



**SCRATCHING THE SAME PATCH.**

The North Carolina Legislature has assembled again to scare the cock-roaches out of our state capitol and disturb the peaceful bats roostin' in its magnificent dome.

Of course it will move in a mysterious way, its wonders to perform, and will, I suppose, devise plans to "regulate" most everything from the unveiling of Adam's tomb down to the quickest way of curing a stump-sucking hoag.

Our glorious representatives huddle up down in Raleigh and prance around like the ticket agent at a circus, swearing big ugly bald-headed damns because the railroads are making a fairly good per cent. on their investment.

It's wonderful to hear these sublime law givers relate how the railroads are sapping the life-blood out of the farmers—by arranging facilities for transporting their products from a fifty cent market to a two dollar one—making a cash market for his cross-ties and taters, tan-bark and turnip greens.

When a fellow gets to the legislature and straggles around to the house made famous by undoing railroad laws, he beers up to about 110 and pulls the throttle open, fallin' how the railroad directors drink finer beer than he does and ride in palace cars from the proceeds of a million dollars in railroad stock. But they never mention the fact that the railroads have made it possible to abandon driving a yoke of pussel-gutted twist-tails clear across a state drayin' their products to market and haulin' home their supplies—made a system of travel that enables us to attend business which would not be possible without the means of fast and immediate conveyance.

I presume railroad men want to get a pretty good dividend on their investment. And, Mister, you are just like them—you'd want the greatest dividend possible on your money.

Do the railroad men get a bigger per cent. on their money than the farmer does on some of his? For an instance, the farmer buys an average old domer necker hat the first of December for 30 cts., and by the first of February she has laid five dozen eggs which he sells for \$1.50—a clear profit of \$1.20 in 60 days on a thirty cent investment, and still he has old

Domer left Do railroad men ever make a greater per cent on their money?

Now while our legislative body in Raleigh are swearing by the bald-headed prophets that they are going to make the railroads sit up and take notice, we can't understand for our life why they don't pass a law fixing a rate for the sale of chickens and eggs. Shall the farmers of the state be allowed to combine with the hens and roosters and create an egg trust—an article of food on which so many people rely to keep soul and body together? Our heart has bled in the past, as well as our pocket, while studying this question. While we have seen men going about crying for an egg to cool their parched tongues, and they have been turned away eggless—gone to their homes to suffer untold agonies, the result of this egg corporation between farmers and hens. We beseech the legislature to come to our rescue! We have been looking to Raleigh as a Balm in Gilead.

If the legislature allows this chicken and egg business to go on a few years, the farmers and the hens will be beyond the power of the government to controll. This is a serious question, and if the wealthy people do not get relief, we might as well bid farewell to our American institutions—as the liberty for which our forefathers left their blood stained foot prints on that path of gloom and glory from Yorktown to Princeton, for they won't be worth fifteen cents a year gross.

Is there no relief in Raleigh?

The big slick-lipped gospel expounder who only spills his religious thunder where he can wipe it up with Ten Dollar bills, is walkin' boss for the devil, and isn't worthy of his hire.

**CODFISH AND SAUER KRAUT.**

When all creation was finished—when the jackass and the skunk, the mud-turtle and the carron crow had been made there remained yet a few worthless scraps in the junk pile which were too inferior for use. So when Adam and Eve went off on their bridal tour, and the Lord was busy greasin' the earth's axle-tree and placing the stars in their respective places, the devil sneaked up the back way into the work-shop, scraped up those refused scraps and made an orphan whangdoodle and said it's name should be Phelan, D. S. Phelan.

And the devil said he was a dandy, and said, "verily, St. Louis, Mo., shall be cursed with this plague of all ages."

This sanctified son of Satan is an alleged white man, and a Roman Catholic priest.

His mission is damning Protestantism and slandering North Carolinians.

The honorable school board of Charlotte, N. C., recently extended the ice-hooks to the Catholic teachers of its public school, and that caused Phelan to lash his tail against the floor and commence dallying with pet pitchforks and burning brimstone.

The cowardly old black-guard is responsible for the following remarks:

"The men of North Carolina are notorious libertines. The wealthier class do little but drink whiskey and multiply muletoes. They have neither religion or morality. It has always been a disgrace to belong to North Carolina."

Now perhaps the Charlotte school board had the fortune to encounter the prototype of Phelan and judging the stock by the sample acted wisely in the house-cleaning.

Lieing is the trump card of the devil, and if we judge a tree by its fruit, there is small danger of Phelan missing the

log heaps of hell more than three quarters of an inch.

The Old North State has produced as noble men and women as ever stood beneath the great white light of God—people who would not permit Phelan to go into their hog pasture and associate with their sows.

While our fore-fathers were riding around thru Eden collecting rent of Uncle Adam and Aunt Eve, Phelan's ancestors were hanging by their tails in the jungles of Africa.

If we poor "Tar-Heels" are all going to hell as this old priest predicts, then I pray that Phelan be sent elsewhere, for to be compelled to associate thru all eternity with a creature so vile and contemptible would add insult to misery and devise a deeper damnation than spike-tailed devils and burning brimstone.

Romanism claims to be the only true interpretation of Christ's teachings, and regards all other sects as being unbelievers and traitors to the cause of Christianity.

It's a known fact that the Catholic church of this country violates our constitution by demanding a portion of our free school fund to support their parochial schools. And while they regard our public schools as hot beds of infidelity, they demand that the same be permitted (in their convant garbs) to teach in our schools, an institution which they are unitedly trying to undermine. And for this reason, we lovers of political and religious liberty are going to denounce them until either we or the damnable conspiracy are dead.

And I don't think you need to sing any songs trying to get "Tar-Heels" to a heaven where such begodded old vagabonds are expected.

St. Louis is welcome to the old gag. We have one tree here in North Carolina on which we have hanged eleven better men—and they are all in hell.

I notice where a N. C. mayor ordered a lady arrested, for wearing a silt skirt. He sent her to a seamstress and had the deficient seam sewed up and sent her home. Hanged if I don't give four dollars for that mayor to sell to the Bogusman for a cold-storage tank to keep whale grass and tallow candles in.

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