

ANNE BISSELL,
By Augusta Larned.



Is a Most Delightful Story,
And will soon appear in this paper.

IT WILL PLEASE YOU!

THE WORLD'S NEWS

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

STATE.

The N. C. Tobacco Growers' Association was in session at Morehead last week. The State Dental Association and the State meeting of the Farmers' Alliance met at the same place this week.

Several distinguished gentlemen have been invited to be present and deliver addresses during the coming Exposition. It is understood that of these Col. McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, has accepted. Raleigh Cor. Messenger.

In Richmond county, on Friday, a negro named Ben Bostie murdered a prominent young farmer named J. C. Currie, Jr. The negro had been picking a henjo on Currie's piazza, and on being requested to go elsewhere to continue his concert, cursed Currie who ordered him away. The negro followed Currie to his field and shot him dead with a gun. The murderer is still at large.

President Winston of the State University has expressed himself as opposed to co-education of the sexes. We have not read his arguments, but they are doubtless sound, and sustain his reputation for level headedness. Co-education is of exceedingly doubtful propriety. The evils it promises are perhaps greater than the good, and, as a rule, the women who graduate at Male Colleges are not those we would choose as our ideals.

The trustees of the University of North Carolina met in session in Raleigh on last Friday. They elected Prof. Karl P. Harrington, of the Wesleyan University of Connecticut, to be Professor of Latin in the University of North Carolina, to succeed Prof. Geo. T. Winston, who was elevated to the presidency of that institution. The new Professor is a very able and ripe scholar, having been educated at Wesleyan University, Yale, Berlin and Leipzig. He had very flattering and high endorsements. An election of an assistant professor of Geography will be held here before September.

NATIONAL.

The Farmers' Alliance and the anti-lottery Democrats of Louisiana have combined and nominated a State ticket.

In a free fight among negroes at a church in Laurens county, S. C., on Wednesday night, one man was killed and several wounded.

The People's Party of Ohio held their first State Convention last week at Springfield. Hon. John Sletzer, of Tiffin, was nominated for Governor and Frank Rist, of Cincinnati, for Lieutenant Governor.

Great excitement has been caused at Windsor, Canada, by an order by the Canadian authorities compelling the removal of the flags and decorations put up by the citizens in honor of the G. A. R. encampment at Detroit, Mich., just across the river. The military had to be called on to enforce the order.

Important to Cotton Planters.

Messrs. A. Sprunt & Son, cotton buyers and exporters, of Wilmington, N. C., have issued the following circular letter which contains some very good advice to cotton planters. The following is the letter: Wilmington, N. C., Aug. 1st, 1891.

The accumulation of low grade cotton has oversaturated the markets of the world, and this surplus will probably have to be sacrificed at extremely low prices. On the other hand, the supply of good cotton is quite limited, and there is always a market for the better grades. It is therefore a matter of the utmost importance to our friends the planters, that extraordinary care be taken in handling the next crop. The greatest precaution should be taken to pick the cotton only when it is perfectly dry, avoiding stained and sandy cotton, which should be most carefully kept separate from the better qualities. Then exercise care in setting the gin saws, so as to avoid cutting the staple, and when packed, see that no gin falls, inferior cotton, and no water is permitted in the baling. This preparation will insure a ready sale at the best current prices, while the neglect of these precautions will probably cause a loss of from five to ten dollars per bale to the farmer, upon every bale he produces.

Litherto many of our planters could afford to take the easier course and gin good, bad and indifferent cotton together, but as the indications point to ruinous prices for medium and inferior grades next season, it behooves every cotton producer to exercise the utmost care in preparing his crop for market.

We trust that our friends to whom this letter is addressed, will appreciate our motive in offering this advice for their benefit, and that they will circulate it among their neighbors.

Neuralgia Persons
And those troubled with nervousness resulting from overwork will be relieved by taking **Brown's Iron Bitters.** Genuine. Has made weak and nervous men strong.

Cheated by the World

(Continued from First Page.)

points, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But after awhile the clock of night in Bethlehem strikes twelve, and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky, and I see the king of heaven riding up, and he descends, and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower, until he touches the sheep covered hills, and then on to another hill, this last skull shaped, and there, at the sharp stroke of persecution, a rill incarnadine trickles down, and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial blood.

NO BLOOD, NO ATONEMENT.
We have in this day professed Christians who are so rarefied and etherealized that they do not want a religion of blood. What do you want? You seem to have a religion of brains. The Bible says, "In the blood is the life." No atonement without blood. Ought not the apostle to know? What did he say? "Ye are redeemed not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Christ." You put your hands into the arms of our holy religion, and withdraw the blood, and you leave it a mere corpse, its life for the grave. Why did God command the priests of old to strike the knife into the kid, and the goat, and the pigeon, and the bullock, and the lamb? It was so that when the blood rushed out from these animals on the floor of the ancient tabernacle the people should be compelled to think of the coming carnage of the Son of God. No blood, no atonement.

I think that God intended to impress us with a vividness of that color. The green of the grass, the blue of the sky, would not have startled and aroused us like this deep crimson. It is as if God had said: "Now, sinner, wake up and see what the savior endured for you. This is not water. It is blood. It is blood of the blood of the immovable. It is the blood of God." Without the shedding of blood is no remission. There has been many a man who in courts of law has pleaded "not guilty," who nevertheless has been condemned because there was blood found on his hands, or blood found in his room. And what shall we do in the last day if it be found that we have crucified the Lord of Glory and have never repented of it? You must believe in the blood or die. No escape. Unless you let the sacrifice of Jesus go in your stead you yourself must suffer. It is either Christ's blood or your blood.

"Oh, you say some one thought of blood sickness me." Good. God intended it to steken you with your sin. Do not act as though you had nothing to do with that Calvarian massacre. You had. Your sins were the implements of torture. Those implements were not made of steel and iron and wood, so much as out of your sins. Guilty of this homicide, and this regicide, and this homicide, confess your guilt today. Ten thousand voices of heaven bring in the verdict against you of guilty, guilty. Prepare to die, or believe in that blood. Stretch yourself out for the sacrifice, or accept the blood of the blood of the blood of the blood.

It seems to me as if all heaven were trying to bid in your soul. The first bid it makes is the tears of Christ at the tomb of Lazarus; but that is not a high enough price. The next bid it makes is the sweat of God's earnest; but it is too cheap a price. The next bid heaven makes seems to be the whipped back of Pilate's hall; but it is not a high enough price. Can it be possible that heaven cannot buy you in? Heaven tries once more. It says: "I bid this time for that man's soul the tortures of Christ's martyrdom, the blood on his temple, the blood on his chin, the blood on his hand, the blood on his side, the blood on his knee, the blood on his foot—the blood in drops, the blood in silt, the blood in pools congealed beneath the cross, the blood that wet the tips of the soldier's spears, the blood that gleamed warm in the faces of his enemies."

Glory to God, that bid wins it! The highest price that was ever paid for anything could buy it but blood. The strange property is bought back. Take it. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money." O atoning blood, cleansing blood, life giving blood, sanctifying blood, glorifying blood of Jesus! Why hast thou not been at the thought that for thee he shed it—for thee he bled himself, for thee he lost?

HIS BLOOD BE ON US.
"No," says some one; "I will have nothing to do with it except that, like the enemies of Christ, I put both my hands into that carnage and soop up both palms full, and throw it on my head and cry, 'His blood be on us and on our children!'" Can you do such a shocking thing as that? Just rub your handkerchief across your brow and look at it. It is the blood of the Son of God whom you have despised and spit upon these years. Oh, do not do that any longer! Come out boldly and frankly and honestly, and let Christ who are sorry. You cannot afford to so roughly treat him upon whom everything depends.

I do not know how you will get away from this subject. You see that you are sold out, and that Christ wants to buy you back. There are three persons who come after you today—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. They unite their three omnipotence in one movement for your salvation. You see that you are arms against the triune God, will you stand? Is there enough muscle in your arm for such a combat? By the highest throne in heaven, and by the deepest chaos in hell, I beg you look out. Unless you allow Christ to carry away your sins, they will carry you away. Unless you allow Christ to lift you up, they will drag you down. There is only one hope for you, and that is the blood. Christ, the sin offering, bearing your transgressions. Christ, the surety, paying your debts. Christ, the divine Cyrus, loosing your Babylonian captivity.

DO YOU WANT TO BE FREE!
Would you not like to be free! Here is the price of your liberation—Not money, but blood. I tremble from head to foot, not because I fear your presence, but because I fear that you will miss your chance for immortal rest. This is the alternative divinely put. "He that believeth on the Son shall have everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." In the last day, if you now reject Christ, every drop of that sacrificial blood, instead of pleading for your release as it would have pleaded if you had repented, will plead against you. O Lord God of the judgment day! avert that calamity! Let us see the quick flash of the sinner's strike, omnipotent God, for the soul's deliverance! Beat, O eternal sea, with all thy waves against the barren beach of that rocky soul and make it tremble. Oh, the oppressiveness of the hour, the minute, the second, on which the soul's destiny quivers. And this is the hour, that minute, that second!

Some years ago there came down a fierce storm on the seacoast, and a vessel got in the breakers and was going to pieces. They threw up some signal of distress, and the people on shore saw them. They put out in a lifeboat. They came on, and they saw the poor sailors, almost exhausted, clinging to a raft, and so afraid were the boatmen that the men would give up before they got to them they gave them three rounds of cheers, and cried: "Hold on, there! hold on! We'll save you!" After awhile the boat came up. One man was saved by having the boathook put in the collar of his coat, and some in one way and some in another, but they all got into the boat. "Now," says the captain, "for the shore. Pull away now, pull!" The people on the shore were afraid the lifeboat had gone down. They said: "How long the boat stays. Why, it must have been swamped, and they have all perished together." And there were men and women on the pier heads and on the beach wringing their hands, and while they waited and watched they saw something looming up through the mist, and it turned out to be the lifeboat.

As soon as it came within speaking distance the people on the shore cried out: "Did you save any of them? Did you save any of them?" And as the boat swung through the boiling surf and came to the pier head the captain waved his hand over the exhausted sailors that lay flat on the bottom of the boat and cried: "All saved! Thank God! All saved!" So may it be today. The waves of your sin run high, the storm is on you, but I cheer you with this Gospel hope.

Ten Minutes to Twelve.

(Continued from First Page.)

have spoken of it yourself. I wanted to talk with you about it, so I showed you that you might speak at last." Royal looked bewildered. "You knew of the affair before my letter reached you?" he hazarded.

"Yes, I've known the story for months past, Dr. Royal—ever since a week or two after you went away last December. When I saw you that last morning you seemed so unlike John that I could scarcely realize how you could have changed so much. I said nothing to Nina at first and put the thought aside, but it left me returning. When I spoke to her about it first she made fun of me, laughed at the idea of your being changed, more than the years would account for, and thought I couldn't see that she was evading and slipping away from the subject. When my eyes got stronger I got out the package of photographs of himself my cousin had sent me from time to time, and only the first of which I had ever seen. None of them was in the least like you, and no stretch of imagination would make them so. You seemed a totally different man. Then I remembered blunders that you had made, and which I did not notice at the time—blunders John couldn't have made. It troubled me, for it was all incomprehensible."

"So passed a moment, and Royal in a dim way realized that it had been hard on her. His conscience smote him. "One day," Phyllis went on, "Nina left a letter of yours on the table when she had finished reading it aloud. She did not usually leave them around. I slipped the bandage up and looked at the handwriting. It was not a bit like John's. He wrote a delicate, student's hand, more than a woman's, and you use a slab and write with large letters and a heavy stroke. I couldn't endure it any longer then and made Nina tell me."

"Was that the reason you would not let me press in the spring?" Royal questioned, a light breaking in on him. "Yes, I wanted to get used to it all, and to learn to separate you from John in my mind. And I wanted to be very self when we should meet again, and when I should be dependent again, but a woman who could take her life into her own hands if need were. Do you understand?"

Royal bent his head. His brain was in a whirl, but it held fast to one joyful fact, the whole mystery of the whole mystery when she had written that note. His heart leaped, but he held himself in check.

"When I learned that John was dead it seemed at first as though half my life had been broken off at an instant with him," the soft voice proceeded. "And I dared not weep for him, even when my heart was aching. That was hard, for there was never a time in my life without the thought of John. It seems strange that should have shortened his life through trying to provide for me. It makes me feel so guilty, so selfish, that after my sight began to fail I should have been made to take up with my own hopes and fears, and that thoughts of him—that I never should have loved him as he deserved to be loved." The voice was wistful and very tender, but the sweet gray eyes were tearful.

Royal rose and came to her, unable any longer to master his emotions. Bending down he took her hands and raised her to her feet.

"You knew it all when you wrote that note," she said, "you were not, and never had been, John's wife, but were mine? And you asked me to come to you? Phyllis, do you know what you are doing? Do you know that you are giving me hope of more than forgiveness?"

"You have done so much—suffered so much—for me, both you and John. It hardly seems credible that men should so easily be helped. But—'with a proud uprising of her head—'you must not let me hamper your joy. I am so glad and broken down, for his eyes were on her eyes, and she could not fall to read his meaning."

"It is a quick, almost passionate gesture Royal's arms closed round her and drew her to his breast.

"My own—my own, at last!" he murmured, bending his face and seeking her lips with his. "Do you think I let you go? That I could let you go? Never, until death shall part us, my love! my wife!"

Ten Minutes to Twelve.

(Continued from First Page.)

"You wish what?" Royal questioned, possessing himself of her hand, and gazing rapidly into that state of mind in which anything short of self his Kingdom appears to a man too paltry to offer the woman of his love.

"To marry you, and think of you while I'm doing it." She smiled, and then the blood mounted to her forehead, and she turned from him petulantly: "Why did you make me say it? You should have asked me yourself."

"Nonsense, my darling, I should indeed," Royal admitted readily. "A man's a blundering simpleton at best, and when he's in love and very happy he's like a creature dazed. I get you now a hundred times! I'll get the preacher and the ring this very evening."

But Phyllis shrank from such precipitation. They must consult with Nina and see what she thought best. And she did not want to see her cousin had faithfully loved her, and had been, moreover, the means of their union; it would be heartless and ungrateful to shut him out altogether. She would marry Dr. Royal with her cousin's ring or none at all.

And so it was arranged.

[Continued next week.]

Dr. L. A. Guild, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "Wm. Seacock, living on my place, had an unusual running ulcer on his arm which ordinary remedies failed to control. As a last resort I rubbed on a jar of B. B. and the ulcer began to heal at once, and effected an entire cure. It is a remedy well worthy of confidence."

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G. A. Clute,
April 12th, 1891, MANAGER.