

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondents are hereby notified that to insure the insertion of their communications...

THE PLANT is in no wise responsible for the views of its correspondents.

Address all communications to THE TOBACCO PLANT.

DEBARK, N. C.

The Tobacco Plant.

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

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DURHAM, N C, FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1888.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING:

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes rates for 1 inch, 2 inch, 3 inch, 4 inch, 5 inch, 6 inch, 7 inch, 8 inch, 9 inch, 10 inch, 11 inch, 12 inch, 13 inch, 14 inch, 15 inch, 16 inch, 17 inch, 18 inch, 19 inch, 20 inch, 21 inch, 22 inch, 23 inch, 24 inch, 25 inch, 26 inch, 27 inch, 28 inch, 29 inch, 30 inch, 31 inch, 32 inch, 33 inch, 34 inch, 35 inch, 36 inch, 37 inch, 38 inch, 39 inch, 40 inch, 41 inch, 42 inch, 43 inch, 44 inch, 45 inch, 46 inch, 47 inch, 48 inch, 49 inch, 50 inch, 51 inch, 52 inch, 53 inch, 54 inch, 55 inch, 56 inch, 57 inch, 58 inch, 59 inch, 60 inch, 61 inch, 62 inch, 63 inch, 64 inch, 65 inch, 66 inch, 67 inch, 68 inch, 69 inch, 70 inch, 71 inch, 72 inch, 73 inch, 74 inch, 75 inch, 76 inch, 77 inch, 78 inch, 79 inch, 80 inch, 81 inch, 82 inch, 83 inch, 84 inch, 85 inch, 86 inch, 87 inch, 88 inch, 89 inch, 90 inch, 91 inch, 92 inch, 93 inch, 94 inch, 95 inch, 96 inch, 97 inch, 98 inch, 99 inch, 100 inch.

THE ASSASSINATION.

Sacramental Day Services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Whoever doth not bear his cross, and follow me, cannot be my disciple. Luke 9:14.

The cross was a gibbet on which criminals were put to death. It was sometimes made in the shape of the letter X...

When Darius conquered Babylon he put 200 captives to death on the cross. When Alexander conquered Persia he put 2000 captives to death on the cross...

A PLACE OF SKULLS.

But about the victim on one of these crosses all ages are crying: "Who is he? Was he a man? Was he a God? Was he man and God?"

Through the darkness of that gloomy day, I come close up enough to that cross to see what it is. It is dead. How did he come there? Had he come up on the top of the hill to look out on the world...

But that my friends, was before Christ had started for Calvary. That was only the whipping. Are you ready for your journey to the cross?

CHRIST, PUTTING ONE HAND ON the ground and the other on the cross, rises, looking into the face of Mary, his mother, for sympathy...

Now they have arrived at the foot of the hill. Off with his clothes. Shall that loathsome mob look upon the unrobed body of Christ? Yes.

stretch Christ upon it, and four or five men hold him down while they drive the spikes home, at every thrust a groan, a groan! Alas! alas! the hour passes on and the time comes when they must crucify him.

It is not the picture of a Christ, it is not the picture of a man whose cross will be to announce himself as his business associates to-morrow morning on exchange...

There were three or four absentees that made the scene worse. First, there was the absence of water. The climate was hot, the fever, the inflammation, the nervous prostration, the gangrene had seized upon him, and he terribly wanted water.

Then, my friends, there was the absence of light. Darkness always exasperates trouble. I never shall forget the night in the summer of 1878, in the steamer Greece, mid-Atlantic, every moment expecting the steamer to go down.

THE STWARD SAID: "We can't light up, the candles are gone and the holders are gone." The captain said: "I can't help that, light up." The storm was awful when the lights were burning, worse when the lights went out.

THE HOURS PASS ON and it is 12 o'clock of the Saviour's suffering, and it is 1 o'clock, and it is 2 o'clock, and it is about 3 o'clock. Take the last look at the suffering face, wan and pinched, the purple lips drawn back against the teeth...

How do you feel in regard to that scene described in the text, and in region round about the text? Are your sympathies aroused? or are you so dead in sin, and so abandoned by reason of your transgressions that you can look upon all that fearless and unmoved? No, no; there are thousands of people here this morning who can say in the depths of their soul: "No, no, no; if Jesus endured that, and all that for me, I ought to love him. I must love him."

love, and test your earnestness? My text gives a test. It says that while Christ carried a cross for you, you must be willing to carry a cross for Christ.

Suppose I should ask you at the close of a religious service to rise up announcing yourself on the Lord's side—could you do it? "Oh! no," you say, "I have a shrinking and a sensitive nature, and it would be impossible for me to rise before a large assemblage, announcing myself on the Lord's side."

There is some one whose cross will be to present religion in the home circle. Would you dare to kneel down and pray for your brother and sister were looking at you? Could you ask a blessing at the table? Could you take the Bible and gather your family around you, and read of Christ and Heaven and your immortal soul?

So you are bowed down and their sarcasm keeps you out of heaven and away from Christ, when under God you ought to take your whole family into the kingdom.

There are hundreds of men and women here, brave enough in other things in life, who simply for the lack of manliness and womanliness, stay away from God. They dare not say: "Forever and forever, Lord Jesus, I take Thee. Thou hast redeemed me by thy blood; here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends. Listen, all the world." They are lurking around about the kingdom of God—they are lurking around about it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of my text: "Whoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

An officer of a neighboring church told me that he was in a store in New York—just happened in—where there were many clerks, and a gentleman came in and said to a young man standing behind the counter: "Are you the young man that arose the other night in the Brooklyn tabernacle and asked for prayers?" Without any flush of cheek he replied: "I am. I haven't always done right, and I have been quite bad, but since I arose for prayers I think I am better than I was." It was only his way of announcing that he had started for the higher life. God will not cast out a man who is brave enough to take a step ahead like that.

CHRIST TROD THE WINE PRESS of God's wrath alone, alone! The cross that you and I ought to carry represents only a few days or a few years of trial. The cross that Christ carried for us had compressed into it the agonies of eternity.

with blistered feet and with broken heart and cheeks red not with health, but with blood from the temples. I take hold of his coat and I say: "It does not seem to fit thee." "No," he says; "it is not mine; it is borrowed; it does not belong to me; by your coat do they cast lots. And you say to him: 'Thine eyes are red as though from loss of sleep.' He says: 'Yes, the Son of man had not where to lay his head.' And I touch the log on his back and I say: 'Why earnest thou this?' 'Ah!' he says, 'that is a cross I carry for thee and for the sins of the whole world. That is a cross. Fall into line, march on with me in this procession, take your smaller crosses and your lighter burdens and join me in this march to heaven.' And you join that procession with your smaller crosses, your lighter burdens, and he sees some are halting because they cannot endure the shame, or bear the burden, and with a voice which has in it omnipotence, he cries until all the earth trembles: 'Whoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple.'"

Oh! my brethren, my sisters—for I do not speak professionally, I speak as a brother would speak to a brother or sister—my brother, can you not bear a cross if at last you can wear a crown? Come now, let us divide off. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is ready to turn his back upon the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world? A Roman emperor said to a Greek architect: "You build me a coliseum, a grand coliseum, and if it suits me I will crown you in the presence of all the people, and I will make a great day of festival on your account." The Greek architect did his work, did it magnificently, planned the building, looked after its construction. The day for opening arrived. In the coliseum were the emperor and the Greek architect. The emperor rose and the architect of a cast-iron assembly and said: "We have gathered here to-day to open this coliseum, and to honor the Greek architect. It is a great day for the Roman empire. Let this building be prosperous, and let honor be put upon the Greek architect. We must have a festival to-day. Bring out those Christians and let us have them put to death at the mouth of the lions." The Christians were put into the center of the amphitheatre. It was to be a GREAT CELEBRATION in their destruction. Then the lions, hungry and three-fourths starved, were let out from their dens in the side of the amphitheatre, and they came forth with mighty spring to destroy and rend the Christians, and all the galleries shouted: "Huzza, huzza! Long live the emperor!" Then the Greek architect arose in one of the galleries and shouted aloud in the vast assemblage all heard him: "Two are a Christian, and they sold him for his fury and anger, and they sold him for his blood, bleeding and dead, was tumbled over, and over again in the dust of the amphitheatre. Oh! Christian man, Oh! Christian woman! Have you any tears to show in this conflict? When a war is over the heroes have scars to show. One here rolls back his sleeve and shows a scar on his forehead, or he pulls down the collar and shows where his manly neck was wounded. Another man says: 'I have never had the use of my limbs since I was wounded at that great battle.' When the last day comes, when all our battles are over, will we have any wounds for Christ? Some have wounds for sin, wounds for the devil, wounds gotten in fighting on the wrong side. Have we wounds that we can show—wounds gotten in the battle for Christ and for the truth? On that resurrection day Christ will have plenty of scars to show. Christ will stand there and show the scars on his brow, the scars on his hands, and the scars on his feet, and he will ask us: 'What is the role of his royalty and show the scar on his side, and all heaven will break down with emotion and gratitude in one great sob, and then in one great hosanna. Will you and I have any scars to show? There will be Ignatius, on that day showing the mark of the paw and teeth of the lion that struck him down in the Coliseum. There will be glorious John Huss showing just where on his foot the flame began on that day when his foot was being scorched away from the hot coals of the stake. There will be Hugh McNeill ready to point to the mark on his neck where the axe struck him. There will be McMillan and Campbell and Freeman, the American missionaries who with their wives and children were put to death in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, showing the places where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. There will be Waldenses showing where their limbs were broken on the day when the Piedmontese soldiers pitched them over the rocks. Will you and I have any wounds to show? Have we BRIGHT ANY BATTLES FOR CHRIST? Oh! that we might all be enlisted for Christ, that we might all be enlisted to suffer for Christ, that we might all bear a cross for Christ. When the Scottish chieftains wanted to raise an army they would make a cross and then set it on fire and carry it with other crosses they had through the mountains and among the people, and as they waved the cross the people would gather to the standard and fight for Scotland. So to-day I come out with the cross of the Son of God. It is a flaming cross—flaming with suffering, flaming with triumph, flaming with glory. Carry it out among all the people.

LATE TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

The Great Work Beginning With Smoothness.

St. Louis, June 5.—At noon all of the delegations have arrived at the convention hall except those from New York and Missouri. The absence of the New York delegation makes a large gap in the centre of the space reserved for delegates, and the convention waits with mingled feelings of curiosity and impatience for the appearance of the Empire State's representatives. It is fifteen minutes before they come into the convention, headed by ex-Mayor Grace of New York city, conspicuous as it marches to its place with the eyes of the convention fixed on it. The distinguished figure of Daniel Dougherty, who is to place Cleveland in nomination, is observed and he is cheered. At this moment a California delegate mounts a chair and, unfurling a red handkerchief places it on the banner pole of the delegation. This is a signal for the appearance of hundreds of the 'old Romans'—the banner poles of Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Nebraska, West Virginia, Florida, Utah, New Mexico, Ohio, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Delaware, Oregon and Nevada are decorated with red handkerchiefs, and from the gallery, balconies and nave of the hall proper red banners wave all over the auditorium. A cheer bursts from a thousand throats in the galleries, which is caught up by the convention, and grows in volume until the banners of the band trumps and the sound of the band drum are drowned in the general hurra of enthusiasm in the presence of some hoisted his high gear hat on a pole in the Indiana delegation and the friends of free, gray hair join in the cheering. Chairman Barnum, who has advanced to a high desk on the platform, waits for an auspicious subsidence.

Severe Storm.

Goldensboro, N. C., June 4.—This town was visited about 8:45 o'clock Saturday night with a half-storm, the like of which has never been seen before. It hailed about seven or eight minutes in perfect showers, the stones being as large as pigeon eggs, entirely destroying the gardens and fruit in the southern portion of the town, which seemed to be the center of the storm. We learn that it was about three miles wide and demolished the cotton and corn crop in its path. One farmer, G. W. Best, eight miles east of here, out of five hundred acres of cotton eight inches high, has only eight acres left. Luckily there was not a very heavy hail. The whole face of the earth was covered with the hail about two inches deep until the rain began a perfect deluge, washing up bridges across streams and doing immense damage. Robbers, taking advantage of the weather and the darkness of the night, visited J. H. Powell's smoke-house, but could not enter an engine, when they entered his country and carried off a tub of lard and a sack of corn. Then they stole their respective property. Powell's smoke-house and a half barrel of pork. Not being satisfied, they visited the store of W. N. Underhill, in the northern portion of the town, and were about getting in, when Mr. Underhill, hearing them, came to the door, pistol in hand, though before he could fire upon them they had knocked him down, making an ugly wound on the forehead. They have been captured so far.

Great Damage Near Home.

Milnes, N. C., June 4.—One of the most terrific cyclones that has ever visited the South passed over this place at 1 o'clock Saturday, the 21st inst. The length of the track was about 25 miles and it was 500 yards wide. The destruction and devastation were immense. Whole plantations of recently planted corn and tobacco were wiped out, buckets full of hull-bones as large as guinea eggs could be easily gathered, and the soil has since been so cold that the hails is scarce on the ground, and our people are sitting by fires. The woods are strewn with green leaves like the fall of dried leaves in autumn. The fine plantation of Mr. John Cunningham, situated about eight miles east of here, in Person county, containing 15,000 acres of fine, bright tobacco land, recently planted, was terribly damaged. The buildings, which were equal to a small village, were destroyed and twenty-five very large forest trees in his yard were blown to the ground, some of them falling on his large frame dwelling and completely demolishing it. Mr. Cunningham is very wealthy and can easily stand the loss. He is the largest tobacco raiser in this, the largest tobacco belt of Virginia and North Carolina. The prospects of the smaller farmers are completely ruined for this year.

Flashed Into Eternity.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 1.—Governor Hill today signed the bill abolishing hanging for all murders committed after January 1, 1889, and substituting death by electricity therefor. The bill consists of elaborate and carefully drawn amendments to the Code of Criminal Procedure, providing that the prisoner sentenced to death shall be immediately conveyed by the Sheriff to one of the State prisons, and there kept in solitary confinement until the day of execution, to be visited only by officers, or by his relatives, physician, clergyman or nurse. A full name, next to the name of the prisoner, shall be the work within which the execution is to take place, the particular day within such week being left to the discretion of the principal officer of the prison. The execution is required to be practically private, only a limited number of citizens being allowed to be present. After the execution funeral services may be held within the prison walls and the body shall be delivered into the custody of relatives if requested otherwise it shall be decently interred within the prison grounds.

New Bern Journal.

The justices did a good thing in re-electing Mr. Jas. A. Bryan as a member of the board of county commissioners. He was the only member of the old board that was eligible under the recent act of the General Assembly, and having devoted much time to the management of the county affairs he will be of invaluable aid to the new members elected.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Scours, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by R. Blackwell & Son.

OUR PLATFORM.

Adopted in State Convention at Raleigh, May, 1888.

We again congratulate the people of North Carolina on the continued enjoyment of peace, good government and general prosperity under Democratic administration of the affairs of the State which has now been upon the scene for so many years; upon the just and impartial enforcement of the laws upon the increasing efficiency of our common school system, and the progress made in popular education; upon the improvement and enterprise manifested in all parts of the State. We again challenge a comparison between this state of things and the outrages, crimes and scandals which attended Republican ascendancy in our borders. We pledge ourselves to exert in the future, as in the past, our best efforts to promote the best interests of the people of all sections of the State. Affirming our adherence to Democratic principles as heretofore enunciated in the platforms of the party, it is hereby

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Young Men's Democratic Club of Raleigh will have a grand ratification meeting Friday night. Called Express: Mr. J. D. Henry killed a bald eagle a few days ago, which measured five feet and four inches from tip to tip. News Observer: Mr. N. H. D. Wilson, of Greensboro, who will take a position on the editorial staff of the Christian Advocate, arrived yesterday. Greensboro Patriot: The coming of warm weather has necessitated the shutting down of the Fayetteville Cotton Seed Oil Mills, which carry on an extensive manufacture of its universally used product. News Observer: Governor Scales yesterday issued the death warrant of W. A. Potts, who murdered Paul Lincke in Beaufort county last November, but whose death sentence was appealed to the Supreme court and the decision sustained on Friday, May 18th. The Governor has fixed July 13th as the day for Potts' execution. The same day was also fixed for a trial in the case of James Byers, of Wilkes, who was convicted of murder, appealed to the Supreme court and judgment was affirmed. News Observer: Mr. A. J. Cooke, one of the proprietors of the Atlantic City, Mo.,-head City, Pa., passed through this city Monday, en route for Morehead, having returned from an extended tour of Southern cities in the interest of his hotel. Mr. Cooke carried with him about forty waiters, and is prepared to run the hotel on a scale even surpassing the past history of the establishment. Nothing will be left unsatisfied for the comfort, convenience and pleasure of the numerous guests who will be entertained there during the coming season. News Observer: The cornerstone of the Central M. E. Church, on the corner of Person and Morgan streets, was laid yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Bishop J. S. Key officiating. There was a large crowd to witness the ceremonies which were conducted in an impressive manner. In the stone were placed a large copy of the Discipline, a number of religious and other newspapers, and other church literature. The cornerstone was a beautiful white marble block, and bore the inscription: "Central Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Raleigh, June 5, 1888." Wilmington Star: The following is a statement of the exports to foreign countries for the month of May last, as taken from the books at the Custom House, viz.: Belgium—Rosin, 6,232 barrels, valued at \$6,628; spirits turpentine, 500 casks, valued at \$8,697. French West Indies—Lumber, 245,000 feet, valued at \$3,554; Germany—Rosin, 2,742 barrels, valued at \$3,768; England—Rosin, 12,504 barrels, valued at \$15,677; spirits turpentine, 610 casks, valued at \$4,478; pitch, 50 barrels, value, \$148. Scotland—Rosin, 2,676 barrels, value, \$2,700; spirits turpentine, 1,100 casks, value, \$18,700. Total value of exports foreign for the month, \$69,590.

PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

The two "Spartans" who persistently recorded their votes for Alexander, even after the Mecklenburg delegation had withdrawn that gentleman's name, were hunted up by our reporter and interviewed. He found that they belonged to the Anson county delegation and represented Gulledege's township; their names being J. S. Myers and S. T. Flake. They said they had voted for Alexander on twenty-three ballots and were ready to vote for him as many times more—that they had come all the way from Anson county for that purpose, and were just fairly getting down to business when the chairman announced that Judge Fowle had been chosen. Asheville Star: Probably the worst muddled hen in the State of North Carolina, is one owned by Nat. Atkinson, Jr. Her trouble dates to the production of an egg of a half pound and she has apparently been vainly struggling to solve it practically. Her first attempt took the shape of an egg and a half, the half egg being connected with the whole. A few days later she laid an egg twice the usual size and much deformed. Yesterday she made a third attempt, producing this time three eggs, one about the ordinary size, one the size of a partridge egg and one the size of a chicken egg. Nat is awaiting the next laying with much interest. He fears, however, that the hen will lay herself out unless she stops worrying over that problem.