

Miscellaneous.
Attend to it Now.
Many suffering people drag themselves about with falling strength, feeling that they are gradually sinking into the grave...

Parker's Tonic
Prepared by H. H. Cox & Co., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists in large bottles at One Dollar.

Valuable Land For Sale!
We will sell on easy terms the land in Brodgen township, described as follows:

Edgerton, Finlayson & Co.
General Commission Merchants.
OFFER AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

AT LOW PRICES FOR THE CASH.
H. F. & CO.
Goldsboro, N. C., sep6-ti

THE DOG DAYS ARE UPON US,
YOU CAN FIND AT
SPIER'S FAMILY GROCERY!

A Good Supply of Fine Groceries and
Foreign Delicacies, Snuff, Tobacco, Cigars, Tin, Wood and Willow Ware, &c.,
which he is offering at very Low Prices.

FOR CASH!
Don't fail to call on him before purchasing elsewhere.
July 1-tf

CHEAP DOORS.
500 O. G. Doors, (Gulls)
AT
75 CENTS A PIECE.
These are good strong 4 panel doors, but knotty. For cheap tenement houses just as good as a higher priced door.

J. STRAUSS & CO.,
Goldsboro Rice and Planing Mills.
SUMMER
Beverages

Send in Your Orders for
Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Soda Water,
California Pear Nectar,
And the Latest Thing Out.
TONIC BEER!

You will find all the above Drinks to be Good, or No Charge.
GROCERIES!
I am still leading in Low Prices in Groceries. My Stock is complete. Call and get prices before buying and I know I will sell to you. Respectfully,

R. E. PIPKIN.
Walnut Street.
Goldsboro, N. C., Mar. 22, 1886-tf
Gregory Hotel Barbershop!
STILL IN OPERATION.
Shaving and Hair-Cutting quickly and neatly performed by the well-known tonorial artists, James Bates and William...

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.
BLASPHEMY DRUNKENNESS AND IMPURITIES OF OUR CITIES.

A Battle Cry for the Church of God—Put God First—The Alarming Growth of the Liquor Traffic—Immorality in the City of Churches.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 3.—The morning hymn at the Tabernacle this opening begins:
Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake.
Having expounded the account of Paul's conversion as given in Acts xxii, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for his text Psalms lxxvii, 1: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

A procession was formed to carry the Ark or sacred box which, though only three feet nine inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings, and started for Mount Zion, all the people chanted the battle hymn of my text: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldier's name, "the Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing armies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed parliament as easily as schoolmaster at school. His pointed finger at Berkeley castle, and his taken. He ordered Lord Hopton, the general, to dismount, and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle cry of "the Ironsides," loud as a storm and as death knell, standards reeling before it, and every horse going back on their haunches, and armies flying at Marston moor, at Winney field, at Naseby, at Bridgewater and Dartmouth—"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

So you see my text is not like a compilation of the Bible, but it is a real, some times set hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle, and only to be used on general training day; but more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling its story of Chepeltepe, Cerro Gordo, and Chancellorsville, and Malvern hill, for my text hangs in the Scripture and tells, telling of the holy wars of 3,000 years in which it had been carried, but as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me what in the church of God, and in all styles of reformer's work, we must have now is a battle cry. We raise our little standard and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live, and in a few years will cease to live. We go into contest against the armies of iniquity depending on the human agencies. We use for a battle cry, the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after a while that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle cry, and this time perhaps we put the name of some one who plays Arnold and sells out to the enemy. What we must have for a battle cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are going to get the victory all along the line we must put God first. We must take the battle cry of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedonin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army was ever tumbled? It was the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. Put God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American revolution are to free America, it must be "the sword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan, it must be "the sword of the Lord and of Von Moltke." Waterloo was won for the armed men at the front but the worshippers in the cathedrals at the rear were crying, "The sword of the Lord and Wellington." The sword of the Lord in triumph across nation after nation with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions for Christ with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop Melvaine." The victory is to those who put God first. But we want a battle cry suited to all sects of religionists, and to all lands, I nominate as the battle cry of Christendom in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever before so many flits life toward God, telling Him to come on if He dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for any one to calculate the numbers of times that the name of Almighty God, and of Jesus Christ, are every day taken irreverently on the lips. So common has blasphemy become that the public mind, and public ear, have got used to it, and a blasphemer goes up and down this country in his lectures defying the plain law against blasphemy, and there is not a mayor in America that has backbone enough to interfere with him save one, and that the mayor of Toronto. Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder; yet who executes it? Profanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity—that is an attack on God. This country is pre-eminently blasphemous. A man traveling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying with intensity. God very often shows who He thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. A few summers ago among the Adirondacks I met the funeral procession of a man who, two days before, had fallen under a flash of lightning while boasting, after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had chided God out of one day anyhow; and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid under the same flash. On the road from Margate to Ramsgate, England, you may find a rough monument with the inscription: "A boy was struck dead here while in the act of swearing." Years ago in a Pittsburg prison two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and as he was uttering it he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and palsied tongue, he passed out of this world. In a cemetery in Sullivan county, in this state, are eight headstones in a line and all alike, and these are the facts: In 1861 diphtheria raged in the village, and a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. So confident did he become that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. His youngest child soon after took the disease and died, and one

child after another until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged Almighty God, and God accepted the challenge. But I come later down and give you a fact that is proved by scores of witnesses. This last August of 1886 a man got provoked at the continued drought and the ruin of his crops, and in the presence of his neighbors he cursed God, saying that he would cut His heart out if He would come down, calling Him a liar and a coward, and flashing a knife. And while he was speaking his lower jaw dropped, smoke issued from mouth and nostrils, and the heat of his body was so intense it drove back those who would come near. Scores of people have visited the scene and saw the blasphemer in awful process of expiring.

Do not think that because God has been silent in your case, O profane swearer, that He is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue or itching in the numbness of your brain, that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies, or is already avenging them? But these cases I have noticed, I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds. Families keep them still to their graves, and the professional confidence. It is a very, very, very long roll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemies on their lips, and still the crime rolls up through parsons, up through chandeliers with light all ablaze, and through the pictured corridors of clubs and rooms, etc., out through busy exchanges, where oaths meet, and down through all the haunts of sin, mingling with the rattling dice and cracking billiard balls, and the laughter of her who hath rejected the name of her God; and round the city, and round the continent, and round the earth, a seething, boiling surge flings it hot spray into the face of a long-suffering God. And the merchant damns his crew, and the master-builder damns his clerks, and the hack driver damns his horse, and the traveler damns the stage that bruises his foot, or the mud that soils his shoes, or the defective timepiece that gets him too late to the railway station. I arrange profane swearing and blasphemy, and I name for the same thing—as being one of the gigantic crimes of this land, and for its extinction it does seem as if it were about time for God to arise.

Then look a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether you live in Brooklyn, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or St. Paul, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so precise, and particular, that there should be some imprudence or rashness in attacking the rum traffic, will have your son some night pitched into your front door with his head on the wall, and his eyes, by his strong drink, been turned into a demon's stare, and his hand turned into a demon's grip, and his feet turned into a demon's tread, and his mind turned into a demon's madness, and his soul turned into a demon's hell. Then look a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether you live in Brooklyn, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or St. Paul, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so precise, and particular, that there should be some imprudence or rashness in attacking the rum traffic, will have your son some night pitched into your front door with his head on the wall, and his eyes, by his strong drink, been turned into a demon's stare, and his hand turned into a demon's grip, and his feet turned into a demon's tread, and his mind turned into a demon's madness, and his soul turned into a demon's hell.

And now God begins to rise, and what mountains give way under His right foot, and what continents sink under His left foot, I know not; but, standing in the full height of His majesty, He looks down at His enemies who are scattered! His enemies, white and dumb, reel down to their doom; and those who have been trafficked in that which destroys the bodies and souls of men and families, will fly with cut feet on the down grade of broken decanters, and the polluters of society, that did their bad work with large fortunes and high social sphere, will overtake in their descent the degraded rabble of underground city life as they tumble over the eternal precipices; and the world shall be left clear and clean for the friends of humanity and the worshippers of Almighty God. The last thorn plucked off, the world will be left a blooming rose on the bosom of that Christ who came to gardenize it. This earth that stood smirking with its tawdry show, and its gaudy trim, and its rags of class, shall lie down a lamb at the feet of the Lamb of God, who took away the sins of the world.

And now the best thing I can wish for you, and the best thing I can wish for myself, is that we may be found His warm and undisciplined and enthusiastic friends in that hour when God shall rise and His enemies shall be scattered. You'll find her smiling night and day, Although at times she is not gay. And should you wonder why you meet On the streets of heaven, her feet, All she only laughs those gems to show, Which SOZODONT makes white as snow.

Laughter Lends A New Charm To beauty when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant SOZODONT.

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for disguising Quinine and other nauseous medicines.

KIRBY & ROBINSON,
Messenger Building.
Goldsboro, N. C., Sept. 23 tf

SOUTHERN ARKANSAS!
The Poor Man's Paradise!
Fine Climate! Good Water! Fertile Soil! Hospitable People! Healthy Country! Unsurpassed Ranges for Stock! Send Stamp for Full Particulars.

JOES, gallantries, eccentricities, and are relegated to the realms of jocularly, and few efforts are being made against it. God bless the "White Cross" movement, as it is called, the excellent and talented Miss Frances Willard, its ablest advocate on this side the sea, an organization making a mighty assault on this evil! God forward the tracts on this subject distributed by the religious tract societies of the land! God help parents in the great work they are doing in trying to start their children with pure principles! God help all legislators in their attempt to inhibit this crime!

But is this all? Then it is only a question of time when the last vestige of purity and home will vanish out of sight. Human arms are not sufficient. I begin to look up. I listen for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of heaven. I watch to see if in the morning light there be not the flash of descending scimitars. Oh, for God! Does it not seem time for his appearance? Is it not for all lands to cry out: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered!"

I got a letter a few days ago asking me if I did not think that the earthquake in Charleston was the divine chastisement on that city for its sin. That letter I answer now by saying that if all our American cities got all the punishment they deserve for their horrible impurities the earth would long ago have cracked open into crovices transmuting and taken down all our cities; and Brooklyn and New York would have gone so far under that the tip of our church spires would be 500 feet below the surface. It is of the Lord's mercies that we have not been consumed.

Not only are the affairs of this world so at-wit, a-jangle, and racked that there seems a need of the divine appearance, but there is another reason. Have you not noticed that in the history of the world God turns a leaf about every two thousand years. God turned a leaf and this world was fitted for human residence. About two thousand more years passed along and God turned another leaf, and it was the deluge. About two thousand more years passed on, and it was the appearance of Christ. At most two thousand more years have passed by, and He will probably soon turn another leaf. What it shall be I cannot say. It may be the demolition of all these monstrosities of turpitude and the establishment of righteousness in all the earth. He can do it, and He will do it, I am as confident as if it were already accomplished. How easily He can do it my text suggests. It does not ask God to strike with His right hand, or stamp with His foot, or command the powers of heaven, just to get up from the throne on which He sits. Only that which is necessary: "Let God arise!"

It will be no exertion of omnipotence. It will be no bending or bracing for a mighty lift. It will be no sending down the sky of the white horse cavalry of heaven, but rumbling war chariots. He will only rise. Now He is sitting in the majesty and patience of His reign. He is from His throne watching the mustering of all the forces of blasphemy, and drunkenness, and impurity, and fraud, and all the host of iniquities, and when they have done their worst and are most securely organized He will bestir Himself and say: "My enemies have defied me long enough, and their cup of iniquity is full. I have given them all opportunity for repentance. This day I will visit you in wrath, and will cut off the faith of the good shall be tried no longer."

And now God begins to rise, and what mountains give way under His right foot, and what continents sink under His left foot, I know not; but, standing in the full height of His majesty, He looks down at His enemies who are scattered! His enemies, white and dumb, reel down to their doom; and those who have been trafficked in that which destroys the bodies and souls of men and families, will fly with cut feet on the down grade of broken decanters, and the polluters of society, that did their bad work with large fortunes and high social sphere, will overtake in their descent the degraded rabble of underground city life as they tumble over the eternal precipices; and the world shall be left clear and clean for the friends of humanity and the worshippers of Almighty God. The last thorn plucked off, the world will be left a blooming rose on the bosom of that Christ who came to gardenize it. This earth that stood smirking with its tawdry show, and its gaudy trim, and its rags of class, shall lie down a lamb at the feet of the Lamb of God, who took away the sins of the world.

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Opening of a Mammoth Stock

Fall and Winter Goods!!

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We are now prepared to offer to the Public one of the Largest and Best Selected Stocks of Merchandise it has ever been our pleasure to offer. We have Goods of every grade, and we are candid when we say that we believe we can suit most any one in Quality and Price.

Don't send North for your Goods this Fall. We can use the Money at Home to as good advantage as Northern firms and will give you as good values for your Money as any House you can trade with. We will suit you both in the Quality of Goods and Price. Whatever you buy from us, that does not suit you exactly, we are right here to take the Goods back or exchange them.

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We are displaying all the Novelties that are out. We have an Elegant Line of Ladies, Misses and Childrens Wraps in the Latest Styles and at very Low Prices. At the same time we would call your attention to our Stock of HOSIERY, GLOVES, BUTTONS, FANCY GOODS and TRIMMINGS which is complete in every particular.

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Is Full and Complete. As heretofore, we keep only the best makes in this line. In addition we were lucky to get hold of large lots of Goods in this line which we bought considerably under regular prices. We have one lot of 100 Suits which we offer at \$5.00 per Suit, original price \$10.00. It is impossible to enumerate the different Bargains we have, therefore would only request an examination of our Stock.

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We are prepared better than ever before to make your Clothing to order on TEN DAYS NOTICE. Our Goods will be made up with the greatest care and skill, at very reasonable prices, and we guarantee satisfaction in every case.

Laundried and Unlaundried Shirts,
Carpets, Rugs, Mattings and Oilcloths.

Do Us The Favor To Examine Our Stock
Thoroughly before purchasing or ordering. It is our determination to get you to buy your Goods in Goldsboro, if sufficient Stock, Variety and Low Prices can accomplish it.

This Is No Idle Talk; We Mean What We Say,
and shall endeavor to do our part to accomplish this end. Therefore we most cordially invite you to call and Examine our Fall Stock. Respectfully,

H. WEIL & BROS.

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Is replete with a Large Stock and Varied Assortment of Desirable and Seasonable Goods. We guarantee to Duplicate any Bill in this Department, no matter where bought, and save you Freight and Expenses.

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