

The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY MARCH 30, 1893.

NO 18.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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Bear Testimony.

"We must first confess Him. Confession comes before crowning. My text for the night is the 10th chapter of Romans, 9th, 10th, and 11th verses. There are three steps to be taken, you see.

1. Believe with thine heart.
2. Confess with thy mouth.
3. Don't be ashamed of Him.

"If you see a man or woman not willing to take these three steps, they are not willing to go to Calvary. You all believe, but won't go forward to confess. If you are going to be true disciples, you've got to confess. Man can't be a true disciple without taking up his cross and following Him." A man said to me once, "How do you account for it that Mohammed's got more followers than Christ?" "Well," said I, "Mohammed's followers don't have to take a cross." The reason so many people are not willing to follow Christ is, they don't want to come and publicly confess. If there was a side-door somewhere they could just slip in, it would be all right. You remember down in Caesarea when Christ asked His disciples, "Whom do men say that I am?" "Some say a prophet, some Moses, some Elias." "But whom say ye that I am?" Then Peter spoke out, as usual, being the spokesman for the others, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." Listen to Christ's answer, "Blessed art thou, Simon-Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Spirit." I don't believe a man ever confessed Christ that he wasn't blessed right there. Why are there back-sliders here to-night? Because they got with a lot of scoffers and are ashamed to run up the flag and confess Christ. That's the way they get into a back-sliding state. Let me read what Christ said:

"Luke 12:3—Whosoever shall confess me before men, I will confess him before my Father which is in heaven, and will send him down, and he will receive power over all devils, and shall walk upon serpents and scorpions, and tread upon lions, and shall be invulnerable to the sword." Now there it is. You deny me before men, and I'll deny you before God. If a man's going to be a disciple, he must not stop round the cross, but right up to it. In a meeting in New York, there was a man whose confidence I tried for a week to get. I could get him just so far and no further. Finally I turned him over to a lovely Christian man I knew, and asked him to see what he could do with him. He came back, and said he could get him just so far, and no further. Well, one night that man got up and made a confession. He said there was just one cross in his way. Whenever he thought of getting up to confess, there came into his mind this thought—'You've got to go to your lodging, and if you get your Bible out and go to reading it your room-mate will come in and catch you and laugh at you.' At last though he made up his mind he would get his Bible out of his trunk, and begin to read, and if his room-mate wanted to laugh he'd let him laugh. He hadn't been reading but a few minutes when he heard footsteps on the stairs—tramp, tramp—his room-mate was coming. His first impulse was to jump up and hide the Bible, but he said 'No! now's the time for me to stand the test.' His room-mate came in and seeing him reading the Bible, he said, 'Well, are you interested in the Bible?' 'Yes, I want to hear Mr. Moody and his sermon convinced me.' 'Well, that's singular,' said his room-mate. 'I was there the same night, and I was awakened too, but I thought you'd laugh at me.' There were those two comrades, sneaking around afraid of each other. Don't think there are no such men here. They are right here in Charlotte to-night. They are standing outside of the door of this building at eight watching each other to see if they are going churchward and God-ward. It's a pity a man is so weak-kneed that he is afraid of being laughed out of his religion. Now, I don't know whether I'm misjudging you people down here or not. I think you are about the same as they are up North. Mason and Dixon's line don't seem to change human nature. It's about the same on one side of the line as the other. Some men think if they once get into the church that is all God requires. Christ didn't teach men just to join the church and that settled it, but to take up their cross daily. What would you think of a man who wanted to be a policeman but didn't want to wear the uniform—he felt just a little above it, but still he wanted to be a policeman

all the same? You wouldn't trust your house or property to such a man as that to guard. Or what would you think of a soldier who wanted to go into the army, but was ashamed to put on the uniform? He'd be a splendid soldier, wouldn't he! If I'm going to be a disciple of Christ, I must put on the livery of heaven.

There are two characters I want to call your attention to to-night. They both lived in the same city—one was on the top round of the ladder, the other on the bottom round. When you take them up you can't tell which one's testimony did the most good. The first man is the poor blind beggar told of in the ninth chapter of John. That great long chapter of 42 verses is given up to that poor blind beggar. When I get to heaven I'm going to hunt him up.

"There never was a work of God that there wasn't opposition to. Have you heard any one yet talking of this meeting? ('Yes,' answered several.) Glad of it. Thank God. The newspapers and all are going one way; glad to hear there's some opposition. When that blind man was made to see, his neighbors came and said, 'Is not this he who sat and begged?' 'Some said this is he, but others said, he is like him.' But listen. He said, 'I am he.' He cut their argument short. They said, 'How were thine eyes opened?' He told them the simple story of Christ spitting upon the ground and anointing his eyes with clay, and of his washing seven times in the pool of Siloam. He didn't tell it in any flippant way. It isn't the flippant, fluent man that has the most influence with the jury, but the man who tells the truth. I've heard men in the pulpit talk and talk, but never tell anything. The Pharisees came to him and questioned him, and he told them of how Jesus spat upon his eyes and he received his sight. If the Lord is going to give you sight, don't you tell him how to do it or how to save you.

"But the Jews did not believe concerning him that had received his sight until they called his parents in and asked them. I always had a contempt for these parents. They said, 'this is our son, but by what means he received his sight we know not; he is of age, ask him.' When I get to heaven I won't hunt those parents. They were afraid if they told that Jesus had done it they would be cast out of the synagogue. It wasn't then like it is now. Now if the Protestants cast you out the Catholics will take you in; if the Protestants cast you out the Methodists will take you in or the Baptists; you can go from one fold to another. The blind man when asked whether he was a sinner or no answered, 'I know not, but one thing I know, once I was blind but now I see.' He knew one thing—that now he saw. Some of you Christians don't know whether you have got your eyes open or not. It is a great thing to get your eyes open and to know they are open. When asked who Jesus was he said, 'He is a prophet.' No one could preach more theology or a better sermon than that blind man did.

"Well, but how did you get your sight, those Jews asked. 'Well, if I tell you you will become one of his disciples?' I never saw a man grow so fast. Here he is trying to convert those old Pharisees whom Christ himself couldn't convert. Then they reviled him and cast him out. Where did they cast him? Listen. Christ heard of it, and said to him, 'Believest thou on the Son of Man?' 'Who is He?' 'Thou hast both seen and talked with Him. It is He that talketh with thee.' And he said, 'Lord, I believe.' There's testimony for you.

"There was a place opened in Chicago which was going to ruin my mission school—a gilded den where men were to be ruined. An invitation was sent to me to be present the first night it was to be opened—there was to be a great time. I took the invitation and I went to two of the men and held out the invitation. 'Did you sign this?' I asked. 'We did,' they said. 'I see you want an answer, and I came to say I'll be there. 'What are you going to do?' they asked. 'Never mind about that; you invited me and I'm coming. 'But you aren't going to preach a sermon, are you?' 'That's nothing to you, I said. 'You aren't going to pray?' they said aghast. 'I don't know what I'm going to do,' I said. 'Oh, but we don't want to do; we won't have you; we'll get a policeman to stand at the door and keep you out!' 'But you can't do that;

here's my invitation,' said I. Finally I compromised with them by telling them if they'd kneel down there and pray with me I would not come. They did, and I prayed with all my power that God would smash their miserable whisky business into pieces and show them the light. Your Christianity ain't skin deep if you don't stand the test when the time comes.

"The other man I want to talk to you about was Joseph of Arimathea. Only two of the evangelists speak of the birth of Christ, but all have something to tell us of Joseph. All wanted to pay a tribute to him. And did you ever take the trouble to look at the time when Joseph confessed Christ? It was the darkest hour the world ever saw. Joseph had probably been led to Jesus by Nicodemus. We are apt to lead others where we are ourselves. Ministers down the valley will take their people there, but ministers on the mountain top will take their people up there. It might have been a secret talk, that with Joseph. Nicodemus was a secret disciple himself. But the final time is going to come. With some of you the testing hour has passed; you've given your testimony on the wrong side.

"That night the Sanhedrim assembled to condemn Christ. They would not send for Joseph, for they wanted a unanimous vote. Way down there I hear Joseph utter the cry which has come ringing down the ages—I never will give my consent to this just man's death.' His time came. The secret disciple came out openly. That was the darkest hour Jerusalem had ever seen. Joseph's friends said, 'they have condemned Christ; his disciples have forsaken Him; if you come out for him you will be cast off, ostracized; you'll lose all your friends; but he said, 'I'll not give my consent to this just man's death.' I have an idea and can just imagine Joseph was not at the crucifixion. He thought God would at the last hour provide some way, as He did to save Abraham from offering up Isaac. His servant comes running to him pale and breathless and tells him he's just come from the cross, it's all over, Christ is dead. He has just heard that He committed his spirit to God, and his body to his friends. When Joseph heard that he went up boldly—oh, I like that word boldly—into the council hall and begged the body of Christ. Pilate said, 'You don't mean that you were a friend of Christ?' No uncircumcised hand was allowed to touch that body. It was taken up wrapped in fine linen, and just a little funeral procession followed it to the grave. It was laid in Joseph's sepulchre. I don't believe there ever was a man in all history who lost all of his friends, as did Joseph. They kissed him on the streets. Little did they know that that sepulchre was to become the most noted of all in the world.

"Just go on ten years. We see Joseph dying. One of his children asks him if he is afraid to die. 'I'm just beginning to live,' said he. 'The regret of my life is that I did not identify myself more with Him.' The horses and chariot of Israel are there to carry him home; the angels, archangels, and seraphim are there to bear him home. We hear the watchman on the tower say, 'Joseph is coming home.' His is no new name here. He was no stranger in that world of life. The bells of heaven rang sweeter as up he went to the very throne of God. Hear Christ say, 'Father, this is Joseph of Arimathea; he confessed me in the darkest day of my life, and I want to confess him before you.' And you think that did not take place? Men, what a privilege it is to confess Christ! It's a great honor to have God confess us! You take my advice; don't leave to-night without confessing Him. I want to say to this little child, you are not too young to confess Christ. Some of the best testimony on earth is from children. I know a man who said he would not let a Christian stay in his house. His boy went to the Mission Sunday School and became converted. He went home, and when he was praying his father came home drunk, abused him, and told him if he ever saw him praying again he would flog him. But flogging won't take Christ out of the heart. He did find the boy praying again, and flogged him, also telling him if he ever caught him at it again he'd drive him away from the house. The boy went on praying, and sure enough his father caught him and told him to get his things and leave.

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He went in his little room and picked up his few belongings, and went in the kitchen to bid his mother good bye. He told her why he was leaving, and knowing that it was no use to say anything to the father, she pressed her boy to her bosom and told him good bye. As he passed the front door his father was standing in the door. 'Good bye, father; God bless you.' Before he reached the gate his father ran after him, and told him to come back. 'I see you have something I haven't got, and I want you to pray for me.' 'A little child shall lead them.' Let every boy here remember this. There's some poor man here who thinks his testimony would not be worth much. God can take a tramp and make him more than a millionaire in the wealth of new life which he gives him. I just took up this sermon to lead you up to this. Put yourself in the way of the blessed, and see if you are not blessed.

A Presbyterian Administration.

Washington Correspondence N. C. Presbyterian.

"A man who honors his mother is a man who can always be trusted," used to be a maxim of one of the best men I ever knew, and it was called to my mind by the fact that the two men—President Cleveland and his private secretary, Mr. Thurber—who will divine Providence sparing their lives, have the most to do with the executive business of this great nation for the next four years, both took the oath of office upon Bibles which each of them cherishes as his most precious possession because it was once the property of his mother. Mr. Cleveland's Bible has been twice used for the "swearing in" of a President of the United States. The example of these two officials ought to be brought to the attention of every young man in the land. The last administration was often jokingly referred to as a "Presbyterian administration," but that denomination was not then so strongly represented as it is in the present one. With one exception every member of President Cleveland's cabinet is a Presbyterian. The exception is Secretary Carlisle, who is not a church member, but is like Mr. Cleveland, rather inclined to the Presbyterian church. Surely it is a matter for congratulation that so many of the men who will direct the government for four years to come are God-fearing church members.

Colonial Exhibits for the World's Fair.

News and Observer.

The North Carolina Committee on Colonial Exhibits for the Columbian Exposition desires the names and addresses of any persons in the State who own, and would be willing to lend, portraits, miniatures, fans, China, glass, silver, historic documents, or any other articles which can be authenticated as belonging to the Colonial and Revolutionary period. Space for this exhibit has, with much difficulty, been secured in the government building in Chicago. It is in close proximity to the Department of State and Justice, where will be displayed the original Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and many other historic and valuable documents. The whole government building will be patrolled by a large force, night and day, and every safeguard taken to protect the articles therein displayed; and the Colonial exhibit will share the same special care.

Contributors to this interesting and historic feature of the exposition may be assured that whatever they will kindly lend will be carefully packed and fully insured, and at the close of the exposition returned to the owners.

As the space given by the government to the Colonial Committee is necessarily limited, we have been obliged to exclude all furniture and clothing.

Address all communications to Mrs. George W. Kidder, Chairman Colonial Committee of the Thirteenth Original States.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Largest Things.—London is the largest city in the world, containing a population of 4,764,312 persons.

The largest river in the world is the Amazon, being 150 miles wide at its mouth, and navigable for large ships, 2,300 miles from its mouth.

The largest island in the world is Australia. It is 1,500 miles from east to west and 1,950 miles from north to south. Its area is 2,984, 287 square miles.

The largest Empire in the world is that of Great Britain, being 8,557,058 square miles, and more than a sixth part of the globe.

The largest suspension bridge is the Brooklyn. The length of the main span is 1,595 feet 6 inches. The entire length of the bridge is 9,980 feet.

The largest inland sea is the Caspian, between Europe and Asia, being 709 miles long and 279 miles wide.

The largest cavern in the world is the mammoth cave, Kentucky.

The largest tree in the world as yet discovered is in Tulare county, California. It is 275 feet high, and 106 feet in circumference at its base.

The largest desert is Sahara, in Northern Africa. Its length is 3,000 miles and breadth 900 miles; having an area of 2,000,000 square miles.

The largest volcano in the world is Etna. Its base is 90 miles in circumference; its cone 11,000 feet high. Its first eruption occurred 474 B. C.

The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior, 400 miles long and 160 miles wide. Its greatest depth is 200 fathoms. Its surface is 635 feet above the level of the sea.

The largest church in the world is St. Peter's in Rome. Its length is 613 feet, and its height is 195 feet in diameter, and its dome to the cross on the summit 448 feet.

Presbyterians in Office.

Norfolk Public Ledger.

It is said that the only comment except President Harrison made upon Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet while on his journey home was that, "with one exception, every member is a Presbyterian." That exception is Mr. Carlisle, who is not a member of any church, but who, like the chief, is inclined to the Presbyterian Church. An old politician, who has looked into the question says that there are more Presbyterians in both Houses than of any two other churches; that he could name more than a dozen States whose governors were Presbyterians. When asked how he accounted for the Presbyterian predominance in the conduct of public offices, he playfully remarked, "They believe in election."

A gentleman, having his boots cleaned by a boy in a Dublin street, paid the shoeblack with a considerable degree of haughtiness, on which the little fellow, when the other had got a short way off, said: "Arrah, now! all the polish you have is on your boots, and I gave it to ye."—*Tid-Bits*

Winn and Watson Cave In.

A dispatch from Atlanta, Ga., of the 23rd says: In an interview to-day with Hon. Thos. E. Winn, the People's party ex-Congressman from the Ninth Georgia district, he announces that there is room for only two great parties, and says that if the Democrats carry out in good faith their platform the People's party will give them full credit and act accordingly. Hon. Thos. E. Watson, the most notable Third party leader in Georgia, takes the same position, saying that if the pledges made by the Democratic party in their National platform on which the party won are carried out, the people ought to be satisfied. The announcements of these interviews are received with considerable interest here, indicating that the Third party in the South will rapidly go to pieces if the Democratic party stands squarely on its platform.

The report seems to be well authenticated that the President has stated he could call an extra session of Congress not later than September 1st.

STATESVILLE MARBLE WORKS

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A genuine sewed shoe, that will not rip, fine calf, smooth, flexible, durable, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear, should buy this shoe.

Boys' \$2.00 and Youth's \$1.75 School Shoes. These are worn by the boys everywhere. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. They are made of the best material and are finished with the finest workmanship.

Ladies' \$3.00 Hand-sewed, \$2.50. These are made of the best material and are finished with the finest workmanship. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable.

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DR. DRUMGOOLE'S ENGLISH Female Bitters

Cure all Female Complaints and Monthly Irregularity, Leucorrhoea or Whites, Pain in Back or Sides, strengthen the feeble, build up the whole system. It has cured thousands and will cure you. Druggists have it. Send stamp for book.

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will speedily remove all this trouble, enable you to eat and digest your food, prevent headaches and improve the enjoyment of life to which you have been a stranger. Dose small. Price 25 cents. Office, 59 Park Street, N. Y.

SAVANNAH, GA., April 26, 1889. Having used three bottles of P. P. P. for impure blood and general weakness, and having derived great benefits from the same, having gained 11 pounds in weight in four weeks, I take great pleasure in recommending it to unfortunate like you.

Yours truly,
JOHN MORRIS.

Office of J. N. McElroy, Druggist—
Orlando, Fla., April 20, 1891.
Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga.: Dear Sirs—I sold three bottles of P. P. P., large size yesterday, and one bottle small size to-day.

The P. P. P. cured my wife of rheumatism winter before last. It came back on her the next winter, and a half bottle, \$1.00 size, relieved her again, and she has not had a symptom since.

I sold a bottle of P. P. P. to a friend of mine, one of his turkeys, a small one took sick, and his wife gave it a teaspoonful, that was in the evening, and the little fellow turned over like he was dead, but next morning was up, bolting and well.

Yours respectfully,
J. N. McELROY,
Savannah, Ga., 17, 1891.

Dear Sirs—I have suffered from rheumatism for a long time, and did not find a cure until I found P. P. P., which completely cured me. Yours truly,
ELIZA F. JONES
16 Orange St., Savannah.