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DURHAM, N. C.

The Tobacco Plant.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN"

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IT SNOWS.

"It snows!" cries the schoolboy—"Hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of the swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call:
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy—
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that thrills in the pulse of the boy
As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then he not the trappings of gold on thine hairs,
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the invalid—"Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogg'd with a weight;
While from the pale aspect of Nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate:
And nearer, and nearer, his soft-cushion'd chair
Is wheel'd towards the life-giving flame—
He dreads a chill puff of thy snow-burden'd air
Lest it wither his delicate frame:
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear that we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the Traveller—"Ho!" and the word
Has quicken'd his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rages by, but its howl is unheard—
Chill the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appear'd—
Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see:
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with their babes at her knee.
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

"It snows!" cries the Belle—"Dear, how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer her dimpled cheek burns
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball;
There are visions of conquest, of splendor, and mirth,
Floating over each dreamer's day;
But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt, like the snow-flakes, away;
Turn, turn thee to heaven, fair maiden, for bliss
That world has a fountain ne'er open'd in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow—"O God!" and her sighs
Have stilled the voice of her prayer:
Its burden yet floats in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sank with fasting and care.
'Tis night—and her fatherless ask her for bread—
But "He gives the young ravens their food."
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow that God only knows—
'Tis a pitiful lot to be poor when it snows!

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

THE ORCHARD ON THE HILL.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Sunday Morning, Nov. 14th.

"And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left."—Luke 23:33.

Just outside of Jerusalem is a swell of ground toward which a crowd is ascending, for it is the day of execution. What a mighty assemblage! Some for curiosity to hear what the malefactors will say and to see how they will act. The three persons to be executed are already there. Some of the spectators are vile of lip and bloated of cheek. Some look up with revenge, hardly able to keep their hands off the sufferers. Some tear their own hair in a frenzy of grief. Some stand in silent horror. Some break out into uncontrollable weeping. Some slap their hands in delight that the offenders are to be punished at last. The soldiers with drawn swords drive back the mob, which presses on so hard. There is fear that the proceedings may be interrupted. Let the German legion, now stationed at Jerusalem, on horseback dash along the line and force back the surging multitude. "Back with you" is the cry. "Have you never seen a man die before?"

Three crosses in a row. An upright piece and two transverse pieces—one on the top, on which the hands are nailed, and one at the middle, on which the victim sat. Three trees just planted. Yet bearing fruit—the one at

THE RIGHT BEARING POISON,

and the one at the left bitter aloes; the one in the middle apples of love. Norway pine and tropical orange and Lebanon cedar would not make so strange a grove as this orchard of Calvary. Stand and give a look at the three crosses. Just look at the one on the right. Its victim dies scoffing. More tremendous than his physical anguish is his scorn and hatred of Him on the middle cross. This one on the right turns half way around on the spikes to hiss at the one in the middle. If the scoffer could get one hand loose, and He were within reach, he would smite the middle sufferer in the face. He hates him with a perfect hatred. I think he wishes he were down on the ground, that he might spear Him. He envies the mechanics who, with their nails have nailed Him fast. Amid the settling darkness and louder than the crash of the rocks hear him jeer out these words: "Ah! Ah! you poor wretch, I knew you were an imposter! You pretended to be a God and yet you let these legions master you." It was in some such hate that Voltaire, in his death hour, because he thought he saw Christ in his bedroom, got up on his elbow and cried out: "Crush that wretch." What had the middle cross done to rouse up this right hand cross? Nothing. O, the enmity of the

NATURAL HEART AGAINST CHRIST!

The world likes a sentimental Christ, or a philanthropic Christ, but a Christ who comes to snatch men away from their sins—away with Him! On this right hand cross to-day I see typified the unbelief of the world. Men say: "Back with Him from the heart. I will not let Him take my sins. If he will die let Him die for Himself, not for me." There has always been a war between this right hand cross and the middle cross, and wherever there is an unbelieving heart, thus the fight goes on. O, if, when that dying malefactor perished, the faithlessness of man had perished, then that tree which yields poison would have budded and blossomed with life for all the world! Look up into that disturbed countenance of the sufferer and see what a ghastly thing it is to reject Christ. Behold in that awful face, in that pitiful look, in that unblessed death hour, the stings of the sinner's departure. What a plunge into darkness! Standing high upon the cross on the top of the hill, so that all the world may look at him he says: "Here I go out of a miserable life into a wretched eternity!" One! Two! Three! Listen to the crash of the fall, all ye ages! So Hobbes, dying after he had seventy years in which to prepare for eternity said: "Were I master of all the world I would give it all to live one day longer." Sir Francis Newport, hovering over the brink, cried out: "Wretch that I am, whither shall I fly from this breast? What will become of me? Oh, that I were to lie upon the fire that is never quenched. 1,000 years to purchase the favor of God and to be reconciled to Him again! Oh eternity! Oh eternity! Who can discover the abyss of eternity? Who can paraphrase upon these words: 'Forever and forever.'"

That right hand cross—thousands have perished upon it in worse agonies. For what is physical pain compared to remorse at the last, that life has been wasted, and only a fleeting moment

STANDS BETWEEN THE SOUL

and its everlasting overthrow? Oh God! let me die anywhere rather than at the foot of that right hand cross. Let not one drop of that blood fall upon my cheek. Rend not my ear with that cry. I see it now as never before—the loathsomeness and horror of my unbelief. That dying malefactor was not so much to blame as I. Christianity was not established, and perhaps not until that day had that man heard the Christ. But after Christ has stood almost nineteen centuries, working the wonders of His grace, you reject Him. That right hand cross with its long beam overshadows all the earth. It is planted in the heart of the race. When will the time come when the spirit of God, shall with his ax, hew down that right hand cross, until it shall fall at the foot of that middle cross, and unbelief, the railing malefactor of the world shall perish from all our hearts? Away from me, thou spirit of unbelief! I hate thee! With this sword of God I thrust thee back and thrust thee through. Down to hell: down most accursed monster of the earth, and talk to the millions thou has already damned. Talk no longer to these sons of God, these heirs of heaven.

"If thou be the Son of God." Was there any "if" about it? Tell me, thou star, that in robes of light did run to point out His birthplace? Tell me, thou sea, that didst put thy hand over thy lip when He bade thee be still? Tell me, ye dead, who got up to see Him die?

TELL ME, THOU SUN

in mid heaven, who for Him didst pull down over thy face thy veil of darkness? Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is He the Son of God? Aye! aye! responds the universe. The flowers breathe it, the stars chime it, the redeemed celebrate it, the angels rise up on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's "if" how many shall be wrecked for eternity! That little "if" has enough venom in its sting to cause the death of the soul. No "if" about it. I know it. Ecce Deus! I feel it thoroughly—through every muscle of the body, and through every faculty of my mind, and through every energy of my soul. Living I will preach it, dying I will pillow my head upon its consolations—Jesus the God.

Away then, from this right hand cross, the red berries of the forest are apt to be poisonous, and around this tree of carnage grow the red, poisonous berries of which many have tasted and died. I can see no use for this right hand cross, except it be used as a lever with which to upturn the unbelief of the world.

Here, from the right hand cross, I go to the left. Pass clear to the other side. That victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the center cross—yet, not to scoff. It is to worship. He, too, would like to get his hands loose; not to smite, but to deliver the sufferer of the middle cross. He cries to the railer cursing on the other side: "Silence! between us is innocence, is agony. We suffer for our crimes. Silence!" Gather around this left hand cross. Oh, ye people! be not afraid. Bitter herbs are sometimes a tonic for the body, and the bitter aloes that you grow on this tree shall give strength and life to thy soul.

This left hand cross is

A REPENTING CROSS.

As men who have been nearly drowned tell us, that in one moment, while they were under the water, their whole life passed before them, so I suppose in one moment, the dying malefactor thought over all his past life. Of that night, when he went into an unguarded door and took all the silver, the gold, the jewels, and as the sleeper stirred he put a knife through his heart. Of that day when, in the lonely pass, he met the wayfarer, and regardless of the cries and pravers and tears and struggles of his victim, he flung the mangled corpse into the dust of the highway or heaped upon it the stones. He says: "Oh, I am a guilty wretch; I deserve this. There is no need of my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for He has done me no wrong; and yet I cannot die so. The tortures of my body are outdone by the tortures of my soul. The past is a scene of misdoing; the present a crucifixion; the future an everlasting undoing. Come back, thou hiding midday sun! Kiss my cheek with one bright ray of comfort. What! no help from above—no help from above—no help from beneath? Then I must turn to my companion in sorrow, the one on the middle cross. I have heard that He knows how to help a man when he is in trouble. I have heard that He can cure the wounded. I have heard that He can pardon the sinner. Surely, in all His wanderings up and down the earth, He never saw one more in need of His forgiveness! Blessed One! I turn to Thee! Wilt Thou look for the moment away from Thy own pangs to pity me? Lord, it is not to have my hands relieved or my feet taken from the torture, can stand all this, but oh! my sins! my sins! my sins! they pierce me through and through. They tell me I must die forever. They will push me

OUT INTO THE DARKNESS

unless Thou wilt help me. I confess it all. Hear the cry of the dying thief: Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. I ask no great things. I seek for no throne in heaven, no chariot to take me to the skies; but just think of me when this day's horrors have passed. Think of me a little—of me, the one now hanging at Thy side—when the shout of heavenly welcome takes Thee back into Thy glory. Thou wilt not forget me, wilt Thou? Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. Only just remember me."

Likewise unist we repent. You say: "I have stolen nothing." I reply: "We have all been guilty of the mightiest felony of the universe, for we have robbed God—robbed Him of our time, robbed Him of our talent, robbed Him of our services. Suppose you send a man west as an agent of your firm, and every month you pay him his salary, and at the end of ten years you find that he has been serving another firm, but taking your salary, would you not condemn him as dishonest? God sent us into this world to serve Him. He has given us wages all the time. One half of us have been serving another master. When a man is convicted of treason he is brought out; a regiment surrounds him and the command is given: "Attention, company. Take aim! Fire!" And the man falls with a hundred bullets through his heart. There comes a time in a man's history when the Lord calls up the troops of his iniquities, and at God's command they pour into him a concentrated volley of torture. You say: "I don't feel myself to be a sinner." That may be. Walk along by the cliffs, and you see sunlight and flowers at the mouth of the cave; but take a torch and go in, and before you have gone far you see the flashing eye of the wild beast, or hear the hiss of the serpent. So the world seems in the sunlight of worldliness; but as I wave the torch of God's truth, and go down into the deep cavern of the heart—alas! for

THE BRISTLING HORRORS

and the rattling fangs. Have you ever noticed the climax in this passage of Scripture: "The heart is deceitful?" That seems enough. But the passage goes on and says: "The heart is deceitful above all things." Will you not say that is enough? But the passage goes on further and says: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." If we could see the true condition of the unpardoned before God, what wringing of hands there would be! What a thousand-voiced shriek of supplication and despair! But you are a sinner, a sinner. I speak not to the person who sits next to you, but to you. You are a sinner. All the transgressions of a lifetime have been gathered up into an avalanche. At any moment it may slip from the cliffs and crush you forever. May the Lord Almighty, by His grace, help us to repent of our sins while repentance is possible.

This left hand cross was a believing cross. There was no guess work in that prayer; no "if" in that supplication. The left hand cross flung itself at the foot of the middle cross, expecting mercy. Faith is only just opening the hand to take what Christ offers us. The work is all done, the bridge is built strong enough for us all to walk over. Tap not at the door of God's mercy with the tip of your fingers, but as a warrior, with gauntleted fists, beats at the castle gate, so with all the aroused energies of our souls, let us pound at the gate of heaven. That gate is locked. You go to it with

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

You try philosophy. That will not open it. A large door generally has a ponderous key. I take the cross and place the foot of it in the lock, and by the two arms of the cross I turn the lock, and the door opens.

This left hand cross was a pardoning cross. The crosses were only two or three yards apart. It did not take long for Christ to hear. Christ might have turned away and said: "How darest thou speak to me? I am the Lord of heaven and earth. I have seen your violence. When you struck down that man in the darkness I saw you. You are getting a just reward. Die in darkness—die forever." But Jesus said not so, but rather: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise;" as much as to say, "I see you there; don't worry. I will not only bear my cross, but help you with yours."

Forthwith, the left hand cross becomes the abode of contentment. The pillow of the malefactor, soaked in blood, becomes like the crimson upholstery of the king's couch. When the body became still, and the surgeons feeling the pulse, said one to another: "He is dead," the last mark of pain had gone from his face. Peace had smoothed his forehead. Peace closed his eyes. Peace closed his lips. Now you see why there were two transverse pieces on the cross, for it has become a ladder into the skies. That dying head is easy which has under it the promise: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." Ye whose lips have been filled with blasphemy, ye whose hands for many years have wrought unrighteousness, ye who have companioned with the unclean, ye who have scaled every height of transgression, and fathomed every depth and passed every extreme of iniquity—mercy! mercy!

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

I have shown you the right hand cross and the left hand cross; now come to the middle cross. We stood at the one, and found it yielded poison. We stood at the other and found it yielded bitter aloes. Come now to the middle cross, and shake down apples of love. Uncover your head. You never saw so tender a scene as this. You may have seen father, or mother, or companion, or child die, but never so affecting a scene as this. The railing thief looked from one way, and saw only the right side of Christ's face. The penitent thief looked from the other way, and saw the left side of Christ's face. But from where you sit to-day, in the full blaze of Gospel light, you see

CHRIST'S FULL FACE.

It was a suffering cross. If the weapons of torture had gone only through the fatty portions of the body, the torture would not have been so great, but they went through the hands, and feet and temples; the most sensitive portions. It was not only the spear that went into His side, but the sins of all the race—a thousand spears—plunge after plunge, deeper and deeper, until the silence and composure that before characterized Him gave way into a groan, through which troubled the sorrows of time and the woes of eternity. Human hate had done its worst, and hell had hurled its sharpest javelin, and devils had vented their hottest rage, when, with every nerve of His body in torture, and every fibre of His heart in excruciation, He cried out: "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

It was a vicarious cross. The right hand cross suffered for itself, the left hand cross for itself, but the middle cross for you. When a king was dying a young man cried: "Pour my blood into his veins that he die not." The veins of the young man were tapped and the blood transferred, so that the king lived, but the young man died. Christ saw the race perishing. He cried: "Pour

MY BLOOD INTO THEIR VEINS,

that they die not."

My hand is free now, because Christ's was crushed. My brow is painless now, because Christ's was torn. My soul escapes, because Christ's was bound. I gain heaven, because Christ for me endured the horrors of hell. When the Swiss were many years ago contending against their enemies, they saw these enemies arrayed in solid phalanx, and knew not how to break their ranks; but one of their heroes rushed out in front of his regiment and shouted: "Make way for liberty." The weapons of the enemy were plunged into his heart, but while they were slaying him of course their ranks were broken, and through that gap in the ranks the Swiss marched to victory. Christ saw all the powers of darkness assailing men. He cried out: "Make way for the redemption of the world." All the weapons of infernal wrath struck Him, but as they struck him our race marched out free.

To this middle cross, my dying hearers look, that your souls may live. I showed you the right hand cross in order that you might see what an awful thing it is to be unbelieving. I showed you the left hand cross, that you might see what it is to repent. Now I show you the middle cross, that you may see what Christ has done

TO SAVE YOUR SOUL.

Poets have sung its praise, and sculptors have attempted to commemorate it in marble, and martyrs have clung to it in the fire, and Christians dying quietly in their beds have leaned their heads against it. This hour may all our souls embrace it with an ecstacy of affection. Lay hold of that cross, sinner! Everything else will fail you. Without a strong grip on that you perish. Put your hand on that and you are safe, though a world swing from beneath your feet. O, that I might engrave on your souls ineffaceably the three crosses, and that if in your waking moments you will not heed, then that in your dream this coming night, you might see on the hill back of Jerusalem the three spectacles: the right hand cross showing unbelief dying without Christ, the left hand showing what it is to be pardoned, while the central cross pours out upon your soul the sunburst of heaven as it says: "By all these wounds I plead for thy heart. I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Rivers cannot quench it. Floods cannot drown it." And while you look, the right hand cross will fade out of sight, and then the left will be gone; nothing will remain but the middle cross, and even that in your dream will begin to change, until it becomes a throne; and the worn face of

CALVARY WILL BECOME RADIANT

with gladness; and instead of the mad mob at the foot of the cross will be a multitude kneeling. And you and I will be among them. But now we will not wait for such a dream. In this our most aroused mood we throw down at the foot of that middle cross sin, sorrow, life, death, everything. We are slaves; Christ gives deliverance to the captive. We are thirsty; Christ is the river of salvation to slake our thirst. We are hungry; Jesus says: "I am the bread of life." We are condemned to die; Christ says: "Save that man from going down into the pit; I am the ransom." We are tossed on a sea of trouble; Jesus comes over it, saying: "It is I, be not afraid." We are in darkness; Jesus says: "I am the bright and morning star." We are sick; Jesus is the "balm of Gilead." We are dead; hear the shrouds rend and the grave hillocks heave as He cries: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We want justification; "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We want to exercise faith; "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I want to get from under condemnation; "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." The cross—He carried it. The flames of hell—He suffered them. The shame—He endured it. The crown—He won it. Heights of Heaven sing it, and worlds of light to worlds of light and round the heavens cry: "Glory! glory!"

Let us go forth and gather the trophies for Jesus. From Golconda mines we gather the diamonds, from Ceylon banks we gather the pearls, from all lands and kingdoms we gather precious stones, and we bring the glittering burdens and put them down at the feet of Jesus and say: "All these are thine; Thou art worthy." We go forth again for more trophies, and into one sheaf we gather all the scepters of the Cæsars, and the Alexanders, and the czars, and the sultans, and of all the royalties and dominions; and then we bring the sheaf of scepters and put it down at the feet of Jesus and say: "Thou art king of kings, and these Thou hast conquered." And then we go forth again to gather more trophies, and we bid the redeemed of ages, the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, to come. And the hosts of heaven bring crown, and palm and scepter, and here by these bleeding feet and this riven side, and by this wounded heart, cry: "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

A Famous Tobacco Case at Last Settled.

[Western Tobacco Journal.]

Here is something that may be of interest to many persons in Durham. Mr. Witcher Jones is a cousin of our Mr. T. D. Jones, and we congratulate him upon the successful termination of his tedious lawsuit.

"Mr. Witcher Jones, formerly of Virginia, who has been litigating for several years with Brandenstein and Esberg, Bachman & Co., of San Francisco, Cal., to secure recognition as a part owner of the J. B. Pace Tobacco Works, of Richmond, Va., has at last received a verdict in his favor, Judge Maguire, of the San Francisco Supreme Court, on the 27th ult., deciding that he was entitled to a third interest in the property when he paid his proportion of losses in the Seal Rock Tobacco Company, and his proportion to the paid up capital of the J. B. Pace Tobacco Company.

"The defendants claimed that the plaintiff was only a partner in the Seal Rock Tobacco Company, which failed for $150,000, failing to give him any stock in the Pace Company. They now claim, when an accounting is had, and Jones pays up his losses he will have nothing, but on the other hand, he will receive a third interest in what is considered a good paying company. The case has been for nearly five years unsettled."

This Reads Pretty Well.

[Extract from Senator Beck's Chicago speech.]

Free trade produces no revenue. Prohibitory protection produces none. The only difference between the two to the people would be cheap goods under free trade, dear goods under protection, and goods at half price simply means double wages. But the government must have revenue sufficient to support an economical administration of public affairs, and outside of whiskey and tobacco, which are legitimate objects of taxation, I agree that the balance of the needed revenue ought to be raised by tariff taxation, and that it ought to be so adjusted as to be as near as practicable uniform throughout the United States, and that it should foster, stimulate and encourage the largest amount of production in our manufacturing establishments, removing burdens and charges especially on raw materials, so that our manufactured goods could be sent to Central and South America, to Asia, Africa and the islands of the seas, and give our factory operatives work for twelve months instead of six. It is useless to talk about raising revenue by direct taxes, which must be apportioned among the several States in proportion to their population as determined by the preceding census. Taxation proportioned to population is more unjust and unequal than even bad tariff taxation.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 17.—Although many of the Southern Democrats who have been here since the election have ascribed recent losses in North Carolina, Virginia and other States to the policy of the Administration, and especially to civil service reform, it is very clear to others that they have not made out a case against either Mr. Cleveland or the originators of reform. As a gentleman said to-day: "Why, that charge is exploded by the fact that so far as all these States are concerned the Republicans have been turned out and Democrats put in their places. Ransom in North Carolina and Butler and Hampton in South Carolina have got pretty much all their people asked for. It is the same thing with Voorhees of Indiana. These people are growling at the moon. They don't begin to know what it is they want to say. The Congressmen I have talked with all declare that the trouble was not with civil service principles or with the President, but with the vast number of disappointed office-seekers who, under the old system, would not have received one place in a hundred; no, nor one in a thousand. The friends of the administration are not dismayed by the criticism of Hoosiers, Tar Heels and F. F. V's. The best men in all these States side with the President, and the fact is well know here and has its due weight. No effort to break down the President's policy will succeed. Nothing has hitherto resulted but disaster to those who have tried to destroy civil service reform. Its worst enemies have been silenced, or at least severely rebuked. Vance's speech in the Senate fell flat on the country at large. The defeat of Cox, Willis and Findlay for renomination was due to other causes as well as their support of the administration policy. Besides, even if it was due entirely to that it can be shown that a greater number of anti-reformers were not returned to the Congress. In North Carolina my excellent friends, Bennett, Greene and Skinner, and elsewhere Morrison, Curtin, Bragg, Cabell and many others who were at the last session well known here as enemies of the reform policy adopted by the President may not have been returned because of this fact, but the argument is a fair one to offset that which makes the administration responsible for all the ill luck of the party and denies to it the credit for obvious victories in the east and northwest.

Local and Congressional circles have been shaken by what is called the police scandal, and gossip over it has not yet ceased. Maj. Walker, chief of the Metropolitan police, said something about using influence with Congressmen to his lieutenants. Some of them construed it to mean a dogging of the footsteps of members to get "dots" on them to be used in extorting appropriations for an increase of the police force. There is a difference in the testimony elicited in the pending examination, as to whether he said anything of the sort or only that he desired them to use their personal influence. The general judgment, however, is that he committed a gross impropriety even in saying that much, and deserves removal. It is probable that the case will come up in the approaching session of the Congress. Several of the members who have spoken on the subject have expressed the opinion that the matter should be further investigated. The police know a great deal about the habits and haunts of Congressmen.

The department clerks and the city physicians have been about equally exercised over the enforcement of regulations in the Pension office requiring a certificate of particulars from the attending physician in cases of absence for illness. The position of the commissioners has been sustained by the Secretary of the Interior and the Medical Society of the District have discussed Mr. Lamar's letter and the whole question. The Secretary in his letter to the Commissioners said that he was satisfied that the purpose of the letter had been misconceived. It was not intended to be mandatory on the physicians nor designed to elicit disclosures of professional confidence. He regarded it in the light of a request made to the physicians for additional information in behalf of the applicant. It was stated that some city physicians had abused confidence by granting certificates to persons not entitled to them. After discussion the Medical Society decided that the position of the department was right, and that in order to avoid complications the word of the employe should be taken with the physicians certificate. But the Society will investigate the statement that some physicians had abused the confidence reposed in them. Altogether this is a knotty subject. If, it must be said, the government is injured by imposition, on the other hand it is disgraceful to require a violation of professional secrets; and how can any but a general and vague certificate be required without such violation? In the matter of absences there has been a saving of more than 8,500 days during the past year.

The story that ex-Senator and Congressman-elect Charles R. Brackalew, of Pennsylvania, was to be appointed Attorney General, is officially denied at the White House. Mr. Garland has no idea of resigning, and his relations with the President are perfectly pleasant.

The order against substitutes in the Treasury Department has brought nearly all of the principals to their desks. Of eighty-eight all except thirty had returned yesterday. Only about ten are expected to remain away.

Among the topics discussed by the American Ornithologists' Union, now in session in this city, are "Migration of Birds," and "The Destruction of Singing Birds."

All the cranks who come here are not members of Congress or office-seekers. One old fellow dresses well, drives about in cabs, the fares of which he never pays, and puts real estate agents to a great deal of trouble showing him around. He claims to own thousands of acres in Kentucky and Tennessee. Everybody treats this fine old customer and everybody gets left on pay day. Queer people—those are who are imposed on so easily.

NORTH CAROLINA NOTES.

The President told Col. Staples he very much regretted the defeat of Mr. Reid, and was much surprised thereat.

Some of the North Carolina visitors favor ex-Gov. Jarvis for Governor 1888.

Arrivals: A. B. Andrews, C. M. Busbee, J. W. Hinsdale, A. E. Wilson, A. E. Cowan, H. G. Williams, Dr. C. J. Watkins, Turner Reid, J. T. Morehead, W. B. Young, John (?) Wilkes, Miss Ruth Lanier, W. H. Hearne.

New postoffices: Boyd, Rockingham county, James W. Moore, postmaster.

Offices discontinued: Lake, Bladen county, mail to Ellis; Star, Pamlico county, mail to Stonewall.

The site of Whilley, Stanly county, has been changed one mile southwest.

Railway mail service has been established between Wilson and Fayetteville, by Selma, Smithfield, Milo, Lucknow, Rhodes and Kyle's Landing, six times a week or oftener if the trains run. The service has been ordered discontinued between Smithfield and Goldsboro, November 30th.

Star service between Thomasville and Flaggtown has been increased to three times a week. McNeely postoffice is embraced between Price's Store and Matrimony, on the Leaksville route. On the route between Jacksonville and Swansboro, Shackelford is omitted.

Postmasters commissioned: William H. Edwards, Merchant Mills; Henry T. Bowen, Monticello; Thaddeus C. Davis, Morehead City; Levi M. Gallop, Harbinger; Jacob D. Holms, Ames; Andrew J. Beck, Cid; Andrew J. Floyd, Ashpole.

Special service has been discontinued from Gordonton to Bushy Fork, and from Laws to Hurdle's Mills.

Mail schedule changed as follows between Henderson and Clarksville: Leave Henderson, daily, except Sundays, at 7 a. m.; arrive at Townsville by 1 p. m.; leave Townsville daily, except Sundays, at 4:15 p. m.; arrive at Henderson at 6:45 p. m.; leave Townsville, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1 p. m.; arrive at Clarksville by 6 p. m.; leave Clarksville, Tuesdays, Thursdays at 7 a. m.; arrive at Townsville by 1 p. m.

We Do, We Do, We Do.

[Wilson Mirror.]

We love to look into the witchery deeps of their soulful eyes, and bathe our vision in those waves of radiance which seem brighter and more beautiful than the twinkling gleams of trembling stars which thread with luster the darkness of the night. We love to hear their voices, for a woman's voice always has a melody as sweet as the notes which slip from the music lined throats of tuneful robins, when they pour out to each other their feelings in the delightful ripple of their own entrancing song-waves.

This Stamps Bro. Blount as a Connoisseur.

[Wilson Mirror.]

We have been asked to announce that it is wrong to accompany a girl home and then swing on the gate with her an hour afterwards. The parlor with the lamp lowered to semblance the poesy of sentiment laden twilight, is decidedly more cozy and inviting for

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Let Everybody Keep It.

[Goldsboro Argus.]

We see from our exchanges that a number of towns in this State are going to keep Thanksgiving Day, Thursday next, becomingly. We hope the business men of Goldsboro will come together and agree that it is meet that one day in the year should be peculiarly observed as a day of Thanksgiving to Him "from whom all blessings flow."

We'll Bet He Didn't Find a Bottle.

[Daily Workman.]

Some thief stole ex-President Hayes' valise a few days ago at Cincinnati, Ohio, while he was at the Grand Central depot waiting to take the train for home. He had been down to Atlanta, Ga., to attend a railroad meeting.

A Man of Many Escapes.

[Chicago Advance.]

Bishop Whipple's escape from the Rio Railroad disaster recalls the fact that a change of plan at the last moment alone prevented his being on the train that went down at Ashtabula, and likewise on the sleeper that was hurled over the Mendota Bluffs a few years ago.

An Omnibus Invention.

[Wilson Mirror.]

The latest style of bustle is made of watch-spring steel wire, and may be used for a colander, a rat trap, a portable lightning conductor or a base ball catcher's mask.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Henry Watterson's health is said to be fully restored by the European trip. He is one of the best endowed of American editors.

Judge Atkins, of Richmond, is a veritable Judge Walter Clark. On last Friday he sentenced two gamblers to two months' imprisonment, and fined each $100.

Mr. Alexander Walker, of Richmond, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. H. Theo. Ellyson, last Friday. It is believed that the cause of his death was heart trouble. He has been for many years a prominent merchant of Richmond.

Two Michigan editors are soon to don ecclesiastical vestments. Ex-Congressman George Willard, editor of the Battle Creek *Journal*, will be an Episcopal divine, and George W. Buckley, another editor from the same town, will join the Unitarian clergy. Editors are not so bad as they are painted, evidently.

Henry George is, it is reported, about to visit Ireland to discuss the land question in connection with home rule. There will be general expectation as to his present attitude toward Parnell, and about what position, if any, the great Irish leader will take regarding the distinctive doctrines of the late candidate for Mayor.—*New York Star.*

Mr. Armour, the great Chicago meat packer, and family escaped poisoning last week, by the smallest circumstance. Two presumable socialists or anarchists sent a package of buckwheat flour to his house, which, upon being examined by a chemist, showed enough strychnine to kill a dozen families. It seems that Mr. Powderly can't manage them.

Gen. W. T. Sherman was dined at Delmonico's last week by a party of New York admirers. The speaking was all informal. The General has settled down in New York for the winter, and it is said he has some important literary work on hand, and will be very busy for some time to come. When his literary work comes to light, it will probably devote some of its energy to ex-President Davis.

Mr. A. N. Stokes, of this city, died very suddenly, at his home in Goochland county, yesterday evening. He was in the city during the day, and seemed very well. The telegram announcing his death gave no particulars. Allen Young Stokes was a native of Caswell county, N. C., having first seen the light of day there April 25, 1819. His father was the late Sylvanus Stokes, Esq., a respectable farmer of Caswell county of the old North State.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Speaker Carlisle was present at the fourth annual banquet of the Iroquois Club, the famous Democratic club of Chicago. The first toast, "American Industries," was responded to by the Speaker in a well considered, eloquent speech, which we have not space to reproduce. In the course of his speech he gave utterance to this: "No matter who may desert, who may falter, the great fight for reform will go on. This country does not belong to the monopolists or communists, and the people will save it from both." Yes, reform will go on, for it is right.

Messrs. Warner Miller and Levi P. Morton will antagonize each other for the position Mr. Miller now holds, United States Senator from New York. It will be remembered that Mr. Miller was elected to the Senate when Roscoe Conkling and "me too" Platt resigned in a huff. The New York *Star* prefers Miller to Morton, and says that Mr. Miller has waged his political contests openly and with entire frankness, and, furthermore, represents the principles of his party, and that Mr. Morton owes his prominence in politics to his success as a banker, and that his money seems to be his only recommendation. If that is so, we prefer Miller also.

Ex-President Arthur is dead. He had been a great sufferer. For two years he had slowly and surely approached his grave. His disease baffled all medical skill, and he prepared himself for the worst. He died peacefully surrounded by family and friends, and his death has caused much sorrow. The following tribute is paid him by President Cleveland, in his proclamation: "Mr. Arthur was called to the chair of Chief Magistracy of the nation by a tragedy which cast its shadow over the entire government. His assumption of the grave duties was marked by an evident and conscientious sense of his responsibilities and an earnest desire to meet them in a patriotic and benevolent spirit. With dignity and ability he sustained the important duties of his station, and the reputation of his personal worth, conspicuous graciousness and patriotic fidelity will long be cherished by his fellow countrymen." And the *Herald* has the following: "It was the singular fortune of Chester A. Arthur and of the country that he was able to rise with ease and dignity to responsibilities which neither the country nor himself had ever expected he would assume. His taste, his patriotism and his mental horizon expanded as he rose. He handled social and diplomatic exigencies with almost unerring tact and wisdom. In word and deed what he did was marked by gracious moderation. He never lost sight of what was due to the people whom he represented; and, to his lasting honor, no narrow, personal motives or early affiliations of sympathy or fellowship deflected his course from the high minded path he had determined to follow." We have more to say of him on our editorial page.