A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

The July Dixie, a monthly magazine published at Atlanta, Georgia, has this protest against what it terms the unholy alliance of the South with the west:

Ordinarily it is not within the province of an indrustial journal to discus politics, but strang conditions warrant strange methods. We beleive that the times are sufficiently disjointed to justify the digression which we now make.

The Presidential campaign upon which we are now entering, is to be a clear-cut and a hard-fought battle. It is to be a battle royal between honesty and dishonesty, between law and anarchy, between wisdom and folly and between prosperity and chaos. National integrity is at honesty stake and individual is assailed. A mid-summer madness has palsied the intelligence of our beople, and they are wandering in strange paths. The situation calls for candor, and the manhood of the nation must respond.

A political party has staked its chances for success upon a sectional issue. The West and South are pitted against the East. There has been no pretense at concealment. The declaration has been bold. The sections are in alliance, and "the agricultural States of the West and South are to be arrayed against the manufacturing East." These are the words of Alexander Hamilton Bell of Illionis, a leader in the attacting army. Mr. Bell's declaration leaves no room for doubt; these men seek to destroy the commercial strength of our nation. Spurred by various ambitions and jealousies, they are careless of consequences. They' seek only to conquer.

An anaysis of this craze is interesting. It was born of greed, nursed by igorance and trained by demagogues. Let us see if this is not true. It had its birth in the silver-producing States of the West. It was advocated because the silver minars desired a profitable market for their product. They demand that the Government become a permanent customer for their entire product at a fixed price, So much for its birth in greed.

The cry of "cheap money" was startled, and its sound caught the ear of every ignorant man and every debtor in the land. It was easy for these men to believe the cunning sophistry of the orators who told them that "cheap money" would double their wages and operate in every way to their benefit. It was easy for the debtors to believe that "cheap money" would enable them to compromise their obligations. These were the classes that heard and gave heed to the cry of "free silver." The igornant and the desperate became its principles. Who doubts this? Proof is easily given. Group the intelligent men of the South, the merchants, the manufactures and the professional men. These men stand twenty to one for the gold standard. As conclusive evidence of this fact, we point to the policy of the Southern press. The leading daily papers of a section necessarily reflect the opinions of the most intelligent class of men. An expensively conducted paper could not exist if it was without the sympathy and indorsement of the people among whom it is circulated. Who are the patrons of the daily newspapers if not the merchants and manufactures and the professional men of the community? Consequently it is safe to say that these medimus represent the intelligence of the cummunities in which they are published. There are 36 daily papers of consequence published in the Southern States. Four of them have espoused the cause of "free silver." Thirty-two of them are waging earnest war against the propagation of this insidious evil. So much to prove that the intelligent men of the South have not gone wrong on this question.

Has the craze been fostered by the demagogue? Tillman has been its champion. Farthur evidence would be superfluous.

So the partnership that has been formed to destroy the industry of our grand republic includes the greedy Western mine owner, the igorant Southern farmer and the place hunters and demagogues of both sections. God prosper the defeat of this unholy alliance!

How pitable it is that Amercians, born to a noble hertiage of liberty, should become the plastic slaves of an Altgeld! Who is this man? He grew to fame in a day, and by a single act. The world awoke one day to learn that an officer of the law a chief magistrate of one of the great States of this Union, has given freedom to the infamous Haymarket murderers. The country turned in sympathy to the good people Illinois in the hour of their disgrace and humiliation; they were governed by an anarchist. This scandalons prostitution of authority brought Altgeld before the public. His fame rests upon this one infamous act.

Upon the occasion of Altgeld's visit to the Alanta Exposition it was ranged that he should be given a military escort to the grounds. In accordance with uniform precedent, the military companies, both militia and "regulars," were formed in line of procession to await the Governor's coming. After a dreary delay orders were given and the troops marched to the grounds without the man whom it was their purpose to honor. The public has never known the truth regarding Altgeld's absence. He refused absolutely to accept the escort when he learned that there were United States troops in the procession. Think of it, men of America! This man, the vomit of Europe, scorned an honor offered him by the proudest army that marches upon God's foot-stool today! This man was a leader in the councils of the Chicago convention. Free-born Americans were his ready puppets. The platform of the convention was dominated by this viper. Heaven speed the day when the poisoned breath of Altgeld shall cease to blight the manhood and patriotism of our people!

If you have ever seen a little child in the agony of summer complaint you can realize the danger of the trouble and appreciate the value of instantaneous relief always afforded by DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure. For dysentery and diarrhœa it is a reliable remedy. We could not afford to recommend this a cure unless it were a cure. W. E. Brock.

Diseased blood, constipation, and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS BY NEMO.

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(Penned by a layman in the spare moments of a busy career, and dedicated to a better understanding of life and its varied opportunities.)

The surest way to be miserable is to yearn for what we can't have; the shurest way to some degree of satisfaction in life is to do the duty nearest at hand and do it well. Many of us are too much like the naughty child who cried for the moon's reflection in the bath tub; we set our affection on things above our reach and then drop back peevishly to be a burden to ourselves and a nuisance to those who deserve our smiles rather than our grumblings. We beat our hands to pieces and break our hearts against the adamantine walls of the unattainable; we look at some distant pinnacle of ambition and we shriek out in anxious agony, "Mountain, be thou brought nigh," and it moves not; we neglect the glorious opportunities of the present and dream of some golden future that is to come to us somehow (we do not stop to think how) and we awake to find the present gone and the future good as much in the clouds as ever. Then turns the milk of human kindness to curd within us and we amount to nothing, and the salt has lost its savor; the fire of purpose dies out; we are thenceforth fit for naught but to associate with bats and blind men for we are blind and worse yet we know it not.

You with discontented heart, for there needs must be such among the thousands who read these lines, bear with the words of one who has suffered and has learned. Look to the traveler and be wise. After long journeyings, the peak of his search is outlined against the sky and he rejoices, but he does not sit down and say to his heart "I am there, I am toere." He knows better; it is yet fifty miles away and between those two, the man and the mountain, there stre ch woods and valleys and toilsome paths. His way must be your wsy. Moment by moment he takes the next step, and the next and the next. Sometimes in depressions he even loses sight of that sky piercing summit but he knows that it is still towering above and he plods till he gets there.

By all means hold on to noble ambitions; set them so high, if you will that the base of them is at your feet and the apex is in the zenith, but do not unnecessarily discourage yourself by attempting a sudden assault upon name, and fame and success. To reach Lake Erie from Lake Ontario only a fool would attempt to row up the Falls of Niagra; The wise man with similar intent would go through the Welland Canal and reap the reward of his wisdom. There are certain sequences of nature which you cannot abbreviate. The egg antedates the hen (in our day at least,) the acorn grows into the oak by unnoticed transitions, a good foundation is an absolute necessity to a stately building, patient effort goes before Success. You cannot be a great lawyer without being a thorough student, nor a great musician unless you will be a patient practiser, nor a good minister without going through deep and humiliating soul-experiences; nor, in fact a great anything, unless great is your faith and unless your work overtop in volume even your faith.

In short there is no laudible ambition of any noteworthy height that can be reached at one leap; to wish it so, is to be lazy and out of sorts with this work-a-day world. Furthermore, heights that are unattainable by sudden assault are attainable by the strategy of patient and well directed effort, which in itself is a solace as you go your patient way.

If dull, Spiritless and stupid; If your blood is thick and sluggish; If your appetite is capricious and uncertain. You need Sarsaparilla. For best results take DeWitt's. It recommends itself. W. E. Brock.

Those disgruntled individuals who call themselves "free silver republicans" are sailing under stolen colors. When they left the republican party on account of its declaration for the gold standard, they forfeited the right to use its name for any purpose. There is no such thing as a free silver republican, any more than there is such a thing as a Bob Ingersoll Christian.

ONE EFFECT OF FREE COINAGE.

It is a too common belief that the Government stamp on a gold coin is that which gives it at least part of its value. Nothing could be farther from the fact. The bullion in a gold coin of whatever denomination is equal to its face value, as can be readily proven. Try to pass a light weight eagle on a jeweler who knows his business and he will allow credit for the actual number of grains, and no more. Or attempt to pass it at a Custom House in payment of duties and it will meet the same fate. The stamping adds nothing to the value of gold bullion, and is practically a certificate of weight and fineness for a metal that passes current in all parts of the world. The Government notes are, in effect, promises to pay a certain sum of money of a stipulated character; it is in this respect alone that the official stamp is a guarantor of value, and wherein the practical differance lies between gold and paper currency on the one hand and the silver dollar on the other.

If a silver dollar with a segment cut from its circle is offered at the Custom House it will be rejected and it is even doubtful if allowance would be made for the actual or prorate weight of the remainder in bullion. So far as is known a test of this matter has never been made, but it is probable, if the occasion should arise, that the Government officials would make allowance for only the actual number of silver grains remaining in the coin. That is, they would consider it as silver bullion alone, having a present value of about 70c an ounce, and would not base their calculations on the face value of coin itself. If the coin had lost 25 per cent in weight, they would allow 75 percent on a valuation of 70 cents instead of 75 cents on the dollar. They would merely follow the practice established in the case of gold, having practically no other alternative, and granting that the defaced coin would be accepted at all.

This is a suppisitious case, of course Yet it is one which is apt to present itself in actual practice, and serves also to illustrate the difference between gold and silver as mediums of exchange. A full weight eagle melted down is still an eagle in bullion, and any assay office will accept it as such. But should the eagle on the silver dollar lose a part of its anatomy, the stamp of Uncle Sam on its face would not save it from a depreciation of both its actual and face value. The stamp does not gaurantee its bullion value, as in the case of gold, but it gives it a parity with that metal so long as the coin itself retains the original weight.

Such is the situation today. Granting the fact in the case, even though the illurstation is based on a untried test, would the Government guarantee of value on a silver dollar so affect the market price of bullion that it would have an actual parity with gold, or at the rate $1.29½ an ounce? Not by any manner of means. Silver would still be a commodity, subject to the law of demand, with the supply inevitably greater than the demand. The Government surplus of bullion would act as a drag on the market, in the first place, and then the rush to take advantage of free coinage would result, as competition always does, in lowering the price of the outstanding silver bullion without regard to its mining value. As a result the Government would be placed in the position of having attached to a portion of its circulating medium a value which it does not possess and the loss on which must be paid in gold.

The whole system is drained and undermined by indolent ulcers and open sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve speedily heals them. It is the best pile cure known. W. E. Brock.

I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy Mrs. E. B. Worden. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

TU WHIT! TU WHOO!

Ken ye the lass wi' the gowden tresses,
[illegible]
[illegible]
"Neath her lasting [illegible] the e'enin fa'?

Ken ye the glen wi' the [illegible] breery,
Where the [illegible] gleams like the drifted snaw?
Ken ye the [illegible]
[illegible] the gloa i' the e'enin fa'?

Ken ye the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] "Tu whit! Tu whoo!"

Ken ye [illegible] that are honey laden,
[illegible]
Ken ye what's [illegible] a man or maiden?
The owl replies: "Tu whit! Tu whoo."
—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Germany stands next to Great Britain in the number of pensioners, there being 585 soldiers of the civil war who regularly draw their pensions from the United States government.

In 1890 the United States manufactured 12 per cent more iron than Old England, while in steel our manufacture exceeds hers by about 25 per cent.

The Greatest Mercy.

There was a good deal of sound human nature in the unexpected reply of the dying old woman to her minister's leading question. "Here at the end of a long life, which of the Lord's mercies are you most thankful for?" Her eyes brightened as she answered: "My victuals."

The Dear Girls.

Miss Oldun (playfully)—I'm older than you think I am.

Miss Caustique—I doubt it.—Strand Magazine.

Destitute.

"Is she really so poor?"

"Poor! Why, it's one of the most pitiful cases I ever heard of. She's too poor even to own a bicycle."—Chicago Post.

A PAINTER'S FORTUNE.

"There was a young fellow in our crowd," Mr. Flagg went on, "named Jacques. He was as poor as a blind mole, so he proceeded to double his property by getting married to a girl no richer than himself. The bride and groom went down to Barbizon and rented a two room cabin in the woods, and every little while Jacques would go up to Paris and sell some pictures for a few francs apiece. One day he painted a friend of his as a priest, and the result was so good that Mme. Jacques grew bold. 'Don't you take that to any of the cheap dealers,' she said to her husband. 'Go straight to G.'s and charge him 100 francs for it—not a sou less.' And, sure enough. Jacques screwed up his courage, saw the magnate and got his price from him and an order for two more pictures, for which the painter dared demand 150 francs apiece.

"Then there was a grand feast in the little cabin—wine and truffles and pate de foie gras, toasts and speeches and general hilarity. And Jacques painted the two pictures and then raised his price another 50, and for the next order another 50, until the great dealer spake unto him thus: 'You keep raising your price,' quoth he. 'Now, I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you 500 francs for each picture you paint for the next five years, but you must sign a contract to paint for no one in France but me until five years are over.'

"Jacques could have danced for glee as he signed the contract, and there was more feasting at Barbizon. And all went well for a year or two until one day, wandering in a private room at G.'s galleries, he saw a man studying and mumbling before one of his own pictures. The man was glad of an auditor. 'Look at that little picture,' he said, pounding each word with his fist. 'I've offered them 15,000 for it, but they want 20,000.' Imagine poor Jacques' feelings! He did not bottle them up, but took them redhot to the dealer. 'You are selling my pictures for a great price,' he said. 'Yes, you don't know it, but I have made you famous,' blandly replied the magnate. 'Well, what will you do about it?' inquired the painter. 'I will live up to my contract,' said the man of business. 'But I will paint no more for such a price,' said the indignant Jacques. 'Then you paint for no one in France,' the great G. remarked, with a bow.

"So Jacques went to England. But the thing seemed to turn his head, and besides the taste for his kind of genre was waning. Gradually he sank out of sight."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mephisto—the Fox.

Here comes old Mephisto himself! Look at him grinning as he trots along, and looming red against the white of the snow. It is Reynard, following in poor, old crazy Mr. Hare's tracks and tracing every deviation made by that amiably eccentric individual, at a slow but steady trot. This will bring him close to our ambush unless he first detects our presence here. He certainly looks very handsome, though extremely wicked withal. That grin of his is a most diabolic grin. It says as plain as words: "I shall have this fool of a hare today, for he's getting as cracked as they make 'em, and he is close in front of me at this moment, and when I've got him I shall give him what-for, because he has led me many a dance for nothing. Ha, ha! Just a little extra nip and a bit of a worry. Won't he yell!"

Now, I am going to shoot this fox. Wait a minute; let him advance just a little nearer, and then we will speak to him in the voice of doom. Now, then, up with our guns and let them execute sentence upon the culprit! But the culprit is an exceedingly wily culprit, and the glint of the sunlight upon the barrels has informed him in an instant of his danger. During that one instant he has turned and is now a streak of fleeing red pigment dancing in and out among the pine trees—an escaping convict!—Longman's Magazine.

Obtuse.

"I don't believe I quite understand you," said the stranger.

"Why not?" asked the native. "What have I been saying that you don't understand?"

"Well, I heard you say that yesterday was a very cold day for Mr Brown."

"That was true tco."

"And a few minutes later you said that he had a mighty hot time of it. Now, if he found it a cold day, how did he"—

Two hours later the native was still trying to explain to him the intricacies of American slang.—Chicago Post.

Treasures of the Shah.

In the palace of the shahs of Persia at Teheran is a room hung with Gobelin tapestry, and next to it is the library filled with priceless manuscripts. Of all the caligraphers Mir seems to be the most famous, and his writing is valued at 2 tumaris a line. At this rate the manuscripts by him in the shah's possession must be worth hundreds of thousands of pounds. The armory of the palace is small and inferior to many European collections. The crown jewels are worth many millions. Among them is the sister diamond to our Kohinoor (Mountain of Light). It is a huge diamond an inch and a half long and an inch broad, but not very bright, and could pardonably be mistaken for glass. It dates from 3000 B. C. and is called the Darya i Nur, or Sea of Light.—Westminster Gazette.

She Was Flattered.

Mrs. Sansom—I understand, sir, that you have secretly been making love to my daughter, and I must forbid an acquaintance begun in that way. You should have seen me first.

Shrewd Suitor—Madam, had I seen you first I should have forgotten your daughter and fallen in love with you.

Mrs. Sansom—Um—the informality of the proceeding was all I objected to. Come with me, and I will introduce you.—Pick Me Up.

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It is a well established fact that the American people are swindled and humbugged more than any other people on earth, and it is not for want of intelligence or shrewdness, but simply because they do not stop to think. For instance a lady goes to her grocer, who rather than to miss making a sale, offers her an inferior goods instead of the kind she asks for. He boldly asserts "It's just as good," when if he told the customer the truth he would say, "I know Hoe Cake Soap and Red Seal Lye are pure goods and full weight, and for that reason cost more, but I sell the poorer qualities because there is more profit to be made." Hoe Cake Soap contains ingredients not found in any other soap. Try it.

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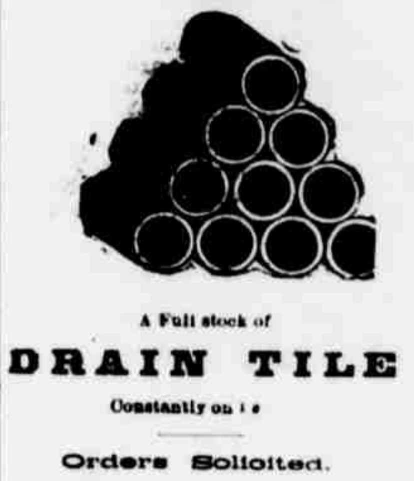

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