

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

The Georgia Philosopher Writes About the Bible and its Good Influences.

The family is the most important institution upon the earth. It is the hope of the world. Its influence is greater than that of kings, emperors or cabinets. Parents and children gathered around the hearthstone in separate families make up communities, and they make States and nations and choose their rulers. As the families are, so is the government—good or bad—men—unmarried men are merely individuals and feel no great responsibility outside of their individual comfort and welfare. But parents are concerned for their children. We live for them and would die for them, consequently we want good government that will protect them. But it is not every family who feels this deep concern. From my window I see the homes of many neighbors and count on my fingers those whose presence is a safeguard to community, and the rest are of but little consequence. If they were to move away it would not add to our peril. So it is in all communities. The few protect the many. So it is in church and State. Twenty members of our Legislature control its legislation. Ten members of an average church membership give the church its character. Sodom was destroyed because ten good men could not be found. If all men were good we would have no need of courts or prisons. But for every church that is set on a hill there is a jail in the valley. I hear the preacher calling and the bell tolling from the one, and imagine I hear the devil calling from the other, and he cries out as the sergeants did in the old muster language, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! All who belong to Captain Satan's Company parade here." And the people are going and coming all the time, some to one call and more to the other. But as the devil can't be heard afar off, he goes about calling, and even invades the sanctuary and calls aloud while the preacher is preaching.

"Man never erects a house of prayer
But what the devil builds a pulpit there,
And 'twill be found upon examination
The devil has the largest congregation."

His pulpit is always at the rear end where the young people love to sit, and you can tell how popular he is by the number who sit there.

I was ruminating about this family institution and its great importance in the world because I have been reading about it in the Apocrypha, which is one of our family Bibles. I heard a preacher say once that a Bible with the Apocrypha in it should not stay in his house. Well, it took 1,826 years to exclude it from the Protestant Bible, and most of it is in the Roman Catholic Bible yet. What is called a sacred canon was not established until the sixteenth century, and for centuries before that almost every great theologian had his own catalogue of inspired books as he believed them. For 30 years only ten of Paul's epistles were admitted. The Book of St. James and the Revelation of St. John were excluded. So were Esther and Daniel and Jonah in the Old Testament. Luther tried to have Hebrews, and James and Jude, and the Revelations of St. John excluded, but failed. But all differences of opinion seem to have been harmonized at the council of Trent by all Christians and the Apocrypha was left in, not as an inspired part but to be read for religious instruction. In 1826 it was excluded from the Protestant Bible, but it remains in many of the old time family Bibles and is in one of mine. I dare to peruse it some times, especially "The Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach," which is called Ecclesiasticus, which has 50 chapters and is as full of maxims and morals and instruction for the family as are the Proverbs of Solomon. Addison says that if this book had been left in the canon, or if it had the name of some great Greek philosopher, it would have commanded the admiration of mankind. To my mind it is the condensation of wisdom for family government. It is as pointed and pungent as anything that Solomon ever wrote. This Jesus was a better man than Solomon. He lived and wrote 300 years after Malachi, the last of the prophets. In the close of his narrative concerning Moses and the prophets, he says of Solomon: "By his body he was brought into subjection and didst stain his honor and pollute his seed and brought wrath upon his children, and his kingdom was divided." I never

did have a profound admiration for a man who said, "Rejoice, Oh, young man, in the wife of thy youth, and be thou always ravished with her love," and then goes off and marries 300 wives and takes 700 concubines. His precepts were good but his example was bad, very bad. My doctrine has always been that a man has no more right to two wives than a woman has to two husbands. Let him stand by his marriage vows. This is the injunction of Jesus, the son of Sirach. As a sample of his wisdom let me quote:

"A man that breaketh his wedlock, saying, 'Who seeth me; am I not compassed about with darkness,' he forgetteth that the eyes of the Lord are ten thousand times brighter than the sun."

"Blessed is he who hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

"A silent and loving woman is a gift from the Lord."

"A fool will peep in at the door of the house, but he that is well nurtured will stand without."

"Do not banquet upon borrowed money."

"Commend not a man for his outward appearance, for many kings have sat down upon the ground, and one that was never thought of hath worn the crown."

"A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hid in adversity."

"Use not much the company of a woman who is a singer lest thou be captured with her voice."

"Rejoice not over thine enemy when he is dead."

"Lend not to him who is higher than thyself, but if thou lendest count it lost."

"Sit not down with the wife of another man in thine arms, for it will bring thee to destruction."

"My son, help thy father in his old age and thou shalt have joy in thine own children."

"Have no fellowship with those who are mightier and richer than thyself, for how can the earthen kettle and the pot agree."

"When a rich man speaketh every man holdeth his tongue and extol it to the clouds, but if a poor man speak they say, 'What fellow is this?'"

"Build not a house with another man's money, for it is like gathering stones for the tomb of thy burial."

"A thief is better than a common liar."

"Accustom not thy mouth to swearing nor to naming of the Holy one."

"Against him that is niggard of his meat his neighbors shall murmur."

"Keep a sure watch over a shameless daughter lest she make thee a laughingstock and a byword in the city and a reproach among thy people."

Whether this book be inspired or not, it is full of devotion to God and gratitude for His goodness. The Old Testament Hebrews canon was made up and closed before this Jesus lived or perhaps Ecclesiasticus would have been embraced in it. It is certainly entitled to as much consideration as Solomon's Song, for there is not a vulgar or lascivious expression in it.

This much about the Apocrypha will answer some inquiries I have received, two of them from preachers. I have long letter from my old friend, Bishop Turner, concerning that recent publication of William Hannibal Thomas; that bill of indictment against the negroes of his own race. He denounces Thomas. His opinion is that some learned white man wrote the book and paid Thomas for the use of his name. He says this is the opinion of those in South Carolina who know this scapellaw. He says, "I am well acquainted with him; knew him during the war in front of Richmond, where some Southern hero shot off one his arms, and it is a pity he did not shoot his head off. He is now receiving an exorbitant pension from the United States government. If there ever was money paid to a dog, it is paid to him. If the white people of the South knew as much about his rascality and villainy as he has told me, they would seek his blood. If our preachers are so bad as he represents them, what did he stop for and join the party of the devil. He was one of the preachers of my church and will be until hell opens her arms to receive him," etc.

I have been following Bishop Turner's course ever since the war, and have never known aught against him as a man or a Christian. In the year 1866, when our people at Rome were under the oppression of a Spanish Captain, one De la Mesa, Bishop Turner acted as a mediator and tried to make our condition more tolerable. He made a speech at Reese's

Spring, near Rome, that we all commended, and did his utmost to prevent that Spaniard from exercising his foul domination and tyranny. Ever since then his pen and voice have been for peace between the races. I am pleased to speak of him as "my friend."
BILL ARP.

Light on a Horrible Crime of Long Ago.

Poultney, Vt., March 27.—Workmen removing a cellar wall under a dilapidated building just north of the bridge that crosses Fair Haven River, a quarter of a mile above Carvers Falls, have apparently unearthed evidence which solves the mystery of a murder which occurred seventy years ago.

The discovery was made by accident, the laborers having fallen into a pit while trying to lift some heavy stones. The pit was about eight feet deep, with a solid stone wall about twenty inches thick surrounding it. In the centre of the pit was set a solid iron post, attached to which was a heavy iron chain and an old fashioned pair of handcuffs. Nearby was a heap of human bones. Inquiry disclosed the fact that in 1831 Perry Borden, a young Frenchman, brought his young wife to Poultney to live in the house which the workmen are tearing down. She was witty and vivacious and attracted considerable attention. In a short time Borden became jealous of her and forbade her visiting a certain tavern nearby. The wife would not submit to be dictated to. One night in November, 1831, she was at the place when at about 10 o'clock Borden called for her. She left the place with him. She never was seen by her friends after that.

Mr. Borden said his wife had deserted him and fled to Canada. After a year Borden went away, and was not heard of again until 1882, when he suddenly reappeared in town. He said he had been at sea for the 50 years he had been away. His mind seemed shattered. He went to the little house and remained two years, neighbors supplying him with provisions. He finally became sick and the town took charge of him. He died in 1897 and was buried in the potters field.

The discoveries made by the workmen have led everyone in this vicinity to believe that Borden chained his wife in the underground cellar and left her to die a horrible death.

He Kept His Leg.

Twelve years ago J. W. Sullivan, of Hartford, Conn., scratched his leg with a rusty wire. Inflammation and blood poisoning set in. For two years he suffered intensely. Then the best doctors urged amputation, "but," he writes, "I used one bottle of Electric Bitters and 1½ boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and my leg was sound and well as ever." For Eruptions, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Sores and all blood disorders Electric Bitters has no rival on earth. Try them. Hood Bros. will guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Only 50 cents.

Another Attempt to Restrict the Cotton Acreage.

Harvey Jordan, resident of the Southern Cotton Growers' Protective Association, has issued a call to the cotton producers of the Southern States, asking them to meet at the county seat of every county in the South on Saturday, April 6th, for the purpose of adopting some plan to restrict the acreage of the cotton crop for the season 1901 and 1902.

President Jordan urges immediate action by the farmers before the seed for the next crop are placed in the ground. He claims that the farmers will not be able to meet their obligations assumed for guano, and other farming materials with the price of cotton at 6 cents, which he confidently predicts will result from a large acreage.—Atlanta Dispatch.

A Testimonial from Old England.

"I consider Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the best in the world for Bronchitis," says Mr. William Savory, of Warrington, England. "It has saved my wife's life, she having been a martyr to Bronchitis for over six years, being most of the time confined to her bed. She is now quite well." Sold by Hood Bros.

Suspected It.

Lawyer—Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?
Witness—No, Sir; but I have seen him many times when I strongly suspected he had been at it.—Chicago News.

BURNING OF THE JEFFERSON.

Only the Two Clock Towers and Part of the Court Left of the Magnificent Hotel—All the Guests Except One Escaped Without Injury.

Richmond, March 30.—The magnificent Jefferson Hotel, the pride of Richmond, was practically wiped out by fire early this morning. All the remains of the splendid structure, which was built and furnished by the late Lewis Ginter, at a cost of over \$1,000,000, are the two clock towers and part of the court fronting on Franklin street. The fire was discovered near midnight high up in the Main street section of the building and was not considered serious at first. The hotel apparatus was brought into play, but the hose burst. The flames spread rapidly and messengers were sent through the building to awaken the guests, many of whom had to be dragged out of bed. There was a general rush toward the Franklin street part. The fire made an immense light and in a short time the vicinity was thronged with all classes, many persons giving expression to their emotion in tears. The fire department worked hurriedly, but under the greatest difficulties owing to the height of the building. At one time it was thought that the middle section and the Franklin street section could be saved, but the former was soon swept out and the latter practically ruined. In the latter were a number of very valuable pictures and Valentine's marble statue of Jefferson. The statue was saved with the head broken off and the pictures were gotten out, as were much of the drapery and furniture.

All the guests escaped. Mr. Richards, a traveling man of Danville, Va., was the only guest hurt. He broke his leg falling down a flight of stairs. A Richmond boy named Robertson is missing. It is feared he was caught in the burning building. Several firemen were more or less injured, but none seriously. The insurance on the building is about \$650,000.

The Jefferson was opened about six years ago and was one of the finest hotels in the South. It occupied a full half block and was regarded as practically proof against fire. The fire originated in the linen room, and, it is supposed, from a defective electric wire. All the guests in the Main street part lost their baggage. The emptying of the hotel of guests was singularly free from any dramatic scenes, owing to the wide corridors and the number of stair-cases.

The Best Remedy for Rheumatism. QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN.

All who use Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism are delighted with the quick relief from pain which it affords. When speaking of this Mr. D. N. Sinks, of Troy, Ohio, says: "Some time ago I had a severe attack of rheumatism in my arm and shoulder. I tried numerous remedies but got no relief until I was recommended by Messrs. Geo. F. Parsons & Co., druggists of this place, to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. They recommended it so highly that I bought a bottle. I was soon relieved of all pain. I have since recommended this liniment to many of my friends, who agree with me that it is the best remedy for muscular rheumatism in the market." For sale by Hood Bros.

A Fearful Struggle.

Harper's Bazar.
"There goes a man who is having a fearful struggle with his appetite."
"What, that clean-cut, healthy-looking chap over there?"
"That's the one."
"Why, he doesn't look like a slave to any appetite."
"He is, though; and he's having an awful time of it. He grinds his teeth, and succeeds in subduing it for a whole day, maybe, but the very next it conquers him, and he's just as bad off as ever."
"What is it—whisky?"
"Oh, no! He never drinks."
"Morphine?"
"No, indeed."
"Well, what is it that has such a hold on him?"
"His appetite, I told you."
"For food?"
"Certainly."
"Well, what's the matter with it? Why has he any struggle over it?"
"Why, he says that if he could only go without eating for about a month he could get the girl he's engaged to an Easter present as elaborate as she expects."

Bob Burdette, "To My Son."

So you are not going to church this morning, my son?
Ah, yes; I see. "The music is not good." That's a pity. That's what you go to church for, to hear the music we demand.
"And the pews are not comfortable." That's too bad—the Sabbath is the day of rest, and we go to church for repose. The less we do through the week the more rest we clamor for on the Sabbath.
"The church is so far away; it is too far to walk, and I detest riding in a street car, and they're always crowded on the Sabbath." This is, indeed, distressing. Sometimes when I think how much farther away Heaven is than the church, and that there are no conveyances on the road of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there.

"And the sermon is so long always." All these things are, indeed, to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely, my boy, did I not know that you will often squeeze into a stuffed street car, with a hundred other men, breathing an incense of whisky, beer and tobacco, hang to a strap by your eye lids for two miles, and then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough plank in the hot sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the game a scratch band will blow discordant thunder out of a dozen misfit horns right into our ears, and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of aural paralysis about the "dandiest game you ever saw played on that ground."

Ah, my boy, you see what staying away from church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in a hundred who could go on the witness stand and give, under oath, the same reasons for not going to church that he gives to his family every Sunday morning. My son, if you didn't think you ought to go, you wouldn't make any excuses for not going. No man apologizes for doing right.

A Raging, Roaring Flood.

Washed down a telegraph line which Chas. C. Ellis, of Lisbon, Ia., had to repair. "Standing waist deep in icy water," he writes, "gave me a terrible cold and cough. It grew worse daily. Finally the best doctors in Oakland, Neb., Sioux City and Omaha said I had Consumption and could not live. Then I began using Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles." Positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung troubles by Hood Bros. Price 50c.

Cabbages to a Finish.

Memphis Scimitar.
An old dinky, who lives in the thickets across the river, came to Memphis the other day to get his pension check cashed. After receiving his money, which amounted to \$11, the old slave sauntered down Front street to a produce house and bought three crates of cabbages. When they were delivered at the wharf late that afternoon the old man was there and received them with a mouth watering in anticipation of the good time ahead.
"Whut yer gwine ter do wid dem cabbages?" inquired the negro drayman who delivered them.
"Eat 'em," was the quick response. "I'se bin free forty years, and dis is de first time I'se had de money to buy 'nuff cabbage. I'se gwine ter eat cabbage till I furgit de way ter my mouf."

Brigadier General Funston.

Washington, March 30.—The following important army appointments were announced at the White House tonight: To be major general in the United States army, Brigadier General Lloyd Wheaton, vice Miles, promoted to lieutenant general; to be brigadier general in the regular army, Colonel Jacob H. Smith; Seventeenth United States Infantry, brigadier general volunteers, vice Daggett, retired; to be brigadier general, Frederick Funston, United States Volunteers, vice Wheaton, promoted.

The Best Blood Purifier.

The blood is constantly being purified by the lungs, liver and kidneys. Keep these organs in a healthy condition and the bowels regular and you will have no need of a blood purifier. For this purpose there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, one dose of them will do you more good than a dollar bottle of the best blood purifier. Price 25 cents. Samples free at Hood Bros.' drug store.

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John W. Futrell, Treasurer of Johnston County, will be in Smithfield every Monday and Saturday and Court Weeks.
Office in back room of the Bank of Smithfield. In his absence county orders will be paid at the Bank

For Washing Clothes.

The Chinese Peerless Washing Tablets

Is to all appearance a piece of white wax, having neither smell, taste nor strength, yet they will remove every particle of dirt, etc., from the coarsest and heaviest of garments down to the finest of fabrics

Without Rubbing or Injury to the Clothes.

They are for sale by the following merchants in this vicinity:

- J. R. Ledbetter, Princeton.
- Cotter, Underwood & Co., Smithfield.
- Z. Taylor, Pine Level.
- J. W. Liles, Selma.
- J. Stancill & Son, Kenly.
- Hays, Lamm & Co., Lucama.
- J. W. Sanders, Four Oaks.
- Surles Bargain House, Benson.
- A. D. Newberry, Dunn.

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Watt Plows and Casting. Dixie Plows and Casting. Cotton Plows and Casting. Clipper Casting.

100 Kegs of Nails Cheaper than you can Buy them. PULVERIZED BORAX, 15c.

He has the best Sprayer for spraying tobacco in the world. Now if you want non-trust Fertilizers, the best made for cotton or tobacco, cheap as anybody, go to

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