

THE PROHIBITION BANNER.

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Our God, Our Country and Our Homes.

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W. C. T. U. IN CONVENTION:
The Meeting in Charlotte—Quite a Number of the Members Present—First Day's Proceedings.
 The fourth annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of N. C., met in Tryon Street Methodist Church of this city at 9:30 this morning. The President, Mrs. Mary C. Woody, of New Garden in the chair. The exercises commenced by signing "Rescue the Perishing." Mrs. Woody opened the convention by bible reading and prayer.
 The roll was then called, consisting of departments and delegates from the local unions throughout the State.
 The minutes of the Executive Committee meetings were then read and adopted.
 Committees on credentials, courtesies, resolutions and finance were then appointed.
 After music an address of welcome was given by Mrs. Gibbon, President of the Charlotte W. C. T. U.; responded by Mrs. L. N. Blair, of Summerfield, N. C.
 Mrs. Chapin, of Charleston, N. C., and southern organizer of the W. C. T. U.; Rev. Mr. Walker, of Greensboro, N. C., editor of the North Carolina Prohibitionist, and the delegate to this convention from the Greensboro Reform Club; Rev. Dr. Robey; Rev. Dr. Parks and Rev. Moffat, all of Charlotte, were then introduced to the convention, and by motion, made members of it, after which all visitors who are "white ribbon" women were also made members of the convention.
 After the hymn "Coronation" was sung, the Corresponding Secretary's report was read, which gave an account of the number of Unions; now numbering thirty in the State, the lines of work they had possessed and their condition in general. The report was a very encouraging one and an indication that our women are alive to the interest of God and home and native land.
 The Treasurer's report followed, which showed an expenditure of over \$300 in the work.
 At 11:10 a praise meeting was entered upon, led by Mrs. Chapin, during which many testified to the blessings attended upon this work. Rev's Moirs, Walker and Robey spoke very encouragingly to the convention and gave testimony to the affective working of the W. C. T. U., and urged the Union to press on to victory of which they felt confident.
 After a few moments of consecration and prayer the meeting then adjourned for lunch.
 The afternoon session begins at 3 p. m.
AFTERNOON.
 The convention met again at 3 o'clock. The opening exercises were conducted by Mrs. F. M. Rumpas, of Greensboro. An address was delivered by the President, Mrs. M. C. Woody. Report of departments were made as follows:
 Temperance Literature, Mrs. Selden; Influencing the Press, Miss English; Gospel Temperance Meetings, Mrs. Bumpas; Sunday School Work, Miss Aston; Evangelistic Work, Mrs. Louisa P. Round; Juvenile Work, Mrs. Mary E. Cartland.
 This evening the devotional exercises will be conducted by Mrs. Louisa P. Round, of Mocksville. Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin, of Charleston, S. C., will deliver an address. The exercises will be interspersed with music.
WEDNESDAY EVENING SESSION.
 Convention re-assembled at 3 p. m. Mrs. Sue V. Tomlinson gave a scripture reading. Prayer was offered by Rev. G. T. Round, of Mocksville, who was afterwards made a member of the convention. Minutes of the previous session were read and adopted. By motion the address of the President was deferred until Thursday.
 Reports of departments were taken up—that on temperance literature showing that many thousands of pages of temperance literature have been distributed during the past year. The report on influence

ing the press showed that, while the columns of some of the State and county papers are closed to the W. C. T. U. and its work, others are devoting a certain space to it; and on the whole, the friendly feeling toward the society is on the increase.
 Mrs. Louisa Painter Round, of Mocksville, in her report on Evangelistic Work, showed that women has many ways and opportunities of doing this kind of work without entering the pulpit.
 The most interesting report of the afternoon was that on Juvenile Work by Mrs. Dr. Cartland, of High Point. It showed that a regiment of over 1,200 children of the State, have been in temperance training under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Tremble king alcohol! they are growing up. After this report was read, Mrs. Chapin made some very appropriate remarks on the juvenile work, showing how great a power the children are in turning the hearts of the parents toward the right.
EVENING SESSION.
 The exercises were opened by singing "Yield Not to Temptation." The devotional exercises conducted by Mrs. Round.
 The address of the evening was by Mrs. Chapin, superintendent of southern work. It was an excellent exposition of the results of the work of the rural field, showing who are responsible for it, and that only by united effort may be routed, and our beloved Southland again be made to rejoice and prosper. An opportunity was given for all who wished to join the W. C. T. U. and prove their loyalty by their work. The audience responded liberally to call for a collection.
THURSDAY MORNING.
 The exercises were opened by singing, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." The devotional exercises were conducted by Mrs. Beckwith, of Raleigh, who read a lesson from Queen Esther; followed by prayer.
 The minutes of yesterday afternoon and evening were read.
 The election of officers for the State Union resulted in that of Mrs. Mary C. Woody, President; Mrs. E. D. Hundley, corresponding secretary; Miss M. E. Mendenhall, recording secretary and Mrs. C. C. Gorrell, treasurer.
 Col. Wm. Johnson, Mayor of Charlotte, was introduced to and made a member of the convention.
 In a very cordial speech he welcomed the W. C. T. U., to the city, and bade them God speed in their work, for it is one of benefit to humanity. He stated that the majority of cases brought before him are the direct result of liquor drinking. His happy speech concluded by extending to the ladies of the convention the privileges of the city of Charlotte.
 The report on Legislation petition was read by Mrs. E. C. Beckwith, of Raleigh.
 The report on prison and almshouse work, by Mrs. Sue V. Tomlinson, was very interesting and showed that woman is doing much to make these places more cleanly and comfortable and to cast an influence over the inmates for good.
 The report on influencing physicians not to prescribe alcoholics, by Mr. P. F. Broadway, was read.
 An address on the "Lend-a-Hand Club," an organization formed among girls and boys at college, which has for its object the helping of others around them, written by Miss Petty, of Rock Hill, was read by Miss Hammond. It was an appeal for girls to take up this temperance work and become trained workers for the W. C. T. U.
 After singing "Bringing in the Sheaves" the State president gave her annual address, in which she set forth the aims and work of the W. C. T. U. Explained the workings and needs of the twenty different departments of work taken up by this State, such as juvenile work; temperance literature, need of work among the colored people, etc.
 She made a very touching appeal for the safety of the children, and

urged the women of our State to work in their interest by using their influence with husband and brothers, to give us laws for the banishment of alcohol from our land. Little less than \$1,000 has been spent by this organization within the past year.
 A telegram of greeting from High Point Reform Club was read at this time, citing the Union to Psalms 29, 1-4 verses.
 Reports from colored unions of Greensboro and Charlotte was given by their respective presidents, showing that there is a rising sentiment among the colored people to strike for temperance.
 The noon hour prayer meeting was conducted by Mrs. Round. Morning session closed.—Charlotte Evening Chronicle.
ATLANTA'S RUMMIES.
They "Go Into Politics." And Will Control Future Elections.
 It seems that the Atlanta rummies have not the slightest intention of abiding by the verdict of the people, reached at the polls last November. The prohibition law went into effect July 1st, and since then a number of prosecutions have been made against violators, resulting in a fine of five hundred dollars in each case convicted. This seems to have startled the doxiey into a realization of the fact that the law is going to be enforced. And now they propose to organize themselves for the purpose of controlling all city and county elections and placing men in office who are opposed to prohibition and will not enforce it. A "Liberal" club has been organized, the purpose of which is shown in the following statements made to a Constitution reporter by a member of the club.
 "We are confident of electing the men we shall run for city officers."
 "We believe that when the county elections occur we will have the power to elect the candidates we propose to run. We intend to work hard to bring into the club all the anti-prohibitionists in the county, and as many converts among the prohibitionists as may be possible. If we elect our candidates, they will be men in full sympathy with our views, and it will not then require much time to root out prohibition."
 "It is given out, that part of the Liberal club contemplates the establishment of an afternoon paper, which will be the organ of the prohibitionists."
 "We mean to begin the fight now," said the gentleman already quoted, "and we mean to keep it up until we have triumphed or been beaten past recovery. The fight will be a fair one, but it will be a vigorous one. The prohibitionists may as well understand once for all that they will not be allowed to have any rest."
 This course demonstrates the wisdom of the liquor men. They know their tremendous power in politics, and they realize that the field of politics is where the prohibition question must be fought. They know their tremendous power politics, and where the prohibition question must be fought. They will undoubtedly be able to control the elections for a while. Their policy will be the same that has been worked so successfully elsewhere. They will dictate to the party in power what course it shall pursue. They will place whiskey men in all important offices and allow half-and-half—neither-for-nor-against temperance men to fill minor positions. They will half things, but will take the biggest half for themselves. This they will be able to keep up for awhile, and then the prohibitionists will meet them as an organized force in politics. The situation will narrow down to two parties, and those who favor the rum traffic will get into one party, and those who favor prohibition will get into the other.
 The fight for prohibition in Atlanta is by no means settled, but it is fairly on. This political movement of the doggerly men and their

friends will precipitate the organization of the Prohibition party, and then prohibition, in the domain of politics where it legitimately belongs—will triumph effectually.—Ex.
An Incorrigible Witness.
 "Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the lawyer.
 "Never knew him sick," replied the witness.
 "No levity," said the lawyer seriously. "Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"
 "Had many a drink with him at the bar."
 "Answer my question, sir," yelled the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?"
 "From two feet up to five feet high."
 "Will the court make the—"
 "I have, your lordship," said the witness, anticipating the lawyer.
 "Have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was two feet long and a man five feet high."
 The lawyer arose, placed both heads on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned over the table, and said, "Will you tell the court what you know about this case?"
 "That ain't his name."
 "What ain't his name?"
 "Case."
 "Who said it was?"
 "You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this case—his name's Smith."
 "Your honor," howled the lawyer, plucking his beard out by the root, "will you make this man answer?"
 "Witness, you must answer the questions put to you," said the judge.
 "Land o' Gosben, your honor, ain't bin doin' it? Let the counsel be away. I'm ready."
 "Then," said the lawyer, "don't talk about the 'bush any more, and this prisoner 'ave been in the hands of—"
 "Never."
 "What! wasn't you summoned to be a friend of his?"
 "No, sir, I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Neither of us ever Friends; no Quaker about him."
 "Stand down!" yelled the lawyer, in deep disgust.
 "Eey?"
 "Stand down."
 "Ain't do it. I'll sit down or stand up."
 "Usher, remove that man from the box."
 "Witness retires, muttering, 'Well, if he ain't the thick-headed lawyer I ever laid eyes on!'"
High Point The Theater of Action.
 Temperance and law abiding citizens throughout this entire vicinity are saying "Huzzah," "Huzzah!" "Huzzah!" for somebody at High Point.
 It is somewhat difficult for us to ascertain who deserves the praise. It is the Mayor, we say huzzah for him. If it be the Commissioners, huzzah for them.
 Everybody we see, from those parts, claims that he had something to do with it. All we can say positively, is that the liquor men have been badly shaken up during the past week—they have been handing over their "lines," or absconding like rats from a sinking ship.
 Every one's claiming that they had a hand in it, reminds us of the bear that walked into a countryman's house while the old gentleman and his wife were at dinner. The man was terribly frightened and climbed into the loft as fast as his legs and hands could take him—his wife not being able to climb, seized a weapon and felled the ravenous beast, and after which the old gentleman crawled down and straightened himself to the highest notch and says, "Wife ain't we some?"
 There is a Prohibition Club at High Point and we have been informed that it acted the part of the "wife."

Yankee Colonel Putting on His War Patrols at Spotsylvania.
 A breakfast at 3 p. m., and then feeling frisky, volunteered to go to spring a quarter of a mile to the rear, the first portion of the path to which was commanded by Confederate rifles. The crew of the gun which I belonged to loaded me down with their empty canteens, and I ran to avoid the sharpshooters' fire to the protection of the forest behind us. There I saw many soldiers. Hollow-eyed, tired-looking men they were, too—but not coffee balsters, lying on the ground sleeping soundly. They had sought the comparative safety of the forest to sleep. Near the spring, which rose in a dense thicket through which a spring ran flowed, the shade was thick and the forest gloomy. The water in the spring had been sold, so I searched for another higher up the run. While searching for it I saw a colonel of infantry on his war paint. It was a knowing force in one act—one brief act of not more than twenty seconds duration, but the run of the world was crowded into it. This bloated, bewhiskered brave sat safely behind a large oak tree. He looked around quickly. His face hardened with resolution. He took a cartridge out of his vest pocket, tore the paper with his strong white teeth, spilled the powder into his right palm, spat on it, and then, first casting a quick glance around to see if he was observed, he rubbed the moistened powder on his face and hands, and then dust-coated the war paint. Instantly he was transformed from a trembling coward who lurked behind a tree into an exhausted brave making a little well earned repose. I laughed silently at the spectacle, and filled my canteens at a spring found; and then rejoined my comrades, and together we laughed at and then drank to the health of the bloody warrior.
An Incident on the Dahlgren Raid.
 The succeeding days after the killing of Dahlgren, during the war, Rev. K. H. Bagby being informed that several (six we think) Federal officers were taking a meal in a house on his farm, determined to capture them. Accompanied by his son, a youth of about eighteen, and followed by a negro with the exclamation, "if anybody puts his hand on marse I split his head open wid dis axe," he entered the house, and covering the superior officer with his pistol, demanded the surrender of the party. All the rest looked at the superior officer (a major), and as he very naturally showed no sign of fight, the whole party surrendered. They were sent to Richmond. The major gave his name as Cook. Recently Mr. R. H. Bagby, Jr., now of Arkansas, was in a waiting room of a St. Louis depot, and while there was introduced to a man named Cook, who remarked that he thought he had heard that name (Bagby) once before, was informed that Mr. Bagby was a son of the gentleman who had captured him twenty-two years ago.
 Major Cook said that he never was in such a scrape in his life as he got in down in Tidewater Virginia with a sandy-haired Baptist preacher, but put his arm around Mr. Bagby and said, "I owe my life to your father."
The New Condition of Things.
 "Dan," asked the President as he unhooked a trout and laid it gently in the basket, "What's in that black bottle?"
 "Bait."
 "I catch on," said the President. "My hook is now bare."
 Then he suddenly turned pale, and his knees knocked together.
 "Dan," he whispered with bated breath, "I forgot—Have you a clove about you?"

A Tempest in a Teapot.
 The whole trouble with Mexico over an adventurous newspaper man named Cutting, boils down to a very little tempest in a very moderately sized teapot. Cutting ran a newspaper in the American town of El Paso on one side of the Rio Grande river, and a Spanish newspaper in El Paso del Norte on the Mexican side of the same river; and because one Medina proposed to start a rival newspaper on the Mexican side, Cutting fired a terrific broadside at his rival in his Mexican journal. When arrested and forced to sign a "reconciliation" in accordance with the Mexican law, he crossed the river to his American town and reiterated the libel in his American newspaper; and when he again crossed the river to his Mexican newspaper office, he was again arrested, and immediately began to yell for the American eagle to protect him.
 In point of fact, Cutting did just what many ragged-edge journalists do in other parts of the country—that is, vilify all rivals in business; and he got into jail just about as he would have gotten there if he had committed the same offense in Philadelphia; and as he voluntarily committed the offense in Mexico, and was guilty of public contempt of the laws and courts of this country, there is not a decent shadow of a case for war or even serious diplomatic dispute.
 We went to war with Mexico some forty years ago about just nothing at all, simply because we wanted California and other territory; and it is possible that many people in Texas and elsewhere want to have another war with Mexico to steal another slice of her territory; but, if so, let us have some better pretext for it than a dispute over a Bohemian adventurer in journalism, who demands a war because somebody proposed to start a rival eight-by-ten newspaper in a Mexican village.—Philadelphia Times.
Dead in the Frozen North.
 ST. LOUIS, N. E., July 27.—The schooner Barrett has put in here, bringing the latest news from the Labrador coast. Her nearly two weeks she was blockaded in York harbor, forty miles east of North-east river, by a field of ice. She brings five families who had reached that point from Sandwich Bay, over one hundred miles inland, in sledges drawn by ponies, on which they subsisted after their arrival. York harbor is crowded with fugitives, but these came from the southern coast and know nothing of their northern neighbors. On July 19 a two-day's snow-storm buried Eastern Labrador, cutting off all communication with its population of fifteen thousand persons. The snow has closed all the trails. The relief vessels will now go direct to York Bay to relieve the first sufferers there.
 A White Bay dispatch states 'bat whalers report that Hudson Bay strait is again frozen over, which is an unprecedented occurrence at this season. Up to date six hundred and twenty survivors have arrived here. The number that have died is estimates at thirty-five hundred. Since Saturday an east wind has blown off the banks, increasing the firmness of the coast ice.
 —"Daniel."
 "Yes, madam."
 "In cleaning out rooms, etc., preparatory to finding places to hide away earned goods for the winter I find in one of the wardrobes this great heavy pair of rubber boots, such long tops. 'Whose are they?'"
 "The President's madam."
 "Down in the leg of one of them I find this black bottle with a high cork. What is that for?"
 "Bait."
 "And in the other leg is an old pack of cards wrapped in an oil clock. 'Whose are they?'"
 "Oh! I see. They are a pair left over by President Arthur."
 "Thanks, Daniel—from the adjoining room."
 It was very lucky indeed for parson Sunderland that he presented his bill to the President in the midst of the conjugal felicity. Had he waited until now, the President would have vetoed it. It is a very slippery day when the parson gets left.—New York Enterprise.
 "Dan," he whispered with bated breath, "I forgot—Have you a clove about you?"