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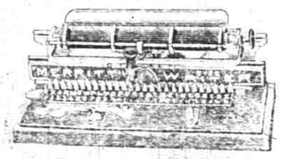

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PROPRIETOR.

The Model Church.

[Everybody has read of Mr. E. O. Excell, the famous singer and publisher of musical books. The song below, which was written by him, helped, more than any other, to make him what he is in public estimation. One can almost imagine while reading the poem that we, too, can hear the "angel choir strike their harps of gold."]

Well, wife, I've found the model church,
And worshipped there to-day;
It made me think of good old times,
Before my hair was gray,
The meeting house was finer built,
Than they were years ago,
But then I found when I went in
It was not built for show.

The sexton did not set me down,
Away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor;
He must have been a Christian man,
He led me boldly through
The long aisle of that crowded church,
To find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd hear the singing, wife,
It had the oldtime ring;
The preacher said with trumpet voice,
Let all the people sing:
"Old Coronation," was the tune,
The music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angel-choir
Strike all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away;
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir,
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wretched mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

'Twas not the flowery sermon, wife,
But simple, gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth,
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be over,
The victory soon be won,
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run,
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God we'll never sin again;

There'll be no sorrow there;
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love
There'll be no sorrow there.

ECHOES THE MAN.

A Jew's Opinion of Rev. Sam P. Jones.

The following article, which we copy from the *Chattanooga Sunday Times*, a paper owned and edited by Jews, was written by Mr. G. W. Ochs, who is one of the editorial staff of that paper. The article is from an able pen and is perhaps the fairest criticism that has yet appeared of Mr. Jones' methods, and of the results of his work:

"The profound impression that the recent visit of Mr. Jones created in this city and the religious excitement his protracted services stirred in the community, justify a free expression of opinion on his methods and his work. Being myself thoroughly settled in my religious convictions and according to every one of my fellow men the freest scope in his belief, I am not disposed to engage in a polemical controversy, to question the truth or falsity of Mr. Jones' doctrines, or to endorse any or all of Mr. Jones' views. My own faith is shorn of all doctrinal limitations—an abiding belief in an all wise, all merciful, omnipotent invisible God—and is broad enough to repect the tenets to all my fellow-men, for I subscribe most heartily to the words.

"For forms of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

The unique character and peculiar methods of this revivalist have become a subject of comment all over this broad land and the very divergent views respecting him which have been given publicity at Chattanooga, expressed wherever he has conducted services.

I have attended his services frequently and have been an attentive listener. My own religious views being totally different from his doctrinal teachings and dogmas, enable to

DISPASSIONATELY ANALYZE HIS UTTERANCES

and to critically study their effects. I was never swayed by his passionate appeals, nor have I been terrified by his lurid pictures of impending eternal punishment, nor do I endorse his opinions of dancing, the Kirness and society, yet I have been touched fascinated by his marvelous magnetism.

Sam Jones is a genius. His gift of oratory is a rich endowment which has rarely been equaled in any of his contemporaries. His fecundity of illustrations, his apt similes and his mode of expression mark him a man among a million, and these talents coupled to his intuitive knowledge of human nature invest him with prodigal powers and make him one of the figures of this century.

His language is not always refined; he frequently interlardes a flight of matchless oratory or a pathetic picture of purest poetry with a slangy phrase or a colloquial term, but these peculiarities, while at first they sound discordant and offend the reverance which hovers above the pulpit, spice his discourse and introduced a variety which interests a large mass of his hearers

AND HUMANIZES THE EXHORTOR.

Who but tries of the starchy rigidity which usually characterizes the pulpit? Who but when listening to the discourse of the clergy, however erudite and eloquent, finds himself vainly seeking to become en rapport with the speaker, in touch with his utterances? Is it not a fact that too often the preacher of severe mein inflexible manner, didactic diction and altitudious phrasing rises above the heads of his hearers and maintains that lofty perch with such constancy that the auditor is forced to sit with head thrown back and ears so elevated that his neck is endangered and at last through sheer physical fatigue he must relax and then sink fathoms below the words of his teacher? We are prone to mantle the pulpit with such reverence that we remove it from our ken and all the comfort we can then derive from it is by induction. The polythiests of Greece and Rome were not permitted to enter the holy of holies, nor could they gaze upon the auguries. Religion was solely for the annointed and its precepts were imparted with much reluctant solemnity that it seemed it would be profaned by any save the elect. Even at this day we must recognize this artificial constraint at many services. Sam Jones, by infusing into his discourse words of every-day life and homely examples, makes his religion a thing of every-day life a conception within the grasp, a tangible, real something, which can be reached for, seized and comprehended, and which

CAN COMFORT A BARREN SOUL.

Nine-tenths of the sin in this world is committed by men who have not the taste or talent to study philosophy or theology, nor the patience or inclination to imbibe religious instruction. They must first be reached by something practical; they must first see a preacher who is a man, not a figment; they must first hear teachings that are in consonance with their own thought, expressed in the language they know and then and not until then is their interest enlisted and any good accomplished.

What of his work? He never preaches anything but morality. His sermons are simply the ten commandments. His exhortations are most eloquent against moral vices and social sins. How can anyone consistently say that a man possessed of his eloquence and his magnetism, who always urges moral uprightness and rectitude, can do aught but good? I saw him sway an audience of 5,000 men by his remarkable powers. I saw a man who came to scoff remain to pray. I saw him on the pulpit in his shirt sleeves pouring fourth a stream of eloquence, which gushed from his lips like from one inspired, enthrall a multitude of men until thousands were in tears, every fibre of their being working to intense emotion, and every utterance he had made, every argument he used, was an earnest plea for morality, temperance and charity. And when he ceased

I SAW A HARDENED CRIMINAL,

one whom I had seen with ball and chain, pass up the aisle, tears streaming from his eyes, his whole nature softened as it had never been before; I saw him grasp the hand of the evangelist and I heard him say between his sobs: "As God is my judge I will lead a better life," I saw a sporting man, one who makes his livelihood at the gaming table, who never before perhaps, had a serious reflection, wipe his eyes as he took the evangelist's hands and promise to lead an honest life. I saw confirmed drunkards step forward and promise to quit these habits. I saw 1,000 men, three-fourths of whom had perhaps never before given a thought to any moral precept, one-half of whom were steeped in vice, crowd around the evangelist with tearful eyes and solemnly pledge their word to reform. Dare anyone say that this is of no avail? By his works judge him. What if his methods are not in accordance with common usage, his results condone men of every fault in language. One cannot commend his flippant replies to his critics, and it must be confessed, that his treatment of a recent review upon his methods—which was dignified, courteous and conservative—was not creditable to Mr. Jones. Still this pertains to his personality, and does not effect the result of his labors.

What if a large proportion of his converts relapse into their former manner of life? Some will prove faithful, and in all seed has been planted were heretofore there was barren soil. Everyone on inquiry can learn of the good work he is doing of the reforms he has accomplished, of the

BROKEN SPIRIT HE HAS REVIVED,

of the weak natures he has strengthened, of the ray of sunshine he has cast into heretofore darkened lives, of his charity, his earnestness and of his sincerity.

I have little practice with his detractors; they rail at his mode of expression; had they better not turn their batteries on frail human nature, because they know the multitude is attracted and is moved by him? If anyone is at fault it is the people, not Sam Jones. He perceives the methods that must be pursued, and with marvelous aptitude, he employs it, and hold the fruits of his labor! He leaves the community better, more elevated, and purer, and every seed he sows is a seed of morality, of temperance, of chastity and of charity, and not one from his hand.

GEO. W. OCHS.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

LOPEZ NOT A TRAITOR.

He Did Not Betray Archduke Maximilian at Queretaro.

Correspondence of the Baltimore American.

SALISBURY, N. C., May 7.—A few days ago I read in a paper the following dispatch from the City of Mexico:

"General Miguel Lopez, who, it is said, betrayed Maximilian to Juarez' forces at Queretaro, was bitten by a mad dog the other day, and is now undergoing Pasteur treatment."

The fact recalled to my mind a strange story which was related to me several years ago—a story which forgetfulness and the lack of an opportune reminder alone, have prevented me from imparting long ere this to the public, to whom, indeed, it rightly belongs. Did the unfortunate Maximilian of Austria, Emperor of Mexico, fall by the fortune of arms or was he betrayed by a faithless courtier? A handful of brave men shut up in a city deemed impregnable and commanded by a hero who might have stepped from the tombs of chivalry, is said to have been delivered into the hands of the besieging general by the infamous treachery of a trusted follower.

Now, was Col. Lopez, this friend and confidant of Maximilian, a traitor? Is it not rather to be supposed that he himself was equally the victim of events? Some have resolutely maintained that treason alone could have lost the Archduke. Others have preferred to reserve their verdict, so repugnant is it to generous minds to accuse a valliant soldier of such a heinous crime. The Mexican press, though divided in opinion, has united in endeavoring to disperse all doubts upon the subject. Lopez himself has demanded justice. He has invoked the soldierly fairness of Gen. Escobedo for a declaration which would enable him once more to lift up his head in the presence of all mankind, and which, above all, would permit him to fearlessly face his countrymen, who, in the delicacy of their patriotism, decline emphatically to extend the hand of fellowship to a denounced traitor. For him the accusation is terrible. It arose in the prison of Morelia, where on the 19th of August, 1867, three months after the fall of Queretaro, several chiefs of the imperial army, then prisoners of Juarez, openly declared Lopez, their fellow officer, the bosom friend of their sovereign to be a traitor and a villian.

Historical verity is always difficult to establish. It is only after appeased hatreds and extinguished rivalries permit truth-loving minds to study events without partisan passion, and sit in judgement upon their merits in the calm serenity of a profound peace, that it is impossible to turn back with the past and write the lines of history with the pen of justice.

STORY OF A FIGARO CORRESPONDENT.

Twenty years had elapsed since the victory which Escobedo, the savior of his country and the restorer of public liberties, before I heard what I firmly and conscientiously believe to be the true statement of Lopez's connection with the surrender or fall of Queretaro. In the summer of 1887 I was stationed at Lisbon, Portugal. Among all my brother correspondents who were slowly broiling to a crisp in the fervent Lusitanian capital, there were none whose friendship I so resolately sought and so carefully cherished as that of the veteran dean of our guild, the Viscount Henri d' Ancre de Claverie, correspondent of the Paris Figaro, exiled royalist, soldier of fortune, political adventurer and upright man of honor of the Napoleonic school—a veritable Camoens of the nineteenth century of grace.

I had, a few years before, been a resident of the city of Trieste, where, from the mazarine waters of Adria, the milky mass of Miramar stretches its alabaster turrets into the Friulian azure. The beauty of this marble melody grew upon me and I haunted the perfumed park and peach pink grottoes of the castle so persistently and with such evidently harmless intentions that the much be-ordered, be-crossed and bespangled major domo finally unbent the severe rigidity of his official backbone and accepted me as a sort of "ami du chateau desert," for the castle has never been inhabited, except by retainers and custodians, since Maximilian's death.

One sultry Sunday evening while the Viscount and I were lounging in the Cafe Gibraltar, sipping a "carapinhada" to eliminate the taste of a very insipid ball light, I casually alluded to the happy days I had passed beneath the shadow of the Friulian Hills, amid the delights of Maximilian's enchanted castle. At the mention of Maximilian's name I saw immediately that I had touched a responsive chord on the Viscount's harp of memory. He had been an officer in the Mexican campaign, and after the surrender became, strange to say, an intimate friend of Escobedo and the inveterate enemy of Lopez. Both his friendship and enmity were based on purely personal grounds, and had had no relation whatever to the political parts played by these two men. In the conversation which ensued the Viscount imparted to me the substance of a strictly confidential interview which he had with Escobedo after the fall of Queretaro—many years after, indeed.

The publication of this interview would have instantly absolved Lopez from the onus of all complicity in the surrender of Queretaro, and erased forever from his record the damning stigma of traitor. This longed-for rehabilitation was at the time ungenerously denied Lopez by Escobedo, on account of still existing political animosity while the publication of a conversation which would have instantly freed the Mexican soldier from obloquy so long and patiently borne was withheld by Claverie in revenge for a personal affront. As the viscount however imposed no conditions of secresy upon me, I have no hesitation in giving herewith the conversation at length, and in almost the exact language in which I received it from Claverie.

THE WORDS OF GENERAL ESCOBEDO.

I once asked General Escobedo if any one had ever offered to deliver Queretaro into his hands. "On the 10th of May, 1867," replied the General, "I was apprised by a woman that Sergeant Engle particularly desired to have an audience with me at Calleja. During the night he left his post, and, meeting me at an intermediate point between San Francisco and La Cruz, offered to surrender to me the passage into the town which he commanded, on the sole condition that he should receive therefor a sum requisite to carry him back to his own country. I acceded to this upon condition that he should return to his post and remain there until the necessary arrangements had been completed."

"Did you receive no other proposals to surrender?"

"On the 12th of May," continued the General, "Sergeant Miguel Colich in charge of the post of San Francisco, offered to pass my forces through his lines on the condition that his life should be spared. I accepted the proposition and ordered him to remain at his post until the proper moment arrived. The possession of either one of these passes sufficed to surrender me master of Queretaro; but the idea of an assault troubled me greatly, for if I had in my army 5,000 men, perfectly armed, organized, disciplined and reliable, there were at least 15,000 who had come to me in small bands from various sources, whose organization and decipline did not offer sufficient guarantee to attempt the assault of a place like Queretaro, without exposing the inhabitants to complete annihilation. This thought caused me to linger on awhile in hope that the enemy, reduced to the last extremity, would either attempt to cut a passage through our lines or capitulate, in either of which events the city would be spared of a horrible calamity, the responsibility for which must inevitably rest upon the head of the general-in-chief.

THE INTERVIEW WITH COL. LOPEZ.

"How about your interview with Colonel Miguel Lopez?"

"On the 14th I was notified that the enemy would attempt a sortie by way of San Gregorio. The same night I was informed by an aide-de-camp of Col. Sulio Cervantes, commanding the western line of attack, that one of the chiefs of the besieged desired to confer with me. I received him in the house occupied by Cervantes. It was Col. Con Miguel Lopez. This officer announced to me that the emperor, desiring to avert all further bloodshed, has renounced his claim to the crown, that he gave his royal word of honor to leave the country forever, and that he hoped I would permit him to march out of the place with his staff, escorted by a detachment of the Empress' regiment, to the limits of Tuxpan, where he would embark. The only answer I vouchsafed Lopez was that the orders of my government were explicit, viz: An unconditional surrender on the part of the archduke, or a fight to the last extremity on mine. He continued to supplicate me persistently not to oblige the garrison to attempt a sortie, to raise the seige, since this would only prolong indefinitely, the horrors of civil war. He besought me in the name of peace and of the Archduke, who was willing to make any sacrifice, to act generously and avert a sortie, which would result in a fearful effusion of blood.

"I replied to Lopez that I was perfectly well acquainted with the forces at my disposal; that I ardently desired a sortie which would not only render our victory more brilliant, but, at the same time, avert from the town the dread catastrophe of an assault. I told him that the town was starving, and that demoralization reigned supreme; that if he desired proof of my information on that subject, I would confront him with officers, who had just deserted to us.

LOPEZ AUTHORIZED BY THE ARCHDUKE.

There our interview proper terminated, but Lopez still continuing that I should do everything possible in favor of the archduke, and promising that I should not have reason to repent of my generosity, I indignantly ordered him to refrain from such insinuations. In order, however, to ascertain to what extent he was authorized to thus treat in the name of the archduke, I asked him point blank if he was a secret envoy.

"Upon this he declared that he had no more official authority than that conferred upon him by his colonel's commission and a letter, which he showed me, in which the archduke ex-pressed himself as to a friend enjoying his entire confidence."

"General, did Lopez ask nothing else of you?"

"Nothing, neither guarantees, rank nor money. All that he asked for was in behalf of the Emperor and Empress."

"Then how is it possible that he should be accused of surrendering Queretaro and betraying Maximilian?"

I had always believed that Lopez was authorized by the Archduke when he came to confer with me on this occasion. This belief was confirmed on the 17th of May, while the Archduke was a prisoner at my residence, La Purissima. I mentioned to him on that day that several persons, among them Col. Lopez, had requested permission to speak with him, but that I had not been willing to grant this permission before ascertaining whether these visits would be agreeable to him. He replied that he had no objection whatever to receiving these persons, and begged me to admit Col. Lopez. I gave the Archduke to understand that I had Lopez specially in view when refusing the application, not knowing whether he would consent to receive him on account of the rumors then circulating derogatory to the loyalty of Lopez.

"Lopez never failed me" (A mi el Coronel Lopez no me ha fallado), replied the Emperor, who then repeated to me the very words which Lopez had employed when pleading the cause of his sovereign on the night of the 14th,

IN THE INTEREST OF JUSTICE.

Will this revelation of Viscount de Claverie settle this matter? Will it absolve Colonel Lopez? Will it absolve the problem?

If it is the truth, and of this I am perfectly convinced, it should serve to restore at once to its pristine lustre the long tarnished honor of an unfortunate man. This declaration is for him of priceless value—the testimony of a man in whom the public has ever reposed perfect confidence. General Escobedo was a loyal enemy; he fought bravely in the service of his country. Over his writing desk hangs a portrait of Maximilian, with an autographic inscription bearing the date of June 13, 1867—the last signature of the martyr of Queretaro.

The conqueror, after twenty-three years of military life, dwells far from the scenes of party strife. Surrounded by broad acres of fertile fields, he is calmly passing the gloaming of his stormy day of life in writing the history of his country, whose progress he follows from afar with filial interest. I, for one, am constrained to place implicit belief in the statements of this man, coming as they did to me from the mouth of Lopez's bitterest enemy. In the interest of justice and historic verity, I hope that this article may travel far afield and meet with many readers, for the crime of treason is one which public opinion never pardons. Eleven centuries have gone to rest in the bosom of the past since the defeat and death of King Roderic, yet history still points with scornful finger to the indelible stain of infamy which pollutes the name of Count Julian, who delivered his country to the Moors and his king to death.

CAPT. W. M. WILEY.

Southern Exposition.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE
RALEIGH, N. C.
May 20, 1891.

To the County Commissions and Justices of the Peace of North Carolina.

Gentlemen: I call your attention to the resolution passed by the recent Industrial Convention which assembled in this city on the 13th of the present month. I feel that it is to the interest of each county in the State to be fully and completely represented at the Southern Inter-States Exposition to be held in this city during October and November 1891. The exhibits sent to the exposition in this city will be preserved and used at Chicago in 1893 and in this way the counties making exhibits get the advantage of showing the attractions they have to offer capitalists, manufacturers and home seekers at the two great expositions. I will be glad to see the Justices of the peace, in each county of the State make such appropriations as will insure a complete exhibit of the woods, minerals, agricultural products, fruits, vegetables and manufactured articles of all kinds, and such other things as will show to the world what a grand State we live in. The Southern Inter-States Exposition will be visited by many thousand people, and it certainly should be a pride and a pleasure for every North Carolinian to see the great resources of this State properly shown to the visitor.

THOS. M. HOLT,
Governor.

"Will you be my wife?" the impassioned lover asked, as he clasped his arm tight around her willing waist.

And gaspingly the maiden replied:
"Since you press me so, I will."

A Hard Corner.

The age of 20 is a hard corner for a woman to turn, and 25 is still harder. Say feels that she is leaving her youth behind her. But there is no sad way a woman should be faded and passée at 25 or even at 45. The chief cause of the early age of American women is found in the fact that nine of them suffer from some form of female weakness or disease which robs the face of its bloom, throws dark circles about the eyes, brings early wrinkles and sallowness, and stamps the face and figure with signs of ill health, or, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure all these troubles, will restore the lost bloom, and remove the pains and ailments which make women grow old before their time. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or price ($1.00) returned.