

THE LYNCHBURG TIMES.

JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.
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THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION.
LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1898.

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NUMBER 16.

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METHODIST.
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
Geo. S. Baker, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night, 7 P. M., Pastor, G. F. Smith.
BAPTIST.
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
Thos. B. Wilder, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Thursday night, 7 P. M., Pastor, Forrest Smith.

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WARRENTON HOTEL TO STREETS AND COAST ROAD

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 12.

Text of the Lesson, Math. xxvii, 35-50.
Memory Verses, 35-37—Golden Text, I Cor. xv, 3—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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35. "And they crucified Him and parted His garments, casting lots, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, They parted My garments among them, and upon My vesture did they cast lots. So it came to pass as He had many curses, made sin for me (Gal. iii, 13; 9, 10). Perhaps you could not look upon Christ on the cross—you could not bear it. But can you look upon the multitudes for whom He died, who know not of Him, and be indifferent as to whether they ever hear of Him?"

36. "And sitting down they watched Him there." Compare Gen. xxvii, 25; Esther iii, 15. How desparately wicked and hard and dead is the natural heart of man! No one knows but God Himself (Jer. xvii, 9, 10). Perhaps you could not look upon Christ on the cross—you could not bear it. But can you look upon the multitudes for whom He died, who know not of Him, and be indifferent as to whether they ever hear of Him?"

37. "And set up over His head His accusation written, This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." It was written in Greek and Latin and Hebrew (John xiii, 38). For it was and will yet be seen to be a truth of worldwide import. Until it becomes a reality in the eyes of all nations the world will never have peace and prosperity that are in store for her (Jer. iii, 17; Isa. ix, 6, 7; Luke i, 32, 33). Let us be obedient to Isa. lxi, 6, 7, and remember Ps. cxlviii, 6.

38. "Then were those three crucified with Him, one on the right hand and another on the left." It is added in Mark x, 40. "And the Scripture was fulfilled which saith, And He was numbered with the transgressors." In His life He had called Him glutton, winebibber, devil, and in His death they would proclaim to the world that He was nailed by an evildoer and a liar, and He meekly submitted to it all.

39. 40. "Save Thyself, if Thou be the Son of God come down from the cross." Thus they reviled Him in His agony and self-imposed helplessness and made sport of His saying that He would make His temple in three days (John ii, 19-21), not knowing that they were preparing the way for Him to do that very thing. He could have saved Himself. He could have come down from the cross. But He could not save Himself and others too.

41. "If He be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross and we will believe Him." But they lied, for they were children of their father (John viii, 44) and of the same stock as those who rejected God as their King, and thus demanded a king like those of other nations (I Sam. viii, 7; x, 19). How great the contrast in Nathaniel's mind from the heart, "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel" (John i, 49).

42. "He trusted in God. Let Him deliver Him now if He will have us." He said, I am the Son of God. Thus they denied the Father and the Son and rapidly filled up the measure of their ingratitude. See their words "now," they would have it done now. There is much sin even on the part of God's people in this setting Him a time and saying "now," this day or week or month or year. And because He does not humor them they find fault with Him. This is neither faith nor patience, but is more apt to be self and the devil.

43. "The thieves also which were crucified with Him cast the same in His teeth." But one afterward repented and gave Him glory to have been in Him and went to paradise with Him that day (Luke xxiii, 41-43). On the cross is seen as now here the love of God to us (I John iv, 9; iii, 16), and about the cross is seen every phase of the human heart.

44. "Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour." Possibly the reference in Amos viii, 9, includes this darkness while pointing onward to something yet to be fulfilled. We know that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all (I John i, 5), and darkness is suggestive of evil and of Satan (I Thess. v, 5; Eph. v, 8; Col. i, 13; Jude v, 19). Even the darkness refused to look upon such a scene as its Creator suffering for the sins of men.

45. "And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani, that is to say, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" While chapters are devoted to the sayings and doings of Herod and Pilate and the chief priests and others at this time, there are but seven sayings of Christ recorded in the whole four gospels, and they seem to have been in this order: Luke xxiii, 34; John xix, 27; Math. xxvii, 46; John xix, 26, 30; Luke xxiii, 46. One suggests that they tell us of His love for sinners, reaching the point of utter self-sacrifice for the souls of His sufferers. His thirst for death, the boundless love, the triumph of faith. Another has said concerning them that they are more than the sun, higher than the heaven, brighter than the sun, and need not the lamp of our explanation. Concerning the one in our lesson some refuse to believe that He was forsaken and say that He only felt like it because the agony was so great. My only answer is that He was the Truth, and He always spoke the truth.

47-49. His saying was about as well understood as many of His sayings were by His own disciples. He was talking to God, and they thought He was talking to God for Elias. Not much worse than when speaking to His disciples of the false doctrine of the Pharisees they thought that He was speaking of bread for the body. 50. "Jesus, when He had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost." In verse 46, as well as here, Matthew speaks of His saying with a loud voice. This would not indicate the extreme weakness of a dying moment under such awful circumstances, but rather confirm His words elsewhere: "No one taketh My life from Me. I lay it down of Myself." Some say that He did not because of the sufferings of crucifixion, but because of a broken heart, which was made manifest when the blood and water flowed from His side. It is finished. He is dead. His body is left for Joseph an Ananias to lay kindly away. He committed His spirit into His Father, and to His Father He went and very soon welcomed the redeemed one from the cross near to His own. Where are they? What if He? Why does no one come back to tell us more about it? Blessed are they that have not seen, yet have believed that to die is gain, to depart and be with Christ is far better.

Robbed the Grave.
A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and side, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying Electric Bitters; and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim. No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle at Aycock Drug Co.'s drug store."

HE WORE LOUD HOSE.

BUT NOW HE IS CONTENT WITH PLAIN BLACK OR BLUE.

The True Story of the Embarrassing and Exciting Incidents Which Led Up to His Decision to Confine Himself to Sad Hired Socks.
One business man in Minneapolis has abandoned sporty hose. There was a time when a display of his socks upon a draw a crowd. The rest of his garb was decorous enough, when it came to hose he turned an effulgent wonder, and the result was fearful and wonderful. Friends said, "Where on earth does he get the atrocious things?" and his wife called, derisively and threatened and even wept in vain. On the matter of neckties he might give in, but when it came to hose he was adamant. Now, however, he is a reformed character, and this is the way it came about:

One day he received word that a syndicate would offer in Cleveland what would affect his business interests vitally. His presence might swing things his way, but there was hardly time to make the trip. By close figuring on time tables he found that if he could make an exceedingly close connection in Chicago he could reach Cleveland in time for the meeting. He telephoned home for his grip and took the Chicago train.

The train was due in Chicago at 7 o'clock in the morning. About 6:30 the Minneapolis man awakened and was beginning to dress when the porter stuck a screw through the curtains. "Bob do Law's socks, sub!" he said, "rolling his eyes wildly."
"What's the matter, John?" Mr. Smith inquired, nonchalantly fastening his suspenders.
"Dead, sub, I dunno how it happened."

The porter backed away as if he expected Smith to hit out from the shoulder. "I tuk yob shoes, sub, to shine 'em, an I went out on de platform, an I done lost 'em off de car," he said.
Smith sat up suddenly and cracked his head against the upper berth. That didn't make him feel better.
"Shoed, yob bullet headed idiot," he shouted, "what do you suppose I'm going to do without shoes?"

The porter cried in contrition.
"Why, sub, I'll go out'n preach yob for some directly we arrive in de city."
"But I haven't got time to wait. I've got to make my connections."
The porter looked worried. Then he brightened up.
"Ef I cud make so bold as to offah dem, sub, yob cud have my shoes foh de time bein'."

He pulled off a shoe as he spoke, and Smith tried to put it on. It was too small by several sizes, and as the awkwardness of the situation dawned on him he gave vent to remarks that were more forcible than elegant. He thought he might as well get out of there, and poured coal oil and benzine around and about the opening. Then they poked the red-hot embers down into the opening and so killed every fly in it.

But this was not much to see after the men got inside; only a large cavern with the walls covered with wax and dried honey, and enough of the sweetness in pools in the bottom to last a big city for several years. Of course the honey was unfit for use on account of being full of dead bees and other things from the fire. The men, however, did not linger in the cave any great length of time, as it was foul smelling and stifling. Although countless millions of bees must have died and perished on this occasion, the next summer there were as numerous as ever and just as vicious.

Indians of the neighborhood say that in "the good old days" the bad men of their tribe were bound hand and foot and carried to within a short distance of the territory by men wrapped in blankets. These the helpless creatures were left to suffer the awful agony of being stung to death.—San Francisco Call.

A King Killed by a Bee.
The king who died in this house was that young Dane who appears to have been an incarnation of the ideal Danish brutality. He dragged his brother's body out of its grave and flung it into the water, and massacred the people of Worcester and ravaged the entire island. These three brave deeds and many others all in two short years. Then he went to his own place. His departure was both fitting and dramatic. He went across the water to attend the wedding of his standard bearer, Tostig the Proud, with Goda, daughter of the Thane Godog Clapa.

A Danish wedding was always an occasion for hard drinking. When men met they had an inclination to get drunk. The king was no exception. He was on his way to Worcester and was on the boat at each other. The fun of the game consisted in the accident of a man not being able to dodge the bone which struck him and probably killed him. The soldiers had no special desire to kill the old man. Why couldn't he enter into the spirit of the game and dodge the bones? As he did not, of course he was hit, and as the bone was a big and heavy one of course it split open his skull.

One may be permitted to think that perhaps King Hardicanute, who is said to have fallen down suddenly when he "stood up to drink," did actually intend to get drunk, but he was so drunk that he fell down and was killed. The king, however, is supposed to have been killed by a bee. Sir Walter Besant in Fall Mail Gazette.

Trasny Medicines.
Many such food the market. Botanic Blood Balm is a conscientiously compounded medicine, the result of forty years practice by an eminent physician. It is the best blood purifier ever offered to the public, and is guaranteed to cure if given a fair trial. Try it for all skin and blood diseases, including catarrh and rheumatism in its worst form. One bottle of it contains more curative and building up virtue than a dozen of any other kind. Try "The Old Reliable." See advertisement elsewhere.
For sale by druggists.

THE BIGGEST BEEHIVE.

California Curiosity Gazed at From a Respectful Distance.

Did you ever see a bee tree, with a swarm of bees around it? Well, magnify this about 10,000 times, and you will have a slight idea of a natural beehive in Mendocino county, Cal. It is a rift in the side of a cliff, and tradition has it that there is a large cave on the inside, where the myriads of busy insects make their homes.

This great natural curiosity is known to residents of the adjacent county as "Bee Rock," and they have grown to look upon it as a commonplace when in reality it is the only beehive of the kind in existence.

There is no danger of a person getting very near to this natural beehive without knowing it, for at all hours of the day hundreds of bees hover about several hundred feet in all directions. An incessant, maddening buzz fills the air that can be heard nearly a mile and serves as a warning not to venture too near. But men do venture near after having first put on a suit of leather clothing, fastened a mask of wire screen around their hat brim and lighted a good, big torch. These precautions are absolutely necessary.

It takes very little time to approach close to the opening in the rock, and the experience is a never to be forgotten one. Bees to the number of millions of millions will light on the intruder, humming feebly and endeavoring to sting him to death. They form a perfect cloud and the air is filled with a faint smell and a fine dust that gets through the wire screen and causes an irritation to the eyes. The tiny insects really show signs of viciousness and fly into the flames of the torch in countless numbers, as though they intended to extinguish it. Round and round they fly with a deafening buzz, and strong indeed is the man who can stand the onslaught of the tiny fies for more than a few minutes.

It is almost impossible to make out just what the entrance to this natural beehive is. There is a sort of cavern in the cliff that seems to have a crack through the inner wall from top to bottom, but most of the bees hover around a hole in the rock about two inches wide and appear to be entering and leaving it. Many days it is impossible to get close to the cliff, so thickly covered is it with the insects, and they roll in and out of the opening like a stream of molasses.

During the summer dead birds can always be seen on the ground around the mouth of the hive. They have been stung to death while attempting to fly through the swarm of insects. Four-footed creatures never venture within half a mile, seeming to know that death lurks there. In front of the mouth of the hive there is a pile of dried honey that has flowed from the interior. It looks like a heap of molten lava that has hardened after being discharged from a volcano.

A party of men living in the vicinity claim to have entered the beehive several years ago. They selected a cold day in winter, when the bees were half-dormant, and poured coal oil and benzine around and about the opening. Then they poked the red-hot embers down into the opening and so killed every fly in it.

But this was not much to see after the men got inside; only a large cavern with the walls covered with wax and dried honey, and enough of the sweetness in pools in the bottom to last a big city for several years. Of course the honey was unfit for use on account of being full of dead bees and other things from the fire. The men, however, did not linger in the cave any great length of time, as it was foul smelling and stifling. Although countless millions of bees must have died and perished on this occasion, the next summer there were as numerous as ever and just as vicious.

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THE WAR.

The following interesting letter from the U. S. S. Nashville, to his father in Charlotte, is taken from the Charlotte Observer.

OF Cienfuegos, Cuba.
May 12, 1898.
I wrote you a note yesterday when I learned that the Windom was going to Key West with our wounded. I would have written more than that, but I do not have a moment to spare, so I shall try to give you some idea of our little life. As I've had made ready our boats with our marlinheads and two (from Nashville) for grappling and cutting the cables, at 6 o'clock we ran in and took our positions, and opened fire on cable house, barracks and earth forts. The enemy disappeared after a scattering fire against us. The boats then went in and got three cables and were cutting the third under cover of smoke from Matilde and Nashville. A great iron boat was going plugging when a galling fire was begun by the Spaniards, who had been very heavy on the cables. The boats then went in and got three cables and were cutting the third under cover of smoke from Matilde and Nashville. A great iron boat was going plugging when a galling fire was begun by the Spaniards, who had been very heavy on the cables. The boats then went in and got three cables and were cutting the third under cover of smoke from Matilde and Nashville.

Study the Goose.
There is much to study about a goose. Just observe a flock of geese some day when you are out visiting on a farm. They like you amusement by the hour.

A goose has the slightest idea of lousiness or dirt. The assertion that every goose that passes through an open barn door ducks its head is no matter if the opening be 20 feet high, is as true as can be, and while a goose can't be made to believe that there is no danger to its head as it passes over the sill of a barn door, it is equally positive that it can creep through a 2-inch auger hole or a knot hole in a fence just as easily as it can go through a 2-foot door and with more safety to its person. I have laughed myself more than a few times at the persistence of some old people in trying to enter an enclosure through a hole in the fence hardly big enough to get its head through, while a gate big enough for a team of horses to pass through was wide open within three feet of the hole.—New York Sun.

No Use Scrubbing Him.
During the last Afghan war the following joke was current through out the army. The dirtiness of the Afghan is proverbial, and it is said that on one occasion General Roberts captured a soldier who was so exceptionally dirty that it was thought necessary for the safety of the whole camp that he should be washed. Two genuine Tommy Atkins were told off for this purpose. They stripped the prisoner and scrubbed him for two hours with formidable brushes and a large quantity of soft soap. They then threw down their brushes in disgust and went to their captain.

"What is it, men?"
"Well, sir," they replied some what excitedly, "we've washed that 'ere Afghan chap for two hours, but it wasn't any good. After scrubbing him, sir, till our arms were like to break if we didn't come up on another suit of clothes!"—London Globe.

His Success.
"I never had an article accepted," he said quietly. "My man is born with a desire he cannot gratify. It is part of the discipline of life."
"But your earnings?" I said.
"The earnings?" he repeated with a perplexing smile. "Yes, the earnings. As I told you I wrote thousands of articles, and they were all rejected—all came back with printed or written notes of thanks—notes from all over the world, some of them very odd, some with well known names signed to them, a rare collection. One day I passed them in a book, another day I sold the book."

"Sold the book?" I exclaimed.
"To a man with an exquisite sense of humor," he replied, "a retired undertaker. What he wanted with it I do not know. With the money he paid me I bought a farm" —Willis Irwin in Lippincott's.

Soliloquy.
"I have had a delightful evening," Miss Genevieve," said young Charles, rising to go at 11:30, "and I had no idea it was so late, had you?"
"Why, Mr. Smallwood, I—"
"For heaven's sake, Miss Genevieve," exclaimed the young man in alarm, "don't yawl! There was a girl who yawned to hard the other day and dislocated her jaw!"

Anatomical.
Heard—I heard you drove down to the club the other night and took a hand. How did you leave the game?
Baldso—On foot!—New York Journal.

Remarkable Rescue.
Mrs. Michael Certain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. She was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself cured from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her own household, and is as well as ever seen.—Free trial bottles of this great discovery at Aycock Drug Co.'s drug store. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

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Remarkable Rescue.
Mrs. Michael Certain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. She was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself cured from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her own household, and is as well as ever seen.—Free trial bottles of this great discovery at Aycock Drug Co.'s drug store. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

When we will be ready to go out again. We will not return to the Cienfuegos station as some of our heavier ships will probably look out for the Spaniards in that quarter. I am rather sorry, too, as I expect the next sailing event will be three or thereabout.

"I have just received the Observer and you wrote me with the account of the routing of the cables, and I make some corrections."
"In the first place the boats were not picked more, though every man on board would have been glad to go, but only those who were picked for board could be fitted by orders. I am sorry you were not on the board. He was your friend and I am sure you would respect the report was wrong. The Windom was not in the fighting at all, but was about three miles from shore with the cables. The main cable was cut by the Spaniards, and the boats were cutting the third under cover of smoke from Matilde and Nashville. A great iron boat was going plugging when a galling fire was begun by the Spaniards, who had been very heavy on the cables. The boats then went in and got three cables and were cutting the third under cover of smoke from Matilde and Nashville.

Study the Goose.
There is much to study about a goose. Just observe a flock of geese some day when you are out visiting on a farm. They like you amusement by the hour.

A goose has the slightest idea of lousiness or dirt. The assertion that every goose that passes through an open barn door ducks its head is no matter if the opening be 20 feet high, is as true as can be, and while a goose can't be made to believe that there is no danger to its head as it passes over the sill of a barn door, it is equally positive that it can creep through a 2-inch auger hole or a knot hole in a fence just as easily as it can go through a 2-foot door and with more safety to its person. I have laughed myself more than a few times at the persistence of some old people in trying to enter an enclosure through a hole in the fence hardly big enough to get its head through, while a gate big enough for a team of horses to pass through was wide open within three feet of the hole.—New York Sun.

No Use Scrubbing Him.
During the last Afghan war the following joke was current through out the army. The dirtiness of the Afghan is proverbial, and it is said that on one occasion General Roberts captured a soldier who was so exceptionally dirty that it was thought necessary for the safety of the whole camp that he should be washed. Two genuine Tommy Atkins were told off for this purpose. They stripped the prisoner and scrubbed him for two hours with formidable brushes and a large quantity of soft soap. They then threw down their brushes in disgust and went to their captain.

"What is it, men?"
"Well, sir," they replied some what excitedly, "we've washed that 'ere Afghan chap for two hours, but it wasn't any good. After scrubbing him, sir, till our arms were like to break if we didn't come up on another suit of clothes!"—London Globe.

His Success.
"I never had an article accepted," he said quietly. "My man is born with a desire he cannot gratify. It is part of the discipline of life."
"But your earnings?" I said.
"The earnings?" he repeated with a perplexing smile. "Yes, the earnings. As I told you I wrote thousands of articles, and they were all rejected—all came back with printed or written notes of thanks—notes from all over the world, some of them very odd, some with well known names signed to them, a rare collection. One day I passed them in a book, another day I sold the book."

"Sold the book?" I exclaimed.
"To a man with