

NORTH CAROLINA NOTES.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny, get your gun As quick as e'er you can." "What, tramp?" inquired the old mans' son; "No, 'tis the census man."

The negro camp meeting near Raleigh has proved a dismal failure.

William Wood a Goldsboro colored man suffered a \$500 loss to his house by fire.

The board of justices of Wake county have elected the old board of county commissioners.

Daniel White was tried at Raleigh on the charge of counterfeiting and got six years in the penitentiary.

At Oxford Bishop Lyman has ordained as deacons Junius M. Horner, of that place, and Dr. Drake, of Minnesota.

Out of seventy-two applicants for license as physicians examined by the State Medical Board forty-five have been licensed.

D. M. Fuller's horse was shot at Smithfield while it was grazing in the field. It had to be killed. The scoundrel who did the act is not known.

While at Richmond the North Carolina troops organized a drum corps and Mr. J. T. Davis, of Durham, was elected major and placed in command.

During the month of May Winston shipped 715,255 pounds of manufactured tobacco. During the same month Danville, Va., shipped 600,751 pounds.

Mayor Fowler, of Raleigh, has received a gold medal from congress in recognition of his meritorious act in saving a human life from death at sea.

F. L. Brown, of Wilmington, is reported as purchasing twelve acres of land on which to erect a manufacturing plant to cost between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

Mr. Sam Black, of Raleigh, has sold two fillies by Pamlico, loaded this spring, for \$500, which is said to be the highest price ever paid for suckling colts in North Carolina.

Columbus county's finances are in a healthy condition. The county is out of debt, with a surplus of nearly four thousand dollars in the treasury. There will be no need for the special tax next year.

A Charlotte man who had invested in a nickle in the slot machine which hands out a cigar, opened it a few days ago and found 48 car seals which had been beaten out and put in instead of nickles.

The representative of an electric light company is said to have his eyes dead set on Rockingham, and the prospects for the city having a system of its own is so bright that the smallest print can be read by it.

A meeting of the Board of Internal Improvements has been called to be held next Saturday to consider important matters relative to the Albemarle and Chesapeake and the New Bern and Beaufort canals.

From the many letters we receive from different parts of the district it is very clear that Hon. W. H. Kitchin is strong in the district, and his friends are anxious for his nomination to Congress.—Scotland Neck Democrat.

The Raleigh Chronicle is advocating the erection of a big hotel in the capital city. In Asheville THE CITIZEN has to keep hustling to keep up with all of the proposed new ones without advocating any.

Mr. G. F. Barnhardt, of Mt. Pleasant, showed us a bullet Wednesday taken out of a tree. Counting the rings in the tree the bullet had been there 49 years. It was discovered by a saw striking it at Moser's mill.—Concord Times.

And still the most gratifying reports come from the farmers from every quarter as to crops. If no unfavorable freaks of nature befall, it is the general verdict that the very finest harvest ever known in this country will bless the farmers' labors in the fall.—Goldsboro Argus.

The work of completing the Governor's mansion at Raleigh is progressing rapidly and visible results of the progress are to be noticed. The columns are to be put in all the porticos of the building and quite an improvement is noticed in the general appearance.

Our reporter learned from Dr. Hady, of La Grange, that although about 500 work hands went from Lenoir county to Mississippi, there will still be a good crop of cotton, corn and rice made, unless there should be an accident between now and harvest. The supply of labor is but little reduced.—Greensboro Workman.

Walter Taylor, an employe of Holmes & Miller's factory at Salisbury, dropped dead during an altercation with a negro boy. He had accused the negro of stealing a watch and upon the negro's picking up a stone Taylor struck him and immediately fell dead. Heart failure is ascribed as the cause of death.

Near Elk Park, Mitchell county, week before last, a Mr. Wagoner and a Miss Crow were married. Last Friday night some daring lover of the woman went to Wagoner's and stole her while her husband slept, and also took \$40 of Wagoner's money. The latter individual is searching for his lost funds, caring more for them than for his missing wife.

The Saddle rock mine, near Sifford's Ferry, on the Catawba river, is to be worked. Jas. Axum, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, and T. T. McCord, of Paw Creek township, have leased eighty-one acres of land from J. H. Saddle for mining purposes. They will put in the most improved mining machinery, and begin operations as early as possible. The mine is thought to be a rich one.

The commissions for A. B. Andrews and T. B. Keogh as commissioners on the part of North Carolina at the World's Fair at Chicago have been received by the Governor from Secretary of State Blaine. They are signed by the President to whom the Governor nominated the commissioners. The commissions to the alternates, Elias Carrand G. A. Bingham were also received, and all were sent out.

Mr. Louis Barnhofen, the baker at the Island Beach hotel, caught a fine turtle Sunday night in front of the hotel. He weighed 200 pounds, measured four feet six inches in length, and two feet four inches in width. A half bushel of well preserved eggs were taken from the turtle, besides a large number of smaller ones. Of course the turtle will be put to soup at the Island Beach hotel.—Wilmington Messenger.

A SERMON FOR WORKERS

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ELOQUENTLY TO BUSINESS MEN.

His Text Taken from Job: "I Am Escaped with the Skin of My Teeth." Weary Laborers Can Find Peace in God's Haven.

BROOKLYN, May 4.—After the Long-meter Doxology and appropriate hymns had been sung by the congregation, in the Academy of Music, and prayers had been offered, Dr. Talmage preached on "Narrow Escapes," taking as his text Job xix, 20: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Following is his sermon in full:

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavement and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." There has been some difference of opinion about this passage.

St. Jerome and Schultens, and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes, have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation, and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found today with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

NARROW ESCAPES. A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The flames advance; you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but, after all, get off—"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out; and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say: "Grandson joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say: "That is just what might have been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7 he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

THE GOSPEL NET. Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride—no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckless; his midlife very wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say, "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian!" In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the Gospel than for others.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays, and who have come in here with no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on; and yet you may find yourself escaping, before you leave this house, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch, and drop their nets, and after awhile come ashore pulling in the nets, without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion today. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the Gospel net is strong. Oh those who did not help Si-

mon and Andrew to fish, show us today how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature; the gate of the head, and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an angel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword stroke for sword stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you now with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; if with blows, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

THREE QUESTIONS. Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death? I have a letter sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future, and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality, and look upon the deathbed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?"

All skepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandising? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion.

Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God, a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted iron and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we draw a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

THE BIBLE IS THE BEST BOOK. Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better. Today I invite you back into the good old religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshipped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

Again: There may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against, and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a mem-

ber of the church; but if you go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of temper. Now there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle those hot-breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world that we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting red hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation, and not a petulance that blurs and unravels and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in midlife who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying, in compound interest, for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong and start anew God will help you. Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for awhile and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon they will give it and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the tenth thousand time. He is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

A VICTOR AT LAST. If, with all the influences favorable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder is it when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue, and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances, he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend and twist, and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as "with the skin of his teeth."

The ship Emma, bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck, and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped!—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth."

There are men who have been captured of evil passions, and capsized mid-ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft and take them on board; and it will be known in earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped—escaped "as with the skin of their teeth."

BUSINESS PERPLEXITIES. There are others who, in attempting to come to God, must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning, and comes away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion; but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunset, and have been for five years going behind in business, and are frequently dunned by creditors whom you cannot pay, and when, from Monday morning until Saturday night, you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some with less business trouble than you have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting room, and goes in and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac; or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor, and gone in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide.

There are in this house today three hundred men pursued, harassed, trodden down and scalped by business per-

plexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction he will crown with success. Do not let Satan, with cotton bales and kegs and hogsheds and counters and stocks of unsalable goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal!" and then bound away for heaven, escaping as "with the skin of your teeth."

CHRISTIAN HEROES. In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer and John Knox and Huss and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Water street, Pearl street, Broad street, State street and Third street. On earth they were called brokers, or stock jobbers, or retailers, or importers; but in heaven, Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart; but they had mental tortures compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost their faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy-turvy they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the truth of anything else, touch them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone lighthouse.

Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world; but the earth seceded from his government, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years he has been coaxing the world to come back to him; but the more he has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him, and see if he will not help. Try him, and see if he will not pardon. Try him, and see if he will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of his heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust in the cool mountain torrent the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks; but the panting hart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded and shall never die.

THE WORLD A POOR PORTION. The world is a poor portion for your soul, oh business man! An eastern king had graven on his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that." Apicius Coelius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world; but when he was dying a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its Anathema Maranatha.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make one strong pull for heaven. No half way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when every thing must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lips and shouts, "Out away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have in your effort to keep the world well nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens! You will have to drop the sails of your pride, and cut away the mast. With one earnest cry for help, put your cause into the hand of him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathful tempest but ever blackened the sky or aloof the ocean, can hear the faintest implosion for mercy.

I shall go home today feeling that some of you, who have considered your case as hopeless, will take heart again, and that, with a blood red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the Gospel—at last to look back saying: "What a risk I ran! Almost lost but saved! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

NORTH CAROLINA NOTES.

Oxford thinks it has a boom.

Reidsville is trying hard to organize a chamber of commerce.

The North Carolina Dental Association meets at Wilmington June 25-27.

High Point's Y. M. C. A. numbers 125 active and twenty associate members.

It is now said that no steps will be taken to prosecute the Johnston lynch-ers.

Wadesboro has voted to subscribe \$40,000 to the Roanoke and Southern railroad.

Bethel pastorate, Stanly county, has called and secured the service of Rev. C. C. Lyster of the Southern Illinois synod.

Fifteen homing pigeons were turned loose at Concord on Monday night. They started at once to Philadelphia, where they are owned.

W. T. Howard has been appointed postmaster at Red Oak; R. Brem at Swam Quarter; W. Q. Denton at Rito; J. H. Edwards at Battleboro.

The Richmond Dispatch does itself credit and justice to history when it says of North Carolina: "She was in a great part the reliance of Lee in the time that tried men's souls."

The boot and shoe dealers of Wilmington will give their clerks a half holiday on every Friday afternoon. The new order of things will begin June 6th and last until August 15th.

Col. J. D. Cameron has been mentioned for the chair of history about to be established at the State University. No better selection could be made for such an important position.—Franklin Press.

It is said that Rev. J. D. Arnold, of Reidsville, will be president of the Asheville Female College next session.—Charlotte Chronicle. This would be an interesting item if it did not lack backing.

Mrs. Joseph McGhee of Oxford lies in a critical condition, the result of a fire in her home in which she was severely burned. Mrs. Jarris, a sister of the unfortunate woman, was badly burned about the face and hands.

Last evening a woman boarded the northbound train at the depot. When the conductor came around she lacked eight cents of having enough money to pay her way to Salisbury and she was put off.—Concord Standard.

George Miller, a Concord colored man celebrated Decoration day at Salisbury and took a pint of corn liquor to help him do it. At night he was pretty drunk and when he went to sleep on the railroad track it didn't hurt him quite so much perhaps to be run over as it would if he had been sober. It killed him just the same.

The fine iron gray horse that Gen. Fitzhugh Lee rode at the head of the procession at the unveiling of the Lee monument, belonged to Mrs. George D. Bennett, of Goldsboro. When ex-Gov. Lee saw the horse he said: "If I had hunted the State of Virginia over with a fine tooth comb I could not have found a finer animal."

The last issue of the Southern Tobacco Journal contained this editorial brief: "Winston will vote on the question of issuing \$200,000 worth of bonds for city improvements, including streets, city hall and market house. That is the step which places the Twin City far ahead of any place in North Carolina." Of course the Tobacco Journal meant to except Asheville.

A special from Raleigh to the Richmond Dispatch says: There is an unusual amount of interest in the University commencement next week. A special to-night says Judge James Grant, formerly of Iowa, now in California, who is a native of this State, will respond to the toast, "Old University Times" at the banquet on Wednesday. The veteran editor of the class of 1835, Colonel R. B. Creedy, of Elizabeth City, will respond to a similar toast. Since the death of Governor Geo. W. Hayward, the oldest graduate of the University of North Carolina is Dr. Thos. Hill, of Goldsboro, formerly of Wilmington, of the class of 1822.

The weekly weather crop bulletin of the State Experiment Station and Weather Service for this week, issued Saturday, says: There has been a decided excess of rainfall, but about the normal condition of temperature and sunshine during the week ending Friday, May 30, 1890. No damage is reported except from a few counties where the overflowing streams damaged the lowland crops, and the general effect has been very favorable upon the crops. A comparison of the condition and progress of the crops during May, 1890, with the corresponding period last year shows that the season is not only further advanced this year, but the condition of almost all crops is far better, so that with normal weather the season of 1890 is likely to prove a splendid one. The heaviest rainfall occurred at Lumberton, Robeson county, being 5.03 inches in one day. Farmers are well up with their work. Nearly all the farmers have wellnigh finished setting out tobacco plants. Wheat and oats continue to improve.

And the Editor Still Lives. Last Wednesday at 1 o'clock, the handsome and fine-looking Mr. Applewhite, of Freeman's, N. C., led to the altar Miss Rosa Rhodes, of this place. Mr. Applewhite is a young and energetic and high moral and very prosperous merchant and is in every respect most worthy the rare and precious jewel which he won for the coronet of his heart and home. The bride is one of Wilson's kindest and most popular and most radiant young ladies, and her sparkling conversation and her radiant spirits will light up the dearest recesses of human nature with the luminous rays of the bright cheer and comfort, and we therefore congratulate the fortunate groom upon the rich treasure he has won, and we hope he will guard and prize it with affectionate and tender interest; for a woman's faith and a good wife's love are God's best gifts to man, for they make life a pleasant dream, and earth a glorious Eden.—Wilson Mirror.

Wiles, Wiles! Hatching Wiles. Symptoms: Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Treatment: Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals the tumors, and in most cases removes the tumors. At Swagata, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swagata & Son, Philadelphia. Dec. 19 wfm.