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Will practice in the Supreme and Superior Courts of the State, and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States. Will regularly attend the Superior Courts of Union, Macon, and Stanly counties, and Richmond county, Ga.  
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All work warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Office: second floor Stewart's corner brick building.

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GIVES prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office: On Second Floor, House to the brick building, adjoining People's Bank, May 3, 1878.

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HAVING PERMANENTLY LOCATED IN MONROE offers his professional services to the citizens of town, and surrounding country. Prices reasonable. Satisfaction given. Office over G. W. Flow's store east of county jail.

**REMOVAL.**  
**J. E. HINSON.**  
HEREBY ANNOUNCES to his friends and customers that he has removed his Shoe, Harness and Saddle Shop to a building on the corner of Second and Third streets, where he is situated, near Austin's buggy shop, and would be pleased to have them call when in want of any article in his line.  
Monroe, Oct. 25, 1879.

**A. H. CROWELL & SON,**  
DEALERS IN—  
General Merchandise,  
Depot St., Monroe, N. C.

A Full Stock on hand all times, and the  
Lowest Prices Guaranteed  
\$234, 79

**SPECIAL ATTENTION**  
Is called to the fact that A. Robinson, who prides himself on keeping a first-class BARBER SHOP, is still in Monroe, at his old stand on Shelton's corner, always ready and anxious to attend to the wants of his customers. His shop has just been thoroughly renovated; he keeps good assistants, sharp razors and scissors, and his work has just been thoroughly renovated and properly waited on. Be sure to call at his whenever you want any Barbering done.  
Monroe, N. C.,—October 18, 1879.

**JOHNSTON & MCINCH,**  
CHARLOTTE  
**MARBLE WORKS.**  
Price List and Drawings of Gravestones furnished on application. Oct 18 79

**GO TO RUDGE'S TIN SHOP**  
in Monroe, N. C., for  
COOKING AND HEATING STOVES,  
And TIN WARE, ROOFING AND GUTTERING as pecially through the summer.  
mch29tf J. W. RUDGE.

# The Monroe Enquirer.

VOL. VII.

MONROE, N. C., SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1879.

NO. 22

**JOB PRINTING**  
POSTERS, HAND-BILLS, LETTER-HEADS, PROGRAMMES, CIRCULARS, BULL-HEADS, AND IN FACT, everything in the printing line, executed with rapidity, neatness, and at very lowest prices. PAMPHLET WORK A SPECIALTY.

## Poetry.

### DARE TO SAY "NO."

Dare to say "No," when you're tempted to

Pass for a moment, my boy, and think—  
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed  
For answering "Yes," without counting the cost.

Think of the mother who bore you in pain,  
Think of the tears that will fall like the rain,  
Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow,  
Think of her love and at once answer "No."

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl,  
Think of the danger to body and soul,  
Think of the tears that will fall like the rain,  
Look at them now, and at once answer "No."

Think of a manhood with run-tainted breath,  
Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;  
Think of the house that now shadows with woe,  
Might have been heaven had the answer been "No."

Think of lone graves, both unwept and un-  
Hiding fair hopes that were as fair as your own;  
Think of proud forms now forever laid low,  
That still might be heard, had they learned to say "No."

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,  
Think of all this as life's journey you go,  
And when you're assailed by the tempter, say "NO."

**Miscellaneous.**

### Wonderful Surgery.

THE MANNER IN WHICH A TEXAS CHILD IS KEPT ALIVE.

The San Antonio correspondent of the Galveston News tells the following story of a wonderful surgical operation recently performed in the former city. San Antonio contains a wonder the like of which cannot be found in the United States. It is nothing more nor less than a child seven years old that, instead of masticating and swallowing its food in the usual manner, is fed through an aperture in the stomach made for that purpose. The child is gaining strength, can walk and play; and bids fair to soon be as stout and healthy as any other child. On Saturday last I determined to go and see the child for myself. The facts are as follows: About two years ago Mr. S. T. Lumley, at that time living in Pennsylvania had the misfortune to have his little daughter Jessie drink a solution of lye, which a negro woman had carelessly left on the table. A large quantity of the corrosive liquid was swallowed. Death is the certain result in such cases. There have been quite a number of cases in San Antonio, where children drank concentrated lye, and none have survived except in that instance. The lye destroyed the mucous membrane, and a stricture of the esophagus is formed, which means that the throat, or at least the channel through which the food goes into the stomach, is drawn together or contracted to such a degree that only liquid, and not much of them, can pass through. If the child does not die at once, it lingers for a year or so and then goes into a consumptive condition and perishes of slow starvation. It is impossible for a human being to live exclusively on liquid nourishment; but where concentrated lye has been taken there are times, particularly in cold, damp weather, when the sufferer cannot even swallow milk. All attempts to open the closed up esophagus are futile, hence the sufferer slowly starves to death.

Such was the condition of the little girl, Jessie Lumley, when she was brought to San Antonio for treatment. The child was very much emaciated, could not swallow even liquid for four days at a time. As it was the only possible chance she had for life, her parents consented that the operation of making an opening in the stomach should be attempted. The operation has been performed in England, but this is believed to be the first time it has been attempted in the United States. Your correspondent cannot give the technical terms, but can make the *modus operandi* intelligible to the general reader. An incision four inches long was made a few inches to the left of the pit of the stomach, much stitching being required. Through this incision the stomach is reached. The next part of the operation requires the most delicate handling imaginable. It consists in sewing the stomach to the walls of the abdomen, but the greatest care has to be taken not to penetrate the stomach itself. The needle and stitches only penetrate the skin of the stomach. The result is that the stomach, as the wound gradually heals, grows to the walls of the abdomen.

The patient was put under the influence of chloroform, and the operation successfully performed. Unfortunately the child had an attack of chills and fever, which had to be cured, which gave it a setback. The operation described took place three weeks ago. The stomach had grown on the sides of the abdomen, and eight days ago the final operation of making a small incision into the stomach, through which the food was to pass, was performed, and twice a day during the past week a beef-steak cut up fine has been passed with the force into the stomach, and the child is steadily gaining strength.

On Saturday last I visited the child and saw it fed. We halted in front

## An Awful Railroad Race.

PURSUED DOWN HILL BY BURNING OIL CARS.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., November 4.—From Mayville Summit to Brocton Junction of the Lake Shore Road the distance is 10 miles, but owing to the numerous sweeping curves in the railroad the distance by rail is 14 miles. The grade for that distance is nearly 80 feet to the mile. The Corry Road extends into the Pennsylvania oil regions, and 10 years ago carried large quantities of petroleum. Davison's engine was at the Summit with a train of one box car, six loaded oil cars, and two passenger cars. The box was next to the locomotive, and the passenger cars were at the rear of the train. The engineer had started the train, and it had attained good headway, when he discovered flames issuing from one of the oil cars. He whistled down brakes, and the cars, which were quickly uncoupled from the box car, the engine, and pulled on down the hill, to get out of the reach of the burning cars, in order to save the locomotive and the other car, in which were two valuable trotting horses and their keepers on their way to Cleveland. He supposed the brakemen would put the brakes on the oil cars, but in the excitement this was not done, and they followed the locomotive, gaining headway every moment. Before the engineer had taken in the situation, the oil cars, every one of them now ablaze, came dashing upon him around a curve. They crashed into the box car, knocking in one end of it, but, singularly enough neither that nor any of the moving cars were thrown from the track by the collision. The engineer and fireman could have escaped all danger by abandoning the locomotive, but, as Davison said when asked afterward why he did not pursue that course, they were not aware that the company's property in their charge, and they determined to save it if possible. According to the engineer's story of the incident, he saw that there was to be a race for life between him, with his engine, and the flaming cars, under no control. He said that when the oil cars struck the one in which the horses were, the animals actually screamed with fright. The heat was unbearable. Davison pulled the throttle-valve wide open, and he declared that they flew down the 80-foot grade so fast that the engine could not pump. The keepers in the car next to the oil cars climbed up to the opening in the end of the car, and with faces pale as death begged the engineer to "give her more steam." They could see the blazing oil cars through the broken end of their car, and it seemed to them that they gained at every turn of the wheels. The engineer said that when he struck the sharp curves at the lightning speed at which he was going he expected that his engine would leave the track, and be hurled down the mountain side. The night was very dark. The engine thundered along faster than any engine ever run in this country before or since, through the woods and deep rock cuts, and on the edge of high precipices. The horses were stampeding and neighing with terror in the box car, and only a few feet in the rear was the flying mass of flame rushing down the mountain like a tremendous meteor. The blaze from the thousands of gallons of burning oil was more than 60 feet in height, and lighted up the woods and rocks and crooked road for miles. The whole heavens were illuminated, and from Brocton the sight of the great conflagration, apparently flying through the air, now hidden for a second by a cut or a piece of woods and then leaping out again and up toward the sky like a huge fountain of fire, is described as having been awful in its grandeur.

The idea of engineer Davison was to call for the opening of the switch for him at Brocton Junction, so that he could run on to the Lake Shore track, where the grade was ascending, and where he could soon get out of the way of the burning cars through their having lost the propelling power of the decline of the Summit grade. It happened, however, that the Cincinnati express on the Lake Shore Road would be due at the junction when Davison's engine reached there. To add to the terror of the situation, a west bound Lake Shore freight train was at that moment running to pass the junction before the arrival of the express. There was only one thing to do, and that was to whistle for the switch, and take the chances of the freight getting out of the way, and the express being flagged or late. The engineer knew that he must have been seen from Brocton Junction, by the light of the burning oil, in his life or death race down the mountain, and that the railroad men there understood the peril of the situation and would be prompt to act. He whistled for open switch. He and his fireman had made each other good-bye and awaited there. The freight train gained the siding out of their way. The switch was opened, and they tore on up the Lake Shore track, past the depot and through the village, and were soon out of the way of the burning cars. The latter gradually came to a stop. The engine and box car were stopped within a hundred yards of the Lake Shore express, which was

## Both late and signaled.

When Davison and his fireman found they were out of danger they fainted on their engine. The horses and the box car were ruined, and their keepers were taken from the car unconscious. The oil-tanks burned for three hours after they were stopped. The whole affair was the uncoupling of the passenger cars from the oil cars at the Summit. They were filled with passengers, and if they had remained with the burning tanks would have been wrapped in flames in a short time, and there would have been no escape for the passengers from a most horrible fate. It was just 9 o'clock when Davison pulled out from Mayville Summit. When he was taken from his engine, 16 miles from the starting point, it was not yet 12 minutes past the hour.

## Banged Hair.

To our sight there are nothing sadder than a sane woman with her hair banged.

A lunatic might be excused for such an erratic style of hair dressing, but how a woman in the full possession of her faculties, and with the knowledge that she has a character to keep up, can wear her hair banged, is to us, a profound mystery.

From whence came this style? What originated it? Who set it about? Nobody on earth can say truthfully that it is beautiful. We have never heard of it being healthy.

We never heard of its curing the liver complaint, or the rheumatism. It does not render one any more liable to draw a prize in a lottery. It does not insure the wearer against being drowned or struck by lightning, or bored by washing machine agents.

It does not make a tall woman look shorter, or a short one taller, or a fat one leaner, and if it is becoming to any human, then that face has escaped our notice!

It will metamorphose the prettiest girl of our acquaintance into a monster, and as for its effect on a plain woman!—may the saints deliver us from seeing it! It sets our teeth on edge! It imparts to the average female face the most discouraged, done-for, generally expression we have ever seen—as if the person had played her last card, got euchered, and was ready to sell out cheap to the first purchaser.

Just imagine Lady Washington with her hair banged! Think of Barbara Fritchman waving the flag in Stonewall Jackson's face, with her hair banged! Picture to yourself Joan of Arc leading her troops to victory with her hair banged!

A woman in this style of arrangement resembles a Shetland pony, which has not been well-groomed, and which is in doubt about his dinner. Banged hair gives the wearer an expression of doubt and uncertainty, as she felt anxious lest the hatch on her forehead might not be securely fastened, or that it might suddenly go back on her, and show something which ought not to be seen.

We always commiserate the woman whose hair is banged. We feel like asking her if there is anything we can do for her. She appears to us like a woman in trouble. We speak softly to her, as if ordinary tones might jar her nerves. We wouldn't offer her a subscription paper for the world! Nor be glad if anybody trod on the tail of her dress, or squirted tobacco juice on her velvet mantle.

We look at her and wonder how she would seem with that mask taken off her forehead. We wonder if she has got moth patches on her temples, or a mole on her classic brow, or a "cow-lick," or a colony of pimples and "black heads." Her forehead is to us as profound a mystery as fortune telling, or psychomancy, or materialization; and we get so full of doubt over it that we would give half a dollar to see the fringe lifted, and what is under it brought forth to the light of day.

We wonder if she admires herself in the glass? If she thinks "bangs" are becoming? If she never wishes she had not cut her hair off, and so come down to wear her hair that way, willy nilly? Does her husband admire it? Does he ever sneer at it, or hint his newspaper? Does he ever tell her she wishes she had as pretty a forehead as Miss Smith? Does he ever call her an angel, and think to himself how an angel would look in bangs?

But there! what is the use of conjecturing? Fashion is omnipotent; so is folly, and we do not doubt that somewhere in the world, to-day, somebody are saying "Bangs are so becoming!"—*Unknown Exchange.*

## Oysters.

There is paid, annually in the state of Maryland, \$15,000,000 for oysters for packing purposes alone. A very large part of this sum is paid to Maine and Massachusetts shippers for oysters taken by them from the waters of Virginia. A State, which we are told by some, is so utterly poor and broken down, that she cannot pay three per cent. on a moiety of her debt gives away a princely revenue to citizens of those States, whose representatives in Congress vote to fasten an unconstitutional, onerous and cruel tax upon her great staple. Truly, the ways of politicians are fast finding out. It is a sin and shame. We hope our excellent friend the Fish Commissioner will find time to present this whole oyster business to the Legislature, in one of those strong, sensible reports he knows so well how to make, for we are persuaded, that when the people reach bottom facts, something will have to be done about it.—*Southern Farmer and Planter.*

## A Catwisp Snake.

For the last few years the people living about two miles east of Newton have been kept in constant dread on account of a monster snake which infested that neighborhood. Mr. Jonas Deal saw it a few years ago and said it looked fully thirty feet long. It made a terrible noise as it lashed the ground with its huge body and Mr. Deal retreated, glad to escape with his life. Many of the honest Dutch thought it a box-constructor that had escaped from some show, and crowds of men gathered week after week with dogs and guns to look for his snakeship, and, if possible, overpower and kill him. Last week as Mr. John Setzer was walking along through a field in that vicinity, he came upon a snake which must be a son or grandson of the first named. It was a horrible looking serpent full eight feet long, and eight inches across the head. Mr. Setzer got a fence rail and with several well directed blows managed to dispatch it. The snake will be stuffed and put on exhibition in Newton. The patriarch of this tribe has not been seen for some time. He has perhaps retired to his subterranean castle for winter, but sends out his sons to look for cattle, sheep or perchance a Dutchman.—*Blue Ridge Blade.*

## A Rich Man on Riches.

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars, (for whom the Ridgway Library is named), is taken from an article in the International Review:

"Mr. Ridgway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know." "Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What sir," exclaimed the young man in astonishment; "why you are a millionaire. Think of the thousands your income brings you every month."

"Well, what of that," replied Mr. Ridgway. "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I cannot eat more than one man's allowance or wear more than one suit at a time. Pray, cannot you do as much?" "Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rentals they bring you."

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man, "I can only live in one house at a time. As for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat or wear it. I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy splendid furniture and costly pictures, fine carriages and horses; in fact, anything you desire." "And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life; cannot buy back my youth, cannot procure me power to keep far off the hour of death; and then what will all avail, when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all, forever. Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

The Lenoir Topic says that the copper ore discovered in Ashe county, N. C., last July, is now being worked by seven hundred men. A vein has been opened over one thousand feet in length. Ten blast furnaces are at work, and ten thousand pounds of the refined metal are turned out daily.

Iowa, with its 100,000 Republican majority, should quit lynching.—The illegal rope isn't any more reputable than the unlawful shot-gun.—*Chicago Times.*

As spirituous liquors will injure men, so opium or morphia will harmfully affect the baby. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the remedy for the baby. It is free from opium. Price 25 cents.

"Honesty is the best policy," says Hayes to the people of Virginia. When it comes to counting in a President who was not elected the best policy is to count.—*Balt. Gazette, Dem.*

—Headache, whether arising from indigestion or nervousness, thoroughly unites any one for attention to business or any other active effort. Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills always cure this distressing disorder, giving prompt relief after the first dose.

—An Expert.—Dr. Price is well known as an expert in the study of Culinary Chemistry, and the manufactures of Steele & Price are the result of his researches. One of these discoveries is the Cream Baking Powder, by the use of which light, sweet biscuits, cakes, etc., are a certainty.

—Fascinating.—When a delightful odor surrounds the person, by the use of Dr. Price's exquisite Perfumes, then it is that the utmost fascinations of beauty come in play and captivates its admirers. Dr. Price's Unique Perfumes are appreciated for their peculiar delicate fragrance.

—Tay Them.—Housewives who use Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts avoid disappointments often experienced by the use of the ordinary flavoring extracts. The personal attention of Steele & Price's in superintending their laboratory, makes Dr. Price's Extracts so reliable.

—Funnysgraphs.

—When a man has no mind of his own, his wife generally gives him a piece of hers.

—It too often happens that in pursuing happiness we are, as it were, only chasing a pig with a greased tail.

—An Athens street man robbed a bee-gum the other day. He explained to his friends who sympathized with him that when next he burglarized a bee's house, he would do so when the family were at meeting.

—"I have nothing but my heart to give," said a spinster to a lawyer who had concluded a suit for her. "Well," said the lawyer, gruffly, "go to my clerk; he takes the fees."

—"What have you been a doin'?" asked a boy of his playmate, whom he saw coming out of the house with tears in his eyes. "I've been chasin' birch-rod 'round my father," was the snarling reply.

—Old Mrs. Chir says she has always noticed that the summer time, when it is not needed, the sun is always as hot as an oven, while in winter, when a warm sun would be very agreeable, it is always as cold as an ice house. We have noticed this, too. It must be the fault of the almanac-makers.

—The foolish man taketh his wife to a church sociable, and spendeth \$5 for ice cream and cake. The wise man alloweth his wife to serve on the refreshment committee, and when the evening cometh he goeth to that church sociable with a market basket. If his wife has improved her opportunities, he cometh away ahead of the game.

—A young man writes to inquire if it is proper to take hold of a young lady's arm in promenade. Certainly it is. Nothing looks so nice as to see a tall youth walking with a little lady who comes not up to his shoulder, with his arm hooked in hers, lifting her half off her feet every time he steps. The nearer you can reach the appearance of taking a lady into custody like a policeman, the more genteel it is, you know.

RAILWAY VELOCIPED.—The Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad Company has received a railway velocipede from the inventor, a man in Michigan, and for convenience and good healthy exercise it lays every other mode of conveyance completely in the shade. It has three wheels—two on one side of the track and one on the other, being connected by a shaft stretching across. Unlike other velocipedes, the hands as well as the feet have to be used in propelling this one, and a strong, active man can make the little machine fairly fly. It will carry two persons and at full speed will make more than twenty miles per hour. While the careful and watchful can find pleasure and comfort in riding on the machine, the reckless and unwary will find it a ticklish affair, as a colored man found to his sorrow yesterday. He was riding up the road at full speed and on striking a curve the machine slew the track, throwing the rider on the track and running over him. He got up badly bruised and no doubt felt that the velocipede was like the vicious shot guns which "kick a fellow down and stamp him." Qu'te a number of persons have taken short trips on the velocipede and express themselves well pleased with the movement. It is light and easily handled by one person.—*Newbern Nut Shell.*

SALT FOR POULTRY.—The question as to whether salt is injurious to poultry, has often been mooted. To get at the true facts, I have been feeding salt to all my poultry, young and old alike, and closely watching the result. I have fed it in cold mash and hot; in bran and everything else, all the spring and summer with the following result. The poultry will eat all kinds of salted food in preference to unsalted; they are better in general health, not a louse of any kind in young or old (the first year I have been able to say so), and they are all beginning to moult, many of them laying as though not moulting. Eggs are now cheap, and the hens will be ready for fall laying when the weather is cold and eggs scarce. This may or may not be the result of feeding salt largely to them, but I am compelled to believe this to be so, as some other peculiarities. I have noticed one feature, which may not be in favor of the salt—the hens have seemed to be more persistently inclined to sit, it being more difficult to break off the inclination; they sit much closer than usual. All seem voraciously fond of green food of any kind, and have eaten a large quantity of clover, grass, young corn and other similar food. My observations lead me to the conclusion that salt is a needed condiment for all poultry, and in all points is beneficial to them.—Pigeons are excessively fond of salt in any form, and why should not our poultry be also? Such being the true status, it behooves us to consider their needs and attend to them.

—"Honesty is the best policy," says Hayes to the people of Virginia. When it comes to counting in a President who was not elected the best policy is to count.—*Balt. Gazette, Dem.*



# Monroe Enquirer.

W. C. WOLFE,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Virginia Repudiators

WHO WERE ABOUT TO BURN GEN. FITZBUGH  
LIE IN EFFIGY.

"Information has been received here of an attempt by the repudiators of Falmouth, Va., to burn Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in effigy, Thursday night. Gen. Lee was a prominent debt-payers' candidate for the Legislature and was most earnest in his denunciation of repudiation. He was defeated. The repudiators of Falmouth made an effigy of him, and rode it around on a rail Thursday night. They were about to burn it, but were persuaded not to by a party of men of their own thinking, who, hearing of the affair, rode over from Fredericksburg, five miles distant, and arrived just in time to prevent the image being given to the flames."—*Associate Press Dispatch.*

Surely a "prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Gen. Fitzhugh Lee is a nephew of the sainted Robert E. Lee, and was, himself, a most gallant Confederate General, and most certainly it would be a dangerous piece of business for a crowd of repudiators to risk this effigy on rail, or burn it before a Union county crowd of old Confederate soldiers who fought under the Lee's. We would greatly fear that the perpetrators of that act would suffer the fate of the effigy.

It also well illustrates the great lengths to which party passion and party prejudice will carry men. For a century the name and noble facts of the Lee's have covered the pages of history with imperishable glory; it does not run in the blood of their stock to do dishonor to the "Old Commonwealth," and for a set of repudiators, at this late date to attempt to thus publicly disgrace so prominent a one of the number, will simply recoil on themselves, and without any inquiry into the facts of the case, the outside world will simply smile with the utmost contempt and derision upon the perpetrators of such a dastardly act.

## Hypocrites at the Front.

There is something exquisitely and touchingly beautiful in the strain of fervid piety, that runs through most of the editorialials on the death of Senator Zachariah Chandler. It is even a more attractive display of cant than the sentimental drivel of Mr. Hayes, at those seasons of sacred song in which the abnormal administrations is wont to indulge as a preparation for the holy work of returning the civil service by putting perjurers, forgers and other criminals in office as a reward for their crime. It is pleasant to remember that, with all his faults, Chandler was not a hypocrite, and took no stock in "Christian Statesmen."

Perhaps the old man's eulogists think his contempt for the truly good was a defect of character for which they must atone by simulating holiness. As a sample of their sanctimonious drizzle, we take this from a feeble stalwart organ: "It was a peculiar dispensation of Divine Providence that a door opened to Mr. Chandler's return to the Senate," let us see how that "peculiar dispensation of Divine Providence" operated. Mr. Christianity was badgered and bulldozed, with the purpose of forcing him to resign his Senate seat until the old gentleman's life became a burden. Then a trade was arranged, the terms of which were that the administration should buy Christianity out, and Chandler should pay for this service by supporting the administration. Christianity sold out, and Chandler went in, according to this indecent bargain. This is no "Democratic lie," but the sum and substance of a statement made in a truly loyal journal by a protégé of Mr. Everts, who regarded the whole affair as a triumph of diplomatic dickering. Christianity was quartered in a sinecure position, where he has startled the country with reports on deaf notes. Chandler acted as main banner of the executive spine during the extra session—all in accordance with the terms of the "peculiar dispensation of Divine Providence," but no one ever heard Chandler enviously or whining about "dispensations" or "Providence."

Had the dead Senator belonged to the class of which Mr. Hayes and Mr. Coffey are types, he would not have sent so simple an announcement as the memorable telegram: "Hayes has 185 votes, and is elected," but would have hung on a lot of pious drapery, such as "By the blessings of providence we have triumphed over the enemy. Our ticket has a majority of the electoral votes, and we cannot doubt that the same beneficent Being who has vouchsafed us this signal victory, will see that our candidate is duly installed in his high office, however loudly and furiously the heathen may rage." But being too practical and business like to indulge in superfluous words, and counting the vote of the hypocrite, he never thought of hiding behind the name of the Deity while he set on foot the crime by which the Radical party now holds all the power it possesses in our government.

History will say that the man who thus straightforwardly went into the most gigantic iniquity of the age was a less despicable character than the man who took the stolen office with a saintly air of simulated godliness, and chanted sacred songs while paying the minor thieves employed in carrying Chandler's plot into execution. And those journals that indulged in canting gush over Chandler's death will do well to remember that the world reserves its most

withering scorn and blistering contempt less for the great criminal than the man who tries to make divine Providence shield and gild his sins.—*Washington Post.*

## State's Rights.

Inch by inch the people of every age submit themselves to be robbed of their rights, until in time but the shadow of freedom remains. It is a lamentable fact that so slow are the majority of the people to see that the chains of despotism are being forced upon them, that it is only when they are galled and bound down by oppression they perceive their danger. Step by step, the advocates of the general government's deciding all matters it may choose to act upon, are taking away from the people the right to regulate all their local affairs, and if this idea is not checked, the day is not far in the future when the most trivial affairs will have to be adjudicated not by a local magistrate but by an official appointed by the general government. An official whose qualifications for office are political affiliation and not integrity and uprightness of character. Such officials, for instance, as have made up the nice mess of officers of the Revenue Department since the war.

These reflections are brought about by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States at its last term in what are known as the "Pacific Railroad cases," involving the constitutionality of a provision in an act of Congress requiring these companies to provide a sinking fund. The fact was held to be constitutional. Justice Field filed a dissenting opinion, in which he was joined by Chief Justice and two other Justices.

"I am utterly at a loss to find where authority on the part of the United States to interfere with a State in this respect and take such control from it, is to be found, except in the theories of those who regard the general government as the all-controlling power of the nation, to which the States, in local matters, must bend. I cannot assent to any such theories. The government created by the constitution left to the States control of local matters, and it never entered into the conception of its framers that under it, creations of the State could be taken by it from their control, and they left powerless and helpless in the matter. The doctrine announced in the opinion of the majority of the court goes further than any doctrine heretofore advanced, and any event thought possible in the history of the country, to destroy independence of the States and establish their helplessness, even in matters of local concern, as against the will of Congress. He must be dull, indeed, who does not see that under the legislation and the course of decision of late years our government is fast drifting from its ancient moorings, from the system established by our fathers, into a vast centralized and consolidating government."—*Western Carolinian.*

## N. C. Baptist State Convention.

At the late Baptist State Convention held at Oxford, in the absence of the former President, (Wm. A. Graham of Lincoln.) Rev. N. B. Cobb was elected president, with J. H. Mills, A. McDowell and W. H. Jordan, as Vice Presidents; B. F. Montague, Treasurer; T. H. Briggs, Jr., Auditor; William Biggs, Secretary; N. L. Shaw, Assistant Secretary—all of whom serve for one year.

A special committee on the communication from the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, reported that it was inexpedient for them as an associated body to join them in memorializing the Legislature on the subject of Temperance, but they would act in behalf of the temperance cause with them as individuals, which report was adopted.

The committee to nominate Preachers for the next session of the Convention submitted the following report: Rev. F. H. Jones to preach the Introductory Sermon; Rev. Thos. Carrick, alternate; Missionary Sermon, Rev. J. B. Taylor; alternate, Rev. G. W. Harman.

The following resolution was adopted by the Convention: "Whereas, we feel a deep interest in the work of the Oxford Orphan Asylum, and believe it is doing an inestimable amount of good; and whereas we believe that the Baptist people of the State will feel it to be not only a duty, but privilege, to contribute regularly to its support, therefore Resolved, That all our pastors are hereby earnestly requested to take up a collection at each of their churches, at least once a year, in behalf of this great and important object."

Goldsboro was selected as the place for holding the next Convention in Nov., 1880.

LAWLESSNESS IN KENTUCKY.—A SIGNIFICANT WARNING.—The regulators in Elliott county, Ky., have served a notice on the judge of the circuit court asking that he will not continue any of the cases that are on the docket on mere technicalities, but give them a speedy trial. They say: "We don't want to threaten this court, but we want thieves, robbers, house-burners and men who slay their wives, and are so handy with pistols, to distinctly understand that we mean business. If we have to call a special term of our court, we be unto you, for death is your portion, and remember the walnut." The organization now extends over four counties, and is said to number 3,000 citizens.

A white man named Stroud, who lives near Cash's Depot, Chesterfield county, was called to his door last Wednesday night and shot dead by two men who are still at large. A dispute on the fair grounds at Cheraw is said to be at the bottom of the affair.

## Political News.

The Baltimore American, Republican, admits that New York is a hopeless State for the Democrats in 1880.

"Anybody, everybody against Grant," is the motto of the New York Sun, and is, it says, "the motto of true and enlightened patriotism."

Senator Vance has gone to New Orleans as a member of the sub-committee to take testimony concerning the charges recently preferred against Kellogg, in the U. S. Senate.

There was a rumor in Washington Saturday that Senator Conkling was dead, but it turned out to be incorrect. His health is not good, however.

The news from Washington is to the effect that the Bayard boom has received a very favorable impetus lately. The open position in his favor taken by the South Carolina Senators, Hampton and Butler, have added no little to the force.

Gen. Hooker is said to have left a handsome fortune, which will probably go to his sisters, Mrs. Drainard and Mrs. Wood of Watertown, N. Y. Among his effects is a large picture of the battle of Lookout Mountain, for which he paid \$25,000.

Senator Chandler's wealth is estimated at \$1,800,000. Blaine's little Dub, Eugene Hale, gets it all. What a corruption fund for Maine!

The fifteen Southern States, Missouri, Indian and New York cast one hundred and eighty-eight Electoral votes. The Democratic Presidential candidate will get all of these next year, which will elect him. Tuesday election in New York decided this.—*Washington Post Dem.*

The most infamous frauds ever known were perpetrated in Maine by the Republican leaders, and the matter will undergo an investigation. Money was used to corrupt the election, and hundreds of voters were bulldozed. Nothing as shameful ever occurred in the South.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

The chances are that Kernan, of New York, Randolph, of New Jersey, and Eaton of Connecticut, have all suffered the fate of Thurman, of Ohio, and will have to retire from the Senate. Than any of these we could better spare a number of other men.—*Richmond (Va.) State Dem.*

From Maine to California, there is no more talk of "shaking hands across the bloody chasm;" and "letting bygones be bygones;" but the bloody shirt waves in triumph, and in forum, and pulpit and press, he is most rapturously applauded who thunders forth the bitterest and deadliest hate toward the South and Southern people.

It is not without interest to know how Mississippi voted. The election was peaceable and the "shot-gun" was kept at home. The Senate stands 33 Democrats, 2 Greenbacks and 1 Republican; House of Representatives, 70 Democrats, 10 Greenbacks, 3 Republicans and 4 Independents. There are two colored members of the Legislature, one a Greenbacker and the other a Democrat, the latter from Yazoo.

In reference to the meeting of the National Republican Committee in Washington, December 17, Hon. Thomas B. Keogh, of North Carolina, who is at the Hoffman House in this city, says the majority of the committee favor Gen. Grant's nomination for the Presidency. In fact, two-thirds of the members favor his nomination. Keogh thinks the next convention will be held in Chicago, though New York may be chosen.

It is rumored that the National Democratic committee are considering the propriety of calling a meeting of the committee at an early day, to consult on the political situation, with a view of issuing an address urging the Democracy to throw off personal dissensions and unite for the coming struggle. The meeting will be held either in New York or Washington.

Ex-Collector Arthur, of this city, is mentioned as a possible successor of the late Senator Chandler as chairman of the National Republican committee.

More than a week has elapsed since the election was held in New York, and yet the result has not been officially announced. New York is a populous State, with railroads and telegraphic wires permeating every portion of its territory, and there is no excuse for the delay. At first, it was declared that the Democrats had elected the whole State ticket with the exception of Governor, but now it is alleged that the vote is so close as to leave it doubtful whether any Democrat is elected except Seymour, State Engineer. The whole thing has a bad look about it and very naturally excites a general belief that fraud and false counting have been perpetrated.

GENERAL HANCOCK AND THE PRESIDENT.—A Washington despatch to the Cincinnati Commercial of the 8th inst. says: It is absolutely certain that the machinery of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania is set up in the interest of General Hancock for President, Senator Wallace, Cassiday and Barge, the Philadelphia ring leaders, and Barr of Pittsburgh, just defeated for State Treasurer being mostly instrumental in arranging the programme, whereby a solid delegation will be elected for Hancock. These gentlemen argue that because of his being a native of Pennsylvania, and for ten years a resident of New York, General Hancock thereby becomes an exceeding available candidate. Hon. Lewis Cassiday, who had just returned from New York, says that Tilden has given up all thought of the Presidency for himself, and is already arranging to give the delegation from New York to Clarkson N. Potter for President.

Blackwell, of Durham, is booming. Here is the way the Philadelphia Press states it: "W. T. Blackwell, the great tobacco manufacturer of Durham, N. C., pays more taxes to the Government than any one man in the world—to wit: \$520,000 a year, \$10,000 a week or over \$1,428 per day."

Greensboro North State: An amusing story comes to us from an adjoining county. A girl was about to give birth to an illegitimate child, but the man whom she intended to swear it to died before she could get a chance to swear it. Thereupon the young girl applied for advice to a young sprig of the law, who had recently settled in the county. After mature deliberation and a careful examination of the authorities, he advised her to swear it to the administrator of the dec. ased.

Tarboro Southern: Judge Gudgeon informed us in Elizabeth city, that at Washington County Superior Court, one Thomas Matland colored, swore a lie about 12 a. m. The Solicitor was instructed to draw a bill of perjury; the grand jury found it true, trial and conviction ensued, and by 5 p. m. the perjurer was sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. If this sort of thing could happen in every county this common crime would cease.

If we refer to statistics we will find that a majority of the Democratic votes cast in North Carolina comes from what are called the black or negro counties. The county of Halifax alone polled as large a vote in 1876 as several of the small western counties, and yet because we have no legislative representative one of those small counties has far greater influence with the 250 votes than Halifax. The consequence is that, though the East with its forty thousand votes is an important factor in election, after the voting is done, the profitable places are all given to some county that sends a member to the Legislature. In other words, the spoils are put where they will do the most good regardless of natural justice.—*Newbernian.*

North Carolina Republicans have written to Grant now in Illinois to visit this State during the winter, assuring him that he will be given as big a boom as has been accorded him in any Northern State. Their object is to pave the way for Grant as President and Settle as Vice-President. They pretend to say that if Settle was on the ticket he would break the vote of the South and carry North Carolina and Florida for the Republicans. We cannot for the life of us see upon what they base their hope, if in truth they are really in earnest about the assertion, for Settle has been beaten every time he ever ran before the people for office. Leach beat him for Congress and Vance beat him for Gov. by 13,000 votes. If Grant comes here, our people will treat him with politeness, but we trust they will not make fools of themselves or play the toady too strong. For our part the dark and awful days of carpet bag oppression and reconstruction venality is too fresh for us to make a demi-god of the man who ruled and reigned at that time. The manner in which the South was humiliated and defrauded at the time was anything but "child's play." Hayes has never armed free booters, to ride rough shod over our liberties, suppressing us official in robbing and oppressing us, neither has he forced our legislators from their seats at the bayonet's point as did Grant. The Southern people could therefore welcome Hayes with some respect, but we cannot see how any people possessed of manhood and independence of spirit could favor around Grant and lick the hand that so cruelly smote them in their helplessness and humiliation.—*Southern Home.*

FINE YIELD OF CORN.—Maj. Wright Hake, of Seventy-First Township, gathered this season from eight acres of upland 470 bushels of corn, or nearly 60 bushels to the acre, with a harvest of good fodder in proportion. Some good judges estimate the yield at near 500 bushels, but none put it at less than the figures first mentioned. This is about as good as a bale of cotton to the acre—in fact, better.—*Fayetteville Gazette.*

POOR PORTS.—And now the painful intelligence comes from Philadelphia that Mrs. Potts, the walking widder, Potts, the pedestrian, all of which sobriquets she captured in her celebrated walks from Philadelphia to New Orleans and back, is now walking a kitchen floor; in short, Potts is a cook. Her "host of friends" in the South have been waiting with anxiety for the announcement that she had received that mist of money which she alleged was to be paid her on the accomplishment of the wonderful walking feat, and instead of this comes the humiliating statement that she has had to resort to the kitchen for a livelihood. This too, the fate of a native of North Carolina, and one who promised to again become a citizen, for did not say she intended to purchase a farm near High Point and settle there?—*Charlotte Observer.*

LIKE TO OBTAIN.—No doubt the public would like to obtain what it requires at as cheap a rate as possible, and many times are induced to purchase cheap articles, which are in reality the dearest in the end. Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts costs a few cents more, yet they are the cheapest, for they require much less in quantity.

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