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THE CAUCASIAN.
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By MARION BUTLER,
Editor and Proprietor.
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THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

VOL. IX. CLINTON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1891. No. 47.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE To communicate with about ten thousand of the best country people in this section of North Carolina then do it through the columns of THE CAUCASIAN. No other paper in the Third Congressional District has as large a circulation.

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The old reliable and standard SETH THOMAS CLOCKS always in stock, in various styles and sizes.
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Respectfully,
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We cut and dress the hair with grace,
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Good fare, attentive servants and large comfortable rooms.
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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.
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The Next Term Begins Sept. 3.
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Clinton, N. C.

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.

In the history of railroading in the State nothing has equalled in horror the recent accident near Statesville. Fifty sleeping passengers were hurled down a 60 foot embankment, without warning, in the dead of night. Many died never knowing what befell them. Col. Bencham Cameron was the hero of the hour, and alone saved from drowning six persons including State Auditor Sanderlin. There are two theories as to the cause of the trouble. The Railroads say that tramps removed a rail. Others say that it was rotten cross ties. If it is true that murder will out, the facts in this case will [illegible]

There are men in the Alliance, or rather men whose names are on the roll, and who keep their dues paid, yet who are constantly finding fault with the order and abusing its officers and members, who constantly criticise and object to nearly every plank in the Ocala platform. The position of such men is not enviable, and their course is not honorable, and they should at once withdraw from the order. They violate their obligation and we suppose simply remain in the order to act as spies, but as such they could not damage the order if they adheard to the truth. Look out for such men, they are in many lodges.

RECKLESS AND INTEMPERATE.

After the Morehead meeting of the State Alliance, the Statesville Landmark spends a bad night and delivers itself of the following reckless and intemperate language:

"The election of Mr. Butler as President and the re-election of Mr. Barnes as Secretary of the State Alliance at Morehead City last week, would have indicated that the Alliance in North Carolina proposes to take extreme grounds, even if the foolish Sub-Treasury scheme has not been re-endorsed by a practically unanimous vote. Mr. Butler is the editor of the Clinton Caucasian, is the Senator from Sampson and was the Alliance leader in the Legislature last winter. Mr. Barnes is the editor of an Alliance paper published somewhere in Wilson county and his writings, extracts from which are sometimes seen in the State papers, indicate that he is an anarchist. Whether the purpose is to defeat the Democratic party in this State or to pervert it, the efforts of its enemies call for active and concerted resistance. The Landmark, for its part, would rather see the party defeated than perverted, and herewith nails its flag to the mast."

If by extreme grounds the Landmark means that the farmers are determined to keep up the fight for honest government till relief comes, an anarchist, he is not lonely, and the Landmark, for safety, had better emigate. The above paper talks about the enemies of the Democratic party. We would like to know who make up the party. Is it a few editors and politicians who are chagrined because they can not longer dictate its policy? Had rather see the party "perverted than defeated" indeed! Perverted, where and how? Perverted by the people to the people. When the majority of the people make a platform or define a policy, it is in bad taste for the minority to talk about perversion. Is it not they who are perverted—out of harmony with the people? If the Landmark's language means anything, it is that it will bolt if the people rule. In this event there may be a small third party in the State.

THE HOPE OF THE COUNTRY.

The Democratic party is suffering at present from a bad case of barnacles. It is being injured and brought into ridicule by the silly mutterings of its old, petted and imperious leaders, who have become soured and disgruntled at the failure of their statesmanship and mad beyond reason at the prospect of defeat and retirement. If the young men in the party could have a chance to come to the front with their modern and progressive ideas the whole political aspect of the party would change at once. * * * * * *
The hope of the nation lies in its young men, and the growth and prosperity of the nation will be measured by their intelligence and independence. These old political barnacles of the Democratic party must be removed and new life and new ideas injected.—National Economist.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," but it is not always wise to say that word to one who is suffering the tortures of a headache. However, always risk it and recommend Bradycrotine.

MASS-MEETINGS.

In Harnett, Edgecombe, Halifax and Gates.

The Alliance brethren and many friends and sympathisers of the Order prepared for the biggest mass-meeting at Lillington on Wednesday, the 26th, that the county has ever seen. A stand, seats and tables were arranged to accommodate between three and four thousand people, and fully that number would have been there had it not been for the bad weather and very high water. The bridges over many streams were washed away, and hundreds who started were forced to turn back. Cape Fear river was so high that nearly every one from the eastern Side of the county was cut off. Many came to the river with their baskets and boxes and unable to cross had a pic-nic on the eastern side. Maj. McClammy, State Auditor Saunderlin and State President Butler were all expected to speak. On account of the bad weather the latter only reached Lillington, where he was greeted by a good [illegible] ladies and gentlemen, whom he addressed for an hour. An excellent and abundant dinner was served. The colored people present were given dinner. In the afternoon, at the solicitation of the audience, Senator Green for a half half hour, entertained them with good solid facts and reasoning. The brethren in Harnett are strong and determined and stand square for every one of the demands. They are standing on picket, ready to march on the enemy in 1892.

IN EDGDCOMBE.

On Friday, the 28th, President Butler and Col. Harry Skinner spoke at Williams' Grove, in Edgecombe county, to a crowd of 1,200 to 1,500 people. Brother Cutchen, of Whitakers, County Lecturer, in a very happy manner, introduced the speakers. Mr. Butler discussed the principles, objects and aims of the Alliance, admonished the brotherhood to stand firm, and appealed to those outside to join the Order in its fight [illegible] ner discussed the Sub-Treasury plan. He spoke for nearly two hours. His speech was an eloquent and powerful presentation of the great plan of financial reform. His arguments were unanswerable, and in him the Alliance has an able and valuable defender and champion. We believe there are many who, though ineligible for membership, know that the Alliance is right and just in its demands, yet who either, from prejudice or from selfish motives, fight and abuse the Order. It is to Col, Skinner's credit that he has the courage not only to admit, but to advocate the same, even in the face of abuse and ridicule from some members of his own profession.

IN HALIFAX

Col. Skinner spoke at Wimberly, Halifax county, on Saturday, but this writer was forced to go home on that day.

IN GATES.

This Writer and Col. Skinner spoke yesterday at Kittrells, in Gates county, to a very large mass-meeting. [illegible] der.

TEA RAISING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

How many people know that there is a tea farm in North Carolina? There is one and it is near Fayetteville. Some tea has been grown in Halifax and Warren counties. It really will thrive nealy anywhere southeast of Raleigh. The plants near Fayetteville are eight feet of more in height. They are not well cared for now and some of them are a sort of undergrowth of pines. Prof. Massey, of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, has just visited the tea farm, as it is known.—Concord Times.

Tea is also raised in Sampson county. We have noticed the bushes at Mrs. Dr. Micks, and at the Dr. Bizzell place.

WILL IT BE?

The Concord Times says: The Democrats carried the State in the lost election by 13,000 only.

The Alliance claims 100,000 in the State. Nine-tenths of these are Democrats. Admitting that the Alliance can poll 100,000, there are 115,000 or 120,000 negro voters, besides the white Republicans.

There are 50,000 Democrats in the State outside of the Alliance. So with three parties in the field we have Alliance 100,000, Democrats 50,000, Republicans 120,000 at least. Result, Republican majority 20,000.

If such is the result, the blame will lie at the door of the 50,000.

IN ANOTHER WAY THEN.

The New York World is engaged in the silly work of trying to prove that Grover Cleveland should be nominated for Governor of New York. Mr. Cleveland cannot be laid aside in any such way.—The Times.

If he can't be laid aside in that way, then he can and must be in another way.

ANNE BISSELL.

By AUGUSTA LARNED

CHAPTER I.

"Come right in, doctor."

Mrs. Bissell's cottage windows stood wide open, and the Nottingham lace curtains flew out of the south room, where the scent of the damask roses and old fashioned pinks arose in warm puffs from the pretty garden. Mrs. Bissell, a checked handkerchief pinned over her head, was briskly sweeping the Brussels carpet with a quick, short motion of the broom; the narrow hall was incumbered with chairs and tables, and a horsehair sofa blocked the front door. The honeysuckle vine above the porch was thickly hung with blossoms, and piazza chairs with scarlet cushions were set out in the shade, with the inviting air of summer repose. A door through into the back regions was also open, and a delicious odor of baking bread came from the kitchen. From the dining room arose a slight clatter of dishes, the sound of clearing away after breakfast, the drip of girlish feet, and a pleasant young voice humming a tune.

"Anne," shrilled Mrs. Bissell from the south room, "look out for the bread in the oven and see that it don't get a scorch."

"We must make haste," responded Anne from the dining room, still invisible, "or he will be here before the room is ready."

"Ain't I making haste" piped Mrs. Bissell, also invisible, on her side and with a touch of asperity in her voice. A woman of Mrs Bissell's active temperament never likes to be hurried, especially by her own daughter, an inexperienced slip of a girl, with no proper idea of turning off work. [illegible] his room ain't ready." She added, making her broom fly at a more rapid rate.

"I didn't say it would," retorted Anne on her side, just interrupting a snatch of song on her lips, as she put the blue edged plates on the cupboard shelf.

Miss Carver's room door was also open just at the head of the stairs. She had heard every word that passed between Anne and her mother, for the little house was like a sounding board, and Miss Carver could stand in its rooms without making the slightest effort to listen. It occurred to her now, as it often did, that Anne was rather impertinent to her mother. Miss Carver gave a little impatient sigh over the degeneracy of modern youth. She was one of the old inhabitants of Littlefield, born and brought up there, knowing every family history from time immemorial, every mote in a neighbor's eye, all the town affairs, to the probable amount of change that people carried about in their purses. People consulted her about the past as they would go to a gazetteer or town history, and the present poured half into her ears.

She had boarded many years with Mrs. Bissell, so exactly calculating her expenditures that they came out to within fifty cents of her income every 1st of January. She invariably allowed for a month of visits to old friends during the twelve, and if she was invited for only three weeks it involved a little extra pinching, and if for five or six weeks [illegible] Miss Carver had a little industry by which she occasionally earned a trifle. She made paper flowers and sold them for the adornment of Christmas trees, children's festivals and church fairs. It was easy work of a clean kind, such as a gentlewoman could do whose father had been high sheriff of the county without detracting from her social position in Littlefield. She called herself an artist in flower work, and on this particular morning she had arranged her little table with bright tissue paper, fine wire, scissors and glue pot, but it was impossible for Miss Carver to settle to anything. She sat by the window, and through her spectacles spied the coming of the new boarder, gazing out under the great elm trees that shaded the brown road in front of the Bissell cottage.

It was not a matter of small importance to Miss Carver that a new doctor was coming to Littlefield. The old doctor, whose place he was taking, had been a great friend of Miss Carver and of her family, when she had a family, for now she was all alone in the world, with no kin nearer than second cousins. The Bissell cottage, a boarding house of the cheapest and humblest sort, gained a kind of importance from the fact that the new doctor was to establish himself there for the first experimental months of his stay in Littlefield. Miss Carver felt this added importance as a slight increase of her own individual respectability. She would no longer feel obliged to excuse herself for living at Mrs. Bissell's by the fact that she liked the air of that end of the town, leaving it to be inferred that she could if she chose live at the Oak Hill hotel or any of the more fashionable places.

She had talked the young doctor over at many tea tables. In her set he had almost supplanted Mrs. Bissell and her losses in management, the inefficiency of Bissell, and the independent, slightly impudent air assumed by Anne in the household.

There was only one thing that troubled Miss Carver: the doctor belonged to the wrong medical school. She had always been very stanch in her orthodox medical views. A doctor in the house would certainly be a convenience, for Miss Carver had her pet infirmities, and she regretted the expensive luxury of taking them over with a regular practitioner. But a doctor in the house, whom one met familiarly at meals, would hardly estimate his professional services at [illegible] Miss Carver talk as highly as Dr. Leavitt did. She would doubtless be able to pick up a good deal that might be useful to her gratis. But, alas! he was of the wrong school. She could not in all conscience ever bring herself to take those absurd little pills, even if they were given away.

Miss Carver had been going over these questions in her mind when a station hack drew up to the front gate and a young man of fair complexion, "well set up" as our English cousins say, and decidedly good looking, stepped out and banged the back door. He had no luggage, and had in his hand a little sign inscribed with the words "Dr. S. L. Tibbets." Miss Carver flew out to the passage and called down, "He's coming, Anne, I'll sniff" in a hysterical voice.

The horsehair sofa still blockad the hall, and a large easy-chair filled the front door. "Heavy! what shall I do" exclaimed Mrs. Bissell. Anne rushed out from the dining room letting down the sleeves of her pink morning dress and with a pretty blush on her fair face.

"Come right in, doctor," Miss Carver heard her say. "Mother is a little belated about your office; but step into the parlor if you can manage to climb over these things."

The doctor replied in an easy, good natured, languid voice, and Miss Carver thought to herself in her New England fashion of weighing and measuring, "He hasn't got much force." The doctor was telling Anne that his luggage had been left by mistake at the Junction where he had taken the Appledale branch line, and would not arrive for some hours. He had therefore appeared with only his doctor's sign in his hand as proof of identity. The young people went into the parlor, and in a few moments Miss Carver heard sounds of laughter, the doctor's easy voice and Anne's girlish staccato notes.

"What confidence the girl has," thought Miss Carver, "to be going on like that the very first minute! I should think her mother would try and check her; it looks so flirtatious." The risk that poor, unsuspecting young man incurred in coming into the Bissell family filled her with a kind of pity. She was glad Providence had so arranged things that at her age she did not find any forward, pert girls on her hands to manage. Surely the single state has its advantages. It at least affords one a lofty pedestal for criticising one's neighbors. Miss Carver could see in many ways how Mrs. Bissell had missed it, and how differently she would have done in her place.

There was an old Grandfather Bissell, a stone deaf old man, who sat in the kitchen in a rocking chair close to the stove, with his hat on even in warm weather. Sometimes he worked a little in the garden or pottered about on occasions when a crisis occurred in the domestic arrangements, as often happened. But in a general way he was of no use—only another mouth to feed. The old man had married daughters far better off than Mrs. Bissell, who refused to keep him on the ground that he was hard to get along with, though apparently a more harmless old soul did not live. Miss Carver was strenuous on the fact of Grandfather Bissell. If she could have had her way the old man would have been sent packing, and the hard hearted daughters brought to terms.

Then there was Bissell himself, part carpenter and part teamster; but both teaming and carpentry were now at a low ebb in Littlefield, and as there was nothing for Bissell to do he did nothing, and let his wife support him. The sight of Bissell hanging about the place when there was a mortgage on the property filled Miss Carver with suppressed rage. If Bissell was her husband she knew she would find some way of making him earn his salt. She dared not hint of her feelings to Mrs. Bissell, for the little woman was very touchy and truculent about her "men folks." She said she "guessed she had a right to keep as many man folks as she pleased, and the neighbors might just stop talking. They sat back in their easy chairs doing fancy work and crochet, and saw her digging away for dear life, and could find nothing better to gossip about than her ways of managing her affairs. They had better look to the beam in their own eyes."

[Continued next week.]

NORTH CAROLINA REFORM PRESS ASSOCIATION.

A North Carolina Press Association has been formed with the following papers as charter members: THE CAUCASIAN, Clinton; Progressive Farmer, Raleigh; Rural Home, Wilson; Farmer's Advocate, Tarboro; Salisbury Watchman, Salisbury; Alliance Sentinel, Goldsboro; Hickory Mercury, Hickory; The Rattler, Whitakers; Country Life, Trinity College; Mountain Home Journal, Asheville.

This Association was endorsed by the State Farmers, Alliance at Morehead, August 1891. Any paper can join this Association that stands squarely on the Ocala demands. Applicants to join this Association must address W. S. Barnes, Secretary and Treasurer, Reform Press Association, Raleigh. N. C., for information.

In the Tennessee State Alliance, in accordance with a general demand throughout the Order in the State, the constitution was so amended as to permit the re-election of President McDowell a third term, as an evidence that the Alliance held him vindicated from the foul aspersions of the plutocratic press.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says; Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50 cents a bottle, at R. H. HOLLIDAY'S Drug-store, Clinton, N. C., and JOHN R. SMITH, druggist, Mt. Olive, N. C.

The Tabernacle Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE DRAWS A LESSON FROM THE FAMINE IN EGYPT.

The Remarkable Conjunction of Big Crops in America and a Scarcity in Europe Calls to Mind the Similar Case in Joseph's Time.

THE RELIGIOUS LESSON.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 30.—The cabled reports of meager harvests in Europe and the memory of the vast crops of ripening grain which Dr. Talmage saw during his recent tour in the west, have combined to turn his thoughts back to that patriarchal time when all the world sent to Egypt to buy corn, and to suggest a Gospel lesson. His text is Gen. xlii, 3, "Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

This summer, having crossed eighteen of the United States, north, south, east and west, I have to report the mightiest harvests that this country or any other country ever reaped. If the grain gamblers do not somehow wreck these harvests we are about to enter upon the grandest scene of prosperity that America has ever witnessed. But while this is so in our own country, on the other side of the Atlantic there are nations threatened with famine, and the most dismal cry that is ever heard will I fear be uttered, the cry for bread.

I pray God that the contrast between our prosperity and their want may not be as sharp as in the lands referred to by my text. There was nothing to eat. Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan. The cattle moaning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully white with hunger. Not the failing of one crop for one summer, but the failing of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table, and so little appreciated; the product of harvest field and grist mill and oven; the price of sweat and anxiety and struggle—bread! Jacob the father has the last report from the flour bin, and he finds that everything is out, and he goes to his sons (Reuben and get something to eat."

The fact was, there was a great corncrib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present time paying between 70 and 80 per cent. of their products to the government. No wonder in that time they had a large corncrib and it was full. To that crib they came from the regions round about—those who were famished—some paying for corn in money; when the money was exhausted, paying for the corn in sheep and cattle, and horses and camels; and when they were exhausted, then selling their own bodies and their families into slavery.

THE JOURNEY TO EGYPT.

The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot and burst into tears. The fact was that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the corncrib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview, "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money—even your younger brother Benjamin."

Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son—a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart break. The keeper of this corncrib, nevertheless, says to these older sons, "There is no need of your coming here any more for corn unless you bring Benjamin, your father's darling." Now Jacob and his family very much needed bread; but what a struggle it would be to give up this son.

The orientals are very demonstrative in their grief, and I hear the outwailing of the father as these older sons keep reiterating in his ears the announcement of the Egyptian lord, "Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you." "Why did you tell them you had a brother?" said the old man, complaining and chiding them. "Why, father," they said, "he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea he would make any such demand upon us as he has made." "No use of asking me," said the father, "I cannot, I will not give up Benjamin."

The fact was that the old man had lost children; and when there has been bereavement in a household, and a child taken, it makes the other children in the household more precious. So the day for departure was adjourned and adjourned and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder moaned the cattle, and wider open cracked the earth, and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out to his sons, "Take Benjamin and be off." The older sons tried to cheer up their father. They said: "We have strong arms and a stout heart, and no harm will come to Benjamin. We'll see that he gets back again." "Farewell!" said the young men to the father, in a tone of assumed good cheer. "F-a-r-e-w-e-l-l!" said the old man; for that word has more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

THE DEMAND FOR BENJAMIN.

Well, the bread party—the bread embassy—drives up in front of the corncrib of Egypt. These corncribs are filled with wheat, barley and corn in the husk, for those who have traveled in Canaan and Egypt know that there is corn there corresponding with our Indian maize. Hurra! the journey is ended. The lord of the corncrib, who is also the prime minister, comes down to these arrived travelers and says: "Dine with me today. How is your father? Is this Benjamin, the younger brother whose presence I demanded?"

The travelers are introduced into the palace. They are worn and bedusted of the way; and servants come in with a basin of water in one hand and a towel in the other, and kneel down before these newly arrived travelers, washing off the dust of the way. The butchers and poulterers and caterers of the prime minister prepare the repast. The guests are seated in small groups, two or three at a table, the food on a tray; all the luxuries from imperial gardens and orchards and aquariums and aviaries are brought there and are filling chalice and platter.

Now is the time for this prime minister, if he has a grudge against Benjamin, to show it. Will he kill him, now that he has him in his hands? Oh, no! This lord of the corncrib is seated at his own table, and he looks over to the table of his guests, and he sends a portion to each of them, but sends a larger portion to Benjamin, or, as the Bible quaintly puts it, "Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs." Be quick and send word back with the swiftest camel to Canaan to old Jacob that "Benjamin is well; all is well; he is faring sumptuously; the Egyptian lord did not mean murder and death, but he meant deliverance and life when he announced to us on that day, 'Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you.'"

THIS WORLD UNDER A CURSE.

Well, my friends, this world is famine struck of sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It is hunger bitten. The fact that it does not, cannot, feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. All the world honored him—did everything for him that the world could do. He was applauded in England and applauded in the United States. He roused up nations into laughter. He had no equal. And yet, although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satiating his soul, he sits down and writes: "I never in my life put on a new hat that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining and thought all who had the choice would keep indoors that the sun did not burst forth in its strength and bring out with the black silk hat. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow bone broken, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune without making his instead, than in an incredible space of time—I think thirteen months—I earned for him twenty thousand pounds and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a beggar every one in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread." That was the lament of the world's comedian and joker. All unhappy.

The world did everything for Lord Byron that it could do, and yet in his last moment he asks a friend to come and sit down by him and read, as most appropriate to his case, the story of "The Bleeding Heart." Torrigiano, the sculptor, executed, after months of care and carving, "Madonna and the Child." The royal family came in and admired it. Everybody that looked at it was in ecstacy, but one day, after all that toil, and all that admiration, because he did not get as much compensation for his work as he had expected, he took a mallet and dashed the exquisite sculpture into atoms. The world is poor compensation, poor satisfaction, poor solace. Famine, famine, in all the earth; not for seven years, but for six thousand.

But, blessed be God there is a great corncrib. The Lord built it. It is in another land. It is a large place. An angel once measured it, and as far as I can calculate it in our phrase, that corncrib is fifteen hundred miles long and fifteen hundred broad and fifteen hundred high; and it is full. Food for all nations. "Oh!" say the people, "we will start right away and get this supply for our soul." But stop a moment; for from the keeper of that corncrib there comes this word, saying, "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

In other words, there is no such thing as getting from heaven pardon and comfort and eternal life, unless we bring with us our divine brother, the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming without him we shall fall before we reach the corncrib, and our bodies shall be a portion for the jackals of the wilderness, but coming with the Divine Jesus, all the granaries of heaven will swing open before our soul, and abundance shall be given us. We shall be invited to sit in the palace of the king and at the table, and while the Lord of heaven is apportioning from his own table to other tables he will not forget us, and then and there it will be found that our Benjamin's mess is larger than all the others, for so it ought to be. "Worthy is the lamb that was slain, to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power."

WHEN WILL YOU REFORM?

I want to make three points. Every frank and common sense man will acknowledge himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sins? Have them pardoned, you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a bar for the admission of all, without respect to character? Be not deceived! I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the corncrib of heavenly supply. And a voice from within says, "Are you alone?" The sinner replies, "All alone." The voice

[Continued on Second Page.]

NATIONAL CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 31.

Secretary Foster is in a fair way of earning the title of the "Colonel Sellers of the administration" from his propensity to see everything in its rosiest light. About the first of July he was telling every one of the great benefits which would follow the extension of the $61,000,000 of 4½ per cent bonds at per cent, and how glad the national banks would be to take all that might be surrendered by private parties in order that they might increase their circulation. Now that the extension of the bonds has proven a fizzle, not half of them having been presented for extension, one would suppose that Mr. Foster wold feel hot enough to at least keep quiet. Not he. He is, according to his own statement, not at all disappointed over the failure of his first large financial transaction, and he preaches from the text of what a good thing it is for the "dear people" that $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 is to be put in circulation by the redemption of these bonds and how much good this increase in the circulation by the redemption of these bonds and how much good this increase in the circulation will do business circles. He reminds one of the young physicians who when asked how he was making out in a family where he was attending a woman in confinement, said: "The mother is dead and the child is dead, but I hope to pull the father through."

The noble army of "ex's" is again marching upon Washington, each and every member of it anxious to get the place which is to be vacated by Secretary Proctor, who has been formally notified that he is to be appointed to serve out the unexpired term of Mr. Edmunds in the United States Senate, and those who fail will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they have temporarily got out of the obscurity into which they had sunk, by having their names mentioned as possibilities for the vacant seat in the cabinet by the obliging newspapers. If you have curiosity to see these names get a copy of the last Congressional Directory and check off the names of all the men who retired from Congress with the Fifty-first Congress, and you will have a correct list of them. It is said that the New England Senators have demanded of Mr. Harrison that he shall appoint a man from that section to the vacancy and western States have made a like demand. Mr. Harrison will place the appointment where it will fetch the most votes for Harrison in the next republican national convention, no matter who it may please or displease, and the belief here is that the place will go to ex-Governor Cheney, of New Hampshire, unless Gen. Alger can be persuaded to accept it.

Some queer stories are being told around here of how Prof. Dyrenforth is manipulating his dynamite and gun powder rain-forcer for the purpose of getting a big appropriation from the next Congress to pay all further experiments. It is said, he took advantage of climatic conditions, which made it certain that he could not fail, when he made the recent experiment about which so much has been printed. It is also said that none of the party now in Texas with the Professor have any faith in the efficiency of the apparatus to produce rain in a really arid section, and that they regard the whole business as a sort of scientific humbug, and a very profitable employment for a long time, at least that is said to be the substance of letters that have been received in Washington.

ABLE OFFICIALS.

At the Farmers Alliance convention at Morehead City last Wednesday Marion Butler, Senator from Sampson county, and editor of THE CLINTON CAUCASIAN, and an educator of high note, was elected President of the State Alliance. He is a gentleman of culture and zeal and enthusiasm, and will make a wide awake official. Our accomplished townsman, W. S. Barnes, also a gentleman of fine culture, and a newspaper man and an educator, was elected Treasurer and Secretary. This is an evidence that the Alliance is not contracted in its views.—Wilson Mirror.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by all Druggists, at 75 cents.

WALL STREET AFTER GOV. CAMPBELL.

From present appearances Governor Campbell will be compelled to come out squarely against the free coinage and graduated income planks in his platform, or Wall street will refuse to put up any funds. This looks bad for Campbell, since he must have money in order to make the contest. Wall street knows its own business, and will consent to no bargains in which it does not become the ultimate beneficiary.—National Economist.

A discouraged man is one of the saddest sights that angels ever have to look at.