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VOL. VIII.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1889.

NO. 48.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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Dental Surgeon,
Henderson, N. C., North Carolina.

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Satisfaction guaranteed as to work and prices. Office over Parker & Cross' store. (Oct. 4-4)

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OFFICE IN BURWELL BUILDING.

Courts: Vance, Franklin, Warren, Granville, United States Court at Raleigh, and Supreme Court of North Carolina. (Expresses: Chief Justice, W. N. H. Smith, Hon. Augustus S. Merrimon, Gov. Daniel G. Fowle, Hon. T. C. Fuller, Hon. T. M. Argo, Dr. W. T. Clifton, Dr. J. H. Tucker, Mr. M. Dorsey, H. H. Burwell, Esq., Hon. James Edwin Moore, Esq., Editor of the U. S. Samuel E. Phillips, mch. 7-3.)

L. C. EDWARDS,
A. R. WORTHAM,
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EDWARDS & WORTHAM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HENDERSON, N. C.

Offer their services to the people of Vance county. Col. Edwards will attend all the courts of Vance county, and will come to Henderson at any and all times when his assistance may be needed by his partner. March 19-4.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
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Courts: Vance, Granville and Warren, and the Federal Court at Raleigh. Special attention given to negotiating loans, settlement of estates, and litigation cases. Jan. 5.

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Prompt attention to all professional business. Practices in the State and Federal courts. Refers by permission to Commercial National Bank and E. D. Latta & Bros., Charlotte, N. C.; Alfred Williams & Co., Raleigh, N. C.; D. Y. Cooper and Jas. H. Lassiter, Henderson, N. C. Office: Over Jas. H. Lassiter & Son's store, nov. 5-1-1.

ANDREW J. HARRIS,
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On improved farms in sums of \$300 and upwards at seven per cent, and moderate charges. Loans repayable in small annual installments through a period of five years, thus enabling the borrower to pay off his indebtedness without exhausting his crop in any one year. Apply to
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Estimates for the erection of buildings, and orders for lumber solicited. I will sell all kinds of lumber at *Finny Woods* prices, with freight added. (Feb. 9-1-1.)

REV. A. J. DIAZ, THE CONVERTED CUBAN.

He Relates His Christian Experience Before the Baptist State Convention.

[Biblical Recorder.]

Rev. A. J. Diaz, of Cuba, being present, was requested to give his Christian experience. He said: I want tell you how I led to the Truth. Some years ago there was war in Cuba, and I see black flag, and that means Spanish soldier kill all they see if they don't agree with them. One night I got plank because soldiers all around me, and push out to sea, not to come to United States, but to get from home and soldiers. I was on my plank and one ship come long and took me to New York. It cold there, and I said I freeze here, for no cold like that in my country, and I took pneumonia and go to hospital. Me know nothing of your language so you see I couldn't talk, but so sick. Then one Baptist lady come to me, but I was sick, and she talk to me, and I don't know what she said, and I o sick—I so sick I can't write, and she kept coming, and I wonder what she said, for she keep looking at me. I said well she must be one lunatic, and she read one book, and I said, 'let me have book,' and she said 'yes.' I went out to translate it to my language, and one friend said, 'you get Bible round here in your own language,' and I went and got me one, and Holy Spirit come, and I read about blind man, and I prayed; yes, I was twenty-five years old, and never prayed before, and Lord come down and help me, and Lord help me all since. I said my people need this book. I look back to Cuba, and war was over, and I went back to home, and said to my father, 'you need this book,' and he said 'no, it heretic religion.' My mother, I love her, and she good mother, but she said 'no.' I went to some doctors in hotel parlor, for I know some medicine, and I read Bible, and next Sunday fifty come, and next Sunday more come, and keep on coming, and priest said, 'this man ruin business, for all people are here; and people believe priest, and I went back to New York. I heard some ladies in Philadelphia want man to carry Bibles to Cuba. They send me, and I go back to Cuba and talk to people. My people need this religion. I love my mother, but love my Master best. She mad with me, and I eat my breakfast; she say nothing, for she get mad because you know she talk too much, and she can't say nothing from Bible. I must do for these people, so I organize Baptist church, and my mother there, and I don't like that, for I thought she come to get mad. I fear she want to rebuke me, so I look somewhere else; and next Sunday I had baptize folks, and my mother she come and say, 'my son, you want me?' I say, 'yes, if you believe; and I took my mother in my arms to baptize her, and I say 'I can't say ceremony now,' and I so full I just laid her down in the baptistry, and I say, 'I Lord Jesus, this is my mother; and I thank God every night for her; and then I baptize my father and my sister and all my people, and my mother-in-law. Went to another city, and one man come to me on cars, and said, 'is this Mr. Diaz?' I say, 'yes.' He say, 'you my prisoner.' I say 'no I done nothing.' He have soldiers on both side of me who say, 'come.' And they put me in jail, and I say, 'what I done?' and nobody say nothing; and I read my Bible loud as I could, and people say 'he crazy.' Mayor he come and say, 'you filibuster, for you got guns in boxes.' But I say, 'no, they no filibuster boxes; they Bible boxes.' I go to hotel; people all come here, say, 'you filibuster,' but I say 'no.' Mayor he come look at me, and I look at him and talk about weather, and he talk about the Bible. He say 'no purgatory here.' I say 'no; and he say, 'there no infant baptism here in the Bible; and I say 'no; and he say, 'how is that?' and I say that, that is hard question, but you right Mr. Mayor; no infant baptism in the Bible. And he keep on talking, and I feel—well he put me in jail once, and I don't know what he do now. Well, he showed me telegram and say, 'you catch that man, A. J. Diaz; he talk to folks and set people on fire, and he put him in jail so he talk no more, for he be one filibuster.' And he put me in jail again, but Bible in his hands made him read, and he come to me and I baptize him, and I baptize more people, and I baptize jailer too, and I baptize mayor. I thank you for your good attention. [We tried to report Bro. Diaz just as he uttered his talk in broken English.]

LET US BE THANKFUL.

[Chicago Herald.]

Thanksgiving Day will soon be here, How thankful we should be, We've all been spared another year, How thankful we should be, But there are other blessings yet, Whose absence fills us with regret, Which if we could in some way get, How thankful we should be.

If women who attend the play, How thankful we should be, Would put their Effel hats away, How thankful we should be, If fate would condescend to choke The joker with his ancient joke, And the croaker with his chronic croak, How thankful we should be.

If tongues were all attached to brains, How thankful we should be, If "hogs" were barred from railroad trains, How thankful we should be, If fads and fables were tabooed, If gum were not by ladies chewed, If death would kindly steal the dude, How thankful we should be.

But let us be to fate resigned, How thankful we should be, For Providence is good and kind, How thankful we should be, There are many things which we regret, And wish were otherwise, and yet If we a nice, fat turkey get, How thankful we should be.

Gambling and Agricultural Fairs.

[Kinston Free Press.]

The *Free Press* is glad to see that a very determined stand against the licensing of gambling at agricultural fairs is being taken by many of the leading papers of the State. The following from the Henderson GOLD LEAF is a sample of the determined stand that a number of the best State papers are taking:

"For one the GOLD LEAF will not lend its influence to any fair in the future that does not advertise 'No gambling allowed.' And then if we find that the people have been deceived we will denounce the fraud and hold the officials up to public scorn and contempt."

The *Free Press* takes its stand along with the GOLD LEAF and other papers, and will make no mention of any fair that does not advertise "No gambling allowed." We hope that all papers that feel the interest of the people at heart will join in the denunciation of such licensed thieving at agricultural fairs, whose ostensible object is the benefit of the people who are robbed.

Thanksgiving Dinner.

[Youth's Companion.]

It is not necessary that the Thanksgiving feast should be sumptuous. There need not be turkey on the table, nor mince pie, nor plum pudding, nor ice cream. The plates and dishes need not be of fine porcelain, nor the spoons and forks of solid silver. No colored man need stand behind any of the chairs, to deprive people of the pleasure of waiting upon one another.

All may be very plain, cheap and simple. Last Thanksgiving a father who was in pecuniary straits took home for his boys' desert two quarts of hot peaputs, and they were received with shouts of laughter and applause. He says they were the pleasantest Thanksgivings he ever made in his life.

But there are some things which are essential to the success of a Thanksgiving festival. Every one must be present who ought to be there—the whole family circle within reasonable reach; the unpopular members of it, as well as the popular; the ill favored and the handsome, the unfortunate and the fortunate; those whom nobody particularly wants to see, as well as those whom everybody delights to see; welcome all on this glad day!

There is a strange pleasure in the occasional meeting of the most incongruous gayety gets into the ascendant, and remains there. Every one says, "Who could have thought that old Cousin Dick and cranky Aunt Abigail could have been so agreeable!"

Each person must, of course, leave his troubles at home with his old clothes, or button them up close and tight in his innermost pocket. We all have troubles, and there are times when it is proper to tell them; but on occasions of family festivity it is good to forget, for a few brief hours, that there is such a thing as trouble in the world.

Family affection is a source of so much happiness and help to us that no fair opportunity of strengthening and increasing it should be allowed to pass unimproved.

One bale of cotton to the acre will pay a profit on the cultivation, while if you only make a bale to two acres you will do well to come out even, and a bale to three or four acres will bring you in debt. It costs no more to cultivate an acre of fertile land than an acre of poor land. The system of intensive farming must be adopted. Restrict the area and increase the fertility. This should be the motto of every farmer.—*Nashville Argonaut.*

AN ESSAY ON TEMPERANCE.

Read Before the Silver Spring Reform Club.

BY MISS KATE J. PARHAM.

[Published by Request.]

[The following essay was prepared by request and read before Silver Spring Reform Club at a recent meeting. It is highly creditable to the author, a young lady only about 16 years of age, and will no doubt be read with interest by many.]

My friends, it is with wear and trembling, that I rise to speak to you upon the grand yet fearful subject of Temperance; grand indeed it might be, were it in my power to do it half the justice it deserves, fearful lest I say something that in some way prove an injustice.

Young gentlemen and young ladies, do you not feel it an honor to say that you are a member of anything so noble as a temperance club? If you do not let me tell you that you ought to.

You are engaged in one of the grandest battles in which mortal man ever fought; you are helping to carry on a work that Christ Jesus began, by saying that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven. Let me ask you a few questions. What is at the bottom of the dark crimes being committed to day by the young men of our land? Only a short while ago a horrible murder was committed right here in our midst. What was the ground-work of the whole affair? What is fast making victims for the jail and penitentiary? The answer comes clear and strong, Whiskey! Whiskey! Young man, what are you doing to break down this evil; young lady what are you doing to uproot the curse of this age?

Let every man and woman ask themselves the question what are we doing, are we encouraging intemperance, or are we defending temperance? You are certainly doing one or the other. Those that are taking part in this great work are trying to crush a monster that will extinguish the brightest lights in our land; that will devour everything in its way with it's poisonous fangs; that will make penniless widows and orphans; that will fill our Presidential chair, our Governor's palace, our pulpits, our lawyer's office, our judge's home and every other high and honorable office in our land with tottering wrecks—slave to the red wine. They might have been men honored and respected by all had it not been for this detestable drug, and yet from day to day men license the sale of it. Before we stop people from drinking we must stop the sale of what they drink, for as long as men are licensed to sell it so long will men drink it.

We call our republic a free one, but unless the hurricane of intemperance that is sweeping over our continent from ocean to ocean be checked in some way, the time will come when we will be living in a land ruled and governed by whiskey drinkers. With such a thing staring us in the face how can we sit with our hands folded, saying by our acts that as long as whiskey doesn't molest us we will not try to abate the swelling tide? It will be too late to say when it has enveloped the whole world in its fiery flame that you would have done all you could had you ever thought how it would end. Now is the time. Now! do not delay. Ere tomorrow's sun shall sink in the golden West some that you love dearly may be too far gone for reformation. Go to-day and speak to that perishing soul.

Mothers, sisters and wives, how dare you say that as long as whiskey doesn't bother you and yours you will let it take its own course with others. I ask you to reflect for a moment upon the poor gray-haired mother, tottering upon the brink of the grave, yet dreading to enter for she knows there is no restraint for that wayward yet precious boy when she is gone. Why won't some one come and tell her that they will carry on the work she has begun and let her go on her way in peace to Heaven? Why you say I would be afraid I would not do as well as some other person. My friend, if you are in the right God is going to help you. He will give all the assistance you need.

Oh, the homes that are being made desolate, the lives that are being wrecked by strong drink! Forget not the prayers that are continually ascending to the Throne of Grace from lips upon which time has tread with heavy footsteps, hearts that are crushed with grief. Bringing such scenes before you who can blame you for trying to exterminate the cause of these trying realities?

Young men here present, God forbid, that any of you should ever darken the pupil of that flashing eye with strong drink. May you never bow that aged mother's head in grief. Be

TOO MANY TO EVER CAUSE A WAVE OF TROUBLE TO ROLL ACROSS THAT PEACEFUL BREAST.

May the sunset of your father's life never be clouded by any of your misdeeds. Oh, assure him by your good actions that all is well ere his silver locks shall glisten with the dews of Eden. Never crush that sister's proud heart with sorrow. But live in such manner that she may feel that she has a brother in whom she can trust; that is an honor to society. In order to do this, young man, you must be a foe to the red wine.

Look not upon the wine in all its beauty, a serpent starts beneath the flowers that crown its brim whose deadly fangs will strike the heart and make thy lustrous eyes grow dim. Why when we look upon the wine a harmless thing it seems, but just let your imagination stretch to the homes where it is a frequent visitor and you will conclude that it is the most venomous of all reptiles.

There is no doubt as to whiskey having caused more sin and suffering in this world than all other evils. When we think of the thousands of saloons in this country the fact is startling; when we think of the numerous allurements for the young men, into the broad way that leads to everlasting destruction and the few places where they are taught the way of truth and light we wonder how other people can remain unmindful of the temptations and snares that surround the youth of our land; and condemn them for it never thinking of the years we have wasted, gone, lost, without a sigh.

Whiskey drinking men and boys, how do you think you would like to receive the death summons in a dram shop? How would you like to be called from such a place to meet the Judge of judges, called from a saloon to appear at the bar of Almighty God? How solemn the thought, yet how very possible. The change can be wrought in the twinkling of an eye.

Those that are visitors to these places of evil, is it not as probable that you will be called from the barroom as any where else? Why certainly it is. My friend, it is too late when the death angel is fluttering his snowy wings around you; it is too late when you are entering that dark valley; too late when you are crossing the stormy river of death; too late when you are writing in seas of fire and brimstone to wish that you had never heard of a bar-room; to wish all alcohol and liquor in the bottomless ocean.

To prevent all this never let your shadow darken the doors where rum is sold. Let no one entice or persuade you into such a place. Never go where the volatile poison is sold and you will never bring shame or disgrace upon your name by using it.

Young lady, upon you rests a great responsibility, perhaps far greater than you have ever thought. How are you exerting your influence for good or evil? Oh, you say you have no influence. You can't shirk your duty in any such way, there never was a person that didn't have some influence in some direction. It is your duty and you cannot get out of it, to give your example if nothing else, to the work in which you are engaged. You do your part, exert your influence for good and rest assured that God is going to do the rest. You may say why I have done my best and do not see any good results. Why long years after your soul has passed beyond this vale of tears; long after friends have committed your body to the cold damp earth; after your flesh has wasted away in the dark and silent tomb, your influence will be living here, perhaps winning souls to Christ, or perhaps snatching the precious lambs from his fold. All of this depends entirely upon the way you have lived.

If we do our work right in this world our Father in Heaven will reward us hereafter. We may not live to see the fruits of our labor, but some one will.

Let us remember we have a just God and a recording angel, by whom all our deeds, good or bad, are penned down upon the book of remembrance, to be proclaimed before the whole world at that last great day when the Great King shall ascend the celestial throne and exclaim to each individual where they shall spend eternity.

The Bellaire Tribune, a Republican paper, has perpetrated altogether "the best joke of the season." It gravely notifies its party that "There Must be no Steps Backward." The Tribune ignores the solemn fact that its party is "stuck in the mud," and it's not in a position to locomote in any direction.

North Carolina is the only State in the Union that fills the entire list of field products and minerals, and she produces one mineral, Hiddenite, found nowhere in the world. If capitalists desire to invest in mines of any kind, let them come to North Carolina.

YOU SEE THAT THEY MAKE NO PRETENSIONS TO RIGHT THEN SCORN THEM.

Never give their practice your sanction in ever so remote a degree.

Let them see that as long as they do not act as gentlemen should you do not wish any of their company. Do this and you will soon see a marked change.

We hear people say there is no harm in taking a social glass now and then. You may call it social at first, but what will it soon be? Intemperance is insidious; it does not come at once with its burning streams to consume the heart of its victim, but slowly and gradually drags itself along, taking one after another, until the fashionable, genteel, moderate drinker has become the reeling, bloated, degraded drunkard. There is something in the idea of taking a drink with a friend, or in swallowing a cup of sparkling wine upon a public occasion exceedingly pleasant. The young fail to see the danger of the practice. They can not perceive how it is that a man is led from moderation to brutal excess, and hence use the wine cup freely and without fear of any evil consequences and so it has been with those who have become intemperate. Not one of all the thousands who have gone down to drunkard's graves, and have entered upon a drunkard's eternity ever supposed that he should become a beastly, degraded inebriate. Such an end never presented itself to the mind of any young man, as for the first time he drank his social glass. But step by step, the habit grew upon him; day by day the fatal spell was thrown around him, as deeper and deeper he descended into the vortex of wretchedness, until the last lamp which shed upon his path was put out; the last star of hope sank in darkness. So ends the social glass.

Young men, with the fact before you, that intemperance is destructive to health, to life, property, business, to all things good, how can you, by the use of wine, bring such ruination upon yourselves? Though the golgolther of drunkenness is before your eyes, though all past is pointing to the long army of inebriates who have perished in the march of time, yet you drain the cup, swallow the beverage of hell as though it was the water of life.

Those of you who have been so unfortunate as to violate your pledge, come and openly confess your wrong, show by your actions that you are sorry and beg forgiveness, and I assure you that you will be readily forgiven; for if we forgive not men their trespasses neither will our Heavenly Father forgive us our trespasses. Oh, never trifle about any thing so solemn as the vow you made when you joined this club. Remember you called upon Almighty God to help you resist the temptation. If you haven't that help it is because you have never asked it.

Brothers and sisters, let us work faithfully as long as God is on our side we may be sure of victory, for if God be for us who can be against us? Let others say what they will we know we are in the right and let's stick to it. We know that we have accomplished good and if we work and trust in the Lord we will accomplish more. We have erased a good many names from our list, but remember friends unless the dross melts away the gold will be spoiled.

Political Excerpts.

[Bellefontaine (Ohio) Examiner.]
As soon as Campbell was nominated for Governor, the Democratic party began to hump itself to elect him.

The late Democratic victory in Ohio was "as deep as a well and as broad as a barn door," and of course "it will do."

Quo' Foraker to Mahone:
"Cheer up, you ain't alone!
For I am knocked out, too,
As thoroughly as you."

A Republican exchange heads the announcement of a forthcoming Boulangist demonstration in Paris as follows: "They Think They're Alive." The Republican party, we may add, is afflicted with a similar delusion.

The weakening of the Republican party by the tariff reform agitation of the last year and a half, prepared the way for the recent series of Democratic victories, and rendered them comparatively easy of accomplishment.

The Bellaire Tribune, a Republican paper, has perpetrated altogether "the best joke of the season." It gravely notifies its party that "There Must be no Steps Backward." The Tribune ignores the solemn fact that its party is "stuck in the mud," and it's not in a position to locomote in any direction.

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It is the most excellent remedy known to
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When one is Bilious or Constipated
PURE BLOOD, REFRESHING SLEEP, HEALTH AND STRENGTH NATURALLY FOLLOW.
Every one is using it and all are delighted with it.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
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