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

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THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

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The great and orignal 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. 1yr.

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.

The Statesville Landmark commenting on an Alliance speech delivered by Hon. A. Leazer, and attempting to show that the Democratic party would sight every wrong or grievance of the people and that therefore there was no excuse for the existance of the Alliance says:

"Another of the public wrongs of which Mr. Leazar complains, and justly, is the demonetization of silver. The Democratic party denounced it from the day it was accomplish and has never to this day ceased to denounce it."

Will the editor of the Landmark tell the people in how many national campaigns since 1873 the Democratic party has made the tyramious, develish and fraudulent act, by which silver was demonetized, an issue? The politicians regardless of the direful effects. The people are rebelling against such leadership. The Alliance is the only power that can purify politics, and elevate the party. Elevate it where? Elevate it to the people. When the people move they may make mistakes, but they ultimately arrive at the truth. Will the Landmark for the sake of the political heads of a few "good fellows" object to the people taking charge of their own government? We don't think the Democratic party is in any great danger, but we can't speak for the "good fellows" who have dared to trifle with the people, just for policy's sake. The Democratic party may redress the peoples wrongs, but when it makes a square and honest fight on the money Dives, the Alliance will have to furnish the courage and back-bone for the contest, and when it reduces the tariff to a revenue basis the Alliance will have to supply it with votes and we suspect a little more back-bone on this question too.

In last Friday's issue the Star writes a long editorial on the Pension Frauds, showing how millions of the peoples' money is squandered. Read carefully the following extract from the editorial, which is the Star's explanation of why it is not stopped:

"As a political power the soldier vote has been and still is a mighty factor, which the Republican party works to retain by the bribery of large and increased pensions and which the Democratic party does not care to run the risk of antagonizing, and for this reason there is hardly a politician to day, of any party, who would proclaim pension reform one of the great issues of the day.

The Republicans advocate large pensions from motives of political expediency and from motives of political expediency the Democrats are afraid to tackle the monster. This accounts for this forty million fraud.

The people are now paying $150,000,000, or more, a year in pensions and will in all probability be paying before another year ends $200,000,000. But it is not an issue because the politicians who keep their eyes on that soldier vote dodge it."

We wish to endorse the above, and at the same time call attention to the fact that the above is not the only issue that concerns the people that the politicians dodge. Financial reform has not been an issue because the politicians, who keep their eyes on Wall Street and the Gold bugs, dodge it. But when the people open their eyes, who can dodge them?

The Wilmington Messenger in an editorial a few days since says:

"In no editorial has the Messenger declared for the free coinage of silver, or against the Sub-Treasury scheme."

The people in these parts will not seriously question the first statement of the above, but the latter statement will probably rather shock their memory. They may not be able to remember just how, when or where, but they have a pretty clear impression that the editor of the Messenger has afforded himself much amusement and pleasure by trying to make the Sub-Treasury scheme a butt of ridicule. If this impression does the Messenger any injustice, then THE CAUCASIAN will gladly assist to dispel it.

A movement was put on foot by the alumni of the State University at the last commencement to establish free scholarships for needy and deserving young men. Each alumnus present agreed to pay annually two dollars for this purpose. A committee was appointed to correspond with those not present. This effort on the part of the alumni to help their fellowmen of the coming generation is a high and noble one. In this connection we are glad to note that the heirs of the late Hon. Paul C. Cameron have agreed to establish ten free scholarships in memery of Mr. Cameron, he was a great friend of the Institution and for a long time a Trustee.

PROF. AND MRS. McIVER AT MORGANTON.

We make the following extracts from a letter from Prof. H. H. Williams of the University to the State Chronicle:

MORGANTON, N. C., Aug. 1.—I have been impressed so favorably by the work of Prof. and Mrs. McIver at Morganton this week that I venture to give an account of it to the readers of THE CHRONICLE. The motto of Prof. McIver seems to be: All mental training should result in giving the power to think, and the power to express thought. This is the standard by which he grades usefulness of a study. He brings in rotation to this standard all the subjects taught in Public Schools and shows their value.

* * * * * *

I do not know two more earnest workers than these. Hearing them this week has given me a larger hope for better things in North Carolina. The people listened; the lecturers spoke straight from the shoulder; they spoke with that soul-power that belongs to the person who is absorbed in a mission.

When I hear speakers abandoning the dreary, death worn, word, rhetoric, and coming down to facts, figures, principles, and intellectual honesty, and when I see bankers, business men, and coatless farmers filling the courthouse to hear this honest talk, I can but rejoice and indulge a deeper courage. If Burke county is not better for the work of Prof. and Mrs. McIver this week, then I have missed the spirit of this people; and if the teachers in this country do not better work the coming year, then Burke ought to get a new set of teachers. If such work has been done in each county this year, I do not see how we can escape an educational revival will lift up the State to larger and stronger life.

As an educator, as a student of educational methods, I have seen nothing in the State that pleased me more than this work of Prof. and Mrs. McIver. I do not believe the State is making a better investment in any sphere of her life.

IT MUST BE A MISTAKE.

If Not, Will the Atlantic Coast Line Explain?

We clip the following from the last issue of the Fayetteville Observer:

"The Atlantic Coast Line Railroad company publishes the following special rates for the occasions named:

State Farmers' Alliance Meeting at Morehead City: Round trip ticket from Fayetteville to Goldsboro, $3.25—tickets on sale from August 8th to 15th; good until August 29th.

Colored Fair at New Berne: Round trip ticket from Fayetteville to Goldsboro, $2.00—tickets on sale from 22rd to 27th instant; good until 31st instant."

If the above is not a mistake, it is pretty bold discrimination. Why charge $3.25 for one round trip ticket from Fayetteville to Goldsboro, and only $2.00 for another ticket for the same distance? Let the Railroad Commissioners give this their attention.

A NOTE FROM PRESIDENT WINSTON.

The Chronicle has received a note from President Winston, of the State University from which it takes this extract:

"The moral sense of the people has frequently been violated by the University traditions. I shall hope to correst all this. A genuine University would lead in all that elevates and strengthens our citizenship. I have already induced the trustees:

1 To provide an evening's entertainment for people who don't dance.

2. To have compulsory prayer in the college chapel each morning.

3. To have Bible study in the college course.

The students have voluntarily abandoned hazing."

President Winston fully recognizes the oppositions against the University and the certain measures of indifference existing among some of the people of the State as to its claims. He is determined to burn away every barrier, as it were, and transmit the Universty almost a new creature to his successor. He is both a devout scholar and a leader of men. This is the brightest moment in the history of the University.—Charlotte Chronicle.

IN HIS OWN LIGHT.

Therefore since newspaper advertising has always paid, even in the day when newspapers were, by comparison, poorly printed and only moderately edited, the business man is standing in his own light and casting the blackest kind of a shadow if he is not a student and a liberal user of newspaper advertising.—Asheville Citizen.

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The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. R. H. HOLLIDAY, Clinton, and J. R. SMITH, Druggist, Mount Olive, N. C.

TEN MINUTES TO TWELVE

By MG McCLELLAND.

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SYNOPSIS!

CHAPTER 1.—Dr. John Hart Royal, who has been seriously injured in a railway accident, is a passenger on a train running to the mountain districts of Virginia, and by chance a Dr. John Hart Royal No. 2 gets on board at a way station and proffers attention to the invalid.

CHAPTER 2.—Dr. Royal No. 2 insists that the suffering man shall wait over at the town of Matoaca and recruit his strength. The stop is made, and Dr. Royal No. 1 confides to the other that he must reach a distant point before 12 o'clock the following day to be married to his cousin, Phyllis Royal. A fortune for the cousins, bequeathed by an eccentric aunt, depends upon the marriage being celebrated before that time. Convinced by his medical judgment that the prospective bridegroom cannot make the journey alive, Dr. Royal No. 2 offers to go on as a proxy and is accepted.

CHAPTER 3.—The proxy reaches the church where the parties are assembled awaiting the traveler. The ceremony is finished ten minutes to 12.

CHAPTER 4.—The anxiety of Dr. Royal No. 1 is explained to No. 2 by the discovery that the bride is blind.

CHAPTER 5.—The proxy and bride set out on the wedding tour, and at Matoaca Dr. Royal No. 2 hastens to the bedside of No. 1 and finds that he is dead, having passed away at exactly ten minutes to 12 on the day of the marriage.

CHAPTER 6 AND 7.—The proxy learns something of the family affairs of the Royals, and makes a public acknowledgement of Phylis as his wife.

CHAPTER 8.—The law in the case is made clear, and Dr. Royal No. 2 finds that he is legally married and determins to stand by it. The bride remains in ignorance of the situation by reason of her blindness and long separation from her cousin.

CHAPTERS 9 AND 10.—The situation of the strangely wedded pair is developed. Phyllis is under treatment for the restoration of sight, and friends prevail upon Royal not to shock her with an explanation. The proxy is in love with the bride.

CHAPTER 11 takes Royal away from the scene on important business. Phyllis writes a confiding letter announcing her recovery of sight, and the proxy answers by making a clean breast of the affair, ending with a declaration of love.

CHAPTER XII.

"Because it was John's, and I am not his wife."

Royal waited a week before starting east to give his letter time to reach his wife and be somewhat digested ere she should see him, and also in order to make the business arrangements necessary for an absence of uncertain duration. The time now appointed for the settlement of Miss Royal's estate was the October term of circuit court for the district wherein was situated her landed property. It was now nearing the end of September, and Royal wished a short time to himself for consultation with his wife. He had determined to be guided entirely by her wishes in the matter, feeling that she had been drawn into a false position, and that choice of a mode of extrication was her right. If she should decide on divorcing the living man for the sake of the dead man he would place no impediments in her way. But, while he formed this resolution with all stoutness, Royal was conscious of an ache at his heart which was earnest of what the wrench would be should Phyllis decide to break the bond between them.

"You'll be bringing a wife home with you, Hart, perhaps," his sister suggested with a smile, as he kissed her good-by.

"I'm not so sure about that as I'd like to be, Madge," Royal responded ruefully. "The balance is about even. I shall try to, at all events."

"You'll succeed, too, if you try in the right way, sir knight of the sorrowful countenance. One of the first principles of success is to believe in your own ability to succeed. That's an axiom, but it's a good one. Say I will and then do. If you love her truly and want her, tell her so as strongly as you can, and don't listen to a word against it. That's the way to manage women. Be masterful through earnest loving."

"That sounds forcible," Royal admitted. "Let me in, my love, or I'll pull the place about your ears, is as good a screed of doctrine as any other in ordinary cases. In this, however, I am at a disadvantage and can't exactly avail myself of trenchant methods."

"How at a disadvantage?"

Her tone was one of eager interest.

"It's too long a story to tell now, Madge. I made a fool of myself last December—as usual. Wait until I come home with my arms borne before me or trailing a broken pennon. You shall have the story in either event, I promise you."

"You must bring it to me on the point of a victorious lance," she smiled; "any other method will rob it of all charm. There is a time worn proverb anent faint hearts and fair ladies I might quote, but will spare you. Hart!"—with a swift change of expression—"I am consumed with terror lest you forget to notify me in time about the young woman's taste in wedding gifts. If you do I shall get something perfectly atrocious!"

Royal made a jesting reply and went on his way insensibly cheered. His sister's confidence in his prowess and good fortune inspirited him and caused his natural buoyancy to reassert itself. So thoroughly did self confidence return, indeed, that during a few hours' detention in St. Louis he provided himself with a pretty moss agate pin for Mrs. Hart and a diamond ring and bracelet for Phyllis.

During the journey eastward Royal conceived, elaborated and discarded so many interviews with his wife, and of such diverse forms and endings, that his imagination developed rapidly under the exercise. Had he been called on at any moment he could have furnished a dozen thrilling and impossible situations and still have had power remaining to evolve others—brand new and infinitely more complicated. And, as events in this life rarely justify anticipations, not a single one of the predicted situations at all fitted the reality.

An hour after his arrival in Alexandria Royal left the hotel and proceeded to Mrs. Hart's house with the avowed intention of demanding an interview with that genial lady and, from her, ascertaining how the land lay. So filled was he with this scheme—which appeared to him neat—that when the servant, in response to his inquiry, informed him that Mrs. Hart had gone over to Washington and would not return until the afternoon he felt as nonplussed as though he had led an ace and had it trumped in the first round.

"Was Mrs. Royal in?"

The servant thought not, but would go and see. Then she ushered him into the parlor and retired with a grinning countenance. She had had substantial cause to regard Dr. Royal with favor during his former visit.

Royal moved restlessly about the room It was full of signs of feminine occupancy—pretty bric-a-brac, dainty embroideries, an open piano with a lace handkerchief on the keys, a fancy work basket heaped with scraps of silk and ribbon, and dolls of all sizes in various stages of preparation for a church fair, an open copy of "Hypatia" on a little table, and books here, there and everywhere.

The street door opened and closed, quick footsteps advanced along the hall, a word or two was exchanged with some one outside the parlor door, and Royal faced around in time to see his wife enter the room.

Could that be Phyllis? He had never pictured her thus, and could scarcely credit his eyes or believe that they reported a living verity. Slender, radiant, clad still in black from crown to instep, but worn, somehow, differently from his recollection of it, with clear gray eyes alight with pleasure, soft rings of hair clustering about a white forehead and cheeks aglow with health and exercise, she seemed to Royal a totally new creature.

She advanced at once with outstretched hand and manner totally devoid of embarrassment. It was all very different from that which he had expected, but by the time he had taken her hand in his Royal had become conscious that whatever she might decide in regard to their future relations there would be no danger of petty misunderstanding or narrow judgment with this woman. He lifted his head and squared his shoulders as though a load had been removed from them.

"When did you come?" she was saying; "this morning? And you came at once to us. That was charming of you. I only wish Nina had been at home to receive and help to welcome you."

Royal, who for the last second had been perilously near taking her into his arms, recovered himself sufficiently to take the chair she indicated. It was not only that the situation was unexpected, but that she, as she now appeared, was equally unexpected. He sat regarding her helplessly.

"You received my letter?" His tone was experimental.

Phyllis did not answer him directly. She had laid a pair of blue spectacles on the table, and was busily removing her glove.

"I have to wear glasses still out of doors," she informed him cheerfully. "But in the house I am quite independent of them."

Royal's eyes were on her hands. She had taken off the right glove and was unbuttoning the left. The trimming of her sleeve had caught in a button and was giving her trouble.

"Let me help you," Royal said, and leaned eagerly forward.

She surrendered her hand at once, and he extricated the fastening from its entanglement, and then, in response to an acquiescent glance, drew off the glove. As he did so his eyes instinctively sought her third finger, and he drew his breath hard—she had taken off her wedding ring. His hopes fell below freezing point in an instant. To him it appeared a portent.

"Why did you take it off?"

The words broke from him involuntarily and with a thrill of pain.

"Because it was John's, and I am not his wife."

Then when he would have spoken she checked him by a gesture and turned her truthful eyes full on him:

"Your letter came some days ago, Dr. Royal. I know why you did not write before—that consideration for me held you back from telling me the story months ago. You would not imperil my chance of sight. I am grateful for your kindness. But I could not discuss the matter with you until you should

[Continued on Second Page.]

Cheated by the World.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A POWERFUL SERMON AT TOPEKA.

"Ye Have Sold Yourselves for Naught, and Ye Shall be Redeemed Without Money."

A BAD BARGAIN WHICH CHRIST'S BLOOD ALONE WILL RIGHT.

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug. 9.—Dr. Talmage reached this city yesterday in the course of his western trip. He was warmly welcomed by the citizens, who came in large numbers to hear the famous Brooklyn divine. The subject of the sermon for this week is, "A Poor Investment," and the text, Isaiah lii, 3, "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

The Lord's people had gone headlong into sin, and as a punishment they had been carried captive to Babylon. They found that iniquity did not pay. Cyrus seized Babylon, and felt so sorry for these poor captives that, without a dollar of compensation, he let them go home. So that, literally, my text was fulfilled. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

There is enough Gospel in this text for fifty sermons. There are persons here who have, like the people of the text, sold out. You do not seem to belong either to yourselves or to God. The title deeds have been passed over to "the world, the flesh, and the devil," but the purchaser never paid up. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

THE WORLD NEVER PAYS ITS DEBTS.

When a man passes himself over to the world he expects to get some adequate compensation. He has heard the great things that the world does for a man, and he believes it. He wants two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That will be horses and houses, and a summer resort, and jolly companionship. To get it he parts with his physical health by overwork. He parts with his conscience. He parts with much domestic enjoyment. He parts with opportunities for literary culture. He parts with his soul. And so he makes over his entire nature to the world.

He does it in four installments. He pays down the first installment, and one-fourth of his nature is gone. He pays down the second installment, and one-half of his nature is gone. He pays down the third installment, and three-quarters of his nature are gone; and after many years have gone by he pays down the fourth installment, and lo! his entire nature is gone. Then he comes up to the world and says: "Good morning. I have delivered to you the goods. I have passed over to you my body, my mind and my soul, and I have come now to collect the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" says the world.

"What do you mean?" "Well," you say, "I come to collect the money you owe me, and I expect you to fulfill your part of the contract." "But," says the world, "I have failed. I am bankrupt. I cannot possibly pay that debt. I have not for a long while expected to pay it." "Well," you then say, "give me back the goods." "Oh, no," says the world, "they are all gone. I cannot give them back to you." And there you stand on the confines of eternity, your spiritual character gone, staggering under the consideration that "you have sold yourself for naught."

I tell you the world is a liar; it does not keep its promises. It is a cheat, and it fleeces everything it can put its hands on. It is a bogus world. It is a six-thousand-year-old swindle. Even if it pays the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for which you contracted, it pays them in bonds that will not be worth anything in a little while. Just as a man may pay down ten thousand dollars in hard cash and get for it worthless scrip—so the world passes over to you the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in that shape which will not be worth a farthing to you a thousandth part of a second after you are dead. "Oh," you say, "it will help to bury me anyhow." Oh, my brother! you need not worry about that. The world will bury you soon enough from sanitary considerations.

WEALTH WILL NOT PASS THE GRAVE.

Post mortem emoluments are of no use to you. The treasures of this world will not pass current in the future world; and if all the wealth of the Bank of England were put in the pocket of your shroud, and you in the midst of the Jordan of death were asked to pay three cents for your ferriage, you could not do it. There comes a moment in your existence beyond which all earthly values fail; and many a man has wakened up in such a time to find that he has sold out for eternity and has nothing to show for it. I should as soon think of going to Chatham street to buy silk pocket handkerchiefs with no cotton in them as to go to this world expecting to find any permanent happiness. It has deceived and deluded every man who has ever put his trust in it.

History tells us of one who resolved that he would have all his senses gratified at one and the same time, and he expended thousands of dollars on each sense. He entered a room, and there were the first musicians of the land pleasing his ear, and there were fine pictures fascinating his eye, and there were costly aromatics regaling his nostrils, and there were the richest meats and wines and fruits and confections pleasing the appetite, and there was a soft couch of sinful indulgence on which he reclined, and the man declared afterward that he would give ten times what he had given if he could have one week of such enjoyment, even though he lost his soul by it! Ah! that was the rub! He did lose his soul by it! Cyrus the Conqueror thought for a little while that he was making a fine thing out of this world, and yet before he came to his grave he wrote out this pitiful epitaph for his monument: "I am Cyrus. I occupied the Persian empire. I was king over Asia. Begrudge me not this monument." But the world in after years plowed up his sepulcher.

HAPPY! NO!

The world clapped its hands and stamped its feet in honor of Charles Lamb, but what does he say? "I walk up and down, thinking I am happy, but feeling I am not." Call the roll, and be quick about it, Samuel Johnson, the learned! Happy! "No. I am afraid I shall some day get crazy." William Hazlitt, the great essayist! Happy! "No. I have been for two hours and a half going up and down Paternoster row with a volcano in my breast." Smollet, the witty author! Happy! "No. I am sick of praise and blame, and I wish to God that I had such circumstances around me that I could throw my pen into oblivion." Buchanan, the world renowned writer, exiled from his own country, appealing to Henry VIII for protection! Happy! "No. Over mountains covered with snow and through valleys flooded with rain I come a fugitive." Moliere, the popular dramatic author! Happy! "No. That wretch of an actor just now recited four of my lines without the proper accent and gesture. To have the children of my brain so hung, drawn and quartered tortures me like a condemned spirit."

I went to see a worldling die. As I went into the hall I saw its floor was tessellated, and its wall was a picture gallery. I found his death chamber adorned with tapestry until it seemed as if the clouds of the setting sun had settled in the room. The man had given forty years to the world—his wit, his time, his genius, his talent, his soul. Did the world come in to stand by his deathbed, and clearing off the vials of bitter medicine, put down any compensation? Oh, no! The world does not like sick and dying people, and leaves them in the lurch. It ruined this man, and then left him. He had a magnificent funeral. All the ministers wore scarfs, and there were forty-three carriages in a row; but the departed man appreciated not the obsequies.

A VERY POOR INVESTMENT.

I want to persuade my audience that this world is a poor investment; that it does not pay ninety per cent. of satisfaction, nor eighty per cent., nor twenty per cent., nor ten per cent., nor one; that it gives no solace when a dead babe lies on your lap; that it gives no peace when conscience rings its alarm; that it gives no explanation in the day of dire trouble, and at the time of your decease it takes hold of the pillow case and shakes out the feathers, and then jolts down in the place thereof sighs and groans and execrations, and then makes you put your head on it.

Oh, ye who have tried this world, is it a satisfactory portion? Would you advise your friends to make the investment? No. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught." Your conscience went. Your hope went. Your Bible went. Your heaven went. Your God went. When a sheriff under a writ from the court sells a man out, the officer generally leaves a few chairs and a bed, and a few cups and knives; but in this awful vendue in which you have been engaged the auctioneer's mallet has come down upon body, mind and soul. Going! Gone! "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

How could you do so? Did you think that your soul was a mere trinket which for a few pennies you could buy in a toy shop? Did you think that your soul, if once lost, might be found again if you went out with torches and lanterns? Did you think that your soul was short lived, and that, panting, it would soon lie down for extinction? Or had you no idea what your soul was worth? Did you ever put your forefingers on its eternal pulses? Have you ever felt the quiver of its peerless wing? Have you not known that, after leaving the body, the first step of your soul reaches to the stars, and the next step to the farthest outposts of God's universe, and that it will not die until the day when the everlasting Jehovah expires? Oh, my brother, what possessed you that you should part with your soul so cheap? "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

CARRY THE CASE TO HEAVEN'S HIGH COURT.

But I have some good news to tell you. I want to engage in a litigation for the recovery of that soul of yours. I want to show that you have been cheated out of it. I want to prove, as I will, that you were crazy on that subject and that the world, under such circumstances, had no right to take the title deed from you, and if you will join me I shall get a decree from the high chancery court of heaven reinstating you into the possession of your soul. "Oh," you say, "I am afraid of lawsuits; they are so expensive, and I cannot pay the cost." Then have you forgotten the last half of my text? "Ye have sold yourself for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

Money is good for a great many things, but it cannot do anything in this matter of the soul. You cannot buy your way through. Dollars and pounds sterling mean nothing at the gate of mercy. If you could buy your salvation, heaven would be a great speculation, an extension of Wall street. Bad men would go up and buy out the place, and leave us to shift for ourselves. But as money is not a lawful tender, what is? I will answer, Blood! Whose? Are we to go through the slaughter? Oh, no; it wants richer blood than ours. It wants a king's blood. It must be poured from royal arteries. It must be a sinless torrent. But where is the king? I see a great many thrones and a great many occu-

[Continued on Second Page.]

Literary Department.

Book and Magazine Reviews—Quotations—General Literary Notes.

Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's writings, so you shall come easily by what others have labored hard for. —Socrates.

For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning.—St. Paul.

He that hath no bridle to his tongue hath no grace in his heart.—St. Jerome.

* * *

Amelia Rives' latest novel, "According to St. John," appears in the August number of the Cosmopolitan. Married, traveled and in every way matured, her latest production is far superior to her first. The scene is laid in Paris, where the author has been living for ten years, and the heroine is a Virginia girl who is studying music abroad with a negro servant for a chaperone. The story has been illustrated by Nate Greatorex, one of the most promising of American painters in Paris, and a charming portrait of Miss Rives is the frontispiece of the magazine.

The papers in this number which will be read with great interest by journalists, are those by Valerian Gribayedoff—who is called "the father of pictorial journalism"—and "The Woman's Press Club of New York," by Fanaie Aymar Matthews. Gribayedoff has discussed artistically and practically the question of the illustration of the daily newspaper in a way to afford information to all who are interested in journalism.

Anent the baccarat scandal, Gen. Adam Badeau, of Grant's staff, who was afterwards Secretary of Legation in London and saw much of the English aristocracy, writes an article on 'Gambling in High Life."

The cartoons which have been made of Bismarck, furnish a subject for Murat Halstead, reproductions of many of the most noted cartoons illustrating the paper.

This number of the Magizine is of more than ordinary interest.

* * *

ELEGANT FASHION BOOKS.

The new Fashion Journals, "La Mode," "La Mode de Paris," and "Album des Modes," published by A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th St. New York, are the most elegant of their kind ever brought to our notice. The styles are drawn by the best artists; and the books are produced by rival houses in Paris, each trying to excel the other in the charcter of its publications. Formerly they are now published in English for the use of American readers. These journals furnish the styles one month in advance of any similar publications; and they have practical department, in which lessons are given each month on how to make dresses, etc. The admirable fashions, the lessons in dressmaking, and the giving of the styles one month earlier than heretofore are strong points in favor of these Fashion Books, causing them to be called "The Favorites." These excellent publications can be obtained from all newsdealers.

THE BLADEN MURDERER CAUGHT.

The negro, James Johnson, who murdered the negro girl, Florence Sutton, as reported in last week's paper, has been caught and placed in Bladen jail. A correspondent of the Star gives the following details:

Johnson was arrested by Mr. Frank Parker, Postmaster at Maitland, Sampson county, near his residence. Mr. Parker saw Johnson pass his place that morning, and thinking that he looked very much like the man wanted, he pursued and caught him. Johnson at first denied that he was the man wanted, but afterward said he was, and made confession of the crime in all its horrible details. He made it fully and voluntarily, and after being written out and signed it in the presence of F. D. Parker, J. P., and others. He also implicated the father of the child in the crime. Threats of lynching were freely indulged in at Parkersburg but were not carried out; and again at Kerr, when he (Johnson) was delivered to Mr. Shaw and officers, it came very near being another case of "Judge Lynch." The negroes were very much incensed, and especially the women.

The prisoner was taken to Bladen and placed under a strong guard and held until the fifth. He made another confession to Justice Shaw, implicating not only the father of his victim, but another negro, as having known of the crime—one Lawson Bryant by name.

Johnson was arraigned before Justices W. I. Shaw and Jas. N. Corbett and after hearing the charge against him read, the defendant's plea was "guilty." Before entering judgment the court made a thorough investigation of the implied charges against Albert Sutton and Lawson Bryant, and found nothing against them and they were discharged.

Johnson was placed in the custody of an officer, and under strong guard was sent to Elizabethtown jail.

Electric Bitters.
This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cents, and $1.00 per bottle Dr. R. H. Holliday's Drugstore, Clinton, N. C.; J. R. Smith, Druggist, Mt. Olive, N. C.