

NORTH CAROLINA PROHIBITIONIST  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY  
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EDITORIAL NOTES

An Ohio Judge, while drinking  
in a saloon, got into a fight and was  
so badly bruised that he could not  
attend the funeral of his late assoc-  
iate. Three days after the affair, he  
appeared on the bench wearing a  
pair of green goggles.  
And yet we must keep on voting  
with the old parties and for their  
nominees "in the interests of tem-  
perance, you know,"—and our party.

Just What we are Doing.  
The Prohibitionists should strike at  
the root of the matter and work for National  
prohibition. So long as the National  
Government sanctions the manufacture  
and sale of whiskey, just so long will  
the whiskey-drinkers find means to drink it,  
despite the most stringent State laws.  
Wheeling Register, (Dem.).  
That's just why we quit local op-  
erations and are massing our  
forces for the invasion of the White  
House and Congress. From its last  
decision we judge that the Supreme  
Court is all right.

An Honest Confession of Defeat.

A St. Louis Democratic Exchange  
owns up as follows:  
From this decision it would appear  
that the Supreme Court concedes to each  
State the right to prohibit unconditionally  
the manufacture of spirituous drinks, and  
even the personal use of them, as a matter  
of course, including the sale of the same.  
This august tribunal follows the whole  
line of inquiry and the judicial arguments  
of the Prohibitionists and annihilates at  
once and forever all hope of protection by  
that court against the legislature of the  
individual States in respect to the question  
of prohibition. Even the hope which the  
brewers had indulged in, and whose  
trade is now interdicted of indemnification  
for their now worthless property, is ex-  
tinguished irrevocably. The circuit  
judge, Brewer, had pronounced a decision  
of indemnity as due on the part of the  
State. The Supreme Court has rejected  
this construction of the law, declaring in  
rigorous terms that if the State of Kan-  
sas regards beer as a "nuisance," it  
possesses the right to extricate this nu-  
isance. With this construction the prop-  
erty of the brewers is not alone taken  
from them, but they are interdicted the  
consumption of this commodity by the  
State as detrimental to them. In so far  
as the courts are concerned the Pro-  
hibitionists have won a complete victory,  
and it is to be anticipated that this victory  
will enfeeble fresh energy into the agita-  
tion. The judgment, with a single exception,  
that of Judge Field, is, moreover, unan-  
imous.

And in less than a week that  
Judge Brewer set his words and  
closed up Waldruff's big brewery, as  
a common nuisance.  
Condensed Opinions.  
"Surplus taxation must be stopped.  
No weatherwise Democratic leader in  
New York will be responsible for 1888 in  
New York, if that is not done."—N. Y.  
Sun, (Dem.).  
"The necessary help (for Republican  
victory in 1888) must come, if at all, from  
those who for one reason or another have  
quit voting the Republican ticket in the  
last five or six years, but who are not yet  
fully identified with any other party.  
The road lies in a steady adherence to  
fundamental doctrines, and in the selection  
of a candidate of unquestionable firm-  
ness in every respect."—St. Louis Globe,  
(Rep.).  
Please sirs! Is one of those funda-  
mental doctrines the famous free-  
liquor and Sabbath-breaking Raster  
Revolution of 1872?  
"We are defeated in New York by fail-  
ing between two stools on the liquor ques-  
tion. Instead of taking a courageous and  
pronounced position on the right side."  
—Philadelphia Press, (Rep.).  
Humph! That is not the way you  
talked to the ministers and temperance  
people before election. Then  
you were squarely and immovably on

the highest temperance stool, (so you  
said). It now seems that you were  
storing to us.  
Again, the same commands:  
"Stop halting and dallying with  
two opinions on the liquor question,  
or parleying with the saloons."  
"Here goes the cat! Stop parley-  
ing. Eh! Before election the Grand  
old Party of moral ideas posed as  
the best temperance party in the  
land. After defeat it leaks out that  
it had been "parleying with the  
saloons." What a fall is here, my  
countrymen!

"Everywhere but in New York the Rep-  
ublicans did superbly. We have already  
indicated causes that were at work against  
us here. The saloon keepers, with all  
their bawls, won't have such an easy  
road next time."—N. Y. Tribune, (Rep.).  
Next time! Ah! to-morrow's never  
come! You've said "next time" for  
four years, and rolled deeper in the  
mire for the liquor vote each time.  
Begone!  
"The Republican party in this State is  
between the desert and the deep sea on  
the temperance question."—New York  
Sun, (Dem.).

That's about so, and means wrecked.  
Because thou art neither wet  
nor dry, &c.  
"The Republicans made no disguise  
during the last session of the New York  
Legislature and in their State Convention  
that what they were seeking was not so  
much a wise and just solution of the liquor  
question as votes. They wanted to make  
a record which would hold their temper-  
ance votes on one side and not drive  
away "Republican-saloon keepers" on  
the other. The figures of the election  
show that they were failed in both en-  
deavors."—N. Y. Evening Post (Ind.).  
Just so.

THE PATRIOT AND HIS BOOMERANG.  
Our plain talk to the editor of the Pro-  
hibitionist recently don't seem to set  
well on that gentleman's stomach, and we  
believe in calling a spade a spade and a  
lie a lie. Sam Jones says when you  
throw a rock into a bunch of dogs and  
one of them goes off barking and howling,  
you can put it down that he is the one  
you hit.

Now, as Sam Jones is an acknowl-  
edged authority with the Patriot, we  
commend to his notice the following  
from that gentleman:  
Sometimes a man gets where he is  
afraid he will hurt his party. I used to  
be a Democrat. I was born one, and a  
raised one, and I stayed one as long as a  
Christian gentleman could. And then I  
pulled out, of course. And you Republi-  
cans need not be laughing. God bless  
you, I thank God I never was a Republi-  
can. I belong to another party. The  
difference between me and the Democrat-  
ic party between me and the Republican  
party, if you will call it so, is that I am a  
mugwump and you are a jugwump.

Between the two large parties to-day,  
the only appreciable difference is that  
the Democratic party is straddling a  
barrel, while the Republican party is  
straddling a beer barrel.  
I am not here in Missouri to pull down  
the Democratic party. That don't need  
any pulling down. It is just a question  
of a few more years and they are down  
forever. I was born a Democrat, and  
I raised a Democrat, and never was any-  
thing else but one until that party got so  
low down that I could hardly be a Chris-  
tian gentleman and belong to it, AND OUT  
I GO.  
I am not here in the interest of the Re-  
publican party. I never was a Republi-  
can, and I never will be a Republican,  
that's my doctrine.  
I believe the Prohibition party is the  
cleanest party in America.  
There may have been a reason 20, 10 or  
even 2 years ago why temperance men  
should be Democrats or Republicans.  
But there is not now. Let us lay both of  
these parties in the shade and live for so-  
berity, temperance and right.

The only difference between the old  
parties on the liquor question is, the  
Democratic party favors liquor and the  
Republican party lies about the matter.  
So much for Sam Jones.  
A few days ago the self constituted edi-  
tor of the Prohibitionist stated that  
"the Democratic party was run by whis-  
key."  
Just why the Patriot used the ex-  
pression "self constituted," we are  
at a loss to know. May be, he  
thought it was a whole rock quarry,  
and so hurled it at the Prohibitionist  
with the expectation that it  
would effectually crush and com-  
pletely bury us. "Self constituted!"  
Yes, that is the expression. We plead  
guilty to the charge, and are rather  
proud of the fact. No, the editor of  
the Prohibitionist is neither the  
appointee of a secret owner nor the  
tool of a mortgagee, a stock company  
or a political ring.

Owing, as he does, the whole con-  
cern, paying all its expenses, and pay-  
ing them promptly, he claims the  
right to constitute himself, or any one  
else, editor. Now, it may be that the  
editor of the Patriot is differently con-  
stituted. Of course, he is not guilty  
of a crime which he charges upon  
another with so great emphasis.  
We answered the charge by stating that  
it was a lie; nothing more, nothing less.  
Now this was the little rock we threw  
and it struck the address editor right be-  
tween the eyes. Hear him how!  
Now, let us see. Is the Democratic  
party governed by principle? Is it  
run in accordance with its principles?  
We presume that the Patriot would  
answer these questions in the affirma-  
tive. And on this presumption proceed

to inquire into the principles of the  
party, in order to find out its relation  
to the liquor traffic. And, just to  
please our neighbor, we will quote  
from the "Champion Grey Eagle of  
Piedmont Democracy," who from his  
perch on the dizzy heights of his own  
self importance observes and under-  
takes to direct the great Democratic  
host "From old Mecklenburg's bor-  
ders where the flag of 'eternal vige-  
lance is the price of liberty' was first  
bathed in a patriotic blood to where  
the brawny wares of the 'never  
ceasing billows' wash the eastern  
shores."  
"IN THE FUTURE AS IN THE PAST,  
THERE WILL BE NO UNCERTAIN  
SOUND IN OUR COURSE IN EXPOUN-  
DING THE GREAT FUNDAMENTAL  
PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY, ADVOC-  
ATING TEMPERANCE AND OPPOSING  
PROHIBITION."—Greensboro Patriot,  
(Organ of the Democratic Party in  
Guilford County).

Now, who was hit? and with what?  
What a wonderful thing a boomerang  
is. You hurl it at another, and it  
comes whirling back, takes you whack  
across the nose and so confuses your  
senses that you do not recognize your  
own voice. No, neighbor, that was  
not a little rock you threw. It was  
a boomerang, and it was not the edi-  
tor of the PROHIBITIONIST who was  
hit, but the editor of the Patriot.  
If we owed a man a cross between a  
crank and a fool and the editor of the  
PROHIBITIONIST would not fill the  
bill, we would cancel the debt.

We pay our debts. Indeed, we  
have always been taught that it was  
the privilege of the creditor and not  
of the debtor to cancel debts. How-  
ever, the Patriot's practice may be  
different.  
Why, fellow-citizens, what language  
could be used that would be more  
explicit, concise and to the point than  
that platform and constitution which  
says "we oppose  
sumptuary laws which vex the citizens  
and interfere with individual liberty?"  
Indeed the language within itself gives  
"the real inwardness and true forces of  
that plank" that the address editor wants  
to get at. It needs no "column article  
&c." that Mr. Walker refers to, and a  
man with a thimble full of brains would  
not make such an ass of himself as to ask  
so foolish a question.

What begging the question! who  
that reads the above lucid explana-  
tion of that notorious anti-sumptuary  
plank, is not reminded of Sam Small's  
expression, "Why, these fellows would  
not know a sumptuary law if they  
should meet one coming down the  
street with a placard on it as big  
as a box car."

Just here we take occasion to say  
that we do not covet the honor of  
being an expert in the use of black-  
guardism and billingsgate. We found  
out even in the days of our boyhood  
that the lowest private in the rear  
rank could equal the commander-in-  
chief in the use of these weapons,  
that the meanest tar in all the crew  
was more than a match for the great  
commodore. And we take occasion  
to say to the Patriot that these  
weapons are not omnipotent, that they  
avail nothing against facts, otherwise  
he and his class might have demoli-  
shed the throne of Jehovah and wrecked  
the universe. No, we beg to be  
excused. If he and his readers  
and the party whose mouth-piece he  
is, can stand it, we can.

In conclusion, we suggest to our  
readers the propriety of cutting out  
the quotations from the Patriot con-  
tained in this article and pasting  
them together in their soap-books,  
that in teaching their children, in the  
years to come, the history of our coun-  
try, they may be able to show them  
some seeds of the disease of which  
the Democratic party died.

Rev. Sam Small's Speech Continued.

The next morning after my con-  
version, I awoke with a raging thirst  
for liquor. My wife suggested coffee  
and medicine. I told her it was no  
use. We had tried these time and  
again, always with the same result—  
we were beaten. I got up, dress-  
ed and started to leave the room. My  
wife interposed, insisting that I  
should not go down town. I told  
her I was not going out, I was going  
up by my room, to pray. "Yes," said  
she, "that is the thing to do. You  
go there and pray and I will pray  
here." I prayed—"O, God, help!  
deliver me from this awful, this terri-  
ble appetite. I dare not cross my  
own threshold into the street and  
the world beyond." I prayed two  
hours, and then leaned back to rest.  
My appetite was gone, and I have  
never felt a pang of it from that day  
to this hour. I tell you, the grace  
God is the only thing in the universe  
that can liberate a slave of the drink  
habit.

But whether a man may fall so  
low and still be redeemed, is not the  
question. The question is, Shall we  
allow them to be dragged down?  
And for the existence of the institu-  
tion that does this—the liquor traffic  
—we are responsible. Talk about  
cultivating temperance sentiment!  
Why, we have even now temperance

sentiment enough to run twenty plan-  
ets; but we differ about methods.  
But, "I don't think you preachers  
ought to meddle with this matter,"  
says one.  
Whiskey is the greatest enemy  
Christ has on earth, and it is the best  
friend the devil has, and I am going  
to fight it. I would occupy no pul-  
pit with a padlock on my mouth. I  
allow no bull-necked, pug-nosed bar-  
keeper to dictate how or what I shall  
preach. Some preachers have mixed-  
drink congregations, and the way  
some of these try to straddle this  
question reminds me of the story of  
the two hunters, out west, who met  
for the first time on a rainy day. At  
the close of the day, one asked the  
other to spend the night with him,  
and led the way to his cave. Here  
they kindled a fire, and while the  
host was changing his clothing, the  
guest, with the skirts of his coat  
drawn up under his arms, stood by  
the fire to dry. The host now for  
the first time noticed that his guest  
was bowlegged and, supposing that  
it was the effect of the fire, called out,  
"Look out there, neighbor, you are  
warping." So I want to say to those  
straddling, bowlegged preachers,  
Look out, brother, you are warping.

"Oh," say the whiskeyites, "this is  
a political question, and the church  
ought not to meddle with it. Let it  
be settled on broad and statesman  
like principles." And then when we  
attempt to bring it into politics, these  
same fellows cry out, "This is a  
great moral question. Let it be  
settled by the church. It has no  
business in politics." So, you see, it  
matters not from what direction we  
approach this question, we are always  
wrong. Moral question, political  
question—MORAL QUESTION, POLITI-  
CAL QUESTION.

"Let it be settled on broad and  
statesman like principles." Well, I  
happen to know something of the  
great statesmen of the old parties. I  
was officially connected with the U.  
S. Senate three years. I was inti-  
mately acquainted with many of the  
Senators, and had gotten drunk with  
quite a number of them. And you  
expect to get Prohibition through  
those fellows? Suppose you try it.  
You go to one of those dignified,  
great-moral-idea fellows on the Re-  
publican side of the house and say to  
him, "Here, Senator, I want your ear  
a minute, with reference to a question  
of great importance—a question that  
is of the greatest possible concern to  
the people." "Certainly, certainly,"  
says the Senator. And he at once as-  
sumes a dignified attitude and solemn  
expression of countenance, while you  
go on to speak of the evils of the  
liquor traffic and the necessity of Pro-  
hibition. "Oh, yes," says he, "what  
you say is all true enough, but the  
time is not opportune. Let us get  
through with the tariff, and the Mor-  
gans question, and 'he—, and the—  
"Then you turn your attention to the  
other side of the house, and, approach-  
ing one of those chivalrous, polite  
gentlemen, with a faint suspicion of  
an anorak on his nose, and say,  
"Senator, a word with you,  
please." "Yes, certainly, certainly,  
with pleasure." "You repeat in sub-  
stance what you have said to the  
gentleman on the other side; and  
when you have concluded, he says:  
"Oh! give us a rest! If you have  
any respect for the Democratic par-  
ty, and the tariff, and civil service re-  
form, and—, and—, don't bring this  
question into politics. If you bring  
this question into politics, we'll go  
to the devil." And that is the reason  
why I want to bring it into politics.

I tell you the old party leaders are  
alarmed, and well they may be, for  
this question of Prohibition is going  
around with dynamite in both pock-  
ets. They dare not touch it.  
A party of men were cleaning a  
sink. All had left except two, when  
one of these fell into the hole. The  
other called lustily for help to get  
him out; whereupon one of those who  
had just left turned and asked how  
deep he was in. "He is up to his  
ankles," said the other. "Then let  
him walk out," was the response.  
"O! but he is in head foremost,"  
said his companion. Just so it is  
with the Democratic party. It is in-  
terdicted to the liquor traffic up to the  
ankles, head foremost. It can't walk  
out. It is helplessly in the grasp of  
the liquorites.

We must smash the Republican  
party. We gave it fits in 1854. We  
have it on a stretcher now, and when  
we shall have made a finish of it,  
we'll show you how it was tangled  
up with the whiskey business. You  
have heard the story of the boy who,  
after killing all the tom cats in the  
neighborhood, set off to Texas, to  
hunt tigers. Not long thereafter  
that boy's father received this tele-  
gram: "Your son's remains will be  
at your station by the next train."  
The old gentleman was at the depot  
when the train arrived, but when he  
opened the coffin he found nothing  
but a dead tiger. He at once tele-

graphed back, "you said my son's re-  
mains would be here by the last  
train. I have opened the coffin and  
found nothing in it except the carcass  
of a tiger." The answer came back,  
"That's all right. Your son's re-  
mains are in the tiger." The attitude  
of the Democratic and Republican  
parties toward this question reminds  
me of the negro preacher's two roads,  
one of which lead to hell and the  
other to damnation.

Then there is a class who favor  
Local Option that don't opt. And  
the pin headed politicians, who are  
undecided, and who are like the fel-  
low who met a stranger on the street  
and said, "Hi, Mr., can you—hi—  
tell me which—hi—is the opposite  
side of the—hi—street," and when  
the gentleman, pointing across the  
street, told him that was, he said,  
"Hi—well, don't that beat—hi—  
anything. I just now—hi—asked  
a man over there, and he—hi—  
said—hi—this was." You see,  
these fellows don't know which side  
will be on top. If they did, there  
would be such a getting up stairs on  
the Prohibition question as you never  
did see.

Then there are business men who  
say, "I don't think I'll take sides on  
this question. It might affect my  
business. I might lose money by it."  
I despise a skunk like that. Why,  
the devil would not let him stay in  
hell without bond, lest he should  
steal. "I don't think I'll vote," says  
another. And that reminds me of  
the picket who on hearing firing in  
the distance, made for the rear as  
fast as his legs could carry him. On  
his way he met the Colonel, who de-  
manded where he was going. "I'm  
going to the rear, Colonel. I'm a  
coward. I always was a coward."  
"Go back," said the Colonel, "or I'll  
have you shot. If I were a coward, I  
would not be a baby." To which the  
poor coward, half crying, replied: "I  
wish I was a baby, Col-nel, and a  
gal baby at that."

Then, again, there are local  
politicians, made up of magistrates,  
small-bore lawyers, and other loung-  
ers, who sit on the court house steps,  
read the political newspapers, catch  
the country by the tail and hold it  
up to keep it from going to destruc-  
tion. These gentlemen fell us that  
Prohibition is a sumptuary law, con-  
trary to the genius of the Democratic  
party. Why, these fellows would  
not know a sumptuary law if they  
were to meet one coming down the  
street with a placard on it as big  
as a box car. They forget the Oleomar-  
gine law. But the people must be  
protected against bogus butter, as if  
it would not be better to be choked  
to death on axel grease than to be  
drained to death with whiskey.  
Says another, "I'm opposed to Pro-  
hibition because it would be an in-  
fringement of personal liberty." If  
you will pull down that fellow's coat,  
you will find his neck worn like a  
hound dog's, with the saloon collar.  
That fellow has sold out to the  
saloon.

You say Prohibition won't pro-  
hibit? Yes it will, when we get all  
you fellows in jail who say it won't.  
You Democrats have been fighting  
the Internal Revenue for the last  
twenty years. I know what I am  
talking about. I was a Democrat  
myself. I have helped to make that  
party's platforms, from the ward to  
the national. You are opposed to it  
now. But the man from Buffalo,  
Mr. Cleveland, has commanded you  
to shut your mouths, and you are go-  
ing to do it, too. That Message of  
Mr. Cleveland's is an open bid for  
the whiskey vote, and you are going  
to vote the ticket straight.

"Let's regulate. Give us high li-  
cense." High license is high li-  
cense, nothing more. It is bartering  
your conscience and your manhood to  
the devil for a part of the money.  
A peddler was expatiating on the vir-  
tues of a bed-bug poison he was offer-  
ing for sale, when one of his auditors  
asked him how it should be applied.  
"You take the bottle in your hand,"  
said the vender, "raise the corner of  
the bed, punch the bug out,  
catch him away from his hole, and  
fatten him between your fingers. But  
you don't squeeze him hard. You  
just hold him easy, put your finger  
on his stomach and press gently until  
he opens his mouth. Then you take  
a feather, stick it down into the bottle  
and drop a drop of the poison into his  
mouth and turn him loose, and he will  
go right off and die." "But," says  
the prospective purchaser, "what is  
the use of all that, when you can just  
squeeze the life right out of him  
while you have him between your  
fingers?" "Oh! yes," said the ven-  
der, "that is a good way, too." That  
bed-bug poison is high license.

The same power that you exercise in li-  
censing the traffic is all that is neces-  
sary to wipe it out altogether. Did  
you ever know a wife who was proud  
that her husband, or a child that was  
proud that his father, died on high  
license whisky?

They say I'm a crank. Well, I  
suppose I am; and I am becoming  
crankier every day. But they never  
accused me of being a crank when I  
was wallowing in the gutter and rav-  
ing with delirium tremens. I leave  
you to say when I was a crank, then  
or now. A farmer in the far west  
ordered a reaper. In due time it ar-  
rived, was set up and the team hitched.  
In the presence of his neighbors,  
who had collected to witness the  
operation, he mounted the seat and  
gave the word, but it would not work.  
It looked all right, but it was no go.  
After carefully examining the thing  
all over, the farmer went to the tele-  
graph office and sent the following  
message: "Machine arrived all right,  
but you forgot to send the crank."  
The next train, brought the crank,  
which was put in place, and the ma-  
chine worked like a charm. So, you  
see, a crank is not such a bad thing  
after all.

What is the difference between  
that splendid locomotive, which  
draws a train of cars at the rate of  
forty miles an hour, and the pile of  
pig iron lying beside the railroad  
track? Simply this: The one is  
organized and the other is not. What  
is wanted is, not more temperance  
sentiment, but what we have organ-  
ized into a political party and run by  
cranks. Come and get aboard the  
Prohibition boat. Do it now. This  
boat—party—is coming in. Next  
year the Prohibition ticket will poll  
a million and a half of votes. That  
will finish one of the old parties;  
and in 1892 we will take possession  
of the White House and all the de-  
partments of the government.  
Then we will rid the land of King  
Alcohol and King Gambrinus.

WASHINGTON LETTER.  
(From Our Regular Correspondent.)  
WASHINGTON, Jan. 9, 1888.  
At last Speaker Carlisle has re-  
lieved the suspense of members of the  
House—a few being gratified, but the  
majority disappointed—by appointing  
the various committees which are  
charged with shaping the course of  
legislation in the Fiftyeth Congress,  
and whatever may be the opinion of  
those who had axes to grind, the ver-  
dict of the country will probably be  
favorable to Mr. Carlisle, for of one  
thing there can be no doubt, that  
experience has qualified him to dis-  
charge this important trust better  
than any other man in the country.  
The leading committees are notably  
strong, and it is believed that few  
mistakes have been made in assign-  
ments. Both branches of Congress  
now being organized for work, the  
business of the session will be pro-  
ceeded with in a regular and system-  
atic manner. Owing to the large  
number of young men in the House,  
it is thought the greatest activity and  
interest will center in that body.  
Thirty are under forty five, while  
sixteen are not over thirty five years  
of age. Benjamin Shively, of Indiana,  
is the most youthful, as he will  
not be thirty one till March next.  
Next above him is James Phelan, of  
Tennessee, the young newspaper pro-  
prietor, whose age is but thirty three.  
Of the new bills presented in the  
Senate, which, on account of its be-  
ing a continuous body, and at any  
time ready for the transaction of  
business, generally gets the start of  
the House, mention may well be  
made of that of Senator Hoar, of  
Massachusetts, for the World's Ex-  
position, in 1892, which was referred  
for consideration to the select com-  
mittee on the Centennial of the Con-  
stitution and the Discovery of Amer-  
ica. Among other things this bill  
provides that space be assigned on  
some vacant reservation in Washing-  
ton for a permanent State and Terri-  
torial building, a permanent exhibit  
of the representative history, resour-  
ces, arts and industries of our forty  
six States and Territories; also for a  
permanent three Americas building,  
to give an exhibit of the history, an-  
tiquities, resources, arts and indus-  
tries of North, Central, and South  
America; for a temporary building  
or buildings for an exhibit between  
May 1st and October 31st, 1892, by  
all nations other than those of the  
American continent, and for a suit-  
able site for a statue of Columbus. It  
is further proposed that the Presi-  
dent shall invite the several States  
and Territories of the United States  
and the several sister nations of the  
three Americas to participate in the  
projected exposition. If this great  
international enterprise should be  
carried to a successful issue, it will  
be the grandest art, industrial and  
historical exposition of the world,  
 eclipsing even the glory and the  
grandeur of the great Centennial Ex-  
position, which has been enshrined  
in history as the proudest peaceful  
achievement of the greatest of repub-  
lics. Its greatest advantage over the  
Centennial would be its permanency;  
and another advantage would be the  
fact that it would be held in Wash-  
ington, D. C. (Continued on third page.)

Dr. Griffith,  
Surgeon Dentist,  
Teeth extracted without pain. Of-  
fice on South Elm street, Wilson  
& Shober Bank building. De 25.

DR. B. W. TATE,  
Practicing Physician, Greensboro,  
N. C., offers his Professional Services  
to the citizens of Greensboro and  
surrounding country. Office at  
Porter & Dason's drug store. When  
not there can be found at his res-  
idence on Auburn street, opposite  
Col. T. F. Kough's.  
Jan 21st

Piedmont Air-Line  
Route.  
Richmond and Danville System.  
CONDENSED SCHEDULE IN EFFECT  
SEPT 1887.

Table with columns for destinations (Richmond, Keyville, etc.), departure times, and arrival times.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE  
On trains 50 and 51, Pullman Buffet  
Sleepers between Atlanta and New York.  
On trains 52 and 53, Pullman Buffet  
Sleepers between Montgomery and Wash-  
ington and Washington and Augusta  
Pullman Sleepers between Richmond  
and Greensboro, and Greensboro and  
Raleigh. Pullman Parlor Car between  
Salisbury and Knoxville.

Table with columns for destinations (Greensboro, Keyville, etc.), departure times, and arrival times.

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Factory Branch—Freight and Pass  
Train North.  
Leave Millboro, 8:05 a.m. 4:25 p.m.  
Arrive Greensboro, 8:40 " 6:01 "

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