

Rev. Thomas Dixon, of New York, will lecture on the 10th of June in the Tabernacle Baptist church, Raleigh.

The total number of private pension bills introduced in Congress this session up to the end of last week was 3,457.

Mrs. Susan Graham, widow of the late Gov. Graham, of this State, died Saturday night at the residence of her son-in-law, Judge Walter Clarke, of Raleigh. She was 74 years old.

The Singer Machine factory at Elizabeth, New Jersey, was burned Tuesday night. Fifty thousand finished machines were consumed. The loss is estimated at \$2,000,000; fully insured.

A destructive cyclone visited Louisiana last Tuesday. Many houses were demolished and a large number of persons lost their lives. It was followed by a heavy hail storm which caused universal damage to the crops.

Not less than fifteen parishes, or one-fourth of the State of Louisiana, is affected by the present flood, and the damage is almost incalculable. In 1882 it is estimated that the loss was \$15,000,000. It will probably exceed half that amount this year.

"There are sixteen colored jockeys in this country," notes the New York Independent out loud, "who receives from \$2,500 to \$8,000 a year. There is not a colored minister in the country, bishop or pastor, who receives as much as the least expert of the jockeys."

Fully one thousand people attended a meeting held in New Orleans on Wednesday evening last to protest against the proposed rechartering of the Louisiana Lottery Company. Several prominent citizens made speeches charging various evils against the lottery company, and appealing to the people to wipe out its baneful influence in Louisiana.

The great tariff debate began in the House of Representatives yesterday. Mr. McKinley made the opening speech on the Republican side, and was followed by Mr. Mills, of Texas, for the Democrats. Ex-Speaker Carlisle will make the closing argument against the bill, and it is expected that he will add to his already great reputation as a political economist and debater.

Indiana now has a State organization of the Farmers Alliance, which, after absorbing various minor agricultural societies, will have about one hundred thousand members. They have seen the time when the party ticket was swallowed whole without reference to the mental or moral standing of the candidates, but now they propose "to vote for Katie and the baby."

CAPT. ALEXANDER RESIGNS

As a Director of the First National Bank of Charlotte, Capt. S. B. Alexander yesterday resigned as director of the First National Bank of Charlotte. Having sold his stock to his sister, the Captain is ineligible to be a director. D. W. Oates was elected to succeed Capt. Alexander.

OFFICERS OF THE TEXAS ALLIANCE

A Big Suit to be Brought Against Them - The Papers Filed.

AUSTIN, Texas, May 6. - Papers in a suit to be brought against the officers of the State Farmers' Alliance are about prepared, and will be filed next Friday.

It is understood they will charge that \$1,200,000 has been misappropriated, but by whom or in what manner, has not yet been made public.

100 OK 200 DEAD?

Awful Results of a Fire in a Lunatic Asylum in Quebec.

LONGUE PONT, Quebec, May 6. - A long line of gaunt towers and a mass of blazing debris, reflected in the wild eyes of the maniacs, is all that is left of the Longue Pointe Lunatic Asylum, and the horrible sights that were witnessed during the destruction of the building will never be forgotten by the spectators; though it was in their delight they dispersed themselves amid the flames and waved their arms in turbulent satisfaction at the ruin that was being wrought. Not until the walls tumbled over their heads were they maniacal shrieks checked.

There were incarcerated in the asylum 1,310 lunatics, for the place was more like a prison than a hospital, and this evening not more than 1,100 had been accounted for, but twenty had escaped into the field and woods. The number of dead is a matter of conjecture and is not likely to ever be ascertained, since no other record is kept than the asylum books and those were destroyed in the fire.

Taking into consideration all the evidence from the firemen, the half-jane inmates, the sisters in charge, bystanders, and personal observation, it is a conservative estimate to say that 100 victims met their death in the flames, although some assert the number is 200.

The Los Monument.

A Paris correspondent writes: "Critics declare the Los Monument equal if not superior to any equestrian work in Paris. It is forty feet high, forty-one feet across and weighs eight tons, and in the result of four years' careful study, the horse about a year's labor. The statue was set in right position and was six inches in the foundry. The pedestal is a masterpiece of art, making the monument a masterpiece of art."

The Four Mile Branch

and the Four Mile Branch was four miles long and was built by the State in 1840. It is now a ruin, and the only thing left of it is the bridge over the river.

SENATOR INGALLS ANSWERED.

The Rev. Dr. Dixon, Jr., sees the Little Cloud in the Political Sky.

The New York Herald, of Monday, contains the following report of the sermon delivered in his church in New York by Rev. Dr. Dixon, late of North Carolina, last Sunday. A large congregation gathered yesterday morning in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association to listen to a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., pastor of the Twenty-third street Baptist Church. The sermon commemorated the close of the first year of Dr. Dixon's pastorate in New York city.

Dr. Dixon began with the progressive text: "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before." He spoke on the need of live men in the pulpit and of broadening the field of church work. Then he spoke of the various forces which the church must conquer or modify.

ANSWERING INGALLS.

"The time has come for the Church to make its influence felt in the political arena. We are a Republic, and the State; so far have we separated them, that we have practically left the State in the hands of the devil. Senator Ingalls, who recently dated his letter from the President's Chamber, gave utterance lately to the following remarkable deliverance:—

"The dealogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign. Their object is to secure the election of a man who is fit to govern the people. It is a process from the use of the syllogism and the dealogue, the frivolous and desultory, sentimentalism of apostles and demagogues will allure the ambitious, force will coerce the timid, demagogues will fill the heads of the people with the weak, money will buy the mercenary."

"All I have to say in reply to this is that the man who does not believe in purity is impure. The man who does not believe in honesty is dishonest. The man who does not believe in truth is a liar. This nation was founded on the Decalogue and the Ten Commandments. The men who would at Plymouth Rock tread on their knees. The foundations of this Republic were cut from the quarry of God's eternal granite. Its foundation stones were laid in cement made with the tears and blood of Christian men and women. The man who has outgrown the Decalogue and the Golden Rule has outgrown his usefulness in this nation."

A PASSIONATE PREDICTION.

"The party that repudiates them has had its preparation for the solemn ceremony. In the name of the Living God of heaven and earth, I say to Mr. Ingalls, that God's truth and righteousness must and will prevail. The righteous indignation of a long suffering people is now being aroused from men of sea. In some States the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand; but the prophet of old made haste, when he saw such a cloud, and the rain burst in torrents before they could descend the mountain side. This flood is surely coming and when it does burst it will sweep Mr. Ingalls and all the traitors who believe in lies, with the host of small fry politicians who have strutted before this long suffering nation into merit oblivion."

"The time is rapidly drawing nigh when it will be impossible for men, who hold such views as the distinguished Senator has proclaimed, to live in America. The time is rapidly approaching when the impure and vile lives cannot find their dirty rags on the flag pole of the City Hall of New York. The time is coming when truth and righteousness will prevail, and the politicians who have strutted before this long suffering nation into merit oblivion."

"The Church has a work here to do; its power must be felt. Christian manhood can no longer endure the stench that arises from the cesspool of our political life."

SENATOR BECK DROPS DEAD

In the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Station at Washington.

WASHINGTON, May 3. - Senator Beck, of Kentucky, dropped dead at the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad station at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

The Senator spent yesterday in New York City, and had just arrived on the 4 o'clock train from that city. He alighted from the train and while passing into the station fell and immediately expired.

The news of his death was telephoned to the Senate. Upon its announcement the Senate at once adjourned.

Senator Beck had been to New York, where he had been consulting physicians in regard to his health. He said a few moments before he dropped dead, to a friend who stopped him as he was getting his baggage checked, that he felt very well, and that his New York doctor told him that he was nothing serious the matter with him. Hardly had he uttered the last word before he dropped dead. His daughter, Mrs. Goodloe, who had been to New York with him, called for assistance, and the Senator was laid upon a stretcher.

Sensors Ransom, Paddock, Wallcut, and Butler arrived at the depot in a few minutes, and accompanied the remains to the residence of Congressman Breckenridge.

SOUTH CAROLINA VENGEANCE.

A Negro Convicted of Raising a White Girl Shot and Killed in Lexington Jail.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 5. - Sheriff C. S. Davis, of Lexington, telegraphed Governor Richardson as follows: "This morning about 2 o'clock, a posse of men broke down the door to my sleeping apartment with a large hammer, took the keys from me by force, opened the jail door and shot William Leuphart, the negro prisoner under sentence of death in jail here for rape, a number of times. I think several of the posse can be identified. The coroner has named a jury to view the body and has telegraphed the solicitor to be here tomorrow at 9 a. m., to which time the jury has adjourned."

A witness of the occurrence says: "The men went directly to the jail after securing the keys, unlocked the main door and entered door after door until the apartment was reached. This they could not open with the keys. Leuphart watched the mob and realizing that he would be killed seized a long iron rod and awaited the attack. As the lynchers shot through the grating of his cell door, he fought like a man, wounding one of the party. Some five hundred shots were poured into the cell and the man was literally riddled with bullets, which were picked up afterwards in great numbers by the mob."

The prisoner was killed by the shot which was fired from the door of the cell. The man was lying on the floor, and the mob was standing over him, and some of them were shouting 'Kill him! Kill him!'

THE BURN OF NIGGERS.

Politics and whiskey are your ruin. Your best friends are your white neighbors. You say 'I'm a Republican.' Did the Republicans ever give you anything to eat or wear? I'm not talking for the Democrats, but I'm talking for the people. (Several laughed.)

SAM JONES PREACHES TO THE NEGROES.

"The Ruin of Niggers," said the Evangelist, "Was Politics and Whiskey."

Sam Jones never preached in a building more thoroughly packed than was the tabernacle at the service for negroes yesterday afternoon. Every bench in the vast building behind many people as could squeeze in, and every aisle was a solid phalanx of humanity from the door to the platform.

Ever since Sam Jones has been in Charlotte the colored population has evinced an eagerness to hear him, and at every service the negroes have occupied nearly all the spare space in the tabernacle.

THE COLORED BROTHERS TURNED OUT.

It was announced two or three days ago that the afternoon service would be especially for colored people, and almost as soon as the congregation at the morning service had vacated the building, the negroes began to pour in. Hundreds of negroes came in from the country, and from the towns of the surrounding sections. Early in the afternoon the negroes began to be seen in all parts of the city, and the tabernacle was the objective point of all of them.

By half-past seven o'clock the building was so packed that the platform and elevated seats being occupied by white people; and still the dark mass of humanity moved on toward the tabernacle, seemingly coming from an inexhaustible source.

THE WHITES TURNED OUT.

About 2 o'clock the whites were asked to retire to make room for the colored people, and their seats were filled as rapidly as they could get out of them. The negroes continued to come and the whites were packed and packed longer after the building looked as if it would hold no more.

ON THE CHORUS PLATFORM.

was the best singers of the colored churches and Bible Institute of the city, and quite a number of the colored persons clustered about the platform. The singing by the negroes under the direction of Prof. Excell was very fine. Several of the quick fast tunes in "Triumphant Songs," were sung with life and spirit, and as only negroes can sing. They sang one of their own familiar church tunes, and it seemed that every one of the seven or eight thousand voices joined in, and made a noise almost all over the city. Before the singing of this song was half over, a number of the brethren and sister got happy, and were bound to shout.

Prof. Excell followed with a solo, "The Road to Heaven," the congregation joining in the chorus.

Mr. Jones then arose and said that he was glad that that road runs through Charlotte, and all may get on it, and ride to glory. He announced that Rev. Mr. Stuart would first speak to the crowd.

MR. STUART'S REMARKS.

Mr. Stuart arose and said that it was not a task to speak on this occasion. I have read and thought much about the problem of the colored race. I am interested in you, and want to talk to you about this text: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." You are different from the white man, but God has his purpose in you, and will bring you safely through your troubles, if you stick to Him and the right.

Mr. Stuart proceeded to give the negroes a few minutes of the conditions necessary for them to be blessed.

MR. JONES TO THE NEGROES.

Mr. Jones began by asking his hearers if they had rather hear the plain truth than something that would flatter them; and he said, "Yes." Mr. Jones proceeded by saying that he would enlarge on Mr. Stuart's text. I will tell you some of the things you must do for the Lord to be your God. First you must be honest. Some folks say that every negro will steal but that's a lie. Some of them are as honest as anybody; and I don't know what the judgment will reveal that the negroes took more from the white folks, or the white folks more from the negroes.

ABOUT HONESTY.

All of you can be honest if you will, even if you do remain poor. God never made a man but that could be honest if he would, and I'm glad it so. To be honest you must be industrious. The greatest trouble with you niggers is, you don't work enough. You see a nigger loafing around doing nothing, and the first thing anybody knows he's raising chickens before they are half grown, and that's the way the man who loafed around on his way to hell. If one of you niggers lie around in idleness a while, you get hungry and borrow.

INDUSTRY AND WHISKEY.

To be industrious you must be sober. Whiskey makes honest men steal, and makes brave men cowards. A nigger will go to the saloon all the week and make a bill promising to pay Saturday, and concludes that he needs money worse than the bar-keeper. He goes to the saloon on the other side of the street, when the bar-keeper calls him. He answers and says "I was just a-comin'," and knows he is selling a lie. He pays his bill, gets a drink, and goes home, perhaps, with 20 cents in his pocket. When he gets there his wife asks about the meal and meat and sugar he promised to bring. He says he didn't promise "any such a thing," his wife says "yes you did; didn't you know the preacher's a-comin' tomorrow." "Confound the preacher," says the man, "that fellow is a member of the church. A decent dog wouldn't do that way."

WOMEN DRINK TOO.

You go to the bar-keeper's house and see all his finery and ask him how he got it. More than 1,000 of you have spent more money for whiskey than you have for your homes. You wouldn't need to laugh, you love to drink too. When your husband comes home you say, "Tom you fetch any of that good stuff with you?" you old boys. To an nigger are going to hell. When there is an election on prohibition you can be lickered around like a sheep, with a flask of whiskey; and when your preacher says anything about sobriety or morality, you get mad and talk about quitting the church, your old quitting devil.

I want to see you niggers and poor white folks saved. You have a bad enough time in this world, and it is too bad for you to go to hell.

Politics and whiskey are your ruin. Your best friends are your white neighbors. You say "I'm a Republican." Did the Republicans ever give you anything to eat or wear? I'm not talking for the Democrats, but I'm talking for the people. (Several laughed.)

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What makes you run after them?

POLITICS VS. POOR FOLKS.

Politics was made for poor folks and the poor thing for you niggers to do, is to look to God and your neighbors for help. I had rather give up some of my white neighbors than some of my colored neighbors, for when you try to mix the two, you will come and wait on them and work for me. You are good to go to see one another when you get sick, ain't you? (Voices, "yes.") You go and stand up for one another, and then leave 'em to die. You ought to stand up for one another more.

SOCIAL EQUALITY.

Talk about social equality. You niggers don't want it. Niggers and whites will mix, but they mix at the bottom. It's the lowest town of both races. You let politics and social equality alone, and go to work, you old fools.

A WORD ON MORALITY.

You mothers cannot be too careful about your girls. One bad girl can ruin a whole street. Remember what Stuart said about your women. You will never be a great people as long as you have a girl for a spool of thread or a piece of ribbon.

You preachers need to be honest and upright before your people. Preach sobriety, morality, and honesty. Some niggers, presently are the poorest men in town. They won't pay their debts, and you are like the old negro preacher that said there were three parts of his meeting, the text, the subject matter, the rouement, and as time was limited proceeded at once to the "rouement." All you care for is a big "rouement."

A WORD TO THE PREACHERS.

Turning to some of the preachers, he said, no wonder you are sweating blood to try to make the white folks in their big halls. Quit trying to turn your own own folds by talking about them. Be honest, industrious, sober, and strive to do right, and God will bless you. Don't you know, all the negroes love whiskey. All of you that don't love it stand up, now don't lie. (About twenty-five stood up.) I expect half of you ought to be knocked down.

A PARTING WORD.

You stick to your churches, to God, and one another. Quit your stealing, whiskey drinking, gambling, and lying, and do right, and after a while you'll get home to heaven; and your old black skins will be soft, and your old hair will be white.

Mr. Jones asked all who were determined to live right in the future to rise, and nearly all the vast crowd stood up, and the benediction was pronounced.

NEWS NOTES.

Two strangers, supposed to be showmen, got into a difficulty in Atlanta Saturday, when one of them was fatally shot. There is a mystery over the matter, which is as yet unsolved. The man who did the shooting made his escape.

French Doctors are reported to have discovered the essence of cinchona, when sprinkled in the room of typhoid fever patients, kills the bacteria within twelve hours and prevents the disease from spreading.

The Baptists of the State, aggregating about 130,000, give annually \$30,000 to benevolent purposes. The Forest, Baptist college, had the largest representation at the Young Men's Christian Association Convention recently held at Goldsboro.

Mrs. Estey Averill, the oldest inhabitant of Connecticut, and the oldest pensioner of the United States celebrated at her home in Washington, Conn., Monday, the 103rd anniversary of her birth, surrounded by numerous descendants and friends.

M. Pedroux, a physician at Nantes, France, has the strange gift of being able to see the color of sounds. He says that human voices are red, blue, black, tan, slate and all other colors, and that the color of some very hard women's voices is like butter-milk.

Murder seems to be the least perilous of all the felonious pastimes known to this country. Out of 14,779 murders committed in this country in the six years from 1884 to 1889, only 558 paid the penalty of their crimes by yielding their own lives to the law.

For a time, Saturday, riotous strikers had complete possession of the city of Barcelona, in Spain, and they committed many outrages. They successfully resisted the police, and troops being called out they crowded at their presence and dispersed. In Valencia, also, the strikers were very turbulent, but the civic guard prevented them from carrying their designs into execution. The Anarchists are actively at work in attempting to foment the public, and they declare the time has arrived for the beginning of the social revolution.

In London, on Sunday, the various leaders of the "Home Rule" movement, in favor of an eight-hour day, which exceeded in numbers anything which has taken place since 1866, at the time of the great reform movement. The entire crowd of various people were assembled around the various speaking stunts, and the procession of the many trades was estimated at one hundred and eighty thousand. Everything was conducted in the most orderly manner, and after the adoption of resolutions favoring the object of the grand assemblage, every body dispersed quietly to their homes.

Davis School.

The Davis School will be moved from La Grange, N. C., to Winston-Salem. The school will be located on large, beautiful grounds a short distance from town. The entire work will be completed by the opening of the session next September. The equipments of the entire institution will be first-class in every particular.

Davis School is one of the largest MILITARY SCHOOLS in the South. Many sections of the United States are represented every year. The new location of the school is not surpassed anywhere. It is in a beautiful country famous for health.

A Stanley Book Worthy of the Name.

One of the most entertaining books published for many a day is "Heroes of the Dark Continent" and Complete Picture-book Africa, embracing the history of Africa and the people for more than one thousand years, illustrated with 500 scenes, colored plates, and numerous maps. Also including the complete life of Henry M. Stanley and all his famous explorations and discoveries, including his last and grandest expedition for the rescue of Dr. Livingstone. The entire work is issued in one large and beautiful volume of 576 quarto pages, equal to 1,200 octavo pages, at the low price of only \$3.00. This book is having an enormous circulation, over 30,000 copies having been sold the first seven weeks. It appears to be making a profound impression upon the Christian world, judging by the hearty commendations bestowed upon it by the press and the public. It is a book that every man, woman, and child should have. It is a book that every man, woman, and child should have. It is a book that every man, woman, and child should have.

Coffins and Caskets.

Prices to Suit the Times

The undersigned will keep on hand at all times, at their place of business opposite Huntley's stable a large lot of Coffins and Caskets.

We will keep a great variety, from the cheapest to the best, and propose to sell them at the lowest prices.

I. H. HORTON.

CHIPS FROM SAM JONES.

Picked Up by One Who Saw Him Hovestig in the Charlotte Tabernacle.

If I had a daughter half idiot, I'd give her to a dancing master to train her heels, because her head would not take training, and dancing would make her get around lively, and fool some dude into marrying her. Then I would settle them in the country and say, don't come to my house, I might have company that day.

A dude is a corn on the devil's big toe; a dudine a wart on the devil's nose. Americans should say we, are raising men and women.

When people send invitations to balls or offer drinks to professed Christians it is because they think they are hypocrites, and if they accept they are.

Have entertainments for the young people but leave the whiskey off. The woman who marries a man with the taint of whiskey on his breath is the next biggest fool in the world, and the next biggest fool is the woman who stirs toddies for her husband. God pity the woman who will be a party to the damnation of men!

Don't go living where you could not afford to die.

The devil gets up all the church bazaars, festivals, oyster suppers, &c. The women who have to get up these things because their husbands won't give them the money to give to the Church are to be honored, but they have married boys. Grab bags, oyster suppers, &c., are a disgrace. Society don't have them. You don't see a society woman racking around town getting up things for refreshments after the ball. The idea of Benyan's Pilgrim laying down his sword to go to an oyster supper; the devil would have got him sure.

Some people quit the Church because somebody does something they don't like. They are like the farmer who buys goods all the year on credit from one firm, and then says, "I'm going to quit you and trade with somebody else." You promised your wife you'd be a Methodist, and then you quit if others don't do right. If you don't feel like a dog, you don't feel natural.

I catch infidels once in a while, but I never string 'em, I throw them in the basket for bait, they are just the right size. Ingersoll's infidelity is worth \$200 a night to him. I pity the young man who pays a dollar a night to hear him, and then it is worth nothing to him.

The will power of man is the go ahead power; his will not power is his brake. How many men have turned the last curve and not a brake on his conscience will work.

Baptists talk about John the Baptist, go farther back, and say Adam, the Methodist, for didn't he fall from Grace?

Ushers, put in a dollar, when you start to take up the collection; a hen lays better when she has a nest egg. A hen would get \$4,500 out of this crowd; religion got about \$100.00; seems like the circus is sooner cleaning us up.

If I love could save, no man would ever go to hell. I wouldn't have an almanac with the doctrine of election in it. The best explanation of that doctrine was from an old darkey who said, "no man is lectured 'cept he's a candidate," and thank God, in the race for heaven everybody can run independent. Your chance means heaven if you want it.

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I. H. HORTON.

Knotts' Store Items.

Cotton is coming up in good stands. Corn is looking finely, and everybody seems newly fertiligated.

Notwithstanding the rain last Saturday, the cattle bridge picnic was highly enjoyed by all present. There were many fishing, mostly on dry land. Hanner says it will be repeated some where on that Crank in the near future.

We had the pleasure of attending the Sam Jones meeting last week, and were very much pleased with him. The sick of this community are all improving, I believe.