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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1889.

NO. 45.

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Notice to Creditors.  
Having qualified as an administrator on  
the estate of Joseph Beaver, dec'd, all  
persons having claims against the estate  
of said Beaver are hereby notified to pre-  
sent the same to the undersigned on or  
before the 21 day of August, 1889, or this  
notice will be placed in bar of their re-  
covery.

THE 20th day of July, 1889.  
E. A. BEAVER, Adm'r.

Having qualified as an administrator on  
the estate of Joseph Beaver, dec'd, all  
persons having claims against the estate  
of said Beaver are hereby notified to pre-  
sent the same to the undersigned on or  
before the 21 day of August, 1889, or this  
notice will be placed in bar of their re-  
covery.



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Suffr by return mail, as one of my customers  
is taking B. B. B. for catarrh, and wants a box  
of the same. I have sold B. B. B. to dozens in  
the past 10 weeks, and it gives good satisfac-  
tion. I do not tremble at right for such write me.  
Yours,  
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A lady friend of mine has for several years  
been troubled with bumps and pimples on her  
face and neck, for which she used various cos-  
metics in order to remove them, and though  
improved her complexion, but these local  
applications were only temporary and left her  
skin in a worse condition.  
I recommend an internal preparation—  
known as Botanic Blood Balm—which I have  
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her general health much improved. She ex-  
presses herself much gratified, and can recom-  
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**NORTH CAROLINA IN THE SUPERIOR  
ROWAN COUNTY COURT.**  
Reuben J. Holmes, John S. Henderson  
and Eliza A. Holmes, Plaintiffs,  
Against  
Holmes W. Reid, Nancy J. Thayer and  
her husband J. H. Thayer, W. A. Reid, L.  
E. Reid, Minnie Harris, R. Jones Reid,  
Jesse Skeen, Priscilla S. Floyd, Jesse C.  
Smith, Elizabeth P. Pearce and her hus-  
band John Pearce, Nannie C. Sexton and  
her husband John T. Sexton, Macey M.  
Skeen, John C. Skeen, Charity L. Skeen,  
Mary Bean and her husband Moses L.  
Bean, Defendants.

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moderate. For catalogues address  
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**Fahrenheit.**  
One warm and pleasant summer eve  
We sat beneath a tree,  
And she, the silence to relieve,  
This riddle asked of me:  
"If thirty-two," she shyly said,  
"Is freezing point, do try  
To tell me what"—she hung her head—  
"Is squeezing point?" asked I.  
She bowed assent, my arm passed 'round  
That pretty little maid:  
"I think," I said, "the answer's found:  
It must be two in the shade."

**The Curse of the Nation.**  
DR. TALMAGE, IN HIS SERMON,  
SAYS IT IS DRUNKENNESS.

HIS TEXT IS KINGS X, 10: "WHO SLEW  
ALL THESE?"—A MORE FEARFUL MAS-  
SACRE IS NOW GOING ON, HE SAYS,  
THAN IN THE OLD DAYS.

HELENA, M. T., Aug. 11.—The Rev.  
T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached  
here to-day to a vast congregation.  
Taking for his text, "Who slew all  
these?" II King x, 10, he preached a  
powerful discourse on "Drunkenness  
the Nation's Curse." He said:  
I see a long row of baskets coming  
up toward the palace of King Jehu.  
I am somewhat inquisitive to find out  
what are in those baskets. I look in  
and find the gory heads of seventy  
slain princes. As the baskets arrive at  
the gate of the palace, the heads are  
thrown into two heaps, one on either  
side of the gate. In the morning the  
king comes out, and looks upon the  
bleeding, ghastly heads of the massac-  
red princes. Looking on either side  
the gate, he cries out with a ringing  
emphasis, "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see a  
more fearful massacre. There is no use  
of my taking your time in trying to give  
you statistics about the devastation and  
the death which strong drink hath  
wrought in this country. Statistics do  
not seem to mean anything. We are  
so hardened under these statistics that  
the fact that fifty thousand more men  
are slain or fifty thousand less men are  
slain, seems to make no positive im-  
pression on the public mind. Suffice  
it to say that intemperance has slain  
an innumerable company of princes—  
the children of God's royal family; and  
at the gate of every neighborhood there  
are two heaps of the slain; and at the  
door of every household there are two  
heaps of the slain; and at the door of  
the university there are two heaps of  
the slain; and at the gate of this nation  
there are two heaps of the slain. When  
I look upon the desolation I am almost  
frantic with the scene, while I cry out,  
"Who slew all these?" I can answer  
that question in half a minute. The  
ministers of God who have given no  
warning, the courts of law that have  
offered the license, the women who  
give strong drink on New Year's day,  
the father and the mother who have  
rum on the side-board, the hundreds of  
thousands of Christian men and wo-  
men in the land who are stolid in their  
indifference on this subject—they slew  
all these!

**THE SORROWS AND THE DOOM OF THE  
DRUNKARD.**  
I propose in this discourse to tell  
you what I think are the sorrows and  
the doom of the drunkard, so that you  
to whom I speak may not come to the  
torment.  
Some one says: "You had better let  
those subjects alone." Why, my brother,  
we would be glad to let them alone  
if they would let us alone; but when I  
have in my pocket now four requests  
saying, "Pray for my husband, pray  
for my son, pray for my brother, pray  
for my friend, who is the captive of  
strong drink," I reply, we are ready to  
let that question alone when it is wil-  
ling to let us alone; but when it stands  
blocking up the way of heaven, and keep-  
ing multitudes away from Christ and  
heaven, I dare not be silent lest the  
Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept  
back very much by the merriest  
people make over those slain by strong  
drink. I used to be very merry over  
these things, having a keen sense of the  
ludicrous. There was something very  
grotesque in the gait of a drunkard.  
It is not so now; for I saw in one of  
the streets of Philadelphia a sight that  
changed the whole subject to me.  
There was a young man being led  
home. He was very much intoxica-  
ted—he was raving with intoxica-  
tion. Two young men were leading  
him along. The boys hooted in the  
street, men laughed, women sneered;  
but I happened to be very near the  
door where he went in—it was the  
door of his father's house. I saw him  
go up stairs. I heard him shouting,  
hooting and blaspheming. He had  
lost his hat, and the merriest increas-  
ed with the mob until he came to the  
door, and as the door was opened his  
mother came out. When I heard her  
cry, that took all the comedy away  
from the scene. Since that time when  
I see a man walking through the  
street, reeling, the comedy is all gone,  
and it is a tragedy of tears and groans  
and heartbreaks. Never make any  
fun around me about the grotesqueness  
of a drunkard. Alas for his home!

**HIS GOOD NAME MELTS AWAY.**  
The first suffering of the drunkard  
is the loss of his good name. God has

so arranged it that no man ever loses  
his good name except by his own act.  
All the hatred of men and all the as-  
saults of devils cannot destroy a man's  
good name, if he really maintains his  
integrity. If a man is industrious and  
pure and Christian, God looks after  
him. Although he may be bombarded  
for twenty or thirty years, his integri-  
ty is never lost and his good name is  
never sacrificed. No force on earth or  
in hell could capture such a Gibraltar.  
But when it is said of a man, "He  
drinks," and it can be proved, then  
what employer wants him for a work-  
man? what store wants him for a mem-  
ber? who will appoint him his execu-  
tor? He may have been forty  
years in building up his reputation—it  
goes down. Letters of recommenda-  
tion, the backing up of business firms,  
a brilliant ancestry cannot save him.  
The world shies off. Why? It is  
whispered all through the community  
"He drinks; he drinks." That blasts  
him. When a man loses his reputa-  
tion for sobriety, he might as well be  
at the bottom of the sea. There are  
men here who have their good name  
as their only capital. You are now  
achieving your own livelihood, under  
God, by your own right arm. Now  
look out that there is no doubt of your  
sobriety. Do not create any suspicion  
by going in and out of immoral  
places, or by any odor of your bath,  
or by any glare of your eye, or by any  
unnatural flush of your cheek. You  
cannot afford to do it, for your good  
name is your only capital, and when  
that is blasted with the reputation of  
taking strong drink, all is gone.

**HE RESPECTS HIMSELF NO MORE.**  
Another loss which the inebriate  
suffers is that of self-respect. Just as  
soon as a man wakes up and finds that  
he is the captive of strong drink he  
feels demeaned. I do not care how  
reckless he acts. He may say, "I  
don't care," he does care. He cannot  
look a pure man in the eye, unless it is  
with positive force of resolution.  
The self-respect of his nature is destroy-  
ed; his self-respect is gone; he says  
things he would not otherwise do.  
When a man is nine-tenths gone with  
strong drink, the first thing he wants  
to do is to persuade you that he can  
stop any time he wants to. He cannot.  
The Philistines have found him hand  
and foot, and shorn his locks, and put  
out his eyes, and are making him grind  
in the mill of a great horror. He can-  
not stop. I will prove it. He knows  
his course is bringing disgrace and ruin  
upon himself. He loves himself. If  
he could stop he would. He knows  
his course is bringing ruin upon his  
family. He loves them. He would  
stop if he could. He cannot. Per-  
haps he could three months or a year  
ago; not now. Just ask him to stop  
for a month. He cannot; he knows  
he cannot, so he does not try. I had  
a friend who for fifteen years was  
going down under this evil habit. He  
had large means. He had given thou-  
sands of dollars to Bible societies and  
reformatory institutions of all sorts.  
He was very genial and very generous  
and very lovable, and whenever he talk-  
ed about this evil habit he would say,  
"I can stop any time." But he kept  
going on, going on, down, down, down,  
down. His family would say, "I wish  
you would stop." "Why," he would  
reply, "I can stop any time if I  
want to." After awhile he had delir-  
ium tremens; he had it twice; and  
yet after that he said, "I could stop  
any time if I wanted to." He is dead  
now. What killed him? Rum! Rum!  
And yet among his last utterances was,  
"I can stop at any time." He did not  
stop it because he could not. Oh,  
there is a point in inebriation beyond  
which, if a man goes, he cannot stop!

**THE TERRIBLE CRAVE FOR DRINK.**  
One of these victims said to a Chris-  
tian man, "Sir, if I were told that I  
couldn't get a drink until to-morrow  
night unless I had all my fingers cut  
off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet  
and cut them off.'" I have a dear  
friend in Philadelphia, whose nephew  
came to him one day, and when he was  
exhausted about his evil habit, said,  
"Uncle, I can't give it up. If there  
stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and  
a glass of wine sat on the mouth of  
that cannon, and I knew that you  
would fire it off just as I came up and  
took the glass, I would start, for I  
must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing  
for a man to wake up in his life and  
feel that he is a captive. He says: "I  
could have got rid of this once, but  
I can't now. I might have lived an  
honorable life and died a Christian  
death; but there is no hope for me now;  
there is no escape for me. Dead, but  
not buried. I am a walking corpse.  
I am an apparition of what I once was,  
I am a caged immortal, beating against  
the wires of my cage in this direction  
and in that direction, beating against  
the cage until there is blood on the  
wires and blood upon my soul, yet not  
able to get out. Destroyed, without  
remedy!"

I go further and say that the inebri-  
ate suffers from the loss of his useful-  
ness. Do you not recognize the fact  
that many of those who are now cap-  
tive of strong drink only a little while  
ago were foremost in the churches and  
in reformatory institutions? Do you  
not know that sometimes they knelt in  
the family circle? Do you not know

that they prayed in public, and some  
of them carried around the holy wine  
on sacramental days? Oh, yes, they  
stood in the very front rank, but they  
gradually fell away. And now what  
do you suppose is the feeling of such a  
man as that, when he thinks of his dis-  
honored vows and the dishonored sacra-  
ment—when he thinks of what he  
might have been and of what he is  
now? Do such men laugh and seem  
very merry? Ah, there is, down in  
the depths of their soul, a very heavy  
weight. Do not wonder that they  
sometimes see strange things, and act  
very roughly in the household. You  
would not blame them at all if you  
knew what they suffer. Do not tell  
such as that that there is no future  
punishment. There is no such place as  
hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

**THEIR HEALTH GOES TOO.**  
I go on, and say that the inebriate  
suffers from the loss of physical health.  
The older man in the congregation  
may remember that some years ago  
Dr. Sewell went through this country  
and electrified the people by his lec-  
tures, in which he showed the effects  
of alcohol on the human stomach. He  
had seven or eight diagrams by which  
he showed the devastation of strong  
drink upon the physical system. There  
were thousands of people that turned  
back from that ulcerous sketch swear-  
ing eternal abstinence from everything  
that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard  
suffers. Pain filled on every nerve,  
and travels every muscle, and gnaws  
every bone, and burns with every  
flame, and stings with every poison,  
and pulls at him with every torture.  
What reptiles crawl over his creeping  
limbs! What fiends stand by his mid-  
night pillow! What groans tear his  
ear! What horrors shiver through  
his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of  
the Inquisition, talk of the funeral  
pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—  
he feels them all at once. Have  
you ever been in the ward of the hos-  
pital where these inebriates are dying,  
the stench of their wounds driving  
back the attendants, their voices  
sounding through the night? The  
keeper comes up and says, "Hush,  
now be still. Stop making all this  
noise!" But it is effectual only for  
a moment, for as soon as the keeper  
is gone, they begin again. "Oh  
God! Oh, God! Help! Help! Rum!  
Give me rum! Help! Take them off  
me! Take them off me! Take them  
off me! Oh G d!" And then they  
shriek, and they rave, and they pluck  
out their hair by handfuls, and bite  
their nails to the quick, and they blas-  
pheme, and they ask the keepers to  
kill them. "Stab me, smother me,  
strangle me. Take the devils off me!"  
Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing  
is going on in hospitals, aye, it is go-  
ing on in some of the finest residents  
of every neighborhood on this conti-  
nent. It went on last night while  
you slept, and I tell you further that  
this is going to be the death of that  
of you will die. I know it. I see it  
coming.

**HIS HOME IS RUINED.**  
Again: the inebriate suffers through  
the loss of his home. I do not care  
how much he loves his wife and chil-  
dren, if this passion for strong drink  
has mastered him, he will do the most  
outrageous things, and if he could  
not get drunk in any other way he  
would sell his family into eternal  
bondage. How many homes have  
been broken up in that way, no one  
but God knows.

Oh, is there anything that will so  
destroy a man for life and damn him  
for the life that is to come? I hate  
that strong drink. With all the con-  
centrated energies of my soul, I hate  
it. Do you tell me that a man can be  
happy when he knows that he is break-  
ing his wife's heart and clothing his  
children with rags? Why they are  
on the streets of our cities to-day little  
children, barefooted, uncombed and  
unkempt, want on every path on their  
faded dress and on every wrinkle of  
their prematurely old countenances,  
who would have been in churches to-  
day, and as well clad as you are, but  
for the fact that rum destroyed their  
parents and drove them into the grave.  
Oh, rum! thou foe of God, thou de-  
stroyer of homes, thou recruiting officer  
of the pit, I abhor thee!

**WORST OF ALL, HIS SOUL IS LOST.**  
But my subject takes a deeper tone  
and that is, that the inebriate is a suffer-  
er from the loss of the soul. The Bible  
intimates that in the future world,  
if we are unforgiven here, our bad pas-  
sions are appetites, unrestrained, will  
go along with us and make our tor-  
ment there. So that I suppose when  
an inebriate wakes up in this lost world  
he will feel an infinite thirst clawing  
on him. Now, down in the world,  
although he may have been very poor,  
he could beg or he could steal five  
cents with which to get that which  
would slake his thirst for a little  
while; but in eternity, where is the  
rum to come from? Dives could not  
get one drop of water. From what  
chalice of eternal fires will the lips  
of the drunkard drain his draught?  
No one to brew it. No one to fetch it.  
No one to pour it. No one to fetch it.  
Millions of worlds men for the drug—  
which the young in just now slung

on the saw dusted floor of the restau-  
rant. Millions of worlds now for the  
rind thrown out from the punch bowl  
of an earthly banquet. Dives cried  
for water. The inebriate cries for  
rum. Oh, the deep exhausting, exasper-  
ating, ever lasting thirst of the  
drunkard in hell. Why, if a fiend  
came up to earth for some infernal  
work in a grog shop, and should go  
back taking on his wink just one drop  
of that for which the inebriate in the  
lost world longs, what excitement  
would it make there. Put that one drop  
from off the fiend's wing on the tip  
of the tongue of the destroyed inebri-  
ate, let the liquid brightness just touch  
it, let the drop be very small if it only  
have in it the smack of alcoholic drink,  
let that drop just touch the lost inebri-  
ate in the lost world, and he would  
spring to his feet and cry: "That is  
rum! that is rum!" and it would  
wake up the echoes of the damned;  
Give me rum! Give me rum! Give  
me rum! In the future world, I do  
not believe that it will be the absence  
of God that will make the drunkard's  
sorrow; I do not believe that it will be  
the absence of the holiness; I think  
it will be the absence of strong drink.  
Oh! look not upon the wine when it  
is red, when it moveth itself aright in  
the cup, for at the last, it itself like a  
serpent and stingeth like an adder."

**A WORD TO THE VICTIMS.**  
But I want in conclusion to say one  
thing personal, for I do not like a  
sermon that has no personalities in it.  
Perhaps this has not had that fault  
already. I want to say to those who  
are the victims of strong drink, that  
while I declare that there was a point  
beyond which a man could not stop, I  
want to tell you that while a man can-  
not stop in his own strength, the Lord  
God, by his grace can help him to stop  
at any time. Years ago I was in a  
room in New York where there were  
many men who had been reclaimed  
from drunkenness. I heard their testi-  
mony, and for the first time in my  
life there flashed out a truth I never  
understood. They said: "We were  
victims of strong drink. We tried to  
give it up, but always failed; but  
somehow since we gave our hearts to  
Christ, he has taken care of us." I  
believe that the time will soon come  
when the grace of God will show its  
power here not only to save man's soul,  
but his body, and reconstruct, purify,  
elevate and redeem it. I verily believe  
that, although you feel grasping at  
the roots of your tongues an almost  
omnipotent thirst, if you will this  
moment give your heart to God he will  
help you, by his grace, to conquer.  
Try it. It is your last chance. I  
have looked off upon the desolation  
Sitting under my ministry there are  
people in awful peril from strong  
drink, and judging from ordinary cir-  
cumstances, there is not one chance in  
five thousand that they will get clear  
of it. I see men in this congregation  
of whom I must make the remark that,  
if they do not change their course,  
within ten years they will, as to their  
bodies, lie down in drunkard's graves;  
and as to their souls, lie down in  
drunkard's perdition. I know that it  
is an awful thing to say, but I cannot  
help saying it. Oh, beware! You  
have not yet been captured. Beware.  
As ye open the door of your wise coun-  
sel, may that deceiver flash on you  
upon you. Beware! and when you  
pour the beverage into the glass, in the  
foam at the top, in white letters, let  
there be spelled out to your soul,  
"Beware!" When the books of judg-  
ment are open, and ten million drunk-  
ards come up to get their doom, I want  
you to bear witness that I to-day, in  
the fear of God, and in the love for  
your soul, told you with all affection,  
and with all kindness, to beware of  
that which has already exerted its in-  
fluence upon your family, blowing out  
some of its lights—a premonition of  
the blackness of darkness forever.  
Oh, if you could only hear this mo-  
ment, and with all already exerted its in-  
fluence upon your family, blowing out  
some of its lights—a premonition of  
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**Progress of the South.**  
It is fairly astonishing what pro-  
gress has been made in the South in  
the building of factories of machine  
shops of all kinds since the war. But  
not to go beyond the census reports of  
1880, a comparison with these existing  
evidences of progress, reveals an as-  
tonishing increase. The Manufac-  
turers' Record makes a business of hunt-  
ing up and publishing all the facts re-  
lating to the march of progress in the  
South, giving names of persons firms  
and companies, where located, and  
what they have done, what they have  
got, and what they are doing and pro-  
pose to do. The Record of the 10th  
instant has an exhaustive article on  
"The South's Cotton Mills"—the  
number in each State with the number  
of spindles and looms in each factory.  
But we quote from the Record itself  
the following:

Number of Cotton Mills, Spindles & Looms  
in the South July 31, 1880, compiled by the  
Manufacturers' Record, compared with the  
number on Aug 31, 1880, as given in the  
United States Census Reports:

State	July 31, 1880	Aug 31, 1880
Alabama	1,400	1,400
Arkansas	13,900	2,414
Florida	45,908	10,246
Georgia	60,386	61,554
Kentucky	40,386	1,554
Louisiana	175,642	3,588
Maryland	69,396	2,004
Mississippi	386,847	7,881
N. Carolina	417,790	10,687
Tennessee	126,324	2,478
Virginia	59,689	2,764
Total	2,055,298	45,001

These figures show that the number  
of mills now in the South as compared  
with 1880 has doubled, while the  
number of spindles and looms has more  
than trebled, the tendency being to  
build mills of greater capacity than  
formerly. From 161 mills, having  
607,854 spindles and 14,323 looms in  
1880 this industry has increased until  
there are now 355 mills with 2,055,298  
spindles and 45,001 looms in the South.  
As remarkable as is this increase, these  
figures really do not fully represent the  
development of this business, for they  
do not include the spindles and looms  
of many new mills now under con-  
struction, and others upon which work  
will shortly begin. Many of these  
mills are mentioned in this list, and in  
some cases the number of proposed  
spindles is also given, but neither the  
mills nor spindles are included in the  
totals, except in a few cases, and these  
are mostly where the mills are nearly  
ready to go into operation, or soon will  
be. A very low estimate for the in-  
crease in the number of spindles to go  
into the mills now building and those  
proposed, and into old mills, during the  
next twelve or fifteen months would be  
300,000. During the last twelve a  
greater number than this were put in,  
but there were special conditions, such  
as the doubling of the capacity of  
about a dozen of the largest mills in  
the South, and unusual activity in  
building mills, due to fine profits in  
the business. At present not so many  
large mills are preparing to increase  
their capacity, though quite a number  
are doing so, and there is a temporary  
leprossion, due to the overproduction  
of course goods, that will for a while  
lessen the activity in mill building.

In fact, this industry has reached a  
point where a change in the character  
of goods produced must be made, and  
this, in all probability, will necessitate  
a slower growth for the next twelve  
months.

**Head—Heart—Hand.**  
Every boy should have his head, his  
heart and his hand educated. Let this  
truth never be forgotten.  
By the proper education of the  
head, he will be taught what is good  
and what is evil, what is wise and  
what is foolish, what is right and what  
is wrong.  
By the proper education of the heart,  
he will be taught to love what is good,  
wise and right, and to hate what is evil,  
foolish and wrong.  
By the proper education of the hand,  
he will be enabled to supply his  
wants, to add to his comforts, and to  
assist.

The highest objects of a good edu-  
cation, are to reverence and obey God,  
and to love and serve mankind.  
Everything that helps us in attaining  
these objects is of great value; and  
everything that hinders us is compar-  
atively worthless. When wisdom reigns  
in the head, and love in the heart, the  
man is ever ready to do good; and if  
his executive ability be equal to his  
enlightened sentiments, order and peace  
reign, and failure and suffering are  
almost unknown.

A correspondent wants to know how to  
remove paint. Sit on it and then get up.

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remove paint. Sit on it and then get up.