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DURHAM, N. C.

The Tobacco Plant.

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RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying;
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seems to us but sad, funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing,
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus we do walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctified, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE FLYING YEARS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Sunday Morning, Jan. 2d.

"How Old Art Thou?"—GENESIS 47:8.

The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges there had been brought to it from India frankincense, and cinnamon, and ivory and diamonds; from the north, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and silk; from Greece, some of the finest horses of the world, and some of the most brilliant chariots; and from all the earth that which could best please the eye, and charm the ear, and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone, entered by the gateway that were guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphics, and wound with brazen serpents, and adorned with winged creatures—their eyes, and beaks, and pinions

GLITTERING WITH PRECIOUS STONES.

There were marble columns blooming into white flower-beds; there were stone pillars, at the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom. Along the avenues, lined with sphinx and fane and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palanquin, carried by servants in scarlet, or elsewhere drawn by vehicles the snow white horses, golden-bitted and six abreast, dashing at full run. There were fountains from stone wreathed vases climbing the ladders of the light. You would hear a bolt shove and a door of brass would open like a flash of the sun. The surrounding gardens were saturated with odors that mounted the terrace and dripped from the arbors, and burned their incense in the Egyptian noon. On floors of mosaic the glories of Pharaoh were spelled out in letters of porphyry and beryl and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wood of tamarisk embossed with silver, breaking into flam. There were footstools made out of a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouching lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hides of leopards. There were sofas footed with the claws of wild beasts and armed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea, on a summer day, and look either way and there are miles of breakers, white with the ocean foam, dashing shoreward; so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles flung itself up into white breakers of marble temple, mausoleum and obelisk.

It was to the capital and the palace of Pharaoh that Jacob the plain shepherd, came to meet his son Joseph, who had become prime minister in the royal apartment. Pharaoh and Jacob meet, dignity and rusticity, the gracefulness of the court and the plain manners of the field. The king, wanting to make the old countryman at ease, and seeing how

HOW WHITE HIS BEARD IS

and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into his face, and says to the aged man: "How old art thou?"

Night before last the gate of eternity opened to let in, amid the great throng of departed centuries, the soul of the dying year. Under the twelfth stroke of the brazen hammer of the city clock the patriarch fell dead, and the stars of the night were the funeral torches. It is most fortunate that on this road of life there are so many milestones, on which we can read just how fast we are going toward the journey's end. I feel that it is not an inappropriate question that I ask to-day, when I look into your faces and say, as Pharaoh did to Jacob, the patriarch: "How old art thou?"

People who are truthful on every other subject, lie about their ages, so that I do not solicit from you any literal response to the question I have asked. I would put no one under temptation; but I simply want, this morning, to see by what rod it is we are measuring our earthly existence. There is a right way and wrong way of measuring a door, or a wall, or an arch, or a tower, so there is a right way and a wrong way of measuring our earthly existence. It is with reference to this higher meaning that I confront you, this morning, with the stupendous question of the text, and ask: "How old art thou?"

There are many who estimate their life by mere worldy gratification. When Lord Dundas was wished a happy New Year, he said: "It will have to be a happier year than the past, for I hadn't one happy moment in all the twelve months that have gone." But that has not been the experience of most of us. We have found, that though the world is blasted with sin, it is a very bright and beautiful place to reside in. We have had joys innumerable. There is no hostility between the gospel and the merriments and the festivities of life. I do not think that we fully enough appreciate the worldly pleasures God gives us. When you recount your enjoyments, you do not go far enough back. Why do you not go back to

THE TIME WHEN YOU WERE AN INFANT

in your mother's arms, looking up into the heaven of her smile; to those days when you filled the house with the uproar of boisterous merriment; as you shouted as you pitched the ball on the playground; when, on the cold, sharp winter night, muffled up, on skates you shot out over the resounding ice of the pond? Have you forgotten all those good days that the Lord gave you? Were you never a boy? Were you never a girl? Between those times and this, how many mercies, how many kindnesses the Lord has bestowed upon you. How many joys have breathed up to you from the flowers, and shone down to you from the stars, and chanted to you with the voice of soaring bird, and tumbling cascade, and booming sea, and thunders that with bayonets of fire charged down the mountain side! Joy! Joy! Joy! If there is any one who has a right to the enjoyments of the world it is the Christian, for God has given to him a lease to everything in the promise: "All are yours." But I have to tell you that a man who estimates his life on earth by mere worldly gratification is a most unwise man. Our life is not to be a game of chess. It is not a dance in lighted hall, to quick music. It is not the froth of an ale pitcher. It is not the settlings of a wine cup. It is not a banquet with intoxication and roystering. It is the first step on a ladder that mounts into the skies, or the first step on a road that plunges into a horrible abyss. So that in this world we are only keying up the harp of a rapture, or forging the chain of a bondage. And standing before you, to-day, with life on the one side and death on the other; sang on the one side and groaning on the other; mansions on the one side and dungeons on the other; heaven on the one side and hell on the other—I put to you the question of the text: "How old art thou?"

TOWARDS WHAT DESTINY ARE YOU TENDING,

and how fast are you getting on towards it?

Again, I remark that there are many who estimate their life on earth by their sorrows and their misfortunes. Through a great many of your lives the ploughshare hath gone very deep, turning up a terrible furrow. You have been betrayed and misrepresented, and set upon, and slapped of impertinence, and pounded of misfortune. The brightest life must have its shadows, and the smoothest path its thorns. On the happiest brood the hawk pounces. No escape from trouble of some kind. While glorious John Milton was losing his eyesight he heard that Salmasius was glad of it. While Sheridan's comedy was being enacted in Drury Lane theater, Cumberland, his enemy, sat growling at it in the stage box. While Bishop Cooper was surrounded by the favor of learned men his wife took his lexicon manuscript, the result of a long life of anxiety and toil, and threw it into the fire. Misfortune, trial, vexation for almost every one. Pope, applauded of all the world, has a stoop in the shoulder that annoys him so much that he had a tunnel dug so that he may go unobserved from garden to grotto, and from grotto to garden. Cano, the famous Spanish artist, is disgusted with the crucifix that the priest holds before him, because it is such a poor specimen of culture. And so, sometimes through taste and sometimes through learned menace, and sometimes through physical distresses—aye, in ten thousand ways, troubles come to harrass and annoy. And yet it is unfair to measure a man's life by his misfortunes, because where there is one stalk of nightshade there are fifty marigolds and harebells; where there is one cloud thunder-charged there are hundreds that stray across the heavens, the glory of land and sky asleep in their bosom. Because

DEATH CAME AND TOOK YOUR CHILD AWAY,

did you immediately forget all the five years, or the ten years, or the fifteen years in which she came every night for a kiss, all the tones of your heart pealing forth at the sound of voice or the soft touch of her hand? Because in some financial Eurocly-don your fortune went into the breakers, did you forget all those years in which the luxuries and extravagances of life showered on your pathway? Alas! that is an unwise man, an ungrateful man, an unfair man, an unphilosophic man, and, most of all, an unchristian man, who measures his life on earth by groans and tears, and dyspeptic fit and abuse, and scorn and terror, and neuralgic thrust.

Again, I remark that there are many people who estimate their life on earth by the amount of money they have accumulated. They say: "The year 1866, 1876 or 1886 was wasted." Why? Made no money. Now, it is all cant and insincerity to talk against money as though it had no value. It is refinement, and education, and ten thousand blessed surroundings. It is the spreading of the table that feeds your children's hunger. It is the lighting of the furnace that keeps you warm. It is the making of the bed on which you rest from care and anxiety. It is the carrying out at last of you to decent sepulchre, and the putting up of the slab, on which is chiseled the story of your Christian hope. It is simply hypocrisy, this tirade in pulpit and lecture hall, against money, as though it had no uses. It is hands, and feet, and sails, and ten thousand grand and glorious enterprises. But while all this is so, he who uses money, or thinks of money as anything but a means to an end,

WILL FIND OUT HIS MISTAKE

when the glittering treasures slip out of his nerveless grasp, and he goes out of this world without a shilling of money or a certificate of stock. He might better have been the Christian porter that opened his gate or the begrimed workman who last night heaved the coal into his cellar. Bonds and mortgages and leases have their use, but they make a poor yardstick with which to measure life. They that boast themselves in their wealth, and trust on the multitude of their riches, none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him, that he should not see corruption. "Wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others."

But I remark: There are many—I wish there were more—who estimate their life by their moral and spiritual development. It is not sinful egotism for a Christian man to say: "I am purer than I used to be. I am more consecrated to Christ than I used to be. I have got over a great many of the bad habits in which I used to indulge. I am a great deal better man than I used to be." There is no sinful egotism in that. It is not base egotism for a soldier to say: "I know more about military tactics than I used to before I took a musket in my hand, and learned to 'present arms,' and when I was a pest to the drilling officer." It is not base egotism for a sailor to say: "I know how better to clew down the mizzentopsail, than I used to before I had ever seen a ship." And there is no sinful egotism when a Christian man, fighting the battles of the Lord, or if you will have it, voyaging towards a haven of eternal rest, says: "I know more about spiritual tactics, and about voyaging towards heaven, than I used to." Why, there are those in this presence who have

MEASURED LANCES WITH MANY A FOE,

and unhorsed it. There are Christian men here, who have become swarthy by hammering at the forge of calamity. They stand on an entirely different plane of character from that which they once occupied. They are measuring their life on earth by golden gated Sabbaths, by pentecostal prayer meetings, by communion tables, by baptismal fonts, by hallelujahs in the temple. They have stood on Sinai and heard it thunder. They have stood on Pisgah and looked over into the Promised Land. They have stood on Calvary and seen the cross bleed. They can, like Paul the Apostle, write on their heaviest troubles "light," and "but for a moment." The darkest night their soul is irradiated, as was the night over Bethlehem, by the faces of those who have come to proclaim glory and good cheer. They are only waiting for the gate to open, and the chains to fall off, and the glory to begin.

I remark again: There are many—and I wish there were more—who are estimating life by the amount of good they can do. John Bradford said he counted that day nothing at all in which he had not, by pen or tongue, done some good. If a man begin right, I cannot tell how many tears he may wipe away, how many burdens he may lift, how many orphans he may comfort, how many outcasts he may reclaim. There have been men who have given their whole life in the right direction, concentrating all their wit and ingenuity, and mental acumen, and physical force and enthusiasm for Christ. They climed the mountain, and delved into the mine, and crossed the sea, and trudged the desert, and dropped at last into martyrs' graves, waiting for the resurrection of the just. They measured their lives by the chains they broke off, by the garments they put upon nakedness, by the miles they traveled to alleviate every kind of suffering. They felt in the thrill of every nerve, in the motion of every muscle, in every throb of their heart, in every respiration of their lungs, the magnificent truth:

"NO MAN LIVETH FOR HIMSELF."

They went through cold and through heat, foot blistered, cheek smitten, back scourged, tempest lashed, to do their whole duty. That is the way they measured life—by the amount of good they could do. Do you want to know how old Luther was; how old Richard Baxter was; how old Phillip Doddridge was? Why, you cannot calculate the length of their lives by any human arithmetic. Add to their lives ten thousand times ten thousand years and you have not expressed it—what they have lived or will live. O, what a standard that is to measure a man's life by! There are those in this house who think they have only lived thirty years. They will have lived a thousand—they have lived a thousand. There are those who think they are eighty years of age. They have not even entered upon their infancy, for one must become a babe in Christ to begin at all.

Now, I do not know what your advantages or disadvantages are; I do not know what your tact or talent is; I do not know what may be the fascination of your manners or the repulsiveness of them; but I know this: There is for you, my hearer, a field to culture, a harvest to reap, a tear to wipe away, a soul to save. If you have worldly means, consecrate them to Christ. If you have eloquence, use it on the side that Paul and Wilberforce used theirs. If you have learning, put it all into the poor box of the world's suffering. But if you have none of these—neither wealth, nor eloquence, nor learning—you at any rate have a smile with which you can

ENCOURAGE THE DISHEARTENED,

a frown with which you may blast injustice, a voice with which you may call the wanderer back to God. "Oh," you say, "that is a very sanctimonious view of life!" It is not. It is the only bright view of life, and it is the only bright view of death. Contrast the death scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quinn, the actor, in his last moments said: "I hope this tragic scene will soon be over, and I hope to keep my dignity to the last." Malherbe said in his last moments to his confessor: "Hold your tongue! Your miserable style puts me out of conceit with heaven." Lord Chesterfield in his last moments, when he ought to have been praying for his soul, bothered himself about the proprieties of the sick room and said: "Give Dayboles a chair." Godfrey Kneller spent his last hours on earth in drawing a diagram of his own monument. Compare the silly and horrible departure of such men with the seraphic glow on the face of Edward Payson, as he said in his last moments: "The breezes of heaven fan me. I float in a sea of glory." Or, with Paul the Apostle, who said in his last hour: "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me." Or compare it with the Christian death bed that you witnessed in your own household. Oh, my friends, this world is a false god! It will consume you with the blaze in which it accepts your sacrifice, while the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance; and when the thrones have fallen, and the monuments have crumbled, and the world has perished, they shall banquet with the conquerors of earth and the hierarchs of heaven.

This is a good day in which to begin a new style of measurement. How old art thou? You see the Christian way of measuring life and the worldly way of measuring it. I leave it to you to say which is the wisest and best way. The wheel of time has turned very swiftly, and it has hurled us on.

THE OLD YEAR HAS GONE.

The new year has come! For what you and I have been launched upon it, God only knows.

Now let me ask you all: Have you made any preparation for the future? You have made preparation for time, my dear brother; have you made any preparation for eternity? Do you wonder then when that man on the Hudson river, in indignation, tore up the tract which was handed to him, and just one word landed on his coat sleeve—the rest of the tract being pitched into the river, that one word aroused his soul. It was that one word, so long, so broad, so high, so deep, eternity! A dying woman, in her last moments, said: "Call it back!" They said: "What do you want?" "Time," she said; "call it back!" Oh, it cannot be called back! We might lose our fortunes and call them back; we might lose our health and perhaps recover it; we might lose our good name and get that back; but time gone is gone for ever.

Some of you, during the past year, made preparation for eternity, and it makes no difference to you really, as to the matter of safety, whether you go now or go some other year—whether this year or the next year. Both your feet on the rock, the waves may dash around you. You can say: "God is your refuge and strength—a very present help." You are on the rock, and you may defy all earth and hell to overthrow you. I congratulate you. I give you great joy. It is a happy New Year to you.

I can see no sorrow at all in the fact that our years are going. You hear some people say: "I wish I could go back again to boyhood." I would not want to go back again to boyhood. I am afraid I might make a worse life out of it than I have made. You could not afford to go back to boyhood if it were possible. You might do a great deal worse than you have done. The past is gone!

LOOK OUT FOR THE FUTURE!

To all Christians, it is a time of gladness. I am glad the years are going. You are coming on nearer home. Let your countenance light up with the thought. Nearer home.

Now, when one can sooner get to the centre of things, is he not to be congratulated? Who wants to be always in the freshman class? We study God in this world by the biblical photograph of Him; but we all know we can in five minutes of interview with a friend get more accurate idea of him than we can by studying him fifty years through pictures or words. The little child that died at 6 months of age knows more of God than all Andover, and all Princeton, and all New Brunswick, and all Edinburgh, and all the theological institutions in Christendom. Is it not better to go up to the very headquarters of knowledge?

Does not out common sense teach us that it is better to be at the center than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly hurled into light and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments trying to peer in through the cracks and the keyholes of heaven—afraid that both doors of the celestial mansion will be swung wide open before our entranced vision—rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world, wondering if this is good for rheumatism and that is good for neuralgia, and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health where the inhabitant never says: "I am sick."

WHAT FOOLS WE ALL ARE

to prefer the circumference to the center. What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the May-time orchards of heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains and paths, up and down which angels of God walk two and two.

We are like persons standing on the cold steps of the National picture gallery in London, under umbrellas, in the rain, afraid to go in amid the Turners, and the Titians, and the Raphaels. I come to them and say: "Why don't you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can get in!" I say, "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say, "but we have been so long on these cold steps, we are so attached to them, we don't like to leave." "But," I say, "it is so much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery, you had better go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is out here, but we don't know how it is in there." Oh, let us be glad that we are one year nearer the scene that explains and irradiates all!

In 1835 the French resolved that at Ghent they would have a kind of musical demonstration that had never been heard of. It would be made up of the chimes of bells and the discharge of cannon. The experiment was a perfect success. What with the ringing of the bells and the report of the ordnance, the city trembled and the hills shook with the triumphal march that was as strange as it was overwhelming. With a more glorious accompaniment will God's dear children go into their high residence, when the trumpets shall sound and the last day has come. At the signal given, the bells of the towers, and of the lighthouse, and of the cities, will strike their sweetness into a last chime that shall ring into the heavens and float off upon the sea, joined by the boom of bursting mine and magazine, augmented by all the cathedral towers of heaven—the harmonies of earth and the symphonies of the celestial realm making up one great triumphal march, fit to celebrate the ascent of the redeemed to where they shall shine as the stars for ever and for ever. With such anticipations, we can look back without a single regret upon the flying years, and forward with exultation to the time when the archangel, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, shall swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that time shall be no longer.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Logan's Funeral-New Year's Celebration—The Session Reopened.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 5, 1887.—Last Friday the remains of Senator Logan, of Illinois, were deposited temporarily in Rock Creek Cemetery, near this city. The funeral, which took place at noon in the Senate chamber, was an imposing affair, having been attended by all the cabinet, the supreme court, the public functionaries, and such members of Congress as were in the city. The oration was delivered by Rev. Dr. Newman, of the Northern Methodist Church, and was altogether the most fulsome address to which I ever listened. As printed it falls short of what it was as actually delivered. In fact, a good many points were omitted out of abundant caution. The friends of General Logan were wiser than his eulogist.

The New Year's receptions at the White House, and the residences of members of the cabinet, were well attended, notwithstanding the weather was simply horrible. The whole earth was covered with a deep slush of snow and ice. The President, who had for weeks been suffering agonies from rheumatism, stood for hours, receiving eight or ten thousand people in all, and never once sitting down, or even leaning upon a cane. Mrs. Cleveland again won all hearts be her simple graciousness and superb beauty. The number of Congressmen present was smaller than usual.

The Congress, refreshed by its Christmas recess, resumed its labors yesterday. But as the announcement of General Logan's death was made soon after convening, no business of importance was done in the House, and nothing whatever was attempted in the Senate. To-day the Senate discussed the Inter-State Commerce bill after 2 o'clock. The House passed two of the annual appropriation bills and began the discussion upon the Naval Construction bill—a good day's work.

I have endeavored to ascertain the status of revenue measures. Nothing very definite can be written. There is a report that on the first Monday in February, being suspension day, Mr. Morrison will bring up a measure to test the sense of the House on a particular feature of the tariff. He will ask for a reduction of the sugar duty to the extent of twenty-five per cent. Mr. McMillan, of Tennessee, another member of the Ways and Means Committee, thinks that nothing will be reported, and nothing done, at this session to reduce the tariff. But he is of opinion that something ought to be done speedily, and he gives some facts as reasons. He says that ex-Governor Brown, of Tennessee, largely interested in railway business, sold worn out rails for fifty cents more in the ton than the new cost him in England. But Mr. McMillan states that the iron question, thanks to southern energy and the immense resources of Tennessee, Alabama and other States, is rapidly settling itself. When iron rails can be made for $10 a ton, and steel rails for $16, no protection is needed, and this is what the Chattanooga Works are able to do. This fact is significant. Mr. McMillan is a low tariff man.

The Republicans are badly divided on the tariff question; that is, upon the propriety of presenting a proposition of their own. Hiscock and Long favor action. Reed and others, perhaps the majority, oppose taking any step. Reed, who is the Republican leader in the House, said to-day in a group of his party associates, that it was all foolishness to talk about a bill to adjust the tariff to be presented by the Republicans. He declared that the Democrats should be left to deal with the question as they find themselves able, and satirically called attention to dissentions in that party. It was stated this morning, in different quarters, that the looked-for Republican bill would be introduced by somebody next Monday, and that it would embrace these provisions: Twenty per cent. off sugar, abolition of tobacco tax, free alcohol used in the mechanic arts. Later in the day I learned that the leading Republican upon the Ways and Means Committee had declared his ignorance of any such measure being prepared.

The movers in the reform of the internal revenue have as yet come to no definite conclusion. As many members were absent yesterday, nothing of important could be done, and I do not learn of any meeting to-day of the two committees recently appointed. Mr. Henderson says that it is probable that the proposition to reduce the fruit brandy tax, or possibly to abolish it, may pass the House, but is not disposed to think that that, or any other similar measure will pass the Senate.

Something has been said about Mr. S. S. Cox undertaking, when he is placed on the Ways and Means Committee, vice Hewitt resigned, to confer action at this session upon the tariff question. It is not at all likely that he can do what many others on that committee, older in service, have failed in doing.

Hon. Geo. E. Badger was a regent of the Smithsonian Institute from 1856 to 1863. In Prof. Baird's report for the years 1885-'86, just issued, he mentions Mr. Badger's name among the names of those regents whose portraits have not been secured for preservation.

Later this afternoon the Speaker had read from the clerk's desk, a communication which surprised the House. It was the resignation of Representative James W. Reid, of the 5th District of North Carolina.

Mr. F. C. Cline, of Hickory, was here a day or two since. His purpose was to effect the removal of Postmaster Beard, the Republican incumbent, and I hear that he was sanguine of success.

The condition of Mr. Thomas R. Ransom is much improved. He has grown better steadily for three days. His disease is not typhoid pneumonia, as first reported, but typhoid fever. Drs. Ghee, of North Carolina, and Garnett and Walsh, of Washington, are in attendance upon him. If no relapse occurs he will be well in two or three weeks.

The President has nominated as postmaster at Shelby, Mr. Benjamin F. Logan.

Mrs. Johnston returned yesterday with her husband, the Representative.

Among recent visitors were District Attorney Busbee, of Raleigh, Col Paul B. Means, of Concord, Mr. W. M. Morgan, of Durham; Mr. Norman McLoud and Misses McLoud, of Asheville; Messrs. Charles N. and Thomas Vance.

Postmasters recently commissioned: Joanna N. Cox, Busick; Charles M. Garrett, Citaloochee; Joseph Washburn, Autro; John A. Thompson, Blackmer; Ebin N. Ingram, Dudo; Jones A. Morrison, Edna; Jones P. Scott, Green Level; Herbert G. Williams, Lemay; Thomas J. Payne, Persimmon Creek; Elisha H. Joyner, St. John; David F. Lindsay, Bethany; Felix M. McRay, Norval.

Crooms, Columbus county, has been discontinued as a postoffice; mail to fair Bluff

Warlick, Burke county, changed to Warlick's Mills.

Hooker, Alleghany county, and Rober, Transylvania county, have been discontinued as postoffices, and mails ordered to Cherry Lane and Cherryfield respectively.

A new postoffice has been established at Juañita, Surry county, Jackson Low, postmaster.

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

In the Land of the Two-Tailed Lion.

The British lion is a noble beast; the two-winged one of Venice is remarkable; but the proud distinction of having two tails to wag is left for the heraldic lion of Bohemia.

Southeastern Saxony is, for the greater part, a very uninteresting country, bristling with stubby, dark green pines, and varied with the most monotonous system of undulations it has ever been my misfortune to see. Nothing deserving the name of hill or mountain greeted my eyes between Dresden and Bischofswerda, as I tried to peer through the moisture that trickled down the windows of my compartment. Outside—rain, rain, rain! European rain, and plenty of it. Not a pouring, dashing rain such as we have in America, but one of the permeating sort that seems to come as much up as down. Having no companion in my compartment I tried to imagine that I wasn't bored. I pulled out the sliding seats and made a comfortable red velvet lounge, on which I stretched myself lazily, puffing up intertwining rings of tobacco smoke—the essence of real North Carolina gold leaf—and enframing in them the faces of far off friends.

At Bischofswerda a delay of half an hour gave me an opportunity to dispose of a goodly portion of a fat Saxon goose and a glass of Pilsner beer. Pilsner beer is a Bohemian drink about the color of olive oil and very little stronger than the natural water of the country.

About two hours and a half from Bischofswerda—all distances are measured in time here instead of in miles—we arrived at Zittase, a pretty frontier town of Saxony. This is a nice, clean little city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, with an immense church and a fine new town house. At the depot is also a custom house where the officials of the two Empires attend to their duties in a most sympathetic manner.

When I alighted from the train a corpulent old party in a uniform so gaudy that the Emperor himself could not have looked more imposing, cast a suspicious eye on my valise and invicted me to go to the inspection room with him. I sized him up at once as the collector of the port and went. Finding only a pair of trousers, some linen, a couple of letters and a tooth brush in the valise, the old fellow seemed disappointed; and wished me to pass on. So leaving the bag in his charge I walked out to see the town. When I returned I told the "Collector of the Port" to take my bag to the train, which he did—very gracefully accepting a fee of twenty-five cents for the service, from which I drew the astonishing conclusion that even a custom house official *can* be reached.

At nine o'clock with a mighty jingling of bells the train stopped in the depot of Reichenberg, the second city of Bohemia, and on the platform I found my friend, the American Consul, awaiting me. Together we hurried through the rain to a coupe which was awaiting us, and drove to a hotel, in search of a little supper. Pleasant reminiscences of home and of life on the briny deep added to the zest of our appetites, and we sought my friend's apartment in the best of humors, notwithstanding the dismal weather. Here we were most hospitably received by Mrs. Hawes and the children, who were more than glad to see once more a familiar face.

Reichenberg is a beautiful little city of between twenty and thirty thousand inhabitants, and is situated in the Northeastern part of Bohemia. Its houses are well built of stone and its architecture is quaint and beautiful, as a whole. Yet as there are no Americans or English in the place, my friend and his wife find life a trifle dull and monotonous. However, as they are both young and fond of each other, it isn't half bad after all.

The next day was Thanksgiving day and it was for the Thanksgiving dinner that I had made it convenient to make my visit at this time. And such a Thanksgiving dinner! It was hard to realize that we were not in America again. Turkey and lots of good things! Old friends about the table enough to counterbalance the two strangers who had been invited to join our circle. Pleasant conversation and merry stories! The proud satisfaction of knowing that the good old flag was flying from the roof above our heads! Oh, we were thankful.

Then up rose the old baron, one of our guests, and proposed a toast to the single-headed American, and the double-headed Austrian eagles; and we all applauded. Taken all in all, I never enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner more than this one among the Bohemian hills.

That evening we were the guests of Mr. Hermann, a rich banker, who is also the United States Vice-Consul. The first part of the evening was very agreeably spent at the theater, where we occupied a box, and tried to keep awake during a rather prolonged performance. The Reichenberg theater is a little gem. It is built of white stone, and in architecture closely resembles the great theater at Leipzig. On top of it are colossal statues of bronze which add greatly to the appearance of the structure. The stage settings are well nigh perfect, and the arrangement of the auditorium is very much like that of the world-renowned Dresden theater, of which I will speak next week.

But the pleasantest holidays must end; and so it was that that evening my good friend and his wife walked with me up and down the platform at the station, awaiting the departure of the train to Dresden.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

The great jurist, Thos. M. Cooley, is now receiver of the Wabash railway system.

Servia has opened negotiations with the other Balkan States for a confederation.

Mayor Hewitt is following the President's lead, and is suffering the affliction of rheumatism. Cold weather or responsibility?

The Joseph Freeman, D. D., who is more than 84 years old, has engaged to preach for the year 1887 to the Baptist church at Colchester.

Lord Lonsdowne, Governor-General of Canada, has been tendered a position in the English cabinet, by Lord Salisbury. His excellency has not yet decided to accept.

Madame de Roys, a fashionable beauty of Paris, committed suicide by jumping out of her window. Grief and excitement, incident to the death of her husband, was the cause.

Eugene Hale has been nominated by the Republican caucus of the Maine Legislature, for United States Senator; and M. S. Ruby for the same position by the Republicans of Pennsylvania.

The senatorial contest in California is attracting almost as much attention as the New York fight. There is a combination against Hearst, and it is said unless he spends about $300,000 he will be defeated.

Major C. M. Watkins, the leading lawyer of Laredo, Texas, died last week. During the late civil war Major Watkins was a member of Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder's staff, and took a distinguished part in the battle of Galveston on January 1st, 1863, when the Harriet Lane was captured.

Gladstone is, indeed, a grand old man. As the *World* says, what a lesson to the ordinary politician is his noble declaration that, however much John Bright may oppose him now, he remembers only his "kind and loyal aid" in the past, and refuses "to write or speak one word that would possibly give him pain."

Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, slipped and fell on an icy sidewalk, with such force as to render him unconscious. Fortunately, no bones were broken, and there is no sign of serious injury. The accident caused his friends to besiege his house with anxious enquiries. He is called the Philadelphia philanthropist.

The New York senatorial contest is waxing hotter and hotter, and it is now suggested that probably Mr. Conkling can be induced to go into politics again, and carry off the prize for which Miller and Morton are fighting. Roscoe Conkling is a brilliant man, and if he again enters the political arena, may stand a chance for the Presidency in 1888.

Joseph S. Mitchell, an old and respected citzen of White Plains, Conn., died suddenly while sitting in his chair, last week, from heart disease. He was in the seventieth year of his age. He was appointed a deputy collector of internal revenue by President Lincoln, and continued in that office until it was consolidated, when he had to retire. He was the son of Minott Mitchell and was born at New Canaan, Conn.

A New York letter states that E. L. Andrews, the attorney of New York city, has written to Secretary Lamar suggesting that the United States is in a position to sue several States which have repudiated their bonded indebtedness. A State cannot be sued, but Mr. Andrews claims that the United States can sue the general States in default and establish the validity of the bonds. Secretary Lamar, it is said, has referred the question to Attorney General Garland. [The editor of THE PLANT expresses no opinion on this subject until next week.]

Mr. Cleveland, Democratic candidate for Governor of Connecticut, was not elected, although he received more votes than any of his opponents. The Connecticut law requires a majority of all the votes cast, and when a majority is not received the Legislature elects the Governor, and as the Legislature of Connecticut is Republican, Mr. Cleveland's opponent is Governor of Connecticut. Governor Lounsbury's inauguration passed off without a hitch. After all the predictions of the past few months, that there would be a combined movement to defeat him, he received a majority of 39, having 153 ballots to 114 cast for Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic candidate. He not only got the whole Republican vote of the Legislature, which is 151, but received the ballots of two Independents. There were five absentees, all Democrats.

We are beginning to catch a glimpse of the latest society grotesque. The dude is out of date, except on the stage. But in his place has come another. I call him the butterfly, and there are one or two in town. The dude was insane and peculiar, but he was also subdued. The butterfly isn't. He's loud of dress and chipper of demeanor, and aims at an all round and general gorgeousness. Of course, he's an excrescence. But he is more human and contemporaneous than his vacant and insane predecessor, reflecting as he does the extreme end of very voluble and very rapid young America. He is as noisy as a toy terrier, costs more and is as useless and chatters as much as a pet monkey. The creature's too volatile to stay. But as a thing of the moment he's a success. He's a reform on the dude, and, as reforms usually are, very radical!