The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.—THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1889. NO. 50.

PIEDMONT AIR-LINE ROUTE.

Richmond & Danville Railroad.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

IN EFFECT JULY 7, 1889.

TRAINS RUN BY 75° MERIDIAN TIME

DAILY

SOUTHBOUND	No. 50.		No. 52.	
Lv. New York	*12 15	A M	*4 30	P M
" Philadelphia	2 20	"	6 55	"
" Baltimore	9 45	"	9 30	"
" Washington	11 24	"	11 0	"
" Charlottesville	3 30	P M	3 00	A M
" Lynchburg	5 40	"	5 07	"
" Danville	8 20	"	7 45	"
Ar. Danville	*3 00	"	*2 -	"
Lv. Richmond	5 04	"	4 40	"
" Burkeville	5 50	"	5 19	"
" Keysville	8 40	"	8 05	"
" Danville	10 27	"	9 42	"
Ar. Greensboro	*2 00	"	†5 00	P M
Lv. Goldsboro	4 45	"	9 00	P M
Ar. Raleigh	*1 50	"	*1 00	A M
Lv. Raleigh	5 50	"	2 55	"
" Durham	8 20	"	7 40	"
Ar. Greensboro	*6 05	"	*6 20	"
Lv. Salem	*6 37	"	*9 50	"
" Greensboro	12 26	A M	11 18	"
Ar. Salisbury	*2 01	"	*12 12	P M
" Statesville	3 31	"	4 36	"
" Asheville	9 20	"	8 10	"
" Hot Springs	*12 32	"	*11 23	A M
Lv. Salisbury	2 07	"	12 40	P M
Ar. Charlotte	4 51	"	3 37	"
" Spartanburg	5 56	"	4 46	"
" Greenville	7 00	"	9 40	"
" Atlanta	*2 20	A M	*1 00	P M
Lv. Charlotte	6 30	"	5 10	"
Ar. Columbia	10 30	"	9 05	"
" Augusta				

DAILY.

NORTHBOUND	No. 51.		No. 53.	
Lv. Augusta	*6 15	P M	*8 45	A M
" Columbia	10 34	"	12 50	P M
Ar. Charlotte	3 13	A M	5 0	"
Lv. Atlanta	*6 00	P M	*7 10	A M
Ar. Greenville	12 46	A M	1 48	P M
" Spartanburg	1 50	"	2 49	"
" Charlotte	4 49	"	5 50	"
" Salisbury	6 17	"	7 05	P M
Lv. Hot Springs	*7 50	P M	*12 25	P M
" Asheville	9 41	"	1 54	"
" Statesville	3 45	A M	5 58	"
Ar. Salisbury	4 20	"	6 43	"
Lv. Salisbury	*6 22	"	*7 12	"
Ar. Greensboro	8 00	"	8 40	"
" Salem	§11 20	"	§12 31	A M
Lv. Greensboro	*2 47	"	*10 50	P M
Ar. Durham	12 01	P M	5 25	A M
" Raleigh	1 02	"	7 45	"
Lv. Raleigh	§1 02	"	†9 00	P M
Ar. Goldsboro	3 10	"	12 50	"
Lv. Greensboro	*8 05	A M	*8 50	P M
Ar. Danville	9 47	A M	10 20	P M
" Keysville	12 30	P M	1 49	A M
" Burkeville	1 18	"	2 40	"
" Richmond	3 20	"	5 15	"
" Lynchburg	*12 40	P M	§12 55	"
" Charlottesville	2 55	"	3 00	"
" Washington	7 13	"	6 53	"
" Baltimore	8 50	"	†8 20	"
" Philadelphia	3 00	A M	10 47	"
" New York	6 20	"	1 20	P M

* Daily. § Daily, except Sunday.

Train for Raleigh via Clarksville leave Richmond daily, 4 P. M.; Keysville, 6.15 P.M.; arrives Clarksville, 8.40 P. M.; Henderson, 9.20 P. M.; arrives Durham 10.30p. m.; Raleigh 11.45 p m.

Returning leaves Raleigh 7.00 A. M.; Durham, 8.30 A. M.; Henderson, 8.30 A. M.; Oxford, 10.20 A. M.; Clarksville, 11 15 A. M.; Keysville, 12.50 P. M.; arrives Richmond, 3.20 P. M.

Local mixed trains leave Durham daily except Sunday, 6.00 P. M.; arrive Keysville, 1.35. A. M.; returning, leave Keysville, 9.00. A. M.; arriving Durham, 5.30 P. M. Passenger coach attached.

No. 50 out of Raleigh at 4.30 p) m. makes connection at Durham with No. 19, leaving at 6.00 p. m. for Oxford, Henderson and all points on O. & H. C. & C. and R & A M. R. Rs, and with 53 at Keysville for Richmond, arriving 5.15 a. m.

No 51 and 53 connects at Richmond daily except Sunday for West Point and Baltimore via York River Line.

No. 50 from West Point connects daily except Sunday at Richmond with No. 50 for the South.

No. 50 and 51 connects at Goldsboro with trains to and from Morehead City and Wilmington.

No. 51 connects at Greensboro and Selma for Fayetteville.

No. 53 connects at Selma for Wilson, N C.

Nos. 50 and 51 make close connection at University Station with trains to and from Chapel Hill, except Sundays.

SLEEPING-CAR SERVICE.

On train no 50 and 51, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Atlanta and New York, Greensboro and Augusta, and Morehead City, Asheville, and Morristown, Tenn.

On trains 52 and 53, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Washington and New Orleans, via Montgomery; and between Washington and Birmingham, Richmond and Greensboro, Raleigh and Greensboro, and Pullman Parlor Cars between Salisbury and Knoxville, and Charlotte and Augusta.

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SOLHAAS, Traffic Manager. JAS. L. TAYLOR, Gen. Pass. Agent.

W. A. TURK, Div. Pass. Agent, RALEIGH, N. C.

Richmond and Danville Railroad Co

W. N. C. Division

Passenger Train Schedule.

Effective May 13th, 1888.

Train No. 52. West Bound.			Train No. 53. East Bound.	
Lv 9 00	a. m.	Boston	10 50	
4 30	p. m.	New York	3 20	
6 57		Philadelphia	12 35	noon
9 48		Baltimore	10 03	a. m.
11 00		Washington	8 10	
5 05	a. m.	Lynchburg	2 10	
8 05		Danville	11 29	p. m
2 30	a. m.	Richmond	6 15	a. m.
9 38		Keysville	10 44	p. m.
8 10	p. m.	Goldsboro	11 15	a. m.
1 45	a. m.	Raleigh	6 55	
3 12		Durham	4 30	
3 12	a. m.	Greensboro	9 50	p. m.
11 25	a. m.	Salisbury	7 20	
Ar 12 12	noon	Statesville	6 27	
12 36	p. m.	Catawba	5 58	
12 55		Newton	5 37	
1 14		Hickory	5 17	
1 46		Connelly Springs	4 46	
2 10		Morganton	4 30	
3 20		Glen Alpine	4 17	
3 40		Marion	3 44	
3 13		Old Fort	3 13	
3 27		Round Knob	2 35	
4 00		Black Mountain	2 00	Ar.
4 31		Asheville	1 25	Lv.
Lv. 4 40		Asheville	1 16	
Ar. 5 05		Alexanders	12 46	p. m.
5 34		Marshall	12 19	noon
6 10		Hot Springs	11 40	a. m.
Lv. 5 00	p. m	Hot Springs	10 25	
Ar. 7 30		Morristown	8 35	
8 50		Knoxville	7 15	
11 40		Jellico	4 15	a. m.
5 30	a. m.	Louisville	7 30	p. m.
11 10	a. m.	Indianapolis	4 00	p. m.
6 35	p. m.	Chicago	8 30	p. m
1 50		St. Paul	3 00	p. m.
6 40	p. m.	St. Louis	8 00	a. m.
7 10	a. m.	Kansas City	8 25	p. m

Murphy Branch.

Daily except SUNDAY

TRAIN NO 18			TRAIN NO 17
8 00 a m	Leave	Asheville	Arr 4 50 p. m
10 25	Arr	Waynesville	2 30
2 26 p m		Charleston	10 15a. m
5 05		Jarretts	Leave 7 10

A. & S. Road.

Daily except SUNDAY

TRAIN NO 12			TRAIN NO 11
3 50 p. m	Leave	Spartanburg	Arrive 2 10 p. m
7 17	Arrive	Hendersonville	9 58 a. m
		Asheville	Leave 8 10

75th meridian time used to Hot Springs, 90th " " west of Hot Springs.

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JOS. L. TAYLOR, G. P. A.

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SALISBURY, N. C.

Feb. 3rd, 1881

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Salisbury, - - - N. C.

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SUBSCRIBE FOR THE "CAROLINA WATCHMAN"

Prof. Elisha Mitchell.

A CHAPTER OF HITHERTO UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

Asheville Citizen.

It was the last week in June, 1857, and about the middle of the five months' session of the school in central Swannanoa, where I was teaching, when the news came that Professor Elisha Mitchell had disappeared, and had possibly and very probably lost his life somewhere on the Black Mountain. He had started on Saturday to cross the mountain to Big Tom Wilson's on Caney river, in Yancey county, and failing to return on the next Monday, as he was expected to do, his son and daughter, who were with him at Mr. Stepp's, and were his assistants in taking his survey of the mountain's height, sent immediately to Wilson's to see if anything was wrong. Finding that he had failed to reach that place, they at once had the alarm sounded that their father was lost. By this time, three or four days had elapsed, and Professor Mitchell not having returned, two or three hundred men, from both sides of the great mountain, hurried to the search.

The search went on several days, and every day the news would come down the river that the lost had not been found. I had not yet gone, thinking there were men enough out already, and because I had been on a trip to Mt. Mitchell only six days before Prof. Mitchell disappeared. But I went at last. I think it was on the morning of the eighth day after the disappearance, that two of the citizens of Swanhanoa came to the school house where I was teaching, and asked me if I would adjourn my school and become one of the fresh company to go to the mountains in search of the lost man. They had been told that I had been on all sides of the Black Mountain and was quite familiar with every face of its ragged scenery, and that they wished me to lead their company on the search. I consented to go as they desired, and we agreed to meet at Alexander's at 2 p. m., on that day, with rations for three days. We met on time at the place appointed, and at sundown we entered the mountain house, as it was called, where we found a number of tired and disheartened men, who had been again unsuccessful in their search for the lost. Mr. Jesse Stepp was there and I soon found that, as he was so well acquainted with every ridge, rimlet and knob of the mountain, he had at first assumed the command of all the forces, and had, with good judgment, divided the men into squads, with a leader to each squad, and that the search had had much system and order. Mr. Stepp then owned and lived at what is now called the Patton house at the foot of the mountain. Prof. Mitchell made Mr. Stepp's house his headquarters.

We slept and rested at the mountain house that night as well as we could on the floor, without bed or blanket. The nights were the shortest of the year, and we were ready for business at four o'clock the next morning. At the order of Mr. Stepp to get ready to march, the men began to hang up their knapsacks and provision bags to nails and pegs in the walls of the house, but I swung mine to my back. Mr. Stepp came to me and said: "You must not try to carry that load with you; just take a snack in your pocket. That is the way we have been doing, for we always come back here at night." "Mr. Stepp," I answered, "I came out to hunt Dr. Mitchell, and I don't know where I shall be when night comes, but I am going to take all my provisions along."

The whole company was conducted by Mr. Stepp to a bench of the mountain where a ridge diverges toward the Ivy side, and a halt was called for a division of force. We were then not more than eight hundred yards from the first knob of the Black, where the county lines of Buncombe and Yancey corner. There Mr. Stepp divided his force into squads, over which he appointed leaders. There were a few men that he thought not able to stand hardships, that he formed into a company, and as I was a school teacher, he supposed I would be a proper leader for them; so he told me to take charge of Mr. Calvin Patterson, who was afflicted with asthma, and R. C. Patterson whose weight was about 250 pounds. Some of the men who had gone up with me, refused at first to go with any one else, till Mr. Stepp told them that he had appointed me to take charge of the "invalid" corps, when they all gave in but a young man, William Burgin, who declared that he had solicited me to come, and that he would go with no one else. I then had three men with me, and I was directed to go to the top of the first knob and then hunt around it at a radius of about four hundred yards from its top.

Mr. Stepp then left us, and with all but my squad of four, went to the left, where they were to search in regions not yet gone over. After they had gone I started off in the path that leads by the first knob on the left, toward what is now called Mitchell's peak. We had gone in the path four or five hundred yards when Mr. Calvin Patton said in a tone of dissatisfaction: "Tom, where are you going? Here we are still in the path, that men have gone and come every day for a week, and we are not doing any good. I see we are passing the ground over which we were directed to look, and we have not even looked from the path." I told him that about one hundred yards further on we would find a spring of very cold water where we would stop and have a consultation. After we had assuaged our thirst, I said: "Now, gentlemen, I came here with you to find the lost man if possible, but I am not going by the directions of any man. Mr. Stepp is not now with us; he is directing somewhere else. I am not going to obey orders. My opinion is that this path in which we have been walking is the way Dr. Mitchell traveled when he started to Wilson's. I know these mountains, for I have been all over them and all around them. Dr. Mitchell knew them, too, and as he started to go to Wilson's on Caney river, he would not go any other way. One who knows the mountains would not go any other way. And, gentlemen, so far, we have been walking in the lost man's tracks. That is my opinion."

We started again and kept the path. We had gone about two miles, and were on the top of the long stretch of undulating ridge between the first top and the glade just under the high knob, when we heard the report of a rifle some little distance in the direction we were going. That was a signal gun, and we were, in less than five minutes, with the party who fired it. We there met Big Tom Wilson, Adoniram Allen and his nephew, James Allen, all from the Caney river side. They told us that their company of thirteen men, all from Caney river, had sheltered at the cabin near the high peak the night before; that they had worn themselves out during the several days they had been hunting for the lost man; that they were out of provisions, and did not think the lost man could be found, so their whole company had given up the hunt in despair, and had started home. At the edge of the glade, as they started down the mountain, they found a plain print of a man's shoe in the damp earth that some of them supposed had been made by Dr. Mitchell. Others said that it could not be so; that two hundred men had been around that place, and it was more probable that one of them had made the track. Ten of the men then went home, but Wilson and the Allens said they would first go out on the ridge a few hundred yards, and fire a gun to see if any of the Buncombe men were in hearing. I suppose that we were not more than one hundred yards apart when the gun was fired. As I said before, Wilson's company, except the two Allens, had gone home, and Wilson said if he had not found us when he did, that they also would have gone. I asked Wilson if he thought he had probably found Dr. Mitchell's track, and he said it was very improbable. I told him if there was any very reasonable probability of the fact he would send for Stepp and the whole company. He said, "No, do not do that, but bring your company along with us and examine the track and the place and see for yourselves." We soon got to the place, and the track answered to the description of the shoes we were told Dr. Mitchell wore. But then many men who had been hunting for him wore the same make of shoes, and had been backwards and forwards near that place every day for nearly a week. I told Wilson that as he had started home we would go with him down the valley towards his place, that it was my opinion the lost man had gone that way, and if he had, we would surely find other tracks. We all agreed to that, and I think we had gone about a mile when some one of the party called out, "here is a man's track." We all ran to the place, and saw a very plain track that corresponded to the other one and to the shoes the lost man wore. We were then confident that we were right and that we would find him. It was then about eleven o'clock, and we halted for dinner. There my provisions came in at the right time and place, for Wilson and his two companions had had nothing to eat since the day before except some fresh beef without salt. I then proposed to Wilson that we all go back to the top of the mountain, and send for Stepp and all the men on the other parts of the mountain and put them all on the right track. He objected to that, but as a substitute proposed that I send my three men to inform the others and that I go with him home, and that we all meet at the place next morning where we were then. He said he was obliged to go home that night, and that he might on his way come across the lost man, mangled by a fall from a pricipice or torn by wild beats, and that I must go with him. I told him I would go, and then Mr. R. C. Patton said he would go, too, if his brother, Calvin Patton, and William Burgin would go back and inform the men on the other part of the mountain that we were on the right track, and to meet next morning near that place. That was agreed to and we separated, the two named, going back, and the other five, Wilson, the two Allens, R. C. Patton and myself going down the hollow towards Caney river. The main company with Stepp was at least five miles from where we were. That was the seventh or eighth day since Dr. Mitchell disappeared; there had been frequent showers, moss-cover rocks, logs and every place, so that tracking seemed out of the question. But after the separation, we had gone, I suppose, about two miles without finding a single track, when R. C. Patton, who was about ten steps to my right, called to me to come there, that he had found an impression in the moss that had the appearance of a human track. He carefully removed the moss, and under it was a tolerable plain tack where a track in the heel had cut its way through a laurel root. We all got together then, and hurried down the hollow to a small creek that ran down to our right. Just before reaching the creek we came to a large sloping rock covered with moss with scrapes in the moss as though a man had gone over it on his hands and feet. It was too steep for a man to walk down it in safety. "It was getting dark when he passed this place," I remarked to the others. "How do you know?" one of them asked. "Because here is an easier way down to the right, that he did not see." We then hurried down the creek, and soon came to a waterfall. Mr. Patton and I crossed the creek and went to the head of the fall, where we saw the moss had been disturbed and scrapes in the soil where something had undoubtedly gone over. Wilson and the other two men had gone round to the left, and by this time had got in sight below. Mr. Patton called out to Wilson: "He is in that pool, for here are plain marks where he went over." "Yes," said Wilson, almost immediately, "yonder lies his hat lodged on some brush."

I then measured the depth of the pool, and found it to be thirteen feet, but we did not disturb the body. We then went down the stream four or five miles, where Wilson lived, got something to eat and were thinking of soon retiring to rest for the night, when Mr. Jesse Stepp came accompanied by Mr. A. F. Harris. Mr. Stepp said on receipt of the news that we had found the trails, he had directed all men to assemble that night at the cabin near the high peak. He then announced his determination to return that night and inform the anxious, tired crowd of men of our success. Mr. Patton and I, though tired, determined at once to accompany Stepp and Harris that night to the top of the mountain. Mr. Stepp acted as guide, and at two o'clock next morning we reached Mitchell's peak, worn out by our almost constant tramp over the mountains for twenty-two hours. Perhaps that was the first and also the last time that four men ever made the trip from the foot to the top of the highest mountain east of the Rockies, with the sable mantle of night resting on its dark, balsam covering.

When we reached the cabin where all the weary, anxious men were waiting, and announced the fact that the lost was found, and that he was then lying at the bottom of a pool of clear mountain water, there were many tears brushed from manly cheeks, but all felt relief. Then I heard some one say: "Who found him?" and Mr. Stepp answered: "Oh, Wilson found him." And it was thirty-two years ago, but I still remember the fact that the "invalids" had something to do with it.

T. C. WESTALL.

Things a Woman Can Do.

The Boston *Times* in a spirit of fairness admits, and even proclaims, that there are some desirable things a woman can do. Here is a sample batch:

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress, while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is as cool as a cucumber in a half dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base ball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can enjoy a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congation had on, and in some rare instances can give you a faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing a desire of murdering the infant.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy in twenty-four hours and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.

War on Satan.

MR. PEARSON MAKES OUT A STRONG CASE FROM THE BIBLE AGAINST THE DEVIL.

The clouds and the rain made the atmosphere in the Y. M. C. A, Hall a little chilly yesterday at 11 o'clock, but by noon Rev. R. G. Pearson had warmed it up considerably. The subject of the Bible reading for the morning was "Satan," and the Bible picture of his character was brought out very fully. Incidentally, Mr. Pearson excoriated tatlers and calumniators and made keen thrusts at church bazaars, and at horse races, spiritualism, etc.

The text for the reading was:

Revelations xxii:9: "And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him."

In the Bible, Satan is held up as the great enemy of God and man. He is first called a serpent; second, Satan, which means adversary; third devil, which means evil one; and last the Great Dragon, which means literally, destruction. The Bible description of Satan is a grand climax, showing that the final object of Satan is to destroy.

The majority of the world does not believe that Satan is a personality. From Gen. iii:4-19, it will be learned, that the same argument that would disprove the personality of Satan, would disprove the personality of Adam and Eve, and therefore our own personality. From Job i:6-9, it will be seen that the same argument that would deny the personality of Satan would deny the personality of God.

To maintain that the devil is the evil within man, said Mr. Pearson, is non-sense and blasphemy. Matthew, iv:1: "Then was Jesus led up by the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by an evil spirit within himself.

The evangelist discussed the characteristics of the devil. In Genesis, iii:1, he is called a serpent, to illustrate his subtlety, That it is a characteristic of the Devil—to be "a snake in the glass,"—to keep himself out of sight.

Satan is a destroyer—1 Peter v—8. The idea that Satan is shut up in hell is wrong; he is on earth, walking about seeking whom he may devour.

Revelations XII—12: Satan is the accuser—the malinger, slanderer, calumniator. Do you know where this tatling, gad-about spirit which is so common to-day came from? It came from the old gad-about tattler, the devil himself!

Satan, too is the father of the lie, and not only the father of the lie, but the father of the liar. Satan is the great murderer—the murderer of the race and of mankind. The spirit of murder, of duelling, and the like, all comes from the devil.

"You have seen a great deal in the papers," said the speaker, "about the London strike. Sinner, if I were you, I would strike against the power of the devil. Of all wages yours are the lowest, and of all rewards, yours the most diabolical—for the wages of sin is death! If I were in your place I'd strike!"

Of the devices of the devil one was his subtlety in perverting scripture. An example of this was his subtile misquotation when he tempted Christ. The devil knows more about scripture than many church members do, but he uses it for his own diabolical purposes.

Some people quote Solomon as saying "There is a time to dance," as a justification of dancing. What Solomon meant was, not that there was a time when you should dance; but that there was a time when people did dance, "never," said the evangelist earnestly, "Never twist scripture to squint at any devilment you want to do."

Again, the devil sometimes transforms himself into an angel of light, and this is one of the most dangerous forms. One of his common ways in which he does it is to go to some church which has a ragged carpet and a little organ, and suggest that a new carpet is needed—that the temple was a fine building. He suggests a "bazaar" or a "church fair," where money can be raised by selling a little ice-cream a little piece of cake about as big as your two fingers. It was enough to disgust every sinner in town. He had actually known one church fair where the young ladiees sold little white aprons to the young men,—and what did a young man want with a little white apron?

"I believe that many godly men and women participated in these things," said Mr. Pearson, "but they were mistaken. It was done by the devil disguised as an angel of light."

The devil takes advantage of humanity. The devil put it into the head of Judas Iscariot to betray Jesus Christ (John XIII:2)

The devil resists God's servants, and especially preachers. When the devil gets behind a preacher who is preaching for his own aggrandizement and to please everybody, he simply folds his arms and says, "Go ahead you don't do any harm." But when Satan gets behind a preacher who is determined to speak out, he begins to say: "You mustn't say anything about whisky, because yonder's old Deacon Smith, who drinks more whisky than I do. You will make him so mad that he won't come again in six months. And you mustn't say anything about the german, because yonder's Sister Jones, and she's one of the bon-tons!"

The evangelist said that congregations should not criticise their pastors. Preachers, he said, are made of the same dirt as the rest of mankind, they are subjected to the same temptations, and their hands should be held by their people.

As an illustration of the temptations to which preachers are sometimes subjected, Mr. Pearson related an incident from his own experience. He went to a town to preach, and was entertained by a gentleman who was the President of a fair at which horse-races were to be held. The devil whispered to him that, under the circumstances, it would be improper for him to condemn the horse-races in his sermon. He determined to give the races a blow "between the eyes," however and he did so; and after the sermon his host thanked him for what he had said.

Another work of the devil is the counterfeiting of the work of God. Some people say there is nothing in spiritualism or "seances;" but there is something in them. They are of the devil. They are simply attempts to counterfeit God's work.

Satan is a hinderer, (Thessalonians, ii:18.) The master work of Satan is to steal the words of God out of one's heart. People often hear the word of God, it falls on their hearts, it is seed in fallow ground. Before it is covered up, the devil comes along, and by means of some light and trival conversation, some trashy reading, or the like, blows the seed away. This is the devil's master work.

In conclusion, Bible verses were read showing that the devil will not forever curse the world, for the Lord Jesus will come hereafter, and reign.

The morning service was closed with prayer by Rev. P. J. Caraway, and the benediction by Mr. Pearson.

A Plea for the Farmer.

Out of a population of 60,000,000, says the *Farmer and Dealer*, there are probably about 12,000,000 who earn wages and live by work. Included in this count is something over 9,000,000 engaged in agricultural pursuits, and it appears that we have no other single industry that employs and furnishes a living for so many of our people. In fact, this one industry feeds all the people, and no other industry can live without it. Here then, we see that we have in this country more than 40,000,000 people living without earning any wages, and most of them live directly or indirectly off the earnings of those who toil, and they, with all the dealers and traders, etc., are dependent on the success of the agriculturist and the protection of that interest. Then it is proper for us to examine this most important of all our industries, and see what dangers threaten. Now, what the farmer wants first is a good home market for all his surplus products. This cannot be assured while we import in one year more than $60,000,000 of food and live stock, not including coffee, tea, sugar and molasses. Why should we import into our country about $30,000,000 worth of vegetables, being cabbage from Holland, potatoes from Scotland, potatoes, beans and peas from Canada? If the farming interest is what we claim for it, then is it proper for us to import $1,200,000 worth of hay and $9,000,000 worth of breadstuffs and 20,000,000 dozen eggs, partly from Denmark and Sweden? We think it is bad policy. The farmer needs to be cared for first, last and all the time, in order that other industries may thrive with him and good wages be paid to manufacturing opertives as they go on turning our vast resources from raw material into that which is necessary for our welfare and safety in peace or war. Diversified farming is our only hope and safe anchorage at this time, and in it is the whole business. Let the diversified interest be built up from our own raw material and means at hand, and the people who are engaged in the work will consume all the agriculturist produces, the market will be at home, and the nation will grow in prosperity, which is something that no nation has yet done without diversified interest.

Occasionally we get some consolation from the columns of the northern press, representing a people who are supposed to be so much more progressive than we of the South are. The Philadelphia *Press*, which is particularly fond of cracking its whip over the heads of southern folks, and of boasting the high civilization that refines and ennobles the Pennsylvania Dutchman, makes a confession that touches our sympathetic heart. It is all about good roads. Says our highly civilized and enlightened contemporary:

"Road making is worse done in the United States than any other work paid by taxes, except teaching geography and grammar, and our roads are without exception the worst to be found in any country not semi-barbarous. The roads of Pennsylvania are, for instance, infinitely below those of back-wood countries like Spain or Italy, or poverty stricken lands like India, where the great mass of people have but one shirt and do not always wear that."

The News and Observer extends to the Press an assurance of its distinguished commiseration on this honest confession of the condition of the Pennsylvania highways. It is only necessary for us to say that a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.—*News Observer.*