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The Tobacco Plant.

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

THE LONG AGO.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
It flows through the realm of things,
With a faint, faint, and musical tone,
And a broadening sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come
And go,
On their ever-breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the souls of men are playing,
There's a cloudless sky, there's a spring,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the June with the roses are straying,
And the name of this isle is "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there,
There are heaps of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—oh! we loved them so—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair,
There are fragments of songs that nobly sing,
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswung and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our dead used to wear,
And the hands that are waved when the fairy show,
By the little mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbid air,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the days of our life until night,
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,
May the greenwood soul be in sight.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Sunday, September 18th, 1887.

Text: "And Pharaoh said to Joseph, 'See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt.'—Genesis 45: 18.

You cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain elevation to which he must attain. He will bring him through, though it cost him one thousand worlds. There are men constantly in trouble lest they shall not be appreciated. Every man comes in the end to be valued at just what he is worth. How often you see men turn out all their forces to crush one man or set of men. How do they succeed? No better than did the government that tried to crush Joseph, a Scripture character upon which we speak to-day. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph; how his jealous brothers threw him into the pit, but, seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants moving along on their camels with spices and gums, they carried him down into Egypt; how Joseph was sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office;

HOW BY INTEGRITY HE RAISED HIMSELF to high position in the realm, until under the false charge of a vile wretch he was hurled into the penitentiary; how in prison he commanded respect and confidence; how by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in the government—the Bismarck of the nation; how in a famine Joseph had control of a storehouse which he had filled during the seven years of plenty; how when his brothers, who had thrown him into the pit, and sold him into captivity, applied for corn, he sent them home with their beasts borne down under the beak of the corn sacks; how the sin against their brother, which had so long been hidden, came out at last, and was revealed by that brother's forgiveness and kindness, an illustrious triumph of Christian principle.

Learn from this story in the first place, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great household were committed to his hands. From this we learn that no honor or confidence were withheld. When Joseph was in prison he soon won the heart of the keeper, and though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and released from close confinement, he became a general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became the first man everywhere, and is an illustration of the truth I lay down that the world is

COMPELLED TO HONOR CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

There are those who affect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phlebotomy, by which a man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has humiliated himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all that is hypocrisy. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a Christian who shows that he has really become a child of God and is what he professes to be.

John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress, John Howard passing from dungeon to lazaretto with healing for the body and the soul, Elizabeth Frye coming to the profligate of Newgate prison to shake down their obduracy as the angel came to their prison at Philadelphia, driving open the doors and snapping locks and chains, as well as lives of thousands of the followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts. A man in the cars said: "I would like to become a Christian if I only knew what religion is. But if this lying and cheating and bad behavior

among men who profess to be good is religion, I want none of it." But, my friends, if I am an artist in Rome and a man comes to me and asks me what the art of painting is, and I must not show him the dumb of some mere pretender. I will take him to the Raphael and the Michael Angelos. It is most unfair and dishonest to take the ignominious failures in Christian profession instead of the glorious successes. The Bible and the Church are great picture galleries filled with masterpieces.

Furthermore, we learn from this story of Joseph that the result of persecution is elevation. Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his malicious brothers and his false imprisonment Joseph never would have become prime minister. Everybody accepts the promise, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," but they do not realize the fact that this

PRINCIPLE APPLIES TO WORLDLY AS WELL AS SPIRITUAL SUCCESS. It is true in all departments. Had it not been for Eschines who brought impeachment against Demosthenes, the immortal oration De Corona would never have been delivered. Men rise to high political position through misrepresentation and the assault of the public. Public abuse is all that some of our public men have had to rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could never have achieved. Many of those who are making great effort for place and power will never succeed because they are not of enough impudence to be abused. It is the nature of man to gather about those who are persecuted and defend them, and they are apt to forget the faults of those who are the subjects of attacks, while attempting to drive back the slanders. Helen Stirk, a Scotch martyr, condemned with her husband to death for Christ's sake, said to her husband, "Rejoice; we have lived together many joyful days, but this day wherein we must die together ought to be most joyful to us both. Therefore I will not bid you good night, for soon we shall meet in the heavenly kingdom." By the everlasting outburst among the principalities of heaven. The state has sometimes said to the church: "Come, let me take your hand and I will help you." What has been the result? The church has gone back and has lost its estate of holiness and has become ineffective. At other times the state has said to the church: "What has been the result? After the storms have spent their fury, the church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before it. The church is far more indebted to the

OPPOSITION OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT than to its approval. The fires of the state have only been the torches which Christ held in his hand, by the light of which the church has marched to her present position. In the sound of trumpets and in the sound of drums I hear the rumbling of the wheels of the Gospel chariot. Scaffolds of martyrdom have been the stairs by which the church has ascended. Aqueducts is the best test of pure gold.

Furthermore, our subject impresses us that sins will come to exposure. Long ago had these brothers sold Joseph into Egypt. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this suppressed crime. The smallest iniquity has a thousand tongues and they will blab out an exposure. Saul was sent to detect the Canaanites, their sheep and their oxen. But when he got down there among the pastures he saw some sheep and oxen too fat to kill, and so he thought he would steal them. He drove them toward home, but stopped to report to the prophet how well he had executed his commission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to bellow. The secret was out, and Samuel said to the blushing and confounded Saul: "What means the bleating of the sheep that I hear and the lowing of the oxen?" At just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Achan cannot steal the Babylonish

garment without getting stoned to death, nor Benedict Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched. Look over the public arrests, these thieves, these burglars, these robbers, these counterfeiters, these highwaymen, these assassins. They all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down that it would never come to resurrection. But there was shoes that answered to the print in the sand, some false keys found in possession, some bloody knife that whistled of the deed, and the public indignation, and the anatomy of outraged law hurled at him into the tombs or hoisted him on the gallows. At the close of the battle between the dauphin of France and the Helvetians, Bichard Monk was so elated with the victory that he lifted his helmet to look off upon the field, when a wounded soldier hurled a stone that struck his uncovered forehead and he fell. Sin will always leave some point exposed, and there is no safety in iniquity. Francis I, king of France, was discussing how it was best to get his army into Italy. Amaril, the court fool, sprang out from the corner and said to the king and his staff officers: "You had better be thinking how you will get your army out of Italy after you have entered." In other words, it is easier for us to get into sin than to get out of it. Whitefield was riding on horseback in a lonely way with some missionary money in his sack fastened to his saddle-bags. A highwayman sprang out from the thicket and put his hand out toward the gold, when Whitefield turned upon him and said: "That belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ; touch it if you dare," and the villain fell back empty handed into the thicket.

OH, THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE! If offended, it becomes God's avenging minister. Do not think you can hide any great and protracted sin in your hearts, in an unguarded moment it will slip off of the lip, or some slight occasion may for a moment set ajar this door of hell that you wanted to keep closed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with that transgression burning in your heart, as a ship on fire within for days may hinder the flame from bursting out by the hatchway, so the hidden sin, at last in the judgment, that iniquity will blaze out before the throne of God and the universe.

Furthermore, learn from this subject the inseparable connection between all events however remote. Lord Hastings was beheaded one year after he had caused the death of the queen's children, in the very month, the very day, the very hour, and the very moment. There is wonderful precision in the Divine judgments. The universe is only one thought of God. Those things which seem fragmentary and isolated are only different parts of that one great thought. How far apart seemed these two events—Joseph sold to the Arabian merchants and the rulership of Egypt. Yet you see in what a mysterious way God connected the two in one plan. So all events are linked together. You who are aged can look back and group together a thousand things in your life that once seemed isolated. One undivided chain of events reached from the garden of Eden to the Cross of Calvary, and thus up to heaven. There is a relation between the smallest insect that hums in the summer air and the eagle that soars on the throne of God can trace a direct ancestral line from the blue jay, that last spring built its nest in a tree behind the house, to some one of that flock of birds which, when Noah heaved the ark's window, with a whirl and a dash of bright wings went out to sing over Mount Ararat. The tulips that bloom in the flower beds of the power-bee were sown by last winter's snow-flakes. The furthest star on one side of the universe could not look to the furthest star on the other side and say: "You are no relation to me;" for from that bright orb a voice of light would ring across the heavens responding: "Yes, yes; we are sisters."

PLURIMUS SMITH in playing lawn tennis in the yard and the ball flew over the wall. Another ball containing letters was thrown back, and so communication was opened with the outside world, and Sidney Smith escaped in time to defeat Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition. What a small accident connected with what vast result! Sir Robert Peel, from the pattern he drew on the back of a new dinner plate, got suggested the idea of that which led to the important invention by which calico is printed.

NOTHING IN GOD'S UNIVERSE SWINGS AT LOOSE ENDS. Accidents are only God's way of turning a leaf in the book of his decrees. From our cradle to our grave there is a path all marked out. Each event in our life is connected with every other event in our life. Our loss may be the most direct road to our gain. Our defeats and victories are twin brothers. The whole direction of your life was changed by something which at that time seemed to you a trifle, while some occurrence which seemed tremendous affected you but little. The Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Basking Ridge, N. J., went into his pulpit one Sabbath, and by a strange freak of memory forgot his subject and forgot his text, and in great embarrassment rose before his audience and announced the circumstance, and declared himself entirely unable to preach, then launched forth a few earnest words of entreaty and warning which resulted in the out-breaking of the mightiest revival of religion ever known in that State, a revival that resulted in churches still standing, and in the conversion of a large number of men, who entered the Gospel ministry, who have

brought their thousands into the kingdom of God. God's plans are magnificent beyond all comprehension. He molds us, turns and directs us, and we know it not. Thousands of years are to him but as the flight of the shuttle. The most terrific occurrence does not make God tremble, and the most triumphant achievement does not lift him into rapture. That one great thought of God goes on through the centuries, and nations rise and fall and eras pass, and the world itself changes, but God still keeps the undivided reins, linking us to the event and century to come. To God they are all one event, one history, one plan, one development, one system, great and marvelous as they work, Lord God Almighty.

Furthermore, we learn from this story the propriety of LAYING OFF FOR THE FUTURE. During seven years of plenty Joseph prepared for the famine, and when it came he had a crowded storehouse. The life of most men in a worldly respect is divided into years of plenty and years of famine, and when it comes to the end of the world, it will be the same. You are astounded with large dividends. You invest more and more capital. You wonder how you can be content with only a small business, gathering in only \$100 where you reap your thousands. These are the seven years of plenty. Now, Joseph, is the time to prepare for famine, for to almost every man there do come seven years of famine. You will be sick; you will be unfortunate; you will be defrauded; you will be disappointed; you will be old, and if you have no storehouse upon which to fall back you may be famine struck. We have no admiration for this denying one's self of all present comfort and luxury for the mere pleasure of seeing how large a pile you can get, this always being poor and cramped, because as soon as a dollar comes in it is sent out to see if it can buy another dollar to carry home on its back; but there is an intelligent and noble minded forecaster which we love to see in men who have families and kindred dependent upon them for the blessings of education and home. God sends us to the insects for a lesson, which, while they do not stint themselves in the present, do not forget their duty to forestall the future.

"GO TO THE ANT, THOU SLEIGHTARD; consider her ways and be wise, which, having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." Now there are two ways of laying up money; the one by investing it in stock and depositing it in banks and loaning it on bond or mortgage. The other way of laying up money is giving it away. He is the safest who makes both of these investments. But the man who devotes none of his gain to the cause of Christ and thinks only of his own comfort and luxury, is not safe, and he will never be rich. He acted as the rose if it should say: "I will hold my breath and no one shall have a snatch of fragrance from me until next week, and then I will set all the garden afloat with the aroma." The time comes, but having been without fragrance for so long, it has nothing to give. But above all lay up treasures in heaven. They never depreciate in value. They never are at a discount. They are always available. You may feel safe now with your present yearly income, but what will such an income be worth after you are dead? Others will get it. Perhaps some of them will quarrel about it before you can find another money invested for you to die. What then will all your accumulation be worth if you could gather it all into your bosom and walk up with it into heaven's gate? It would not purchase your admission; or, if allowed to enter, it could not buy you a crown or a robe, and the poor saint in heaven would look down and say: "Where did that pauper come from?"

UP THE LONG ROOF of building, piled to the very roof with corn, come the hungry multitudes, and Joseph commanded that their sacks and their wagons be filled. The world has been blasted. Every green thing has withered under the touch of sin. From all continents and islands and zones comes up the groan of dying millions. Over tropical spicing groves and Siberian ice and Hindoo jungle the blight has fallen. The famine is universal. But, glory be to God! there is a great deliverer, Jesus Christ, our elder brother, this day bids us come in from our hunger and beggary and obtain infinite supplies of grace enough to make us rich forever. Many of you have for a long time been smitten of the famine. The world has not stilled the throbbing of your spirit. Your conscience sometimes rouses you up with such suddenness and strength that it requires the most gigantic determination to quell the disturbance. Your courage quakes at the thought of the future. Oh, why will you tarry amid the blastings of the famine when such a glorious storehouse is open in God's mercy?

Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, Behold a royal feast, Where mercy spreads her bounteous store For every humble guest. See, Jesus stands with open arms; He calls, he bids you come; Gilt holds you back and fear alarms, But see, there yet is room.

LYNCHBURG & DURHAM.

WHAT SERPELL & CO. ARE DOING ON THE LINE.

Mr. Kelly's Sub-Contract—Fishing Creek Bridge—Work at Tunnel Hill and Section Seven.

A visit to the points adjacent to the city at which work has been commenced on the Lynchburg and Durham railroad, yesterday evening, convinced the reporter that Messrs. Serpell & Co., the contractors, are preparing for a vigorous prosecution of the enterprise.

The first visited was the site of the proposed depot, on Twelfth street, at J. P. Shamer's. At that place Mr. J. Allen, Superintendent of the road, for Mr. John Kelly, the sub-contractor for three miles of the road, commencing at that place, has forty-five hands at work on the road-bed. Though they only commenced last Monday, they have already removed a great quantity of dirt. There will be here a cut nineteen feet deep, and a fill of the same depth, nearly all of which will be blasted through with dynamite. Mr. Allen uses dynamite, which is the cheapest and most satisfactory explosive. The road will cross Fishing Creek on a trestle forty-seven feet high.

At Tunnel Hill, three miles from the city, Mr. Serpell is pushing things with vigor. He has constructed seven shanties, each capable of comfortably accommodating twenty-four laborers. Others will be built as they are needed, and provision will soon be made for 300 hands. These shanties are situated seventy feet apart, as a safeguard against destruction by fire, and are substantial and comfortable plank buildings and stripped on the outside as a protection from the weather. Mr. Serpell is the first railroad contractor we have heard of who supplies his employees with cooking stoves and utensils, and comfortable bunks and blankets. Every shanty is so provided, and Mr. Serpell explained that men could not perform satisfactory work unless they were well fed and well housed; and while these comforts add materially to his expenses, they were, in the end, a good investment for all concerned.

In addition to these improvements the commissary building is completed, and already filled with all descriptions of commissary stores. The blacksmith shop is completed and ready for operations, and the tool house is already well stocked with implements to be used in the work. The stables are substantially built and contain a large number of the finest mules yet brought to this section. Mr. Serpell does not believe in "scrub stock," and works none but the best.

Work has been somewhat delayed by the failure of several car loads of wagons to arrive as soon as expected. Mr. Serpell is thoroughly equipped for the work, having brought with him, or having now on the way, every description of tool used in railroad construction. Thirty-five hands are now engaged in clearing out the right of way to the mouth of the projected tunnel, and the engineers will complete their part of the work at that point to-day. Monday morning the removal of dirt will commence in earnest. The tunnel will be five hundred feet in length and fifty-two feet at its greatest depth from the surface. Indications are that almost the entire distance will have to be blasted through solid rock. The tunnel will pass under the Campbell Courthouse road, within six or eight feet of the corner of the toll-house, now occupied by Mr. Butterworth, the toll-gatherer.

Mr. Serpell is now hauling lumber to section seven, four miles further on the road. He is erecting shanties, stables and other necessary buildings at that point, preparatory to the early commencement of the work there.

Our observations on this hurried visit justify the conclusion that this important enterprise will now be pushed to speedy completion.—Lynchburg Advertiser, 22d.

The Secret of Longevity.

[American Magazine for October.]

A little way beyond the ancient church at Faldenside, a brick residence, whose front is half hidden by one of those monster elms that are the pride of our Northern States, and beneath its shade I saw yesterday an old man who is passing his ninety-fifth year, sitting comfortably in a great arm-chair. My wife told me that his aunt had recently died, aged one hundred and five; and, curious to know if there was any special reason for such longevity, I made inquiries. "No," said my informant; "only they were almost always out-of-doors and live a quiet life."

Yet in that single sentence lay a greater philosophy than he dreamed of, a sounder precept than he knew. To keep out of doors and avoid worry is a maxim that, if followed, would claim a majority of our hospitals, which, I regret to say, have a greater number of occupants each succeeding year.

Especially to Women.

"Sweet is revenge especially to women," said the gifted, but naughty Lord Byron. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carrying numbers of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how sorely, or severely, in Dr. R. V. Harris's "Favorite Prescription." Safe in its action it is a blessing, especially to women, and to men, too, for when women suffer, the household is askew.

Wake Forest has 140 students.

STATE NEWS.

The endowment fund of Trinity college is steadily growing.

A terrific storm unroofed Yadin college, Davidson county, and caused much damage to the crops in that vicinity.

The body of James Wilbert, who Sunday before cut his wife's throat, was found floating in the Cape Fear river at Wilmington last Wednesday.

Gov. Scales has accepted an invitation to be present at the Catawba county fair, which will be held at Hickory on October 27th.

Goldberg's Argus: Steps are being taken to organize a joint-stock company for the manufacture of shoes in this city. Right "Let 'er go, Gallagher."

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THE SLAVONIC SORBS.

THE PLANT'S LETTER FROM THE OLD WORLD.

A Historical Sketch of the Land of the Ancient Saxons—From Anglo-Saxon Blood Came Freemen.

At and before the time of their invasion of England the Saxons were a strong heathen tribe inhabiting the northern and western part of what is now Prussia; nor was it until the tenth and eleventh centuries that they moved Southward into the region that was then called Sorabia, but which has taken from them the modern name, Saxony.

It is, however, not of the Saxons but of the race which they partially dispossessed that I wish to speak in this letter.

The original inhabitants of central Europe belonged to the same race as the modern Russians and Poles, and it is only in certain sections that they have been entirely driven out by the Germanic tribes which emigrated from Scandinavia in the early centuries of our era.

The Sorbs planted flax and wove the wool of their sheep into cloths and blankets which they found no difficulty in selling to their German neighbors.

Their weapons were stone axes and short swords; and it is said that when their towns were besieged they threw down from the walls red hot stones and boiling water.

In religion they were pagans, and had a great number of gods and goddesses. Their chief deity was Swantowit, the sun god; and under him were Divalog, the good, and Zschernebog, the evil spirit. To these, in their sacred groves, they offered cattle, sheep and human beings, whom they had captured in war.

At Wantewitz and Zwornia they held festivals in honor of Swantowit and the terrible Zschernebog. In honor of the former they had a great holiday in August, as they considered the sun-god to be the giver of their crops, which they gathered in August. At the same time they invoked, through their priests, concerning the prospects for the next year. Among their other deities were Nixen, Kobalde, Drachen and Nathtjager, the night-riider, who is referred to in Goethe's celebrated Erl-Koenig. In these deities the Sorbian peasants believe superstitiously, even to the present day.

From time to time missionaries came among these people from their German neighbors, and labored to convert them to Christianity. They preached Christ crucified, and built churches in his honor; and at length the emperor, Otto the Great, created the three bishoprics of Meissen, Merseburg and Zeitz.

As is always the case when a stronger nation attempts to force a weaker people to adopt its religion or customs, the old Germans, I fear, used compulsion rather than persuasion as a means towards accomplishing the desired end.

As an old manuscript has it: "Whoever did not fast punctually had one or two teeth broken out, and whoever did not bring tithes to the church, to him it was given to have a fore-teeth of hell while still in the world."—X. X. X.

They All Notice It.

[Hillsdale Recorder.]

We have known Durham quite a long time, and fully as well as any non-resident. We spent last Friday and Saturday there, was present at the election, and although Saturday is a half holiday, and all the factories turn out their hands at 4 p. m., and a large crowd was on the streets all the time, we did not see a single person under the influence of whiskey. It did not used to be so. It is not hard to guess the reason why.

Let 'er Go, Gallagher!

[Raleigh Standard.]

The attacks made on Mr. Nichols arise flies on the back of an elephant. He has the confidence of the people without regard to party, as was shown last year. Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart may yelp at his heels, but his progress will be onward and upward, and his detractors will be ground to the dust.

That's the Way. Keep It Up.

[State Chronicle.]

Ring the bells! Beat the cymbals! Blow the trumpet! Sound the trombone! The Warrenton Gazette says that not a car load of hay M. E. church, for whom Mr. Harris has worked zealously and with telling effect.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

As an anti-masque Burchard is against the deck.—Jersey City Journal.

Mr. James Russell Lowell is visiting Lord Hobhouse, in Wiltshire, England.

It is said that Robert Lincoln's law practice in Chicago is worth \$50,000 a year.

We have to inform "Civis" that Joan of Arc was not canonized. She was cremated.—Macon Telegraph.

The Duke of Buccleuch is considered the richest man in Scotland. He has an income of about \$1,200,000 a year.

Walt Whitman writes to the Pall Mall Gazette that the income from his books (royalties, etc.) does not reach \$100 a year.

The Boston Herald thinks it will not be very strange if President Cleveland turns out to be the ablest politician in his party.

The two most popular women in America to-day are Mrs. C. C. Cleveland and Mrs. Logan. One reason for this is that both have sense.

Mr. Phelps, the American Minister at London, has gone to Scotland to visit the Marquis of Tweeddale. He will afterward be the guest of Sir John Rose.

There is a Washington rumor that Randall will unite with the Republicans to prevent Carlisle from being elected Speaker. Just like him.—Wilmington Star.

If Robert Garrett wants to repair his shattered fortunes let him take the place of one of his sleeping car porters for a few runs.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, is pronounced a nervous mayor. He probably is, but he isn't as nervous as he makes the law breakers.

Gov. Hill is for Cleveland for the renomination. He will be renominated for Governor and take his chances for the Presidency four years hence.—Wilmington Star.

It is said that Ben Butler and Gen. Roger A. Pryor will appear for the Anarchists if they succeed in getting their cases before the United States Supreme court.—Wilmington Star.

Congressman S. C. Cox, of New York, is mentioned for the chairmanship of the ways and means committee of the next House. He is a decided advocate of Tariff reform.

Miss Sibley Sanderson, a daughter of the late Chief Justice Sanderson of California, is to make her debut in grand opera this month in Brussels. She will sing Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet."

The New York Tribune denounces President Cleveland for turning out all the Republican office-holders. The Sun denounces him for keeping them in. The World denounces him for both.

Prince Philip (Duke of Orleans), the eldest son of the Count of Paris, is about to start on a journey around the world. He will first go to the west of India, Japan, San Francisco and New York.

When Republican hopes are pinned to Fred Grant and Bob Lincoln the party is on its road to the cemetery, where all that was worth anything in it has preceded it.—St. Louis Republican, Dem.

Mrs. A. R. Parsons, wife of the condemned anarchist, says in relation to the decision of the Supreme court that she does not believe the public will permit what she calls the "judicial murder."

Prince Bismarck possesses some of the largest and finest forests in Northern Germany and with the exception of Prince Furstenburg, he is probably the largest timber merchant in the empire.

Gov. Forsaker will scarcely get his Presidential boom inflated on the claim that Mrs. Cleveland snubbed him. The country has an abiding faith in the perfect tact and good sense of the mistress of the White House.—N. Y. World.

It is not true, as Senator Sherman said in his recent speech, that a Democratic House of Representatives has never been able to agree upon any political measure; but it is uncomfortably near the truth.

Since the death of Joseph Gilley, on Saturday, Simon Cameron is the oldest surviving ex-Senator. He was born in 1799, and is followed by ex-Senator James Wadsworth, of Maine, born in 1805; Jefferson Davis, born in 1808, and Hannibal Hamlin, born in 1809.

It is said that Ben Butler has made a speech in favor of pensioning Confederate soldiers. Ben is trying to see how many leading Southern men and newspapers will catch on and help to give the bloody shirt a fresh breeze. Let it alone.—New Bern Journal.

It is asserted in New York that Jay Gould and the Baltimore and Ohio syndicate are at odds, and that when the telegraph system is disposed of it will be sold to the highest bidder. Mr. Gould having no claims above anybody else. Reports like these are encouraging. They show that Gould is not having a "walk over," after all.—Baltimore American.

Hugh Whittell, a forty-niner, who died a few days ago at Alameda, Cal., at the age of 77 years, erected his own monument some years ago. It is a splendid marble shaft, bearing his name and the dates of his birth and death and this epitaph: "He traveled over the first railway ever built in England, and crossed the Atlantic in the first steamship that ever plowed the ocean. He explored many lands and died in the fullness of the faith. Amen."

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