

PROFESSIONAL COLUMN.

W. R. ALLEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Goldsboro, N. C. Will practice in Sampson county.

A. M. LEE, M. D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND DENTIST, office in Lee's Drug Store. Je 7-121

J. A. STEVENS, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, (Office over Post Office), 405 May Street, at the residence of J. H. Stevens on College Street. Je 7-172

H. E. FAISON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office on Main Street, will practice in courts of Sampson and adjoining counties. Also in Supreme Court. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt and careful attention. Je 7-171

E. W. KERR, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office on Wall Street. Will practice in Sampson, Bladen, Pender, Harnett and Duplin Counties. Also in Supreme Court. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business. Je 7-171

FRANK BOYETTE, D.E.S. DENTISTRY, Office on Main Street. Offers his services to the people of Clinton and vicinity. Everything in the line of Dentistry done in the best style. Satisfaction guaranteed. Don't ask me to vary from this rule.

JEWELRY AND CLOCKS! I have just received a large lot of elegant jewelry. This I will guarantee to the purchaser to be the best of the kind. I sell no cheap goods but carry a standard line of gold front goods. The attention of the ladies is called to the latest styles of breast pins—they are "things of beauty!"

The old reliable and standard SETH THOMAS CLOCKS always in stock in various styles and sizes. Repairing of Watches and Clocks and mending Jewelry is a specialty. All work is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Respectfully, G. T. RAWLS.

I. T. & G. F. ALDERMAN COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 112 North Water Street, WILMINGTON, N. C. Cotton and Timber.

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A BARBER SHOP. When you wish an easy shave, as good as barber ever gave, just call on us at our saloon. At morning, eve or noon. We cut and dress the hair with grace. To suit the contour of the face. Our room is neat and towels clean. Scissors sharp and razors keen. And everything we think you'll find; to suit the face and please the mind. And all our art and skill can do, to you just call, we'll do for you. Shop on DeVane Street, opposite Court House, over the old Alliance Headquarters. PAUL SHERARD, The Clinton Barber.

A First-Class BARBER SHOP. If you wish a first-class shave, Hair Cut, Shampoo or Mustache Dye, call at my place of business on Wall Street, near the corner of M. Hanstein's, there you will find me at all hours.

RAZORS SHARP, SHEARS KEEN! If you want a good job don't fail to call on me. J. H. SIMMONS, apr 10-11 Barber.

Mammoth Bronze Turkeys! Raise Turkeys weighing from 30 to 40 pounds, and worth twice as much as common stock, by buying full-blood bronze. S. H. COLWELL, Wallace P. O., Duplin Co., N. C. nov 8-11

REMOVAL! J. T. GREGORY Has removed his Tailoring Establishment from his old stand to his office on Sampson Street, next to the M. E. Church.

The great and original leader in low prices for men's clothes. Economy in cloth and money will force you to give him a call. Latest Fashion plates always on hand. June 7th. 171

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—Is all the World's Sin, but one. Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given to men or women without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a cure in all cases. Thousands of drunks have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their cups without their knowledge, and today believe they only drank of the ordinary wine. No harmful effects result from its use, and full particulars. Address in confidence, Glasgow Street, Co. 15, Glasgow, Scotland.

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No. 24.

RAILROAD LEGISLATION

THE W. & W. PROPOSITION AND THE PETERSBURG CHARTER

Thirty-Seven Charters Granted for New Railroads in Spite of the Fact that a Commission Bill was Passed.

One of the first important measures taken under consideration by the General Assembly was a Railroad Commission. The joint special committee had the drafting of this measure in charge gave a full and patient hearing to all railroad men and other parties concerned. The bill as drawn gave the Commission power to regulate passenger and freight rates, to prevent unjust discrimination in favor of or against any individual or place and many other important and needed duties and powers—a strong bill that gives the Commission ample powers to protect, in every respect the interest of the people, yet one that will not in any respect cripple the railroads or prevent railroad building or damage their legitimate interest. The fight was close and strong in both houses to prevent amendments being tacked on that would injure, cripple or weaken the bill. But when the amendments were defeated and the question came for or against a Commission the bill passed by a large majority, for a large majority of the members were pledged by their constituents to support a Commission.

Judging by the great fears expressed by those who opposed the bill, that such a commission would cripple railroads and check railroad building, it would have been supposed that not a single, or at least but a very few railroad charters would be asked for. But quite to the contrary, capital never seemed more anxious and ready to invest in railroad building in North Carolina. As will be seen in another column, under the head of "Legislative Summary," charters for thirty-seven railroads were granted, while others were asked for that did not pass. In truth, the Commission, by requiring all parties to do equal and exact justice will dispel the popular prejudice against railroads and be really conducive to their growth and progress. With the judiciously selected Commissioners, an experienced, wise and patriotic civil engineer from the west, the honest, energetic and faithful Secretary of the State Alliance from the center, an able, successful and pure lawyer from the east, both the people and the railroads feel in advance that pure and simple justice, nothing more and nothing less will be done on all sides.

After a hard fight a bill was passed extending the A. & N. C. from Goldsboro to some point on the C. F. & Y. V. railroad and on to Charlotte. After the Railroad Commission the next most important matter before the Legislature was the W. & W. proposition to pay a limited amount of taxes for certain great and extraordinary privileges. Over this proposition and the various complications arising therefrom, were the hardest fights of the session. As we have said before, after a long and rather lively discussion the Senate refused to accept the \$25 and 14; thereby saying to the W. & W. railroad that you can get no further favors or consideration from the people until you surrender your claimed exemption from taxation and stand on the same footing as the poorest and humblest citizen. On the heels of this the Legislature was asked to recharter the Petersburg road, running from Weldon to Petersburg in Virginia. The charter of this road expired a few months since. This road and the W. & W. are both in the same syndicate, being two of the roads forming the through "Atlantic Coast Line." Before considering this bill the Legislature passed a bill suspending chapter 49 of the Code relating to chartering railroads before Secretary of State and repealing every known existing charter which might be utilized by the W. & W. railroad in making a northern connection. This done, then the Legislature granted the Petersburg charter for two years only. This serves positive and unmistakable notice upon the W. & W. railroad that within the next two years it must pay taxes—not a limited amount dictated by it, but full taxes under the general law or give up its northern connections for a through line, unless, forsooth, it should be able to control the next Legislature, and that is not probable. When these important bills passed it was Monday morning, the last day of the session, the hands of the clock pointed to 10:30 and the General Assembly of 1891 had only an hour and a half of life. Yet at this late hour a bill, unheard of and

unmentioned before, a new type written bill, was sprung upon the body by those who had voted in the opposition on the W. & W. matter. This bill was to repeal the charter of the Georgia, Carolina & Northern railroad, which was passed in 1857 and which road is now being built, unless by August 1st the Raleigh & Gaston give up its chartered exemptions. The former road forms a southern connection with the latter. The author, or rather introducer, of this bill had the audacity to say that he did not favor the bill and would not vote for it, but that since we had "bottled up" the W. & W. railroad that he wanted to see how we would vote on "bottling up" other roads.

In short those who were displeased at the passage of the bill with reference to the W. & W. Road, attempted to take snap judgment upon the majority by offering this bill suddenly and without time for consideration, with the hope it is supposed of putting the majority in a "hole." The majority, though taken by surprise, were not caught napping, but readily took in the situation and caught on their feet. "How? By simply offering an amendment staying the operation of the bill for two years thereby to a certain extent putting the R. & G. Road on the same footing as the W. & W.; and to the chagrin of the authors of the bill the amendment passed and the bill as amended went over to the House. Then a lively fight occurred led by Mr. Jones of Wake. He said that he was against the W. & W. proposition and if the Senate had not killed it that he would have fought it in the House. He said that he had also strongly advocated the bill to repeal chapter 49 of the Code and to limit the Petersburg charter to two years, which was right because the State's contract with that road had expired and that we were under no obligation to renew the contract and certainly for no longer time than we saw fit. He said that both the Petersburg and the W. & W. Roads had come to the Legislature as petitions asking for favors and that we had simply granted those favors in so far as we conceived it to be for the best interests of the State. But that the case with the R. & G. Railroad and the G. C. & N. Railroad was entirely different; and while there could be no real harm resulting from passing the bill with the two year amendment which the Senate had wisely and justly put on it, yet the whole thing was wrong in principle. For these roads had violated no contract nor had asked for any favors. That this bill put them on trial without a moment's notice and proposed to pass judgment upon them hastily without so much as giving them notice, much less given them a hearing. That he was in favor of making every road pay taxes and give up their exemptions, but he was not in favor of changing the contract made by the State at this last moment of session without giving a hearing to the other parties to the contract. That he would not do even a corporation a wrong to secure a right, much less to satisfy the pique and chagrin of certain other parties. He hoped the bill would be voted down. Much discussion followed, but the House by a good majority sustained Mr. Jones in his position. While we were satisfied with the position of the Senate on this question yet the position taken by the House is sound, manly and patriotic. All this shows that the next campaign will be a square issue on taxation and railroad matters and that the next Legislature will be put on its mettle; and if that body represents truly the people and their interests it will be equal to the occasion.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston is dead. Another one of the great Confederate leaders is gone. As a prominent figure in the tragic drama on one side falls he is followed by one on the other. Grant falls, he is followed by the immortal Jeff Davis; still fresh is the earth over the grave of Sherman, when the heroic Johnston follows.

Gen. Johnston was born Feb. 3rd, 1809, graduated at West Point with Robert E. Lee, served with distinguished valor in the Mexican war and was quarter-master general of the United States Army when the civil war broke out. His distinguished services for the Southern cause is known to every school boy. He and Sherman faced each other during the last struggle of the mighty conflict. No greater military genius was displayed during the war than his slow, masterly and strategic retreat before Sherman from Vicksburg to the Sea, and then up into North Carolina with the last stand made at Bentonville, in Johnston county. Johnston surrendered to Sherman near Durham on very favorable terms after Lee had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. General Johnston was one of the Inter-State Railroad Commissioners at the time of his death.

EASTER EVE IN A COFFIN.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE COSSACK COUNTRY. BY DAVID KEE.

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IN EVERY Russian village, from the White sea to the Black, Easter day is the festival of the whole year. Christmas is celebrated with a "kolyadovane" (singing of carols) and a liberal burning of candles and setting forth of good cheer. At midnight on New Year's eve the country lasses trip forth to ask the name of the first male passer by whom they meet, as an augury of that of their own future husband. But Easter, and Easter-day, is to Russia what Christmas is to England, or the "Jour de l'An" to France—a season of universal good will and feasting and merry making, when even strangers meet and greet each other with good wishes and reply to the salutation "Khrisote voskres" (Christ is risen) with the traditional counter-sing, "Vo istiny voskres" (He is risen indeed).

Some what in this style my thoughts ran as I lay stretched on the hay of my "krass" (traveling wagon) on the outskirts of a tiny Cossack town on the Upper Don, toward sunset on Easter eve. I had been invited to the house of the burly, bearded postmaster had promised me with a faint confidence that made me feel sure he was lying. And so it proved. Time passed, but the horses came not, and I was just about to spring up and give the big Cossack a sample of my fluency in Russian scolding when I was stopped short by hearing a low, deep voice say beside me, hardly above a whisper, yet terribly distinct—

"I shall have him to-night!" The speaker's tone was so full of deadly menace that the howl of a hungry wolf or the hiss of a snake could hardly have been more ominous of evil. Raising myself cautiously, I passed over the side of the wagon, and saw a young man and a girl standing together at the yard gate—the girl in the picturesque costume of a Cossack maiden, the man in the uniform of a Russian non-commissioned officer.

The young woman had her back to me, and it was only by the fine outlines of her figure that I could guess her to be beautiful. But the man's face was plainly visible, and even started as I saw it. Handsome as it undoubtedly was, it looked absolutely terrible in its grim inflexibility of purpose. It was the face of a born soldier, to whom duty was everything—no who, if ordered to kill his own father or brother in battle, would he do it without a moment's hesitation.

The talk went on, and I gathered from it that the young sergeant was in the track of a Nihilist emissary sent to murder the czar, who was expected to pass through the town that night with an armed escort.

"I followed him to the church, Mascha," said he, glancing up at the tall, green tower of painted wood, which, with its gilded cup and metal plates, glinted brightly in the last rays of the setting sun; "but he slipped round a corner, and when I darted round after him I could see no more of him than of my own ears. He must have a confederate who could pass as a father, for he led him into the church by some secret way, for, as our proverb says—

"But no matter—he can't escape now, for six of my men are on the watch for him outside, and the reward for his apprehension, along with what I've saved during the last year, will buy me a fine horse and a new coat. My father demands for your wedding portion, and then I can get my discharge from the army, for my term of service will be up next month, and then—"

"The last—and then?" was pointed with an emphatic nod.

"It does seem hard, though," said the girl, with a touch of womanly compassion in her voice, "that a man must die to make us happy. We shall feel as if we were eating our wedding feast out of a coffin."

"A man!" cried her lover fiercely; "a traitor and assassin, you mean, who has plotted against the life of the emperor."

"True," answered his betrothed, changing her tone again, "nothing is too bad for a man who would betray his father. Alexander Alexandrovitch (the czar), and the W. & W. Cossacks have always been loyal, and always will be."



A YOUNG MAN AND A GIRL, laborious pilgrimage around its starting gilt frame.

But there was plenty of good cheer and merriment in this little hovel, queer as it looked. The corpulent brass samovar looked down upon a brown rye loaf as big as a footstool and an enormous bowl of porridge, the porridge significantly called "postnyaya kasha" (fasting porridge), while a perfect mountain of sugared "Easter cakes"—which our host's rustic, sunbrowned, red lips were now gnawing at—the whole day in baking—rose around the dainty of the season, a pyramidal mass of thick pasty dough, spotted with a kind of small-pox of currants and raisins, which is to a Russian Easter what the traditional plum pudding is to an English Christmas.

Just as all was ready for our meal in came the postmaster's pretty daughter in all the splendor of her holiday clothes—embroidered blue jacket and crimson skirt, striped stockings, and a string of colored beads round her neck. Her late appearance was fully explained by the huge basket of Easter eggs, gay with all the hues of the rainbow, which she carried in her arms.

Behind Miss Praskovia came another girl about her own age, who was presented to me as her foster sister, and who seemed to be treated with great respect by the whole family, being as I afterwards saw "my lady" explained when she at length said positively: "Ah! if only my poor brother were here among us, how happy we should be! Perhaps he's not dead after all; it may be only a report. And if it ever did come back, surely my father couldn't be so cruel as to drive him out again!"

The honest postmaster answered only with a shrug of his broad shoulders (be- lievingly assumed to be a Nihilist) and on the part of her father, Osip Masloff, who had the name of being the most hard-fisted and hard-hearted old fellow in the whole district, and hinted to us that we must not be looking over our shoulders, as we would have to be at the church in good time for the opening of the night service.

An hour later we were in the church, which was filled to overflowing, even the romantic old graybeards and the tricking grandams of the community being visible amid the crowd by scores, probably for the first time since the previous Easter. The whole scene was certainly a strange contrast to my last Easter service in Russia, in which had been celebrated in an obscure provincial church, but in the great Isaac cathedral at St. Petersburg. In a moment I recalled the whole ceremonial—the masses and the chanting of the psalms amid the vast granite columns of the splendid cathedral; the plaintive hymn dying away in a cadence of mournful sweetness among the mighty arches overhead; the gorgeous robes and long flowing train of the center, girded around the coffin that typified the death and burial of our Lord; the tone of wondering dismay in which the chief priest exclaimed, "He is not here!" as he turned away and the solemn chanting of the "Gloria" as if to seek the sacred body elsewhere—the sudden and triumphant return of the procession through the opposite gate, with heads uplifted and banners displayed and a joyous shout of "Christ is risen!" and the upper part of the church surged up through the shadowy throng as thousands of tapers were lighted at once, while the choir pealed forth the grand resurrection anthem, and on every side was heard the greeting which was echoing at that instant throughout the length and breadth of Russia, "Christ is risen! He is risen, indeed!"

But here there was no pomp and splendor, no bronzed gates or marble canopies, no long flowing train, and all was rude and simple; plain timber, plain stone, and the only ornament worth noting was a massive silver crucifix above the altar, purchased with the offerings of the pious Cossacks of 1812 left of the spoils won by them from the retreating armies of Napoleon.

Just at that moment, however, I made a discovery which put everything else out of my head at once. In the foremost rank of the crowd around the altar, on which lay the symbolic coffin, stood directly opposite to the spot where I was placed a man who seemed anxious to avoid observation, for the lower part of his face was hidden by the collar of a long gray coat, and the upper part by the cap which he carefully held before it; but a sudden movement of the throng exposed his face for one instant, and it was that of Mascha's soldier lover, young Sergt. Dmitri Radnko.

The look of fierce and hungry expectation in this iron man's stern gray eyes made me shudder, for I saw by it that his victim was still concealed in the church, and that he was ready to pounce upon him as soon as the fit moment arrived, and the sudden starting up of this deadly pernicity, this sleepless ambush of death amid all the peace and brightness and joy of the nation's great day of gladness, had an indescribably ghastly effect.

Meanwhile the ceremony proceeded and all went on as usual till the high priest and his acolytes mounted the platform, and the former, raising the unadorned lid of the coffin and letting it fall again, uttered in his deep voice

[Continued on the Third Page.]

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE PLAGUE OF LIES.

This is His Fifth Discourse in the Series on the Plagues of the Cities—Satan's Statement, "Ye Shall Not Suffer Die," the Text.

NEW YORK, March 23.—"The Plague of Lies" was selected by Dr. Talmage for the subject of the fifth of his discourses on "The Plagues of These Three Cities," which he preached today. Both at the morning service in Brooklyn and at the evening service under the auspices of The Christian Herald in New York the vast buildings were not large enough to hold more than one-half the crowd who came to hear the sermon. His text was Genesis iii, 4, "Ye shall not surely die."

That was a point blank lie. Satan told it to Eve to induce her to put her semicircle of white, beautiful teeth into a forbidden apricot or plum or peach or apple. He practically said to her: "Oh, Eve, just take a bite of this and you will be omnipotent and omniscient. You shall be as gods." Just opposite was the result. It was the first lie that was ever told in our world. It opened the gate for all the falsehoods that have ever alighted on this planet. It introduced a plague that has afflicted all nations, the plague of lies. Far worse than the plagues of Egypt, for they were on the banks of the Nile, but this on the banks of the Hudson, on the banks of the Ohio, and the Mississippi, and the Thames, and the Rhine, and the Tiber, and on both sides of all rivers. The Egyptian plagues lasted only a few weeks, but for six thousand years has raged this plague of lies.

There are a hundred ways of telling a lie. A man's entire life may be a falsehood, while with his lips he may not once directly falsify. There are those who state what is positively untrue, but afterwards say "that's a fiction." These departures from the truth are called "white lies," but there is really no such thing as a white lie.

SOME LIVES ARE ALL FALSEHOOD. The whitest lie that was ever told was as black as perdition. No inventory of public crimes will be sufficient that omits this gigantic abomination. There are men high in church and state, actually useful, self-denying and honest in many things, who upon certain subjects and in certain spheres, are not at all to be depended upon for veracity. Indeed, there are many men and women who have their notions of truthfulness so thoroughly perverted that they do not know when they are lying. With many it is a cultivated habit, and some it seems a natural infirmity. I have known people who seemed to have been born liars. The falsehoods of their lives extended from cradle to grave. Prevarications, misrepresentations and dishonesty of speech appeared in their first utterances, and were as natural to them as any of their inalienable diseases, and were a sort of moral cancer or spiritual scurvy. But many have been placed in circumstances where this tendency has day by day, and hour by hour, been called to larger development. They have gone from attainment to attainment and from class to class until they have become regularly graduated liars.

The air of the city is filled with falsehoods. They hang pendant from the chandeliers of our finest residences; they crowd the shelves of some of our merchant princes; they fill the sidewalk from curbstone to brownstone facing. They cluster around the mechanic's hammer, and blossom from the end of the merchant's yardstick, and sit in the doors of churches. Some call them "fiction." Some style them "fabrication." You might say that they are subterfuge, disguise, delusion, romance, evasion, pretense, fable, deception, misrepresentation, but, as I am ignorant of anything to be gained by the hiding one's face, and about the end of the merchant's yardstick, and sit in the doors of churches. Some call them "fiction." Some style them "fabrication." 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