# THE DURHAM TOBACCO PLANT

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHT MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

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## JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin',
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
"There's Brown, that mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve, than give
A cent towards buying a dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by the sermon.
Of course, there could be no mistake,
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sat and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of a man that gives
The loud Amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'!"

I guess that dose was bitter
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler.
Hurrah! says I, for the minister—
Of course, I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin my wife, and, says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation;
And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks
Wouldn't take the application.
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode o' sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their hands
As a sort o' moral umbrellers.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brother's;
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit on others."

My wife, she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots of smilin',
And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a-bilin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gittin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

ANONYMOUS.

## A SALUTATION AND A PLEA.

### A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?"—II Kings 4:26.

The forms of salutation are as different as the nationalities. An Egyptian meeting an Egyptian in that hot land has for salutation, "Do you sweat copiously?" A Chinaman meeting a Chinaman in his native country has for salutation, "Have you eaten your rice?" A Frenchman meeting a Frenchman in his native country has for salutation, "How do you carry yourself?" An American meeting an American has for salutation, "How do you do-to-day?" In some lands they shake hands. In others they drop on one knee. In others they put the right hand in the sleeve of the left. Almost every nation having its own peculiar form of salutation. Well, in the text was the ordinary mode.

A HOME IN SHUNEM

had been blessed with just one child, and that child went out into the harvest field and got sunstruck, and putting his hands to his temples he cried out, "My head, my head!" and expired before noon. The mother, instead of preparing the child for sepulture, starts out to meet Elisha the prophet. After a while she comes up. Elisha sees her, and he says to his servant Gehazi, "I wonder what is the matter with that Shunamite woman? Go out and meet her." Gehazi the servant starts, and he comes up to this woman, and he cries out, "What is the matter? Are any of you sick? Has anything happened? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?"

Standing before you in the first Sabbath after some weeks of absence, I have though that this text might be very appropriate. Gehazi, in asking these questions of this woman, expressed an anxiety in regard to her personal health; and when I meet you now, after the severe months of the summer have passed and sickness have been abroad in different parts of the land, and many of you have been amid perils of railtrain and steamer, it seems to me that the question that Gehazi asked of the woman of Shunem is as appropriate for me to ask this morning of my beloved people when I cry out, "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?

There is hardly a family represented in this house to-day that has not in some of its members been afflicted with some style of physical disorder, but by the ministry of mother, or wife, or friend, or medical attendant, the disease was balked, and you are in the house of God to-day, while Greenwood and Mount Auburn and Laurel Hill have added mightily to their silent populations. Through days or weeks some of you have breathed the tonic of the mountain air, and the tides of health have come into some of your pulses with the rising tides of the sea. There is more color in your cheek, there is more fire in your eye, there is more nerve in your purpose, there is more capacity in your nature to serve God. But we all know that is not the case with many. As God looks down upon these great cities, through the beautiful streets and the dark alleys, oh, how many

CONSUMINGS AND WASTINGS AWAY

of disease! They rest not day nor night. The two fans swinging on either side the couch cannot bring relief. The cup is put to the crackling lip, but the thirst rages on. The hot pillow is turned, but the fever burns. The balsam is taken, but the cough exasperates. The tonic is applied, but the strength still fails. Groan passing through the street is swallowed of other groans, and pain shrieks to pain, and hospital calls upon hospital, and from all the great cities of our land there is heard to-day—whether you hear it or not—the wailing of a great agony. It is not, therefore, a trivial question, but one of momentous interest, when I propound it this morning and say to you personally, "Is it well with thee?"

We run so many risks, we have so little foresight, we violate so many laws of nature, there are so many elements of destruction in breath, in wave, in cloud, in sea, it is a matter worthy of indestructible record if this morning, after all the exposures of the summer, you can answer these interrogatories of my text in the affirmative, and put your hand on brain, or lung, or heart, and, say, "It is well." Oh, it is

A GLORIOUS THING TO BE WELL

—to have free foot, and clear eye, and easy digestion, and alert ear, and stout muscle. Strong men and women, have you thanked God for your health? If not, go and listen to the cry of those who in the morning say, "Would God it were night," and in the night say, "Would God it were morning." If you are seated in the house of God to-day in comfortable health, let your soul go out toward the throne of mercy while you say within yourselves, "It is well."

But my subject goes still further, and it indicates that Gehazi was not only anxious in regard to the personal welfare of this woman of Shunem, but he was anxious in regard to the comfort of her whole family. Standing here to-day, looking into your friendly faces, I am anxious to know not only how you fare personally, but how it is with

YOUR HOUSEHOLD.

There was a time when you were wrapped up in yourself. The question was, "My health," "My well-being," "Where shall I go?" "What shall I do?" "What will happen to me?" That is changed now, and your life is wrapped up in the life of others. Your soul is more vulnerable than it used to be. God has set you in a family, and there are influences all around about you, circling and widening and widening out. It may have been many years ago, but not far enough back to make you forget when you took the oath of conjugal fidelity. One in hope and one in affection, you have walked up the path of life to this hour. God has put many blessings in

THAT CONJUGAL CUP,

and while sometimes you walked under the clouds and through the woods, and have halted at the brink of a grave where your hearts both broke at once, you this day ought to send up one long, loud, exhilarant song to the God who chose your habitation and gave you such pleasant surroundings. Perhaps you have thought it was merely a chance walk, or a chance call, or a chance look, or a sudden impulse that conjoined your two destinies. Ah no! It was under the control of that God who, in the presence of Abraham's servant, brought Rachel with a pitcher to the well, showing her whose wife she should be.

Has that early love faded out, or is it a Christian benediction? Have the kindly offices, the offices of gentleness, become more rare now that the light has gone from the eye, and the hair is getting a little gray—snow on the raven's wing? As you get further off from that time when you took the vows amid the flowers, and the music, and the blithe hearts, and the congratulatory assembly, and you come on to the time when that tender link will be broken against the marble slab, and between you shall open the rift of a grave—as you go further on in that journey, are you less careful for each other's welfare and less patient with each other's foibles? Has the caress become silly because so long the honeymoon has passed? Will there be a mound after awhile growing a harvest of nettles and nightshade, snake-infested, devil haunted?

Oh, your larger house, your brighter associations, your greater prosperities, my brother, my sister, cannot atone for the lack of that kindness which characterized you when you started life together! Then the tallow candle flickering on the homely stand was brighter to you than the light of a chandelier in an emperor's palace, and the evening meal to which you came wearily from work—and there was one at the other end of the table—had more attraction for you than the banquet where attendants lift the lids from smoking viands to the sound of well-drilled orchestra. Oh, is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy wife?

But my subject takes a step further. You know that almost every house has the

BLESSING OF CHILDHOOD.

Indeed, this blessing seems to be given in great profusion in proportion as other blessings are denied. There are thousands of homes in which the only light is in the child's eye and the only music in the children's footsteps. You almost pity the poor man because he has so many little ones in his cot. Talk to him about its being a pity! Ask him which one of the flaxen-headed pets he would spare from the household. Why, that one has its mother's eyes, and another its father's mouth, and another the different points of all the family, and all of these peculiarities commending them to the parental heart. Not one could be spared.

On *a western steamboat* a philanthropic and generous gentleman walking the deck saw a man and his two children, and they were all covered with the marks of great poverty and destitution. This kind-hearted gentleman said to this man, "I think I will adopt one of your children; I will take one of your children, and I will make him heir to my estate. It seems to me you are very poor, and I would like to have one of these little ones." "What," said the man, "you want to cut off my right arm, you want to pluck out my heart from the roots! If there is any man in all the world poorer than I am, God pity him; but you can't have one of these children; I can't spare them." In all the largest flocks of children, where is there one lamb that we could afford to spare?

Ah! the welfare of your children has become a study with some of you—what to teach them, what example to set before them, how to curb that impetuosity, how to fire that sluggishness, how to control that evil proclivity, how to meet the duties you owe your little ones. "Is it well with the child?" Sometimes

YOU GET DISCOURAGED.

Just at the time when you think you have extirpated the last evil proclivity, the old habit breaks out in a new place, and though you say it to no one else, you say to yours If: "I wonder if anybody else has such trouble with their children as I have!" O Christian brother, every Christian man has a right to take a hopeful view of his children! Evil in childhood is not the precursor of coming ruin. When you were their age you were no better, and if common report in regard to some of you is true, you were worse! Ah! my friends, God's blessings hover over the heads of the righteous, and though children may go wrong, and their behavior may be ruinous, the God of Jacob will bless the lads. Many a Christian parent, after long years of praying, and watching, and struggling, and despairing in regard to a child has left him a vagabond, but by the rivers of heaven and under the arches of eternal salvation has after awhile celebrated the return of that prodigal and held high jubilee in celestial palaces because that, after all, after all, after all, it was well with the child.

O Christian parent, whatever you do for your child, or neglect to do, do not neglect their eternal salvation! Do not make the mistake of that family who, when their house was on fire, secured all the household goods, but forgot to ask, until too late, "are the children safe?" Oh, what terrific neglect! When the elements shall melt with fervent heat and the world shall burn, will your children be safe? will your children be safe?

But my subject takes a step further, and I am permitted, in carrying out the idea that hovers above the text and is suggested by the text, to ask you this morning, how it is with

THE OLD PEOPLE

that have come to spend their last days in your house, O man! O woman! Do you give them a room on the fourth story? Do you make them eat at the second table? Have you as much patience with the weaknesses of their second childhood as they had patience with the follies of your first? Ah! smooth the steps for those aged feet, for they will soon stop on the way. Do you not notice that the step is getting shorter and shorter? Plough not the old face with any more wrinkles. Trouble and care have marked it full enough. Put not on those stooping shoulders any more burdens. They stoop now by carrying the burdens of your early waywardness Shakespeare put it with tremendous power when he said:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

And the inspired writer put it with still more force when he says: "The eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." How is it with the old folks? How have they got through the summer? Is there greater pallor on the cheek? Is the cough more persistent? Are they still alive? Is it well with thy father? Is it well with thy mother?

But my subject goes one step further, and makes inquiry as to

YOUR SPIRITUAL WELFARE.

A man may be sound in body, and he may have luxuriant investments, and have high social position, and yet instead of being well with them there may be everlasting diseases wasting his soul, and awfully and overwhelmingly it may be ill with him. All those estates will go out of your hands, all these friends will vanish from your earthly association; but God has planted in you a light which will burn on after the last ember of a consuming world is trampled out and extinguished.

"There is a life that always lives,
There is a death that never dies."

Considering the fact that you are so invested, and that eternity presses on toward you, and that soon your naked soul will step out and up into the presence of the eternal God in judgment, ought not the question of my text resound through the deepest depths of your immortal nature while I cry out: "Is it

WELL WITH THY SOUL?"

You know all about the Christly sacrifice, and you know the hope that was kindled for our world from the wood of the cross, and you know that the tears of Christ poured until they made a fountain, and that from that fountain there runs forth a river so deep that all the armies of earth may wash in it, and on its banks all the empires of heaven may sing. Are your sins pardoned? Are your sorrows comforted? Is your soul saved? Is it well with thee for time? Will it be well with thee for eternity?

Now, there may be in the audience many who are disposed to complain. Hardships have come upon them, and losses, and perhaps especial griefs have come upon them this summer, and they are more disposed to answer the question of the text in the negative. So I draw a contrast:

BROOKLYN—CHARLESTON!

Oh, when you think of the sorrows of that city cannot you thank God for your homes? Cannot you thank God for your privileges? Cannot you thank God for the quiet of this holy Sabbath? while in that city millionaire and beggar crouch together in open parks. I have been accustomed to create gratitude in my soul by going down among those who have not a comfortable home and who have not comfortable surroundings; and to day compare your condition with the condition of the fifty thousand affrighted people in that sad city. What a time of trouble our world has had ever since by the hand of God it was bowled in to space! It is

AN EPILEPTIC WORLD.

Convulsion after convulsion. Frost striking it with sledge-hammer of iceberg. Fires melting it with furnaces seven hundred times heated. Meteors daring by grazing it on one side, meteors darting by grazing it on the other side, and none of them slowing up for safety. Whole flotillas, whole navies, whole argosies of worlds rushing past. It is an amazement to me that long ago it was not run down and destroyed. Why, our world is like a fishing smack off the coast of Newfoundland while the Etruria and the Umbria and the Great Eastern whirl by.

And then our world by sin has been smitten with internal disorders, and the machinery of the world has all been damaged so that sometimes the furnaces burst, and the walking-beams of the mountains are broken, and islands ship a sea, and this great hulk of a world is jarred with accidents that threaten its immediate demolition. *Thirty-six earthquakes last year* in the United States and Canada; but seven thousand earthquakes reported in the catalogues of the British Association in the two centuries.

Long ago as Trajan goes to Antioch on a visit, amid the splendors of a public reception an earthquake meets him and it takes his life. At one o'clock on November 1st, 1755, Lisbon, fair and beautiful—six minutes after 60,000 perished, so that Voltaire, writing in regard to it, says for that region it was the Day of Judgment, nothing wanting but the trumpet. That vibration shaking the two hemispheres. And so in all the times, but especially

IN OUR OWN CENTURY.

In 1812 Caraccas caught in the grip of an earthquake. In 1812 in Chili 100,000 square miles of volcanic forces upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation. In 1854 Japan felt the geological agony. Naples shaken in 1857, and Mexico in 1858. Medosa, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861. Manilla terrorized in 1863. The Hawaiian Islands by such forces upheaved and let down in 1871. Nevada shaken in 1871. Antioch 1872. California in 1872. San Salvador in 1873. In 1883 Ischia, the beautiful Italian watering-place, the home of historical reminiscences and of all beautiful surroundings. Yonder Naples, the Paradise of art, the city, the island let down into the trough of the sea disappearing. A few months after Java, the most fertile island in all the earth, mountain after mountain going down, and city after city, and that island which yields the healthiest beverage in all the world became the scene of the greatest disaster of the century. One hundred and twenty thousand people dying, dead. At the mouth of the Ganges, three islands ten years ago—convulsion in the land, and cyclone in the air, and of 350,000 population, 215,000 perished.

"Oh," we said, "we live in a land that will never be disturbed; such volcanic forces cannot strike us, and even if sometimes on the Pacific coast there are disturbances, not on the Atlantic coast." Then God comes in this last week and He

SHAKES THE WHOLE CONTINENT.

It is felt in San Francisco, and it is felt in New York. God is shaking terribly the nations, and it seems to me there is a lesson which this pulpit and every pulpit ought to interpret for its people. God is teaching America, and He is teaching all nations, that *this world is a poor foundation* on which to build. On, we thought if we had everything insured in the fire insurance companies all would be well. Where are the insurance companies that could help that Charleston calamity? God is thundering from the heavens, "Build on the rock, the Rock of Ages." Build on the eternal God. That is the foundation that can never be shaken. Do not build on this earth. Set not your affections on things on earth.

And yet the painter worships his picture, and the architect worships his building, and the merchant worships his enterprise, and we cling to this world; but it is a very poor portion. Isaac Newton's dog "Spo" destroys in a little while the manuscript that it took many years for him to produce. A worm in the hulk of the vessel sinks the ship that was the pride of its builder. A child's hand effaces a painting that was to be immortal. A piece of costly sculpture, the work of genius, is dropped, and the grandest arches and the staunchest pyramids and the mightiest cities must come down. The time will come when Charleston, and Chicago, and New Orleans, and Brooklyn, and New York, and Boston, and London, and Paris, and Vienna, and St. Petersburg, and Pekin, and Canton will be caught in what St. John, in the Book of Revelation, calls "*a great earthquake.*" The world is a poor foundation on which to build. If the American people do not learn that lesson, it will be bad for them.

But oh, it seems to me there comes

A LESSON OF OBLIGATION

to those suffering people. There is not a city on this continent, it seems to me, that has so many reasons for calling for the sympathy of the country to-day. Just think of it! Have you counted up the scourges that have come upon this city? First, the scourge of war, then in a few years the scourge of fire, then in a few years the scourge of cholera, last year the scourge of cyclone, and now the scourge of earthquake. And the people do not want "God-bless-yous." All our prayers do not amount to anything unless accompanied by positive benefaction. The pleading hands come up from the *debris* of that fallen city, saying, "We are hungry, give us bread; we are homeless, give us a shelter; we are sick, give us cordials." Palsied will be the ear that will not hear, and palsied will be the hand that will not help.

FOR THE HOMELESS.

I stand here to-day to plead for the hundreds of households that have been made spoiled of their living. I plead in behalf of homes there, and some of us have enjoyed their hospitalities. I plead in behalf of children whose fathers have perished under the fallen walls. I plead in behalf of women whose hour of anguish has come, and there is no pillow and there is no roof. Aye I plead in behalf of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to these, ye did it to me."

I know you will not turn your back upon this suffering. Let the officers of the church, as they go through these aisles, go slowly, remembering the amount they gather will decide whether some groaning men and women shall live or die. By so much as we expect mercy from the Lord in the last day, let us have mercy for others. Oh, Thou self-denying One of Gethsemane, drop upon us Thy Spirit!

[The collection taken up at the service amounted to over six hundred dollars, and more money is being sent to the treasurer.]

## Poison in Furs.

Of all the skilled labor that women do, probably the worst and most unhealthy is that of the fur sewers, and few live to work at it more than five or six years. They go into a consumptive decline, lose their sight or become victims to arsenical poison. The busy season with fur sewers is during the summer and early fall, as the garments that are to be sold the following winter are made then, and as that is also the season when furs are being, it is necessary to keep the work-room closed as far as possible, to prevent any of those dressed in skins from entering. In consequence the air is filled with minute particles of fur, which keep up a constant irritation of the lungs and a desire to cough which frequently develops into pulmonary consumption in those predisposed that way. The flying hairs also get into the eyes, and there are few of the girls that work at that trade long that do not have red and sore eyes, though some of them attribute that trouble to the presence of the arsenic which has been used to cure the skins. The fur dealers will tell you that there is no danger to the health in that business, and that there are no poisons used in the preparation of the pelts, but one glance at the girls will disprove that, for nine out of every ten will show unmistakable evidence of poisoning in their pale faces and puffed out eyelids. Every pelt has to be cured with more or less arsenic, and no amount of subsequent shaking or dusting will remove it all. The girls receive it into their system with every prick of the needle and every particle of the dust they inhale. The very air is scented with the pungent coppery odor.

For sewing in itself is no harder than any other kind of sewing. The workers are generally seated in low chairs and have the work in their laps and thus bend directly over it. The stitch is an over and over one and is sown with linen thread, and then the seams are flattened out by means of a bone instrument, the wrong side first being dampened. The work is tedious, as it is composed of hundreds of small bits of fur matched and sewn together, to piece out lengths or alter shapes. The sewing up of a garment is the easiest part of it. Sable, bear, and fox, marten, skunk and beaver, as well as otter and seal-skin, and also Siberian squirrel, are all made up here, as well as same furs of minor value, all have the same characteristics regarding the flying of the loose hairs and the absorption of arsenic into the system. In some few establishments they receive beaver skins *au natural* and pluck out the long hairs, though that work is not always done here. Seal-skin also has to be treated in the same way, and the coarse long hairs are plucked out leaving the soft fur exposed. Some of the girls who work at the fur trade are set to making buttons for the sea skin sacques, and as this work is comparatively easy it is very poorly paid. They earn by steady work about four dollars a week if expert. In some cases a whole family of girls will be found working together. It takes about a year for a girl to learn fur sewing, though those who finish off garments must understand it better still. The pay is fair for experts, for they can earn up to ten dollars a week, but the work is not steady, and in the winter and spring there are many idle months, so that the average is at once reduced to five dollars. When learning, girls usually get one dollar a week for the first year, and it is very rare than one receives over five dollars a week inside of three years, and this then is reduced nearly one-half by the dull months. The most of the fur manufactories in this city are owned by Hebrews, and they are uniformly kind to the girls. There is not one complaint from over two hundred girls seen by this writer, of any brutal or unmanly conduct. They are treated with great respect.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The canvass in the Eighth district is becoming interesting as the following will show:

"Messrs. Cowles and Linney had a joint discussion at Wilkesboro Tuesday, Mr. Linney opening in a speech of an hour, followed by Mr. Cowles, with fifteen minutes each for rejoinder. Our information is that Col. Cowles "downed" his competitor, carrying the crowd with him and inspiring great enthusiasm among the Democrats. We are written to to "tell it, and tell it for the truth," that after the meeting one of Mr. Linney's friends said, "By G—d, let's put York on him," (Cowles.) Solicitor Glenn made an able speech at Wilkesboro Monday.—*Landmark.*

## PULLING FODDER.

### An Interesting Article From Bill Arp.

Pulling fodder looks like a hard business. My tenants get to the field early while the grass and the weeds and the morning glory vines are all wet with dew, and the ground is sticky with moisture. They are soon wet up to their knees, and their pants flop around their ankles and the dewdrops fall in their sleeves, but they don't seem to mind it. By and by as the sun mounts up over them the dew disappears, and the sultry heat comes down and there is no chance for a breeze in the low ground corn, but still they pull away, and talk and laugh as merry as if they were having a frolic. Then they have to tie it up and carry it through long rows to the end of the field, and the big pile of twenty or thirty bundles is all over their heads and shoulders, and they go bumping along among the corn-stalks and get the frass all down their necks and in their eyes, but still they don't mind it, and brag how many bundles they carried and never dropped nary one.

There is something mighty cheerful about willing labor, and that is contented—sweat that is no curse. I couldn't pull fodder if I was willing, but I am not willing. If I had a stepladder and a boy to tote it from stock to stock and there was no dew and the sun was behind a cloud, I might venture a short row. Being willing is the great thing about labor. Being willing is the secret of success in anything. I heard an old man say that any man could stop running whisky or chewing tobacco if he was willing. He must get his own consent the first thing and then it is easy to do.

It is a man's nature to work up exactly to his intention. His task must be done. Pulling fodder is disagreeable, but the farmer's mind has been worked up to that for years and so it is all right. It is a part of his business. We all string up our nerves and our will to the tension of our condition, our necessities. It is like turning the screw of a violin to get the strings up to the chord. When they slacken they won't play in harmony and we must tighten the tension again. Dr. Felton lives two miles from town, and I live five, and my neighbor Weems lives ten. The doctor's road is just as long to him as mine is to me or as the ten miles is to neighbor Weems. We have all got used to the task, the journey, and screwed our fiddles up to that tension, but I would get awful tired if I had to go as far as Weems, and Dr. Felton wouldn't live where I do for anything. The doctor is sorry for me, and I am sorry for Weems, and he is sorry for somebody beyond him, but our sympathy is wasted. There is lots of sympathy wasted in this world, but it shows a good heart to have it. As the burden is so the strength shall be. If labor is rewarded it is all right. Rowland says he don't mind pulling fodder at all if it don't get wet and spoil in the curing. Contentment is what we all want, and the poor man can be as contented as the rich one if his labor is rewarded—a reasonable reward. Then it is willing labor. The watchman goes on duty willingly at midnight. The doctor hears the door bell ring ugly when deep sleep has possessed him on a cold and stormy night. The night editor of the daily paper is a slave to the lamp. Every true man will screw his courage up to the sticking point if the reward is in sight.

I see that Jim Blaine has been delivering himself up in the poor negro again. He calls the attention of the Knights of Labor to the condition of the colored man at the south who is forced to work for a pittance, and does not get half as much per day as the laborer at the north. I have no patience with Jim Blaine. I look upon him as an artful demagogue—a malicious hypocrite. He knew that was a lie when he wrote it. The negro gets just as much for his labor at the south as the white man. In fact, he gets the preference in many occupations. He gets more at the mines for he can do more. He gets the preference on the farms for he is easier to please. As a mechanic, whether at the bench or the anvil, he stands side by side with the white man. I believe that our working men, both white and black, get as much per day as they do at the north; but if they do not it is because they can afford to work for less. Rents are lower and fuel is cheaper, and the winters are milder and not so long. Jim Blaine is a humbug. He puts on his spectacles, and looks away off, and then flies to his inkstand and writes a parcel of lies. Old Jim McGinnis used to be a magistrate in these parts, before the war, and one day when a case about the hire of a negro came up before him, he wouldn't let the lawyer read from Greenleaf on evidence, because Greenleaf lived in Boston. "What does he know about the hire of a nigger?" said he. "He never owned one, nor hired one, nor lived where there was one, and he don't know no more about 'em than the man in the moon." If Jim Blaine would come down here and stay long enough to find out something he would have some excuse for talking or writing, but I reckon he would write a passel of lies anyhow—so let him rip. He will die some of these days and be forgotten. What a comfort there is in that. Every bad man will die. Good men die too, but in the wise dispensation of Providence, their influence lives long after them—much longer than the influence of the mean, malicious and selfish. So hurry up, Jim Blaine, and die, unless you can reform and live to a better purpose.

BILL ARP.

Mr. Blaine is going down pretty rapidly in his own State. He will read an account of his descent in the returns of the election held in Maine yesterday, and we do not believe he will find much comfort in it. The showing is discouraging for Mr. Blaine.—*N. Y. Times.*

## Duty To Party.

Joseph P. Caldwell, of the Statesville *Landmark*, is a man of brains and caution, and his well considered opinion is entitled to weight. We were considering an editorial on a kindred subject when the *Landmark* came out with the following. It is sensible, strong, and in good taste and temper, and we take the liberty of quoting it and commending it to our readers:

"Political parties are voluntary associations of individuals. If they are to live and accomplish any results the individual members must expect to concede something of their individual preferences. Unless they do this they will be torn with internal dissensions and fall an easy prey to the party which recognizes this vital fact and acts upon it. This adhesiveness, this concession to the individual preference to the majority will, implies no abatement of the individual manhood. Our constitution was the result of mutual concessions. One objected to this, another to that, but each got as nearly what he wanted as was possible and then all accepted it as a whole. Thus with the members of a political party. All cannot subscribe to every doctrine of the party nor all agree upon every point of party policy. But one casting in his lot with a particular party should expect to sacrifice something to the aggregate wisdom. Unless this is done there can be no concerted action and without this no political victories. If one claims to bear no allegiance to a party, he is under no obligation to make any of these concessions spoken of, but is free to come and go as pleases him. But if he professes membership in it and risks his political fortunes within, he is under an implied obligation to it and that obligation is to stand by its organization and support it in all things that do not offend against his conscience and his sense of right. This is true in an especial manner of one who holds or has held a high place in the party councils, or who has received honors at the party's hands. He should not lightly throw off his obligations to it and seek to disrupt it.

In a word, we hold it to be the duty of a party man to uphold the party organization and support the party nominees, always provided the nominee is of the character and capacity to justify this support. The obligation of a man to support a candidate is reciprocal with the obligation of the party to nominate candidates who are worthy of support. No man is under obligation to support a dishonest man, an incompetent man or one of notoriously bad character, if he were a thousand times a nominee. This carrying of party spirit to the extent of "voting for the devil if he is on the ticket," as men sometimes boast they would do, is subversive of good government and a yielding of individual conscience beyond the point that any party has a right to demand of a member. Thus there are cases in which one may find it a duty to bolt a nomination, and in like manner there are cases in which a man may become an independent candidate and be entirely justified. If his party puts up a man of the sort described above—a bad, dishonest man, an incapable man, an habitual drunkard, a man who has betrayed a trust and shown himself unfaithful—in any of these cases a pure and true and capable man does his party a service when he offers him a candidate and gives it a proper person to vote for.

Blind partisanship cannot be justified, yet one who desires to be counted a good party man must have some substantial reason for falling away from the organization otherwise he necessarily loses standing in it—a standing which every man ought to be proud to maintain. It is not altogether unlike good standing in the church, good standing in society, good standing in the business world. One cannot play fast and loose with any of these, no more should he expect to do so with his party.

It will be understood that all this has reference only to those who profess to be *party* men—who expect to participate in party councils, to sway a political influence, it may be to receive honors at the party's hands. There are those who hold allegiance to no party; they are under obligations to no one. But those who have a membership in a party should support its organization and its nominees—with the qualifications already made—and those who go out of the organization, running for office without having some of the good reasons for doing so which have already been indicated, have no sort of claim upon the support of those who are in the party and expect to stay there. These do themselves and their party a grievous wrong when they lend themselves to advance the fortunes of an individual who has no higher claim than that he has a private grievance or that he wants a place.

The propositions laid down above are eminently fair. Everyone who concedes the necessity for discipline in a party which ever expects to win or hold anything, however great a stickler he may be for the right of individual freedom of action, must concede their liberality and their justice; and for whatever Democrat who concedes them there is no escape from the conclusion that it is his duty to vote his party ticket in this county, in the State, in the district, and the same duty devolves upon our neighbors in the counties and districts around us."

## Who Believes Reid is Scared?

Webster's Weekly.

Reid felt the fierceness of Col. Winston's claws at Hamer and Purley in the opening of the campaign. Since that time he has refused to meet Col Winston. A man who dreads and fears a joint canvass should not be surprised at small crowds. He deserves nothing better.

A woman's comforter—a mother hubbard.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Judge Thomas Ruffin still continues sick.

Rev. Dr. Curry has been preaching at Leaksville.

Rev. Thomas Dixon is going to make Goldsboro his home.

Col. John B. Young, a distinguished lawyer of Richmond, Va, is dead.

Col. A. M. Waddell will enter the campaign this year. He will do good work.

The Emperor of Russia has sent Pasteur $20,000 for his hydrophobia hospital.

Justin McCarthy, the Historian, left Liverpool for New York, on September 16th.

Prince Bismarck, on account of ill health, cannot attend the Berlin Colonial Congress.

Dr. George S. Coleman, a native of Buncombe county, died in Texas a few days ago.

Gen. L. S. Ross is the Democratic nominee for Governor of Texas. He will be elected.

Mary Anderson will play six nights in Dublin, for the benefit of the Charleston sufferers.

Mr. J. H. Mills will deliver the address before the Alumni Association at Wake Forest next June.

The canvass of the Taylor Brothers and Father for Governor of Tennessee is attracting general attention.

J. R. Webster, of *Webster's Weekly*, comes under this head. In our section he is a much talked about man.

Gov. Hill, of New York, addressed a very large gathering of farmers at Watertown, N. Y. Fair, last Wednesday.

And now it is suggested that Chief Geronimo be turned over to a side show or a dime museum. How are the mighty fallen!

Booth, the great American actor, has given $1,000 to the Charleston sufferers. He sent it to a friend at whose house he had stayed several years ago.

Hon. J. L. Robinson has gone to Washington to prepare for his duties in the far West. He has served his people here well, and they wish him abundant success.

Senator Malone has been accused by Congressman Brady, of "insincerity and duplicity." When such men fall out we can begin to get bottom facts on political trickery.

Gen. Carr says there is no question that New York State is a Democratic State, and has been so for years. This, coming from a leading Republican, is significant.

Hon. Benj. H Brewster, after a lengthy stay in Europe, has returned home. During his stay across the water he was the recipient of many courtesies from leading men, notably, Lord Coldridge.

Speaker Carlisle says "No political party in this country can afford to take the position that whiskey and tobacco and beer shall be free while a tax remains on people's clothing." And we agree with Speaker Carlisle.

Lord Charles Dilke has returned to London and has announced that he will edit a paper. The *Pall Mall Gazette* calls upon the Queen "to vindicate the purity of the English laws, and the sanctity of the judicial oath, and remove Sir Charles' name from the roll of Privy Council."

George J. Gould, son of the wealthy monopolist, Jay Gould, was married last week to Miss Edith Kingdom, an actress. She is said to be a sensible woman and above reproach. Like a sensible man, George Gould went into the office the next day after the marriage and worked as usual.

General Joe Johnson and his wife left Washington last week for a month's sojourn at Asbury Park. The General is eighty years old, having been born in February, 1806. He was severely wounded in the Florida war. In the Mexican war he was shot and knocked off his horse while reconnoitering between the two armies, and was rescued by Col. Harney, who at the peril of his own life rode to where he lay and being a powerful man picked him up and bore him to a place of safety. At Seven Pines he was again severely wounded by a bullet in the shoulder and a shell in the breast.

## Letter to Farmers.

BELOVED FARMERS:—Agricultur iz the mother ov farm produce; she is also the step-mother ov gardin sass.

Rize at half-past 2 o'clock in the mornin, bild up a big fire in the kitchen, burn out two pounds ov kandles, and grease your boot. Wait pashuntly for daybrake. When day duz brake, then commence tew stir up the geese and worry the hogs.

Too much sleep iz ruinous tew geese and tew hogs.

Remember yu kant git rich on a farm unless you rize at 2 o'clock in the morning, and stir up the hogs and worry the geese.

The happyest man in the world iz the farmer; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, he watches for day lite tew brake, and when she duz brake, he goes out and stirs up the geese and worrys the hogs.

What iz a lawyer? What iz a merchant? What is a doktor? What is a minister? I answer, nothing!

A farmer iz the nobless work ov God; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, and burns out a half a pound of wood and two kords of kandles, and then goes out tew worry the geese and stir up the hogs.

Beloved farmers, adew.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Prince Alexander to the Czar: "Don't shoot, your majesty, I'll come right down."—*N. Y. Graphic.*