

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.—THIRD SERIES.

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

NO. 45.

CRAIG & CLEMENT,
Attorneys at Law
SALISBURY, N. C.

J. C. McCUBBINS,
Dentist
SALISBURY, N. C.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

The next session begins Sept. 5, 1889.
Thorough instruction is offered in Literature, Science, Philosophy and Law. Tuition—\$20 per session. For Catalogue, address—HON. KEMP P. BATTLE, Chapel Hill, N. C.

P. H. THOMPSON & CO.
MANUFACTURERS,
Sash, Doors, Blinds, STAIR WORK
Scroll Sawing, Wood Turning,
BRACKET, & C.,
AND CASTING OF ALL KINDS
—ALSO—
Steam Engines and Boilers, Steam and Water Pipe,
Steam Fittings, Shafting, Pulley Hangers,
Machinery of all kinds repaired on SHORT NOTICE.

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

THE 29th day of July, 1889.
E. A. BEAVER, Adminr.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN, Tenn., March 29, 1887.
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 remedies in order to remove them, but to no avail. I recommended an internal preparation—now known as Botanic Balm—which I have been using and selling about two years; she used three bottles and nearly all pimples have disappeared, her skin is soft and smooth, and her general health much improved. She expresses herself much gratified, and I can recommend it to all who are so afflicted.

It Removed the Pimples.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN, Tenn., March 29, 1887.

A BOOK OF WONDERS, FREE.
All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Rheumatism, Sciatica and Sciatic Neuralgia, Headache, Stomach, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free of charge, a new 32-page illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever given of the power of the human mind.

For sale by J. N. H. ENNIS, Druggist.

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvelously strong, and wholesome. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the adulterated low test, short weight, alum and phosphate powders. Sold only in pure. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

For sale by Bingham & Co., Young & Bingham, and N. P. Murphy.

B. B. B.
Almost everybody wants a "Spring Tonic." Here is a simple-to-take, which shows how B. B. B. is regarded. It will knock your malaria out and restore your appetite.

Spreads for a Spring Tonic.
ARLINGTON, Ga., June 30, 1888.
I suffered with malarial blood poison more or less all the time, and the only medicine that did me any good was B. B. B. It is undoubtedly the best blood medicine made, and for this malarial country should be used by every one in the spring of the year, and is good in summer, fall and winter as a tonic and blood purifier.

Gives Better Satisfaction.
CABIZ, Ky., July 6, 1887.
Please send me one box Balm Catarrh. I have been using it for several years, and it has done me more good than any other medicine I have ever used. I have sold it to dozens in the past few weeks, and it gives good satisfaction. I do not regret it right for my wife and me. Yours, W. H. BRANSON.

It Removed the Pimples.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN, Tenn., March 29, 1887.

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 remedies in order to remove them, but to no avail. I recommended an internal preparation—now known as Botanic Balm—which I have been using and selling about two years; she used three bottles and nearly all pimples have disappeared, her skin is soft and smooth, and her general health much improved. She expresses herself much gratified, and I can recommend it to all who are so afflicted.

A BOOK OF WONDERS, FREE.
All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Rheumatism, Sciatica and Sciatic Neuralgia, Headache, Stomach, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free of charge, a new 32-page illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever given of the power of the human mind.

For sale by J. N. H. ENNIS, Druggist.

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

WADSWORTH
OIL MFG CO.
PRESIDENT,
SALISBURY, N. C.
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN
SPECIALTY: FORMS AN

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 MASSACRE 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 Kings 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 massacred princes. Looking on either side of 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 impression 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 sideboard, the hundreds of thousands of Christians men and women 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 brethren, 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 willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way of heaven and keeping 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 meretricious 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 intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. 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 meretricious increased 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 prosequency of a drunkard. Alas for his home!

HIS GOOD NAME SELLS 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 assaults 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 integrity 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 workman? what store wants him for a member? who will trust him? what dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, 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 reputation 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 breath, 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 fourth of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does 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 bound 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 cannot 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. Perhaps 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 thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial and very generous and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, 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 delirium 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 any time." He did not stop. He is a case.

THE TERRIBLE CRAVE FOR DRINK.
One of these victims said to a Christian 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 exhorted 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 inebriate suffers from the loss of his usefulness. Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captive 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 dishonored vows and the dishonored sacrament—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 a man that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him 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 lectures, 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 swearing 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 midnight pillow! What groans tear his ears! 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 hospital 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! Oh! Oh! And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pick out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and they blaspheme, 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 going on in some of the finest residents of every neighborhood on this continent. It went on last night while you slept, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some 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 children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things, and if he could not get drink 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 concentrated energies of my soul, I hate it. Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? Why are they 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 despoiler 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 sufferer from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions are appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment 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 little white; 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 mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the drunkard which the young men in just now slung

on the saw dusted floor of the restaurant. 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, exasperating, 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 its 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 inebriate, 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 inebriate 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 biteth 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 cannot 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 testimony, 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 grappling 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 circumstances, 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 drunkards' graves; and as to their souls, lie down in drunkards' 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 wine closet to-day, may that deceiver flash on 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 judgment are open, and ten million drunkards 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 influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only hear this moment. Intemperance, with drunkards' bones, drumming on the heart of the wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methink the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip, and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God, that rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted health of a drunkard's sepulcher?

The Durham Sun puts it pungently when he says, "One of the heaviest things on earth is a sheet of paper after it has been transformed into a farm mortgage. It always takes a strong man and his family several years to lift it, and often it can't be lifted at all."

"There is no difference what ever between the two political parties," remarked Brown. "They are both agreed on wanting the spoils." "But don't you know," returned Smith, "that that causes their greatest difference."

Progress of the South.

It is fairly astonishing what progress 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 astonishing increase. The Manufacturers' Record makes a business of hunting up and publishing all the facts relating 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 propose 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, 1889, compiled by the Manufacturers' Record, compared with the number on May 31, 1880, as given in the United States Census Reports:

State.	No. of Mills.	No. of Spindles.	No. of Looms.	May 31, 1880.	July 31, 1889.
Alabama	21	13,900	2,414	16	49,482
Arkansas	7	1,400	224	2	2,016
Florida	78	455,908	10,246	40	168,696
Georgia	12	60,386	1,554	6	12,000
Kentucky	6	40,386	1,554	3	12,000
Louisiana	25	175,642	8,586	13	125,708
Mississippi	11	69,396	2,884	8	18,688
N. Carolina	111	386,877	7,851	49	123,384
N. Carolina	111	417,790	10,687	16	52,394
Tennessee	31	126,324	2,478	16	57,736
Texas	8	50,689	2,774	2	4,496
Virginia	14	36,889	2,774	2	4,496
Total	355	2,055,298	45,001	161	617,574

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 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 construction, 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 increase in the number of spindles to go into the mills now building and those projected, 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 depression, due to the overproduction of coarse 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 education 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 comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head, and love in the heart, and 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.

HOME COMPANY,
SEEKING HOME PATRONAGE
A STRONG COMPANY,
Prompt, Reliable, Liberal!
Agents in all cities and towns in the South.
J. RHODES BROWN, President
W. C. COURT, Secretary.
Total Assets \$750,000.
J. ALLEN BROWN, Agent, Salisbury, N. C.