State Library

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
(CASH IN ADVANCE)
One Copy, One Year, - - - $1.50.

W. G. BURKHEAD, - Editor.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All correspondents are hereby notified that to insure the insertion of their communications they must furnish us with their *bona fide* name and address, which we obligate to keep in strict confidence. *Write only on one side of the sheet.*
THE PLANT is in no wise responsible for the views of its correspondents.
Address all communications to
THE TOBACCO PLANT,
DURHAM, N. C.

The Tobacco Plant.

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

VOL. XV.--NO. 48. DURHAM, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1886. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING:

1 inch, one insertion,	$ .75
1 inch, one month,	2.00
1 inch, three months,	3.00
1 inch, six months,	4.00
1 inch, one year,	6.00
¼ column, three months,	10.00
¼ column, six months,	17.50
¼ column, one year,	30.00
½ column, three months,	17.50
½ column, six months,	30.00
½ column, one year,	55.00
1 column, three months,	30.00
1 column, six months,	55.00
1 column, one year,	100.00
1 column, one insertion,	6.00
2 columns, one insertion,	10.00

Space to suit advertiser charged for in accordance with above rates.

THEIR ANGELS.

My heart is loudly as heart can be,
And the cry of Rachel goes up from me,
For the tender faces unforgot
Of the little children that are not;
Although, I know,
They are all in the land where I shall go.

I want them close in the dear old way;
But life goes forward and will not stay,
And He who made it has made it right;
Yet I miss my darlings out of my sight.
Although, I know,
They are all in the land where I shall go.

Only one has died. There is one small mound,
A violet-heaped, in the sweet grave-ground;
Twenty years they have bloomed and spread
Over the little baby head;
And oh! I know,
She is safe in the land where I shall go.

Not dead: only grown and gone away,
The hair of my darling is turning gray,
That was golden once in the days so dear,
Over for many and many a year.
Yet I know—I know—
She's a child in the land where I shall go.

My bright brave boy is a grave-eyed man,
Facing the world as the worker can;
But I think of him now as I had him then,
And I lay his cheek to my heart again.
And so, I know,
I shall have him there where we both shall go.

Out from the Father, and into life;
Back to His breast from the ended strife,
And the finished labor. I hear the word
From the lips of Him who was Child and Lord,
And I know, that so
It shall be in the land where we all shall go.

Given back—with the gain. The secret this
Of the blessed Kingdom of children is!
My mother's arms are waiting for me;
I shall lay my head on my father's knee;
For so, I know,
I'm a child myself where I shall go.

The world is troublous and hard and cold,
And men and women grow gray and old;
But behind the world is an inner place
Where yet their angels behold God's face.
And lo! we know,
That only *the children* can see Him so!

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Sunday Morning, Nov. 21st.

"Seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life." GENESIS 44:30.

These words were spoken by Judah as descriptive of the tenderness and affection which Jacob felt toward Benjamin, the youngest son of that patriarchal family; but they are words just as appropriate to many a parent in this house—since "his life is bound up in the lad's life." I have known parents that seemed to have but little interest in their children. A father says: "My son must look out for himself. If he comes up well, all right; if he turns out badly I cannot help it. I am not responsible for his behavior. He must take the same risk in life that I took." As well might the shepherd throw a lamb into a den of lions and then say: "Little lamb, look out for yourself!"

It is generally the case that

EVEN THE BEAST

looks after its young. I have gone through the woods on a summer's day, and I have heard a great outcry in a bird's nest, and I have climbed up to see what was the matter. I found out that the birds were starving, and the mother bird had gone off not to come back again. But that is an exception. It is generally the case that the old bird will pick your eyes out rather than let you come nigh its brood. The lion will rend you in twain if you approach too nearly the whelps; the fowl in the barnyard, clumsy-footed and heavy winged, flies fiercely at you if you stand too near the little group, and God intended every father and mother to be the protection and the help of the child. Jesus comes into every dwelling and says to the father or mother: "You have been looking after the child's body and mind; the time has come when you ought to be looking after its immortal soul." I stand before hundreds of people with whom the question morning, noon and night is: "What is to become of the child? What will be its history? Will it choose paths of virtue or vice? Will it accept Christ or reject Him? Where will it spend eternity?"

I read of a vessel that foundered. The boats were launched; many of the passengers were struggling in the water. A mother with one hand beat the waves, and with the other hand lifted up the little child toward the lifeboat, crying: "Save my child! Save my child!" The impassioned outcry of that mother is the prayer of hundreds of Christian people who sit listening this morning while I speak. I propose to show some of the causes of parental anxiety, and then how that anxiety may be alleviated.

I find the first cause of parental anxiety in the inefficiency and

IMPERFECTION OF PARENTS

themselves. We have a slight hope, all of us, that our children may escape our faults. We hide our imperfections, and think they will steer clear of them. Alas, there is a poor prospect of that! There is more probability that they will choose our vices than choose our virtues. There is something like sacredness in parental imperfections when the child looks upon them. The folly of the parents is not so repulsive when the child looks at it. He says: "Father indulges in it; mother indulges in it, it can't be so bad." Your boy, ten years of age, goes up a back street smoking his cigar—an old stump that he found in the street—and a neighbor accosts him and says; "What are you doing this for? What would your father say if he knew it?" The boy says: "Oh, father does that himself." There is not one of us this morning that would deliberately choose that his children should in all things follow his example, and it is the consciousness of imperfection of our part as parents that makes us most anxious for our children.

We are also distressed on account of the

UNWISDOM OF OUR DISCIPLINE

and instruction. It requires a great deal of ingenuity to build a house or fashion a ship, but more ingenuity to build the temple of a child's character and launch it on the great ocean of time and eternity. Where there is one parent that seems qualified for the work there seems to be twenty parents who miserably fail. Here is a father who says: "My child shall know nothing but religion; he shall hear nothing but religion; he shall see nothing but religion." The boy is aroused at 6 o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. He is awakened off the sofa on Sunday night to see how much he knows of the Westminster catechism. It is religion morning, noon and night. Passages of Scripture are plastered on the bedroom wall. He looks for the day of the month in a religious almanac. Every minister that comes to the house is told to take the boy aside and talk to him, and tell him what a great sinner he is. After awhile the boy comes to that period of life when he is too old for chastisement, and too young to know and feel the force of moral principle. Father and mother are sitting up for the boy to come home. It is nine o'clock at night—ten o'clock—it is twelve o'clock—it is half past twelve, and they hear the night key jingle in the door. They say he is coming. George goes very softly through the hall, hoping to get up stairs before he is accosted. The father says, "George, where have you been?" "Been out!" Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he is on the broad road to destruction, for this life and the life to come. Father says: "There is no use in the Ten Commandments; the catechism seems to me to be an utter failure." Ah, my friend, you make a very great mistake. You stuffed that child with religion until he could not digest it; you made that which is a joy in many households an abhorrence in yours. A man in midlife said to me: "I can't become a Christian. In my father's house I got such a prejudice against religion I don't want any of it. My father was one of the best men that ever lived, but he had such severe notions about things, and he jammed religion down my throat, until I don't want any of it, sir." There have been some who have erred in that direction.

There are households where mother pulls one way and

FATHER PULLS THE OTHER.

Father says: "My son, I told you the first time I caught you in a falsehood I would chastise you, and now I am going to do it." Mother says: "Don't, let him off this time." In some families it is all scolding and fretfulness with the child; from Monday morning to Saturday night it is that style of culture. The boy is picked at, and picked at, and picked at. Now you might better give one sound chastisement and have done with it, than to indulge in the perpetual scolding and fretfulness. There is more health in one good thunderstorm than in three or four days of cold drizzle.

Here is a parent who says: "I will not err on the side that parent has erred, in being too strict with his children. I will let mine do as they please. If they want to come in to prayers, they can; if they want to play at cards, they can; they can do anything they please—there shall be no hindrance. Go it! Here are tickets for the opera and theater, son. Take your friends with you. Do whatever you desire." One day a gentleman comes in from the bank to his father's office and says: "They want to see you at the bank a minute." Father goes into the bank. The cashier says: "Is that your check?" Father looks at it and says: "No; I never gave that check. I never cross a 't' in that way; I never make the curl to a 'y' in that way. It is not my check; that's a forgery. Send for the police." "Ah," says the cashier, "don't be so quick; your son did that." The fact was that the boy had been out in dissipating circles, and $10 and $50 went in that direction; and he had been treated and he had to treat others; and the boy felt he must have $500 to keep himself in that circle. That night the father sits up for the boy to come home. It is 1 o'clock before he comes into the hall. He comes in very much flushed, his eyes glaring and his breath offensive. Father says: "My son, how can you do so? I have given you everything you wanted, and everything to make you comfortable and happy, and now I find in my old age, that you are a spendthrift, a libertine and a drunkard." The son says: "Now, father, what is the use of your talking that way? You told me I might have a good time and to go it. I have been acting on your suggestion, that's all." And so one parent errs on one side, and another parent errs on the other, and how to

STRIKE A HAPPY MEDIUM

between severity and too great leniency, and train our sons and daughters for usefulness on earth and bliss in heaven, is a question which agitates every Christian household in my congregation. Where so many good men and women have failed, it is strange that we should sometimes doubt the propriety of our theory and the accuracy of our kind of government.

Again, parental anxiety often arises from an early exhibition of sinfulness in the child. The morning glories bloom for a little while under the sun, and then they shut up as the heat comes on; but there are flowers along the Amazon that blaze their beauty for weeks at a time; but the short lived morning glory fulfills its mission as well as the Victoria Regia. There are some people who take forty, fifty or sixty years to develop. Then there are little children who fling their beauty on the vision and vanish. They are morning glories that cannot stand the glare of the hot noon sun of trial. You have all known such little children. They were pale; they were ethereal; there was something very wonderfully deep in the eye; they had a gentle foot and soft hand, and something almost supernatural in their behavior—ready to be wafted away. You had such a one in your household. Gone now! It was too delicate a plant for this rough world. The heavenly gardener, saw it and took it in. We make splendid Sunday school books out of such children, but they almost always die. I have noticed that for the most part, the children that live sometimes get cross, and pick up bad words in the street, and quarrel with brother and sister, and prove unmistakably that they are wicked—as the Bible says, going astray from the womb, speaking lies. See the little ones in the Sabbath class, so sunshiny and beautiful, you would think they were always so, but mother, seated a little way off, looks over at these children and thinks of the awful time she had to get them ready.

After the boy or girl comes a little further on in life the mark of sin upon them is still more evident. The son comes in from a pugilistic encounter in the streets, bearing the marks of a defeat. The daughter practices positive deception, and the parent says: "What shall I do? I can't always be correcting and scolding, and yet these things must be stopped." It is especially sad if the parent sees his own

FAULTS COPIED BY THE CHILD.

It is very hard work to pull up a nettle that we ourselves planted. We remember that the greatest frauds that ever shook the banking houses of the country started from a boy's deception a good many years ago; and the gleaming blade of the murderer is only another blade of the knife with which the boy struck at his comrade. The cedar of Lebanon, that wrestles with the blast, started from seed lodged in the side of the mountain, and the most tremendous dishonesties of the world once toddled out from the cradle. All these things make parents anxious.

Anxiety on the part of parents also arises from the consciousness that there are so many temptations thrown all around our young people. It may be almost impossible to take a castle by siege—straightforward siege—but suppose in the night there is a traitor within and he goes down and draws the bolt and swings open the great door, and then the castle falls immediately. That is the trouble with the hearts of the young; they have foes without and foes within. There are a great many who try to make our young people believe that it is a sign of weakness to be pure. The man will toss his head and take dramatic attitudes and tell of his own indiscretions, and ask the young man if he would not like to do the same. And they call him verdant, and they say he is green and unsophisticated, and wonder how he can bear the Puritanical straight jacket. They tell him he ought to break from his mother's apron strings, and they say: "I will show you all about town. Come with me. You ought to see the world. It won't hurt you. Do as you please, it will be the making of you." After a while the young man says: "I don't want to be odd, nor can I afford to sacrifice these friends, and I'll go and see for myself." From the gates of hell there goes a shout of victory. Farewell to all innocence; farewell to all early restraints favorable to that innocence which

ONCE GONE NEVER COMES BACK.

I heard one of the best men I ever knew, 75 years of age, say: "Sir, God has forgiven me for all the sins of my lifetime, I know that; but there is one sin I committed at 20 years of age that I never will forgive myself for. It sometimes comes over me overwhelmingly, and it absolutely blots out my hope of heaven."

Young man, hear it. How many traps there are set for our young people! That is what makes parents so anxious. Here are temptations for every form of dissipation and every stage of it. The young man when he first goes into dissipation is very particular where he goes. It must be a fashionable hotel. He could not be tempted into these corner nuisances with red stained glass and a mug of beer painted on the sign board. You ask the young man to go into that place and he would say: "Do you mean to insult me?" No; it must be a marble floored bar-room. There must be no lustful pictures behind the counter; there must be no drunkard hiccuping while he takes his glass. It must be a place where elegant gentlemen come in and click their cut glass and drink to the announcement of flattering sentiment. But the young man cannot always find that kind of a place; yet he has a thirst and it must be gratified. The

DOWN GRADE IS STEEPER NOW,

and he is almost at the bottom. Here they sit in an oyster cellar around a card table, wheezing, bloated and bloodshot, with cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. But never mind; they are only playing for drinks. Shuffle away! Shuffle away! The landlord stands in his shirt sleeves with hands on his hips, watching the game and waiting for another call to fill up the glasses. It is the hot breath of eternal woe that flushes that young man's cheek. In the jets of gaslight I see the shooting out of the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. The clock strikes twelve; it is the tolling of the bell of eternity at the burial of a soul. Two hours pass on, and they are all sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord says: "Come, now, wake up; it's time to shut up." Push them out into the air. They are going home. Let the wife crouch in the corner, and the children hide under the bed. They are going home! What is the history of that young man? He began his dissipation at the Fifth Avenue hotel, and completed the damnation in the worst grog shop in Navy street.

But sin even does not stop here. It comes to the door of the drawing room. There are men of leprous Hearts that go into the very best classes of society. They are so fascinating—they have such a bewitching way of offering their arm. Yet the poison of asps is under the tongue and their heart is hell. At first their sinful devices are hidden, but after a while they begin to put forth their talons of death. Now they begin to show really what they are. Suddenly, although you could not have expected it, they were so charming in their manners, so fascinating in their address, suddenly a cloud, blacker than was ever

WOVEN OF MIDNIGHT OR HURRICANE,

drops upon some domestic circle. There is agony in the parental bosom that none but the Lord God Almighty can measure—an agony that wishes that the children of the household had been swallowed by the grave, when it would be only a loss of body instead of a loss of soul. What is the matter with that household? They have not had the front windows open in six months or a year. The mother's hair suddenly turned white; father, hollow cheeked and bent over prematurely, goes down the street. There has been no death in that family—no loss of property. Has madness seized upon them? No! no! A villain, kid gloved, patent leathered, with gold chain and graceful manner, took that cup of domestic bliss, elevated it high in the air until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows danced about the brim, and then dashed it down in the desolation and woe, until all the harpies of darkness clapped their hands with glee, and all the voices of hell uttered a loud ha! ha! Oh, there are scores and hundreds of homes that have been blasted, and if the awful statistics could be fully set before you, your blood would freeze into a solid cake of ice at the heart. Do you wonder that fathers and mothers are anxious about their children, and that they ask themselves the question day and night: What is to become of them? what will be their destiny?

I shall devote the rest of my remarks to alleviation of parental anxiety. Let me say to you, as parents, that a great deal of that anxiety will be lifted if you begin early with your children. Tom Paine said: "The first five years of my life I became an infidel." A vessel goes out to sea; it has been five days out. A storm comes on it; it springs a leak, the helm will not work; everything is out of order. What is the matter? The ship is not seaworthy and never was. It is a poor time to find it out now. Under the fury of the storm the vessel goes down, with 250 passengers, to a watery grave. The time to

MAKE THE SHIP SEAWORTHY

was in the dry dock before it started. Alas for us, if we wait until our children get out into the world before we try to bring upon them the influence of Christ's religion! I tell you, the dry dock of the Christian home is the place where we are to fit them for usefulness and for heaven. In this world, under the storm of vice and temptation, it will be too late. In the domestic circle you decide whether your child shall be truthful or false—whether it shall be generous or penurious. You can tell by the way a child divides an apple just what its future history will be. You ought to oversee the process. If the child takes nine-tenths of the apple, giving the one-tenth to his sister, if he should live to be one hundred he will be grasping and want the biggest piece of everything. I stood in a house in one of the Long Island villages, and I saw a beautiful tree, and I said to the owner: "That is a very fine tree, but what a curious crook it has in it!" "Yes," said he, "I planted that tree, and when it was a year old I went to New York and worked as a mechanic for a year or two, and when I came back I found that they had allowed something to stand against the tree; so it has always had that crook." And so I thought it was with the influence upon children. If you allow anything to stand in the way of moral influence against a child on this side or on that side, to the latest day of its life on earth and through all eternity it will show the pressure.

NO WONDER LORD BYRON

was bad. Do you know that his mother said to him, when she saw him one day limping across the floor with his unsound foot: "Get out of my way you lame brat!" What chance for a boy like that?

Two young men come to the door of sin. They consult whether they will go in. The one young man goes in and the other retreats. Oh, you say, the last had better resolution. No, that was not it. The first young man had no early good influence; the last had been piously trained, and when he stood at the door of sin discussing the matter he looked around as if to see some one, and he felt an invisible hand on his shoulder saying: "Don't go in! Don't go in!" Whose hand was it? A mother's hand, fifteen years ago gone to dust. A gentleman was telling me of the fact that some years ago there were two young men who stopped at the door of the Park theater in New York. The question was whether they should go in. That night there was to be a very immoral play enacted at the Park theater. One man went in; the other stayed out. The young man who went in went on from sin to sin and through a crowd of iniquities and died in the hospital of delirium tremens. The other young man, who retreated, chose Christ, went into the Gospel, and is now one of the most eminent ministers of Christ in this country. And the man who retreated gave as his reason for turning back from the Park theater that night that there was a voice within him saying: "Don't go in; don't go in." And for that reason, my friends, I believe so much in Bible classes. But there is something better than the Bible class, and that is the Sunday school class. I like it because it takes children at an earlier point:

AND THE INFANT CLASS

I like still better, because it takes children before they begin to walk or to talk straight, and puts them on the road to heaven. You cannot begin too early. You stand on the bank of a river flowing by. You cannot stop that river, but you travel days and days toward the source of it, and you find after awhile where it comes down dropping from the rock, and with your knife you make a course in this or that direction for the dropping to take, and you decide the course of the river. You stand and see your children's character rolling on with great impetuosity and passion and you cannot effect them. Go up toward the source where the character first starts and decide that it shall take the right direction, and it will follow the path you give it.

But I want you to remember, O father! O mother! that it is what you do that is going to affect your children, and not what you say. You tell you children to become Christians while you are not, and they will not. Do you think Noah's family would have gone into the ark if he had not gone in? They would say: "No, there is something about that boat that is not right; father has not gone in." You cannot push children into the kingdom of God; you have got to pull them in. There has been many a general in a tower or castle looking at his army fighting, but that is not the kind of man to arouse enthusiasm among his troops. It is a Garibaldi, or Napoleon I, who leaps into the stirrups, and dashes into the conflict, and his troops following him with wild huzza. So you cannot stand off in your impenitent state and tell your children to go ahead into the Christian life and have them go. You must yourself dash into the Christian conflict; you must lead them and not tell them to go. Do you know that all the instruction you give to your children in a religious direction goes for nothing unless you illustrate it in your own life? The teacher at the school takes a copybook, writes a specimen of good writing across the top of the page, but he makes a mistake in one letter of the copy. The boy comes along on the next line, copies the top line

AND MAKES THE MISTAKE,

and if there be fifteen lines on that page they will have the mistake there was in the copy on the top. The father has an error in his life—a very great error. The son comes along and copies it now, to-morrow, next year, copies it to the day of his death. It is what you are, not so much what you teach.

Have a family altar. Let it be a cheerful place, the brightest room in your house. Do not wear your children's knees out with long prayers. Have the whole exercise spirited. If you have a melodeon, or an organ, or a piano, in the house, have it open. Then lead in prayer. If you cannot make a prayer of your own, take Matthew Henry's prayers or the Episcopal prayer book. None be better than that. Kneel down with your little ones morning and night; commend them to God. Do you think they will get over it? Never! After you are under the sod a good many years there will be some powerful temptation around that son, but the memory of father and mother at morning and evening prayers will have its effect upon him; it will bring him back from the path of sin and death.

But I want you to make a strict mark, a sharp, plain line, between innocent hilarity on the part of your children and vicious proclivity. Do not think your boys will go to ruin because they make a racket. A gum, unresponsive child makes the worst form of a villain. Children, when they are healthy, always make a racket. I want you at the very first sign of depravity in the child to correct it. Do not laugh because it is smart. If you do you will live to cry because it is malicious. Do not talk of your children's frailties lightly in their presence, thinking they do not understand. Do not talk disparingly of your child, making him feel that he is a reprobate. Do not say to your little one, "You are the worst child I ever knew." If you do he will be the worst man you ever knew.

Are your

CHILDREN SAFE FOR HEAVEN?

You can tell better than any one else. I put to you the question: "Are your children safe for heaven?" I heard of a mother, who when the house was afire, in the excitement of the occasion got out a great many valuable things—many choice articles of furniture—but did not think to ask until too late: "Is my child safe?" It was too late then. The flames had encircled all; the child was gone! Oh, my dear friend, when sea and land shall burn in the final conflagration will your children be safe?"

I wonder if what I have said this morning has not struck a chord in some one in the audience who had a good father and mother, but who is not yet a Christian? Is that your history?

Do you know why you came here this morning? God sent you to have that memory revived. Your dear Christian mother, how she loved you! You remember when you were sick how kindly she attended you; the night was not too long, and you never asked her to turn the pillow but she did it. You remember her prayers also; you remember how some of you—I do not know where the man is in the audience—how some one here broke his mother's heart. You remember her sorrow over your waywardness, you remember the old place where she did you so many kindnesses; the chairs, the table, the door sill where you played; the tones of her voice. Why you can think them back now. Though they were borne long ago on the air, they come ringing through your soul to-day, calling you by the first name. You are not "Mr." to her; it is just your plain first name. Is not this the time when her prayers will be answered?" Do you not think that God sent you in to-day to have that memory of her revived? If you should come to Christ this morning, amid all the throngs of heaven, the gladdest of them would be your Christian parents who are in glory waiting for your redemption. Angels of God, shout the tidings, the lost has come back again; the dead is alive! Ring all the bells of heaven it the jubilee! Ring! Ring!

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Richmond and Danville Gossip—Brutal Assault on a Raleigh Lady—Result of the Police Sensation.

WASHINGTON, November 24.—The great deal by which Sully, Pace, Logan and others came into possession of the Richmond & Danville Railroad has, of course, been discussed here. The chief topic of interest in this quarter, however, is the location of headquarters. A few months ago they were brought here from Richmond. Most persons now think they will be carried back, but this view may not be correct after all. The present management is doing at on the subject. As the superintendent, Mr. Thomas, told me when I interviewed him three weeks ago for the Richmond *Dispatch*, the officers are not troubling about such matters. They are running the road on lines pretty well mapped out. I think that it is possible the removal may already be decided upon, but that it it is, it will be several months before it is carried out. On one head it is not probable that any one doubts; that the new management will push the extension of the road far west and south as soon as arrangements can be affected.

The city was shocked last Saturday when the evening papers announced that, on the previous night at a late hour, a negro had broken into the residence of Mrs. Page, a clerk in the Land Office, chloroformed her aged mother and attempted to chloroform the lady herself, but had been stoutly resisted until other members of the family came to her assistance. I have since learned that the lady is from Raleigh and that she is a widow, and the sister of the late Col. McLeod Turner. The next morning the mulatto chief of the room in which Mrs. Page is engaged in office hours came to her residence and confessed that he was the assailant. It seems that he had left his eye-glasses and the small chloroform bottle with the druggist's label upon it. He feared detection and wished to obtain his glasses and escape. He invented for his purpose the story that he had lost his senses in some way and suddenly found himself there without intending to go. He was ordered off and left, and has not since been seen. Of course he has been discharged from Government service and the police authorities everywhere put on his trail. His name is John L. West, and he was appointed from South Carolina. He is a legacy of the Republican administration. Mrs. Page was considerably bruised by his blows on her mouth and face when she struggled against his attempts to place a handkerchief saturated with chloroform over her face. She has been so much agitated by the assault that she has removed her family to the residence of a relative in the city and abandoned housekeeping, at least for the present. The most intense indignation has prevailed over the affair. The negro would be lynched if caught. The ladies had retired for the night and were sleeping in the same bed, the young daughters of Mrs. Page being in the adjoining room. There was no light, or a very dim one which did not enable Mrs. Page to distinguish her assailant. The feeling here is that in no case ought ladies to be subject to orders from negro chiefs of rooms or divisions.

The great police scandal has resulted in the Commissioners accepting the resignation of the chief of police, Maj. Walker, and dismissing Lieutenant Arnold and private Edelin for false statements and disseminating scandal. Lieutenant Kelly is suspended for three months without pay, and Sergeant Diggins is reprimanded and reduced for three months to the ranks. Walker says this afternoon in an interview that the Commissioners have sacrificed him to save themselves from public opinion. He declares that they have made up their judgment from the newspapers and not from the testimony. There is no doubt what public opinion is; the newspapers have voiced it. The judgment is approved.

Observation of great public officials has reached a point of insufferable and contemptible espionage. Evening papers here chronicle the fact that the President and Mrs. Cleveland walked in the grounds of the White House, and that number of times they walked around the premises before going in, &c.

An Illinois postmaster is sick. The department has already received applications for the man's place before he vacates them. The great ambition of the average American is to serve his country. It is the most patriotic people in history.

But there are some things that truly make us proud. The report of Postmaster-General Vilas shows that we have the largest number of postoffices and the largest total of mileage of any nation on the face of the globe.

Mr. Randall's committee is making considerable progress on the appropriation measures for the coming year.

The Presidential party arrived without incident from ex-President Arthur's funeral, notwithstanding the report that an office-seeking crank named Shuler attempted for some purpose to get to his carriage. Members of the party state that they know nothing of the fact that such a person was intercepted before he had reached Mr. Cleveland. The story is therefore discredited. Even if true, there was nothing sensational about it.

Prim is Randolph's new postoffice. Beardnot S. Lomy is postmaster.

Other new postmasters who have been recently commissioned are Mary J. Luther, acting, at Eleazer; Ashford Gainey, Gibb's Cross Roads; William Holton, Vandemere; John B. Cross, Gatesville; William A. Cuthbertson, Nebo.

The postoffice site at Holton, Ashe county, has been changed three-fourths of a mile east.

Railway postal service has been established on the line of the W. & W., short cut, between Wilson and Fayetteville.

Among the arrivals of the past week have been A. B. Andrews, Fred Stith, W. C. Leak and J. C. Buxton.

When Prohibition Comes we can Do Likewise.

(Atlanta Dispatch.)

Atlanta has a kerosene oil drunkard. Mr. Henry J. Barrows drinks half a gallon of kerosene oil weekly, taking a half pint of the oil at one swallow. When fifteen years of age he and two other boys went on a camphunt and were lost in the woods for three weeks. Barrows became separated from his friends and had nothing to eat and could find no water. He had a small bottle of kerosene oil which had been brought along to kindle fires, and from time to time he would take a small mouthful to alleviate his thirst. Before he was rescued he had swallowed the entire contents of the bottle. It had an exhilarating effect upon him, and the taste was pleasant. When he returned home he sampled the kerosene oil every day or two, and in a few months was drinking it regularly in small doses. It seems to have no injurious effect, and his parents did nothing to stop the habit. While in the army he would make regular foraging excursions for his drink, and while others secured buttermilk, coffee and whiskey, he always obtained a full supply of his loved kerosene. Once during a long march his oil gave out, and he almost went crazy and suffered all the tortures of a drunkard with the *delirium tremens*. He was sent to the hospital and recovered immediately after being allowed to swallow a cup of kerosene. Mr. Barrows now drinks nearly a half-gallon of oil a week, and it is only the very best. His health is perfectly good; his appetite never fails, and he has no known organic troubles. He says the oil gives him a feeling of exhilaration and burns him as it passes down his throat just about as much as whiskey would ordinary people.

Capital Lecture from Bro. Blount

(Gleaner, Mulberry.)

Earnestness does not always move with a clatter. There are other things in this world which are quite as pleasant and edifying as the rub-a-dub of a snare drum. In fact, this kind of melody is not generally the highest style of music. Have you ever known a man destitute and officious, clamorous and boisterous who did not weigh heavy after all? —a thing very well understood by every one except just the man who might have profited by that piece of information. And have you ever known a man quiet and ostentatious and faithful, a man who was a perpetual blessing, a golden man, deep souled and true, whose memory lingers long after he is gone, like light upon the hills after a gorgeous sunset? The shallow stream rattles along its course, but when it is met and drowned by the majestic tides rolling in from the sea, there is a silence on the hills. In the great tide there is the power of more than a hundred rivulets, yet its coming is almost as quiet as the celestial forces that bring it.

Lawyers, Read This and Sigh.

Col. Ward Lamon has just received one of the largest fees on record. He took $250,000 for recovering $3,000,000 for the Choctaw Indians. A big fee. With two or three cases like that a month a man of frugal habits might make "buckle and tongue" meet. Any how, we should like to try it about six months.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

McQuade, one of the boodle aldermen, is to have another chance. The jury failed to agree.

The first Jew to sit in the upper legislative house of Prussia was the late Baron Karl Rothschild.

Joseph Pulitzer's profits this year as proprietor of the New York *World*, it is said, will reach $600,000.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage has been invited to deliver the literary address at the commencement of Wake Forest College next June.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge has just decided that dogs shall not be allowed on the streets of London unless muzzled or led by a string.

Francis Palms, one of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of Detroit, died this morning. He leaves an estate worth from $15,000,000 to $18,000,000.

An interesting coincidence it is that Yale should confer LL. D. upon Oliver W. Holmes, Jr., while Oxford was doing much the same for Oliver W. Holmes, Sr.

Governor Currier has appointed Ex-Governor Cheney, of Manchester, United States Senator to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Austin F. Pike, of Franklin.

Bancroft, the historian, has collected and classified all the material for his history up the war of the rebellion. He has not done much literary work since the death of his wife, however.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford perpetrates the worst abomination in the shape of a newly coined word in her story in *Harper's Weekly*. She uses "tallth" for height. That coinage will scarcely pass current.

The new President of Yale is the third Dwight that has been elected to that position. The first one entered upon his duties about 100 years ago, and the President Dwight of today is in a direct line of descent from him.

Prince Bismarck has resumed his little dinner parties. He invites a few gentlemen to each, prefers to see them informally dressed, insists upon frank talk, and gives them two wines only—a good red wine first and a very dry champaign afterward.

Griswold Lorillard has declared war on the present style of dress suits, although they may be embellished with white silk vests and pique shirt fronts. At the Tuxedo ball he appeared in a coat without any tail and a scarlet vest. The effect was dazzling.

Convict Charles Buddensick, the man who used mud for mortar, refused to say anything yesterday concerning the decision of the Court of Appeals in his case. Warden Brush said that when it was told him he took it in a philosophical manner, not seeming to care much.

Judge Henry L. Lazarus, district judge of the parish of Orleans, La., is about to lose his office. A petition for his impeachment has been filed with the Attorney General. He is charged with misconduct in office, and it is also charged that he is incompetent for the duties of the office.

Mayor-elect Hewitt has taken the oath of office. He took it in a truly Jeffersonian style. He casually dropped into Mayor Grace's office, and in the presence of the secretary took the oath and signed his name, and after congratulations from one or two who had come in while the ceremony was going on, gradually withdrew.

This is better than we can say it, and it embodies our sentiment: "The *Herald* proffers to the President its kind felicitations. May his Thanksgiving, with all that it suggests of past fortune and future promise, be everything that he can wish it; and may the good that he has sought to do be returned to him tenfold. There is only one President, but there are a great many turkeys.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Mr. Henry George made a speech at a Fenian meeting on Tuesday evening, in which he had something to say on the land question. That question has little relevancy to the character and purposes of the Fenian organization, and if Mr. George expects to retain standing and influence among sensible Americans he would do well to avoid such company. It would be a misfortune for him to sink to the level of those agitators who make guerrilla warfare upon established Governments and advocate dynamite for the slaughter of the innocent to terrorize those in authority. Mr. George can do much to enlighten the working people of this country in regard to their real interests if he properly directs his efforts, and it would be too bad to have him spoiled by making common cause with all manner of agitators regardless of their character or methods.

A dispatch from Columbia, S. C., reports that Senator Wade Hampton and a party of friends started out hunting Monday morning. The party became separated, and in the afternoon, while riding through a thick wood, Senator Hampton's gun was caught by a vine and discharged. The load of buckshot entered the head of his horse and killed him. The horse fell on the Senator. He was severely hurt and his leg badly maimed. After several hours of painful effort he got loose, and with the aid of a stick hobbled on one leg, weak and almost exhausted, for five hours through the dense wood toward home. The party reached the Senator's house about 8 o'clock, expecting to find him there. As it grew late and he did not return they started to look for him, and found him a short distance from home, limping slowly toward it.—*Richmond Dispatch.*