ouse for a gide, and we'll 'old on 'ere where we are, till 'e cums."

"I vote for the gide," ses Mr. Kee, from Philadelfy; "not I couldn't let go this bush for all creation myself."

Them was jest exactly my sentiments; for I begun to feel monstrous ticklish ther in the dark so close to such a terrible place. But I didn't say nothin, willin so see if sum one wouldn't volunteer. Mr More was nee deep in the mud, 'bout twenty feet from me and Hooper was on his hands and nees crawlin up the bank. Hooper was 'termined to see the fall by moonlight, so back he went and in a few minits cum with a gide, who, after collectin us together and gettin us in the path which led rite the different way from what we was gwine, and tuck us down to the second bank; and then led us out to the Table Rock. And thar was the mighty Niagary, pourin its eternal flood in thunder down into the dark abyss, from which cum rollin up grate columns of snow-white mist, supportin a pale rainbow arch, at once presentin the most butiful and most terrible pair of spectacles that I ever had before my eyes.

We stood on the bald Table Rock, what juts out over the bilin flood below whar the white foam, though we can see it dimly through the mist in the moonlight, gives you no fixed idee of heights or distances, but rather helps the imagination to extend the scene upon a scale suited to its awful sublimity. Not a word was spoke for several minits—each one held his breath in sich a mighty presence. And the fust words uttered was exclamations to ourselves, that seemed to cum from our mouths 'thout our knowin it, as if the very soul within us was amazed, and was given utterance to its emotions, while our fisical natures was overwhelmed and paralyzed by the terrific display of the majesty and power of the Being that made the heavens and the yearth.

I went close on the edge of the rock, whar the water dashed over a few inches from my feet, and looked, fust upon the waves of the wide river, as they cum leapin and shimmerin in the moonlight, like mountains of silver, to the verge of the precipice, whar they suddenly melted into a flood of liquid emerald, frosted over with flakes of snow, as they dashed down into the deep, eternal torment of waters below—then upon the misty cavern that yawned at my feet, whar the waves that my eyes had followed in ther descent, in the foam of ther rath, was howlin, and cavin, and surgin like troubled spirits within ther rocky confines—and then upon the pale bow that spanned the dismal vortex, sheddin a calm halo of ethreal buty over the stupendous scene of terrific horrors.

No one was anxious to leave the spot, or to disturb the meditations of the others. After a while we gradually fell into conversation. Our English frend, who we had by this time found out to be a perfect gentleman, and a man of excellent good sense, sed he had traveled the best part of his life, and that he had seed the grate waterfalls of Switzerland and South America, but that was the waterfall of the world—it was the grate feature of America. He had never seed anything capable of producin such sublime emotions, and, sez he, "if I was to dy to night, it would be a grate source of consolation to know that I had lived long enuff in the world to see its greatest wonder."

After spendin a couple of hours on the table Rock, we returned to our hotel, and soon after we went to our beds, to dream of Niagary, and to awake in the mornin to explore its magnificent wonders, I will tell you how it looks by daylight in my next. So more from your frend til deth.

JOS. JONES.

(To be continued next week.)

Going Well With the Righteous.

Asheville Citizen.

An Asheville man who is, of course, a Democrat, was sitting at home election night when a mighty shout was borne upon the winds to him. He concluded then that the Democrats had won, and bethought him of proverbs 11:10.

A Sure Sign of Croup.

Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by J. E. Curry and Company.

NEGRO AS CITIZEN.

DR. LEE OF JOHNS HOPKINS ANALYZES HIS FAILURE.

Liberty Was Misunderstood—Decline in Morality Since the War Held to be a Drawback to Political and Social Progress—"Inherent Idleness."

Special Cor. of Baltimore Sun.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Nov. 15.—One of the first things to be considered in connection with the recent outbreak in Wilmington is what led to the outbreak. The true history of this has never been given, as up to this time the leaders could not disclose their plans without danger to themselves and to their cause.

Now that the end has been reached the men at the head of affairs choose the *Sun* as the medium of placing themselves before the world. This has been the deliberate conclusion of all those interested. The negro leaders have also given their testimony, with the result that for the first time the inner history of the outbreak is written.

Two years ago the election of Russell as Governor marked the beginning of the last stage in the movement for white supremacy in North Carolina. The first stages are matters of history. It is a well known fact that emancipation gave to the negro opportunities which he was unable to use. This is not denied by any party or sect.

The first effect of the new liberty was disastrous. The negroes abused the privileges they had received—from ignorance of those privileges or from the propensity to overindulgence that is the common fault of those to whom great riches suddenly come.

The spirit of overindulgence led to intoxication. Intoxicated with their newly granted importance, they were carried away by persuasion of the harpies that rushed from the North to gorge themselves on what was supposed to be a feast. Thus misled and betrayed, the negro was led into outrage and crime, but more particularly into such use of his strength as practically to thrust the white man from any voice in the government of which he was the sole support.

GETTING RID OF THE CARPET-BAGGERS.

Such a state of affairs, considered from any standpoint, was intolerable, and in time the white man asserted himself and regained control of the State. Aided by the new governmental organization he in great part rid himself of the "carpet-bagger"—in great part, but not completely, for the operation of the Federal laws foisted on and has maintained in the South a host of men that are not in sympathy with the South.

The methods by which white supremacy was secured were coercion, intimidation and fraud. This is the plain truth and cannot be denied. Such methods were not peculiar to the South, but have flourished at times in every section of the United States.

But this prevalence did not obviate the consequences of the lowered standard of political morals. It led the negro to distrust the Democratic party. It taught him that the election laws did not protect the negro in the exercise of his franchise. The negro did not have the ability or comprehension to grasp the reasons for his practical disenfranchisement.

The effect of illegal election practices upon the white man was demoralizing and led to grave abuses. It weakened his moral fibre and perpetuated the evil practice through this weakness. This is the fact and is admitted. The Southerner is not blind to it, and came to a realization of it earlier than other sections of country.

THEN ANOTHER CHANGE.

By reason of these realizations a change came over political methods in the 80's. The negro received a greater and greater degree of practical political freedom. Fraud gave place to fairness, with the result that in the 90's, the Republican party had gained great available strength, and colored men appeared not only in the legislative halls of the State, but of the nation. The white Republicans obtained control of the higher offices, and finally, in 1897, the Governor of North Carolina, one United States Senator and several United States Representatives were Republicans, and the same party controlled the State Legislature.

The control of the Republicans meant the recognition of the negro, in fact as well as in theory. Large numbers of the white officeholders, federal, State, county and municipal, were turned out of office to give place to negroes, most of whom were of an utterly worthless character. To this direct control must be added the indirect control by negro women over white Republicans, for it is an open and notorious fact that such connections existed. No more recent case of such influence can be given than one of the late Republican officials of this city.

NEGROES WANTED MORE AND MORE.

The enjoyment of office gave to the negro a craving for more, and, with blind selfishness, he disregarded the fact that the whites pay over ninety per cent of the taxes of the State, conduct all important business enterprises, are the land-owners, and, in fact, furnish all the brains and prosperity of the country. All the negro wanted was office—other interests than his own had little or no weight.

At first the negro had been satisfied with subordinate positions, with offices in which the service was manual, but he outgrew this class of work and, encouraged by the action of the federal authorities in putting negroes in the leading positions, such as collector of the port and other revenue offices, the rank and file of the race demanded the higher class of places hitherto reserved for the whites.

A TRANSFORMATION IN CHARACTER.

During this period of thirty years that has just passed there has been a gradual change in the non-political side of the negro's character. The gift of freedom coming on the heels of a devastating war threw hordes of uncontrolled negroes upon the community. These would not, in many instances, work, and it was no easy matter for those who desired work to find immediate lucrative employment, for the former employers of labor had in many cases been ruined by the war. Many a fair plantation lay desolate, for the master had won deathless glory and a soldier's grave.

The habits of the negro changed for the worse, the propensity of the race to continued idleness, hitherto checked, was now without control. This inherent idleness has never been brought under control and is to-day one great factor in the race question that has never been considered by writers on the negro problem.

A DECLINE IN MORALITY.

The statement that strict morality did not prevail in the negro quarters before the civil war is not open to argument, but it is likewise true that the state of morality then existing was infinitely superior to that commencing directly after the war. Then in the general demoralization the bounds set by the customary law were broken down and from that period begins the moral degeneracy that is always considered by writers upon the subject, but which has been invariably dated before emancipation. Research reveals the fact that the great increase dates from the few years following the war.

The propensity of the criminal negro in ante-bellum days led him to petty thefts, and to steal a whole hog was a crime indeed. With freedom came the increase in variety and intensity of crime that is such a marked characteristic of negro development.

On the other hand, the power of the negro to help himself was largely increased. The inclination to do so was lacking in most cases owing to the failure in development of the power of latent self-help alluded to in my former articles.

DEFECTIVE EDUCATION.

The first attempts in educating the race were exceedingly crude. The first educators were in most cases either utterly unconsistent with the negro character or unfitted to teach. Education was, therefore, ineffective to aid the advance of the negro race. By and by the idea of manual education gained a deserved prominence, and this was a long step forward.

To sum up the matter of education for the purpose of this letter, it has been defective in quality and quantity. The method has been deplorable. Within the last ten years, however, a great change for the better has been apparent.

Under these conditions the race in the South must be studied and no conclusions whose bases do not include these conditions are sound.

LEADERS FROM THE LOWER STRATA

There can be no question that, despite the disadvantages under which the negro labored, the race has produced hundreds of men fitted to cope with the difficulties of life and capable of becoming good and respected citizens. This statement may be objected to, but it is easily proved. Let every man think of one negro that is an honest, self-respecting citizen and then find the sum of these.

But all negro leaders were not of this stamp, and many of this class were wholly unprincipled. Some of them cannot read and write. Most of them are old or of middle age. Extremely few are less than twenty-five years of age.

Among the more intelligent negroes we find lawyers, doctors, ministers and teachers. These men are at the head of the race movements of race acclivities. Unfortunately for the negro, of these professional men a large number of lawyers are persistent office-seekers. Unfortunately for him, he was forced in many cases to doubt the moral character of his pastor, and the ignorance of many negro teachers was a scandal.

A SOLID PARTY MASS.

He was thus deprived of many of his natural guides. He turned in most cases to the whites for advice, and as a general rule the advice was good and it was followed with one exception—that was in politics. The negro would take any advice from a Democrat but he would not vote the Democratic ticket.

The negro race was therefore, thrown in bulk into the hands of the Republican party, and it was at the mercy of its leaders. The question then arises, did the political leaders betray the trust?

For years the negro was kept out of office by his white allies, but the time came when the negro demanded recognition. He got it, and with the recognition he was imbued with ambitions and desires that have led to unexpected results.

This brings us up to 1896, at which point I date the beginning of the Wilmington riots. I will take up the subject again in my next letter.

GUY CARLETON LEE.

The Hawaii and North Carolina Cases.

Baltimore Sun.

The Administration of President Harrison assisted a petty minority of Americans at Honolulu to subvert the government of Queen Liliuokalani, some 2,500 Americans taking possession of the entire Hawaiian group of islands against the will of the 43,000 Kanaka natives and the 80,000 Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, etc. After this minority of whites, with the help of Consul General Stevens and a party of marines from the Boston, had excluded from political power the black and yellow races they proceeded to frame a constitution which virtually excluded the latter from the polls and from the offices. It was the rump government under this constitution that Mr. McKinley dealt with in annexing Hawaii to the United States. Having thus recognized the right of white Americans to overthrow colored governments and frame constitutions that exclude colored races from politics, President McKinley cannot consistently interfere with the movement in North Carolina.

THE DUKE MATTER SETTLED

THE TRINITY COLLEGE QUESTION HAPPILY ADJUSTED.

Dr. Kilgo Was Present and Ready to Answer Questions—He Explained the Nature of Mr. Duke's Gift—And How Dr. Ivey Was Misled—The Brethren Were Satisfied and the Long Metre Doxology Was Sung.

Charlotte Observer's Report, 10th, of W. N. C. Conference at Winston.

A matter of interest and pleasant surprise to the Conference here was reached, namely, the all important question of Trinity College, discussed and settled in a most pleasant manner. The beginning of it was the announcement that the president of Trinity College, Rev. J. C. Kilgo, D. D., was present, and was ready to submit the report of Trinity College. Dr. Kilgo came inside the chancel railing and requested that he be permitted to read the report of the trustees and himself and his request was granted. This report was most encouraging from every standpoint, showing the college to be in a better condition from a financial point of view, from the number of students in attendance and the number composing the faculty than at any time within the history of the college. The catalogues as far back as 1873 had been consulted, but none any farther back had been preserved on file. Rev. R. H. Parker and F. Stikeleather were recommended as trustees. Dr. Kilgo then announced that he was ready to answer any questions regarding the college which any of the members of the Conference might desire to ask. He said he was ready to furnish information which the Church might desire for legitimate purposes, but he said that he did not think any town should hawk Church business in public. He stated that in December, '96, Mr. Washington Duke, of Durham, made a gift of $100,000 to Trinity College, and again in June, '98, he gave an additional $100,000, aside from the other munificent gifts of himself and his son to this institution. The discussion of this matter then took the form of questions and answers between the members of the Conference and Dr. Kilgo.

Dr. Creasy: "How is this money invested?"

Dr. Kilgo: "The first $100,000, that given in December, '96, was invested in preferred stock in the American Tobacco Company, amounting to 910 shares of said stock. This I did not know nor did the trustees know it until September, '97. When the document conferring the gift was handed to me I placed it in the safe without examining it. In September, '97, Mr. Duke came to me and voluntarily said that he believed he would change the investment of the stock, as he thought it might be more satisfactory to the Church for him to do so. This, however, on account of tightness pressure, or for some other cause, he did not do until a year later. About September 3, of the present year, Mr. Duke wired his broker in New York to change the form of investment and supposed the change was made at once. Upon this supposition W. R. Odell told Dr. Ivey that the college owned no stock in the American Tobacco Company, and upon this information Dr. Ivey acted when he wrote the editorial in the *Advocate* disclaiming such ownership.

"Mr. J. H. Southgate, president of the board, investigated the matter and found that the transfer had not been made, and so published on September 23. The form of the gift was, however, changed on September 20, three days before his article appeared, but without his knowledge. This $100,000 is now invested in the Virginia Chemical and Guano Company."

W. H. L. McLaurin: "Why has this information not been furnished before?"

Dr. Kilgo: "Because it has not been asked."

Dr. Byrd: "I am an enemy of tobacco, but a friend of Trinity College, and Dr. Kilgo and I do not wish to be misunderstood in this matter. I am not going to oppose Dr. Kilgo's administration because he uses tobacco, but I am glad this change has been effected in the form of this gift."

Dr. Kilgo: "Any information regarding this matter has been furnished gladly to preachers and laymen for right purposes, but for the mere purpose of publicity and maliciousness it has not been furnished."

Dr. Creasy: "The *Sentinel*, of this place, is the medium through which publicity to this matter was given and that without proper information, but which information was given when written for in the interest of the Church."

Dr. Byrd: "How much does the other $100,000 yield?"

Dr. Kilgo: "It is not invested to my knowledge, but yields 8 per cent. interest, which is paid to us by Mr. Duke. Mr. B. N. Duke is a member of the committee on investment, and has a voice in it."

Dr. Wood: "Is our Church in North Carolina in any way whatever now connected with the American Tobacco Company?"

Dr. Kilgo: "In no way save the stock practices and laymen take in it individually."

Mr. Arnold: "I desire more specific information regarding this matter. (He reviewed several of the questions and was answered by Dr. Kilgo.) I am now satisfied."

Dr. Kilgo: "I am sorry Dr. Ivey wrote as he did in the *Advocate*, but he wrote according to his information.

Dr. Byrd: "Should Mr. Duke die, would the money be ours."

Dr. Kilgo: "Yes."

Dr. D. Atkins: "This explanation is satisfactory."

Dr. Kilgo: "Mr. Duke remarked to me on Monday, 'If the Church does not want my money, give it back to me, and I will establish a college second to none in the South.' This shows his interest in education."

Dr. Kilgo and several other ministers spoke of the piety, liberality and moral worth of Messrs. W. and B. N. Duke, and of their great interest in the Methodist Church. The whole discussion was carried on in the most quiet manner and passed off most pleasantly, and with satisfaction to all. It was not expected that this question would come up before Friday or Saturday, and heated discussion was anticipated by many. The report of Trinity College, as read, was referred to the board of education.

At the request of Bishop Fitzgerald the Long Metre Doxology was then sung.

Wants White Primaries.

Raleigh News and Observer.

The State was redeemed this year because the white men accepted the pressing invitation of the party leaders to join in restoring white supremacy. The Democratic primaries are now open to all white men. Let the legislature make a white man's primary and take in all the white Populists and white Republicans, have each county adopt the primary system, and have a state primary for governor, senator, and other State officers, and also for congressmen, and all other positions for which there is a close contest. In Georgia, South Carolina and other Southern States such primaries, regulated by law have drawn into the Democratic party virtually all the white men in those States. They see that a nomination by white men is equivalent to an election and in order to have a voice in the selection of public officers they see they must go into the Democratic primaries. A primary in Georgia excites more interest than an election. It will be so in North Carolina when the conditions here are like those that prevail in Georgia.

Some Paper Figures.

Philadelphia Record.

The exports of breadstuffs, cotton, provisions and mineral oils last month were valued at $76,556,194, against $77,467,404 in October last year. The total shipments last month were larger than for any previous month in 1898, and if the experiences of most former years should be repeated they are likely to show further substantial enlargement this month and next. These agricultural exports in the ten months ended with October 31, 1898, aggregated $310,018,612, which was a large increase over the total for the corresponding period in any recent year. The complete figures of the foreign trade movement in October last will show a large addition to the sum of merchandise credits against Europe, which at the close of September amounted to $313,231,885.

May Their Tribe Decrease!

Chatham Record.

Our blessed result of last week's election will be the suspension and death of a number of the so-called "reform" newspapers, that have done so much to deceive the people and stir up prejudices and passion. While professing to be "reform" papers, most of them have not only been exceedingly bitter and virulent but utterly unscrupulous and unprincipled, and a disgrace to North Carolina journalism. Most of them were office holders' organs and their editors did just as they were ordered. And indeed the editors of nearly all of them were themselves office-holders, and some were so greedy that they were not satisfied with only one or two offices but held several offices.

Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

Chatham Record.

The deceit of the Republicans and Fusion Populists was strikingly illustrated last week by their tickets. Some of their tickets had at the top in large letters, the words "Republican Ticket," and these tickets were handed to Republicans. And other tickets with exactly the same names on them, had at the top the words "Populist Ticket," and these tickets were handed to Populists. In other words the negroes were made to believe that they were voting the straight Republican ticket, and the Populists were made to believe that they were voting the straight Populist ticket, and yet all were voting for exactly the same candidates.

Big Bills Proved "Un-handy."

Asheville Citizen.

They are telling the story that the Republicans sent their campaign fund for Cherokee to Murphy in $10 and $20 bills. The merchants thereabouts heard of the arrival of the fund that was to be placed where it would do the most good, and they decided they would not change the bills. The result was that when the election came on the workers were rushing frantically about the town, trying to get someone to "break up" their big bills. It is probably the last time the Republicans will send out cash in big denominations.

Conclusive With That Audience.

Asheville Citizen.

A crowd in the *Citizen* office the other day discussed the campaign carried on in recent years by some of the missionaries sent out by the Republican party. One of the stories told was on an imported officeholder, who was replying to a Democrat who asserted that there was a tariff of 42 per cent. on tin. "Now, fellow citizens, you know that is not so. Why, you can go down here to the hardware store and get a great big tin bucket for 15 cents." And the crowd yelled.

Millions Given Away

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine, and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on J. E. Curry & Co., Druggists, and get a trial bottle free. Regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.