

THE WORLD'S NEWS

SINCE LAST THURSDAY, CAREFULLY ASSORTED AND CONDENSED FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

STATE. The State Guard will go into camp at Wrightsville, Camp Fowle, on July 17th. The Veterans will join them on the 27th.

Rev. Baylus Cade has withdrawn from the Progressive Farmer. Maj. Duffie of the Wilmington station will not go on the paper as reported. For the present Col. Polk will do the Editorial work himself.

The State Press Convention will meet this year at Winston, July 12th to 14th. Among the events of the meeting will be an excursion to Wilkesboro, on a railway which will be by that time completed.

Warrants have been issued against parties in Greensboro for the assault on Evangelist Fife. There are six warrants against the Schencks—one against Judge Schenck, Dr. Schenck and David respectively, for cutting and carrying away some of the arms against each other for assault and battery.

NATIONAL. Ex-Senator Joseph E. McDonald, of Indiana, died at his home in Indianapolis on the 22d instant.

Last week a large delegation of the prominent citizens of Richmond waited on Mrs. Jefferson Davis and petitioned for her permission to bring the remains of the President of the Southern Confederacy from Mississippi for interment in Richmond. She said she would consider the matter. The delegation was headed by Capt. Waller, who is editor of the Richmond Times, grandson of Ex-President Tyler and brother-in-law of Mr. Davis.

President George T. Winston, of the University of North Carolina, has been elected President of the Alumni Association of Cornell University, at which he graduated with high honors in 1874.

Senator J. J. C. Abbott has been made Premier of Canada, to succeed the late Sir John A. Macdonald.

The Great European concert league which is to meet at Bern, Switzerland, next month, is for the present composed of Germany, Austria, Hungary and Switzerland. The bases of the league has already been agreed upon, and the object of the meeting is to formulate a plan for protection against the high tariff and the reciprocity policy of the United States.

WESTERN UNION OF EASTERN ASSOCIATION. The Western Union of the Eastern Association will convene at Poplar Grove, Sampson county, N. C., on Friday before the 5th Sunday in August, 1891.

PROGRAMME: Friday, 11 o'clock A. M., Opening Sermon by Rev. J. L. Britt, 1 P. M., Organization and reports from the churches, with their collections for the Home Mission Department of the Southern Baptist Convention. Topic: Cuba, a Marvel in Modern Missions. Opened by Rev. R. C. Sandlin.

Saturday, 9:30 A. M., Prayer—Service for a fresh outpouring of the Spirit of Jesus upon the churches. Led by C. E. Daniel, 10:30 A. M., Our duty as churches toward the Christian Elevation of the Negro. Opened by L. B. Carroll, 1 P. M., Our Mission to the Great West. Opened by Rev. O. P. Meeks, 2 P. M., Our Duty to the Indians, by Rev. W. E. Crocker.

Sunday, 9:30 A. M., A Sunday School Meeting in the interest of Sunday School Missions. Opened by Rev. W. L. Billbro, 11 A. M., Seaman upon Home Missions, by Rev. J. L. Stewart. Collection for Home Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention.

REV. O. P. MECKS, DR. G. W. MOSELEY, Committee on Topics.

THE N. C. R. R. COMMISSION. The Railway Commission is this week giving a hearing to railway officials regarding the assessment of property for taxation. Col. A. B. Andrews, second vice-president, and Fab. H. Busbee, Esq., attorney of the Richmond and Danville railway, and the officers of the Lynchburg and Durham railway have appeared before the commission. The W & W and other roads have already listed part of their property.

THE COMMISSIONERS have decided that it is their duty also to assess the taxes of the express and telegraph companies.

THAT THIRD PARTY.

The Argus in its report of Col. Polk's speech at Goldsboro says: "We deem it due to Polk in view of the adverse newspaper criticism we so often see upon him and his public speeches, to say that he made not a single reference to the 'Third Party' in his speech, proper, and nothing that he said could be reasonably calculated to tend success to the 'Third Party.'"

AN APPEAL.

To the brethren, sisters and friends of North Carolina, and elsewhere, who feel disposed to help me. I lost my left leg in the late civil war, therefore I appeal to the above for aid to purchase an artificial leg, as I need one very bad, and not able to pay for one. Send money to J. B. BISHOP, Catherine Lake, Onslow county, N. C.

The Lord Hearth Them.

(Continued from First Page.)

burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Substantial comfort will not grow On nature's barren soil: 'Tis vainly that we know Christ's love and will.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound goes over the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God, that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of worldly bankers, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. O man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God.

Standing amid the foundering of your earthly fortunes, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that choppy sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God this morning your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would seek the heavens with the cry, "God have mercy!"

Sin's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul and at times you have heard it thunder, "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "When Sebastopol was being bombarded two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress; and some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble. The cannonade and the conflagration, the multiplication of your sorrows and troubles, I think, must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

"THE INQUIRY OF US ALL." But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harp with all the strings a-tune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth, and let the earth shout it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "him." Him of the manger, him of the bloody sweat, him of the resurrection throne, him of the crucifixion agony. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

"Oh," says some man, "that is not generous, that is not fair, let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I walking down the street, both laden with heavy loads, and I say to you, "Well, I ask you to carry me, you say, and you rightly say, 'Walk on your feet!' But suppose you and I were in a regiment, and I was wounded in the battle, and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades and say, 'Come and help, this man is helpless; bring the ambulances; let us take him to the hospital;' and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything mean in your doing that? Would there be anything bemoaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh, no! You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does: if we could pay our debts then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, 'Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt, cross it all out.' The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabers of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The Lord hangs round in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell, of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God.

Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of his fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon his knee, and then with a dead lift he raises us to honor and glory and immortality. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will no man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put a penny on one mule and the Alps on the other—how much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime. Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights, I have come to bear your burdens and to pardon your sins and to pay your debts. Put them on my shoulder. Put them on my heart." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

FROM GOD'S LAW THERE IS NO ESCAPE. Sin has almost poisoned the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your dayward and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no space. Gossamer and vanity the world, while elements, as they look forward, lie in black at midnight. They write unceremoniously of a conscience which proposes to give

no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pay, they do not weep. They do not realize that the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man in the gallery who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings, I had the best education of the day, I had the best college institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self-righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before men; but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sin against the law of the land, I had really committed the worst sin a man ever committed—the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections. And I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart, and I know by experience that what you say this morning is true. 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Yonder is a man who would say: "I was the worst drunkard in New York; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself, I destroyed my home; my children covered when I entered the house; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment I kicked her into the street. I know all the business and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God until one day I got a letter saying: 'MY DEAR HUSBAND—I have tried every way, done everything, and prayed earnestly and fervently, but I cannot get rid of some of my sins. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. One of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. My heart is broken; I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you has made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that agonizing and agonizing pain which has made you so heavy laden, and I will give you rest. From your loving wife.'"

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing, and I got to the door and they were singing: 'All may come, whoever will. This Man receives poor sinners still. 'And I dropped right there where I was, and I said, 'God have mercy, and he had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during my work, my children come out a long way to greet me home and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day you heard, 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

"THE WORST OUTCAST MAY COME." Yonder is a woman who would say: "I wandered off from my father's house; I heard the storm that pelts on a lost soul; my feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, when one night Jesus met me on my way. Poor thing, go home; your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing! And, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I just cried out; I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of him of whom it is said 'the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'"

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position, a good commercial position, but one night at the theater I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals, and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said, 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean if you will come to the meeting tonight I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.'"

"I went to the place where I was carrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could, and I came to the door of the church, and the young man met me, and we went in; and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father I sobbed right out, and they were all around so kind and sympathetic that I just threw my heart to God, and I know this morning that what you say is true; I believe it in my own experience. 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

"Oh! my brother, without stopping to think as to whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to think whether your hand is blotted with sin or not, put it in my hand, let me give you one warm, brotherly, Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the communion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of him on whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Show away your sins. Carry them no longer. In the proclaiming of this morning to all who are bound, pardon for all sin and eternal life for all the dead."

HE IS MIGHTY TO SAVE. Some one comes here this morning, and I stand aside. He comes up these steps. He comes to this place, and he stands aside. Taking that place he spreads abroad his hands and they were nailed. You see his feet, they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you his wounded heart. I say, "Art thou ready?" "Yes," he says, "ready with the world." I say, "Whom comest thou?" He says, "I come from Calvary." I say, "Whom comest thou?" He says, "No one. I have trodden the winepress alone." I say, "Why comest thou here?" "Oh," he says, "come here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people." And he kneels and says, "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And conscious of my own sins, first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say, "Canst thou bear mine?" "O yes," he says, "Yes, mine." And I gather up the sins of all these who serve as these altars, the officers of the church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and put them on Christ's

shoulders and I say, "Canst thou bear mine?" He says, "Yes, mine." Then I gather up the sins of all these people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ and I say, "Canst thou bear mine?" He says, "Yes, mine." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly and I put them on the shoulders of the Son of God and I say, "Canst thou bear mine?" "Yes," he says, "more."

But he is departing. Clear the way for him, the Son of God. Open the door and let him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abyss, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let him take away your sins today, or do you say, "I will take charge of them myself, and I will fight for them myself, and I will risk eternity on my own account?" A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath, "Before next Saturday night one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him, "I don't believe it; I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night I shall tell that clergyman a falsehood." The man seated next to him said, "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh, no," the other replied, "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last.

Today the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off. It is suicide—suicide—suicide. If the man persists for the invitation is "Whoever will, let him come." Whoever, whoever, whoever. In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated among us during a service was a man who came in and said, "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night, I said, "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the Gospel; while another sitting under the gallery on Friday night said, "My opportunity is gone; last week I might have been saved, but now the door is shut." And another from the very midst of the meeting, during the week, rushed out of the front door of the Tabernacle, saying, "I am a lost man." "Behold! the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that—the judgment!"

NATIONAL CAPITAL.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 29. Mr. Harrison and his cabinet have had a time of it, and truly the prospective condition of the Treasury, which have got a temporary breathing spell, and the deficit which existed a few days ago has been succeeded by a small, available cash balance; but soon after the first of July will begin to be made for cash to meet the appropriations made at the late session of the billon dollar Congress, and the question is, where to get the money to pay them? The revenues of the Government both from customs, duties and internal sales are falling off at an appalling rate. The extension of the \$50,000,000 four and a half per cent bonds, while a little help, can hardly be considered a drop in the bucket when the amount that will be needed is considered.

Something has got to be cut off; but as certain as anything can be, that to decide what is what is driving the administration wild. All this month thousands of pension certificates, all ready to be issued, have been piled up in the Pension office in order to stop the payment of the money for which they call. An apparent gain of a few millions is to be made by changing the form of the Treasury statement so as to show the money on deposit with National banks as "savings cash" in the Treasury, and Secretary Foster is credited with intending, if he can get the Attorney-General to give an opinion that it will not be illegal, to issue certificates for general circulation against the savings cash in the Treasury. It looks at this time very much as if the Democratic House of Representatives will find it necessary to investigate some of the contemplated financial juggling, and as if there was going to be serious trouble, perhaps impeachment for somebody.

So many of the candidates for Speaker of the House have been in town this week that everybody was saying: "Well, the next Speaker of the House is in town." The sentence was originated by a bright newspaper man when McMillin joined Mills, Springer, Bynum, Wilson and several others already here.

For guessing off-handed, come within many millions of dollars of the amount paid out in pensions by this Government since July 1, 1861. The figures were this week made up at the pension office and here is the total \$1,254,716,000. Just think! If this money was all in \$50 bills the average man's life would not be long enough to count it, not even if it were possible for him to work continuously at the task.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

The Inter State Commerce Commission in session in Washington, D. C. on Monday, in an opinion by Commissioner Charles D. Smith, in the case of the James & Mayer Buggy Company against the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific Railroad Company, the Western and Atlantic Railroad Company and the Georgia Railroad Company, decided in favor of the complainant. Carriers will be ordered to cease and desist on and after July 20th, 1891, from making any greater charge on freight from Cincinnati to Atlanta in excess of \$1.00 per 100 pounds.

Progress. It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be placed to the east and to the eye, not only taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

Ten Minutes to Twelve.

(Continued from First Page.)

Anne Royal was engaged. I wonder if this young man could be Phil Royal's son? You must not get John, because if he should be he is doubly related to you two, and also a close connection of my own. How strange and romantic it would be! Just think of it, Phyllis! The nephew of your aunt's old lover, and for John to have met—say, more, to have befriended—him, on his way to be married to you on the fiftieth anniversary of that which was to have been Anne's own wedding day to John Hart! I never in my life heard anything like it.

Nor had Royal. He had wondered why such stress had been put on the 25th of December. He understood it now for a woman's sentiment about her day which was to have crowned her own love story with fruition. As much trouble as this sentiment had already caused him, and was likely to cause him in the future, he had no impulse to mock at it. He was too real a man to be devoid of reverence for romance.

When they plied him still with questions he said that he did not believe that the sick man came from the west; he was convinced that he must be a native born Virginian. A whimsical thought would obtrude itself relative to the greatness of their bewilderment when they should be confronted with the necessity for transposing his identity with that of the other John Royal. He himself was the son of Philip Royal and Pauline Hart.

When they reached their destination Royal hastened to the hotel, secured rooms and established them comfortably. Then he left them to see after his patient, he said, and to attend to other matters. Mrs. Hart followed him into the corridor to say that if there should be any service for the sick man which she could perform, he must not fail to let her know, and both ladies bade him send them news of the poor fellow's condition.

Royal walked down the corridor with a step quickened by anxiety. He had hurried the ladies in, not daring to make inquiries as to the room or to interrogate the servant. The hotel people were aware that he had gone for the sick man's friends. He had himself informed the proprietor of his intention, explaining the impossibility of immediate communication with them by telegraph. The ladies under his charge would be received as appertaining to John Royal.

At the door of the sick room he paused to compose his countenance, and to shake off, if possible, the weariness which oppressed him. Then he opened it and entered. The shutters had been closed and there was no fire in the grate. The outside air entered freely, but it could not dispel the strange odors in the room; about the place there was a look of neglect that was unmistakable; every chair was in place, and the white covering of the bed hung straight and smooth over the sharp outlines of that which lay beneath.

Royal crossed the room and folded back the sheet from the dead man's face. It was very peaceful, with all the lines of care and pain smoothed out, and that strange reflection of a light that never was on land or sea touching and brightening the still features into a look of calm and hope. Royal replaced the covering with a pain at his heart which his brief acquaintance with the dead man would hardly justify. It was as though a part of his own life had been suddenly swept into the infinite. That silent form would be better for ever separating his future from his past. He touched the bell.

It was answered almost immediately by a colored man, one of the hotel waiters, whom he in the urgency of the case had installed as nurse that very morning. How long ago it seemed looking backward through the full hours—the hours so few in number, so plethoric with events, so pregnant with change which would affect his whole life! It almost seemed as though an ordinary lifetime must have intervened since he had given his hurried directions to the man now standing before him. He pointed toward the bed.

"When did it happen?" he inquired. "The man, a civil and intelligent fellow, stepped to the bureau and brought the dead man's watch. 'Twas mighty easy an' peaceful at the las' sar,' he said, as he handed it. 'He suffered mightily at yer feet, an' my mammy ain't good for like he couldn't give him no rest. 'Twasn't in his limbs, sar—all feelin' had gone out'n dem; 'twas in his body an' back. Den de inside hemo-gones come on an' he snak rapid, an' at las' jus' drapp'd off like a chile going to sleep. De doctor had got fared an' went to nother doctor or somebody, so 'twat nobody wid him 'ceptin' me an' Lucy, the ooman what waits on de passage. I loved you mont be partic'lar 'bout de time, bein' a doctor, but I ain't my mammy ain't good for it used to be, so I jus' stopped his watch arter breath had left him good.'"

Royal opened the watch in his hand. It had been stopped at ten minutes to 12. He replaced it on the bureau, and signed to the nurse to sleep. The doctor then he sat himself down beside the dead man and tried to think.

[Continued next week.]

REV. BAYLUS CADE.

The News and Observer has the following to say of the Rev. Baylus Cade, who has just retired from the editorial chair of the Progressive Farmer: "When it was first made public that Rev. Mr. Cade was to be the editor of the Progressive Farmer, several of our mutual friends mentioned that Mr. Cade was exceptionally well equipped for that very responsible position. Reference was made to the fact that Intellectually he was a very strong man, a vigorous thinker, a close reasoner, and one who had paid particular attention to economic questions. As a political economist he was asserted to be sound, but few superiors and as a sound reasoner he was among the foremost men in North Carolina.

We were pleased to have accession, such as he was deemed, to the newspaper man of the State. Mr. Cade has had his fillings, and we are frank to say that the judgment of his friends has been shown to have had a substantial foundation. Mr. Cade has certainly extended his reputation as a thinker, and as a political economist; as a man conversant with the underlying principles of the great economic questions which bear upon the industries of the agricultural people. What his immediate friends knew before has now become evident to the public generally. He has certainly demonstrated his competency to handle the questions of the day with intelligence and vigor. In saying this, to be sure, we are not to be understood as agreeing with him at all—for we recognize most without regard to conformity with our views.

THE FIRST DUTY OF CITIZENSHIP.

Replying to an item in this paper about home and foreign papers, the Messenger says:

"We would not think the people of Sampson appreciative of its usefulness, faithful and intelligently edited county paper, THE CAUCASIAN, if they were to turn from it to subscribe to the Atlanta Weekly Constitution, or to one of the huge weeklies weeklies in the North because they would get six or ten times more reading matter for a dollar and thus get 'the worth of their money.' We would think them a very unwise people."

"We hold that North Carolina newspapers are absolutely essential, and that no nighted people can afford to be without exponents of thought and perseverance of news. We hold that the first duty of citizenship in the matter of the public prints is to sustain their home paper. We hold that patriotism, self-interest, public policy, social requirements, business necessities, and above all, true religion and piety, all demand the printing of daily and weekly newspapers, and that it is the duty of a free, intelligent, wide-awake, progressive people to discriminate in favor of papers printed at home."

[We wish to thank Dr. Kingsbury for the kindly way in which he refers to THE CAUCASIAN.—ED.]

Warsaw Notes.

Mrs. Lizzie Nicholson, of Littleton, has been visiting Miss Lena Moore.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

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It will pay you to call now, Stock is unbroken.

You can buy lots of goods for a very small amount of CASH.

Yours Very Friendly,

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Just received from New York City all the latest and newest shapes in Bonnets, Hats, Nets, Flowers, new Ties, new Trimmings, new Ribbons, &c., &c.

NO OLD STOCK AT OUR STORE.

Everything fashionable in Head-wear, at the very lowest

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Has just received a lot of Tinware, which they are selling at retail for WHOLESALE PRICES. Our Tin is of the very best.

BASKETS FOR HUCKLEBERRY PICKERS

AT THE LOW PRICE OF SIX CENTS EACH.

A lot of Washtubs cheaper than ever heard of in this market. We are now selling Granulated Sugar at 5 1/2 cents per pound. Molasses, Porto Rico, at 30 cents per gallon. A lot of fine Tobacco at 25 cents per pound. Hardware and all Farm Supplies at same LOW PRICE

FOR CASH ONLY!

G. A. Clute, MANAGER.

April 12th, 1891.