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

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THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

VOL. IX. CLINTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1891. No. 31.

THE CAUCASIAN
Has the Largest Circulation in Third Congressional District.
It prints the news and tells the plain truth.
You Men of Business, it will pay you to advertise in it.

PROFESSIONAL COLUMN.

W. R. ALLEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Goldsboro, N. C.
Will practice in Sampson county.
feb27—tf

A. M. LEE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND DENTIST,
Office in Lee's Drug Store. je 7-1yr

J. A. STEVENS, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
(Office over Post Office.)
May be found at night at the residence of J. H. Stevens on College Street. je 7-1yr

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 intrusted to his care will receive prompt and careful attention. je 7-1yr

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 7-1yr

FRANK BOYETTE, D.D.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.
My terms are strictly cash. 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 just as represented. I sell no cheap, "fire guilt" 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 I do is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.
Respectfully.
sep5—tf G. T. RAWLS.

I. T. & G. F. ALDERMAN
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 112 North Water Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Cotton and Timber.
—: ALSO :—
Country Produce handled to best advantage.
REFERENCE—1st National Bank, Wilmington, N. C. aug21-tf

NEW 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,
If 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, Shampoon or Mustache Dye, call at my place of business on Wall Street, three doors from 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,
apr10—tf Barber.

Shoe Repairing.
N. BOONE has opened a Shoemaking and Repairing Establishment over the office of Dr. A. Holmes, opposite Murphy House, on Main Street, and will be glad to receive a liberal share of the public patronage. Satisfaction guaranteed.
mch26—1m

WHEN YOU GO
To Goldsboro be sure to stop at the
GREGORY-ARLINGTON HOTELS.
Good fare, attentive servants and large comfortable rooms.
When you get off the train "Isaac" (everybody knows Isaac) will be here. Give him your baggage and go with him.
WILL HUNTER,
oct16-tf Proprietor.

W. D. DAWSON.
Tonsorial Artist,
MOUNT OLIVE, N. C.
Hair Cutting and Shaving executed in latest styles. Give me a trial.

An Attractive Combined POCKET ALMANAC and MEMORANDUM BOOK advertising BROWN'S IRON BITTERS the best Tonic, given away at Drug and general stores. Apply at once.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

HOW THINGS LOOK FROM OUR STAND POINT.

The Opinion of The Editor and the Opinion of Others which we Can Endorse on the Various Topics of the Day.

r Superintendent of Public Instruction—Prof E. A. Alderman.

How would that sound on the next State ticket? And what a level-headed, able and progressive Superintendent he would make! He knows the people in the State, he knows their needs, and is probably the most advanced educator in the State to-day. The State needs such men and must have shch a man in that capacity.

The Supreme Court have decided that sleeping cars and telegraph companies may be taxed within the State where they operate. They hold that it is not a tax on business, but a tax on property found in a State. It gives us pleasure to note a decision from our courts that does not veneer, weather-cock like, with the breath of corporations. But alas for the depravity and corruption of a county where men find themselves applauding acts of simple justice even from the highest judicial power.

The Grand Jury in the case of the killing of the Italians in the city of New Orleans failed to find a bill of indictment against the city. The News & Observer, in commenting upon their action, says:

"There were eleven men killed by the people, of whom eight is said to have been citizens of this country, and another to have declared his intention to be naturalized. That leaves only two who were still subjects of any foreign country. But in any event none were maltreated because of their nationality. The fact that they were of foreign birth was not the point; it was the fact that they were offenders in the eyes of the people. The failure of the Grand Jury to indict may embarrass Secretary Blaine in his diplomatic treatment of the case, but the incident is no proper cause of ill-feeling between Italy and the United States. It was not the result of prejudice against Italians, for our people have no such prejudice, and none has been shown at New Orleans."

THE FIX THE PEOPLE ARE IN.

Did you ever think about the fix this people would be in if we had no national banks and no provision for getting money out of the hands of the government and into the hands of the people? One way would be to sell the money to the people, another way to give it to them, and another to lend them the money. It is sold to them when the government pays salaries and constructs public buildings. It is given away in some cases, but to keep from lending it to the people they turn the government over to the national banks and let them lend it to the people. They turn it over to the national banks for the cost of printing it, and the banks lend it to you for what they can force you to pay.

Now, I submit that instead of lending it to the people second hand, it would be better and safer to lend it direct. It would be more business like, honorable and open handed, and less liable to cheating and oppression, to lend it to the people upon the most potential security that exists. The government cannot be injured by direct contact with the people. The people cannot steal the government or the money.

We hear it said the government has had a great deal of worry putting the money out of the treasury. The great surplus worried the last Congress more than anything else. Cleveland's policy at first was to let the money pile up in the treasury until it was a menace to the prosperity of the country, so as to bring a pressure upon Congress to submit to a reduction of the tariff. It piled up high and he submitted to it for awhile. Then he became anxious and he authorised Mr. Mills to send in a bill, and I can criticise Mr. Mills because I live in his district, to authorize the payment of a premium in the purchase of bonds. Mr. Mills introduced the bill, but a Republican bill on the same subject was introduced and adopted and it cost in the payment of premiums $50,000,000 to the people. Now take your choice of the two methods. One a conservative, sensible, honest measure, or one in which we are compelled to pay Wall street a premium of 25 per cent on our bonds. Such financial methods, by which the people are robbed of millions, are what are staring us in the face to-day, and it ought to startle the people.—National Economist.

TELEGRAPH RATES REDUCED.

Twenty-Five Cents the Uniform Price Fixed by the Railroad Commission.

On Friday the Railroad Commission issued circular number three, which is as follows:

On and after June 2st, 1891, all Telegraphic Messages having their origin and termination within this State will be charged as follows:

Ten words or under 25 cents.

Over ten words 2 cents per each additional word.

J. W. WILSON, Chr'n.
H. C. BROWN, Sect'y.

HARNETT COUNTY.

"Cross-Eyed Sam" Goes to Lillington.

(Special Correspondent.)

BARCLAYVILLE, N. C., May 5, '91.

Mr. Editor—As I was not cast out from the columns of your paper I will speak again to your readers through your columns.

The County Commissioners of Harnett met in session at Lillington on the 4th instant and Mr. G. E. Prince tendered his resignation as County Surveyor, to become clerk the Superior Court.

There were several tracts of land sold for taxes for 1889 and 1890, though the most of it will be redeemed.

"Cross-Eyed Sam" was much surprised to call on a gentleman the other day who had two boys plowing one horse with two plows. He was sowing cotton. He said the d——n old planter was out of fix and he could make more time that way than any other.

This community was blest with a refreshing shower this morning.

Mr. J. C. Lee, one of Johnston county's most enterprising farmers and old bachelors, will lead to the hymeneal altar Miss Minnie Eldridge on the 7th of May at seven A. M. They leave for a Northern tour Tuesday evening from Selma, N. C.

T. S. Jones, of Dunn, N. C., has a mare that found a colt on May 1st that was three feet and three inches in heighth and four feet and four inches in length.

Wishing you and your paper much success, I am fondly yours,

CROSS-EYED SAM.

GOSSIPERS IN PENDER TOO.

(Special Correspondent.)

MOORE'S CREEK, N. C., May 6, '91.

Mr. Editor—Judging by the article on "Gossip" in your issue of April 22nd, and the local scripts of April 30th, your county is more or less infested with the "evil doer", or rather those who attend to other people's business, I send you a copy of a notice which was addressed to the people of North Carolina, and tacked up near the store of a country merchant in Pender county, just to show you that other counties are cursed by members of the same profession. I submit the following, without the slightest change:

NOTICE!

"TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA."

"I wish to call the attention of the people of North Carolina to this point that is that I want to be a free agent to attend to my own business, as I think that the people of Pender county has been tending to it for me for ten years, and tending to it wrong all of the time and conspiring to keep me cut off. This April 27th, '91." The name will not be given 'til further complaint is made.

E. M. P.

MISS HELEN FOWLE.

Foremost in the Ranks of Southern Belles and Beauties.

Frank Leslies' Weekly for some weeks been giving cuts and sketches of Southern beauties and belles. This week's edition contains a very fine likeness of Miss Helen Fowle, of Raleigh, and the following sketch:

"Miss Helen Fowle, whose portrait appears, is the daughter of the late lamented Gov. Daniel Fowle, of North Carolina, and was the graceful and popular mistress of the executive mansion at Raleigh, up to the time of his decease. Entering into and sympathizing with his duties and tastes she accompanied her distinguished father in all his jaunts abroad, and was part and parcel of his political triumphs. She ranks deservedly among the foremost beauties of the Old North State. At the White Sulphur Springs last summer Miss Fowle was a recognized belle, and she is a favorite in every circle in which she appears.—State Chronicle.

JOHNSTON COUNTY.

"Cross-Eyed Sam" Goes to a Wedding.

(Special Correspondent.)

Married, at the residence of Mr. W. S. Eldridge, Johnston county, on the 7th of May, Mr. J. Claude Lee to Miss Mary F. Eldridge, at 8:15 A. M. They left at 9:15 for Selma to take a wedding tour in the North. George Massengill, J. P., officiating. The groom fifty-five years, the bride twenty. The attendants were as follows: Mr. W. A. Lee with Miss Geogie Wood; Mr. M. Bell with Miss Bettie Eldridge; Mr. J. W. Wood with Miss Francis Lee; Mr. R. E. Lee with Miss Amanda Eldridge; Mr. Julius Eldridge with Miss Esther R. Bell.

The cold nights are making the cotton and corn look somewhat cut down.

CROSS-EYED SAM.

A CREDIT TO A CREDITABLE ENTERPRISE.

THE CAUCASIAN is a strong advocate of home enterprises. It is proud of those few that the State already has, and will ever lend its encouragement and support to any North Carolina industry that will create wealth by utilizing native raw material of which we have an abundance. Therefore we take pleasure in clipping the following item from the Goldsboro Argus:

It was our pleasure yesterday to see the handsomest piece of work that the Goldsboro Furniture Factory has turned out since its establishment—and this is saying a great deal. It was a black walnut book case, highly furnished in native color, and carved in artistic designs and adornments, superbly mounted, with plate glass doors—a beauty; a credit to the factory and to the master workman, Mr. Henry Epting, the Superintendent, whose handiwork it was.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUBJECT OF THE DISCOURSE, "INVITATION TO A WEDDING."

All Things are Ready.—Will you Come? Jesus Asks You, the Holy Spirit Asks You, the Church Asks You.

ARE YOU READY?—THEN COME.

BROOKLYN, May 10.—An interesting ceremony was performed this morning in the Brooklyn tabernacle before the sermon was preached. A number of infants who had been brought there by their parents were baptized. The water used was some of that which was brought by Dr. Talmage from the river Jordan. The main auditorium of the tabernacle and the adjoining rooms were crowded by an audience of seven thousand persons. The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was, "Invitation to a Wedding," and the text Luke xiv, 17, "Come, for all things are now ready."

HOLY FESTIVITIES.

Holy festivities today. We gather other sheaves into the spiritual garner. Our joy is like the joy of heaven. Spread the banquet, fill all the chalices. We are not today at the funeral of a dead Christ; we are celebrating the marriage of the King's son.

It was an exciting time in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth castle. The clocks in all the towers and throughout the castle were stopped at the moment of her arrival, so continuing to point to that moment as the one surpassing all others in interest.

The doors of the great banqueting hall was opened. The queen marched in to the sound of the trumpets. Four hundred servants waited upon the guests. It was a scene that astonished all nations when they heard of it. Five thousand dollars a day did the banquet cost as it went on day after day. She was greeted to the palace gates with floating islands, and torches, and the thunders of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a burst of music that lifted the whole scene into enchantment. Beginning in that way it went on from joy to joy, and from excitement to excitement, and from rapture to rapture. That was the great banquet that Lord Leicester spread in Kenilworth castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors in Hampton court. The best cooks of all the land provided for the table. The guests were kept hunting in the parks all the day, so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening hour they were shown into the banqueting hall, with table a-glitter with imperial plate, and a-blush with the very costliest wines, and the second course of the feast was made of food in all shapes, of men and birds and beasts, and dancing groups, and jousting parties riding upon each other with uplifted lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors, their cups gleaming to the brim, drank first to the health of the king of England, and then to the health of the emperor of France. That was the banquet that Cardinal Wolsey spread in Hampton court.

A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.

But today, my brothers and sisters, I invite you to a grander entertainment. My Lord the King is the banqueter, angels of God are the cupbearers, all the redeemed are the guests; the halls of eternal love frescoed with light and paved with joy and curtained with unfading beauty are the banqueting place, the harmonies of eternity are the music, the chalices of God are the plate, and I am one of the servants come out with invitations to all the people, and oh, that you might break the seal of the invitation and read in ink of blood and with the tremulous hand of a dying Christ, "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

Sometimes there have been great disappointments at a banquet. The wine has given out, or the servants have been rebellious, or the lights have failed, but I walk all around the banqueting table of my Lord today, and I find everything complete, and I swing open the door of this banqueting house and I say, "All things are now ready."

Illustrating my text I go on, and in the first place say that the Lord Jesus Christ is ready. Cardinal Wolsey did not come into the banqueting hall until the second course of the feast, and when he entered booted and spurred, all the guests arose and cheered him, but I have to tell you that our banqueter, the Lord Jesus Christ, comes in at the beginning of the feast. Ay, he has been waiting for his guests, waiting for some of them 1891 years, waiting with mangled feet, waiting with hand on the punctured side, waiting with hand on the lacerated temples, waiting, waiting!

Wonder it is that the banqueter did not get weary and say, "Shut the door and let the laggards stay out." No, he has been waiting. How much he is in earnest! Shall I show you? I gather up all the tears that flooded his cheek in sympathy, all the blood that channeled his brow and back and hand and foot, to purchase our redemption. I gather up all the groans coming from midnight chill and mountain hunger and desert loneliness, and I put them into one bitter cry—I gather up all the pangs that shot from cross and pike and spear into one groan—I take one drop of sweat on his brow, and I put it under the glass of the gospel, and it enlarges to lakes of sorrow, to oceans of agony. That Christ today, emaciated and worn and weary, comes here, and with a pathos in which every word is a heartbreak and every sentence a martyrdom, he says to you and he says to me, "Come, come; for all things are now ready."

Ahasuerus made a feast that lasted one hundred and eighty days. This lasts forever. Lords and princes were invited to that. You and I are invited to this. Yes, he has been waiting. He is waiting now. Other kings wrap themselves in robes of beauty and power before they come into a banquet. So does Christ. Oh, he is the fairest of the fair! In his hand is the omnipotent surgery that opened blind eyes, and straightened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Oh, what a Christ—a Christ of beauty, a Christ of power!

There are not enough cups on earth to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders to scale those heights of love. Oh, thou flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of heaven. Oh, thou daybreak of the soul, let all nations clap their hands in thy radiance. Chorus! Come men and angels and cherubim and seraphim and archangel, all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll on through the heavens in chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosanna, under arches of coronation, by the towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, to him be glory.

Ah! there is one word of five letters that I would like to write, but I have no sheet fair enough to write it on, and no pencil good enough to inscribe it. Give me a sheet from the heavenly records, and some pencil used by angel in describing a victory, and then with hand struck with supernatural energy, and with pencil dipped in everlasting morning, I will write it out in capitals of love, J-E-S-U-S Jesus! It is this one that is waiting for you and for me, for we are on the same platform before God.

How long he waited for me! How long he has waited for you! Waiting as a banqueter waits for his delayed guests, the meats smoking, and the beakers brimming, and the minstrel with his finger on the stiff string ready to strike at the first clash of the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting as a mother waits for a boy that ten years ago went off dragging her bleeding heart after him. Waiting. Oh, can you not give me some comparison intense enough, importunate enough, high as heaven, deep as hell and vast as eternity? Not expecting that you can help me with such a comparison, I simply say he is waiting as only an all sympathetic Christ knows how to wait for a wandering soul.

Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

COME AND WELCOME.

But I remark again, not only is Christ waiting, but the Holy Spirit is waiting. Why are some sermons a dead failure? Why are there songs that do not get their wing under the people? Why are there players that go no higher up than a hunter's halloo? Because there is a missing link that only the Holy Spirit can make. If that Spirit should come through this assemblage this morning there would be power felt like that when Saul was unhorsed on the road to Damascus, like as when Lydia's heart was broken in her fine store, like as when three thousand souls were lifted out of midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost. Did you notice that sometimes that Spirit takes an insignificant agency to save a soul? I think it is very often that at just one passage of Scripture, just one word of Scripture, a soul is saved because the Holy Spirit gives it supernatural power.

Do you know what it was that saved Martin Luther? It was that one verse, "The just shall live by faith." Do you know what it was that brought Augustine from his horrible dissipations? It was that one verse, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof." Do you know what it was that saved Hedley Vicars, the celebrated soldier? It was the one passage, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Do you know what it was that brought Jonathan Edwards to Christ? It was the one passage, "Now unto him be glory forever and ever."

One Thanksgiving morning in church I read my text, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good," and a young man stood in the gallery and said to himself: "I have never rendered one acceptable offering of gratitude to God in all my life. Here, Lord, I am thine forever." By that one passage of Scripture he was brought into the kingdom, and if I might tell my own experience, I might tell how one Sabbath afternoon I was brought to the peace of the gospel by reading of the Syro-Phœnician's cry to Christ, where she said, "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the Master's table." Philosophic sermons never saved anybody. Metaphysical sermons never saved anybody. An earnest plea going right out of the heart blessed of the Holy Ghost, that is what saves, that is what brings people into the kingdom of Christ.

I suppose the world thought that Thomas Chalmers preached great sermons in his early ministry, but Thomas Chalmers says he never preached at all until years after he had occupied a pulpit he came out of his sick room, and weak and emaciated he stood and told the story of Christ to the people. And in the great day of eternity it will be found that not so much the eloquent sermons brought men to Christ as the story told, perhaps, by those who were unknown on earth, the simple story of the Saviour's love and mercy, sent by the power of the Holy Ghost straight to the heart. Come, Holy Ghost. Ay, he is here this morning. He fills all the place. I tell you the Holy Ghost is ready.

THE AIR IS FULL OF PRAYERS.

Then I go and tell you the church is ready. There are those here who say, "No one cares for my soul." We do care for it. You see a man bowing his head in prayer and you say, "That man is indifferent." That man bows his head in prayer that the truth may go

[Continued on Second Page.]

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

The Attention She is Attracting Throughout the Entire South.

NEWS NOTES FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., May 9, '91.

I feel it quite certain that the readers of your paper will be interested in the attention our Queen City—Charlotte—is attracting throughout the South. Like other points in the "Dixie" country, new energy has been called into play, new ideas formulated and possibilities carefully investigated. In these researches Charlotte did not wait the coming of strangers to organize land companies and sell the stock for the purpose of raising capital, but her own citizens, at least six of her wealthiest, Messrs. E. D. Latta, E. B. Springs, O. P. Heath, Dr. M. A. Bland, F. B. McDowell and J. L. Chambers organized, twelve months ago, the Charlotte Consolidated Construction Company, and with the large capital paid in bought 450 acres of land bordering on the Southern corporate limits of Charlotte, and since that time they have transformed this property into perhaps the levliest spot in the Southland. The town has been named Dilworth, in honor of Mr. Edward Dilworth Latta, the actual founder of this beautiful addition to Charlotte. The handsome lake of one thousand two hundred feet in length, within the grandest of all Southern retreats, Latta Park, is one of the prettiest sheets of water to be found hereabouts, and when the property is formally opened this will be equipped with boats of unique pattern for the enjoyment of visitors.

The musical festival which closed here last Wednesday night was a successess in every particular. The attendance was large and of a most respectable character.

Great preparations are being made for the forthcoming annual celebration of Mecklenburg's Declaration of Independence on the 20th instant. This date will also be marked by the opening sale of the Four C's company, whose advertisement you are printing in another column. The North State Club, composed of our most enterprising young men has raised a $1,000 fund for the display of fireworks at Latta Park on the 20th. I am directed to extend to you a cordial invitation to be present on that occasion. F. A. S.

$100 Reward. $100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucus surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient streagth, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure.
Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by druggists at 75 cents.

REV. T. DeWITT TALMAGE.

The Executive Committee of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly has succeeded in making an engagement with the famous Rev T. DeWitt Talmage, the most popular lecturer in America—yes in the world—for an evening at the Teachers' Assembly this summer. A great many summer gatherings were exceedingly anxious to secure this most original thinker and eloquent speaker, and he consented to make only a very few engagements for this season, and it was the good fortune of our Assemply to obtain by telegraph one of these engagements for Friday evening, June 19th. There are few auditoriums in Carclina that would accommodate the immense audiences which assemble to hear Dr. Talmage speak, and even our large Assembly Hall will be far too small, but the great ball-room of the Atlantic Hotel will be filled with seats and used for the occasion. There will be from two to three thousand persons in that vast audience at Morehead City to hear Dr. Talmage. Excursions will run on that day from Weldon, Greensboro, Wilmington and Fayetteville. It will be the grandest day and biggest crowd ever seen at the Teachers' Assembly.—North Carolina Teacher.

Guaranteed Cure for La Grippe.
We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer, because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at Dr. R. H. Holliday, Clinton, N. C., and John R. Smith, druggist, Mt. Olive, N. C.

POETRY AND MILK, PRESIDENTS AND EGGS.

Lord Tennyson, who sells verses, also sells milk; and President Hayes raises eggs and chickens for market. These examples may well be followed.—News and Observer.

"Life has been a burden to me for the past fifty years on account of great suffering from very severe and frequent headaches. Bradycrotine has done wonders for me. I am now a new man and shall proclaim the merits of your medicine to all I can reach." GEO. P. FOWLER,
Att'y-at-Law, Palatka, Florida.

Monopoly in Religion.

THE LAST THOUGHTS OF CHRIST VS. THE LAST THOUGHTS OF MEN.

Repentance and the Remission of Sins vs. Temporal Greed and Venal Egotism.

"THE WORLD IS MY PARISH"—TWO FALLACIES EXPLODED.

Bishop Duncan Makes a Strong Plea for the Universality of Religion.

On last Sunday Bishop Duncan of the M. E. Church, South, preached in the Methodist church at Clinton. His full square forehead, protruding far forward from the ears, showed a man of thought and logical powers, while his deep well modeled voice filled the whole church.

The handsome and commodious church, just being finished, was crowded with an audience composed not alone of the citizens of Clinton but from the county for twenty miles around.

Text, 47th and 48th verses, chap. 24th of Luke. Subject: Monopoly in Religion. He said: This is the age of monopolies. Nearly everybody and everything is in a monopoly in spite of the fact that it is in direct opposition to the letter and spirit of our constitutions. Not satisfied with monopolies of things temporal man has arrogated to himself the authority to make a monpoly of Religion (not a religious monopoly however) in direct opposition to the divine command. What does our text say? (And these are the parting words of our Saviour to his apostles as he was about to quit this earth forever till its course was run) "That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." These words contain a direct and positive command, one as christians that we cannot evade or neglect to obey, but in addition they should have, if possible, an additional and peculiar force as the last words of Christ. How we hang on and treasure up as sacred the last words of one who was dear to us! Yes these were the last great thoughts in his mind and therefore of transcendent importance. But it is interesting to note what was in the apostles' minds at this very time—the time when their Saviour was to leave them forever in a few moments. They asked of Him, saying, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Isreal?" He was thinking of the final salvation and redemption of a whole world and was giving them parting instructions to keep on with the great work and duty. They were thinking of that little slice of ground called Isreal, and anxious to know if he would not add to their worldly property by placing them again rulers over it. What a fine opportunity for Christ to have lectured them on their duty! But his answer was as delicate and as tender as that of a loving mother to an erring child, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria and unto the uttermost part of the earth;" and according to the account of the apostles, "when He had spoken these words He was taken up."

That command is as imperative now upon us as it was then upon them, yet like the aposties we are to day absorbed with self—self in business, self in politics, self in religion, self in everything. We are so absorbed in self until we have a very high opinion of ourselves. But who are you and what do you amount to? If you or a hundred of you were to die, it would not seriously effect the State of North Carolina or any one, if you did not owe them anything, for nothing more would be gone than a little piece of selfish flesh, working for its own self. Then how shall we be of some importance? By having received the power thro' the Holy Ghost, and by using that power in line of the army of Christ, according to the duty marked out in the last great command.

There are two old objections that those who oppose sending the gospel to heathen sections meet us with. First, that we have heathens here around us. That is untrue. We have among us old hardened sinners, whom our prayers and pleadings have not yet converted, because they would not hear us, think for themselves and go unto Jesus, but they are not heathens. Men who live in christian communities, in sight of church steeples, in sound of church bells and among true men and women, know of God and a future world, they are not heathens; they have had the gospel preached to them, but they refused to receive it. Then shall they be the means of keeping the light from millions of benighted souls who never heard of Jesus of Nazareth and how he died to save their souls. Second, That charity must begin at home. They think that that is unanswerable and that they have got us. Let us see. Where is Charity's home? If it has a home on earth, when it goes to it it is no longer charity. Charity flies on angel wings and will never find earth on which to rest its jewelled feet as long as there is broken heart uncomforted or a benighted soul unsaved.

These are the objections that objectors give, but they are not their real objections. The trouble with

[Continued on Second Page.]

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