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THE BLIGHT OF MISRULE.

Some time ago we published a statement showing that in the great agricultural State of Ohio, according to a decennial census then just completed by the State authorities, that there had been a decline of values of land in nearly all the agricultural counties of that State, and that land was worth less now than it was in 1880.

Some time later we published another statement, showing that in the great, rich manufacturing State of Pennsylvania, in one census district, which the Philadelphia Times considered a fair sample of all, out of some eighteen or twenty counties in the West agricultural section of the State, but a few showed as large a population as they had ten years ago, others showed an actual decrease, the only ones showing an increase being those in which mining or manufacturing towns were located and then the increase was found in the towns only.

We know also, that in New Hampshire and Vermont there are hundreds of deserted farms in which prosperous and contented people once lived, abandoned because their owners could not live and meet the obligations devolving upon them from the products of their farms, and could not find purchasers for them at any price.

The Des Moines, Iowa, Leader, gives a list of twenty-one counties in the first census district, agricultural counties, all of them. Fourteen of these counties show an absolute loss of population since 1880, while eight of them show a slight gain. Bunching the twenty-one they show a total gain of 1887 in ten years in a population of 499,002, the total population of these 21 counties in 1880, an increase of about ninety to the county in ten years, or at the rate of nine a year, in counties the least populous of which had 13,000 in the year 1880. Could some good, honest, faithful boomer of protection as a friend to the farmer arise and tell us why this state of facts in some of the best agricultural counties of one of the best agricultural States between the two poles and the two oceans? Of course in counties where the population is at a standstill if not in an absolute decline, the price of land has fallen below the figures of ten years ago.

Iowa is one of the best farming States in the whole Great West, the land being rich, and the railroads numerous enough to transport the products of the farms to the best of our home markets. As a State she was intensely Republican, the only break from the G. O. P. in thirty-five years being a year ago, when a Democratic Governor was elected. Her farmers, too, were humped into the belief that Republican rule, with its high tariff and other monstrosities, was a good thing for them, and they went to the polls year after year and voted the Republican ticket with amazing regularity and unanimity, the Republican majority ranging from 30,000 in late years to 75,000 during and for some time subsequent to the war. They know better now.

It any agricultural State should be prosperous Iowa should be, for the product of her soil is immense. If she is not it is because of the wretched policy which has impoverished other agricultural States as well, which discriminated against the farmers of the soil and robbed them of their earnings to still further enrich the favored few who had been made rich by an odious and plundering system of tribute laying legislation called a protective tariff in its special interest and to the detriment of the toilers in the fields and the workers in the shops.

We would like to hear Mr. Kennedy's opinion of the rest of the Reed gang as great expungers.

THE WEEKLY STAR.

THE TABERNALE.

FIRST MEETING OF THE SERIES TO BE HELD IN WILMINGTON.

A Good Attendance Despite the Rain. Rev. Mr. Jones Not Present—Sermon by Rev. Mr. Stewart.

Despite the rain which fell in torrents during the afternoon and early morning, between five and six hundred people gathered in the Tabernacle last night to inaugurate the series of meetings to be held by Rev. Sam. P. Jones.

As the rain ceased falling about eight o'clock, the crowd was augmented by some two hundred during the services. The choir was well represented, and to the accompaniment of two organs and two cornets, rendered in most excellent style several hymns.

Mr. Jones, who was expected to be present, was unavoidably detained, but he was well represented by his able assistant, Rev. George R. Stewart. Reference was made by Mr. Stewart to the expenses incurred in erecting the Tabernacle. He said that for the purpose of reimbursing those who had so generously and freely given to aid in the building, a collection would be taken up at each service. It was everyone's duty attending these meetings to contribute according to his or her means.

Prof. E. O. Excell sang in his inimitable manner the solo, "There's a Great Day Coming," the full choir joining in the chorus.

Rev. Mr. Stewart spoke for an hour from the text: "Wine, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." This was made the basis of an exposition of the methods by which meetings are made, in their results, to redound to the advantage of God in the saving of souls.

There were seven professions of religion. The morning broke with threatening clouds, but ever and anon the sun would peep through, giving hope of good weather for the first morning service at the Tabernacle. A congregation numbering about twelve hundred assembled, and just as Rev. Mr. Stewart ascended the platform promptly at 10:30 the King of Day burst forth in splendor, as if giving his brightest approval to the work.

Prof. Excell began the service with the hymn "Triumph Songs," and continued the song selection about a half hour, with choice services. Mr. Stewart made a few remarks, and stated that any one purchasing a book could use it during the meeting and then, should they so desire, could return it and the money would be refunded.

sermon on a mount, and was transfigured on a mount.

Just here the speaker was interrupted by inattention, and said, "Look at me; if you look at the street-car going by you'll make the man next you think you ain't been about much and ain't used to the street-cars."

He then continued: "When I look at Wilmington and see about ninety saloons and twenty-five churches, and when I figure on your dance halls and all kinds of worldliness, I say what can one man do? Then I say, by God's help one man can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. The churches are asleep."

"I ask the Y. M. C. A. about the young men, and an told seventy-five per cent of them never go to church, and only about fifteen per cent of them are church members."

"I ask the Y. P. S. C. E. about the young women, and learn that sixty per cent of them are in the ball room, and in the whirlpool of fashion, while only forty per cent attend church and twenty per cent are active Christians."

"I ask parents, professing Christians, are your children converted? And am told, no. Is it because the Gospel has not come to them? No; God is the same, but they are asleep. Burglars have a new trick—one the Devil has long used. They chloroform the inmates of a house and while they sleep carry off all they want and the family awakes to find their treasures gone. The Devil puts mother and father to sleep to the dangers of worldliness, and the parents stupifies the children, and the parents awake to find the souls of their children lost, and cry in their grief, pray for us!"

"Charles Duran, the great traveller and explorer, carried with him a parrot. Once day he lay down in a hammock to take a nap, and placed the bird at his head. He was suddenly awakened by the bird crying, 'Time to get up; time to get up!' In a rage, his master reproved him, when he saw a great snake coiling to spring at him. He at once said, 'Dear bird, I love you more than ever, for you have saved my life.' The saloon keeper is coiling ready to strike your child: It is time to wake up."

"There may be something said in these meetings that you do not like; remember that those portions are intended for others—lower or higher, maybe, than you. Apply to yourself that which is applicable to you and leave the rest. 'No preacher can suit every one. You should condemn no man because he fails to comply with your standard. Measure him by the only true standard—that which he accomplishes. Pray for him. Aid him all you can, and if he saves sinners leave his methods alone; for God has set the seal of his approval on his acts.' 'Oratory does not accomplish what true fervency does. I was in a church once—a very fashionable church, where a quartette was singing a crooked song that no brother here present could get in a mile off—and yet there had been no conversion in that church in a year; while in a small mission station that I visited the night before God had abundantly blessed the labors of the pastor, because the congregation and the preacher were at unity.'

those who would try to awake and put on their strength and assist in the meetings arise to which a large number responded.

A second invitation was given any unconverted in the audience who wanted to put on the Beautiful Garments of Christ to give him their hand, which a number did.

THE SERMON LAST NIGHT. From the text—Psalms, Chap. 91:3—"Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler"—Rev. Geo. R. Stewart delivered a most impressive discourse; exposing the many deceptions and traps set by the Devil for the unwary.

First, as to deceptions: The Devil's most dangerous decoy is the nominal Christian—the man, the woman—who keep their names on the church books, and act as the Devil's agent in deceiving young people into the sin of dancing, drinking and the like. These deceptions are harder to fight than any. You have scores of them in this town. You can find their names on the church books, but their persons, where the devil has stationed them. And the young man that will take a pure, virtuous girl to a dance and lead her forth to clasp her in his arms, will take her anywhere if he gets the opportunity.

Second, Gulling: A very good definition is, "When you think you are going to get something and get nothing." It does not pay to work for the Devil, as he never knows to give a real lasting pleasure to any of his devotees. Sin does not pay. The Devil says "Fall down and worship me and I will give you all," when the truth is that he is a bankrupt.

Third, Traps: No bird will ever be caught by an uncovered trap. A clear comprehension of the consequences of sin would deter any one from commission, but the emissaries of hell see to it, that all is covered with gilt, obscuring the moral filth. The ball-room is bright and beautiful. Flowers, music, and all the accessory decorations are but covers to hide the consequences of indulgence in this lascivious amusement.

If I could unmask the hearts of those engaged in the giddy revels, as most of the women's bodies are, and show you the vile, filthy passion raging there, you would go from thence to your home, where you would find the purity of thought so essential to the true man.

Fourth, Netting: The road to sin is broad. You have an idea that because you see the sky, you can fly; because the ground is beneath you, you can run. But the net gets smaller as you go on, until too late. Wrapped in the coils, there is no escape through human agency. When the storm-clouds of sin and despair lower on your horizon, the forked lightning playing on their dark bosom, look to Christ; spread your wings like the eagle, and bursting the letters of sin, fly to your mountain—to the refuge of the Cross. Dark though the night may be, faith will illumine it. Ingersoll, standing by the grave of his brother, said, "The one who now lies before you, mistaking the approach of death for returning strength, said, 'I am better now.' Let us hope, in spite of creeds, dogmas, doubts and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and narrow peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, but the only answer is the echo of our waiting cry. Yet in the night of death hope sees a star and listening Love can hear the rustle of a wing. In the consolation of our religion we see not a star, but the glorious Sun of Righteousness illumining the dark eventide of life as we pass through the fading shadow into the golden dawning of an eternal morning-tide. Listening Love hears not the rustle of one wing, but of whole troops of heaven's messengers, and they bear the spirits of the redeemed from earth to heaven."

dog. One member loved dogs, and would bring his to church. Another hated dogs and with his stick struck and drove out the dog brought by his brother member. A quarrel ensued which stopped the progress of God's Church seven years. A meeting in a church in Chattanooga was well attended; and an awe upon the people, but the meeting did not move on. One brother saw that something was wrong and opened, saying that God would remove the obstacle. At the close of the prayer two physicians of a child in his mane and a lamb walking by his side, and they lie down together. That is human nature redeemed by the grace of God. Unconverted man don't you want this kind of religion?

Then followed an appeal to those who would accept the love of God to give him their hand, to which a number responded.

REV. SAM P. JONES SERMON. Song services began at 7:30 last night. Hymn No. 64, "There is a fountain," No. 78, "Able to deliver thee," and No. 8, "Bringing them in," were sung.

After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Abernathy, Rev. Sam P. Jones entered the Tabernacle and took a seat on the rostrum. From the 7th and 8th chapters of Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy—"I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith," the Rev. Mr. Jones delivered his sermon.

"These are almost the last words of Saul of Tarsus," he said "He possessed a great heart and a great head—two essential elements of a great man. His brain was clear and strong with a clear comprehension of truth. Looking at Paul's head, I wonder, looking at his heart, I wonder, which was the larger. Perfectly rounded in character, a necessary corollary because he built upon honesty. Some one has said: 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.' God cannot do much for a man who is not honest. Paying your debts is the lowest form of honesty. Paul was honest in that his convictions were strong and he lived up to them and died by them. All have opinions; feel convictions. A preacher who has only opinions is a good sort of a fellow in a general way, but will never accomplish anything. I desire to listen to men who do something; it's chinking away time listening to a man who does nothing. St. Paul knew how to be a Christian and was one."

"In the saying, 'I've fought the good fight,' is implied, first, that a choice of sides was made; second, and then the energies applied to the maintenance of the principles so chosen. The trouble in this town is that there has been no issue drawn between the church and the devil's emissaries. Before we can fight, we must understand what we are fighting about. There can be no victory without fighting, and no crown without your duty done. There's no issue between the church and the world in Wilmington. The church goes to theatre, balls, etc., and the world goes to church. A free and easy friendship. Why has not the issue been drawn? It will not do to say that it is because all are on the right side when there are ten thousand drinking men in this city. You say if you draw the line you will split the city into factions. That is just what I propose to do. If I do not all will go to hell. I wish to split off as much as I can. What is desired in Wilmington is for all on God's side to come over the line, and all on the Devil's side to stay on the other; then weapons drawn and fight until victory or death!

"I shall advocate nothing but what is right and in accordance with the teaching of Scripture. If I do that the only question for you to consider is the purity of my character. If any man disputes the integrity of that, I will pay his expenses to Cartersville, and if he finds anything against me, I will accord him the privilege of this platform to denounce me. If he does not, I wish him to keep his mouth shut. 'Many of you who have at some time of your life been on God's side can't tell where you are now. When a Methodist falls from grace, it is said by adherents of that faith that he has lost his religion; but when a Presbyterian forsakes the paths of righteousness, the adherents of that system say that he never had any religion.' It is the same result, called by different names. Not one hundred in this audience when converted took a firm stand for the right; you kept running back and forth and had died before this, you would likely have been on the Devil's territory at the time. I believe in the final perseverance of the saints. I have persevered for eighteen years and will, with God's help continue to do so, until Heaven receives me. 'Many of the preachers are on the right side, but they do not fight. They preach on infant baptism, mistaking perspiration for inspiration, while the babies sleep and the grown folks are going to hell. 'A little Presbyterian minister will get up and discourse learnedly upon the subject of the final perseverance of the saints, when they have nothing to persevere on. The Episcopalian will set forth the tenet of apostolic successions—telling his congregation where they came from—when his time could be more profitably employed in telling them where they are going to, and the Baptist minister yells in stentorian tones, 'water', when half of this congregation are going to a place where they can't get any. 'Some people go to church and sing. The captain can depend on me.' For what? To cut and shoot? Cut home, and shoot under the bed. 'I desire every one attending these meetings to laugh whenever they choose. I don't believe in solemn preaching. If I believe in solemn preaching I believe in the city of Wilmington she would have had wings long ago. If I don't do more with solemn preaching in this town than with preachers here have done with solemn, I shall leave in a few days. A good laugh will help loosen your hide. 'The manner in which the preachers

glad I did not have to suffer with them, but when I think of their crowns and harps in the New Jerusalem, I say I'd die for a thing like that. Our religion, the grandest example of our Christ when he was reviled, reviled not again, is the servant greater than his Lord? Start the tide of God's love flowing through your hearts and send out the drip weed of malice and ill will. See a lion meet in the way a child and a lamb, and man nature. See the same lion with the finger of a child in his mane and a lamb walking by his side, and they lie down together. That is human nature redeemed by the grace of God. Unconverted man don't you want this kind of religion?

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have run the devil out of this town reminds me of the way in which a dog ran a hog out of the pen; an occurrence witnessed by myself; but the dog was in front of the hog.

"Take a firm stand. Give me one hundred brave Christians and I'll show you a victory that will open your eyes. Stonewall Jackson's memory is immortal, but think you, that we should have ever heard of him had not the bravery of his troops rendered possible his conceptions.

"I do not ask any one to endorse me, and were I asked to endorse the Wilmington preachers I would not do it. 'Take sides, is the point. Be with us or against us. 'The man that runs up against me in this meeting will be like the dog that endeavored to bite the locomotive and for his pains lost a portion of his tail. 'I want to see a fight in this town, and I intend to have one as soon as I can get you on God's side. We will not have any stagnation in this meeting. Stagnation is the next station to Damnation, and the fellow that gets that far generally has his baggage checked through.

"I understand that some have objected to expressions of Brother Stewart. You should wait until your Uncle Jones begins. Brother Stewart is nowhere. 'I believe in howling to the line. I would rather be a dead lion than a living dog. Dogs are plentiful, but lions even dead ones, are scarce. 'There is the little skeptic, who has found out that there is no God, when he was never a hundred miles from home. Paying his dollar to hear Ingersoll's lecture on the 'Mistakes of Moses.' I would give one hundred dollars to hear Moses lecture on the mistakes of Ingersoll.

"How many men can say that they have kept the faith. I had rather be able to say that in my last moments than be King of the Universe. Let us all go back to Christ to-night and keep the faith. 'Some people imagine that I am going to hurt Wilmington. I can't. It is too low. If the Devil and Christ were running for Mayor of this city the Devil would get two votes to Christ's one. 'We need a visitation of God to the churches of Wilmington. Like Samson when his flowing locks streamed to the wind, they have been a power, but the Delilah of worldliness has plucked them from their strength. Let us pray God to come, and wrapping our arms around the pillars of darkness we will sway to its fall the temple, as Samson of old, and kill more in death than life."

At the conclusion of the sermon several hymns were sung. It was announced that services would be held at 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. and at 7:30 a special service for men.

For the United States Court. Ira J. Scott, of Rose Hill, Duplin county, was arrested at that place last Friday, by Deputy Marshal Elder, charged with selling liquors without license to do so. Scott accompanied the Marshal to Wilmington where he gave bond for appearance before United States Commissioner Gardner on the 30th inst.

Countersfeit Two Dollar Notes. Counterfeits of the new two dollar silver certificates are reported to be in circulation. The counterfeit note has the name of "W. S. Rosecrans," instead of that of C. N. Jordan, enclosed in the small round pink seal, as Register of the Treasury. The paper contains no distributing fibre, nor are there any of the parallel silk threads running through it.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE.

Franklin Press: Mr. H. H. Jarrett showed us a sample of tobacco raised four miles from Franklin that is as fine as any raised in North Carolina, and the market price of which is \$80 per hundred.

—Winston Daily: News reached the city to-day of the death of Major R. E. Reeves, a prominent and esteemed citizen of Surry county, which occurred at his home near Sileron on the 28d inst.

—New Berne Journal: Mr. E. M. Foscoe, one of the most prominent farmers of Jones county, was taken with congestion of the brain Monday morning about 10 o'clock, while attending to some business in his gin house, and died that evening about sundown, only eight or nine hours after the attack.

—Salisbury Watchman: James Owen, who lived in the county few miles from town, was killed by the explosion of a locomotive boiler in Georgia on Monday last. Owen had been on the road less than a week. A little girl named McDaniel, living at Gold Hill dropped dead from paralysis last Sunday. She had apparently just recovered from an attack of dysentery.

—Raleigh News and Observer: The fall term of the North Carolina Supreme Court will begin on Monday next. George C. Scurlock, colored is the Republican member of Congress against Capt. Brady in this district. It is rumored, on good authority, that a company will soon be formed for the purpose of starting an evening daily paper in this city, to be conducted on the joint stock plan.

—Morganton Herald: Three dogs that are supposed to have had hydrophobia have been killed in Morganton this week. The dogs were members of an association has been organized at Linville with an authorized capital of \$800,000. So far about 250 shares of the par value of \$200 have been subscribed for. Millard Kerley, a young man about 19 years of age, and a son of S. C. Kerley of Johns River, became deranged on Tuesday night and was confined in the Western Asylum at Morganton.

—Southport Leader: The Cape Fear Coaling and Contracting Companies dock is beginning to take on definite shape under the supervision of Mr. Wm. Weeks. The piles are nearly all set and the iron which is to be used in the building of the warehouse is in Wilmington. The organization of the Southport Lumber Company makes another important addition to Southport's industries. This company has purchased land lying near the Coaling and Contracting Co's dock, on the river front, and proposes to build a first-class mill, making all kinds of mouldings for house finishing, besides a planing and saw mill.

—Concord Times: Senator Zeb Vance will address the farmers of this section on the fair grounds Thursday, October 2d, at 10 o'clock. At the same time he will address the farmers of Rowan county, who are gathered at the fair grounds. Mr. Vance will be accompanied by Mr. John White and John Williams, both colored, were arrested before Mayor Roger for selling liquor without a license. He was bound over to court for the sum of \$100. Monday morning Bob White and John Williams, both colored, were arrested before Mayor Roger and Justice Wilford for the same offense. A warrant for each was bound over to court in the sum of \$100. On Monday T. E. Nash ("Brooks") was arrested on the same charge. The court however did not deem the evidence sufficient to place him under bond, and he was discharged. On Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock he was arraigned before the court and bound over to court in the sum of \$100. All gave bond.

—Durham Globe: Night before last a man was locked up in the guard house. He broke the water pipe and deluged the house, and then ran away. An officer ran to his rescue and found him standing in water shoe-top deep, and had to let him go on his recognizance to keep the peace. The man was last night about 8 o'clock, while the material train was passing through a cut near Keno river, six or seven miles from this place. The train was passing through the cut when the man jumped from the car and landed on the tracks. George Cooper, the colored cook, leaped from the car and the rear car was swamped with water, mashing him against the embankment. His death was almost instantaneous. Mr. R. E. Lee, a white man, leaped from the car at the same time, and was painfully injured. He was rushed to the hospital, but he was unable to get up. A darkey was fast asleep in the next car when the accident occurred and knew nothing of it. The screams and yells half awakened him, and he rushed to the door and jumped head foremost into a big pile of rocks. His head and face were badly bruised, but everybody knows that darkey can't kill himself headfirst.

—Durham Star: For some time it has been hinted that a movement was on foot which would develop several new industries for Durham. It has now developed. The company has been fully organized and is known as the Mutual Land and Manufacturing Company, and is independent of the city government. Yesterday afternoon late a strange dog was seen on Roxboro street, playing with other dogs, near Edwards' store. The child of Mr. John Paschall was also upon the scene, and but a few minutes later this strange dog pounced upon the child and bit him. The child was taken to the hospital, and it was supposed that the dog was mad. Dr. Wm. Lynch, who happened to be there, secured a pistol and shot at the dog, wounding him, but not killing him. The child was taken to Mr. Alex. Walker's residence and his mad stone was applied to the wounds, adhering for a short time.

—Greensboro Patriot: Mr. P. R. Hines, who resides about one mile east of the city, has a pumpkin vine which bears thirty-nine pumpkins weighing on an average twenty pound each. The longest runner of the vine is forty-two feet long. The largest colored pumpkin some days ago, stole \$39 from a colored restaurateur named Hawkins, in Winston. A reward was offered, and yesterday Capt. Jno. Weatherly got his clutches on him. This city. Police Thompson, of Winston, being notified, came down last night and took Lee back to Winston. On Friday night Capt. Jno. Weatherly noticed Sandy Brown, a colored man sitting on the rails at the depot, drunk. He roused him up and ordered him to move on. On Saturday morning his mangled body was found lying beside the track, about one mile this side of High Point. It is supposed he was scaling a ride and going to sleep all off and was crushed under the wheels. Chief of police J. F. Hoffman, of High Point, came down last night and deposited Ad. Kirkman, white, in the jail here. Kirkman ran away with the wife of one Taylor. Taylor overtook them and became reconciled to his wife and brought her home. A warrant was issued for Kirkman, after a long chase of over four miles through the woods and swamps of county Guilford and upper Randolph counties, police Hoffman captured him. He was jailed here in default of a \$300 bond.

"You can buy so cheaply that you cheaper machinery," says Mr. Thurston, pleading for Protection. Not in this country, Mr. Thurston. If you want to buy American-made plows or hoes or cultivators cheaply you must go to Europe, Asia, Africa or Oceania and get them at the manufacturers' export prices.—Phil. Record, Dem.