#### THE POWER TO FIGHT

DR. TALMAGE TELLS HOW TO The wrestlers were put under complete WRESTLE WITH EVIL

We Must be Trained for the Struggle. the End-The Strength That Comes

From God

Association.]

In this discourse Dr. Talmage selects one of the boldest figures of the Bible to present most practical and encourag | world, we had better get ready by ing truths; text Ephesians vi, 12, "We wrestle not against the flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual preparation for the ministry, spending wickedness in high places."

Squeamishness and fastidiousness were never charged aginst Paul's rhetoric. In the war against evil he took the first weapon he could lay his hand on. For illustration, he employed the theater, the arena, the foot race, and there was nothing in the Isthmian game, with its wreath of pine leaves, er Pythian game, with its wreath of laurel palm, or Nemean game, with its wreath of parsley, or any Roman circus, but he felt he had a right to put it in sermon or epistle, and are you not surprised that in my text he calls upon a wrestling bout for suggestiveness? Plutarch says that wrestling is the most artistic and cunning of athletic games. We must make a wide difference between pugilism, the lowest of spectacles, and wrestling, which is an effort in sport to put down another on floor or ground, and we, all of us, indulged in it in our boyhood days if we were healthful and plucky. The ancient wrestlers were first bathed in oil and then sprinkled with sand. The third throw decided the victory, and many a man who went down in the first throw or second throw in the third throw was on top and his opponent under. The Romans did not like this game very much, for it was not savage enough, no blows or kicks being allowed in the game. They preferred the foot of hungry panther on the breast of fallen martyr.

each other backward and forward ungle that threatened apoplexy or death, the defeated fell, and the shouts of the spectators greeted the victor. I guess soul with the temptation, and the struggle of heavenly forces against Apollyonic powers, and he dictates my ters, save the one to Philemon, seem amanuensis goes on with his work I hear the groan and laugh and shout of earthly and celestial belligerents, "We wrestle not against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, aginst spirt-

ual wickedness in high places." THE AMENITIES OF LIFE.

reign of Henry III in St. Giles' Field between men of Westminster and people of London. However rough a twist and hard a pull each wrestler contemplated giving his opponent, they ap- gospel-both feet on the Rock of Ages. affability, the courtesy in no wish hindered the decisiveness of the contest. men and ladies. Affability never hinders, but always helps. You are powerless as soon as you get mad. Do not call rumsellers murderers. Do not call infidels fools. Do not call higher critics reprobates. Do not call all card players and theater goers children of the devil. Do not say that the dance breaks through into hell. Do not deal in vituperation and billingsgate and contempt and adjectives dynamatic, The other side can beat us at that. Their dictionaries have more objurgation and brimstone.

We are in the strength of God to throw flat of its back every abomination that curses the earth, but let us approach our mighty antagonist with suavity. Hercules, son of Jupiter and Alemena, will by a precusor of smiles be helped rather than damaged for the performance of his "12 labors." Let us be wisely strategic in religious circles as attorneys in courtrooms, who are complimentary to each other in the opening remarks, before they come into to say the least-economy of brain and legal struggle such as that which left Rufus Choate or David Paul Brown triumphant or defeated. People who get into a rage in reformatory work accomplish nothing but the depletion of their own nervous system. There is such a thing as having a gun so hot at always decline to go and take part, be- by Thomas Paine, and that the war of Peter, the apostle, said when he spoke final glorious triumph, talking amid cause they are apt to become demon- the American Revolution never occur- of those "kept by the power of God | the alabaster pillars and in the ivory strations of bad temper. I never like to hear a man swear, even though he swear on the right side. The very Paul who in my text employed in illustration the wrestling match, behaved on a memorable occasion as we ought to behave. The translators of the Bible made an unintentional mistake when they represented Paul as insulting the people of Athens by speaking of "the unknown god whom ye ignorantly worship." Instead of charging them with ignorance, the original indicates he complimented them by suggesting that they were very religious, but as they confessed that there were some things they did not understand about God, he promised to say some things concerning him, beginning where they had left off. The same Paul who said in one place, "Be courteous," and who had noticed the bow preceding the wrestling match, here exercises suavities before he proceeds practically to throw down the rocky side of the Acropolis the whole Parthenon of idolatries. Minerva and Jupiter smashed up with the rest of them. In this holy war polished rifles will do more execution than blunderbusses. Let our wrestlers bow as they go into the struggle which will leave all perdition under and all

heaven on top. STRENGTH FROM DISCIPLINE.

Remember also that these wrestlers

The were put upon such diet as would best develop their muscle. As Paul says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." discipline-bathing, gymnastics, strug- | made the rafters ring! gle in sport with each other to develop strength and give quickness to dodge of head and trip of foot; steeping to lift each other off the ground; sudden-Silence and Decipline-One Fail is not ly rushing forward; suddenly pulling backward; putting the left foot behind the other's right foot and getting his opponent off his balance; hard training [Copyright, 1898, by American Press | for days and weeks and months so that when they met it was giant clutching giant. Ah, my friends, if we do not want ourselves to be thrown in this wrestle with the sin and error of the Christian principle, by holy self denial, by constant practice, by submitting to divine supervisal and direction. Do not begrudge the time and the money for that young man who is in two years in grammar school and four years in college and three years in theological seminary. I know that nine years are a big slice to take off of a man's active life, but if you realized the height and strength of the archangels of evil in our time with which that young man is going to wrestle, you would not think nine years of preparation were too much. An uneducated ministry was excusable in other days, but not in this time, loaded with schools and colleges. A man who wrote me the other day a letter asking advice, as he felt called to preach the gospel, began the word "God" with a small "g." That kind of a man is not called to preach the gospel. Illiterate men, preaching the gospel, quote for their own encouragement the Scriptural passage, "Open thy mouth wide and. I fill it." Yes! He will fill it with wind. Preparation for this wrestling is absolutely necessary. Many years ago Dr. Newman and Dr. Sunderland, on the platform of Brigham Young's tabernacle at Salt Lake City gained the victory because they had so long been skillful wrestlers for God. Otherwise Bringham Young, who was himself a giant in some things, would have thrown them out of the window. Get ready in Bible classes. Get ready in Christian Endeavor meetings. Get ready by giving testimony in obscure places, before giving testimony in conspicuous places.

THE SILENT WORKER.

Your going around with a Bagster's Bible with flaps at the edges under work of an evangelist. In this day of In wrestling the opponents would profuse gab remember that it is not past. Never refer to it again. Today bow in apparent suavity, advange face | merely capacity to talk, but the fact to face, put down both feet solidly, that you have something to say that is take each other by the arms and push going to fit you for the struggle into which you are to go with a smile or til the work began in real earnest, and your face and illumination on your there were contortions and strangula- brow, but out of which you will not tions and violent strokes of the foot of come until all your physical and men- The old songs which the wife sang one contestant against the foot of the tal and moral and religious energies other, tripping him up, or, with strug- have been taxed to the utmost and you have not a nerve left, or a thought unexpended, or a prayer unsaid, or a sympathy unwept. In this struggle be-Paul had seen some such contest, and tween right and wrong accept no chalit reminded him of the struggle of the lenge on the platform or in newspaper unless you are prepared. Do not misapply the story of Goliath the great and David the little. David had been text to an amanuensis, for all his let- practicing with a sling on dogs and wolves and bandits, and 1,000 times had to have been distated, and, as the he swirled a stone around his head before he aimed at the forehead of the giant and tumbled him backward, otherwise the big foot of Goliath would almost have covered up the crushed form of the son of Jesse.

Notice also that the success of a wrestler depended on his having his feet well planted before he grappled L notice that as these wrestlers ad- his opponent. Much depends upon the vanced to throw each other they bowed way the wrestler stands. Standing on one to the other. It was a civility, not an uncertain piece of ground or bearonly in Grecian and Roman games, but ing all his weight on right foot or all in later day, in all the wrestling bouts his weight on left foot, he is not ready. at Clerkenwell. England, and in the A slight cuff of his antagonist will capfamous wrestling match during the size him. A stroke of the heel of the other wrestler will trip him. And in this struggle for God and righteousness, as well as for our own souls, we want our feet firmly planted in the proached each other with politeness It will not do to believe the Bible in and suavity. The genuflexions, the spots, or think some of it true and some of it untrue. You just make up your mind that the story of the garden of house, and the last valuable goes to Well, Paul, I see what you mean. In Eden is an allegory, and the epistle of this awful struggle between right and James an interpolation, and that the wrong we must not forget to be gentle- miracles of Christ can be accounted for on natural grounds, without any belief in the supernatural, and the first time you are interlocked in a wrestle with sin and satan you will go under and your feet will be higher than your head. It will not do to have one foot on a rock and the other on the sand The old book would long ago have gone to pieces if it had been vulnerable. But if the millions of Bibles that have been printed within the last twentyfive years not one chapter has been omitted, and the omission of one chapter would have been the cause of the rejection of the whole edition.

Alas for those who, while trying to prove that Jonah was never swallowed of a whale, themselves get swallowed of the whale of unbelief, which digests, but never ejects its victims. The inspiration of the Bible is not more certain than the preservation of the Bible in its present condition. After so would it not be a matter of economy, economy of stationery and economy of printer's ink-if the batteries now asbooks, and the world shown that Walter Scott did not write "The Lady of the Lake," nor Homer "The Iliad," nor red. That attempt would be quite as successful as this long timed ctack anti-Biblical, and then it would be new. Oh, keep out of this wrestling bout with the ignorance and the wretchedness of the world unless you feel that veracities of the book of Almighty God!

THE FALLEN MAY RISE.

Notice also that in this science of wrestling, to which Paul refers in my text, it was the third throw that decided the contest. A wrestler might be thrown once or thrown twice, but the third time he might recover himself. and by an unexpected twist of arm or curve of foot gain the day. Well, that is broad, smiling, unmistakable gospel, Some whom I address through ear or God, threw it so hard he is as safe now eye, by voice or printed page, have been as if he had been ten years in heaven. thrown in their wrestle with evil habit. Oh, I am so glad that Paul in my text but that does not mean, oh, worsted soul, that you are thrown forever! I have no authority for saying how many times a man may sin and be forgiven or how many times he may fall and yet rise again, but I have authority for saying that he may fall 490 times and 490 times get up. The Bible declares that God will forgive 70 times 7, and if you will employ the rule of multiplica- the rulers of the darkness of this tion you will find that 70 times 7 is 490. Blessed be God for such a gospel of went through severe and continuous high hope and thrilling encouragement went through severe and continuous and magnificent rescue! A gospel of underestimate an army. In estimating

lost sheep brought home on Shepherd's shoulder, and the prodigals who got in to the low work of putting husks into swines' troughs brought home to jewelry and banqueting and hilarity that

Three sketches of the same man: A happy home, of which he and a lassie taken from a neighbor's house are the united head. Years of happiness roll on after years of happiness. Stars pointing down to nativities. And whether announced in greeting or not every morning was a "Good morning" and every night a "Good night. Christmas trees and May queens, and birthday festivities and Thanksgiving gatherings around loaded tables. But that husband and father forms an unfortunate acquaintance who leads him in circles too convival, too late houred. too scandalous. After awhile, his money gone and not able to bear his part of the expense, he is gradually shoved out and ignored and pushed away Now, what a dilapidated home is his A dissipated life always shows itself in faded window curtains, and impoverished wardrobe, and dejected surroundings, and in broken palings of the garden fence, and the unhinged gate, and the dislocated door bell, and the disappearance of wife and children from scenes among which they shone th brightest and laughed the gladdest. It any man was ever down, that husband father is down. The fact is, he got into a wrestle with evil that pushed and pulled and contorted and exhausted him worse than any Olympian game ever treated a Grecian, and he was thrown. Thrown out of prosperity int gloom. Thrown out of good association into bad. Thrown out of health into invalidism. Thrown out of happi ness into misery; but one day, whil slinking through one of the back streets, not wishing to be recognized. good thought crosses his mind, for he has heard of men flung flat rising again. Arriving at his house, he calls his wife in and shuts the door and says: "Mary, I am going to do differently. This is not what I promised you when we were married. You have been very patient with me and have borne everything, although I would have had no right to complain if you had left me and gone home to your father's house. It seems to me that once or twice, when I was not myself. I struck you, and several times, I know, I called you hard names. Now I want you to forgive me. I am going to do better. , and I want you to help me.' "Help you?" she says. "Bless your soul! Of course I will help you! I your arm does not qualify you for the knew you didn't mean it when you treated me roughly. All that is in the let us begin anew."

Sympathizing friends come around to something to do, so that he can again earn a living. The children soon have years ago come back to her memory, and she sings them over again at the cradle or while preparing the noonday meal. Domestic resurrection! He comes home earlier than he used to, and he is glad to spend the evening playing games with the children or helping them with arithmetic or grammar lessons which are a little too hard. Time passes on, and some outsider suggests to him that he is not getting as much out of life as he ought and proposes an occasional visit to scenes of worldliness and dissipation. He consents to go once, and after much solicitation twice. Then his old habit comes back. He says he has been belated and says he could not get back until midnight. He had to see some western merchant that had arrived and talked of business with him / before he got out of town. Kindness and geniality again quit the disposition of that husband and father. The wife's heart breaks in a new place. That man goes into a second wrestle with evil habit and is flung, and all hell cackles at the moral defeat. "I told you so," say many good people who have no faith in the reformation of a fallen man. "I told you so! You made a great fuss about his restored home, but I knew it would not last. You can't trust these fellows who have once gone wrong." So with this unfortunate, things get worse and worse, and his family have to give up the the pawnbroker's shop. But that unfortunate man is sauntering along the street one Sunday night, and he goes up to a church door, and the congregation are singing the second hymn, the one just before sermon, and it is William Cowper's glorious hymn:

There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains.

WAVERING AT THE DOOR.

He goes into the vestibule of the church and stops there, not feeling well enough dressed to go among the worshippers, and he hears the minister say, "You will find the words of my text in Luke, the nineteenth chapter and tenth verse, 'The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost." The listener in the vestibule says: "If any man was ever lost, I am lost, and the Son of Man came to save many centuries of assault on the book that which is lost, and he has found me and He will take me out of this lost condition. Oh, Christ, have mercy on me!" The poor man has courage now to enter the main audience room, sailing the book would change their and he sits down on the first seat by aim and be trained against some other the door, and when at the close of the service the minister comes down the aisle the poor man tells his story, and he is encouraged and invited to come the touchhole that it explodes, killing Virgil "The Georgics," nor Thomas again, and the way is cleared for him archangel, and the angel of the new the one that sets it off. There are Moore "Lalla Rookh," or that Wash- for membership in a Christian church, some reformatory meetings to which I ington's farewell address was written and he feels the omnipotence of what through faith unto complete salvation." Yet he is to have one more wrestle before he is free from evil habits, and he goes into it, not in his own strength, for that has failed him twice, but in the strength of the Lord both feet are planted in the eternal God Almighty. The old habit seizes chariots with white horses bitted with him, and he seizes it, and the wrestlers bend backward and forward and from side to side, in awful struggle, until the moment comes for his liberation and, with both arms infused with strength from God, he lifts that habit, swings it in air and hurls it into the perdition from which it came and from which it never again will rise. Vic tory, victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ! Hear it, all ye wrestlers! It threw him twice, but the third time he threw it, and, by the grace of Aye, you have been thrown twice, suggests the wrestler and the power of the third throw!

But notice that my text suggests that the wrestlers on the other side in the great struggle for the world's redemption have all the forces of demonology to help them, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

All military men will tell you that there is nothing more unwise than to

what we have to contend with, the most of the reformers do not recognize the biggest opposers. They talk about the agnosticism, and the atheism, and the materialism, and the nihilism, and the pantheism, and the Brahmanism, and the Mohammedanism as well as the more agile and organized and endowed wickedness of our day. But these are only a part of the hostilities arrayed against God and the best interests of humanity. The invisible hosts are far more numerous than the visible. It is not so much the bottle; it is the demon of the bottle. It is not so much the roulette table; it is the demon of the roulette table. It is not so much the act of stock gambling as it is the demon of stock gambling. It is the great host of spiritual antagonists ied on by Aziel or Lucifer or Beelzebub or Asmodeus or Ahrimanes or Abaddon, just as you please to call the leader infernalistic. Can you doubt that the human agencies of evil are backed up by Plutonic agencies? If it were only a common war steed, with panting nostril and flaunting mane and clattering hoof, rushing upon us, perhaps we might clutch him by the bit and hurl him back upon his haunches, but it is the black horse cavalry of perdition who dash down and their riders swing swords which, though invisible, cleave individuals and homes and nations. I tell you, Paul was right when he suggested that we wrestle, not with pygmies, but with giants that will down us, unless the Lord Almighty is our coadjutor. Blessed by God that we have now, and further on will have in mightier degree, that divine help!

THE OVERTHROW OF EVIL. The time is coming-I know it will quicken your pulses when I mention it -when the last mighty evil of the world will be grappled by righteousness and thrown. Which of the great evils will survive all the others I know not, whether war, or revenge, or fraud, or lust, or intemperance, or gambling, or Sabbath desecration. It will not be "the survival of the fittest," but the survival of the worst. It will be the evil the most thoroughly intrenched, most completely re-enforced, most patronized by wealth and fashion and pomp, most applauded by all the principalities and powers and rulers of darkness. It will stand with grim visage looking down upon the graves of all the other slain abominationsgraves dug by the hot shovels of despair and surmounted by such epitaphiology as this, "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," "The wages of sin is death," "Her house inclineth unto death and her paths unto the dead," "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death." Yes, I imagine we have arrived at the time when we may and kind business people help the man say, Yonder stands the last and only great evil of all the world to be wrestled down. It stands not only looking upon the graves of all the entombed and epitaphed iniquities of the world, but ever and anon gazing upward in defiance of the heavens and shaking its fist at the Almighty, saying: "Nothing can put me down. I have seen all the other enemies of the human race wrestled down and destroyed, but there is no arm or foot, human or angelic or deific that can throw me. I have ruined whole generations, and I swear by all the thrones of diabolism that I will ruin this generation. Come on, all ye churches and all ye reformatory institutions and all ye legislatures and all ye thrones. I challenge you. I plant my feet on this red hot rock of the world's woe. I stretch forth my arms for the mightiest wrestle any world has ever seen. Come on. Come

> Then righteousness will accept the challenge, and the two mighty wrestlers will grapple, while all the galleries of earth and heaven look down from one side and all the fiery chasms of perdition look up from the other, side. The two wrestlers sway to and fro and turn this way and that, and now the monster, evil, seems the mightier of the two, and now righteousness seems about to triumph. The prize is worth a struggle, for it is not a chaplet of laurel or palm, but the rescue of a world, and a wreath put on the brow by him who promised, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown." Three worlds -earth, heaven and hell-hold their breath while waiting for the result of this struggle, when with one mighty swing of an arm muscled with omnipotence righteousness hurls the last evil. first on its knees and then on its face, and then rolling off and down, with a crash wilder than that with which Samson hurled the temple of Dagon when he got hold of its two chief pillars, but more like the throwing of satan out of heaven, as described by John Milton:

Him the Almighty power flung Headlong flaming from the etherel sky With hideous ruin and combustion,

To bottomless perdition, there to dwell Its a bonnie, bon In adamantine chains and penal fire Who durst defy the Omnipotent to Ansunny arms.

day and night To mortal man he, with his horrid

Lay vanquished, rolling in the flery gulf. Confounded, though immortal.

THE STRENGTH OF RIGHT.

Ave, that suggests a cheering thought-that if all the realms of demology are on the other side, all the realms of angelology are on our side, among them Gabriel, and Michael the covenant, and they are now talking over the present awful struggle and grand avenues of the great capital of the universe, and amid the spray of fountains with rainbows like the "rainbow round the throne," and as they take their morning ride in the

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If the people generally knew the grill Powelton Avenue, Philadelphia.

Those who have had experience would be no such thing as lini- with Rheumatism know that it ments and lotions for this painful becomes : " severe each year, and disabling disease. The fact is, and like at ther blood diseases, Rheumatism is a disordered state the doctors are totally unable to of the blood-it can be reached, therefore, only through the blood. But all blood remedies can not cure Rheumatism, for it is an obstinate disease, one which requires a real blood remedy-something more than a mere tonic. Swift's Specific is the only real blood remedy, and it promptly goes to the very bottom of even the most obstinate case.

patent medicines, but none relieved me. anteed Upon the advice of a friend I decided to try S. S. S. Before allowing me to take it, however, my guardian, who was a chemist, analyzed the remedy, and pronounced it free of potash or mercury. Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

A Purely Vegetable Blood I felt so much better after taking two bottles, that I continued the remedy, and in two months I was cured completely. The cure was permanent, for I have never since had a touch of Rheumatism, though many times exposed to damp and cold weather.



A few years ago I was taken with in- tensify the disease. flammatory Rheumatism, which, though | S. S. S. never disappoints, for it mild at first, became gradually so in- is made to cure these deep-rooted walk. I tried several prominent physicians and took their treatment faith- reach of all other remedies. Itfully, but was unable to get the slightest cures permanently Rheumatism, relief. In fact, my condition seemed to Catarrh, Cancer, Scrofula, Eczema, grow worse, the pains spread over my entire body, and from November to and all other blood diseases. It March I suffered agony. I tried many is the only blood remedy guar-

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## JOHN GILPIN'S WIFE



HAD A FRUGAL MIND, AS MANY HOUSEWIVES HAVE NOWADAYS, BUT THEY DO LOVE TO DECORATE THEIR HOMES WITH HANDSOME FURNITURE, AND THEY CAN DO IT, WHEN WE ARE OFFERING SUCH RICH AND ELEGANT DIN-NING ROOM, PARLOR AND BED RROOM SUITES AT PRICES THAT WILL ENABLE THE MOST ECO-NOMICAL TO BRIGHTEN UP THEIR HOMES WITH FURNITURE THAT WAS SOLD FOR DOUBLE THE PRICE A SHORT TIME AGO.

The Best Bed Made. The Perfection Mattress Don't Pack. Try One.

### THE SNEED CO.

SECOND AND MARKET STREETS

gold that were seen by John in vision apocalptic, and while waiting in tem-The alarm of fire from box 46, at ples for the one hundred and forty Third and Nun streets, yesterday and four thousand to chant, accompamorning at \$:30 o'clock, was on ac nied by harpers and trumpeters, and thunderings and hallelujahs like the voice of many waters. Yes, all heaven is on our side, and the "high places of wickedness' spoken of in my text are not so high as the high places of heaven, where there are enough reserve forces if our earthly forces should be overpowered, or in cowardice fall back, to sweep down some morning at daybreak and take all this earth for God before the city clocks could strike 12 for noon. And the cabinet of heaven, the most august cabinet in the universe, made up of three -God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost-are now in session in the King's palace, and they are with us, and they are going to see us through, and they invite us, as soon as we have done our share of the work, to go up and see them and celebrate the final victory, that is more sure to come than tomorrow's sunris While I think of it, the Scotch e gelistic hymn comes upon me an the strong tide of Scotch bly rolls through my arteries:

traiv'll

here to which oor hearts may cling, For its beauty is as naething tae the palace o' the King. We like the gilded summer, wi' its merry, merry tread,

An we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties wi' the dead, For, tho' bonnie are the snowflakes an the doon on winter's wing. It's fine to ken it daurna touch the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven an nae desolation sea, An nae tyrant hoofs shall trample the city o' the free; There's an everlastin daylicht an

never fadin spring. Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' palace o' the King. We see oor freen's await us ower yon-

ner at his gate; Then lat us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin late: Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin, let

us raise oor voice an sing. For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the King.

That Troubling Headache Would quickly leave you, if you used i

Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their match- | on Sunday night. The board of stewless merit for Sick and Nervous Head- | ards, by a unanimous vote, expressed aches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by R. R. Bellamy, druggist.

wrenched from the party of corruption throat for four years in the legislative branch of the government, and for two entire state, from mountain to seashore, has taken its part in the good work.-Greensboro Record.

count of fire at the residence of the Rev. J. B. Harrell, No. 413 Church street. The fire caught in a wardrol and it is believed that it was of inc dary origin. The house which be to Mr. Alex Sholar, of Savannah damaged to the extent of \$3 Harrell's furniture was the extent of \$25. While the furnit

Incendiary Fire

Mr. Harrell wer of the family's

vorry. It can always be depended upon Nine times the space that measures But in value we look for something and is pleasant to take. For sale by R. R. Bellamy.

> Raleigh News and Observer: Zeb Vance Station, Vance County, November 8.—News reached here at 10:30 o'clock tonight that the regular republican train, running on the reppop-fusion railroad, crowded with negroes and whites, while crossing the White Supremacy railroad at Whiteman's Station, was run into and completely demolished by the Democratic Lightning Express No. 1898. Fusion engine No. 96 was derailed and Engineer Holton and Fireman Ayer both were instantly killed. Conductor Russell, Brakeman Thompson, Porter Ramsey, Baggage Agent Dockery, Director Butler and President Pritchard of the R. P. F. railroad, all killed or mortally wounded .- Somebody hung crape on Jim Forsyth's door Tuesday night as a reminder of the defeat his party had received. As a result he came up town yesterday morning and it did not take long to get into a fight. No damage was done .- John R. Smith: "Whom the Lord loveth he also chasteneth." Further than this John R. declined to discuss the result.

Kinston Free Press Rev. T. H. Sutton preached his last sermon as pastor of the M. E. church at LaGrange a desire for his return next year .---Mr. Will Brinson, engineer on the Atlantic and North Carolina freight going to Goldsboro, was knocked down by one of the colored hands on the train at the Kinston depot yesterday. The good old North State has been Mr. Brinson was near the engine, attending to it, when the negro sneaked up and struck him. After the negro struck Mr. Brinson he ran away for parts unknown.

Charlotte Observer: Dr. J. M. Henyears in all its branches. Never has a derson died yesterday about 2 o'clock more signal victory been won, never, at his residence on South Church in her history has the state showed street, after several month's illness. such a perfect landslide. So far as we | The deceased was born two miles north are able to judge at this writing, the of Charlotte. He was a son of David Henderson, and was related to the large family by that name in this county.