

One Year, \$1.00; Six Months, .75; Three Months, .50; One Year, \$1.00; Money can be sent by Money Order or Registered Letter at our risk.

NEWS OF A WEEK

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

PENCILINGS - GLEANINGS

Yeast was invented in the year 1846.

There were 41 business failures in the South last week.

The Southern Baptist Convention will hold its annual session at Waco, Texas May 5th.

Mayor De Bevoise, of Long Island City has been found guilty of wrongful conversion of \$100,000 of city bonds.

Georgia reports all liabilities met and a round million in the treasury. No wonder so few vote the republican ticket in that State.

Governor Jarvis has granted pardons to two of the Plymouth rioters after they had been confined in the county jail fifteen months.

The "New York Herald" was started nearly half a century ago on a borrowed capital of \$500. To-day \$4,000,000 could not buy it.

The democrats will nominate John A. Gilmer for Governor next year and will be elected by 5,000 majority. Mark the prediction.

A negro woman prisoner jumped from the cars in motion near Marion last week and tried to escape. She took to the woods but was captured.

Mr. John Curtis, of Richlands, says, the Lemon "Pop," is 81 years old and can split 200 rails per day. He says he has not tasted liquor for 65 years.

The meanest man has been heard of. He won't let his daughter's sweetest kiss her good night when he pays a tax of a plug of tobacco for the privilege.

Alfred G. Packer, who murdered five companions in Colorado in 1872 and for several weeks subsisted on their remains, has been tried and convicted at Lake City, Col.

Mr. Any "News" says there are three sisters in Gaston whose combined weight is 646 pounds. All are single and the youngest of the three is under 19 years of age.

An old negro died recently in an Charlotte, and between \$50 and \$100 has been found in yards filled in various places in his old cabin, as we learn from the "Journal Observer."

A railroad from Durham via Roxboro to South Boston, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, is now the talk. Person county is to vote in May whether or no \$60,000 shall be subscribed.

It doesn't take a Northern invader very long to get well in Florida. When the first week's hotel bill is presented, he generally says, "I guess I'm well enough to start for home this afternoon."

The editor of the Goldsboro "Enterprise" wants a telephone line from Snow Hill to Goldsboro. He wants to kiss a man in Snow Hill, wants him to hear it, but wants about twenty miles between them.

Charles E. Potts, employed at peanut garden in Walter & Co's established in Norfolk, fell down the elevator shaft from the fourth floor to the bottom, Tuesday morning, crushing his skull and breaking both arms.

A farmer one morning received a note from a merchant asking him to come and settle forthwith. He seemed puzzled for a moment, and then entered the house and said to his wife, "Betty, what day does fortnight fall on?"

In the Superior Court at Chicago Tuesday an action for breach of promise was brought by Fannie Austin, a comely colored woman, against Robert Little, a good-looking Englishman in which \$10,000 damages is claimed.

The Georgia State convention compromised on Henry D. McDaniel as the democratic candidate for Governor, and he was nominated by acclamation. It was found impossible to nominate either Boynton or Bacon. The nomination gives great satisfaction.

James Robinson, an old man, of Troy, N. Y., who induced a girl by a bogus check for \$100,000 to come there and marry him has been arrested. He is charged with stealing \$75, a gold-headed cane and an overcoat from the clergyman who performed the ceremony.

The Connecticut Legislature is considering a bill compelling all the State railroads to give judges and legislators passes as a matter of course. Receiving them thus, the recipients will be under no obligations to the companies, and consequently, it is argued, lose neither independence nor self-respect.

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTHS."

VOLUME 13.--

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL 20, 1883.

--NUMBER 13

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Duration. Includes rates for one inch, one insertion, one month, three months, six months, one year.

Liberal Discounts will be made for Large Advertisements and for Contracts by the Year. Cash must accompany all Advertisements unless good references be given.

AN OUTRAGE

DESPERATE DEVIETRY OF ILLINOIS STRIKERS.

THEY GROW DESPERATE.

Springfield, Ill., April 13.—The situation at the rolling mill is becoming very serious. The mill has been filling up with non-union men quite rapidly of late.

Members of the amalgamated association seem to be getting desperate. Assaults on the men who have the places of the strikers are of daily occurrence. Several of them have been badly beaten. Yesterday a party of two or three left for a walk into the country. They were followed by a gang of the strikers and when about two miles distant they were beaten and thrown off a bridge.

Two of the number have not returned and are said to be very seriously injured and two or three physicians left last night to attend them but becoming alarmed returned without reaching the spot. The crowing infamy in a series of outrages heaped upon the workmen was perpetrated last night.

A party of them were leaving the mill about 7:30 o'clock and they had hardly got outside of the enclosure when a gang of the strikers opened fire on them with rifles, shot guns and pistols and it is said they fired several times.

Waldron, a young man who recently arrived from Pittsburg, fell dead; thirty-four bullets had penetrated his side, breast, throat and face. Brainard Mulken was shot in the chest and arm. His wounds are serious but it is thought he will survive.

Sammel Britton received a slight wound. Great excitement prevailed. No arrest have yet been made, as the murderers who fired from an ambush are unknown. The workmen are unawed and express their determination to run this mill.

Huntersville Racket.

TWO PUGILISTS ACCOMMODATED.

On Saturday last a young man from Caldwell station armed himself with a couple of bottles of whiskey and came down to Huntersville to spend the day.

During the day he took into his hand that he must have a fight, so with some difficulty and by pounding a man over the head a little he succeeded in getting knocked down and pretty well thrashed.

After a visit to the Mayor's office and depositing \$5.45 he returned home where he had an older brother to whom he related the events of the forenoon. This brother steamed up to about 60 degrees above fever heat and came down on the hunt of the man that struck his brother.

With some little to do he found him and commenced an attack which resulted in his getting a general whipping and amputation down to the Mayor's office where he deposited \$5.45, just the same that his younger brother received who had worked in the forenoon, of which he had a retreat back to Caldwell's apparently tolerably well satisfied.—"Journal Observer."

Shooting Affray at Newberne.

Quite an excitement was created at the cotton yard yesterday by an affray between Mr. Frank Myer and Mr. J. J. Wolfenden and Judge Green. During the affray Judge Green struck Mr. Myer on the head with his walking cane, whereupon Mr. Myer drew a pistol and fired the ball passing through Mr. Green's left thigh. Friends of the parties prevented any further disturbance.

A warrant was issued by Justice Brinson upon the affidavit of Ed. Street, Esq., for the parties. Messrs. Wolfenden and Myer appeared and were recognized for their appearance on Friday morning. Dr. Duffy dressed the wound inflicted by the ball and pronounced it not dangerous.—Newberne Journal.

THAT BAD BOY.

HIS PA GOES TO CHURCH—JAMACIA RUM AND CARDS.

PA DEALS THE CARDS OUT.

"What is it I hear about your Pa being turned out of prayer meeting Wednesday night," asked the grower of the bad boy as he came over after some cantelopes for breakfast, and plugged a couple to see if they were ripe.

"He wasn't turned out of prayer meeting at all. The people all went away and Pa and me was the last ones out of church. But some how Pa was mad, and don't you forget it."

"Well, what seemed to be the trouble? Has your Pa become a backslider?"

"O, no, his flag is still there. You see, when we got ready to go to prayer meeting last night, Pa told me to go up stairs and get him a handkerchief, and to drop a little perfume on it, and put it in the tail pocket of his black coat. I did it, I guess I got hold of the wrong bottle of perfume. There was a label on the funny bottle that said 'Jamacia Rum,' and I thought it was the same as Bay Rum, and I put on a whole lot. Just afore I put the handkerchief in Pa's pocket, I noticed a pack of cards on the stand, that Pa used to play his old jack with Ma evenings when he was so sick he couldn't go down town, before he got 'ligion, and I wrapped the handkerchief around the pack of cards and put them in his pocket. I don't know what made me do it, and Pa don't, either, I guess, 'cause he told Ma this morning I was possessed of a devil. I never owned no devil, but I had a pair of pet goats once, and they played hell all around, Pa said. That's what the devil does, ain't it? Well, I must go home with these melons, or they won't keep."

"But hold on," said the grocery man as he gave the boy a few raisins with worms in, that he couldn't sell, to keep him, "what about the prayer meeting?"

"O, I like to forget. Well Pa and me went to prayer meeting, and Ma came along afterwards with a deakin that is mashed on her, I guess, 'cause he says she is to be pitted for havin' to go through life yoked to such an old prize ox as Pa. I heard him tell Ma that, when he was helping her up on her rubber-water privilege to go home in the rain the night of the sonable and she looked at him just as she does at me when she wants me to go down to the hair factory after her snuff, and said, 'O, you dear brother,' and all the way home he kept her water privilege by putting his arm on the small of her back. Ma asked Pa if he didn't think the deakin was very kind, and Pa said, 'yes, dam kind,' but that was afore he got 'ligion. We sat in a pew at the prayer meeting, next to Ma and the deakin, and there was lots of pious folks all round there. After the preacher had gone to bed, and an old lady had her binnings, a praying, and the singers had got out on their base, Pa was on deck, and the preacher said they would like to hear from the recent convert, who was trying to walk in the straight and narrow way, but who found it so hard, owing to the many crosses he had to bear. Pa knew it was him that had to go to bat, and he got up and said he felt it was good to be there. He said he didn't feel that he was a full sized Christian yet, but he was getting in his work the best he could. He said at times everything looked dark to him, and he feared he should fall by the wayside, but by a firm resolve he kept his eyes on the future, and if he was tempted to do wrong he said get thee behind me, Satan, and stuck in his toe nails for a pull for the right. He said he was thankful to the brothers and sisters, particularly the sisters, for all they had done to make his burden light, and hoped to meet them all in—. When Pa got as far as that he sort of broke down. I suppose he was going to say heaven, though after a few minutes they all thought he wanted to meet them in a saloon. When his eyes began to leak, pa put his hand in his tail pocket for his handkerchief, and got hold of it, and gave it a jerk, and out came the handkerchief, and the cards. Well, if he had snuffed them, and Ma had cut them, and he had dealt six hands, they couldn't have been dealt any better. They flew into everybody's lap. The deakin that was with Ma got the Jack of spades and three aces and a deuce, and Ma got some nine spots and a king of hearts, and Ma nearly fainted, 'cause she didn't get a better hand, I spose. The preacher got a pair of deuces, and a queen of hearts, and he looked up at Pa as though it was a miracle, and an old woman who sat across the aisle, she only

got two cars, but that was enough. Pa didn't see what he done at first, 'cause he had the handkerchief over his eyes, but when he smelled the rum on it, he took it away, and then he saw everybody discarding, and he thought he had struck a poker game, and he looked around as though he was mad 'cause they didn't deal him a hand. The minister adjourned prayer meeting and whispered to Pa, and everybody went out holding their noses on account of Pa's fumery, and when Pa came home he asked Ma what he should do to be saved. Ma said she didn't know. The deakin told her Pa seemed worried to his idols. Pa said the deakin better run his own idols, and Pa would run his. I don't know how it is going to turn out, but Pa says he is going to stick to the church.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE HIGHEST TRIBUTE.

Doctor Talmage said: Barzillai of the text was a very old man, a very kind man, a very affectionate man, a very patriotic man, a very wealthy man of the tenth century before Christ. Suggestive of our modern philanthropist Peter Cooper of the nineteenth century after Christ. I say, there has been many a man in the century B. C. typical of in some men in the centuries A. D. when I see this Barzillai of the text going out to his reward, it makes me think of the modern philanthropist who was always ready to make restitution in times of necessity whether it were individual, municipal, or national. The sun of his white locks and the beneficence of his genial face have come to their omen. His influence halting not a second for the obsequies to be finished more right on without any change. Death is multiplication instead of subtraction and the marble of the tomb instead of being the goal at the end of the race is only the starting point for a grander career. Why so many good people with hats off in reverence before a man who never wielded a sword, or made mastery orator, or who sat in Senatorial places? He was not a king, nor a lord, nor a governor, nor a president. The learned title L. L. D. bestowed by a University did not stick to him one minute. The prefix of Mr., the suffix of Esquire seemed always an incongruity when connected with his name. Before all christendom, he has been and for all the ages to come he will be plain Peter Cooper. Why all the flags at half mast? why parliamentary resolutions of legislature and common council?

Foot Washing.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS, WASHING EACH OTHERS FEET IN THE SOUTH.

"You never saw a foot-washing?" said the Rev. Joseph Bowen, a Baptist minister from Tennessee to a reporter. Then you could not have travelled much in the back woods sections of the south and west. I remember seeing one at Randolph Tennessee, in June, 1877. Randolph is in Tippin county, on the Mississippi bluff. I had to stay over Sunday, and learning that there was a meeting at Salem Church, six miles away, I borrowed a horse and rode to the place. The church, built of logs, with the cracks daubed, sat back about one hundred yards from the road in the middle of a grove. Inside the seats were already well filled, and every head in the church turned as I entered. I shrank into a corner and took a seat as quickly as possible. In front there were a few benches made of poplar, but the supply falling short the demand had been met by planks laid on boxes. One of these I sat down next to a portly lady dressed in a cotton gown with broad yellow cheeks. The minister had well earned his reputation of being a powerful exhorter, as I found when he commenced his sermon. As he warmed to his work he walked rapidly from side to side of the pulpit, stopping occasionally, as in a thundering voice he warned his unconverted hearers that they were hanging over hell-fire by a single hair, to deal resounding blows to the Bible with his fist by way of emphasis. When he concluded he took a long crash towel and girdled it around his waist. At the side of the pulpit was a bucket of water and a no-ggin. If you don't happen to know what a no-ggin is I may explain that it is a small tub a size larger than a piggins. This one had been constructed by sawing a whiskey keg in half. When the preacher commenced pouring the water into an old gentleman in the amen corner commenced pulling off his brogans and rolling up the bottom of his trousers.

Mad Dog at Church.

The Presbyterian congregation of Davidson College had their nerves so badly unstrung last Sunday night, that it would take a first-class piano tuner a whole month to string 'em up again, and it was all caused by a church-going mad dog. It seems that on last Friday a mad dog made its appearance in Davidson College, and bit a number of town dogs, and of course the people were considerably disturbed in consequence and all were on the look-out for mad dogs. Sunday night the people had gathered in the Presbyterian chapel to attend divine service, which was being conducted by Dr. Lattimer. There was a large congregation present among them being many ladies, and Dr. Lattimer was just reading a chapter in the Bible when a howling, yelping canine burst into the church-right in the midst of the terrified congregation. The scene that followed may be imagined. Dr. Lattimer stopped in the middle of a sentence, and in a second was viewing the scene from his perch on top of the pulpit, encouragingly, but somewhat excitedly, calling upon the congregation to "kill it, kill it!" The men and women stood on the top of the benches, and there was some pretty loud shouting and screaming done. One of the students present, who had evidently heeled himself for a combat with mad dogs, pulled out a pistol, and made the interior of the sanctuary echo with the sounds of battle. Two shots were fired at the animal, both wounding him severely, and disabing him, when the men fell upon the dog with sticks and quickly dispatched him. The carcass was dragged from the church, but it was some time before everybody settled down again, and many of them, indeed, had no ears for preaching the balance of the night. After the quiet had been restored Dr. Lattimer resumed the service, and was not interrupted again until the close. The dog did not bite any one in the church, but many would just as soon have been bitten as to be scared so badly. The ladies stood the ordeal remarkably well, only one of them going off in a faint, but it might have been worse had not the voice of the pastor standing on the pulpit been heard above all the din and tumult.

Empire Appointed.

The experts, Maj. J. B. Yates and Gen. W. G. Lewis, not being able to agree in their report upon the condition of the A. and N. C. Railroad and to fix a basis for settlement with the Midland company, nor to agree upon an umpire. Receiver Gating has appointed Capt S. H. Gray to act in that capacity.

Capital and Labor.

This altercation between the rich and the poor. There are two ways in which this quarrel between capital and labor will never be settled. One is by the violent suppression of the laboring classes and the other is by the maltreatment of rich people. This is fast getting to be the age of dynamite. The rich are becoming more arrogant and the poor more unreasonable. I prescribe for this evil the largest kind of allopathic dose of Peter Cooperism. Who ever heard of dynamite under Cooper Institute? who ever looked for a keg of powder in the cellar of Peter Cooper's house?

Rev. Dr. Talmage.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE LIFE OF PETER COOPER.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

WHAT A FIBBING WOMAN SAID BEFORE ALL MANKIND.

REBUKING SHAME.

"In 1638," it is narrated that on the ground where New York city now stands a woman, "or slandering the Rev. E. Bogardus, was obliged to appear before the governor and council in the fort, at the sound of a bell, and say aloud before all men that she knew him to be honest and pious and that she had lied falsely."

Log Cabin Stuck Full of Money.

An old log cabin, located about a mile south of the city in which an aged darkey named Joseph Hove recently hung up the fiddle and laid down the bow," has come into considerable prominence lately among the colored people on account of the numerous finds of money that had been hidden away here and there throughout the house by the old man. The darkey had found up to last evening a total of \$57, all in paper money of the old issues. A roll of five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cent pieces, such as were in common use just after the war, were yesterday brought to postmaster Jenkins who redeemed the slain plasters at par. This roll contained \$5 and was found between two rocks in the chimney. Nearly all the money found is of the old issue and must have been hidden away by the old darkey long years ago. The news of the discovery traveled fast among uncle Joseph's kin, who are found to be legion and they have a lively scramble over the old cabin, and they have no idea of stopping short of tearing the old house down and sifting the debris. The money redeemed by postmaster Jenkins has a curious look and recalls the memories of those of us who were ever fortunate enough to handle it, back to the old days. The postmaster pays dollar for dollar for the money.—Charlotte "Journal Observer."

genial a hand as that of Peter Cooper, that will terminate dynamite. Peter Cooper also impresses us with the new style of monumental and epitaphical commemoration. If the executors of Peter Cooper should expend \$20,000,000 for a mausoleum in Greenwood, it would not make him so well remembered as that building on Third and Fourth avenues New York. What would be a monument of aberdeen granite compared with a monument built out of the intellect and immortal souls of men and women?

AN OLD CUSTOM.

WHAT A FIBBING WOMAN SAID BEFORE ALL MANKIND.

REBUKING SHAME.

"When I am dead and gone, And they mourn upon my breast, Say not that he did ill or well, Only, he did his best." B. N.

Log Cabin Stuck Full of Money.

An old log cabin, located about a mile south of the city in which an aged darkey named Joseph Hove recently hung up the fiddle and laid down the bow," has come into considerable prominence lately among the colored people on account of the numerous finds of money that had been hidden away here and there throughout the house by the old man. The darkey had found up to last evening a total of \$57, all in paper money of the old issues. A roll of five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cent pieces, such as were in common use just after the war, were yesterday brought to postmaster Jenkins who redeemed the slain plasters at par. This roll contained \$5 and was found between two rocks in the chimney. Nearly all the money found is of the old issue and must have been hidden away by the old darkey long years ago. The news of the discovery traveled fast among uncle Joseph's kin, who are found to be legion and they have a lively scramble over the old cabin, and they have no idea of stopping short of tearing the old house down and sifting the debris. The money redeemed by postmaster Jenkins has a curious look and recalls the memories of those of us who were ever fortunate enough to handle it, back to the old days. The postmaster pays dollar for dollar for the money.—Charlotte "Journal Observer."

Mad Dog at Church.

The Presbyterian congregation of Davidson College had their nerves so badly unstrung last Sunday night, that it would take a first-class piano tuner a whole month to string 'em up again, and it was all caused by a church-going mad dog. It seems that on last Friday a mad dog made its appearance in Davidson College, and bit a number of town dogs, and of course the people were considerably disturbed in consequence and all were on the look-out for mad dogs. Sunday night the people had gathered in the Presbyterian chapel to attend divine service, which was being conducted by Dr. Lattimer. There was a large congregation present among them being many ladies, and Dr. Lattimer was just reading a chapter in the Bible when a howling, yelping canine burst into the church-right in the midst of the terrified congregation. The scene that followed may be imagined. Dr. Lattimer stopped in the middle of a sentence, and in a second was viewing the scene from his perch on top of the pulpit, encouragingly, but somewhat excitedly, calling upon the congregation to "kill it, kill it!" The men and women stood on the top of the benches, and there was some pretty loud shouting and screaming done. One of the students present, who had evidently heeled himself for a combat with mad dogs, pulled out a pistol, and made the interior of the sanctuary echo with the sounds of battle. Two shots were fired at the animal, both wounding him severely, and disabing him, when the men fell upon the dog with sticks and quickly dispatched him. The carcass was dragged from the church, but it was some time before everybody settled down again, and many of them, indeed, had no ears for preaching the balance of the night. After the quiet had been restored Dr. Lattimer resumed the service, and was not interrupted again until the close. The dog did not bite any one in the church, but many would just as soon have been bitten as to be scared so badly. The ladies stood the ordeal remarkably well, only one of them going off in a faint, but it might have been worse had not the voice of the pastor standing on the pulpit been heard above all the din and tumult.

Empire Appointed.

The experts, Maj. J. B. Yates and Gen. W. G. Lewis, not being able to agree in their report upon the condition of the A. and N. C. Railroad and to fix a basis for settlement with the Midland company, nor to agree upon an umpire. Receiver Gating has appointed Capt S. H. Gray to act in that capacity.

Capital and Labor.

This altercation between the rich and the poor. There are two ways in which this quarrel between capital and labor will never be settled. One is by the violent suppression of the laboring classes and the other is by the maltreatment of rich people. This is fast getting to be the age of dynamite. The rich are becoming more arrogant and the poor more unreasonable. I prescribe for this evil the largest kind of allopathic dose of Peter Cooperism. Who ever heard of dynamite under Cooper Institute? who ever looked for a keg of powder in the cellar of Peter Cooper's house?

Rev. Dr. Talmage.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE LIFE OF PETER COOPER.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

WHAT A FIBBING WOMAN SAID BEFORE ALL MANKIND.

REBUKING SHAME.

"When I am dead and gone, And they mourn upon my breast, Say not that he did ill or well, Only, he did his best." B. N.

Log Cabin Stuck Full of Money.

An old log cabin, located about a mile south of the city in which an aged darkey named Joseph Hove recently hung up the fiddle and laid down the bow," has come into considerable prominence lately among the colored people on account of the numerous finds of money that had been hidden away here and there throughout the house by the old man. The darkey had found up to last evening a total of \$57, all in paper money of the old issues. A roll of five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cent pieces, such as were in common use just after the war, were yesterday brought to postmaster Jenkins who redeemed the slain plasters at par. This roll contained \$5 and was found between two rocks in the chimney. Nearly all the money found is of the old issue and must have been hidden away by the old darkey long years ago. The news of the discovery traveled fast among uncle Joseph's kin, who are found to be legion and they have a lively scramble over the old cabin, and they have no idea of stopping short of tearing the old house down and sifting the debris. The money redeemed by postmaster Jenkins has a curious look and recalls the memories of those of us who were ever fortunate enough to handle it, back to the old days. The postmaster pays dollar for dollar for the money.—Charlotte "Journal Observer."

Mad Dog at Church.

The Presbyterian congregation of Davidson College had their nerves so badly unstrung last Sunday night, that it would take a first-class piano tuner a whole month to string 'em up again, and it was all caused by a church-going mad dog. It seems that on last Friday a mad dog made its appearance in Davidson College, and bit a number of town dogs, and of course the people were considerably disturbed in consequence and all were on the look-out for mad dogs. Sunday night the people had gathered in the Presbyterian chapel to attend divine service, which was being conducted by Dr. Lattimer. There was a large congregation present among them being many ladies, and Dr. Lattimer was just reading a chapter in the Bible when a howling, yelping canine burst into the church-right in the midst of the terrified congregation. The scene that followed may be imagined. Dr. Lattimer stopped in the middle of a sentence, and in a second was viewing the scene from his perch on top of the pulpit, encouragingly, but somewhat excitedly, calling upon the congregation to "kill it, kill it!" The men and women stood on the top of the benches, and there was some pretty loud shouting and screaming done. One of the students present, who had evidently heeled himself for a combat with mad dogs, pulled out a pistol, and made the interior of the sanctuary echo with the sounds of battle. Two shots were fired at the animal, both wounding him severely, and disabing him, when the men fell upon the dog with sticks and quickly dispatched him. The carcass was dragged from the church, but it was some time before everybody settled down again, and many of them, indeed, had no ears for preaching the balance of the night. After the quiet had been restored Dr. Lattimer resumed the service, and was not interrupted again until the close. The dog did not bite any one in the church, but many would just as soon have been bitten as to be scared so badly. The ladies stood the ordeal remarkably well, only one of them going off in a faint, but it might have been worse had not the voice of the pastor standing on the pulpit been heard above all the din and tumult.

Empire Appointed.

The experts, Maj. J. B. Yates and Gen. W. G. Lewis, not being able to agree in their report upon the condition of the A. and N. C. Railroad and to fix a basis for settlement with the Midland company, nor to agree upon an umpire. Receiver Gating has appointed Capt S. H. Gray to act in that capacity.

Capital and Labor.

This altercation between the rich and the poor. There are two ways in which this quarrel between capital and labor will never be settled. One is by the violent suppression of the laboring classes and the other is by the maltreatment of rich people. This is fast getting to be the age of dynamite. The rich are becoming more arrogant and the poor more unreasonable. I prescribe for this evil the largest kind of allopathic dose of Peter Cooperism. Who ever heard of dynamite under Cooper Institute? who ever looked for a keg of powder in the cellar of Peter Cooper's house?

Rev. Dr. Talmage.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE LIFE OF PETER COOPER.