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#### AT PEACE WITH ENEMIES.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Why We Should Forgive-Ill Humor Exhausting to Physical and Mental Health. Those Who Preserve Their Temper in Debate Generally Come Out Ahead.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 28 .- The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn tabernacle this morning on the subject: "Forgiveness before sundown." After explaining some passages concerning Hezekiah, Dr. Talmage gave out the following hymn, which was sung by the congregation:

This glorious hope revives Our courage by the way, While each in expectation lives,

And longs to see the day. Professor Henry Eyre Browne rendered on the organ an aria with variations, by Cramer. The text of the sermon was from Ephesians iv, 26: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Dr. Talmage said:

What a pillow embroidered of all colors hath the dying day. The cradle of cloudfrom which the sun rises is beautiful enough, but it is surpulsed by the many colored mausoleum in which at evening it is buried. Sunset among the mountains! It almost takes one's breath away to recall the scene. The long shadows stretching over the plain make the glory of the departing light on the tiptop crags and struck aslant through the ge the morestranspicuous. Saffron and gold, purple and crimson commingled. All the castles of cloud in confingration. Burning Moscows on the sky. Hanking gardens of roses at their deepest blush. Banners of vapors, red as if from carnage, in the battle of the elements. The hunter among the Adirondacks and the Swiss villager among the Alps know what is a sunset among mountains. After a storm at sea the rolling grandeur into which the sun goes down to bathe at nightfall is something to make weird and splendid dreams out of for a lifetime. Alexander Smith in his poem compares the sunset to "the barren beach of hell." but this wonderful spectacle of nature makes me think of the burnished wall of heaven. Paul in prison writing my text remembers some of the gorgoon sunsets among the mountains of Asia Minor, and how he had often seen the towers of Damascus blaze in the close of the Oriental days, and he flashes out that memory in the text when he says; "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."
Sublime and all suggestive duty for people

then and people now. Forgiveness before sundown. He who never feels the throb of indignation is imbecile. He who can walk among the injustices of the world, inflicted upon himself and others, without flush of heek or thish of eye or agitation of nature, is either in sympathy with wrong or semiidiotic. When Ananias, the high priest, or-dered the constables of the court room to "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." In the sentence immediately before my text Paul commands the Ephesians: "Be ye nugry and sin not" It all depends on what you are mad at and how long the feel-ing lasts whether anger is right or wrong. Life is full of exasperations. South after David, Succeth after Gideon, Korah after Moses, the Pasquins after Augustus, the pharises after Christ, and every one has had a pursuers, and we are swindled or belied or misrepresented or persecuted or in some way indignation shall become baleful spite, and that our feelings settle down into a prolonged outpouring of temper displeasing to God and rumous to ourselves, and hence the important injunction of the text: "Let not

sun go down on your wrath." Why that limitation to one's anger! Why that period of flaming vapor set to punctuate a flaming disposition! What has the sunset got to do with one's resentful emotions? Was it a haphazard sentiment written by Paul without special significance? No, no; I think of five reasons why we should not let the sun set before our temper sets.

First, because twelve hours is long enough to be cross about any wrong inflicted upon us. Nothing is so exhausting to physical health or mental faculty as a protracted in dulgence of ill humor. It racks the nervous system. It hurts the digestion, it heats the blood in brain and heart until the whole body is first overheated and then depressed. Beside that, it sours the disposition, turns one aside from his legitimate work, expends en-ergies that ought to be bester employed, and does us more harm than it does our antago-Paul gives us a good, wide allowance of time for legitimate denunciation. from 6 o'clock to 6 o'clock, but says: "Stop there!" Watch the descending orb of day, and when it reaches the horizon take a reef in your disposition. Unloose your collar and cool off. Change the subject to something delightfully pleasant. Unroll your tight fist and shake hands with some one. Bank up the fires at the curfew bell. Drive the growling dog of enmity back to its kennel. The hours of this morning will pass by, and the afternoon will arrive, and the sun will begin to set, and I beg you on its blazing

hearth throw all your feuds, invectives and Other things being equal the man who preserves good temper will come out ahead. An old essayist says that the celebrated John Henderson of Bristol, England, was at a dining party where political excitement ran high and the debate got angry, and while Henderson was speaking his opponent, unable to answer his argument, dashed a glass of wine in his face, when the speaker deliberately wiped the liquid from his face and said: "This, sir, is a digression; now, if you please, for the main argument." While worldly philosophy could help but very few to such squipoise of spirit the grace of God could belp any man to such a triumph. "Impossible," you say, "I would have either left the table in anger or have knocked the man down." But I have come to believe that nothing is impossible, if God help, since what I saw at Beth-Shan faith cure in London, England, two summers ago. While the religious service was going on Rev. Dr. Boardman, glorious man, since gone to his heavenly rest, was telling the scores of sick people present that Christ was there as of old to heal all diseases, and that, if they would only believe, their sickness would depart. I saw a woman near me, with hand and arm twisted of rheumatism and her wrist was fiery with inflammation and it looked like those eases of chronic rhoumatism which we have all seen and sympathized with, cases beyond all human healing. At the preacher's reiteration of the words: "Will you believe! Do you believe? Do you believe now!" I heard this poor sick woman say, with an emphasis which sounded through the building: "I do believe." And then she laid her twisted arm and hand out as straight as your arm and hand, or mine. If I had seen one rise from the dead I would not have been much more thrilled. Since then I believe that God will do anything in answer to our prayer and in answer to our faith, and he can heal our bodies, and if our soul is all twisted and misshapen of revenge and hate and inflamed with sinful proclivity, he can straighten that also and make it well

and clean. Aye, you will not postpone till

realize that their behavior toward you may be put into the catalogue of the "all things" that "work together for good to those that love God." I have had multitudes of friends, but I have found in my own experience that God so arranged it that the greatest opportunities of usefulness that have been opened before me were opened by enemics. And when, years ago, they conspired against me, that opened all Christendom to me as a field in which to preach the Gospel. So, you may harness your antagonists to your best interests and compel them to draw you on to better work and higher character. Suppose, instead of waiting until six minutes past 5 o'clock this evening, when the sun will set, you transact this glorious work of forgive-

ess before meridian.

Again, we ought not to let the sun go down on our wrath, because we will sleep better if we are at peace with everybody. Insomnia is getting to be one of the most prevalent of disorders. How few people retire at 10 o'clock at night and sleep clear through to 6 in the morning! To relieve this disorder all parcotics, and sedatives, and chloral, and bromide of potassium, and cocaine and intoxicants are used, but nothing is more important than a quiet spirit if we would win omnolence. How is a man going to sleep when he is in mind pursuing an enemy! With what nervous twitch he will start out of a dream! That new plan for cornering his foe will keep him wide awake while the clock strikes 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4. I give you an unfailing prescription for wakefuless, spend the evening hours rehearing your wrongs and the best way of avenging them. Hold a convention of friends on this subject in your parlor or office at 8 or 9 o'clock. Close the evening by writing a bitter letter, expressing your sentiments. 'Take from the desk or pigeon hole the papers in the case to refresh your mind with your evening's meanness. Then lie down and wait for the coming of the day, and it will come before sleep comes, or your sleep will be a worried quiescence, and, if you take the precaution to lie flat on your back a frightful nightmare. Why not put a bound to your animosity! Why let your foes come into the sanctities of your dormitory! Why let those slanderers who have already torn your reputation to pieces or injured your business, bend over your midnight pillow and drive from you one of the greatest blessings that God can offer-sweet, refreshing, all invigorating sleep? Why not fence out your enemies by the golden bars of the sunset? Why not stand behind the barricade of evening cloud and say to them: "Thus far and no farther?" Many a man and many a woman is having the health of body as well as the health of soul eaten away by a malevolent spirit. I have in time of religious awakening had persons night after night come into the inquiry room and get no peace of soul. After a while I have bluntly asked her: "Is there ot some one against whom you have a hatred that you are not willing to give up?" After a little confusion she has slightly whispered, "Yes." Then I said to her: "You will never find peace with God as long as

A boy in Sparta, having stolen a fox, kept him under his coat, and, though the fox was gnawing his vitals, he submitted to it rather than expose his misleed. Many a man with a smiling face has under his jacket an animosity that is gnawing away the strength of his body and the integrity of his soul. Batter get rid of that hidden fox as soon as possible. There are hundreds of domestic circles where that which most is needed is the spirit of forgiveness. Brothers apart and sisters apart and parents and children apart. Solomon says a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city. Are there not enough sacred memories of your childhood to bring you together? The rabbins recount how that Nebuchadnezzar's son had such a spite against his father that after he was dead he had his father burned to ashes, and then put the ashes into four sacks, and tied them to four eagles' necks which flew away in opposite directions And there are now domestic antipathies which seem forever to have scattered all arental memories to the four winds of eaven. How far the eagles fly with that cred ashes! The hour of sundown makes to that family no practical suggestion. Thomas Carlyle, in his biography of Frederick the Great, says the old king was told by the conessor he must be at peace with his enemies if he wanted to enter heaven. Then he said to his wife, the queen: "Write to your brother after I am dead that I forgive him." Roloff, the confessor, said: "Her majesty had better write him immediately." "No," said the king, "after I am dead; that will be safer." So he let the sun of his earthly existence go

lown upon his wrath.

Again: We ought not to allow the sun set before forgiveness takes place, because we might not live to see another day. And what if we should be ushered into the presence of our Maker with a grudge upon our soul? The majority of people depart this life in the night. Between 11 o'clock p. m. and 3 o'clock a. in there is something in the atmosphere which relaxes the grip which the body has on the soul, and most of people enter the next world through the shadows of this world. Perhaps God may have arranged it in way so as to make the contrast the more glorious. I have seen sunshiny days in this world that must have been almost like the radiance of heaven. But as most people leave the earth between sunown and sunrise, they quit this world at its arkest, and heaven, always bright, will be he brighter for that contrast. Out of blackness into irradiation. Shall we then leap over the roseate bank of sunset into the favorite hunting ground of disease and death, carrying our animosities with us? Who would rant to confront his God, against whom we have all done meaner things than anybody has ever done against us, carrying old grudges? How can we expect his forgiveness for the greater when we are not willing to forgive others the less? Napoleon was encouraged to undertake the crossing of the Alps because Charlemagne had previously crossed them. And all this rugged path of forgiveness bears the bleeding footsteps of him who conquered through suffering, and we ought to be willing to follow. On the night of our departure from this life into the next, our one plea will have to be for mercy, and it will have to be offered in the presence of him who has said: "If you forgive not men their trespasses neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespusses." What a sorry plight if we stand there hating this one, and hating that one, and wishing this one a damage, and wishing some one else a calamity, and we ourselves needing forgiveness for 10,000 times 10,000 obliquities of heart and life. When our last hour comes, we want it to find us all right. Hardly anything affects me so much in the uncovering of ancient Pompeii as the account of the soldier who, after the city had for many centuries been covered with the ashes and scorize of Vesuvius, was found standing in his place on guard, hand on spear and helinet on head. Others fled at the awful submergement, but the explorer, 1700 years after, found the body of that brave fellow in right position. And it will be a grand thing f, when our last moment comes, we are found in right position toward the world, as well as in right position toward God, on guard and unaffrighted by the ashes from the mountain of death. I do not suppose that I

am any more of a coward than most people,

sleep to-night if there were any being in all earth with whom I would not gladly shake hands, lest, during the night hours my spirit dismissed to other realms, I should because of my unforgiving spirit, be denied divine forgiveness.

"But," says some woman, "there is a hor rid creature that has so injured me that rathe than make up with her I would die first.' Well, sister, you make take your choice-for one or the other it will be-your com plete pardon of her or God's eternal banishment of you. "But," says some man "that fellow who cheated me out of those goods, or damaged my business credit, or started that lie about me in the newspapers, or by his perfidy broke up my dome tic happiness, forgive him I cannot-for-give him I will not." Well, brother, take your choice. You will never be at peace with God till you are at peace with man. Feeling as you now do, you would not get so near the harbor of heaven as to see the lightship. Better leave that man with the God who "Vengeance is mine, I will repay. You may say: "I will make him sweat for that yet, I will make him squirm, I mean to pursue him to the death," but you are damaging yourself more than you damage him and you are making heaven for your own soul an impossibility. If he will not be reconciled to you, be reconciled to him. In five or six hours it will be sundown. The dahlias will-bloom against the western sky. Somewhere between this and that take a shovel and bury the old quarrel at least six feet deep. "Let not the sun go down on your

"But," you say, "I have more than I can car; too much is put upon me, and I am not to blame if I am somewhat revengeful and unrelenting." Then I think of the little child at the moving of some goods from a store. The father was putting some rolls of goods on the child's arm, package after package, and some one said, "That child is being overloaded and as much ought not to be put upon ner," when the child responded, "Father knows how much I can carry;" and God, our Father, will not allow too much imposition on his children. In the day of eternity it will be found you had not one annoyance too many, not one aspiration too many, not one outrage too many. Your heavenly Father

knows how much you can carry. Again, we ought not to allow the passage of the sunset hour before the dismissal of all our affronts, because we may associate the sublimest action of the scul with the sublimest spectacle in nature. It is a most delightsome thing to have our personal experiences allied with certain objects. There is a tree or river bank where God first answered your prayer. You will never pass that place or think of that place without thinking of the glorious communion. There was some gate or some room or some garden walk where you were affianced with the companion who has been your chief joy in life. You never speak of that place but with a smile. Some of you have pleasant memories connected with the evening star, or the moon in its flat. in its first quarter, or with the sunrise, because you saw it just as you were arriving at harbor after a tempestuous voyage. and forever, O hearer, associate the sunse with your magnanimous, out and out, ungiveness of all foes. I admit it is the most difficult of all graces to practice, and at the start you may make a complete failure, but keep on in the attempt to practice it. Shakespeare wrote ten plays before he reached "Hamlet," and seventeen plays before he reached "Merchant of Venice," and twenty-eight plays before he reached Macbeth. And gradually you will come from the easier graces to the most difficult. Beside that, it is not a matter of personal determination so much as the laying hold of the almighty arm of God, who will help us to'do anything we ought to do. Remember that in all personal controversies the one least to blame will have to take the first step at pacification, if it is ever effective. The contest between Æschines and Aristippus resounds through history, but Aristippus, who was least to blame, went to Æschines and said: "Shall we not agree to be friends before we make ourselves the laughing stock of the whole country?" And Æschines said: "Thou art a far better mar than I, for I began the quarrel, but thou hast been the first in healing the breach," and they were always friends afterwards. So let the one of you that is least to blame take the first step toward conciliation. The one most in the wrong will never take it. Oh it makes one feel splendidly to be able by God's help to practice unlimited forgiveness. It improves one's body and soul. It will make you measure three or four more inches around the chest, and improve your respiration so that you can take a deepr and longer breath. It improves the coun tenance by scattering the gloom, and bright-

ening the forehead, and loosening the pinched

look about the nostril and lip, and makes you

somewhat like God himself. He is omnipo

tence, and we cannot copy that. He is inde

pendent of all the universe, and we cannot

copy that. He is creative, and we cannot

copy that. He is omnipresent, and we cannot

copy that. But he forgives with a broad sweep

all faults, and all neglect, and all insults

and all wrong doing, and in that we may copy

him with mighty success. Go harness that sublime action of your soul to an autumnal

sunset, the hour when the gate of heaven

opens to let the day pass into the eternities

and some of the glories escape this way

through the brief opening. We talk about

the Italian sunsets, and sunset amid the Ap-

penines, and sunset amid the Cordilleras

But I will tell you how you may see a grander

sunset than any mere lover of nature ever be-

held; that is, by flinging into it all your hatreds and animosities, and let the horses of fire trample them, and the chariots of fire

roll over them, and the spearmen of fire stab them, and the beach of fire consume them, and the billows of fire overwhelm them. The sublimest thing God does is the sunset. The sublimest thing you can do is forgiveness. Along the glowing banks of this coming eventide let the divine and the human be concurrent.

Again: We should not let the sun go down on our wrath because it is of little importance what the world says of you or does to you when you have the affluent God of the sunse as your provider and defender, 'People though it were a fixed spectacle of nature and always the same But no one ever saw two sunsets alike and if the world has existed 6,000 years there have been about 2,190,000 sunsets, each of them as distinct from all the other pictures in the gallery of the sky as Titian's "Last Sup-Rubens' "Descent from the Cross, Raphael's "Transfiguration" and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" are distinct from each other. If that God of such infinite resources that he can put on the wall of the sky each night more than the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, and the Vatican, and the Dresden and Venetian galleries all in one is my God and your God, our provider and protector, what is the use of our worrying about any human antagonism? If we are misinterpreted, the God of the many colored sunset can put the right color on our actio If he can afford to hang such masterpiec over the outside wall of heaven and have them obliterated in an hour, he must be very rich in resources and can put us through in

heavens at eventide is but the upholstery of

one of the windows of our future home, what

small business for us to be chasing enemies! Let not this Sabbath sun go down upon your

Mahomet said: "The sword is the key of Mahomet said: "The sword is the key of heaven and hell, a drop of blood shed is better than fasting, and wounds in the day of judgment resplendent as vermilion, and odoriferous as musk." But, my hearers, in the last day we will find just the opposite of that to be true, and that the sword never unlocks heaven, and that he who heals wounds is greater than he who makes them, and that on the same ring are two keys: God's forgiveness of us and our forgiveness of enemies; and these two keys unlock Paradise.

And now I wish for all of you a beautiful

And now I wish for all of you a beautiful sunset in your earthly existence. With some of you it has been a long day of trouble, and with others of you it will be far from calm. When the sun rose at 6 o'clock it was the morning of youth, and a fair day was prophesied, but by the time the noonday of mid life had come and the clock of your earthly existence had struck 12, cloud racks gathered and tempest bellowed in the track of tempest. But as the coning of old age approaches I pray God the skies may brighten and the clouds be piled up into pillars as of celestial temples to which you go, or move as with mounted cohorts come to take you home. And as you sink out of sight be-low the herizon may there be a radiance of Christian example lingering long after you are gone, and on the heavens be written in letters of sapphire, and on the waters in letters of opal, and on the hills in letters of emerald: "Thy sun shall no more go down, either shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." So shall the sunset of earth become the sunrise of heaven.

OF NEWSPAPER NOTORIETY.

What the Press Says About Men an Women Who Are Well Known. Henry Villard is an accomplished musi-cian, and often spends his evenings in play-ing a violin to his daughter's pianoforte ac-

Mme. Blavatsky, the theosophist, is round faced and bright eyed, shrewd and full of vanity, fleshy and good natured, but with manners that are much to be desired. Boston Corbett, the man who shot John Wilkes Booth after the esassination of Lin-coln, has just been declared hopelessly in-sane. He has been placed in the Kansas state insane asylum.

Senator Hiscock's favorite fruit is the ba-nana. He buys bananas by the dozen and sits in his office stripping down the sides in an indolent, contemplative way before he devours the pulp. It is conducive to his en-joyment of bananas to put his feet up on a table while eating them.

Ernest Legouve, author of "Adrienne Le-

couvrour," although 80 years old, is one of the best readers in Paris. His manner of life would do credit to a Chinaman, for he lives in the old stone house where he was born, uses and rarely if ever leaves Paris, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg says that all

amateurs of music should keep their eye on Mile. Adiny, who is now singing under a three years' engagement at the Grand Opera house, Paris. Mile Adia; is about 29 years or age, ange, and the Italian Type of beauty. She is, however on American girl, her real name being Chapman, and her birth place Boston.

There died in the Old Gentlemen's home a Boston, a few days ago, a man who was iden-tified with the leading mechanical inventions of the past fifty years. His name was D. H. Chamberlin, and he was a cousin to ex-Governor D. H. Chamberlin. Some of the devices in the inventions of which he was interested were the repeating rifle, the hand and power planer, the spring roll for window curtains, the hook and eye machine, the kerosene lamp burner and the lettered wheel hand stamp.

It is hard to believe that Aimee was almost 50 years old. Yet she was born in Lyons in 1838. She preserved her youth and health in a marvelous manner. Her complexion was clear and smooth, like Mrs. Langtry's. She had a round, full face, with pronounced fea-tures, strong white teeth, and cold, gray eyes. She was temperate, and very careful and dainty about her toilet. She kept no maid. She used to bathe her feet in cologne after a walk, and to change her stockings with every change of costume. Her stockings cost about \$6 a pair, and she wore out five dozen pairs a year. As a consequence her feet were as pink and white as an infant's.

Otter Belt, one of the greatest of Comanche chiefs, died in Indian Territory a few days ago. Five minutes before his death they held him erect and rigged him out in his best war costume. They painted him red, set his war bonnet on his head, tied up his hair in beaver skins, and laid him down just as he died. Then his five wives took sharp butcher knives, slashed their faces with long, deep cuts, cut themselves in other places, and beat their bleeding bodies and pulled their hair. They also burned everything they had, tepees, furniture, and even most of the clothing they had on. A big crowd of bucks looked on and killed ten horses, including a favorite team of Fress Addington, on whose ranch Otter Belt lived:

A Higher Evolution. Besides the unconscious evolution by natural laws, inherited from below, there is a higher evolution, inherited from above, indissolubly connected with man's spiritual nature—a conscious, voluntary striving of the best members of the social aggregate for the betterment of the whole—a conscious, volun-tary striving both of the individual and of society toward a recognized ideal. In the one kind of evolution the fittest are those most in harmony with the environment, and which, therefore, always survive: in the other, the fittest are those most in harmony with the ideal, and which often do not survive.-Pro fessor Joseph Le Conte in Popular Science

At the New London (Conn.) county fair. John Troland, of Norwich, exhibited the clock that ticked for Lorenzo Dow in his gambrel roofed house at Oxoboxo Lake, Elder Dow brought the clock from England. It is more than 100 years old. It is a quaint and striking timepiece. There is simply a prim dial plate, around which two long, crooked fingers creep, with open air works behind it, no case, and three or four brass weights on cords dangle six feet below the face. It was going during the fair, and attracted a great deal of attention.—Chicago

Herald. Carbolic acid is recommended for moisten ing the tools with which metals are worked. The efficiency of the grindstone is said to be greatly increased by this means.

Among the relics of her lost royalty preserved by Empress Eugenie is an umbrella which cost \$2,000, the handle of which is set with splendid jewels.

legal tender notes is \$10,000. No bills of the value of \$100,000 have ever been issued in

Only a Woman's Voice. The bell-had rung and the car was about to start on its down town trip from the Exposition grounds yesterday afternoon, when he boarded the car. It did not require more than a glance to convince every one who saw him that he was drunk-very much so, in fact. He sank into an unoccupied seat in the corner, leaned his weary head against the fare box and in a moment was in that stupor which too much whisky produces. The driver evidently knew him and smiled as he said: "I'll attend to you when we get down here

In a few moments the car stopped and the driver stepped inside, shook the sleeper and told him in an austioneer tone of voice to "wake up and get off." But the passenger did neither. Then a gentleman next him endeavored to arouse him, but beyond a muttered remark that could not be understood he remained a fixture in his seat.

This sort of thing was Lecoming monoto nous when a little woman was seen approach ing the car. A slight rain was falling, and she daintily picked her way across the muddy street and stepped upon the car. She glanced inside but did not enter, and spoke but one word—"John." It was not a loud "John," but through the befuldled brain of that drunken sleeper it seemed to flash, penetrating and starting into life every faculty, and as though an electric battery had completed the circuit directly beneath him, he sprang up, and as gracefully as was possible to him left the car supported by that little woman, whose voice had almost sobered him.

The moral of this little incident can be arranged to suit the taste, but the superiority of the female voice under such circumstances cannot be doubted.—Atlanta Constitution.

Honesty of an Insured Man. A leading mill mutual underwriter has had his faith in the honesty and good faith of business men strengthened in a very gratifying way lately. A cotton mill in a southern state insured in the mill mutuals of this city was recently damaged by fire. The loss was adjusted and the agreed sum paid in cash. When Sept. 1 came the officers of the mill, according to their custom, made an actual count of cotton on hand to balance their cotton account and mill delivery for the previous year.

Here we quote from the letter of the presi dent to the underwriters: "To our surprise found we had more cotton on hand than our account called for. After careful examination we found that 200 bales, supposed to have been in warehouse No. 1—the one burned—were actually in No. 2 warehouse, and our claim for burned cotton was 200 bales in excess of our actual loss. The 200 bales, at average 453 pounds, 90,600 pounds at 11% cents, amounts to \$10,079.25, which amount please deduct from amount you are due us, and divide same in proper propor-tions among all the companies at interest." The above mentioned amount was therefore returned the insurance companies.—Boston

The Oldest Canary. Willis had met with in the death of his well known pet canary, a reporter called upon him at his residence to question him about its history. "My canary that died this morn-ing," said Mr. Willis, "was, I believe, the fongest lived on record. He was born in sold and oled yesterday being over 21 sear ald. He was twice crippled, his leg fractured and his wing broken. He was always cheerful and a beautiful singer until about three years ago when he became blind, and, strange to say, refused to eat seed. Dick was an object of interest to all bird fanciers, and they requently dropped in to ask about the 'old

oter,' as he was called. "I attribute his long life to feeding him on little meat, particularly during the summer, when I gave him some three or four times a week. Occasionally I used to give him a small piece of fat salt pork, and I never gave him sugar, crackers or anything sweet. I got the idea of giving him meat by watching him pick the feathers from his body, as all birds do, and taking the quill end in his mouth."—Philadelphia Enquirer.

The Battle of Gettysburg Panorama com-pany declared a dividend which equals 13 per cent. on a capital of \$360,000. Though the canorama is four or five years old, its drawing power is still great. Frequently its receipts reach \$400 a day. No other picture ever so completely captured the popular fancy. During the first year or two of its existence the attendance was enormous. On one occasion \$2,500 was paid into the box office between 10 o'clock in the morning and at night. This was in the convention year of 1884. The company for a long time paid 10 per cent. a month dividends, keeping up this rate even after the capital stock was doubled. A good many small people owned a few shares of stock, and they gained each a little competence. The panorama's success gave a great impetus to panorama building all over the country. It led, besides, to popular joint stock enterprises in the lines of

Caparles Instead of Snakes There is a young man of this town whose pink cheeks and handsome eyes, together with his general air of nattiness, make him a mighty interesting person to look upon. Yet that young man hes intervals when he drinks, In fact he rips the corks from many a bottle every night. In the morning he is just as clear eyed and handsome, and he said the other day that the only delirium he experienced was the conviction in his sleep that he must get up and drive the canary birds out of his shoes. The number of canary birds in his shoes is regulated by the quantity of rum he on his evening rounds the respective number of birds frisk all night in his shoes. Perhaps some folks will say that canary birds are a heap sight better than snakes and devils and other hideous visitors who are reported to worry persons who think the cup is about all there is in this life.—New York Sun

A Young Girl Cremated. The first young girl to be cremated in America was 9-year-old Alida Weissleder, the daughter of the superintendent of the Brush Electric Light company in Cincinnati. Her body was burned last week at the crematory in that city. The corpse, wrapped in white alum linen, with white and yellow roses on the breast, was slid into the retort by two attendants, who at once retired, and in the stillness that followed the mourners could hear the puff and sizzle of the gases of the body as the heat devoured it. After an hour the blue flames stopped circling about the

in an urn. It was the ninth incineration at the crematory.-New York Sun. An Interesting Custom. The Thakore Sahib of Morvi enforces nost interesting custom in his Indian dominion. There is at the head of each village one man who is responsible for the peace and honesty of the community. If a burglary is committed this man must hunt up the thief and if he fails to find him is compelled to pay

for the stolen goods out of his own pocket.—

it had been. These ashes, when gathered up, weighed loss than a pound. They were re-

turned to the parents and will be preserved

NIHILISTS IN RUSSIAN SCHOOLS. Boys and Girls Studying Nibiliatic Reol

in Secret Societies. While the Russian government has hitherte devoted its undivided attention with very partial success to the suppression of Nihilistic tendencies among the students of the univer sities the gymnasia, the polytechnic schools and private lyceums have escaped the inquis itorial measures of the ministers of police Recently the most alarming discoveries have been made among the male and female stulents of these scholastic institutions. At Ekaterinoslav it was first discovered that the elder boys and girls of the different gymnasis met on certain evenings in private rooms for the reading and discussion of Socialistic literature, and each member of the secret society contributed a small sum toward the clandestine purchase of the forbidden brochures as fast as they appeared. This discovery resulted in the immediate arrest of a large number of students of both sexes, and a general investi-gation was at once instituted in all the chief cholastic centers.

In Raratoff a similar but much better or ganized secret society of male and female tudents was discovered. Here they had a complete secret library of Nihilistic Socialistic literature in active circulation, with a president, secretary and treasure The worst feature in the eyes of the authorities of the Raratoff discovery is that the majority of the male members of the society were students of the ecclesiastical seminary. It was found, too, that these young semi-narists had from single copies lithographed an immense number of Nihilist proclamations, which were circulated almost broadcast Similar discoveries have been made here in Odessa, and at Kief, Kasan, Moseow, Ananiev, Smolensk, Tver, Memiroff, and other places. The little town of Memiroff appears to possess the most uniquely red character. There, it is stated on the authority of the mir isterial investigating agents, the whole of the students, male and female, in every class are concerned in the secret propaganda and study of forbidden literature.—London News.

The Porcine Bomb and the Mule. Henry Simpson, of this city, has been in the abit of using dynamite for the purpose of olowing old tree stumps out of the ground. The other day he carelessly left the dangerous compound lying by the side of a stump. The dynamite was mixed with sawdust and gave out an exceedingly pleasant odor, which attracted the attention of two of Simpson's hogs. They finished their inspection of the stuff by eating it, and then one of them, probably to aid and accelerate digestion, began rubbing its side against a post at the entranc of a mule's stall. The mule remained passive for only a few moments, and then, as mules will do, gave the hog a tremendous kick in the side. A terrific explosion followed, and when the smoke and dust had cleared away the hog was only found in detachments, while an enormous hole marked the spot where he had stood. The mule, of course, survived, or it wouldn't have been a mule, but it was the most surprised mule you ever saw. hog escaped and is now at large, greatly to the discomfiture of those in the habit of staying away from home at night.-Henderson

of age, working near Belleville, has had a singular experience the past few weeks. He worked on a farm in Texas, and one day he lay on the hay in the fields to take a nap. While asleep he was attacked by poisonous flies, which had crawled over his face and into his nostrils, where they laid their eggs. Griffin came north about ten days ago. He had been suffering for weeks with a dizziness in his head, and for the past few days with a terrible pain which nearly blinded him. Besides that he found it very difficult to breathe. Yesterday he consulted a physician, who once in his practice had a similar case. He ejected a liquid into Griffin's nose, and in fifteen min utes the latter passed from his nostrils over one hundred worms, from a quarter to half an fuch in length, so hard that it was almost impossible to break them with a hammer. The man was very much relieved, but it is supposed that his head is still full of these worms. The worms eventually develop into flies. These flies seldom come farther north than the southern line of Kansas,-St. Loui

Dudedom's Latest Idea.

The latest idea imported into dudedom to wear two side chains instead of one. Last winter one chain, attached to the bunch of keys carried in the trousers pocket and fastened to the suspender button above, was the "proper caper." This year no dude will be complete without a chain on each side. To the second one is attached a stout ring on which are hung a collection of more or less useful articles. To be quite right these should should be of silver and handsome in design. They include such conveniences as a match safe, car or dog whistle, penknife, pencil, cigar cutter and in extreme cases a dude drags forth this remarkable bunch of trinkets the effect is not to be startling to the person unfamiliar with the latest develop-ment of modern civilization.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

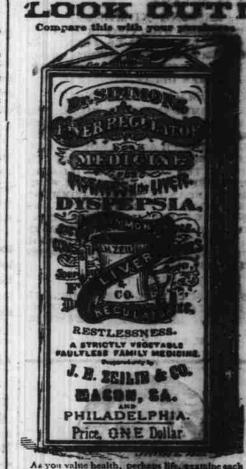
One Great Common Graveyard. The Roman Catholic authorities of Boston are planning to establish one great common emetery for all the cities in adjacent parts of the state, to which the railroads are expected to run special funeral trains daily, the cars going directly into the grounds and all expense of carriages being done away with, the undertaker carrying the body to the station, the city and the railroad landing it at the grave. The Boston and Lowell raffroad is said to be ready to run funeral trains at reduced rates if such a cemetery is estab-lished. In Mexico they have special funeral cars over the horse car routes to the cemteries.-New York Sun.

Mackay's Old Time Work. Millionaire Mackay recently filled for a week the position of superintendent of the Bonanza mines during the temporary absence of the regular boss. He was up bright and early every morning, donned a miner's suit, went into the mine at the usual hour and was not seen again on the surface till be emerged from the subterranean depairs at 4:30 o'clock n the evening. He took hold just as he used to in the old times when he had to do it for \$4 per day.-Cleveland Leader.

Their First Sight of Roses. It is said that the Norwegians on the first sight of roses dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire; and the atives of Virginia are reported as having, the first time they seized on a quantity of gunpowder which belonged to the English colony, sowed it for grain, expecting to reap plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest, sufficient to blow away all intruders. -Magazine of American History.

Feyth, the Bridgeport safe burglar, says the a corner in such a position that the door cill shut toward the wall. This makes it accessary to move the safe in order to get at the door with the wedges and jimmy, and the job is difficult and dangerous.—Chicago News.

\$100 to \$300 A MONTH can be made preferred who can farmish their own horses and give their whole time to the business also. A few vacancies in towns and cities, is difficult and dangerous.—Chicago News.



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and tobacco. The dwelling is a good two-story building with seven rooms, surrounded by a beautiful grove of oaks, and has a well of excellent water very convenient. For particulars as to price, terms, &c., address, R. P. ROBERTS.

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## For Sale.

The store-house and lot on north side of Air-Line Railroad, belonging to John M. Hanna. The lot corners on Marietta, Air-Line and Long Streets, and is a very desirable pictore of prop-erty. Fer further particulars, call on or ad-dress M. W. HANNA, Gastonia, N. G. vol4 33

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