THE CAUCASIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
By MARION BUTLER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

HOW THINGS LOOK FROM OUR STAND POINT.

The Opinion of The Caucasian and the Opinion of others which we Can Endorse on the Various Topics of the Day.

"In this life God is with the believer; in the next the believer is with God."

America has never been wanting in sympathy for Ireland, and the people of that country have never failed to show their appreciation of that fact when opportunity afforded. At a public meeting in Cork to express sympathy for the Conemaugh sufferers $1,250 was subscribed in a few minutes.—N. Y. World.

The following paragraph from the Philadelphia Press, shows the appreciation our Northern friends have for the generous contributions of the South toward the sufferers of the Johnstown disaster:

The South is responding nobly to Johnstown's cry of distress. The solidity of the South, when it comes down to charity, is one of the most glorious characteristics of the Union.

Our mail facilities are in a deplorable condition on account of the incompetency of Wanamaker's "green horn" postal clerks. Letters and papers are sent to almost every place but the right one, and much inconvenience arises from delay and the non-arrival of important mail. The Jonesboro Leader, in speaking of the state of affairs, says:

"On the 8th inst. no newspaper mail was received at this office except the Progressive Farmer. A few days before a postal addressed to Wayeross was returned by one intelligent route agent marked, "no such office in the State," but it appears that he found it on second trial, as postmaster Caddell readdressed it in an emphatic manner.

"A letter from Southern Pines to Sanford, less than 30 miles apart, in this county, on a direct line of rail, is reported as having taken two days to reach its destination.

Paris is all in irritation because the American and English exhibitors in the Exposition refuse to take part in the show on Sundays. All honor to those stout-hearted men who, personally perhaps not pious, hold on their Christian faith in the very centre of the hostile citadel. For their tenacity is rebuke, if not defiance, to the principles which denounced oblivion to the Christian creed, which obliterated the Christian Sabbath, and brought contempt upon the Christian worship by infamous and impious substitution for holy, sacred Christian symbols those of the lewd and shameless Goddess of Reason. The sturdy faith of the Anglo Saxon holds on unfaltering and unfearing to its God; and amid the fanes of the dethroned yet still worshipped Goddess of Reason, bows down to Him alone.—Citizen.

The Teachers' Assembly is in session this week at Morehead City. The new and elegant Assembly Hall will be the scene of instructive lectures, etc., for the next several days and the teachers of North Carolina will be given the opportunity of receiving advice and instruction from some of the ablest and most successful educators of the State. This is an excellent institution for our teachers and reflects credit upon them and upon the State. Besides the instruction received at its sessions, the effects of a pleasant vacation by the seaside, the refreshing ocean breezes, and delightful surf are of incalculable benefit. Here the tired teachers who have labored without ceasing for the past ten months, can get a much needed rest, and that with the very companions they most desire. It deserves the support of all friends of education in North Carolina.

HE FOUGHT AT WINCHESTER

And He will not Pass Through the Penitentiary Gates.

Judge Phillips, who held Forsythe court, told the Sentinel a pathetic incident which occurred at the last term of Surry court. It beautifully illustrates the tender sympathy of one old soldier for another who has been unfortunate.

In the case of the State vs. John Stuart, indictment for larceny, the prisoner appeared in the court-room, shuffling along, scarcely able to walk. He wore a soiled check shirt, a very much worn suit and a battered hat.

Appearing as State's witnesses were two well dressed, sleek looking men, who clearly showed by their looks that they were determined to send the old man to the penitentiary if possible.

"Has the prisoner any counsel?" asked Judge Phillips.

"I have none, your Honor," answered Stuart. "I am a poor man, unable to pay an attorney."

The Judge saw by the man's looks that this was an unusual case, and said, "Well go on and tell your story."

"Well, sir, I was in the Confederate army and at the battle of Winchester was shot through the hips. Since then it has been exceedingly hard for me to support myself. I went to work for this man last year and worked eight months, upon his promise to board and clothe me and to pay me what my services were worth. During that time he paid me ten cents, with which I bought tobacco. At the end of eight months he refused to pay me any money and refused to give me any clothes, saying that my services were worthless. Then, your honor, I went into his wardrobe, took a suit of clothes to hide my nakedness and left. He had me indicted for larceny and I have been in jail ever since."

As the old man finished a hushed murmur of indignation was heard throughout the court room.

"You say you were shot at Winchester?" asked Judge Phillips, who was himself an officer in that splendid and memorable charge.

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in the second charge, to the left, on the other side of the town?"

The prisoner's face brightened. "Yes," he said, "I was there, Rhodes' division, and was shot while crossing the ravine just below the hill."

The Judge was certain that the old veteran was telling the truth, but to be certain he called the State's witness.

While this witness was giving in his testimony, which was to the effect that the old man's story was about right but that he refused to pay him anything because his services were worthless, Stuart leaned over to Solicitor Settle. "Mr. Settle," he said, "your father and I were friends. I lived in Rockingham county and your father persuaded me to enlist in his company. I received my wound while following him. Since then it has been a hard struggle for me to keep out of the poor house."

By this time Judge Phillips, Solicitor Settle and everybody else in the court-room was satisfied that the old soldier had been pitilessly prosecuted and the faces of the on lookers showed the deepest pity and sympathy for the unfortunate man and the blackest indignation for his heartless employer.

"Mr. Solicitor," said the Judge, "change your bill of indictment from larceny to trespass." This was willingly done by Mr. Settle.

"Now," he continued, "Judgment is suspended and the prisoner is discharged."

Scarcely had the last word been spoken before every man in the room applauded, and great tears were seen rolling down the cheeks of strong men. A similar scene Judge Phillips tells us he has never seen in the courthouse.

As the old man who, half an hour before had been friendless hobbled out of the court-room, hundreds of men drew around him to shake his hand. Our townsman, Hon. W. B. Glenn, volunteered his services to secure a pension; Mr. Holiyfield offered him a position as miller and in less than five minutes a handsome purse was made up to buy the old soldier a comfortable suit of clothes.

Needless to add, he was almost overcome with gratitude and to his dying day he will bless the memory of his old comrade-in-arms, and his generous new-found friends.—Winston Sentinel.

ADDRESS.

D. B. NICHOLSON, ESQ., AT TRINITY COLLEGE.

He Delivers the Alumni Address at the Commencement, Wednesday Evening, June 12th.

Our townsman, D. B. Nicholson, Esq. delivered the annual address before the Alumni Association last week. His subject was "Our Alma Mater; A Retrospect and a Prospect."

The following outline will serve to indicate the character and scope of his speech. Beginning, Mr. Nicholson said:

Time, in his silent but steady tread, has reached another milestone. The seasons have run another cycle. Another scholastic year has written its history upon the ever receding scroll of the past. We have met together again to hold brief communion in these familiar haunts, to catch what of inspiration we may from the exercises of this anniversary occasion and to add to them what we can of interest and profit. Upon my election a year ago to occupy this hour my heart throbbed with pride that my brethren should deem me a fit recipient of so high an honor. But when the sober second thought came and reflection held calmer sway, that feeling gave place to one of misgiving lest the sequel might prove the choice not a happy one; and so much did that thought oppress my spirits that it became a serious question in my mind what the brethren were thinking about when they elected me orator. There may be some things that I am, but certainly there is one thing that I am not. "I am no orator as Brutus is," and just now I feel towards myself much like the editor did towards Josh Billings, to whom the latter sent an original poem for publication, and who returned it with this note: "Dear Josh: You may be a fool, but you are no poet" But it is the part of the true philosopher to accept with equanimity the inevitable, and I acquiesce in the superior judgment of the powers that be, with the consoling thought that after all the brethren must have had an eye to "the eternal fitness of things," inasmuch as in choosing an orator it was eminently proper to select one who could *fill* the place. And, as Artemus Ward said of his wax figures, here I am large as life and twice as natural: [The speaker tips the beam at 250 pounds.]

In accepting the trust so kindly bestowed it was not among all my thoughts to woo the muses to regale your intellectual appetites, nor to strew in your mental pathway the flowers of fancy, nor yet to traverse some field of unexplored scientific research or scholarly investigation. I chose rather the part of the prudent literary mariner, who deemed it wisest to keep near the shore lest his frail barque be swamped in a sea of difficulties. Then if there are those present who came to enjoy a "feast of reason and a flow of soul" in hearing a fine speech, abounding in high sounding phrases and clasic lore, let them prepare to be disappointed, and let me beg them to judge my performance, when it is ended, by another standard of merit. For it it shall be my good fortune to direct your thoughts to the proper consideration of a subject which ought to be prominent in the mind and dear to the heart of every member of this Association, if I shall be able to stimulate your college pride, to awaken your latent ambition to see this institution, whose name we profess to cherish and whose honor is in our keeping, take her place in the front rank of the great sisterhood of American colleges, and to arouse your sluggish energies to action—such action as will surmount all obstacles, override all difficulties and and accept no result but success—I shall deem my pleasant task well done and will be quite content to roll the responsibility of supplying the eloquence for this commencement occasion upon other and more competent shoulders.

If my subject had not been announced in the outset you might have already divined it. I greet you, then, brethren and friends, in the name of our Alma Mater, whose cause I come to plead, and I beg that you will hear me for that cause. Who is this nourishing mother? What of her origin? What of her life? What of her mission? What of her destiny? These are interesting, important, nay momentous questions. Their answer and solution afford a theme abounding in interest; present a study commanding the most assiduous attention; and demand a zealous devotion worthy the highest of human effort and human aims. In the brief space oftime allotted to an Alumni Address it were futile to attempt more than a suggestive sketch of the expansive field which you have been invited to look upon. To do even this will levy perhaps too great a contribution upon your time and forbearance. But the nature of the subject demands that we look back upon the very cradle of the now portly matron whose life history we wish to contemplate and into whose future we wish to peer. And it is quite likely that while I am relating the story of her humble birth and simple life, some of her younger sons may smile with derision and ever lose proper filial regard for their literary ancestress. But let them despise not the day of small things. Why, I was once a baby my self. I make this statement upon the authority of my mother and my nurse, two competent and creditable witnesses, whose testimony cannot be successfully controverted, however much present appearances may seem to be against them. And you shall have equally conclusive proof if it is wanted that that this College, this queen of science and of letters seated upon her throne of knowledge, bedecked with her crown of honor, adorned with her sparkling jewels of truth and virtue, holding sway over a domain stretching from the shores of the Chesapeake to the borders of the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the rolling prairies that lie beyond the Father of Waters, and governing with her migic wand of affection her thousands of loyal subjects, was once an humble rustic maiden, or to drop the metaphor and speak the plain truth—was once a "backwoods school."

From this point he briefly traced the history of the College from its origin as a primary school house in 1838, with Rev. B. York as teacher, through all of its stages of growth and progress as Union Institute, Normal College and Trinity College. It was chartered as Normal College in 1850 and as Trinity College in 1859. The first class graduated in 1853. The college became the property of the N. C. Conference, M. E. Church, South, about 1857 or 1858. To the late lamented Dr. Craven, the real founder of the Cotlege, he paid this tribute: "The eye dims, the heart swells, the tongue falters as that name of blessed memory calls for utterance, and I fain would avoid it lest I might not pronounce with becoming reverence. But could there have been an Iliad without a Homer? Could there have been a temple without a Solomon? Could there have been flowers without sunshine? Could there have been love without a heart? Could there be a universe without a God? Then there could have been no Trinity College without a Braxton Craven. But he needs no feeble words of praise from me. His works do follow him; and the power of his intellect, the glory of his life, and the grandeur of his achievements will live in their impress upon the future as long as learning shall have a friend, truth an admirer, or ambition a devotee. Brethren, we loved him because we knew he loved us, and our tongues will cleave to the roofs our mouths and our right hands will forget their cunning ere we shall cease to cherish that name of all names dearest to us as Trinitarians. Let us emulate his virtues, follow his precepts and honor his memory. If the spirits of the departed are allowed to come back to earth and the cherished objects of this life can divide the joys of heaven, it were no idle fancy to say that his spirit is present with us at this moment, and as we behold it with the eye of faith let us greet it in the language of the great Italian poet, when he met the instructor of his youth, in the realms of shade:

Oh, never from the memory of my heart
Your dear paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;
How grateful am I for that patient care,
All my life long my language shall declare!

It was so much to us he was more to Trinity. It is divinely spoken that greater love hath no man than this that he will lay down his life for his friend. Trinity was at once his friend and his burden. It was too much. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Flesh and blood could hold out no longer. Years of unremitting and unrequited toil against odds which none but those nearest to him can at all appreciate, a load of anxiety for the establishment and success of the college, an indomitable determination which nothing but death could conquer, a burning ambition to see the desire of his heart accomplished, and oftrepeated, soul-crushing disappointments laid their united and relentless grasp upon him, and that stalwart frame was shaken at its base, that stout heart weakened in its pulsations, those unquavering nerves lost their tension, the life-sustaining forces gave up their functions, and one November night the wires flashed Dr. Craven is dead. How fit the season. As nature was teeming with the ripeness of her fruitage and the year was just growing old, he too was ripe in his labors, ripe in his honors, ripe in faith and in love and had just reached the border line of old age. But being dead he yet speaketh. Let us heed the silent message that comes from his voiceless tomb, and go forward with renewed determination toward the goal of truth, usefulness and honor to which he directed and allured us."

* * * * * *

The speaker here gave an interesting review of the successes of Trinity's sons in the various professions. He paid many glowing tributes to Trinity and her illustrious sons, and made an appeal to the Methodists of the State to stand by and support the institution of their denomination that has done so much.

The remaining paragraphs were mainly devoted to college reminiscences and local occurrences, which the general reader would have to undrstand to appreciate. They were interspersed with flashes of wit and humor, which the audience greatly enjoyed. As a specimen we give his striking, original and ingenious pun upon the present faculty of the College, the name of every professor and the president being included in it:

"To the students who are here let me say a few words in passing by way of encouragement and stimulation. And to dispense with needless preliminaries, young gentlemen, I do not propose to Bandy words, nor to talk in e-Pegram, but to speak in plain English. The old times of which I have spoken have Gannaway (gone away) and a new era has dawned upon us with its new problems and its new possibilities. But there is no telling to what Heitman can reach if he will nerve his Armstrong for the battle of life and determine to pay the full Price of success. Whatever else may happen, let it be understood that henceforth the bird that dons the plumage of Trinity must learn to Crowell."

Then briefly expressing to the present management the confidence of the Alumni in them and pledging their co-operation for the good of the College, he closed as follows:

"If it has been my good fortune to contribute anything to the entertainment of this amiable audience, to utter a single sentiment that will give impulse to the glorious work that lies before the College, and to touch the chord of a sweet memory in the breast of these, my brethren, I am thrice happy. Now, as we breathe in parting a silent prayer of God's speed to Trinity in her upward and onward career, let it be our loftiest ambition and our highest desire to meet one day where there shall be no parting—

"'Where time and pain, and chance and death expire,
Where momentary ages are no more;
Where seraphs gather immortality
On life's fair tree fast by the throne of God.'"

The price of sugar is advancing and the present outlook is that the advance will continue. The sugar market has been very active during the past week. Jobbers and refiners have been buying all the raw and refined sugar obtainable. Their purchases have been very heavy. They deny any intention to corner the market.

There has been a marked increase in the consumption in the United States of late. During the first five months of the year 1888 the number of tons of sugar used was 402,434. The amount used during the first 5 months of this pear was 70,000 tons greater.—N. Y. Star.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience.

CUMBERLAND NEWS.

THE ALLIANCE AND THE CANNING FACTORY—REUNION OF VETERANS—THE HALF HOLIDAY PLAN ADOPTED.

New Building for the Presbyterian Sunday School--The Fayetteville Bucket Factory.

[Reg. Cor. CAUCASIAN.]

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., June 17th, 1889.

Thursday morning at 3 o'clock A. M., an alarm of fire called out the fire department. The fire proved to be the dwelling of A. G. Thornton, out on North street. The house was burned, as it was enveloped in flames before the engine, &c., could get there. Loss, $1,800. Insurance, $1,200.

The F. I. L. I. is getting in fine trim for the encampment. A prize of $25.00 for the best drilled and $10.00 for the second best is being competed for. A large number of members will go, and a good portion of the population of this city will be there.

Messrs. J. & O. Evans are building a large store house on the corner of Gillespie and Franklin streets.

Hon. Thos. H. Sutton, of this city, will deliver the Literary address at the commencement of Spring Hill Academy, in Richmond county, on the 28th instant.

Miss Bert McDuffie, a charming young lady of this city received the Cheif Marshall's regalia at the recent University commencement for being the handsomest young lady present, and they were there by the hundreds.

The County Alliance at their meeting last Tuesday resolved to use cotton bagging to cover their cotton this year. The Alliance also endorsed the fruit canning factory and pledged their best efforts to advance its interest by delivering a sufficient supply of fruit, tomatoes, &c. We are glad to see such important action as the farmers are taking in dealing with the "jute trust." It is said that if cotton covering is used that it will require thirty-two million pounds of cotton, and it is thought will increase the price of cotton.

Judge James MacRae, having finished his spring circuit, is at home for a vacation.

Miss Isabella Liete, who is principal of a college in Tokio, Japan, arrived here last Monday, much to the delight of her many friends. She is engaged in the missionary work, and her school has four foreign (American) teachers and nine Japanese teachers. Tokio, she says, has a population estimated all the way from one to two millions. Miss Liete will remain here for a few months on a leave of absence, and then will return to her duties in that foreign land. She is much in love with the work. She has been in Japan for eight years.

Fine ripe peaches have made their appearance on the market. Most of them are being shipped to the Northern cities.

The first engagement of the late war took place at Big Bethel, Va., on June 10th, 1861. There are many survivors of that fight living in this city—at least thirty, and on Monday last, June 10th, they celebrated the twenty-eighth anniversary at Worrell's pond, about ten miles to the west of here. They thoroughly enjoyed the re-union.

Messrs. D. B. Nicholson and C. P. Jerome passed through here last Wednesday.

The Confederate Veteran's Camp fund for the first week foots up $136. The largest subscription was $25 from the large hearted Hon. Chas. M. Steadman, of Wilmington. The amount is gratifying for the first week and we hope it will be trebbled in another week.

Rosenthal's new store, on Hay street, is one of the handsomest in the city. It is an iron and glass frot.

Rev. R. T. Gray, who recently tendered his resignation as pastor of the Baptist Church, has accepted a call to a church in Denver, Col.

Fishing frolics seem to be the rage now. One party went up to Rhode's mills last week and caught one hundred and fifty fine fish.

Some of the merchants have adopted the half holiday plan for the summer, and now close their stores every Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. This gives the clerks an opportunity to rest and do a better day's work on Saturday.

The Southern Telegraph Company has secured an office in the Thornton House, on Hay street, next to the Western Union office. It is hoped a cutting of rates will take place, as they can charge less and make a good interest on stocks not "watered."

A temporary organization of the corporators of the Fayetteville & Albemarle railroad was effected last Saturday at the meeting in this city. Mr. John Blue was elected as chairman and Mr. Z. W. Whitehead, secretary. A committee was appointed to confer with the C. F. & Y. V. railroad company and the R. & A. A. railroad. There is little doubt but what the road will be pushed to completion at no distant day.

One of the most profitable and busy places in Fayetteville during the warm weather is the Ice Factory. Two thousand tons of clear and sparkling ice are turned out every day. It is shipped to many points up and down the railroads.

The Bucket factory is an interesting place to visit. The machinery is of the best pattern and make, and before you think it is started good an iron-bound well bucket, a white cedar water bucket, &c., is placed before you. The present capacity is thirty dozen per day. It has created a market for wood and and the people benefitted. Such industries is what North Carolina towns need to make them lively.

The Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church has grown to such an extent as to necessitate the building of a larger school room. Plans are being prepared for a large brick building to cost about $2,000. It will have several apartments, one for the infant class, one for the Bible class, a ladies' meeting room and the main audience room. The whole will be connected by folding doors. The Mission School, in the eastern part of the city, is also in a flourishing condition.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

Closing Exercises at this Well Known Institution.

Commence Exercises of this excellent institution ended on last Thursday. The Literary Address was delivered by Hon. Wm. L. Wilson, of West Va., and has been pronounced, by competent judges, one of the finest efforts ever heard in the State. The exercises throughout were of unusual interest and the speeches of the graduating class were above the average. Many distinguished visitors were present, and the entire programme was crowned with success. The News and Observer correspondent says:

Dr. Carter preached the annual sermon Wednesday night from the 14th verse of the 25th Psalm. "The Secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Dr. Carter's style is particularly his own. Rich in conception, vigorous and lucid in his delivery, his discourse was full of tenderness and the simple truths of the Bible. I hear a number of distinguished men have pronounced this the ablest effort to which they have ever listened.

* * * * * *

President Charles E. Taylor, after delivering the diplomas, delivered a most touching address to the graduating class. He congratulated the class upon the bright future before them, saying that they would live in the twentieth century. He was also faithful to warn them of the obligation they were under for the high privileges they had enjoyed. "Plenty of room at the top," said Dr. Taylor, but how to get there is the question.

Among the announcements of the chairman of the Board of Trustees were that the degree of A. M. had been conferred on Prof. W. L. Poteat, and that Mr. Chas. E. Brewer had been elected Professor of Chemistry in the place of Prof. A. L. Purinton, who resigned this work to take a position in the University of Tennessee.

This closes a most delightful commencement as well as the most prosperous session in the history of the college.

The statement has been published that the Northern syndicate which has purchased 30,000 acres of land in Camden and Currituck counties, in this State, and Norfolk county, Va., will divide a portion of it into fifty acre farms, with a view to colonizing with people from Western New York and Canada. This will give an opportunity to test the colonizing experiment, which has never, as far as our information goes, been attempted in the South on such a large scale. If it succeeds, as we trust it will, it will be but the beginning of similar movements in other portions of the South, which present advantages and may offer inducements for colonists.—Wil. Star.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Something Interesting for the Little Folks.

[Prepared for THE CAUCASIAN each week by W. A. Johnson.]

UP-STAIRS.

Watching at eve by the window,
Till I had wandered in sight;
Shouting and toddling to meet me,
Patting her hands with delight;
Hugging and kissing me sweetly,
Lips like the rosiest dew,
Running away then and calling,
"I'll be up-stairs before you!"

Often at twilight I linger,
Waiting in silence to hear
One little voice gently calling,
Two little feet pattering near.
Then on my heart sadly echo
Words that, alas! were so true,
While her dear arms clung around me,
"I'll be up-stairs before you!"

An Experiment for Young People.

Take two tumblers—one filled half full of fresh water. Put a fresh egg in the tumbler of fresh water. It will sink to the bottom. Put it in the tumbler of salt water, and it will float on top. Carefully pour the brine through a long funnel into the bottom of the tumbler containing the fresh water. The fresh water will rise to the top, and the egg will lie directly in the middle of the glass, poised between the two.

Bitter Words.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so kind words, gentle acts, and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumults of the world, and home if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

On Guard.

It is a great mistake to think that with safety to yourselves you can read improper books, or listen to impure talk, or countenance unseemly jests, or associate with people of doubtful behavior. You often hear people say—young people, perhaps, more especially—"Oh, yes! I read so-and-so for the beauty of the verse, or the power of the story, or the elegance of the style; I enjoy all that, and what is wrong in it does not hurt me." They are mistaken, and, it may be, fatally mistaken. Wicked and impure thoughts, words, stories, songs, are so many unbarred lanes along which your great enemy comes to tempt you. There is a painful story told of a man who, having been once a great sinner, was saved by the power of God and brought to lead a Christian life. He truly repented of his sins, and strove to bring forth the fruits of repentance; but it was a thorny path. When he sought to pray or to meditate, instantly his mind was flooded with impious and irreverent and unclean pictures and phrases from the experience of his former ungodly years. The purity that he would he could not secure, and the evil that he despised—that was constantly present with him. Be warned by this sad experience; turn resolutely from all things in your daily life that are not pure and lovely and of good report, remembering that character, like cloth when white, can easily be dyed black, but when once blackened can never be made perfectly white again.

The following has been mailed us by an unknown lady friend, to whom we return many thanks. We shall be pleased at all times to receive communications for this column. All correspondence, answers to enigmas, riddles, &c., should be addressed to W. A. Johnson.

Enigma.

BY A MOTHER IN CLINTON.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 3, 5, 4, 3, 18, is the name of a flower.
My 15, 21, settles a question (sometimes)
My 19, 20, 22, is the name of one we should love.
My 1, 5, 13, 22, 14, 7, is desirable at all times.
My 2, 22, 8, is the name of a girl.
My 6, 4, 8, 13, is an exclamation noting pity.
My 11, 23, 12 is a bird.
My 16, 26, 19, is a domestic animal.
My 27, 10, 23, 5, 15, is a well-known production of Sampson county.
My 9, 28, 1, 24, is a race of people.
My whole is the name and business place of one of our Clinton friends.