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The Durham Tobacco Plant.

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THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night. How dark! No light!
No fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint spark expires.
Shivering she watches by the cradle side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride.

Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No!—'Tis past!—
'Tis gone!
Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind:
And I believed it would last.—How mad!—How blind!

Rest thee, babe!—Rest thee!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—For there is no food!—The font is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break!—And thou!—The clock strikes one!

Hush!—'tis the clock! Yes! He—There! He's there!
For this—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! For what?
The wanton smile—the villian and the sot!

Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him for my sake.
My child!—in behalf!—O, fiend!—The clock strikes two!

Dark! How the sign-board creaks!—The blast howl by!
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha!—'tis his knock!—he comes!—he comes once more!
'Tis but the battle flaps!—Thy hope is over.

Curse he the singing fire!—He knows I stay
Night after night, in anxious to pray
For his return—and yet he says no tear,
No, not in camp!—"The will be here!

Nestle thy head, my dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold!—Thou'rt freezing!—But we will not part!
Husband!—Husband!—Father!—It is not he!
Oh, God! protect my child!—The clock strikes three!

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead!
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn sleep
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast;
The gambler came at last—but all was over—
Dread silence reigned around—the clock struck four.

—Dr. Coates.

THE HANDICAPPED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Sunday Morning, Sept. 19th.

"All these things are against me." Gen. xlii. 36.

Father Jacob, you are wrong. You think your son Joseph is dead, but he is Prime Minister of Egypt, and has the keys of the great granaries. You think that circumstances are all adverse, but they will turn out well. In all your life you never made a greater mistake than when you said: "All these things are against me."

A great multitude of people are under

SEEMING DISADVANTAGES,

and I will to-day, in the swarthiest Anglo-Saxon that I can manage, treat their cases; not as a nurse counts out eight or ten drops of a prescription, and stirs them in a half glass of water, but as when a man has by mistake taken a large amount of strychnine, or Paris green, or belladonna, and the patient is walked rapidly round the room, and shaken up, and pounded until he gets wide awake. Many of you have taken a large draught of the poison of discouragement, and I come out by the order of the Divine Physician to rouse you out of that lethargy.

I. First, many people are under the disadvantage of

AN UNFORTUNATE NAME

given them by parents who thought they were doing a good thing. Sometimes at the baptism of children, while I have held up one hand in prayer, I have held up the other hand in amazement that parents should have weighted the babe with such a dissonant and repulsive nomenclature. I have not so much wondered that some children should cry out at the christening font, as that others with such smiting face should take a title that will be the burden of their life-time. It is outrageous to afflict children with an undesirable name because it happened to be possessed by a parent or a rich uncle from whom favors are expected, or some prominent man of the day who may end his life in disgrace. It is no excuse, because they are Scripture names, to call a child Jehoiakim, or Tiglath-Pileser. At this very altar I baptized one by the name *Bathsheba!* Why, under all the circumambient heaven, any parent should want to give to a child the name of that loose and infamous creature of Scripture times I cannot imagine. I have often felt at the baptismal altar, when names were announced to me, like saying, as did Rev. Dr. Richards, of Morristown, N. J., when a child was handed him for sprinkling, and the name given: "Hadn't you better call it something else?"

Impose not upon that babe a name suggestive of flippancy or meanness. There is no excuse for such assault and battery on the cradle when our language is opulent with

NAMES MUSICAL AND SUGGESTIVE

in meaning, such as John, meaning "the gracious gift of God;" or Henry, meaning "the chief of a household;" or Alfred, meaning "good counsellor;" or Joshua, meaning "God, our salvation;" or Ambrose, meaning "immortal;" or Andrew, meaning "manly;" or Esther, meaning "a star;" or Abigail, meaning "my father's joy;" or Anna, meaning "grace;" or Victoria, meaning "victory;" or Rosalie, meaning "beautiful as a rose;" or Margaret, meaning "a pearl;" or Ida, meaning "God-like;" or Clara, meaning "illustrious;" or Amelia, meaning "busy;" or Bertha, meaning "beautiful," and hundreds of other names just as good, that are a help rather than a hindrance.

But sometimes the great hindrance in life is not in the given name, but in the family name. While legislatures are willing to lift such incubus, there are families that keep a name which mortgages all the generations with a great disadvantage. You say: "I wonder if he is any relation to so and so, mentioning some family celebrated for crime or deception. It is a wonder to me that in all such families some spirited young man does not rise, saying to his brothers and sisters: "If you want to keep this nuisance or scandalization of a name, I will keep it no longer than until by quickest course of law I can slough off this gangrene." When the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States met in this building in 1876, two estimable men of the sweetest disposition stopped at the same house, and one had the misnomer of being *Mr. Sour*, and the other the misnomer of being *Mr. Prickle*. And your city directory has hundreds of names the mere pronunciation of which has been a life-long obstacle. If you have started life under a name which either through ridiculous orthography or vicious suggestion has been an encumbrance, resolve that the next generation shall not be so weighted. It is

NOT REMEMBERING TO CHANGE A NAME.

Saul of Tarsus became Paul the Apostle. Hadassah, "the myrtle," became Esther, "the star." We have in America, and I suppose it is so in all countries, names which ought to be abolished, and can be, and will be abolished for the reason that they are a libel and a slander. But if for any reason you are submerged either by a given name or by a family name that you must bear, God will help you to overcome the outrage by a life consecrated to the good and noble. You may erase the curse from the name. If once it stood for meanness, you can make it stand for generosity. If once it stood for pride, you can make it stand for humility. If once stood for fraud, you can make it stand for honesty. If once it stood for wickedness, you can make it stand for purity. There have been multitudes of instances where man and women have magnificently conquered the disasters of the name inflicted upon them.

II. Again, many people labor under the misfortune of

INCOMPLETE PHYSICAL EQUIPMENT.

We are by our Creator so economically built that we cannot afford the obliteration of any physical faculty. We want our two eyes, our two ears, our two hands, our two feet, our eight fingers, and two thumbs. Yet what multitudes of people have but one eye, or but one foot. The ordinary casualties of life have been quadrupled, quintupled, sextupled, aye, centupled, in our time by the Civil War, and at the North and South a great multitude that no man can number are fighting the battle of life with half, or less than half, the needed physical armaments. I do not wonder at the pathos of a soldier during the war, who, when told that he must have his hand amputated, said: "Doctor, can't you save it?" and when told that it was impossible, said, with tears rolling down his cheeks: "Well, then, good-by, old hand; I hate to part with you. You have done me a good service for many years, but it seems you must go. Good-by."

A celebrated surgeon told me of

A SCENE IN THE CLINICAL DEPARTMENT

of one of the New York hospitals, when a poor man with a wounded leg was brought in before the students to be operated on. The surgeon was pointing out this and that to the students, and handling the wounded leg, and was about to proceed to amputation, when the poor man leaped from the table and hobbled to the door, and said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to disappoint you, but, by the help of God, I will die with my leg on." What a terrific loss is the loss of our physical faculties!

The way the battle of Crécy was decided against the French was by the Welshmen killing the French horses, and that brought their riders to the ground. And when you cripple this body, which is merely the animal on which the soul rides, you may sometimes defeat the soul.

Yet how many suffer from this physical taking off! Good cheer, my brother! God will make it up to you somehow. The grace, the sympathy of God, will be more to you than anything you have lost. If God allows part of your resources to be cut off in one place, He will add it on somewhere else. As Augustus, the emperor, took off a day from February, making it the shortest month in the year, and added it to August, the month named after himself, so advantages taken from one part of your nature will be added on to another.

SOME FAMOUS SUFFERERS.

But it is amazing how much of the world's work has been done by men of subtracted physical organization. S. S. Preston, the great orator of the Southwest, went limping all his life, but there was no foot put down upon any platform of his day that resounded so far as his club foot. Beethoven was so deaf that he could not hear the crash of the orchestra rendering his oratorios. Thomas Carlyle, the dyspeptic martyr, was given the commission to drive cant out of the world's literature. Rev. Thos. Stockton, of Philadelphia, with one lung raised his audiences nearer heaven than most ministers can raise them with two lungs. In the banks, the insurance companies, the commercial establishments, the reformatory associations, the churches, there are tens of thousands of men and women to-day doubled up of rheumatisms, or subject to neuralgias, or with only fragments of limbs, the rest of which they left at Chattanooga, or South Mountain, or the Wilderness, and they are worth more to the world, and more to the Church, and more to God than those of us who have never so much as had a finger-joint stiffened by a felon.

Put to full use all the faculties that remain, and charge on all opposing circumstances with the determination of John of Bohemia, who was totally blind, and yet at a battle cried out: "I pray and beseech you to lead me so far into the fight that I may strike one good blow with this sword of mine." Do not think so much of what faculties you have lost as of what faculties remain. You have enough left to make yourself felt in three worlds, while you help the earth, and balk hell, and win heaven. Arise from your discouragements, O men and women of depleted or crippled physical faculties, and see what, by the special help of God, you can accomplish!

The skilled horsemen stood around Bucephalus, unable to mount or manage him, so wild was the steed. But Alexander noticed that the sight of his own shadow seemed to disturb the horse. So Alexander clutched him by the bridle, and turned his head away from the shadow, and toward the sun, and the horse's agitation was gone, and Alexander mounted him and rode off, to the astonishment of all who stood by. And what you people need is to have your sight turned away from the shadows of your earthly lot over which you have so long pondered, and your head turned toward the sun—the glorious sun of Gospel consolation, and Christian hope and spiritual triumph.

And then remember that all physical disadvantages will after awhile vanish. Let those who have been rheumatismed out of a foot, or cataracted out of an eye, or by the perpetual roar of our cities thundred out of an ear, look forward to the day when this old tenement house of flesh will come down, and a better one shall be builded. The resurrection morning will provide you with

A BETTER OUTFIT.

Either the unstrung, worn-out, blunted, and crippled organs will be so reconstructed that you will not know them, or an entire new set of eyes, and ears, and feet will be given you. Just what it means by corruption putting on incorruption we do not know, save that it will be glory ineffable; no limping in heaven, no straining of the eyesight to see things a little way off; no putting of the hand behind the ear to double the capacity of the tympanum; but faculties perfect, all the keys of the instrument attuned for the sweep of the fingers of ecstasy. But until that day of resumption comes let us bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

III. Another form of disadvantage under which many labor is

LACK OF EARLY EDUCATION.

There will be no excuse for ignorance in the next generation. Free schools and illimitable opportunity of education will make ignorance a crime. I believe in compulsory education, and those parents who neglect to put their children under educational advantages have but one right left, and that is the penitentiary. But there are multitudes of men and women in mid-life who have had no opportunity. Free schools had not yet been established, and vast multitudes had little or no school at all. They feel it when as Christian men they come to speak and pray in religious assemblies or public occasions, patriotic, or political, or educational. They are silent because they do not feel competent. They owe nothing to English grammar, or geography, or belles lettres. They would not know a participle from a noun if they met it many times a day. Many of the most successful merchants of America and men in high political places cannot write an accurate letter on any theme. They are completely dependent upon clerks, and deputies, and stenographers to make things right. I knew a literary man who in other years in Washington made his fortune by writing speeches for Congressmen, or fixing them up for the *Congressional Record* after they were delivered. The millionaire illiteracy of this country is beyond measurement.

Now, suppose a man finds himself in mid-life without education, what is he do? Do the best he can.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE LAYMAN

in a former pastoral charge that I ever heard speak on religious themes could, within five minutes of exhortation, break all the laws of English grammar, and if he left any law unfractured he would complete the work of lingual devastation in the prayer with which he followed it. But I would rather have him pray for me, if I were sick or in trouble, than any Christian man I know of, and in that church all the people preferred him in exhortation and prayer to all others. Why? Because he was so thoroughly pious and had such power with God he was irresistible; and as he went on in his prayer sinners repented and saints shouted for joy, and the bereaved seemed to get back their dead in celestial companionship. And when he had stopped praying, and as soon as I could wipe out of my eyes enough tears to see the closing hymn, I ended the meeting fearful that some long-winded prayer-meeting bore would pull us down from the seventh heaven.

Not a word have I to say against accuracy of speech, or fine elocution, or high mental culture. Get all these you can. But I do say to those who who were brought up in the day of poor school-houses, and ignorant school-masters, and no opportunity, you may have so much of good in your soul and so much of heaven in your every-day life that you will be mightier for good than any who went through the curriculum of Harvard, or Yale, or Oxford, yet never *graduated in the school of Christ*. When you get up to the gate of heaven no one will ask you if you can parse the first chapter of Genesis, but whether you have learned the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom; nor whether you know how to square the circle, but whether you have lived a square life in a round world. Mount Zion is higher than Mount Parnassus.

UNCONGENIAL MARRIAGE.

IV. But what multitudes there are under other disadvantages! Here is a Christian woman whose husband thinks religion is a sham, and while the wife prays the children one way the husband swears them another. Or here is a Christian man who is trying to do his best for God and the Church, and his wife holds him back and says on the way home from prayer-meeting, where he gave testimony for Christ: "What a fool you made of yourself! I hope hereafter you will keep still." And when he would be benevolent and give fifty dollars, she criticises him for not giving fifty cents. I must do justice, and publicly thank God that I never proposed at home to give anything for any cause of humanity or religion but the other partner in the domestic firm approved it. And when it seemed beyond my ability and faith in God was necessary, she had three-fourths the faith. But I know men who, when they contribute to charitable objects, are afraid that the wife shall find it out. What a withering curse such a woman must be to a good man!

Then there are others under the great disadvantage of

POVERTY.

Who ought to get things cheapest? You say those who have little means. But they pay more. You buy coal by the ton, they buy it by the bucket. You buy flour by the barrel, they buy it by the pound. You get apparel cheap because you pay cash. They pay dear because they have to get trusted. And the Bible was right when it said: "The destruction of the poor is their poverty."

Then there are those who made a mistake in early life, and that overshadows all their days. "Do you not know that that man was once in prison?" is whispered. Or, "Do you know that that man once attempted suicide?" Or, "Do you know that that man once absconded?" Or, "Do you know that that man was once discharged for dishonesty?" Perhaps there was only one wrong deed in the man's life, and that one act haunts the subsequent half-century of his existence.

Others have unfortunate predominance of some mental faculty, and their rashness throws them into wild enterprises, or their trepidation makes them decline great opportunity, or there is a vein of melancholy in their disposition that defeats them, or they have an endowment of over-mirth that causes the impression of insincerity.

Others have a mighty obstacle in their

PERSONAL APPEARANCE,

for which they are not responsible. They forget that God fashioned their features, and their complexion, and their stature, the size of their nose, mouth, and hands, and feet, and gave them the gait and general appearance; and they forget that much of the world's best work and the Church's best work has been done by homely people; and that Paul the Apostle is said to have been hump-backed, and his eye-sight weakened by ophthalmia, while many of the finest in appearance have passed their time before flattering looking-glasses, or in studying killing attitudes, and in displaying the richness of wardrobes—not one ribbon, or vest, or sack, or glove, or button, or shoe-string of which they have had brains enough to earn for themselves. Others had

WRONG PROCLIVITIES

from the start. They were born wrong, and that sticks to one even after he is born again. They have a natural crankiness that is two hundred and seventy-five years old. It came over with their great-grandfathers from Scotland, or Wales, or France. It was born on the banks of the Thames, or the Clyde, or the Tiber, or the Rhine, and has survived all the plagues and epidemics of many generations, and is living to-day on the banks of the Hudson, or the Androscoggin, or the Savannah, or the La Plata. And when a man tries to stop this evil ancestral proclivity he is like a man on a rock in the rapids of Niagara holding on with a grip from which the swift currents are trying to sweep him into the abyss beyond.

Oh, this world is an overburdened world, an overworked world! It is

AN AWFULLY TIRED WORLD.

It is a dreadfully unfortunate world. Scientists are trying to find out the cause of these earthquakes in all lands, cis-Atlantic and trans-Atlantic. Some say this and some say that. I have taken the diagnosis of what is the matter with the earth. It has so many burdens on it and so many fires within it, it has a fit. It cannot stand such a circumference and such a diameter. Some new Cotopaxi or Stromboli or Vesuvius will open and then all will be at peace with the natural world. But what about the moral woes of the world that have rocked all nations, and for six thousand years science proposes nothing but knowledge, and many people that know the most are the most uncomfortable.

In the way of practical relief for all disadvantages and woes, the only voice that is worth listening to on this subject is the voice of Christianity, which is the voice of Almighty God. Whether I have mentioned the particular disadvantage under which you labor or not, I distinctly declare, in the name of my God, that there is a way out and

A WAY UP FOR ALL

of you. You cannot be any worse off than that young woman who was in the Pemberton Mills when they fell some years ago, and from under the fallen timbers she was heard singing, "I am going home to die no more."

Take good courage from that Bible, all of whose promises are for those in bad predicament. There are better days for you, either on earth or in heaven. I put my hand under your chin, and lift your face into the light of the coming dawn. Have God on your side, and then you have for reserve troops all the armies of heaven, the smallest company of which is twenty thousand chariots, and the smallest battalion one hundred and forty-four thousand, the lightnings of heaven their drawn sword.

An ancient warrior saw an overpowering host come down upon his small company of armed men, and, mounting his horse with

A HANDFUL OF SAND,

he threw it into the air, crying: "Let their faces be covered with confusion!" And both armies heard his voice, and history says it seemed as though the dust thrown into the air had become so many angels of supernatural deliverance, and the weak overcame the mighty, and the immense host fell back, and the small number marched on. Have faith in God, and though all the allied forces of discouragement seem to come against you in battle array, and their laugh of defiance and contempt resounds through all the valleys and mountains, you might by faith in God, and importunate prayer, pick up a handful of the very dust of your humiliation, and throw it into the air, and it shall become angels of victory over all the armies of earth and hell. The voices of your adversaries, human and Satanic, shall be covered with confusion, while you shall be not only conqueror, but more than conqueror, through that grace which has so often made the fallen helmet of an overthrown antagonist the foot-stool of a Christian victory.

Major John Esten Cook.

John Esten Cook, soldier and author, is dead. We recall the delight with which we first read "Surry of Eagle's Nest, "Hilt to Hilt," &c., and sigh to think so pleasant a writer, so genial a gentleman, has so soon "gone over to the majority." But before the summons came he had accomplished a great work. He had aided with all his might to build up his dismantled country. As the Wilmington *Star* says, "he essayed to do for Virginia what the immortal Scott has so grandly done for Scotland—to people the past with living beings whose prejudices and humors, whose wit and pride and heroism he so well understood. * * Mr. Cooke has done more to rescue from oblivion the noble deeds of Virginia, and to reflect credit upon his native State, than any politician that has flourished in her borders for half a century." Yes, he peopled the past with living beings. St. Leger Landon, Mordaunt and Fenwick, were men of flesh and blood, and before our eyes to-night the guerrilla band of Landon charges with reckless courage, and, deserted by friends and outnumbered by foes, cuts its way to victory; the hand to hand duel of Mordaunt and Fenwick is fought over again, and breathless and shuddering, we watch the compressed lip, the determined eye, the distended vein, and hear the gasp as Fenwick, pinned to the tree, faints away. Noble Cooke! The poet could have meant no other:

"The knightliest of a knightly race,
Who since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold!"

Right, Brother, Shake Hands.

[State Chronicle.]

Generals Beauregard and Early have given their countenance to the grandest swindling concern in the world, and by the aid of political manipulations, are defrauding thousands of people throughout the country. For Beauregard and Early—noted soldiers as they were—we have no sort of respect. They have been guilty of what the *Chronicle* believes to be the greatest of crimes—selling the honors given them by the Confederacy to a dishonest and disreputable set of gamblers. They are a disgrace to the honest Confederate soldiers and ought to be repudiated by every man who carried a musket and who loves to remember the heroic deeds of the Southern chieftains. The great Robert E. Lee—first, best and truest—would have scorned an offer to sell his reputation!

Glad to Hear It.

[Wilson Advance.]

Miss Mamie L. Hatchett, who was editress of of the *Southern Woman*, has accepted a position as editress of the Oxford *Orphan Friend*. She is a sprightly, pleasant writer and will add life to the *Friend*. We congratulate the Orphan Asylum upon securing her services on the publication issued by that noble institution.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Royal Arch Masons—Fine Exposition by the Negroes—The President's Popularity.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—(Day of doom, according to Wiggins and the adventists). We are all here. Not a shock received, not an ascension robe ready. *Sotto voce*—the office seekers have "gone before" and the office-holders have all they can do twice a month to pay off the wet grocery bill. No money for extras, dear sir.

ROYAL ARCHNESS EXTRAORDINARY.

The Royal Arch Masons are here in full force. Many of them are good looking men. The parade yesterday was the largest Masonic procession ever seen in the city. The Grand Lodge has called on the President. At 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon it will visit the tomb of Washington. The attendance of members have been very full, and the proceedings have been of unusual interest.

DECORATIVE ART AMONG THE NEGROES.

To-night the Industrial Exposition of the negroes in the District of Columbia opens with *eclat*. It is a show well worth seeing. The colored folks have outdone themselves and far excelled expectation. Some of the specimens of handiwork would do credit to the very best of the fairs gotten up by the white people. It is a pity there is not room to particularize. The plaster figures and the designs on plush and velvet with brush and needle are notable specimens of their artistic taste.

CLEVELAND THE FAVORITE.

Chief Clerk Youmans of the Treasury Department is a New Yorker. He returned yesterday from his State and told a newspaper friend of mine that Henry George's candidacy for Mayor would make necessary a union of all the Democratic factions in the city. Mr. Youmans said that business men, irrespective of party, were strong endorsers of the President. The general opinion was that Mr. Cleveland would be re-elected. Business in New York was steadily improving and the public sentiment opposed any change from good back to bad. Representative Merrimon, a friend of Dana's and ex-editor of the *Sun*, who has also just returned from New York, makes the same kind of statement.

DEFENDING A DEFAULTER.

It is said at the Indian Bureau that Herbert Welsh's attack was instigated by his championship of the dismissed agent, McGillicuddy. The latter was believed to have defrauded the Government by drawing rations for two thousand more Indians than existed.

CHIEF CLERK YOUMANS

having issued an order to keep all agents out of the Treasury Department after 2 o'clock, now discovers that this does not stop a certain nuisance: the placing on trial with officials of department supplies and patent contrivances. A new order will probably be soon issued directing that all such things be attended to by the storekeeper alone.

MR. MANNING'S RETURN

is confidently looked for about the 1st of October or a day or two later. He is expected to attend Cabinet sittings and give a sort of general supervision to matters in the department. There is some uneasiness lest his strength proves insufficient for even this. It probably will unless he devolves almost the entire work on Mr. Fairchild as acting secretary. This has been done by other secretaries of the Treasury and can be lawfully done now.

GREENSBORO EXCURSIONISTS.

A big excursion from Greensboro will arrive here Tuesday of next week. It is understood to be planned under the auspices of the Baptist church there. The Democratic Association for North Carolina will, at its meeting Friday evening, arrange for their reception.

NORTH CAROLINIANS IN THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

Mrs. Owens, of North Carolina, was one of the employees of the Government printing office discharged last Saturday for lack of sufficient appropriation. Since the first day the names of the dismissed employees are withheld. There are probably several Carolinians in the last batch. Three hundred and seventy-five persons have been discharged. No more removals are contemplated.

MR. ROUNDS SHOWN UP.

The loose way things have been managed in the Government printing office under Republican public printers is just now being thoroughly exposed. Mr. Rounds had not only given positions there to his sons and many personal favorites, he had permitted certain congressmen to overstock the office in such a manner as that when his Democratic successor was forced by the terms of the appropropriation act to curtail the number of employees, it was found that the service was seriously inconvenienced by the suspensions. This is said to be the case especially in the printing for the treasury department done at the branch office in the department building.

POSTAL PARTICULARS.

A new postoffice has been established at Hensly, Yancey county, of which James J. Ledford is postmaster.

Pratt postoffice, Johnston county, has been discontinued.

Eli T. Scarborough is the new postmaster at Eagle Rock.

There is a new county in Kentucky, named Carlisle, with half a dozen postoffices.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Donald W. Bain, State Treasurer, is here on official business. He has an eye on the Royal Arch, too.

Other North Carolinians in the city are Mr. James Southgate and Mr. James Ragsdale, the latter of Jamestown. He is Prohibition candidate in Guilford county for the Legislature.

Gen. John B. Gordon, ex-senator and nominee for Governor of Georgia, who has been here several days, left yesterday.

Secretary Bayard is away upon his first visit for many months. As first in the line of succession for the Presidency in the event of the death of Mr. Cleveland, he has remained here all summer although he needed recreation.

The name of a well known southern journalist and ex-office holder of the Confederacy, has been mentioned for the Austrian Mission. It is that of Col. L. Q. Washington, of Virginia. Washington correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*. In fact, I am informed on the best authority that his papers have been filed. But it is not probable that any appointment will be made soon.

The Ballot and the Third Party.

The *Ballot*, owned and edited and supported by as strong Prohibitionists and as honest men as the State affords, had the following sensible article in its last issue. We agree with you, brother, the *cause* is the thing to fight for.

"Our Third Party friends are not pleased with us, and some of them are so extreme in their views and feelings that they will not subscribe for the *Ballot* because it occupies *conservative* ground. We are sorry that this is the case, but we believe that our platform is the best for the cause at present. It is the *cause* we want to build up, and not a *party*. It is good men we want in office, and not prohibitionists *merely*. If the old parties put good men in the field—just such men as the prohibitionists would put there—we see no reason for breaking with them. As to the *methods* we believe that local option is the best. Up to this date it has accomplished more for the cause than any other method, especially in the South. But we do not quarrel with those who advocate other methods. Our purpose is to be *absolute* and *uncompromising* as to the *measure*, but *conservative* as to *methods*. If anybody will show us a better way we will gladly walk in it."

Yes, My Lord, It Will.

[Richmond State.]

The distance from Clarkesville to Oxford, N. C., is only twenty-five miles, and the contrcts for extending the line to that point will, it is understood, soon be let. The distance from Oxford to Durham is only twenty-five miles, and if our people are wide-awake they will use their influence to have the Durham end under contract at the same time that the extension is being pushed from Clarkesville to Oxford. By that route Durham would be only a little more than 150 miles from Richmond. The question arries, if the Richmond & Mecklingburg road is extended to Durham without delay, will the Lynchburg, Halifax & North Carolina road be built to our sister State?

This is the Way the Non-Partisans View It.

(Oak Leaf, Oak Ridge, N. C.)

There have never been any of the machine politicians favorable to Civil Service Reform. There never will be. It is taking their powder and lead away with which they have been in the habit of bringing down the fat offices to their own game bag. They misrepresent it, they traduce it, but they know all the time that the people are for it, as it substitutes merit for favoritism. Vance spoke against it; Ingalls spoke against it. They represent both parties, why did they not repeal it? They were afraid of the people. They ridicule it; they lie about it, but they know that the further it is tried the stronger it becomes with the people.

He Looks Like a North Carolina Editor.

The pictures of Henry George, the nominee of the Workingman's Party for the mayoralty of New York City, which is going the rounds of the press, reminds us very much of the polished and talented gentleman who edits with so much ability the Wilmington *Star*. If we knew that Mr. George possessed the many good qualities of head and heart that distinguishes our North Carolina friend, we would move to make the nomination unanimous.

The Parson is Right About It.

[Rev. C. G. Smith in Richmond Advocate.]

The South stood by Tilden, voted for him, and would have fought for the cold-blooded bachelor if he had said so, and he gave away five millions dollars, and gave the poor South not a farthing. I never saw in this Democratic Talleyrand anything to admire—not even his honesty; for he did not seem to be especially indignant at rascality unless his foemen were the knaves.

Amusement for Mr. Henderson.

[Charlotte Observer.]

The Prohibitionists of the seventh congressional district assembled in Salisbury, in small numbers, last Wednesday, and nominated for Congress J. E. Walker, of Randolph.

This Doesn't Look Well.

[Webster's Weekly.]

Mr. Reid has finished his canvass of this county, and in no instance has he offered a single iota of evidence to disprove a single allegation of the *Weekly*.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Judge Robert S. Green is the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey.

Col. John N. Staples has been in Lynchburg trying some important railroad cases.

John F. Andrew is the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

Ex-Judge Tourgee has patented a metalic harness. Another fortune for the judge looms up.

Rev. H. T. Hudson, that eloquent and polished Methodist divine, is recovering. We are sincerely glad.

Charles Gordon Green, the founder of the Boston *Post*, is dead. He was the oldest Boston editor, his age being 82 years.

Hon. William D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, has been renominated the fourteenth time. He is called the "Father of the House."

Henry George's candidacy for mayor of New York, promises to break into all calculations. It is thought his vote will reach 50,000.

Col. Thos. M. Holt has been prevailed upon to accept the nomination for the House of Representatives. Alamance values his services.

The prophet Wiggins is coming in for a liberal share of ridicule. His cyclones and earthquakes failed to come to time, we are happy to state.

Capt. Octavius Coke will enter the campaign this fall and do good work. He has two appointments in the west already: Lenoir 13th, and Boone 15th inst.

Hon. W. P. Bynum, of Charlotte, has declined to be a candidate for a position on the Supreme Court Bench. He says he has had enough of being judge.

Bill Arp will speak at the Hickory Fair, which begins Oct. 19th. Col. L. L. Polk and Capt. S. B. Alexander will also be present and deliver addresses.

Hon. Frank Hurd has been nominated for Congress again. He will go there this time, and will do valiant service. There are few abler men in the United States.

Mr. Richmond Pearson has been "endorsed" by the Republican convention of Buncombe county. Between "unterrified Democracy" to "mossy back Republicanism," what a narrow space!

Hon. Rufus W. Peckham, of Albany, is the Democratic candidate for the judge of the court of appeals of New York, and Hon. Charles Daniels is the Republican candidate for the same position.

Josephus Daniels, the successful editor of the *Chronicle*, one of the leading papers in the State, finds time to write a very readable letter to the Wilson *Advance*, descriptive of the Rev. Thos. Dixon.

Col. Charles R. Jones will not get a single Democratic vote in New Hanover, Brunswick, Columbus, or Robeson counties, says the *Review*. Why, "Col.," you don't seem to be fooling anybody down there.

Dr. J. T. Bagwell is to lecture in Charlotte, Sunday evening, on "Religion is to man as he conceives it." Everybody has religion then, and there is no need for the "Dr." to take up time to explain his position.

Dr. Milburn, the "blind man eloquent," and A. H. Colquitt, that magnetic Southern Senator, have been delighting the people of Nashville, Tenn., with sermons and lectures on Prohibition and other kindred subjects.

Hon. S. J. Randall has been renominated. He will be elected, of course, and he and Hurd will fight on tariff. If they could get together and compromise all differences, we might then get a Revenue bill worth having.

Oliver Ames is the Republican candidate for governor of Massachusetts. And the New York *Times* says his nomination "is a melancholy evidence of the decadence of the party in what was one of its strongholds in the days of its vigor. Nothing but his money gave him the opportunity." He gets the nomination because he is willing to pay handsomely for it.

Public Opinion.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has caused the delegates to something like a dozen State Conventions of both parties to be questioned as to their Presidential preferences for 1888. After printing more than 2,000 of these brief interviews it sums up the result thus far in the statement that "more than two to one of the Republicans interviewed are for Blaine in 1888; and much more than two to one of the Democrats interviewed are for Cleveland in 1888." This showing represents pretty accurately, we imagine, the sentiment of the voters of the two parties.—*New York Times, Ind. Rep.*

The chances are that the heads of the tickets of 1884 will be at the heads of them in 1888.—Another contest between these two leaders would be even more exciting than the original one, but the result would be different only so far as Cleveland's increased majority would render it so.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

In October, 1888, it will be Cleveland and Blaine. In November, 1888, it will be Cleveland by an increased majority. Those who feel that they cannot become reconciled to either of the above events with satisfaction, have just two years and one month in which to move out of the country.—*Atlanta Constitution.*