An Imperialistic Phantasmagoria

By WALTER F. JACKSON.

It may be the boom of distant cannon; it may be the nearer and sharper reports of small arms and exploding fireworks; whatever it is that arouses him, the Man starts from dreams of imperial power and splendor, shivering with acute cold.

"Why, what is this?" he asks himself. "Is it not the morning of the Fourth of July? Are not those guns I hear celebrating our last and greatest victory in the Philippines—the Philippines of which I shall soon be Emperor and Lord, as I am already King, though crownless, of these United States? Why then this extraordinary change in the temperature? It is bleaker than an Ohio midwinter. I am cold, cold"—speaking with chattering teeth. "I must get up and ring for fire. I must see Mark and ask him what so phenomenal an alteration in meteorological conditions portends."

He starts to his feet. One upstretched hand seeks the electric bulb to turn on the light. He gropes for it an instant vainly. Suddenly his lips part in a cry of mingled surprise and affright. He has thrust his hand into an entanglement of twigs sheathed in crackling ice.

"Lord bless me!" he ejaculates. "What magic is at work here?"

He rubs his eyes and stares about him. Is this the luxurious chamber in which heis wont to pass the hours of repose. Where are the frescoed walls and ceiling; where the sumptuous draperies; where the velvet carpet into which the foot sinks instep-deep at every step?

Gone. Around him is winter night stretching away into measureless immensities. Above sweeps a firmament filled with ragged blackness driven in mad confusion. On all sides, under the ghostly glimmer of the newly fallen snow, is a bleak and forbidding landscape, here starting into rocky bluffs where spring a few low, sleet-hung trees, there sinking into shadowy valleys where waters roar amid blocks of grinding ice.

Was it this then that so rudely aroused him—the rending and thunderous impact of these vast masses of ice in the river whose dark waters are rolling here at his feet?

As the question occurs to him he becomes aware that he is no longer alone. In the dim gleam that flows upward from the snow-mantled earth he sees on all sides the moving figures of an apparently endless host. The light is too faint to distinguish their features clearly, but quite sufficient to show that they are armed with weapons of a cumbersome and obsolete pattern, that some of them are toiling with the few gaunt horses that drag the unwieldly cannon, and that all are clad in uniform of ancient fashion, which in many cases is in rags, affording but a scanty protection from the bitter cold.

"What troops are these?" the Man asks himself. "Who commands this ragamuffin crew? Good Lord! The idiots who raised such a howl over a few thousand tons of decayed beef, and swore we were trying to poison them because some thousands of them took it into their heads to die, ought to see this mob. Why, these men are not only half-starved; they are practically naked."

He observes then that the troops are crossing the river. The whole surface of the turbulent current is black with them. On rafts, in boats, on floating cakes of ice, urged onward by cold, bleeding hands that grasp pole and sail and oar, they are hastening to the farther shore to begin again after months of enforced inaction the strenuous struggle for freedom.

In the centre of the current, where the broken ice masses move with threatening impetuosity, a tall and stately figure, standing erect in one of the larger boats, extends his arm as if giving some directions, though the Man on the shore can hear no word.

"Can that be the Commander-in-Chief?" wonders he.

He puts one hand to his mouth trumpet-wise, and calls to him, through the tumult of howling wind and roaring waters:

"Do there, you! do you know me? I am King—no, President, I mean, of these United States. What army is this I see here in such sorry plight? And whom pray, are you who command it?"

The majestic figure in the boat turns and looks at him. And though the Man cannot, under the shadow of the three-cornered hat, see the eyes in that face, which itself emerges but indistinctly from the surrounding shadows, his heart becomes like wax in the flame; and the knees of his knees give way as the Unknown in a deep and hollow voice replies:

"Knew you so little of this long struggle for freedom as to ask me that? Then behold!"

The rear-guard of the army are now passed in deep ranks along the marge of the river. The hand of the Unknown points beyond them to the snow-covered hills over which they have come.

Is that hand gifted with supernatural power? The dim snow-light seems to brighten and gather a tinge of azure; and in its spectral fluctuations the Man sees the snow all spotted with red discolorations—the tracks left by thousands of bare and bleeding feet.

"Great heavens!" he mutters, aghast.

And lo! the reddened spots begin to shift and change. Before his starting eyes they assume the most fantastic forms and glow as with self-kindled light. All at once they start out into letters of flame, broad, quivering, blinding; and this is the legend he reads:

"THE BLOODY TRAIL OF FREEDOM'S SONS FROM VALLEY FORGE TO TRENTON."

And the Man drops in the snow without word or cry.

"Mercy! how hot it is. I simmer; I boil; I am on fire. What place is this, and how came I here?"

"The Man looks about him in pale amaze. In all the length and breadth of the Union there is no such scene as bursts upon him here. Such exuberance of vegetation, such riot of color, with majestic palms tossing their plumed crests against the burning azure of the heavens and pearly foam breaking amid the throbbing splendor of the seas, seem to him scarcely real. They have all the Eden freshness of our earliest dreams.

His eyes wander over the distant mountains half-swathed in gossamer mists; over the far-spreading jungles where giant lianias wrap themselves about dark, spice-scented trees, and gorgeous blossoms open odorous chalices brimming with crystal dews; and drinking in with parted lips the prodigal beauty of it all, he wonders if this may not be the gateway of heaven.

Heaven! Even as the thought is born there sweeps over the scene a shadow that might be flung by the fires of hell. The thickets before him ring into motion. They are alive with armed men. The crash of their guns bursts over him like a storm. The green leaves shrivel in the hot blasts of the volleys that sweep through them. The quick succeeding flashes play before him like sheet lightning. His ears are stunned with the wild uproar of desperate battle.

Yet if this were all—but alas, it is not Stripped of all its glamour and false glory, the Man at last beholds this war in the nakedness of its full hideousness. Amid the crash of exploding bombs and the cries of men torn and bleeding, he sees a thousand humble shacks mingled with fair white buildings—cherished homes of a brave people battling for liberty—burst into flame. The volumed smoke, flaked with scarlet, rolls around the low gables and light balconies, and the tiny casements filled with transparent shells reflect the angry glare. The streets stream with people flying for their lives. In that blind rush are mothers clasping to their breasts their helpless babes, little children sobbing in the anguish of fear, old men and women tottering, thrown down, trampled upon, young girls fleeing with death in their hearts from a fate that in such an hour as this ever threatens the young and fair. No wonder many a strong man's cheek grows wet, and he curses beneath his breath the malign influence that has drawn him here and sucked him into this maelstrom of death and ruin.

Does he who stands here gazing hear those oaths?

They throb through his brain; they beat upon his soul. And simultaneously a scene more terrible than all that has gone before unrolls itself before him in the skies.

They have darkened as with the approach of a tempest, a vaporous gloom drifting heavy and low. And out of its sombre depths ever folding and rolling in vast involutions, dread shadows that gradually take upon themselves the shapes of armed men—the simulacra of heroes long dead, but never forgotten—start into view, an innumerable multitude.

And the eyes of this ghostly host are all fixed upon the scenes of carnage upon the earth below. And a sound that is like the moan of the warning seas thrills through the air hot with the odors of blood and conflagration. And in that sound the Man hears the gathered volume of the voices of the heroes of Bunker Hill and Yorktown murmuring in tones of illimitable sadness:

"OH, GOD OF THE FREE, WAS IT FOR THIS THY CHILDREN FOUGHT AND BLED AND DIED?"

And darkness falls.

Living he doubted; dead he can doubt no longer. The souls of the departed can and do revisit the scenes of earth. He himself, together with this majestic Shade who never looks at him, never speaks to him, yet whose steps it is his doom ever to attend no matter amid what scenes of human anguish they may lead him, has exchanged doubt for certainty.

An impalpable entity viewless to the eye of man, he pauses a moment now beside the superb monument reared above the body from which his soul was divorced, it seems to him, but yesterday. Anon he follows the stately presence, whose name has been given to this matchless city, whose streets they now tread; and where, as they mingle with the throngs on its spacious avenues, despite the pomp and grandeur that everywhere meets the eye, evidences of a material civilization such as earth has never before seen, he feels within all his being a pain more bitter than flesh and blood may know.

"It is coming," he says—"the hour which so long has threatened—the doom which I more than all others helped to prepare. And yet my voice cannot reach them. Its warning cry might split the very heavens, yet against the barriers between me and them it would beat in vain."

Yes, the hour is near. He sees it in the fearful contrasts that meet the eye on every hand. The white splendor of marble palace and the dark squalor of rotting wooden hovel, the sumptuous banquet and silken couch for the few, and the meagre crust and bed of straw for the many, the flash of jewels and glow of velvets on the one hand and the threadbare coarse garments so scant and few on the other, all point to it unerringly.

The people are divided by a gulf as wide and deep as death itself. The middle classes have vanished. There are none here now but the enormously rich and the abjectly poor. The land of the free has become a military despotism. The money lords have seized the Government. On high sits a gilded oligarchy with vast armies at his beck and call Beneath, the great mass of the people, no longer freemen, but thralls, pale, hollow-eyed, famine-wasted, consumed by dumb, murderous hate, but driven by the pitiless lash of hunger and the fear of a hireling soldiery, toil and drop and die and are forgotten.

But what care the money lords for this? They fear neither man nor God. God! The nation is without God. The vices of the rich have bestialized the people. The Republic that rose from the Revolution flowering into such flamboyant beauty has rotted at its heart. Imperialism born of greed and the centralization of ill-gotten wealth, has borne its legitimate fruit. The home of Washington has become an Egypt in which the lives of a new Israel are made bitter with hard bondage.

What wonder that he, the mightiest builder of this colossal fabric, seeing it now tottering to its fall, should turn aside his face! What wonder that as his glance rests upon him who has done so much to work this immeasurable ruin, the deep eyes should fill with the lightnings of a reproachful anger before which no mortal could have stood and lived!

He utters no word, but the Shade upon whom that glance has fallen drops at his feet as one dead. For well he knows that the hour of doom is about to strike.

It strikes now. It strikes with the roar of a thousand thunders. The enslaved proletariat arise in madness. A myriad-voiced shriek stuns the heavens. It is a cry of vengeance. Hell is unchained upon the earth. Civilization disappears under an ocean of blood and flame. The red night of anarchy falls.

With a loud cry, quivering in every limb and bathed in an icy sweat, the Man awakes and finds he has been dreaming.

"But," he whispers with laboring heart, "was it only a dream? Was it really nothing more?"

The mansion trembles under a salvo of artillery. There is an outburst of wild cheering. He hears his name ringing from a thousand lusty throats. He remembers Mark's soft whisper, "They and Emperor of the Philippines." And the draught of flattery is Lethean.

Aye, and like Sisyphus of old the Man forgets—THE MAN FORGETS.

Raleigh, N. C.

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INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

(Southern Farm Magazine of Baltimore for August.)

It was considered disgraceful to cultivate the soil in dark ages. Banishment from society was the penalty inflicted on those who had the hardihood and manliness to follow it. In the South there are yet a few benighted spots where the people think that work is disgraceful, and verily believe, in the darkness of their ignorance, that respectability is only to be had by following professional pursuits. The question naturally prsents itself, Why are our boys growing too proud to learn a trade or to till the soil and become useful members of society? The cause lies in our system of education, which, as now conducted, largely ignores our industrial life and industrial pursuits—those pursuits that elevate because they enrich the community.

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All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists.

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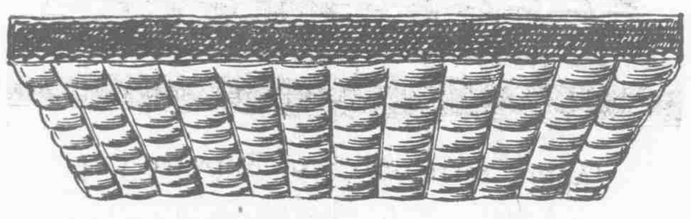

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Rocky Mount Furniture Co., Rocky Mount, N. C.
The Royall & Borden Co., Raleigh, N. C.
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Raleigh, N. C.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Under and by virtue of a judgment rendered, on the 19th day of July, 1899, in the Superior court of Wake county, in a Special Proceeding before the Clerk, entitled N. W. Poole, Administrator of Jane E. Kirks, against William Emory and others, I shall sell, at the Court House in said County, to public auction, for cash, to the highest bidder at 12 o'clock m., on Monday, the 21st day of August, 1899, the following described tract or parcel of land: In Wake County, North Carolina, St. Matthew's Township, bounded on the North by the lands of the late William E. Poole, on the East by the lands of C. L. Goodson, on the South by the lands of Mrs. Betty Hagwood and H. H. Knight, and on the West by the land of B. F. Montague, and contains ten acres, more or less. The said tract of land was the property of Jane E. Kirks, deceased, and is sold to pay her debts.

N. W. POOLE,
Commissioner.

July 19, 1899.

SALE OF VALUABLE CITY LOT.

By virtue of a deed of trust made to me by D. C. Mangum and wife, Sallie H. Mangum, and registered in the Register's office of Wake county, in book 145, page 618, I will expose to public sale, at the county court house door, in the city of Raleigh, on Monday, September 4th, 1899, at 12 o'clock m., a certain lot of land in the city of Raleigh, on the south side of East Martin street, east of Blount street, described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south line of East Martin street, 16 feet east of the northeast corner of the lot conveyed to Thos. Harris by Annie E. Harris and James M. Harris, by deed recorded in book 79, page 270, of the Register's office of Wake county, said beginning point being the northeast corner of another lot thereafter conveyed to said Thos. Harris by Annie E. and James M. Harris, runs thence eastwardly along the south line of Martin street 18 feet, thence southwardly in a line parallel with Blount street 210 to M. A. Parker's line, thence westwardly 28 feet to Thos. Harris' line, thence northwardly in a line parallel with Blount street 210 feet to the beginning.

Terms of sale—Cash.

CHARLES M. BUSBEE, Trustee.

Raleigh, August 2d, 1899. aug3-4ds

Meeting of Stockholders.

A general meeting of the stockholders of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad company is hereby called to be held at the office of the company in the city of Raleigh, N. C., on Wednesday, the 6th day of September, 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m. Said meeting is called to consider the terms and conditions upon which the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company may consolidate with the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad Company, the Raleigh and Augusta Air Line Railroad Company, the Carolina Central Railroad Company, the Georgia, Carolina and Northern Railway Company, the Durham and Northern Railway Company, the Roanoke and Tar River Railroad Company and the Louisburg Railroad Company, or any one or more of them, and to provide for increase of the capital stock of said Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company, and to take any other action that may be necessary or expedient in the exercise of the powers given to this company under the act of the General Assembly of North Carolina, entitled "An act to amend the charter of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company, and to authorize said Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company to consolidate with other railroad, transportation or other companies or to lease or otherwise acquire the property and franchises of the same."

By order of the President.

J. M. SHERWOOD,
Secretary.

VALUABLE CITY LOTS FOR SALE.

In pursuance of a judgment and decree of sale duly rendered in the Superior Court of Wake county, in the case of Elodia B. Yancey et al, ex parte, the undersigned will expose to public sale, at the county court house door in the city of Raleigh, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1899, at 12 o'clock m., the following described lots of land in the city of Raleigh, viz:

1. Three desirable building lots on the west side of Blount street, north of Peace street, and just outside the city limits, two lots fronting 60 feet on Blount street, and running back 120 feet; and one lot fronting 52 feet on Blount street and 120 feet on Pace street.

2. Two lots of land on the north side of Hargett street, in the city of Raleigh, fronting each 40 feet on said street and running back 161 1-2 feet, known as lots Nos. 42 and 44 in the plan of the "Cotton Place."

3. A lot of land on the south side of Morgan street, in said city, between Wilmington and Blount streets, adjoining W. D. Williams on the east and C. H. Belvin on the west, fronting 70 feet on said Morgan street, and running back 81 feet. A lot of brick on this lot will be sold with the lot.

4. A lot of land on the corner of Jones and Swain streets, in said city, fronting 82 1-2 feet on Jones street and 77 feet on Swain street.

Terms of sale: One-third of the purchase money to be paid cash; residue at six and twelve months in equal instalments with interest from day of sale

C. M. BUSBEE, Commissioner.

July 24, 1899.

Sale of Stock of Drugs

The entire stock of drugs, chemicals, goods, wares and merchandise, soda water apparatus, fountains, prescription case and drug fixtures of the firm of Heartt and Heartt, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at 10 o'clock a. m. Monday, September 4th, 1899, at the present stand on the corner of Wilmington and Martin streets in the city of Raleigh.

These goods are now being offered for sale privately, and stock will be sold privately in bulk or lots to suit purchasers. Entire stock will be sold at auction if not disposed of by private sale.

T. M. ARGO,
A. B. ANDREWS, JR.,
Commissioners.

Mortgage Sale.

Under and by virtue of the power conferred in a mortgage, executed on the 11th day of April, 1894, by D. S. Saulter and wife, I will expose for public sale, for cash, at the court house door in Raleigh, N. C., on Monday, the 4th day of September, 1899, at 12 o'clock m., the following described land, to-wit: Begins at the southwest corner of Moses Saulter's lot, on the north side of Cotton Place street, runs thence north with his line 161½ feet, thence west 50 feet to a stake, thence south 161½ feet to Cotton Place street, thence east along the north side of said street to the beginning, being a lot No. 15, in sub-division of the Cotton property.

VAN B. MOORE, Mortgagee.
BART M. GATLING, Att'y.

July 29, 1899.

Opium, Morphine, Whiskey. If interested in the cure of these habits, write for my book on these diseases. Mailed free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga. Sun