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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

IT WAS A BUST.

WELL, Rev. Mr. Sheldon, has busted as a newspaper man, just as we predicted. He admits he made a mistake. A man always makes a mistake when he goes into the newspaper business.

He refused to take an advertisement from a clothing firm offering a \$20 suit of clothes for \$10. He would not advertise corsets and tobacco at any price, but published a plow man's ad which claimed that his plow would plough as Jesus would have it plough, and that his potato digger would dig so nice that it would please Jesus. All of which was "rot," and makes us tired. Jesus Christ never prompted such doctrines, nor did Jesus Christ ever want one of his close followers to run a newspaper, Christian or secular.

Mr. Sheldon's book was good. It made people study, but our doctrine on this subject is: "If a man is a teacher, let the gospel make him a better teacher; if he is a preacher, let it make him a better preacher; if he is a servant, let it make him a better servant; if a merchant, a better merchant; and if a newspaper man, let it make him better, but it was never intended to change a man's business or avocation, unless in an illegitimate business."

So go back to preaching, Mr. Sheldon, and be a better preacher, and let this newspaper business alone.

SEVERAL hundred years ago it was decreed by the God of nations that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his face. Since that time every man has been bound more or less by that decree. Old Adam went out from his profane garden to earn his bread. Old Abraham wandered over the plains, footsore and weary, wiping the sweat from his brow—all generations have toiled and lived. But as this is a day when everything is being

run on improved methods, we find that the man, who by honest toil and sweat, reaps from the earth his bread, is not the only one who eats. The farmer works long and late, the mechanic and the working man bends over his daily labor in command of that decree, the business man burns the midnight oil over his books, and consumes his part of earth's creation. But listen. There is a little animal called a Parasite. It lives, but at the expense of others. We were reading the other day of four millionaires who loaded up their private car with the rarest wines and costliest liquors, started from New York on a gambling expedition. Thousands of dollars were piled upon the table. The cards were shuffled and the winner took the pot. More gold glittered in the jack-pot, and again the cards were dealt until a million dollars was lost and won before their return from their trip. And they ate their bread. Carnegie sits back and gathers into his coffers thousands of dollars per day, and he eats his bread. Millionaires and multi-millionaires are rolling in wealth and splendor, and are eating their bread. Oppressors, future dealers and gamblers are eating their bread, and, not content, are snatching it from the hand of him whose brow is damp from manly toil. They neither sow, neither do they work, but they reap the increase. This may be all right, but we were just commenting on the progress that this generation has made over that of which God commanded, that they should eat bread by the sweat of their face.

IT would seem that this day of inconsistencies. Truly consistency is a jewel to-day. But the latest development in this line, is that of Marion Butler. A few days ago on the Senate floor he was called upon to declare his loyalty to free silver—and like Peter of old, he declared he never knew his Lord. He refused to say he was in favor of free silver. No wonder the honest Populists all over the country are scorn-

ing him as a traitor to their principles. We never say anything against any man, personally, nor will we say anything now against Mr. Butler, but we must say we can't understand him.

We have heard stories of fabulous wealth, of great gains in a day, and so on, but the following story dazes and confounds us. The story speaks volumes. While the poor farmer and working man toils for an honest living, these men gamble away their thousands. Five or six millionaires attached a private car to a fast express train in New York, stocked up on good four-year-old liquor and proceeded to have a high handed game of cards. Stakes were put up and lost by the thousands and \$1,000,000 was gambled in this way.

A compromise measure on the Porto Rican bill has been agreed upon. This provides the entire revenue collected by custom duty from Porto Rico since we took charge up to the first of January, amounting to over \$2,000,000, to be used for the relief and aid of the suffering ones in Porto Rico, and also provides for the revenue hereafter collected to be appropriated for this cause also.

The Standard Oil Company Thursday disbursed \$20,000,000 in dividends. The directors declared a few weeks ago the regular quarterly dividend of 3 per cent on the \$100,000,000 common stock and 17 per cent in an extra cash dividend. This probably is the largest cash disbursement ever made at any one time on the stock of a single corporation.

Shades of midnight! It is now reported that Grover Cleveland will write a letter, at an early date, declaring himself in favor of Bryan and free silver. The old man must think he is going to die.

Begging letters, asking for an aggregate of \$3,000,000, were received by Miss Helen Gould, in New York, in one week recently.



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JNO. R. FOSTER,

The Shoe Man,

Burlington, N. C.

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