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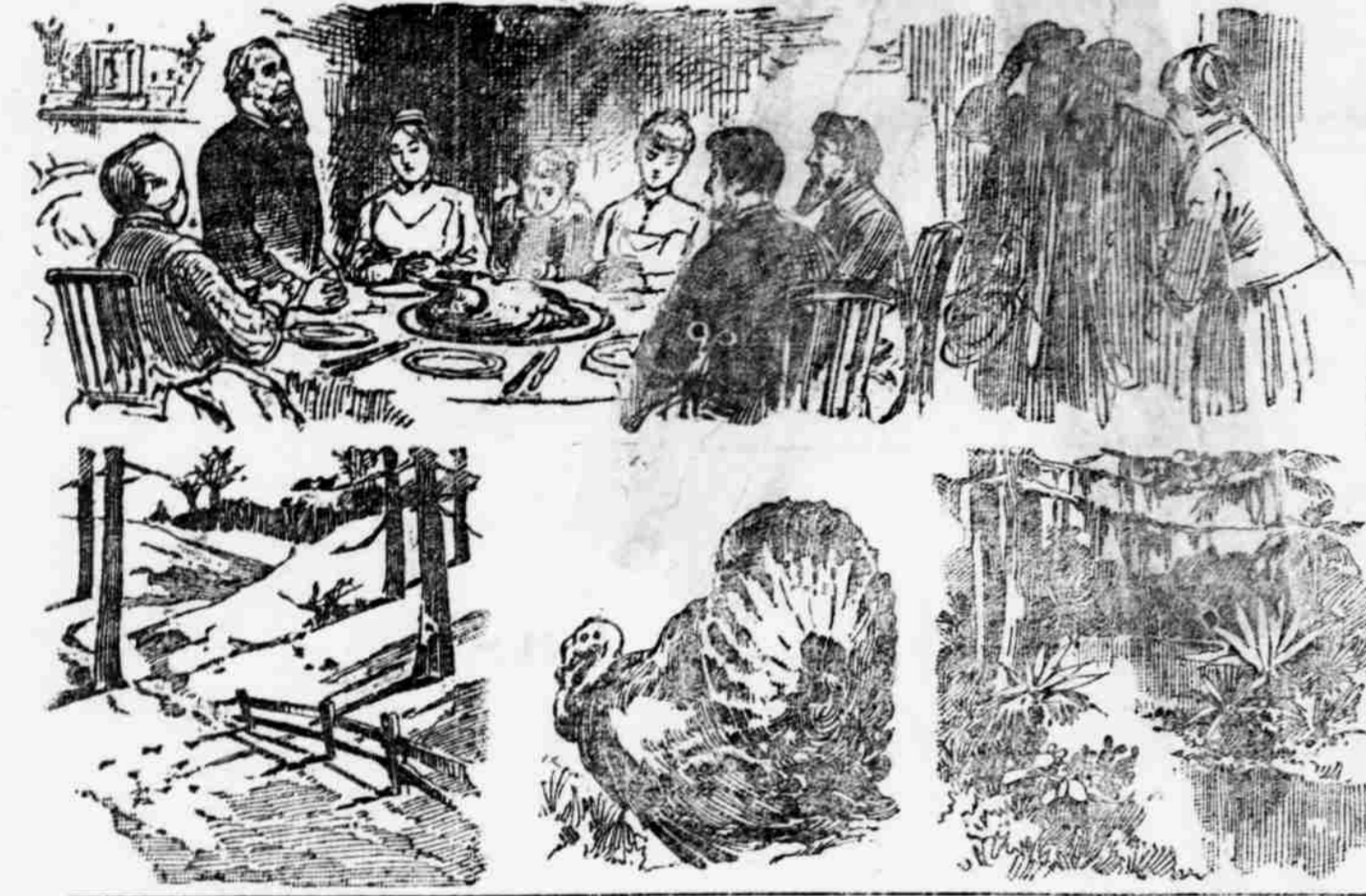
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THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

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.

Continue in prayer and watch in the same with thanksgiving.—Paul, in Colossians iv chap., 42 verse.

I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving. David, in Psalm lxxix 30th verse.

For all things are for your sakes, that the abundant grace might through the thanksgiving of many redound to the glory of God.—II Corinthians iv chap. 15th verse.

David A. Wells in his able book, "Recent Economic Changes," just published, presents the great economic problem now so difficult of solution, in the following paragraph:—

In the death of Hon. W. T. Dortch, which sad event occurred at his residence in Go/bsoro, on the 21st instant, North Carolina lost one of her very best, ablest and purest men. He was born in Nash county in 1824 and was therefore in his 65th year.

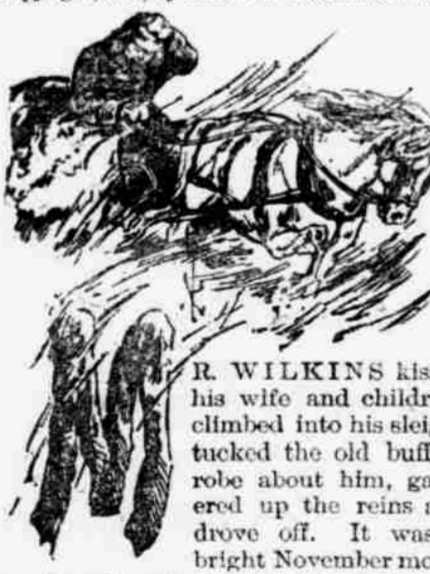
The National Democrat says that the way to kill trusts is to have their plans and business operations in speeded like banks and made public.

THE TURKEY'S LAST GOBBLE.

Behold me now. A Turkey with a big T! Time, 6 o'clock A. M. By 7 P. M. What will I be? A wreck! A total wreck! A travesty on antinatural organs!

THE LOST FOUND.

A THANKSGIVING STORY, BY ANNIE E. WILKINS.



Mr. Wilkins' little house came in for a share of the drifts. It was low and white and square. Like many houses in rural New England, its rear door opened into a shed, behind which were the barn and outhouses, so that in case of storms the livestock could be easily reached.

"I'll give 'em a good Thanksgiving' I can," he thought. "There ain't no family that deserves it more. What I could sell everything I've got with me. Wouldn't I make their eyes open, though Mebbe I could buy 'em some figs. The children's never seen any. An' I'd got Mirandy an egg beater. She ain't never had none."

The sun shined as nice as can be. That'll melt all the snow soon, and then I'll see father an' old Bess comin' down the road with lots of good things.

THE RESCUE.

filled with drifts, which lay thick between it and the road. He couldn't get through. He would hinder him in his journey, too. Perhaps he wouldn't see home that night, he said to himself. So he drove on.

A Natural Presumption.

"Great heavens!" said the barnyard rooster, as he watched the foolish fluttering of a poor turkey, after the ax came down, "I wonder what the matter is with his legs, the gobbler?"

Thanksgiving Thoughts.

Be thankful that no speculator has thought to corner the cranberry crop or the turkey product of the land.

An Old Fashioned Thanksgiving Dinner.

ROAST TURKEY. POTATOES. STEWED APPLES. BAKED POTATOES. CREAM. Turkey Cranberry Sauce. Green Beans. Mixed Fruit.

Thanksgiving at a Colored Domestic House.

Mr. Newsome (the carver)—Miss Cluffy, would you hab some ob de fow?

So the day wore on. When the children fretted their good mother talked about what finer world there was, and how sure she was that he would come on the next day—the day of their great feast itself. She wasn't at all sure when she first said so, but this was her way of keeping her own hopes up, and she succeeded so well that she almost believed they would see old Bess and the sleigh Thanksgiving morning.



Wednesday had passed slowly to Mr. Wilkins in the dingy little hotel where he was staying. When he started for home early on the following morning the hangings on about the door forbade all sorts of evil results to his "foolhardy notion" of trying to get through such a snow, but he persisted in going.

"Seems as if I must," he told them. "It was hard work—harder than he had expected, but old Bess was a strong horse, and he himself used to rough weather.

Twelve miles were traveled without incident or accident. The rest of the way was lonely enough, some of it skirting woods and leading through glens. It was a wild, beautiful drive in summer, but desolate in winter. As Mr. Wilkins drove on, thoughts of an event of which he had heard in town recurred to his mind.

"Judge Carter's little girl was lost, missing since Tuesday, servant took her to work; neither of them seen since; a thousand dollars reward!" These had made little impression on the busy man at the time, but now, in the quiet of that lonely drive, they came back in fragments.

"Will you tell us your name, dear?" said Mrs. Wilkins to the child, as she took her in her arms.

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

A BROAD AND STATESMAN-LIKE VIEW FROM A HIGH CHRISTIAN STAND-POINT.

Dr. Marable Sees Much Cause for Thankfulness.

THREE GREAT REASONS.

As had been announced, Dr. B. F. Marable preached a Thanksgiving sermon in the Presbyterian church on last Sabbath. The opening prayer was beautifully appropriate and impressive. Text: Lxxiv Psalm. The doctor said that the prayer of David as given in the Psalm contained two ideas: first the duty of the nations of the Earth to glorify God with praise and thanksgiving; second that as a result God would bless us and the earth would yield her increase.

It was not hard to interest their nearest neighbor in the lost child, and, as he had kept Thanksgiving on the right day, he volunteered to act as once to town. It was found that a servant had gone to the walk with little Nellie and Nero, the dog, a little distance up the road, she had said. They had not returned, but the girl was last seen riding with a stranger whose slouch had prevented his being recognized.

Do we fully realize how much that means? Look at the desolation of Europe to-day. Despoil Russia and land-slurping England, with gigantic strong armies, standing like titanic bulldozers, watching and growling at each other, ready at the least provocation for a tremendous and direful conflict.



"Great heavens!" said the barnyard rooster, as he watched the foolish fluttering of a poor turkey, after the ax came down, "I wonder what the matter is with his legs, the gobbler?"



Mr. Newsome (the carver)—Miss Cluffy, would you hab some ob de fow?

SCHOOL ADVERTISEMENTS.

[ANNOUNCEMENT.] Kenansville Male & Female Academy, KENANSVILLE, N. C. Fall Session Begins September 9th, 1889.

Clinton School FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. REV. J. W. TURNER, A. M., Principal. MRS. J. W. TURNER, Assistant.

Salem High School. ESTABLISHED IN 1874. MARION BUTLER, A. B., Supt. A FIRST-CLASS BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOTH SEXES.

Excursion Rates to Clinton, N. C., over the WILMINGTON & WELDON RAILROAD.

Excutor's Notice. THE UNDERSIGN HAVING qualified as executor to the last will and testament of W. H. Moore, deceased, hereby give notice to all persons holding claims against the estate of the said W. H. Moore, to present them within 12 months from this date, duly authenticated or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

21ST ANNUAL FAIR! OF THE Sampson County Agricultural and Mechanical Association, December 4th, 5th & 6th, 1889.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but one cure, and that is 'GOD'S OWN SPECIFIC'.

FOR FINE SHOES AND Good Cheap Shoes! GO TO CHESTNUT & BARENTINE, 30 Front Street, Wilmington, N. C., aug 15-17