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DURHAM, N. C.

The Tobacco Plant.

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

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THE CONSTELLATIONS OF THE REDEEMED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Sunday, June 24th, 1888.

Text: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."—Daniel xii, 3.

Every man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often is thunder, and his life is an anthem or a doxology. There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or making it worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's, making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done a mighty work in peopling heaven or hell. I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some evil that he expects to do, or a man who has saved an empire might as well talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values, or you have, by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.

It would be absurd for me to stand here and, by elaborate argument, prove that the world is off the track. You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capsized rail train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment sixty centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train, has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! crash! The only question now is, by what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? By what hammer may the fragments be reconstructed?

I want to show you how we may turn many to righteousness, and what will be our future

PAY FOR SO DOING.

First—We may turn them by the charm of a right example. A child, coming from a filthy home, was taught at school to wash its face. It went home so much improved in appearance that its mother washed her face. And when the father of the household came home, and saw the improvement in domestic appearance, he washed his face. The neighbors happening in, saw the change, and tried the same experiment until all that street was purified, and the next street copied its example, and the whole city felt the result of one schoolboy washing his face. That is a fable, by which we set forth that the best way to get the world washed of its sins and pollution is to have our own heart and life cleansed and purified. A man with grace in his heart, and Christian cheerfulness in his face, and holy consistency in his behavior, is a perpetual sermon; and the sermon differs from others in that it has but one head, and the longer it runs the better. There are honest men who walk down Wall street, making the teeth of iniquity chatter. There are happy men who go into a sick room, and, by a look, help the broken bone to knit, and the excited nerves drop to calm beating. There are pure men whose presence silences the tongue of uncleanness. The mightiest agent of good on earth is a consistent Christian. I like the Bible folded between lids of cloth, of calf-skin, or morocco, but I like it better when, in the shape of a man, it goes out into the world—a Bible illustrated. Courage is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a man with all the world against him confident as though all the world were for him. Patience is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a buffeted soul calmly waiting for the time of deliverance. Faith is beautiful to read about; but rather would I find a man in the midnight walking straight on as though he saw everything. Oh, how many souls have been turned to God by the charm of a

BRIGHT EXAMPLE!

When, in the Mexican war, the troops were wavering, a general rose in his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's lines, shouting, "Men, follow!" They, seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on after him and gained the victory. What men want to rally them for God is an example to lead them. All your commands to others amount to nothing so long as you stay behind. To affect them aright, you need to start for heaven yourself, looking back only to give the stirring cry of "Men, follow!"

Again: We turn many to rightcousness by prayer. There is no such detective as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hands on the shoulder of a man ten thousand miles off. It alights on a ship mid Atlantic. The little child cannot understand the law of electricity, or how the telegraph operator, by touching the instrument here, may dart a message under the sea to another continent; nor can we, with our small intellect, understand how the touch of a Christian's prayer shall instantly strike a soul on the other side of the earth. You take a ship and go to some other country, and get there at 11 o'clock in the morning. You telegraph to New York, and the message gets here at 6 o'clock in the same morning. In other words it seems to arrive here five hours before it started. Like that is prayer. God says: "Before they call I will hear." To overtake a loved one on the road, you may spur up a lathered steed until he shall outrace the one that brought the news to Ghent; but a prayer shall catch it at one gallop. A boy running away from home may take the midnight train from the country village and reach the seaport in time to gain the ship that sails on the morrow; but a mother's prayer will be on deck to meet him, and in the hammock before he swings into it, and at the capstan before he winds the rope around it, and on the sea, against the sky, as the vessel plows on toward it. There is a

MIGHTINESS IN PRAYER.

George Muller prayed a company of poor boys together, and then he prayed up an asylum in which they might be sheltered. He turned his face upon Edinburgh and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward London and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds off the sky, and it was dry weather. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds together, and it was wet weather. Prayer, in Daniel's time, walked the cave as a lion tamer. It reached up, and took the sun by its golden bit, and stopped it. We have all yet to try the full power of prayer. The time will come when the American church will pray with its face toward the west, and all the prairies and inland cities will surrender to God; and will pray with face toward the sea, and all the islands and ships will become Christian. Parents who have wayward sons will get down on their knees and say: "Lord, send my boy home," and the boy in Canton shall get right up from the gambling table, and go down to the wharf to find out which ship starts first for America.

Not one of us yet knows how to pray. All we have done as yet has only been pattering, and guessing, and experimenting. A boy gets hold of his father's saw and hammer, and tries to make something, but it is a poor affair that he makes. The father comes and takes the same saw and hammer and builds the house or the ship. In the childhood of our Christian faith, we make but poor work with the weapons of prayer, but when we come to the stature of men in Christ Jesus, then, under these implements, the temple of God will rise, and the world's redemption will be launched. God cares not for the length of our prayers, or the number of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers, or the place of our prayers: but

IT IS THE FAITH

in them that tells. Believing prayer soars higher than the lark ever sang; plunges deeper than the diving bell ever sank: darts quicker than the lightning ever flashed. Though we have used only the back of this weapon instead of the edge, what marvels have been wrought! If saved, we are all the captives of some earnest prayer. Would God that, in desire for the rescue of souls, we might lay hold of the resources of the Lord Omnipotent.

We may turn many to righteousness by Christian admonition. Do not wait until you can make a formal speech. Address the one next to you. You will not go home alone to-day. Between this and your place of stopping you may decide the eternal destiny of an immortal spirit. Just one sentence may do the work. Just on question. Just one look. The formal talk that begins with a sigh and ends with a canting snuffle is not what is wanted, but the heartthrob of a man in dead earnest. There is not a soul on earth that you may not bring to God if you rightly go at it. They said Gibraltar could not be taken. It is a rock, sixteen hundred feet high and three miles long. But the English and Dutch did take it. Artillery and sappers and miners and fleets pouring out volleys of death, and thousands of men, reckless of danger, can do anything. The stoutest heart of sin, though it be rock, and surrounded by an ocean of transgression, under Christian bombardment may be made to hoist the flag of redemption.

But is all this admonition, and prayer, and Christian work for nothing? My text promise to all the faithful eternal luster. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."

As stars, the redeemed have a borrowed light. What makes Mars and Venus and Jupiter so luminous? When the sun throws down his torch in the heavens the stars pick up the scattered brands and hold them in procession as

THE QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

advances; so all Christian workers, standing around the throne, will shine in the light borrowed from the Sun of Righteousness—Jesus in their faces, Jesus in their songs, Jesus in their triumph. Christ left heaven once for a tour of redemption on earth, yet the glorified ones knew he would come back again. But let him abdicate his throne, and go away to stay forever, the music would stop, the congregation disperse, the temples of God be darkened, the rivers of light stagnate, and every chariot would become a hearse, and every bell would toll, and there would not be room on the hill sides to bury the dead of the great metropolis, for there would be pestilence in heaven. But Jesus lives, and so all the redeemed live with him. He shall recognize them as his comrades in earthly toil, and remember what they did for the honor of his name and for the spread of his kingdom. All their prayers and tears and work will rise before him as he looks into their faces, and he will divide his kingdom with them; his peace—their peace; his holiness—their holiness; his joy—their joy. The glory of the central throne reflected from the surrounding thrones, the last spot of sin struck from the Christian orb and the entire nature a-tremble and a-flash with light, they shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall be like the stars in the fact that they have a light independent of each other. Look up at the night, and see each world shew its distinct glory. It is not like the conflagration, in which you cannot tell where one flame stops and another begins. Neptune, Herschel and Mercury are as distinct as if each one of them were the only star; so our individualism will not be lost in heaven. A great multitude—yet each one as observable, as distinctly recognized, as greatly celebrated, as if in all the space, from gate to gate, and from hill to hill, he were the only inhabitant; no mixing up—no mob—no indiscriminate rush; each Christian worker, standing out illustrious—all the story of earthly achievement adhering to each one; his

SELF DENIALS,

and pains, and services, and victories published. Before men went out to the last war, the orators told them that they would all be remembered by their country, and their names be commemorated in poetry and in song; but go to the graveyard in Richmond and you will find there 6,000 graves, over each one of which is the inscription, "Unknown." The world does not remember its heroes; but there will be no unrecognized Christian worker in heaven. Each one known by all; grandly known; known by acclamation; till the past story of work for God gleaming in cheek, and brow, and foot and palm. They shall shine with distinct light as the stars, forever and forever.

Again: Christian workers shall shine like the stars in clusters. In looking up you find the worlds in family circles. Brothers and sisters—they take hold of each other's hands and dance in groups. Orion in a group. The Pleiades in a group. The solar system is only a company of children, with bright faces, gathered around one great fireplace. The words do not straggle off. They go in squadrons and fleets, sailing through immensity.

So Christian workers in heaven will dwell in neighborhoods and clusters. I am sure that some people I will like in heaven a great deal better than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by rigid rule. They never laughed. They walked every hour anxious lest they should lose their dignity. But they loved God; and yonder they shine in brilliant constellation. Yet I shall not long to get into that particular group. Yonder is a constellation of small-hearted Christians—asteroids in the eternal astronomy. While some souls go up from Christian battle, and blaze like Mars, these asteroids dart a feeble ray like Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs, of apostles, of patriarchs. Our souls, as they go up to heaven, will seek out the most congenial society. Yonder is a constellation almost merry with the play of light. On earth they were full of sympathies and songs, and tears and raptures, and congratulations. When they prayed their words took fire; when they sang, the tune could not hold them; when they wept over a world's woes, they sobbed as if heart broken; when they worked for Christ,

THEY FLAMED

with enthusiasm. Yonder they are—circle of light! constellation of joy! galaxy of fire! Oh, that you and I, by that grace which can transform the worst into the best, might at last sail in the wake of that fleet, and wheel in that glorious group, as the stars forever and ever!

Again: Christian workers will shine like the stars in swiftness of motion. The worlds do not stop to shine. There are no fixed stars save as to relative position. The star most thoroughly fixed flies thousands of miles a minute. The astronomer, using his telescope for an alpine stock, leaps from world crag to world crag, and finds no star standing still. The chamois hunter has to fly to catch his prey, but not so swift is his game as that which the scientist tries to shoot through the tower of observatory. Like petrels mid Atlantic, that seem to come from no shore, and be bound to no landing place—flying, flying—so these great flocks of worlds rest not as they go—wing and wing—age after age—forever and ever. The eagle hastes to its prey, but we shall in speed beat the eagles. You have noticed the velocity of the swift horse under whose feet the miles slip like a smooth ribbon, and as he passes the four hoofs strike the earth in such quick beat your pulses take the same vibration. But all these things are not swift in comparison with the motion of which I speak. The moon moves fifty-four thousand miles in a day. Yonder, Neptune flashes on eleven thousand miles in an hour. Yonder, Mercury goes one hundred and nine thousand miles in an hour. So like the stars the Christian worker shall shine in swiftness of motion. You hear now of father, or mother, or child sick one thousand miles away, and it takes you two days to get to them. You hear of some case of suffering that demands your immediate attention, but it takes you an hour to get there. Oh, the joy when you shall, in the fulfillment of the text, take

STARRY SPEED,

and be equal to one hundred thousand miles an hour. Having on earth got used to Christian work, you will not quit when death strikes you. You will only take on more velocity. There is a dying child in London, and its spirit must be taken up to God; you are there in an instant to do it. There is a young man in New York to be arrested from going into that gate of sin; you are there in an instant to arrest him. Whether with spring of foot, or stroke of wing, or by the force of some new law that shall hurl you to the spot where you would go, I know not; but my text suggests velocity. All space open before you, with nothing to hinder you in mission of light, and love and joy, you shall shine in swiftness of motion as the stars forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers, like stars, shall shine in magnitude. The most illiterate man knows that these things in the sky, looking like gilt buttons, are great masses of matter. To weigh them, one would think that it would require scales with a pillar hundreds of thousands of miles high, and chains hundreds of thousands of miles long, and at the bottom of the chains basins on either side hundreds of thousands of miles wide, and that then omnipotence alone could put the mountains into the scales and the hills into the balance. But puny man has been equal to the undertaking, and has set a little balance on his geometry, and weighed world against world. Yea, he has pulled out his measuring line, and announced that Herschel is thirty-six thousand miles in diameter, Saturn seventy-nine thousand miles in diameter and Jupiter eighty-nine thousand miles in diameter, and that the smallest pearl on the beach of heaven is immense beyond all imagination. So all they who have

TOILED FOR CHRIST

on earth shall rise up to a magnitude of privilege, and a magnitude of strength, and a magnitude of holiness, and a magnitude of joy; and the weakest saint in glory becomes greater than all that we can now imagine of an archangel.

Brethren, it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Wisdom that shall know everything; wealth that shall possess everything; strength that shall do everything; glory that shall circumscribe everything! We shall not be like a taper set in a sick man's window, or a bundle of sticks kindled on the beach to warm a shivering crew; but you must take the diameter and the circumference of the world if you would get any idea of the greatness of our estate when we shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Lastly—and coming to this point my mind almost breaks down under the contemplation—like the stars, all Christian workers shall shine in duration. The same stars that look down upon us looked down upon the Chaldean shepherds. The meteor that I saw flashing across the sky the other night, I wonder if it was not the same one that pointed down to where Jesus lay in the manger, and if, having pointed out his birthplace, it has ever since been wandering through the heavens, watching to see how the world would treat him. When Adam awoke in the garden in the cool of the day he saw coming out through the dusk of the evening the same worlds that greeted us on our way to church to-night.

In Independence hall is an old cracked bell that sounded the signature of the Declaration of Independence. You cannot ring it now; but the great chime of silver bells that strike in the dome o'night ring out with as sweet a tone as when God swung them at the creation.

LOOK UP AT NIGHT,

and know that the white lilies that bloom in all the hanging gardens of our King are century plants—not blooming once in a hundred years, but through all the centuries.

The stars at which the mariner looks to-night was the light by which the ships of Tarshish were guided across the Mediterranean, and the Venetian flotilla found its way into Lepanto. Their armor is as bright to night as when, in ancient battle, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. To the ancients the stars were the symbols of eternity.

But here the figure of my text breaks down—not in defeat, but in the majesties of the judgment. The stars shall not shine forever. The Bible says they shall fall like autumnal leaves. It is almost impossible for a man to take in a courser going a mile in three minutes, but God shall take in the worlds, flying a hundred thousand miles an hour, by one pull of his little finger. As, when the factory band slips at nightfall from the main wheel, all the smaller wheels slacken their speed, and with slower and slower motion they turn until they come to a full stop, so this great machinery of the universe, wheel within wheel, making revolutions of appalling speed, shall by the touch of God's hand slip the band of present law and slacken and stop. That is what will be the matter with the mountains. The chariots in which they ride shall halt so suddenly that the kings shall be thrown out. Star after star shall be carried out to burial amid funeral torches and burning worlds. Constellations shall throw ashes on their heads, and all up and down the highways of space there shall be mourning, mourning, mourning, because the worlds are dead. But the Christian workers shall never quit their thrones—they shall reign forever and ever. If by some invasion from hell, the attempt were made to carry them off into captivity from heaven, the souls they have saved would rally for their defense, and all the angels of God would strike with their scepters, and the redeemed, on white horses of victory, would ride down the foe, and all the steep of the sky would resound with the crash of the overwhelmed cohorts tumbled headlong out of heaven.

THEY'VE caught Scott Partin. A strange infatuation brought the miserable man back to the scene of his crime.

LATE TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Proceedings in the Senate and House Yesterday.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—SENATE.—Mr. Plumb gave notice of an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill providing that there shall not be purchased for the use of National Soldiers' Homes any material or supplies the result of convict labor. On motion of Mr. Allison, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill.

The bill was passed with sundry amendments, none of them important.

A message from the President returning, without his approval, a bill giving a pension to the widow of John A. Turley was presented. The circumstances of the soldier's death were that he had interfered in an altercation between two other soldiers on a steamboat and was pushed or struck by one of the parties, knocking his head against a plank and receiving the fatal injury. It is quite clear (the President says) that death was not the result of military service, if he had refrained from interference he would have saved himself and would have performed to the utmost his military duty.

Mr. Edmunds: I think that the statement of the President shows that this woman is entitled to a pension. If it is not a part of a soldier's duty without waiting the order of his captain to try to stop an affray between his fellow soldiers, I do not know what the duty of a soldier is. I should like to see the Senate vote on the question.

Mr. Beck suggested the reference of the message and the bill to the committee on pensions.

Mr. Edmunds: There is no use in referring it. I want a vote on the President's message itself, but as there is no quorum present I move that the Senate adjourn, leaving this message as the unfinished business.

The motion was agreed to.

NOTE.

On motion of Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, the House refused to concur in the Senate amendment to the Natchez, Mississippi, bridge bill and asked for a conference. The House then resumed the consideration of the public land bill by sections for amendments.

Most of the amendments which were adopted were in the nature of corrections of the phraseology of the bill.

Mr. Herman, of Oregon, offered one, however, which was accepted, allowing entrymen six instead of three months in which to erect a habitable dwelling.

Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, made several efforts to secure the adoption of an amendment opening the mineral lands of Alabama to agricultural entry, and in these he was seconded by Messrs. Herbert, Oates and Cobb, but the House refused to accept the amendment.

Mr. Oates offered an amendment to extend the alien land act to States as well as the Territories, but it was ruled out on points of order.

Mr. Holman offered an amendment declaring that the United States expressly reserves from sale all coal deposits, but permitting entrymen to mine such coal as may be contained in their lands and requiring all patents to public lands to contain this reservation. This secured a majority, but the point of no quorum was made and the House at 5:30 adjourned.

Big Steal.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 26.—Chas. A. Pitcher, teller of the Union Bank, has absconded with an amount of the bank's funds not yet determined, but rumored to be large. Pitcher had been employed in the bank for a number of years. He left the banking room at the usual hour, about 1 p. m. Saturday afternoon, and departed, as was supposed, for home. As far as can be learned, no suspicion whatever had attached to his action, and those who happened to see him Saturday afternoon say he appeared as usual in his behavior. This was the last seen of him by the officials of the bank. This morning it was discovered that a considerable amount of the bank's funds was missing. Pitcher's accounts were found to be involved and experts were put upon the books to discover the extent of the shortage. It is said that Pitcher took about all the valuables he could lay his hands on, even pennies. The bank was open this morning, but no business was done. Pitcher's whereabouts is unknown, but detectives are at work on the case.

LATER.—It is now said that Pitcher took half a million dollars in bonds and all the cash in the vault.

Returning Delegates.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 26.—A Tiffin, Ohio, *Chronicle-Telegraph* special says: A fast train on the Baltimore & Ohio, loaded with Chicago delegates, ran into a freight train near Chicago Junction at 2 o'clock this morning while going forty miles an hour. The engine, baggage car and freight cars were demolished and the track torn up for a long distance. The engineer was fatally hurt and the passengers scratched and bruised. All were taken back to Fostoria and around to Columbus. The road was blocked for several hours.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, 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. Blacknall & Son.

What the President Said.

"I cannot but be profoundly impressed when I see about me the messengers of the National Democracy bearing its summons to duty. The political party to which I owe both allegiance and honor command me. It places in my hand its proud standard and bids me bear it high at the front in the battle which it wages bravely because conscious of right, confidently because its trust is in the people and soberly because it comprehends the obligations which success imposes. The message which you bring awakens within me the liveliest sense of personal gratitude and satisfaction and I the honor which you tender me is in itself so great that there might well be no room for any other sentiment. And yet I can't rid myself of grave and serious thoughts when I remember that party supremacy is not alone involved in the conflict which presses upon us, but that we struggle to secure and save the perished institutions, the welfare and the happiness of a nation of freemen. Familiarity with the great office which I hold has but added to my apprehension of its sacred character and the consecration demanded of him who assures its immense responsibility. It is the repository of the people's will and power. Within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the most humble citizen and with quick ear it should catch from the remotest corner of the land the plea of the people for justice and for right. For the sake of the people he who holds this office of theirs should resist every encroachment on its legitimate functions, and for the sake of the integrity and usefulness of the office it should be kept near to the people and be administered in full sympathy with their wants and needs. This occasion reminds me most vividly of the scene when, four years ago, I received a message from my party similar to that which you now deliver. With all that has passed since that day I can truly say that the feeling of awe with which I heard the summons then is intensified many fold when it is repeated now. Fours years ago I knew that our executive office, if not carefully guarded, might drift little by little away from the people to whom it belonged and become a perversion of all it ought to be. But I did not know how much its moorings had already been loosened. I knew four years ago how well devised were the true principles of true democracy for the successful operation of the government by the people and for the people, but I did not know how absolutely necessary their application then was for the restoration to the people of their safety and prosperity. I knew then that abuses and extravagancies had crept into the management of public affairs, but I did not know their various forms, nor the tenacity of their grasp. I knew then something of the bitterness of partisan obstruction, but I did not know how bitter, how reckless, and how shameless it could be. (Prolonged applause). I knew, too, that the American people were patriotic and just, but I did not know how grandly they loved their country nor how noble and generous they were. I shall not dwell on the acts and the policy of the administration now drawing to its close. Its record is open to every citizen of the land. And yet I will not be denied the privilege of asserting at this time that in the exercise of the high trust confided to me I have yielded obedience only to the Constitution and the solemn obligation of my oath of office. I have done those things which, in the light of the understanding God has given me, seemed most conclusive to the welfare of the country and the promotion of good government. I would not, if I could, for myself nor for you, avoid a single consequence of a fair interpretation of my course. It but remains for me to say to you and through you to the Democracy of the nation that I accept the nomination with which they have honored me, and that I will in due time signify such acceptance in the usual formal manner."

Congratulations From Blaine to Harrison.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 26.—General Harrison last night received the following from Blaine:

"LINLITHGOW, Scotland, June 25.

General Harrison, Indianapolis:

I congratulate you most heartily upon the work of the national convention. Your candidacy will recall the triumph and enthusiasm and assure the victorious conclusion which followed your grandfather's nomination in 1840. Your election will seal our industrial independence as the declaration of '76 which bears the honored name of your great grandfather, and saved our political independence."

(Signed), JAMES G. BLAINE.

Republican National Committee.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 26.—A meeting of the Republican National Committee was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel after the Convention last night. J. S. Clarkson was elected permanent chairman and Samuel Fessenden permanent secretary. A committee of seven was appointed to secure New York headquarters and to make other preliminary arrangements. J. S. Clarkson was made chairman of this committee, the other members being: J. S. Fassett, New York; J. Manchester Haynes, Maine; Samuel Fessenden, Connecticut; Geo. W. Hooker, Vermont; Garrett A. Hobard, New Jersey, and John C. New, Indiana. The committee adjourned to meet at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, July 1st.

The Eighth Ballot.

If you want to know how the different states voted on the last ballot at Chicago read this:

Alabama—Harrison 3, Alger 10, Sherman 5, Blaine 2.

Arkansas—Alger 14.

California—Blaine 1, Harrison 15.

Colorado—Harrison 6.

Connecticut—Harrison 12.

Delaware—Harrison 6.

Florida—Harrison 2, Alger 4, Sherman 2.

Georgia—Sherman 9, Harrison 10, Gresham 1, Alger 3.

Illinois—Harrison 4, Gresham 19.

Indiana—Harrison 29, Gresham 1.

Iowa—Harrison 22, Gresham 3, Alger 1.

Kansas—Alger 1, Harrison 16, McKinley 1.

Kentucky—Harrison 11, Sherman 8, Blaine 1, Alger 2, Gresham 1.

Louisiana—Harrison 9, Sherman 5, Alger 4.

Maine—Harrison 5, Gresham 3, McKinley 1, Sherman 3.

Maryland—Harrison 11, Sherman 1, Blaine 1.

Massachusetts—Harrison 25, Sherman 2, Alger 2.

Michigan—Alger 26.

Minnesota—Alger 1, Harrison 13.

Mississippi—Harrison 4, Gresham 3, Sherman 11.

Missouri—Alger 15, Gresham 8, Harrison 7, Sherman 2.

Nebraska—Harrison 7, Sherman 2, Alger 1.

Nevada—Alger 2, Harrison 4.

New Hampshire—Harrison 8.

New Jersey—Harrison 18.

New York—Harrison 72.

Ohio—Harrison 4, Sherman 40.

North Carolina—Harrison 7, Alger 4, Sherman 11.

Oregon—Harrison 6.

Pennsylvania—Harrison 59, Sherman 1.

Rhode Island—Harrison 8.

South Carolina—Harrison 1, Sherman 4, Alger 10.

Tennessee—Harrison 20, Alger 3.

Texas—Harrison 26.

Vermont—Harrison 8.

Virginia—Harrison 15, Sherman 9.

West Virginia—Harrison 12.

Wisconsin—Harrison 22.

Arizona, Dakota, District of Columbia, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Washington and Wyoming solid for Harrison.

Eighth ballot—(Total) Harrison 544, Sherman 118, Alger 100, Gresham 50, Blaine 5, McKinley 4.

Crop Bulletin of the N. C. Weather Service.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 23, 1888.—RAINFALL.—The rainfall for the past seven days throughout the State has been below the average in all counties except Cabarrus where a weekly rainfall of 1.17 inches is reported, which is about the average. Crops generally have been favorably affected. The following places report unfavorably:

Walnut Cove.—No crop except when favorably affected.

Salem.—Oats and grass need rain.

Salisbury.—All crops.

Davidson College.—Corn and cotton.

Jonesboro.—Corn and cotton.

TEMPERATURE AND SUNSHINE.—The temperature and sunshine have apparently been above the average, and crops generally have been favorably affected.

REMARKS.

Walnut Cove.—"The hot, dry weather is affecting gardens very unfavorably, and is favorable only to harvesting."

Rocky Mount.—"Corn is beginning to need rain, also cotton on some lands, but both cotton and tobacco are improving rapidly."

Davidson College.—"Very dry, very hot; no rain for twenty days; corn suffering more than cotton, neither seriously yet; wheat light; oats fair."

Jonesboro.—"Crops suffering badly for rain.

Warrenton.—"The hot, dry weather has materially damaged corn, tobacco and oats."

Lenoir.—"Weather has been very favorable for gathering the wheat crop, which will yield about two-thirds of a crop on account of rust."

Monroe.—"Cotton is rapidly recovering from the cold and wet of May, and corn is growing off."

Mt. Pleasant.—"The weather during the week has been favorable to harvesting and hay-making."

Toisnot.—"The past seven days has been very favorable for all growing crops except corn."

Faison.—"The past seven days have made a wonderful change in all crops, which are rapidly recovering from effects of previous cool wet weather."

Smithfield.—"Cotton is now good color, clean and growing."

Louisburg.—"Crops are doing well."

Shelby.—"The cotton crop has improved very much within the last seven days, and will make three-fourths of a crop."

Gibson's Station.—"Crops looking fine; not suffering for rain yet."

Tarboro.—"A bad stand and small growth of corn is generally reported in Edgecombe."

Asheville.—"The wheat crop has probably not been injured by dry weather."

NOTE:—Reports from forty counties throughout the State are embraced in the above bulletin.

H. B. BATTLE, PH. D.,
Director.

Chicago Recommendations.

Washington Critic.

I've got a bar'l.—Alger.
I've got a record.—Sherman.
I've got a grandfather.—Harrison.
I've got a tongue.—Ingalls.
I've got a State.—Allison.
I've got a backset.—Gresham.
I've got a bloody shirt.—Foraker.
I've got a chance.—McKinley.
I've got a party by the tail.—Blaine.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Wilmington *Review:* Capt. S. W. Nobles picked ripe grapes from his vineyard yesterday. He informs us that he first noticed them on the 13th inst. They were of the Concord variety, which is the earliest grape grown.

Greensboro *Workman:* Mr. John T. Wooters, of South Greensboro, shot and killed, on Monday evening, a large crane, which was in the act of fishing for carp in Mr. J. R. Mendenhall's fish pond. Mr. Wooters suspects it to be a blue crane, and says it measured five feet ten inches from tip to tip of its wings. He is having it mounted.

News & Observer: Hon. B. H. Bunn, Democratic candidate for Congress in the Fourth District, will address the people at the following places on the dates indicated: Apex, Wake county, July 4th. Durham, Durham county, July 7th. Smithfield, Johnson county, at night, July 9th. Hunt's, Nash county, July 19th. Hillsboro, Orange county, August 7th. Siler City, Chatham county, August 23d.

Goldsboro *Argus:* The Democratic Executive Committee have accepted the resignation of Mr. C. B. Aycock as chairman and elected Mr. I. F. Dortch in his place. The resignation of Mr. Aycock was due to the fact that in the hottest of the fight he will necessarily be absent on the canvass in the district. There could have been no better selection made than Mr. Dortch. He will perfect a thorough organization and conduct such a fight against Republicanism as has been rarely seen in the county.

Asheville *Citizen:* Early Sunday morning, a stranger made his appearance at certain houses on South Main street. He was loaded with mean whiskey and a shotgun, and made things lively for an hour or so. He would draw a bead on a resident, and the resident would skip *instanter*. He carried out his programme until that portion of the city resembled to a great extent Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." A policeman finally hove to and ran the man with the gun in. Mayor Harkins listened to the evidence at 9 o'clock Sunday, and fined the stranger $25, in default of which he was placed in jail, where he now remains.

Fayetteville *Journal:* A most dastardly deed was committed in lower Fayetteville two or three nights ago. Some one, whether from pure maliciousness or a thirst for revenge, it is not known, entered the premises of Betsy Griffin, a worthy old colored woman, and with a knife cut severely in many places two of her cows. Not satisfied with this, he went then into the yard of Riley Parker, and then to that of Mr. Jno. York, and cut up a cow for each of them. There is a negro man under arrest for having committed the deed and if he is proven guilty, the full measure of the law should be visited upon him. Two of the cows died from the effects of the wound.

New Bern *Journal:* It is rumored that the Atlantic hotel at Morehead is to be still further enlarged. The crowd at the Atlantic has been immense, and the boom which Morehead has received as a summer resort seems to be yet growing. The road has worked up a splendid passenger traffic and every energy of the management is bent on bringing people to Morehead. The splendid passenger steamer, "Passport," with accommodations for three hundred passengers, is expected to arrive at Morehead to-day. This is a seaworthy steamer, and excursions from along the line of the road in cooperation with the "Passport" will be run, giving the excursionists a trip out to sea. This will be a novelty to many. In addition to the fleet of fine sharpies at Morehead there is a beautiful little yacht with an engine run by naptha gas which is rapidly taking the place of steam for small vessels. This little steamer, if it can be so called, makes regular trips from the hotel to the surf, and does not depend upon wind or tide.

THE May Bulletin of the North Carolina Board of Health is on our table. We don't remember exactly how long it has been here, but we want to notice it now. In the mortuary report for April, published with the Bulletin we find that Durham is not such a graveyard as some people suppose. Make a comparison. According to the Bulletin, Asheville's death rate is 13.5, Durham 12.8, Henderson 24; New Berne 26; Raleigh 15.2; Salisbury 16.8; Tarboro 14.4; Wilmington 17.2. This shows that folks die at other places besides Durham. Again. The twelve towns reported, four of which are not here given, had a total of 108 deaths during April. This gives the average death rate 14.5. So we find that Durham is considerably below the average, or in other words Durham's health is better than the average. In fact, compared to Raleigh or Henderson or even Asheville, Durham is a good health resort.

MR. RICHARD BATTLE, of the *News & Observer*, says this is a popular way of sailing, at Morehead: "Get your girl in a sharpie, which is made fast to the wharf, and then push the boat off as far as the line will permit, and sit close up to the little timid creature to *prevent her from getting frightened*. This kind of sailing has many advantages—you are not so much crowded, the water not too rough and the breakers not so dangerous. The boys say the motion of the boat as it rocks to and fro with tide, and the closeness of the girl, is too delightful to be described."