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CUMBERLAND.

A Dish of Hash.

We have no ambition to acquire the *soubriquet* of chronic grumbler, but we would like to know a few things that we do not now know. We are in full accord with Mr. Pope in his statement that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not of the Pierian Spring," and hence we are in continual quest of information.

We would like to know if our city fathers contemplate converting our town into a stock ranche. We want to know if ladies walking on our streets have any rights which cows are bound to respect. We want to know if William goats are amenable to the laws. Speaking of cows, only a few days ago, a young lady was hotly chased by one of these street graminating bovines. She reached a fence, (she was a sensitive girl so she naturally took offense), and was climbing over in fine shape when her skirt caught on a nail and the consequences were extensive and positively appalling. Of course exercise is a good thing, but we all like to select our own style of physical culture, and no young lady wants to make a kaleidoscope of herself in escaping from an ambitious and enthusiastic cow.

We want to know if the fact that a Billy goat is attached to a small vehicle, gives him a license to sample all the goods in front of a grocery, while his youthful master is inside investing fifteen cents. We want to know if said goat is expected to observe the rules of common propriety while promenading on our pavements.

Well do we remember a diverting little incident which occurred a few years ago when we were a boy. At that time, old man J. R. Lee, of "Petersburg," was engaged in the grocery business in one of the stores of the old Fayetteville hotel. It was early one Monday morning and we were hastening down there to buy some prunes, with a shining shilling that had been given us to put in the Sabbath school plate the day before.

A pair of goats were just in advance of us as we approached the store. The billy sampled a keg of pig's feet which was standing outside, but not liking the flavor he seized a large bunch of red top turnips and made off across the street. Mr. Lee coming out just then, gave chase, basted the goat with an axe helve and recovered his turnips, but in the mean time the Nanny had mutilated a fine bunch of bananas and devoured a half peck of Baldwin apples.

Why did we not drive her off? Well, that's a natural question, but the truth is, we were so busily engaged in hilarious laughter at Mr. Lee and the Billy that we did not observe the deprecations.

The amiable old man has long since laid down life's burden and gone to his eternal rest. Whether "storied urn or animated bust" shall perpetuate his memory, we know not, but we do know that he was honest in his dealings and as "a false balance is an abomination unto the Lord but a just weight is his delight," he will not fall of his reward.

A SUDDEN ATTACK.

During the recent session of court, and pending the report of the grand jury, one of our citizens was taken alarmingly ill—so seriously that he took to his bed—and was visited by a physician twice a day; but despite the best medical attention and the most careful nursing, he did not seem to rally and showed no signs of convalescence till court adjourned *sine die*.

He is now up and about, and "mending" rapidly. It is to be hoped he will mend his ways.

Dr. W. C. McDuffie, always noted for his geniality and wit, got off a right good one the other day with a young brother M. D. He asked: "How is — getting on?"

"Oh, very well, I believe; he seems to be holding his ground."

"Yes. Well, that's good, but you'd better watch that case pretty sharp, or the ground will be holding him."

It grieves us to have to mention the assignment of McIver Bros., grocery merchants of this place. These young men were hustlers in their line, and by their uniform gentlemanly deportment made hosts of friends in our community.

Mr. John L. Allen is quoted as saying that "Spring and Summer, Fall and Winter are rather dull seasons for the grocery trade," and observation would seem to sustain his assertion. When a man like Geo. A. Thomson, with business capacity of the highest order, and with pluck, push and energy till you can't rest—a man whose friends are only limited to the number of his acquaintances, and whose acquaintances are only limited by the population of this and adjoining counties—when such a man could not succeed it would seem discouraging for a younger and less experienced man to try. The naked, square-toed, eternal truth is that the grocery business in Fayetteville is dreadfully overdone. If about half our grocery merchants would pool issues and form a syndicate and go into some kind of manufacturing, we think they would make more money, at any rate, they would have more fun.

Rev. W. H. Moore, of the Methodist church, is a southerner after our own heart. We feel like shouting every time we meet a southern man who has the courage to express his views with boldness and the requisite ability to express them with pointedness and effect. Mr. Moore's memorial sermon on Sunday 10th instant, was one of the finest addresses of the kind we ever heard. It had the true ring. There was no dodging—no evasion—no sickening talk of union and loyalty and the "old flag;" he defended southern principles and vindicated southern action; he squarely faced the issue. Hear him:

"Were the southern people traitors? Who among all our enemies has undertaken to prove it? The Hon. Jefferson Davis—the head of the Confederate Government and the trusted leader of its armies was seized and imprisoned for weary months with the shackles of a felon on him, and was then discharged from custody without the form of trial. Other prominent men were arrested, but who of all the number was ever brought to trial? Not one. Why? Was it, as has been said, because of the magnanimity of the 'Government?' No; but because they knew themselves, in legal phrase to be 'without a case.' And in view of these facts I say that it is a gratuitous insult to call any southern man who participated in that dreadful struggle a 'rebel' or a 'traitor.' The only difference between Washington and Lee as rebels was that Washington was successful and Lee was not. The only difference between the elder Adams and Jefferson Davis as traitors is found in the success of the one and the failure of the other."

This is political gospel—this is sound doctrine—this is the faith in which our southern youth should be baptized.

PHIL BAKTON.

P. S.—There is a Southern Confederate mocking bird singing in a Mimosa tree at my window; he seems to be trying to imitate Ben Hardy, of the "State Chronicle."

P. B.

Dyspepsia has driven to an early and even suicidal grave many a man who, if he had tried the virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, would be alive to-day and in the enjoyment of health and competence. Sufferer, be warned in season, and don't allow the system to run down.

Two Italians are under arrest at Coney Island, charged with cutting the throat of one of their countrymen.

DR. E. A. YATES AND MR. FIFE.

[There has been considerable discussion about Mr. Fife's reply to Dr. Yates, which was published in a number of papers. In order to give our readers a fair view of the whole business we to-day lay both letters before them.—Ed.]

TO THE EDITOR:

My first article anent the Y. M. C. A's., W. C. T. U's., K. D's., X. Y. Z's, and other outside societies that propose to take the place of the church, was written not to provoke controversy, but simply to present to my friends a plain statement of my views, and my reasons for the same, that they might understand in what respect I opposed them, how far and why. I did this because you had brought out the fact that you had been solicited to "write me up," and I thought before the little ripple passed away it would be my opportunity.

I knew that it would render me unpopular with the thoughtless (but perhaps that word is too severe, and I will say the unthinking), and short sighted. But no amount of prospective unpopularity, nor money, nor guns, can keep me from defending the Church of Christ, or expressing the convictions of my mind upon subjects of such vital importance.

Well, I thought that would do and I would be called upon to write no more; but it seems I am almost forced to say a few words. And I shall say them plainly, but in kind spirit.

If any did reply, I concluded to wait until all who desired to bark off the gas of "Smart-Aleckism" at me—"Tay, Blanche, and Sweetheart"—had gotten through, and then one load of ammunition would do for the whole gang! I am afraid Mr. Fife has got the frog fever. The fable says that the frog wanted to be an ox, and went through the swelling process until he bursted. I do not wish to judge Mr. Fife unjustly, but I am afraid he magnifies his own importance to a dangerous strain. A little more moderation would be becoming in him in the face of ministers of the gospel who have spent their life in God's service, and whose labors in heat and cold with small pay, and carrying in their bodies the scars of suffering "and the marks of the Lord Jesus," have made it possible for him to have a church building to preach in and an audience to preach to.

There is but little more in his article than a lot of "bless God's." I am not accustomed to such expletives as a substitute for argument. The whole seems to have been written under a fit of pietism for the single purpose of saying that I had "changed my mind," and, therefore, was inconsistent, and to say "bless God," he was sorry for it. Well, I had said as much in my own article. And perhaps I ought here to remind him that there are two classes of men who never change their opinions, viz: Born fools and assinegos. Did I not regard it as irreverent I would say, "bless God" I neither close my eye to more light or shut my ear to further argument upon any subject.

But I am disposed to think he is partly mistaken as to what I included in that endorsement which he says I made at the meeting in Durham a year ago. I am not sure that I said anything about Y. M. C. A. or W. C. T. U. But if I did my disposition to always sanction what seems to be good without searching for the harm led me too far. Since then I have had more light; and, unlike Mr. Fife, I am not ashamed to confess that I don't "know it all." I did say that I was in favor of Jones and Fife and the Salvation Army, and real salvation in any way. And I would still be in favor of Fife if, like the Salvation Army, he went to the slums to rescue the poor and lowly and outcasts, and lived upon scanty pay, instead of going to fat

places for large money, where the hard worked preachers upon small pay, have had thousands of real converts through ages, and made it possible for him to be there at all.

But it seems singularly unfortunate for Mr. Fife to try to convict me of inconsistency. As he has mentioned his Durham meeting (which, by the way, was a total failure), I may be pardoned for turning his argument against himself. He came here as a Presbyterian, and the Presbyterian minister here, as well as others, tried to co-operate with him. But because his methods did not work as smoothly as he desired, he seemed to get angry, and he proceeded to abuse the doctrines and usages of the Presbyterian Church in unmeasured if not disgusting terms but he still claims to be a Presbyterian! Now, there is a jewel of consistency for you, gentlemen!

My syllogism is a very plain one. I speak of the "Church of Christ in its various denominational organizations," and not, as a recent tadpole scribbler said, of the one church as the Roman Catholic. Why will tadpoles try to be frogs before their tails drop off? My argument is that "The Church of Christ, in its various denominational organizations, is either sufficient for all evangelical work or it is not. If it is not, then Christ and His apostles made a mistake and a failure. But if it is sufficient, then whatever draws from its sympathy and support is an evil. These various "X. Y. Z's., as religious organizations, do draw from the Church sympathy, money and time. They are therefore wrong."

Of course I am assuming that "the Church is of God." I am not making an argument to prove that. That would be superfluous verbiage. But the position of Mr. Fife and others, if pushed to their legitimate conclusions, makes the Church of Christ a failure. At the recent laying of the Y. M. C. A. building in Wilmington, a Y. M. C. A. speaker, unrebuked and uncontradicted by Y. M. C. A's. up to this time, dealt in some very silly statistics, such as that there are 7,000,000 young men in the United States, and 5,000,000 of these are not in the church or under any real religious restraint. I may stop here long enough to say that I don't believe a word of it! Figures in the hands of interested publishers and lecturers, sometimes lie. But the speaker went on to hold the following infidel language: "With all credit due the church which has accomplished such noble work, we must confess its inability to reach and rescue them. Its messengers and messages have gone for centuries, healing the broken hearted, drying the tears of distress, and performing offices of love and good cheer; yet, with all, 5,000,000 young men are not reached."

So, so! This has the merit of being plain. "We must confess the CHURCH'S INABILITY TO REACH AND RESCUE THEM." There, now! Hume, Ingersol, Payne; what do you say to that? Christ said "the gates of hell shall not prevail against my church," such shall be its power and "ABILITY." But this young man (and he was not very young either), says that Christ's church has proved a failure—its "inability!" Sure!y, this speaker and Mr. Fife do not comprehend the conclusion of their premises.

After all, the church's work and effort, says the speaker, these "5,000,000 young men are not reached." Indeed! are there not about 5,000,000 young women not reached also? And are not 5,000,000 old men and as many old women not reached? The speaker seems not to have seen that his words were only another way of saying two things:

1. That he, and many such as he, had gone into outside societies and had not supported the church with his TIME, MONEY and a PIOUS EXAMPLE, and had thus weakened the church to that extent; and:
2. That it is no argument against

the church's "ability" that the world is not converted in a day. The world is better than it has ever been. The church is carrying the banner of the cross around the world, and the nations are becoming the kingdoms of the Lord and His Christ.

The church's "inability," indeed! No wonder she is weakened in many places, when, in the house of her professed friends, men who were but yesterday in the ditch of drunkenness, stand up professedly to preach her gospel, and at the same time try to damage and destroy the power of her regular ministers—men who have borne the heat and burden of the day, and for long years have cultivated Emanuel's land—and men the latchet of whose shoes these fledgelings are not worthy to unloose.

I am very much encouraged by the reception of letters of congratulation and endorsement from some of the most eminent Baptist ministers in the State, as well as of other denominations, and professors in institutions of learning, and prominent laymen, and best of all, many good women.

I may say to Mr. Fife that if the W. C. T. U. was after nothing else but *temperance*, as I believe most of our women here are, and they were not to be denominated by the "woman suffrage" power of the organization, then they should have my very best service, as they have always had in all good, long before Mr. Fife ever took up a collection. Enough for the present.

E. A. YATES.

SALISBURY, N. C., April 27.—I have read with great pain Dr. Yates' letter in reference to myself and others. Will say that Dr. Yates saw fit to attack the Y. M. C. A., and as a Y. M. C. A. man, I saw fit to reply to him, and he retaliates by calling me all the hard names he can very well think of. But "Praise God" for Matthew v. 11, 12 44. In the first place, he classes me with the "Smart Alecks." As the Bible is about the only book that I am at all familiar with, and as I do not find this word in the "blessed book" I will not comment on this expression. So I pass on to the "Frog." Thank the dear Lord if He could use the "Frogs" in Moses' time to show His power and to reprove Pharaoh of his sins, I am willing to be a "Frog" to be used of Him to show His power and reprove men of their sins. Referring to the "Ass" (assinegos): If God could use Balaam's ass (Numbers vii, 28) to reprove him of sin, and the jaw bone of an ass in the hands of Sampson to slay the Philistines, Judges, xv, 15, I am willing to be an "Ass" to reprove men of their sins, or the jaw bone of an ass to slay the Philistines who set themselves against the Y. M. C. A. and other Christian organizations that are doing so much good in our land.

As to our meeting in Durham being a "total failure," praise the Lord Bro. Yates is not sitting in judgement; the dear Lord will do that.

As to my expressions, "Bless God" and "Praise God," will refer the brother to the book of Psalms.

As to my coming out of the ditch of drunkenness: I bless God's holy name forever for Psalms xl, 2, "He brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings."

As to my taking up a collection: I will refer him to the people of North Carolina who have been so kind as to give me free will offerings.

As to my not being worthy to unlatch the shoes of godly, consecrated ministers: I will admit it. I am unworthy, and I most earnestly pray for all the ministers of the gospel who are preaching "Christ and Him Crucified."

This ends the matter with me. Assuring Dr. Yates of my love, I am yours, redeemed by the blood of Jesus.

W. P. FIFE.

If you do not want gray hairs use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.