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VOL. I. SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1899. NO. 13.

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WHITHER DRIFTING?

ARE WE IN THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE GENTILE AGE?

Evangelist W. P. Fife Convinced That The Rapture of the Church is Likely to Take Place at Any Moment—The Second Coming of Christ and Signs That Point Thereto.

(Correspondence of Charlotte Observer.)

I notice in your editorial of Jan. 17th, "Growing Scepticism as to Immortality" you use these words: "For some time past the New York *Sun* has held that there is at this time a remarkable departure from the old landmarks in religion. This is being evidenced not only by scepticism and infidelity of the world at large, but also by a decline of faith in the most orthodox branches of the Church itself. In this discussion of immortality the papers find added evidence of its oft repeated conviction." The *Observer* well says the *Sun* argues convincingly, and its conclusion is a matter for serious consideration. I agree with you fully when you say this is a matter for serious consideration. Let us look at our Bibles and see whether we cannot find why this is the case. Are we not in the days that must precede the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ? I have had the privilege of hearing a great many of the leading Bible teachers of Europe and this country for the past four years, and every one declared, according to what they can understand from the Word, that we are in the closing days of the Gentile age, and that the "rapture" of the Church is likely to take place at any moment. Let us see what St. Paul says in regard to the days that must precede "The coming of the Lord." II Thes. 2:1-3: "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus, and by our gathering together unto Him, for that day shall not come unless there be a falling away first." Is the world to be converted in this age? No. Acts, 15:16-17: "He is calling out from among the Gentiles a people for His name.' After this he will return and build the tabernacle of David, which was fallen down, that the residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles, upon whom my name is called." The apostle also says in I Tim. 4:1-2: "Now the spirit speakest expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils. Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared as with a hot iron." St. Paul continues in II Tim. 3:1-5: "This know also, in the last days perilous times shall come when men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away," and 13th verse "But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." II Tim. 4:2-5. His Command to Timity. "Preach the Word, be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long suffering and doctrine, for the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables; but watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." St. Peter says in II Peter, 1:16: "For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 2:1-13: "But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon them swift destruction, and many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil-spoken of, and through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you; whose judgment now of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not."

I desire to ask a question: Are we not in the "days of apostacy?" Are we not in the "days of peril?" Are we not in days of turmoil, strife, confusion, not in this country alone but all over the world? Are we not in days when men are departing from the faith once for all delivered to the saints; 11,000,000 adherents of spiritualism in the world to-day with thousands that believe in Christian Science, and hypnotism and other forms of demonology; thousands that deny the divinity of Christ? Whither are we drifting? Christ Himself says in Luke, 18:8: "Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" Do we believe God is able to save our souls? Do we believe He is able to save from the power and dominion of sin? Do we believe He is able to save our bodies from sickness in answer to prayer of faith? Jas. 5:14-15, with Isa. 53:4-5, margin of new version, with Matt. 8:16; Do we believe in the literal coming of our Lord Jesus Christ? I Thes. 4:16-17-18: "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of an archangel and with the trump of God; and the dead in Chirst shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord; wherefore comfort one another with these words." Is this a comforting doctrine to professed Christians to-day?

I have no doubt I will have some friends that will be sorry that I wrote this article, but, like the grand old Apostle to the Gentiles, who said with humility I must say, "That I must know no man after the flesh." I write because I believe my Master demands it. I write to get people to study on these lines. I write after praying most earnestly that the dear Lord would direct. I write for the glory of my "coming King," nothing else.

EVANGELIST W. P. FIFE.

JOSIAH TURNER.

An Almost Forgotten and Neglected Hero to Whom North Carolina Owes Everlasting Honor and Gratitude.

(O. W. Blacknall in News and Observer.)

I never expected to see the day in which North Carolina should need to be told who Josiah Turner was. But such is the sad fact as evidenced by a recent utterance of the *News and Observer*.

North Carolina owes more to Joe Turner than to any other man of the post-bellum period, Zeb Vance not excepted. He was the Patrick Henry—nay, more than the Patrick Henry—of that pregnant period, for to a pen and tongue that fired the souls of men against wrong and oppression, he added the courage of a hero. When the doors of Federal prisons yawned for our manhood: when Holden, backed by Federal bayonets, and impelled by Satanic malevolence, against our truest and best, held the State in the hollow of his hand; it was Joe Turner, and for a long time Joe Turner alone, that bore the brunt and with matchless eloquence, invective, sarcasm and iron resolution and courage, beat back the foe and inspirited his despairing followers. For months, between the halter of Holden's drum-head court martial and the bullets of the mob, his life was not worth a moment's purchase. When many, afterwards held in high honor, were weak-kneed, he stood like a rock. With his old Colt's six-shooter I have seen him standing alone and unaided put his back to a tree and defy a sea of carpet-bag, scallawag scoundreldom, and their negro minions, seeking to take his life or frighten him into silence. But his courage and genius rose with the danger, and Holdenism, the greatest peril that has ever menaced the State, met its Waterloo.

The war fought and won, white supremacy established, the old warrior cast in heroic mould, lacked the tact and suppleness to walk the primrose paths of peace. He saw wrong where perhaps it did not exist and attacked those whom probably he ought not to have attacked. Men forgot his great service to the State, and left him to his bitterness.

But a more fearless, heroic soul than Joe Turner's never animated mortal clay. If his ways were not the ways of other men, so much the worse in many respects for other men.

The State owes to him a debt it owes to few. He was our prime champion in the great struggle for white supremacy. I wish that the present Legislature, created by and symbolic of this great cause could in some marked and unique way, show its honor and respect for this man, but for whom North Carolina history could not have been the same and must have been darker. In a little while he must, in the course of nature, pass beyond the borders of time, and North Carolina will honor herself in honoring him before he goes hence.

Played Out!

(Spartanburg, S. C., Herald.)

Senator Marion Butler is not only politically dead, as he deserves to be, but he seems to be suffering from weakened mental faculties as well. His motion in regard to pensioning Confederate soldiers was strangely out of tune with the times. It was calculated to upset the cordial feeling that was steadily growing between the two great sections of this country that promise to become once more united. But Southern soldiers were not slow in making known their want of appreciation of what this renegade North Carolina Republican proposed in their behalf and he had to drop his scheme. He managed, however, to allow his amendment to remain in Congress long enough to get off the labored speech he had prepared to prove that South Carolina had a right to withdraw from the Union and North Carolina did not secede until the war was forced upon her. This is about the deadest issue a dead politician could possibly hit upon. It has been settled by the highest of human courts and while the world gives the South credit for honesty of purpose and upright intentions, it has been decided that we had no right to withdraw. A far more profitable study just now, is not whether in 1860 South Carolina had the right to withdraw from the Union, but is it right in 1899 to take into the Union a lot of uncivilized islands on the other side of the earth?

"Imperialism finds the inspiration in dollars, not in duty. It is not our duty to burden our people with increased taxes in order to give a few speculators an opportunity for exploitation. It is not our duty to sacrifice the best blood of our nations in tropical jungles in an attempt to stifle the very sentiments which have given vitality to American institutions. It is not our duty to deny the people of the Philippines that for which our forefathers fought from Bunker Hill to Yorktown."—Wm. J. Bryan.

The man who cannot pay at least a poll tax—who cannot contribute this much toward the support of the government that protects him—should not only not be allowed to vote but should get off the earth. When this country was young there was a great flurry in it on the injustice of taxation without representation, and because, largely, of this injustice it went to war with the mother country. The pendulum has swung the other way and now we are having entirely too much representation without taxation.—Charlotte *Observer*.

GOOD ROADS.

WHAT NORTH CAROLINA IS DOING IN THE MATTER.

An Important Subject Upon Which Interest Is Gradually Awakening—Twenty-three Counties in The State Now Working Their Roads Wholly Or in Part by Taxation.

(Southern Farm Magazine.)

In North Carolina twenty-three counties are now working their roads wholly or in part by taxation. In the work of macadamizing and general road improvement Mecklenburg county, the pioneer in that line in the State, still leads, and has now nearly seventy miles of excellent macadam road. Wake county has also made considerable progress. Durham, Rowan, Cabarrus, Guilford and Alamance counties are also doing some exceedingly satisfactory work in the way of macadamizing, while a number of other counties are grading and re-locating roads under recent satisfactory legislation. These facts are obtained from a letter of Prof. J. A. Holmes, State geologist of North Carolina, to the *Southern Farm Magazine*. Prof. Holmes has been an advocate of good roads for many years. He is the author of the report to the United States Agricultural Department on the subject of road improvement in North Carolina, from which the following facts have been derived:

In Mecklenburg county the general plan adopted, and which has been adhered to, was to start at the city limits of the county seat and to grade and macadamize all of the important public roads from this point out toward the township and the county limits. These roads have a width of 40 feet for the first 2 miles from the city limits, and beyond this point a width of thirty-six feet. They have a maximum grade of four feet to one hundred. For crossdrains sewer pipes are used in all cases where practicable, and strong wooden bridges with stone piers have been put in wherever needed. In attaining the above grade in places where it was impracticle to change the location of the road cuts through the hills have been made to a depth in places of from ten to fifteen feet, and fills have been made which in places have a height above the ordinary ground surface of from ten to twenty feet for a distance of a few hundred yards to half a mile. In macadamizing the following general plan has been adopted: Upon the graded and settled earth surface a macadam road twelve feet wide and about nine inches thick is constructed, usually in the centre, though in places on one side of the road. An excavation from four to six inches deep is made in the earth's surface, and the bottom is then carefully rolled with a steam roller. Upon this excavated surface is placed a layer of field stone about four inches thick, and this is then thoroughly rolled. Upon this surface is placed a three-inch layer of stone crushed to from one to two inches in size, and after this has been thoroughly rolled there is placed a third layer about two inches thick, of finely crushed stone, including screenings, and this latter is in turn thoroughly rolled.

The average cost of these roads, including the macadamizing and grading, is about $2,000 per mile. Much the larger part of the work for the permanent improvement of the roads in this county is done by convict labor. The average number of convicts, employed is about eighty, and the average cost of this labor per convict, including their food, clothes, medical attention and guarding, is from twenty to twenty-two cents per day. In charge of the work is one superintendent and one engineer (during a part of the time) and six guards. Usually the convicts have worked in one squad; at the present time they are divided into two squads. The rate of taxation in the county at the present time is eighteen cents on the $100 worth of property, and the entire amount raised in this way for the support of the convict force in road improvement work during the past year was about $18,000. In addition to this, each township levies a tax varying from seven to fifteen cents on each $100 worth of property.

Mecklenburg, as stated above, requires all able-bodied citizens along the public roads either to labor four days of each year on the public roads or to pay the sum of fifty cents per day in lieu thereof. This class of labor is used upon the roads independent of the convict force, and principally in the work of grading or in the general repairs of those roads or portions of them upon which the convict force is not engaged.

It seems to be a legislative perplexity how it is that Virginia can derive revenue from its penitentiary and oyster industry, while both of these bring the North Carolina people in debt. We would suppose bad management was the explanation on the part of this State. Time and again we expressed wonder at the failure to develop in our State a large and money making oyster crop. With the great advantages possessed by the people living in the remarkable watered section in Eastern Carolina there ought to be now an oyster product of not less than $3,000,000. It is but little more than $100,000. We mentioned not long since that little Connecticut had not an oyster several years ago. It sent its vessels into Maryland and Virginia waters, obtained the oyster seed and planted them in Long Islang sound. For several years its oyster product has varied from $2,000,000 annually and up.—Wilmington *Messenger*.

Doctor—For dinner take forty minutes.

Patient—What's the matter with some meat and vegetables?

WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW.

(New York Times.)

The rooms are hushed, the lights are low,
I sit and listen to the wind
That comes from out the distant hill;
It comes and croons in an undertone
Of alien regions vast and lone,
Of pleasures lost in a land unknown;
Then steals away and all is still.
'Tis good to listen to the wind
When rooms are hushed and lights are low.

When those we love are come and gone,
'Tis weary to be left behind,
To miss sweet eyes where late they shone,
To look for what we may not find,
Long-cherished forms that haunt the mind,
Soft voices that were once too kind;
To live and miss them one by one
Is weary work. Who'd stay behind
When those we love have come and gone?

HOME EMPLOYMENT.

The Tonic Value of Work and the Moral and Intellectual Benefits Derived Therefrom—The Position of Women As Bread Winners.

[illegible]iew of the tonic value of work and the valuable moral and intellectual benefits derived from regular occupation in some useful art or profession, the position of woman in the modern world, according to the *Textile World* is decidedly unsatisfactory. Time was when women of every class were engaged in productive industry—spinning, weaving, dying or other domestic work that created values. Modern machinery has destroyed women's former employment to such an extent that "spinster" is regarded as an odious epithet. By common consent it is decided to be hopeless, if not foolish, to try to manufacture at home the yarns, cloth, candles, soaps, etc., that can be bought so cheaply at the stores. Half of the home force is thus idle and the burden of support of the family is too often thrown on the male bread-winners. Time is given to the men folks and their whole existence is given to business, but there is a glut of time and all sorts of devices are resorted to in order to kill it. Dressing and preparing to dress become the chief occupation.

Surfeit of idleness incites to crazy patchwork, piano practice, church fairs, croquet, charity organizations, acrostics, bicycling—anything but productive labor. And wasteful idleness extends not only to the wealthy, but to the families of the poor. "Machines," says the *Textile World* "have taken away a great proportion of the work which made cottage women busy. These latter spin not, they weave not, they make not, they mend not, and the bakers, soup kitchens and schools take away the other occupations of baking, cooking and looking after their children, which used to form so important a feature in their lives. There is, no doubt, somewhere or other, a plethora of washer-women and char-women, but one always fails to find them, and the usual cry of women in their homes is the dullness and lack of interest which necessitates amusement either in the milder forms of village gossip, or, in some sad homes, of novel reading, drinking and even gambling. Now it is just this waste of valuable time, of still more valuable human labor, energy and intelligent activity which places us at a manifest disadvantage."

There is, therefore, a large deduction to be made from the advantages of the present age of machinery. The family is rendered less stable and comfortable by the unproductive character of female labor in the home and by reliance upon the males exclusively for income. The domestic arts of fifty years ago "saved" many a penny and "a penny saved is a penny gained." In recent decades many families—farmers' families particularly—have suffered decay owing to store bills and mortgages that would not have been contracted under the old order of things. No doubt the balance is being redressed to some extent now by women leaving the home for employment in schools, stores, offices, arts, professions, etc. Away-from-home occupations gain for woman the money that was formerly gained by them in the home by spinning, weaving, etc. This is desirable and, no doubt, inevitable under the circumstances. But to those who think the home the best place for the development of the qualities that make a good wife, the exchange of home labor for the noisy occupations of the outer world must seem almost a calamity. Probably character, if not injured, is improved often by this way-from-home work. It has its compensations.

LIKE BANCO'S GHOST.

Maximo Gomez, reported dead a few weeks ago, has come to life again and written a long letter to a friend in Havana, in which he says that he feels deeply hurt by the curt treatment that he received from the American officials. Deeply hurt? The old bandit has been paid the $10 a day wages for which he agreed to make a pretense of fighting in Cuba, and what more does he want? His claim that he ought to be recognized as the Commander-in-Chief of the Cuban Army, equal in rank to the American Commanding General is preposterous. There is not—and it's doubtful if there ever was—a Cuban army. For years Gomez and the Spanish officials have been playing at fighting, oppressing the farmers and planters, dividing the spoils, and taking good care that nobody except the poor Cuban residents were ever killed or wounded. When our army appeared at Santiago—and he might have been of some use—Gomez made no sign, because nobody offered to pay him for a demonstration. He is one of the many humbugs exploded by the Cuban war, and the sooner he drops into innocuous desuetude the better for Cuba.—Felicity (Ohio) *Times*.

Every man is our neighbor who needs our compassion and help.

Adam probably never forgot his New Year's Eve.

ARKANSAW TRAVELER.

THE STORY AS TOLD BY COL. "SANDY" FAULKNER,

The Author and Personator Who First Made it Famous—An Unremembered Explainer Again Brings it to the Front With an Introduction—A Great Favorite Years Ago.

The following introduction by an unremembered "explainer" tells the story of the "Arkansaw Traveler."

Colonel Sandy Faulkner, the original Arkansaw Traveler, was born in Georgetown, Scott county, Kentucky, March 3, 1803. He came to Arkansaw in 1820 and settled in Chichot county, on the Mississippi river, as a cotton planter. Later Colonel Faulkner, (with his father, the late Nicholas Faulkner, a Virginian by birth,) took up his residence in Little Rock where he died August 4, 1874, at the age of 71 years.

It is well known throughout the North-west that Colonel Faulkner was the original personator of the "Arkansaw Traveler." It was his pride to be known as such. The story, it is said, was founded on a little incident which occurred in the campaign of 1840, when he made the tour of the State in company with the Hon. A. H. Server, Governor Fulton, Chester Ashley, and Governor Yell. One day in the Boston mountain the party approached a squatter's for information of the route, and Colonel "Sandy" was made spokesman of the company, and it was upon his witty response the tune and story were founded. On returning to Little Rock, a great banquet was given in the famous "bar room" which used to stand near the Anthony House and Colonel "Sandy" was called upon to play the tune and tell the story. Afterward it grew into popularity. When he subsequently went to New Orleans, the fame of the "Arkansaw Traveler" had gone ahead of him, and at a banquet he, amid clinking glasses and brilliant toasts, was handed a violin by the then governor of Louisiana, and requested to favor them with the favorite Arkansaw tune. At the old St. Charles hotel a special room was devoted to his use bearing in gilt letters over the door, "Arkansaw Traveler."

DIALOGUE.

Traveler—Hello, stranger.

Stranger—Hello, yourself.

T.—Can I get to stay all night with you?

S.—No, sir; you can't git to——

T.—Have you got any spirits here?

S.—Lots uv 'em. Sal seen one last night by that ar old holler gum, and it nearly skeered her to death.

T.—You mistake my meaning: have you got any liquor?

S.—Had some yesterday; but old Bose, he got in and laped all of it out'n the pot.

T.—You don't understand; I don't mean pot liquor. I'm wet and cold and want some whiskey. Have you got any?

S.—Oh, yes—I drunk the last this morning.

T.—I'm hungry; haven't had anything since morning; can't you give me something to eat?

S.—Hain't got a durn thing in the house. Not a mouthful ov meat, nor a dust ov meal here.

T.—Well, can't you give my horse something?

S.—Got nothin' to feed him on.

T.—How far is it to the next house?

S.—I don't know, I've never been thar.

T.—Well, do you know who lives here?

S.—Yes, sir!

T.—As I'm so bold; then, what might your name be?

S.—It might be Dick and it might be Tom; but it lacks a right smart of it.

T.—Sir! will you tell me where this road goes to?

S.—It's never gone anywhar since I've lived here; it's always thar when I git up in the morning.

T.—Well, how far is it to where it forks?

S.—It don't fork at all; but it splits up like the devil.

T.—As I'm not likely to get to any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours; and I'll tie my horse to a tree, and do without anything to eat or drink?

S.—My house leaks. Thar's only one dry spot in it, and me and Sal sleeps on it. And that thar tree is the old woman's persimmons; you can't tie to it, 'cause she don't want em shuk off. She lows to make beer out'n em.

T.—Why don't you finish covering your house and stop the leaks?

S.—It's been rainin' all day.

T.—Well, why don't you do it in dry weather?

S.—It don't leak then.

T.—As there seems to be nothing alive about your place but children how do you do here, anyhow?

S.—Purty well, I thank you, how do you do yourself?

T.—I mean what do you do for a living here?

S.—Keep tavern and sell whiskey.

T.—Well, I told you I wanted some whiskey?

S.—Stranger, I bought a bar'l mor'n a week ago. You see, me and Sal went shars. Arter we got it here we only had a bit between us, and Sal she didn't want to use hern fust, nor me mine. You see I had a spigen in one eend, and she one in 'tother. So she takes a drink out'n my eend, and pays me the bit for it; then I'd take one out'n hern, and give her the bit. Well, we were getting along fust-rate 'till Dick, a durn skulkin' skunk, he bored a hole in the bottom to suck at, and the next time I went to buy a drink, they wan't none thar.

T.—I'm sorry your whiskey's all out, but, my friend, why don't you play the balance of that tune?

S.—It's got no balance to it.

T.—I mean you don't play the whole of it.

S.—Stranger, can you play the fiddle?

T.—Yes, a little, sometimes.

S.—You don't look like a fiddler, but ef you think you can play any more onto that thar tune, you kin just try it.

[The traveler takes the fiddle and plays the whole of it.]

S.—Stranger, tuck half dozen cheers and sot down. Sal, stir yourself 'round like a six horse team in a mud hole. Go 'roun in the holler whar I killed that buck this mornin', cut off some of the best pieces, and fotch it and cook it for me and this gentleman, directly. Raise up the board under the head of the bed and git the old black jug I hid from Dick, and gin us some whiskey; I know thar is some left yet. Til, drive Ole Bose out'n the bread tray, and climb up in the loft, an' git the rag that's got the sugar tied in it. Dick, carry the gentleman's horse 'round under the shed, and give him some fodder and corn, much as he kin eat.

Til.—Dad, they ain't knives enuff for to sot the table.

S.—Whar's big butch, little butch, old case, cob-handle, granny's knife, and the one I handled yesterday? That's enuff to set any gentleman's table, thout'n you've lost um. Durn me stranger, ef you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink. Will you have coffee for supper?

T.—Yes, sir.

S.—I'll be hanged if you do, tho', we don't have nothin' that way here, but Grub Hyson and I reckon it's mighty good with sweetening. Play away, stranger, you can sleep on the dry spot to-night.

T.—(After two hours fiddling.) My friend, can't you tell me about the road I'm to travel to-morrow?

S.—To-morrow! Stranger, you won't git out'n these diggin's for six weeks! But when it gits so you can start, you see that big sloo over thar? Well, you have to git erost that, then you take the road up the bank, and in about a mile you'll come to a two-acre-and-a-half corn patch. The corn is mitily in the weeds but you needn't mind that, just ride on. About a mile and a half or two miles from thar, you'll come to the dampest swamp you ever struck in all your travels; it's boggy enuff to mire a saddle blanket. Thar's a fust-rate road about six feet under thar.

T.—How am I to get at it?

S.—You can't git at it nary time 'till the weather stiffens down sum. Well, about a mile beyant, you come to a place where there's no road. You can take the right hand of you want to, you'll foller it a mile or so, and you'll find it's run out, you'll then have to come back and try the left, when you git about two miles on that you may know you're wrong, fur they ain't any road thar. You'll then think you're mity lucky ef you can find the way back to my house, whar you can cum and play on that ar tune as long as you please.

AN ASTONISHED DIVINE.

The Minister's Experience With the Tough Waiter.

"Ahem!" remarked a clerical looking gentleman as he carefully deposited a well-worn leather grip on the floor and gingerly parted his coat-tails preparatory to seating himself on a stool in the restaurant.

"Ahem, waiter! you may bring me a couple of eggs fried on both sides, a plate of buckwheat cakes and a cup of coffee. And hurry, please."

"Yessir," replied the white-aproned functionary deferentially, then, towards the kitchen.

"Two in the air, a stack of bucks, draw one in the dark and get your skates on!"

The clerical looking gentleman was visibly startled and glanced dubiously at the waiter.

"Just at that moment a rough-looking individual to his right sung out:

"Gimme one of them A. P. A.'s, will you?"

The man with the Prince Albert and white choker looked nervously at his companion and then towards the door. He seemed relieved, however, when the waiter picked out a little round coffee cake and passed it over the counter.

"Plate of hot devils here!" roared an individual near the door.

The clerical-looking man gasped and reached for his grip.

"Dats de guff fer a plate of deviled crabs," volunteered a weather-beaten chap on his left side, who had been sizing up his dignified neighbor, with an amused smile.

"But surely such awful jargon is not the language commonly used here for such edibles," ventured the conventional-looking personage.

"Well, dat depends on who you are," responded the weather-beaten chap. "I don't suppose a gent like yerself would jiss catch onter what is meant, but most of us here are on to th' spiel all right. See them san'wiches over there—them big, heavy ones? Well, them's 'boxing gloves'. Dat feller over dere at t' end is eatin' 'scrambled' eggs—dat's 'shipwreck trees'. Dat guy nex' t' him is fillin' his face wid doughnuts—'sinkers,' dey calls 'em here, 'n sometimes 'life-preservers'"

At this moment a sepulchral-looking chap with tuberculous whiskers, who has just come in, shouted out hoarsely:

"Gimme a grave-yard stew, Bill!"

"Now dat stiff wants er plate uv milk toast, partner," begun the weatherstained chap.

But the clerical-looking gentleman had seized his grip and with horror-stricken features was making for the door.

"You young scoundrel," said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair, "I'll show you how you ought to treat your mother."

And he gave him several bangs on the ears, and then shook him till his hair began to fall out.—Chicago *Journal*.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

CHAS. E. VALE,

Photographer.

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NOTICE!

Southern Pines, Jan. 11, 1899.

To Whom It May Concern:

Public notice is hereby given that application will be made to the next General Assembly of North Carolina to amend the charter of the town of Southern Pines.

I. L. HAMLIN, Town Clerk.