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# The Durham Tobacco Plant.

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### A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not the goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken to the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, however pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

### THE TERMINI OF TWO CITY ROADS.

**Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Sunday Morning, Sept. 26th.**

[Reported for the Durham Tobacco Plant.]

It was Monday, September 20, at a country depot. Two young men are to take the cars for the city. Father brought them in a wagon with two trunks. The evening before, at the old farmer, was rather a sad time. The neighbors had gathered in to say good-bye. Indeed, all the Sunday afternoons there had been a strolling that way from the adjoining farms, for it was generally known that the two boys the next morning were

LEAVING FOR THE CITY

to live; and the whole neighborhood was interested, some hoping they would do well, and others, without saying anything, hoping for them a city failure. Sitting on the fence, talking over the matter, the neighbors would interrupt their conversation about the wheat crop of last summer, and the apple crop yet to be gathered, with remarks about the city prospects of Edward and Nicholas, for those were the names of the two young men, Edward seventeen, and Nicholas nineteen; but Edward, although two years younger, being a little quicker to learn, knew as much as Nicholas.

Father and mother on Monday morning had both resolved to go to the depot with the boys, but the mother at the last moment backed out, and she said that somehow she felt quite weak that morning, and had no appetite for a day or two, and so concluded to say

GOOD-BYE AT THE FRONT DOOR

of the old place. Where she went and what she did after the wagon left, I leave other mothers to guess. The breakfast things stood almost till noon before they were cleared away. But little was said on the way to the railroad station. As the locomotive whistle was heard coming around the curve, the father put out his hand—somewhat knotted at the knuckles, and one of the joints stiffened years ago by a wound from a scythe—and said: "Good-bye, Edward; good-bye, Nicholas!" Take good care of yourselves, and write as soon as you get there, and let us know how they treat you. Your mother will be anxious to hear."

LANDED IN TARTARY

they sought out, with considerable inquiry of policemen on street corners and questioning of carsdrivers, the two commercial establishments to which they were destined, so far apart that thereafter they seldom saw each other, for it is astonishing how far apart two persons can be in a large city, especially if their ladders are different. Practically a hundred miles from Bowling Green to Canal street, or from Atlantic avenue to Fulton.

Edward, being the youngest, we must look after him first. He never was in so large a store in all his life. Such interminable shelves, such skillful imitation of real men and women to display goods on, such agility of cash boys, such immense stock of goods, and a whole community of employees. His head is confused, as he seems dropped like a pebble in the great ocean of business life. "Have you seen that greenhorn from the country?" whispers young man to young man. "He is in such and such a department. We will have to break him in for one night." Edward stuck at his new place all day, so

HOMESICK

that any moment he could have cried aloud if his pride had not suppressed everything. Here and there a tear he carelessly flashed off as though it were from influenza or a cold in the head. But some of you known how a young man feels when set down in a city of strangers, thereafter to fight his own battles, and no one near by seeming to care whether he lives or dies.

But that evening, as the hour for closing has come, there are two or three young men who sidle up to Edward and ask him how he likes the city, and where he expects to go that night, and if he would like them to show him the sights. He thanks them, and says he shall have to take some evenings for unpacking and making arrangements, as he had just arrived, but says that after a while he will be glad to accept their company. After spending two or three evenings in his boarding-house room, walking up and down, looking at the bare wall, or an old chromo hung there at the time that religious newspapers by such prizes advanced their subscription lists, and after an hour toying with the matches box and ever and anon examining his watch to see if it is time to retire, and it seems that ten o'clock at night, or even nine o'clock, will never come, he resolves to accept the chaperoning of

HIS NEW FRIENDS

at the store. The following night they are all out together. "Although his salary is not large, he is quite flush with pocket money, which the old folks gave him after saving by for some time. He cannot be mean, and these friends are doing all this for his pleasure, and so he pays the bills. At the door of places of enchantment, his companions cannot find the change, and they accidentally fall behind just as the ticket office is approached, or they say they will make it all right, and will themselves pay the next time. Edward, accustomed to farm life or village life, is dazed and enchanted with the glitter of spectacular sin. Plain and blunt iniquity Edward would have immediately repulsed, but an accompanied by bewitching orchestra, sin amid gilded pillars and gorgeous upholstery, sin arrayed in all the attractions that the powers of darkness in combination can arrange to magnetize a young man, is very different from sin in its loathsome and disgusting shape.

But after a few nights being late out, he says:

"I MUST STOP.

My purse won't stand this. My health won't stand this. My reputation won't stand this." Indeed, one of the business firm, one night from his private box, in which he applauded a play, in which attitudes and physiology occurred which it taken off altered in his own parlor would have caused him to shoot or stab the actor on the spot—from this high-priced box" sees in a cheaper place the new clerk of his store, and is led to ask questions about his habits, and wonders how, on the salary the house pays him, he can do as he does. Edward, to recover his physical vigor and his finances, stopped awhile, and spent a few more evenings examining the chromo on the wall, and counting the insects in the matches box.

"I cannot stand it," cried the young man. "I cannot stand this life any longer, and I must go out and see the world." The same young men, and others of a now larger acquaintance, are ready to escort him. There is never any lack of such guidance. If a man wants to go the whole round of sin, he can find plenty to take him, a whole regiment who knows the way. But after a while Edward's

MONEY IS ALL GONE.

He has received his salary again and again, but it was spent before he got it, borrowing a little here and a little there. What shall he do now? Why, he has seen in his rounds of the gambling table men who put down a dollar and took up ten, put down a hundred and took up a thousand. Why not he? To reconstruct his finances he takes a hand, and wins; is so pleased he takes another hand, and wins; is in a frenzy of delight, and takes another hand and loses all.

When he first came to the city Edward was disposed to keep Sunday in quietness, reading a little, and going occasionally to hear a sermon. Now, Sunday is a day of carousal. He is so full of intoxicants by 11 o'clock in the day, he staggers into one of the licensed rum-holes of the city.

Some morning, Edward, his breath stenchful with rum, takes his place in the store. He is not fit to be there. He is listless or silly or impertinent, or in some way incompetent, and a messenger comes to him and says, "The firm desire to see you

IN THE PRIVATE OFFICE.

The gentlemen in the private office says:

"Edward, we will not need you any more. We owe you a little money for services since we paid you last, and here it is."

"What is the matter?" says the young man. "I cannot understand this. Have I done anything?"

The reply is: "We do not wish any words with you. Our engagement with each other is ended."

"Out of employment!" What does that mean to a good young man? It means opportunity to get another and perhaps a better place. It means opportunity for mental improvement and preparation for higher work. "Out of employment!" What does that mean to a dissipated young man? It means a lightning express train on a down grade on the Grand Trunk to Perdition.

It is now only five years since Edward came to town. He used to write home once a week at the longest. He has not written home for three months. "What can be the matter?" say the old people at home. One Saturday morning the father puts on the best apparel of his wardrobe, and goes to the city to find out.

"Oh, he has not been here for a long while," say the gentlemen of the firm. "Your son, I am sorry to say, is on the wrong track."

The old father goes hunting him from place to place, and comes suddenly upon him that night.

IN A PLACE OF ABANDONMENT.

The father says: "My son, come with me. Your mother has sent me to bring you home. I hear you are out of money and good clothes, and you know as long as we live you can have a home. Come right away," he says, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder.

In an angry tone, Edward replies: "Take your hands off me! You mind your own business! I will do as I please! Take your hands off me, or I will strike you down! You go your way, and I will go mine!"

That Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning—for it was by this time two o'clock in the morning—the father goes to the city

HOME OF NICHOLAS.

and rings the bell, and rings again and again, and it seems as if no answer would be given; but after a while a window is hoisted and a voice cries, "Who's there?"

"It is I," says the old man.

"Why, father, is that you?"

In a minute the door is opened and the son says, "What in the world has brought you to the city at this hour of the night?"

"Oh! Edward has brought me here. I feared your mother would go stark crazy, not hearing from him, and it is worse with him than I suspected."

"Yes," said Nicholas, "I had not the heart to write you any thing about it. I have tried my best with him, and all in vain. But it is after two o'clock," says Nicholas to his father, "and I will take you to a bed."

On a comfortable couch in that house the old father lies down, coaxing sleep for a few hours, but no sleep comes. Whose house is it? That of his son, Nicholas. The fact is, that Nicholas, soon after coming to the city, became indispensable in the commercial establishment where he was placed. He knew, what few person know, that while in all departments of business and mechanism and art, there is a surplus of people of ordinary application and ordinary diligence, there is a great scarcity, and always has been a great scarcity, of

PEOPLE WHO EXCEL.

Plenty of people to do things poorly or tolerably well, but very few clerks, or business men, or mechanics who can do splendidly well. Appreciating this, Nicholas had resolved to do so grandly that the business firm could not do without him. Always at his place a little after everybody had gone, as courteously polite to those who had declined purchasing, as those who made large purchases. He drank no wine, for he saw it was the empoisonment of multitudes; and when any one asked him to take something, he said "No" with the peculiar intonation that meant no. His conversation was always as pure as if his sisters had been listening.

He went to no place of amusement where he would be ashamed to die. He never betted or gambled, even at a church fair. When he was at the boarding-house, after he had got all the artistic development he could possibly receive from the chromo on the wall, he began to study that which would help him to promotion—study penmanship, study biographies of successful men; or went forth to places of innocent amusement and to Young Men's Christian Associations, and was not ashamed to be found at a church prayer-meeting. He rose from position to position and from one salary to another salary.

Only five years in town and yet he has rented his own house, or a suite of rooms, not very large, but a home large enough in its happiness to be a type of heaven. In the morning, as the old father, with handkerchief in hand, comes crying down stairs to the table, there are four persons, one for each side, the young man, and opposite to him the best blessing that a God of infinite goodness can bestow, namely, a good wife; and on the other side, the high chair filled with dimpled and rollicking glee, that makes the grandfather opposite smile outside, while he has a broken heart within.

Well, as I said, it was Sabbath, and Nicholas and his father, knowing that there is no place so appropriate for a troubled soul as the house of God, find their way to church. It is communion day, and what is the old man's surprise to see his son pass down the aisle with one of the silver chalices, showing him to be a

A CHURCH OFFICIAL.

The fact was, that Nicholas from the start in city life honored God, and God honored him. When the first wave of city temptation struck him, he had felt the need of divine guidance and divine protection, and in prayer had sought a regenerated heart, and had obtained that mightiest armor, that mightiest of all protection, that mightiest of all reinforcements, the multipotent and omnipotent grace of God, and you might as well throw a thistle down against Gibraltar, expecting to destroy it, as, with all the combined temptations of earth and hell, try to overthrow a young man who can truthfully say, "God is my refuge and strength."

But that Sabbath afternoon while in the back room, Nicholas and his father are talking over any attempt at the reclamation of Edward, there is a ringing of the door-bell and a man with the uniform of a policeman stands there, and a man with some embarrassment, and some halting, and in a round-about way says, that in a fight in some low haunt of the city

EDWARD HAD BEEN HURT.

He says to Nicholas: "I heard that he was some relation of yours."

"Hurt! Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes, very badly hurt."

"Is the wound mortal?"

Yes, it is mortal. To tell you the whole truth, sir," says the policeman, "although I can hardly bear to tell, he is dead."

"Dead!" cries Nicholas. And by this time the whole family are in the hallways. The father says: "Just as I feared. It will kill his mother when she hears of it. Oh, my son, my son! Would to God I had died for thee! Oh, my son, my son!"

"Wash off the wounds," says Nicholas, "and bring him right here to my house, and let there be all respect and gentleness shown him. It is the last we can do for him."

Oh, what obsequies! The next door neighbors hardly know what was going on; but Nicholas and the father and mother knew. Out of the Christian and beautiful home of the one brother is carried the dissolute brother. No word of blame uttered. No harsh thing said. On a bank of camelias is spelled out the word "Brother." Had the prodigal been true and pure and noble in life, and honorable in death, he could not have been carried forth with more tenderness, or slept in a more beautiful casket, or been deposited in a more beautiful garden of the dead. Amid the loose red turf the brothers who left the country for city life five years before now part forever. The last scene of *the fifth act of an awful tragedy* of human life is ended.

What made the difference between these two young men? Religion. The one depended on himself, the other depended on God. They started from the same home, had the same opportunities of education, arrived in the city on the same day, and if there is any difference, Edward had the advantage for he was brighter and quicker, and all the neighbors prophesied greater success for him than for Nicholas. But behold, and wonder at

THE TRUMPS SHOWN SO FAR.

Voices come up out of this audience and say, "Did you know these brothers?" "Yes, knew them well." "Did you know their parents?" "Yes, intimately." "What was the city, what the street, what the last names of these young men? You have excited our curiosity; now tell us all."

I will. Nothing in these characters is fictitious except the names. They are in every city, and in every street of every city, and in every country. Not two of them, but ten thousand. Aye, aye! Right before me to-day, and on either side of me, and above me, they sit and stand, the invulnerable through religious defence and the blasted of coy allurements. Those who shall have longevity in beautiful homes, and others who shall have early graves of infamy. And I am loser to-day in the name of Almighty God to give you the choice of the two characters, the two histories, the two experiences, the two destinies, the two worlds, the two eternities.

Standing with you at the forks of the road something makes me think that if to-day I set before the people the termini of the two roads, they will all of them take the right one. There are before me in this house, and in the invisible audience back of this—for journalism has generously given me every week full opportunity to address the people in all the towns and cities of Christendom—I say, in the visible and invisible audience, there are many who have not fully made up their minds

WHICH ROAD TO TAKE.

"Come with us!" cry all the voices of righteousness. "Come with us!" cry all the voices of sin.

Now, the trouble is that many make *disgraceful surrender*. As we all know, there is honorable and dignified surrender, as when a small host yields to superior numbers. It is no humiliation for a thousand men to yield to ten thousand. It is better than to keep on when there can be no result except that of massacre. But those who surrender to sin make a surrender when on their side they have enough reserve forces to rout all the armies of Perdition, whether led by what a demonic grape calls Belial, or Beelzebub, or Apollyon, or Abaddon, or Ariel.

We have talked so much the last few weeks about the

ABDICATION

of Alexander of Bulgaria, but what a paltry throne was that from which the unhappy king descended, compared with the abdication of that young man, or middle-aged man, or old man, who quits the throne of his opportunity and turns his back upon a heavenly crown, and tramps off into a remediless and everlasting exile! That is an abdication enough to shake a universe. In Persia they will not have a blind man on the throne, and when a reigning monarch is jealous of some ambitious relative, he has his eyes extinguished so that he cannot possibly ever come to crowning. And that suggests the difference between the way sin and divine grace takes hold of a man. The former blinds him so he may never reach a throne, while the latter illumines the blind that he may take coronation.

Why this sermon? I have made up my mind that our city life is destroying too many young men. There comes, in every September and October, a large influx of those between sixteen and twenty-four years of age, and *New York and Brooklyn damn at least a thousand of them every year.* They are shoveled off and down with no more compunction than that with which a coal-heaver scoops the anthracite into a dark cellar. What, with the wine-cup and the gambler's dice, and the scarlet enchantress, no man without the grace of God is safe ten minutes.

There is much discussion about which is

THE WORST CITY OF THE CONTINENT.

Some say New York, some say New Orleans, some say Chicago, some say St. Louis. What I have to say is, you cannot make much comparison between the infinities, and in all our cities the temptation seems infinite. We keep a great many mills running day and night. No rice mills or cotton mills. Not mills of corn or wheat, but mills for grinding up men. Such are all the groggeshops, licensed and unlicensed. Such are all the gambling saloons. Such are all the houses of infamy. And we do the work according to law, and we turn out a new grist every hour, and grind up warm hearts and clear heads; and the earth about a cider mill is not more saturated with the beverage than the ground about these mind-destroying institutions is saturated with the blood of victims.

We say to Long Island neighborhoods and villages, "Send us more supply;" and to Westchester and Ulster and all the other counties of New York, "Send us more men and women to put under the wheels." Give us full chance, and we could grind up in the municipal mill five hundred a day. We have enough machinery; we have enough men who can run them. Give us more homes to crush! Give us more parental hearts to pulverize! Put into the hopper the wardrobes and the family Bibles, and the livelihoods of wives and children. Give us more material for these mighty mills, which are wet with tears and sulphurous with woe, and trembling with the earthquakes of an incensed God, who will unless our cities repent, cover us up as quick and as deep as in August, of the year 79, Vesuvius avalanched Herculaneum.

Oh, man and woman, ponder the path of thy feet! See which way you are going. Will you have the destiny of Edward or Nicholas? On this sacramental day, when the burnished chalices stand in the presence of the people, start from the foot of the cross for usefulness and heaven. Plutarch tells us that after Cæsar was slain and his twenty-three wounds had been displayed to the people, arousing an uncontrollable excitement, and the body of the dead conqueror, according to custom had been put upon the funeral pile, and the flames arose, people rushed up, took from the blazing mass torches, with which they ran through the city, crying the glory of the assassinated ruler and the shame of his assassinators. On this sacramental day, when the five bleeding wounds of Christ, your king, are shown to you, and the fires of his earthly suffering blaze before your imagination, each one of you take a torch and start heavenward—a torch with light for yourself and light for others; for the rage that starts at the cross ends at the throne. While the twenty-three wounds of Cæsar wrought nothing but the consternation of the people, from the five wounds of our Conqueror flows a transforming power to make all the uncounted millions who will accept it, forever happy and forever free.

### How the Fates Sometime Lead Us.

A remarkable scene took place at the funeral of a young man named Frank Peachy, at San Francisco, a few days ago. The father of Frank, a man gray-bearded and bent with age, met face to face with his former wife—the mother—from whom he had been separated twenty-five years. The father resides at Los Angeles and the mother at Oakland. They have married again and have families. Their actions over the body of their boy were sad to behold. The father tenderly stroked the hair of his son and the mother kissed the lips. Both wept bitterly, but neither recognized the other. At the grave the old mother knelt down and prayed while the earth was being thrown over her son.

### How Long, Oh, How Long!

[State Chronicle.]

In the last Congress Judge Tryon, of Louisiana, made a reputation by his assaults on the Louisiana State Lottery, and his attempts to prevent its letters being transmitted through the mails. For this he deserved thanks and praise. He received—what? The lottery ring secured his defeat for a renomination. He is retired from public life because he had the courage of his convictions. There will come a change—"the old order changeth." Men of his stamp will yet receive just recognition, and gamblers and their aiders and abettors will yet feel the condemnation of an outraged, but long-suffering public.

### Western Campaign Thunder.

[Asheville Citizen.]

We dare Mr. Pearson to say that he will support Mr. Fox for the Senate; Mr. Lusk for Supreme Court; Mr. Cummings for Superior Court. We dare him to take a dare. We dare him to direct his editor to say in his two purchased columns of the *Advance*, that he supports either of the above.

### Correct Again, Bro. Kingsbury, as You Usually Are.

[Wilmington Star.]

Politicians who are unwilling to abide by the conventions when fairly held should get out. There is no place in the Democratic party for disorganizers and kickers. A chain is always stronger when the weak links are removed.

### Everything In Catawba is Sound.

[Newton Enterprise.]

N. L. Robinson (Hull) near Sherrill's Ford, has a nice sound pumpkin, that he put away in the fall of 1885. It shows no signs of decay. Is this not remarkable, especially when we remember that the past winter was one of the coldest ever experienced in this section.

### OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

**New Rules for the Civil Service—The President Carries Out His Recent Order—Financial and Personal Notes.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—The order prohibiting office-holders from participating in campaign labors, was deemed a dead letter by sundry officials. This afternoon they know better. The tenure of Mr. Delaney, a district attorney in Wisconsin, was cut short by the President's determination to do what he says he will do. Mr. District Attorney read the order and disobeyed it. Like the decapitated chicken in the backyard, he may flutter awhile, but he can't replace the head that was forfeited. There is a case or two in the collector of customs office, New Orleans. The President means business. Among the proposed changes in the civil service rules is one of very considerable importance. Heretofore there has been some complaint at the working of the local examining boards. Commissioner Oberly says, that the proposition to have the departmental board, in this city, examine all the papers and grade the applicants, is in the line of removing the charge of favoritism. Another change is for the convenience of those wishing to be examined. A schedule will be published, giving definite information as to times and places of holding the examination in every State. The commission seem determined to do everything in their power to advance the service, and as far as possible, oblige the persons to be examined. Chief Commissioner Edgerton denies that he intends to resign.

THE REPORT ON MORMON [illegible].

The annual report of [illegible] Commission, already transmitted to the Secretary of the Interior, says that the anti-polygamy law has been successfully executed. Nevertheless, the commission admit the undoubtable truth of the reports, that polygamous marriages have taken place in extreme points in the Territory. The joint resolution, now before Congress, proposing a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy anywhere within the jurisdiction of the United States, is spoken of as the only recommendation which the commission made as to future legislation.

DISPLEASED WITH GEN. [illegible] CAPTOR.

Gen. Miles, the [illegible] who captured Geronimo, [illegible] chirsty Apache, has made [illegible] of the affair, which does not please the authorities. They do not like his accepting the surrender of the band on conditions which spare the lives of the murderers. Some talk of a court martial unless a subsequent report explaining his disobedience of orders is indulged.

TREASURY TOPICS.

A thorough reorganization of the Treasury Department, under Assistant Secretary Thompson, is said to be imminent.

Treasurer Jordan will supply the one dollar silver certificates only in small quantities, as the demand is so considerable. After the supply of notes printed is adequate for the demand, due notice of which will be given, second applications will be received. To banks depositing one thousand dollars with the Assistant Treasurer at New York and forwarding his certificate of deposit, and paying expenses, will receive a thousand of the new one dollar certificates. The notes are printed at the rate of $80,000 a day. The general distribution began on Monday. The new two dollar silver certificates will not be ready for issue for two weeks.

According to a statement published by the Treasury Department, showing population, net revenue and expenditures for the last fiscal year, with the per capita of revenue and expenditure, we have in the country 58,420,000 souls and $335,439,727.00 net revenue, being a per capita of $5.76. This is a per capita of eight cents greater than 1885. The expenditures were $242,483,128, a per capita of $4.15, or twenty-four cents less than that for the previous year.

STATE SENATOR KING.

who is here, says that Mr. Reid will increase his majority in the 5th district, and that Guilford county will certainly be carried by the Democrats.

THE COLORED FOLKS' EXPOSITION.

Osborn Hunter, in a communication printed in a city paper, brings out the fact that North Carolina had the first colored exposition—a fact well known in the State, but forgotten if ever known, here. The fair now in operation is a decided success.

MR. LAMAR'S NEW RESIDENCE.

1315 N. Street, near Thomas Circle, is rented from a naval officer, an acquaintance of mine, Capt. Breese, of Illinois, who is now in command of the flagship Lancaster, on duty. The house is sumptuously furnished, and is a very elegant one. The Secretary has with him Miss Lamar, his daughter, and L. Q. C. Lamar, Jr., and the latter's wife and son.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR AND THE COLOR QUESTION.

Some interest is felt here in the problem working out at Richmond in the order of the Knights of Labor, the social equality of the two races. Very many people condemn the action of those "Knights" who go to the table and theater, and even sleep in the same bed with negroes. It is predicted that no such things can be done to any extent at the South. They ought not to be done, but ought not and will not are yet synonymous expressions.

POSTAL POINTS.

Alexandriana, Mecklenburg county, becomes Croft.

Postmasters commissioned: Clayton B. Moore, White's Store; Nancy S. Leonard, Kemp's Mills; James M. Holcomb, Longtown; Samuel S. Gibbs, Vandemere.

The only North Carolina office discontinued during the past week was Jordan, Wayne county. The mail goes to Bentonville.

PERSONALITIES.

District Attorney Busbee was here Tuesday on business.

Transferred from Bureau of Statistics to Third Auditor's Office, and promoted from $1,200 to $1,400 salary, Mr. J. W. Murphy, of Sampson, one of the new or merit system clerks. A first-class man.

Principal Ellsworth, of the Ellsworth School, Henderson, has received an appointment, under the civil service rules, in the Treasury Department. He arrived here last week.

Arrivals first half week: J. A. Long, J. S. Merritt, A. R. Fordham, Roxboro; ex-Judge W. T. Faircloth, Goldsboro; Rev. Robert Strange and bride (nee Miss Buford, of Virginia), Raleigh; Julius A. Gray, President Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad Company, Greensboro; Mrs. M. E. Russell, Wilmington; J. D. Withers, Statesville.

Arrivals since Sunday: Col. J. N. Staples, Greensboro; Col. E. H. Stith, Baltimore-Thomasville; Miss Cooper, Raleigh; Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Bryan, North Carolina; R. G. Ross, Wilmington; S. S. Nash, North Carolina; and last night four hundred excursionists from Greensboro, Rockville, Winston and other points. The latter stopped mainly at the National, Metropolitan and other down-town hotels. They took in the Federal city's sights, including the President to-day, and started home at 8 o'clock to-night.

### Killed by a Reporter.

[Messenger.]

A fatal shooting affairy occurred at New Orleans, September 26th, as the result of the Democratic Congressional primaries. The *Item*, commenting upon the election, declared that in the Eighth Ward the police had interfered in behalf of the Baker faction and bulldozed and roughly handled the citizens. The article was written by Frank Walters, a reporter for that newspaper. The day after the article appeared, Walters was riding home to dinner, in company with Warren Easton, Superintendent of Public Education, when he was hailed by Joseph Baker, leader of the winning faction. He stepped from the street car and approached Baker, who was standing with the Chief of Police. Baker pulled out a copy of the *Item*, and asked Walters if he had written the article reflecting on him. When Walters said "yes," Baker cursed him. Walters replied by striking him and both men went for their weapons. Baker had his out first, and fired twice before Walters could unbutton his coat. Several shots were fired before the police interfered and arrested the two men.

When asked if he was hurt, Baker replied "no," and the next minute he fell to the ground. An examination showed that he was fatally wounded, the ball passing through the abdomen. He died soon after. Baker was a leading politician and had been the boss of his ward for years. He was State Assessor at the time of his death, and had been Superintendent of Streets and had held various other offices during the last twelve years.

### We Claim the Credit is Due the Democratic Party.

The Wilmington *Review* says: "In a recent issue we gave the quotations of sales of North Carolina securities in New York as reported in *Bradstreet's*, which is authority in such matters. In that issue North Carolina 6 per cents were quoted at 130, and a perusal of the report shows that those figures are higher than those at which any other securities were sold in the entire list. Twelve States beside the District of Columbia were represented in the securities sold, and it is a cheering fact that the "Old North State" stood at the head of the list, so far as values were concerned.

### We Warmly Endorse What the Chronicle Says.

[State Chronicle.]

Mrs. Col. F. A. Olds is devoting all her energies towards making the Shotwell Memorial Bazaar at the coming State Fair a great success. There are hundreds of subscribers of the *Chronicle* who were warm personal friends and great admirers of Capt. Shotwell. Every lady who reads this paper ought to send some article of her own make to be sold during the Fair. The proceeds go to the Memorial Fund, and we sincerely hope that Mrs. Olds and the other ladies who have the matter in hand will be nobly seconded by the women throughout the State who appreciated the lamentable Shotwell.

### Well Said.

Our cotemporary, the Wilmington *Review*, well says: "We call it civil service humbug—and such it really is—and if we would only stop there we would do well. But when Democrats go so far as to abuse President Cleveland for not "turning the rascals out" then they are going back on themselves as well as the President. There was scarcely a Democratic paper in the country, before the election, that did not call for civil service reform and this was one of the cardinal principles of the campaign. Therefore, in going back upon the President we go back upon ourselves."

### PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Franz Adam, the historical painter of Munich, is dead.

Marquis Capel is mixed up in a San Francisco scandal.

Hon. S. J. Randall has been renominated for Congress.

Ex-State Senator J. Henry Stone, of New Jersey, died at Rahway.

Dr. Dix was elected President of the Episcopal convention at Chicago.

James Brayly, the famous Fenian, died in the work-house at Liverpool.

The Democrats of Massachusetts nominated John F. Andrew for Governor.

President Cleveland has sent a letter and $20 to the Confederate Home at Charleston, S. C.

Joseph Baker, the New Orleans political boss, shot on Sunday, has died in the hospital.

Commissioner Colman is making extensive experiments in silk culture with native cocoons.

Edward S. Cleveland has been nominated for the governorship by the Democrats of Connecticut.

J. Edward Simmons is being "boomed" in New York as the Businessman's candidate for mayor.

Mr. Walker Baine, it is said, will not marry the daughter of the editor of the Chicago *Tribune* as was reported.

William G. Allen, of South Carolina, has been appointed United States consul at Piedras Negras, Mexico.

James W. Sykes, seed merchant of Chicago, has been arrested, charged with swindling the banks out of $10,000.

General Miles is threatened with court martial in connection with his capture of the notorious Indian bandit Geronimo.

Eph Morris, a reformed gambler, was mobbed at Burlington, Ia., by saloon keepers for his work against their business.

Solomon P. Chase's remains will be removed from Washington to Columbus, Ohio, on the 13th, for final interment.

The funeral of Joseph Neal, uncle of President Cleveland, took place at Baltimore September 30th. The President did not attend.

John G. Carlisle was renominated for Congress by acclamation Tuesday in the Sixth Kentucky District Convention at Newport, Ky.

Prof. E. E. Barnard, of Vanderbilt University, has discovered what was supposed to be a comet. It is pretty bright and moving northeast.

Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, is accredited as the most imposing personage in the Protestant Episcopal convention now being held in Chicago.

Hon. E. B. Washburn, of Minnesota, thinks the people of his State do more traveling around the country than those of any other district of the country.

Peter S. Goodman, of Lancaster, Pa., chairman of the Prohibition party's State committee, has resigned and George M. Lefevre, of Strasburg, was chosen in his place.

Representative Arnot, of New York, and Senator Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, are reported as being seriously ill and not likely to be able to attend the session this winter.

Secretary Manning will resume his work at the treasury department next week. His friends fear he is not strong enough for the work, but he feels he has been idle too long.

Attorney General Garland has returned to his duties. Like the old Roman that he is he little heeds newspaper attacks and scandal mongers' comments. He will not resign.

"Sunset Cox" has been mentioned as a probable candidate for Mayor of New York. The Democrats are hesitating, and Mayor Grace may be taken up by them at the last moment.

George Bancroft, the historian, was tendered a reception at Newport, on October 4th, it being his 86th birthday. His has been a long and useful life. He has for a very long time been blind.

Anna Dickinson has been passing the summer at West Pittston, Pa., with her mother and sister. Her health is nearly restored and she expects soon to engage in some literary or artistic work.

General Miles, the gallant Indian fighter, is just now waiting to find out whether he is to be treated to a court-martial. From some quarters there are complaints as to his action in the Geronimo matter.

Theodora C. Tracy, late United States Internal Revenue Agent in Kentucky and Tennessee, who registered at the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, September 29, was found dead in his bed at 6:30 o'clock the next night, he evidently having expired from an attack of apoplexy.

Orlando B. Potter has been nominated by the committee of one hundred, and J. Edward Simmons by the business men for Mayor of New York. Mr. George's nomination has confused everything and nobody seems to know what to do.

Henry George, at a large meeting at Cooper Union Hall, New York City, formally accepted the nomination tendered him by the workingmen of New York. One of the attractions of the evening was the immense roll of paper upon which 3,400 men had enrolled their names pledging themselves to vote and work for Mr. George.