

The Monroe Enquirer.

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Poetry.

LOVE'S LIGHT.

E. A. GREGORY.

On western hills the day declines,
The sun sinks low beneath the pines,
And when the last ray lingers shines,
This softly fading into night,
The tender gloaming, shade on shade,
Comes darkling down, on glen and glade,
What time in beauty bright arrayed,
The stars bloom into sight;
Then love takes up the evening song,
And memory, kindling warm and strong,
Recalls dead hopes in thickening throng,
And paints the past in mellow light.

On eastern slopes the sunbeams wake,
The soft rays, lighting lawn and lake,
And when the last ray lingers shines,
In radiant touch'd with morning's dew,
The dawn's young beauties, fresh and sweet,
In blisful union, move and meet,
West time the passing shadow seek,
Of night depart from view,
And love sings soft the matin song,
And hope surveys, on pinions strong,
And hope and memory, true and strong,
And paints the past with prescience true.

Morning and noon and set of sun,
Through all the hours of day that run,
The light from heaven, at dawn begun,
The waiting earth with beauty fills.
And nature smiles, in all her moods,
Through lawn and lake, and wilds and woods,
What time the heavenly lustre floods,
And all her pulses thrill;
And love takes up her joyous song,
And hope and memory, true and strong,
Present and past, with raptures throng,
And light which heaven's own love dispels.

The Story Teller.

THE NEW GIRL.

"Now, Charley, you'll be sure to remember!"
"To remember—what?" said Mr. Meredith, with a hopeless expression of insanity on his countenance. Kitty Meredith dropped both hands despairingly at her sides.
"Charles!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean that you have forgotten already?"
"My dear," said Mr. Meredith, fumbling in the depths of his overcoat pockets for a missing glove, "I may not have forgotten—but I don't seem exactly to remember!"
"The oysters!" suggested the wife.
"Oh yes," said Mr. Meredith, "the oysters."
"And two ounces of double zephyr scarlet wool."
"Exactly."
"And the depot—back to be waiting at two o'clock for your cousin from Chicago."
Mr. Meredith slapped one hand on the table.
"She is coming to-day, I declare to goodness!" he ejaculated.
"And a dozen Havana oranges for dessert, and two pounds of grapes and, some of those delicious little Naples biscuits and macaroons, from Salaselli's, and let them send me up a girl from St. Charles!"
"Which?"
"A girl, you goose! for general housework. Phoebe went home this morning with the faceache, and I can't be left alone with company coming and all. Mind, she's a good cook and understands waiting at table."
And Mr. Meredith rushed off to catch the nine-thirty express with a kaleidoscope confusion of grapes, zephyr wool, depot hacks, oysters and servant-maids careering through his brain, which boded ill for Mrs. Meredith's domestic plans.

While that lady, clasping both hands over her forehead in a sort of tragic despair, rushed down into the kitchen, where a very good-looking young man of some two or three-and-twenty was on his knees in front of the range, trying to coax a most uncooperative fire to burn. The good-looking young man glanced up with a comical sparkle in his eyes and a sneer of soot traversing the bridge of his nose.
"Well," said he.
"Tom," said Mrs. Meredith, hysterically, "can you make a lobster salad?"
"Like a book!" said Tom.
"And coffee?"
"I learned in Paris."
"Good," said Mrs. Meredith. "And I can make butter-milk biscuits—and, between us, we'll get up a decent lunch for the young lady from Chicago! As for dinner—"
"Well," again remarked the young man with soot-beamed nose, "Providence must provide!" sighed the matron.

"There's an old chintz colored rooster in the barnyard," said Tom, hopefully. "If I could catch him I'd have a chicken stew."
"Tom," said Mrs. Meredith, "did you ever make a chicken stew?"
"No."
"Then you don't know what you're talking about," said the lady, with some asperity.
"Yes, I do, too," maintained the amateur Sayer. "Onions, potatoes, celery, parley, with a pinch of salt, and—"
"Nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Meredith. "Do pick that lobster out of its shell and leave off romancing! You're a deal better at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen; though to be sure, with a twinge of conscience, 'goodness knows what I should do without you just in this particular emergency, you dear old darling.'"

"The lobster was only half picked out of the shell, the butter-milk biscuit was still unmix'd, and Mrs. Meredith, with a pocket handkerchief tied around her pretty brown hair, was dusting the little drawing-room when there came a ring at the door bell. She put her turbaned head out of the window after a most unceremonious fashion.
"Who's there," she demanded, in a high contralto.
"Does Mrs. Meredith live here?" retorted a woman's voice. And at the same moment the young matron caught sight of a neat black leather bag, a black alpaca dress and a shawl of the plainest Highland plaid.
"It's the new girl, thank Providence!" said Mrs. Meredith, and she flew down stairs, thanking honest Charley in her heart for this unexpected promptitude. "Come in," said she, opening the door wide. "I am glad you are so punctual, my good girl. From St. Charles Intelligence Bureau, I suppose? No don't take off your things up here—the servants' room is below stairs; you may as well come directly down into the kitchen."

She led the way down, followed by the new girl, whose countenance bore rather a bewildered expression.
"What's your name?" she asked, patronizingly.
"My name? Oh, it's Martha," answered the girl, in some confusion.
"Martha," critically repeated Mrs. Meredith. "What an ugly name! I think I shall call you Patty. Have you references?"
"I believe so."

"I think," said Mrs. Meredith, surveying her from top to toe, "that you are a little over-dressed for your station, Patty; but of course you have some plainer clothes in your trunk when it comes?"
The stranger lifted a pair of grave blue eyes to the tall form girded around with a towel, who was vigorously wrestling with the claws of a stupendous lobster at the table beyond.
"Do you keep a man cook, ma'am?" said she.
Mrs. Meredith drew herself up. "Certainly not," said she. "This is my brother, Mr. Selwyn, who is kindly assisting me to make a salad."

"But he is not doing it right," said the new girl. "He'll never get the meat out of the shell in that way. Let me show you, Mr. Selwyn."
And with deft fingers she loosened the luscious white fiber from the scarlet shell in a manner that made Mr. Selwyn cry "Bravo!"
"And now, Patty," said Mrs. Meredith, "I will show you where the things are, and leave you to get up a nice lunch as you can for half-past two o'clock; we are expecting my husband's cousin from Chicago, and I want everything in perfect order."
"I'll finish the salad," said Tom, who had secretly been observing the pretty face and trim figure of the new domestic, "now that I've commenced it. But you needn't look so perturbed, Patty, if that's your name. I'll be careful not to get in your way. And you can ask my sister if I'm not a handy sort of a fellow around the kitchen."

Kitty shook her head surreptitiously at Tom behind the screen; Tom resolutely affected not to perceive the winking gesture.
Half an hour afterward he came up to the dining-room, where Mrs. Meredith was arranging her best lilac and gold china.
"Kitty," said he, "she's a jewel! A gem of the first water? Depend upon it she's not always worked in the kitchen, I quoted Shakespeare apropos of something or other, I don't remember what, and she recognized the grand old words at once—her eyes brightened, and you should have seen the color into her cheeks!"
"I don't believe in high life below stairs," said Mrs. Kitty, disdainfully.
The lunch came up at half past two in perfect order, but no cousin from Chicago arrived—no depot hack rolled up to the door.
"How provoking!" said Kitty. "Miss Meredith must have missed some essential connecting train. Charley will be so vexed? But, however, I don't so much mind company coming in at any time now that I have such an excellent girl!"
The dinner of daintily roasted quails and rabbit, fricasseed, with a dessert of custard and jelly, was duly served at precisely seven, at which hour Mr. Meredith bounded in, hot and flushed with the haste he had made.
"Where is she?" cried he.
"Where is who?" said Kitty.
"My cousin from Chicago!"
"Oh!" said Kitty, "she hasn't come!"
"No."

Mr. Meredith drew a long sigh of mingled regret and relief.
"Then after all," said he, "it's not so unlucky?"
"What's not so unlucky?" petulant-ly demanded his wife. "My dear Charles, you are expressing yourself altogether in riddles."
"That I forgot all about the oysters and the zephyr wool and the servant girl!"
"Forgot?"
"Yes—forgot. Isn't that plain English enough?"
"But you didn't forget," remonstrated Mrs. Meredith. "You sent her. She's here now, in the kitchen."

"Mr. Meredith stared. 'I've sent no one,' said he. 'Never thought of the girl from that moment to this, I give you my word of honor!'"

Trades and Professions Contrasted.

Notice was taken, in a recent issue of this paper, of the experience of a large shoe manufacturer of this State, who advertised in Boston and New York for twenty-five shoe-fitters to work in his factory, offering full current rates and steady employment. The advertisement brought one application.

About the same time a Boston firm advertised for a book keeper, and the next day's mail brought three hundred and forty-seven answers.

During the same month an advertisement for a clerk, in a Detroit paper brought a hundred and thirty applications the first day, and a greater number of letters and personal applications the next day.

An advertisement for a week in the same city, calling for good carpenter, only brought four replies.

It is altogether probable that in any considerable city in the land, an advertisement for a book keeper or retail clerk will bring fifty times as many replies as an advertisement for a fair workman in any trade.

It is also probable that in any and every city the average earnings of clerks are nowhere near so large as the earnings of workmen of average skill in the various trades.

Further, it is fairly certain that, with equal capacity, industry and thrift, the young man who learns any trade will achieve a reasonable competence sooner than the young man who sticks to clerking; while the chances for materially improving one's conditions are more numerous in the trades than behind the counter or at the desk.

Why is it, then, that the boys all want to be clerks? Why is it that intelligent parents encourage them in looking for a chance to "get into business," and looking down on mechanical employments—as though there could be any calling more wretchedly mechanical than average clerking. Why is it that teachers almost invariably train their pupils to "look above" mechanical pursuits?

What the country wants now is workmen—intelligent, industrious, thrifty workmen; men who can do skillfully the work that waits for the doing—who can invent new means and better processes for developing the crude resources of the land, and for converting brute matter into life sustaining and life enriching wealth.

More clerks and record keepers are at a discount. There are too many of them, and the professions, so-called, are almost equally crowded with men who have nothing to do. There never was a time when ability to do something real and practical was worth so much as now. Yet our young men swarm after clerkships. Why is it?—*Scientific American.*

Words of Wisdom.

He that gets out of debt grows rich. Light burdens long borne grow heavy. What three knows every creature knows. Where the will is ready the feet are light.

Constantly choose rather to want less than to have more. Broken friendship may be soldered but never made sound. No man ever yet looked on the dark side of life without finding it.

Those who have little are always ready to strike an average with those who have much. It is better to be doing the most insignificant thing in the world than to reckon half an hour insignificant.

Don't despise the small talents; they are needed as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun.

The greatest evils in life have had their rise from something which was thought to be of too little importance to be attended to.

Ceremony was devised at first to set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow vows; but where there is true friendship there needs none.

"If I Only had Capital." "If I only had capital," I heard a young man say, as he puffed away at a tobacco pipe, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from a drug-shop where he had just paid ten cents for a drink, "I would go into business."

The same remark might have been heard from the young man loafing on the street corner. Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the drug-shop are drinking yours, and destroying your body at the same time, and you upon the street-corner are wasting yours in idleness and forming bad habits. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for fortune to begin with. If you had \$10,000 a year, and spent it all, you would be poor still. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark, if you will. But you must stop spending your money for what you don't need, and squandering your time in idleness.

"Somebody's coming when the Dew-Drops Fall," is said to be a very beautiful song. "Somebody's Coming when the Note Falls Due" is not so enchanting.

Miscellaneous.

A Caution to Smokers.

The dangers which menace smokers are not confined, as it seems, to the deleterious effects of fatiguing vapor into the lungs and throat. There are incidental perils against which it is only an act of kindness to warn the lovers of pipes and cigar-holders.

King James I. and others who have since his day continued to blow their counterblast against the use of the weed, will, perhaps, object to such philanthropy as misplaced, and would prefer to see the tobacco mania perish in their vice. It is to be feared, however, that pipes have too firmly established their home among us to be exterminated by any such warning and that, as smoking will inevitably be practiced in the world, the right thing to do now is to remove from it the chief risks of serious injury it involves.

A paragraph in the Paris papers tells us that a young man in that city was in the habit of cleaning out the stem and mouthpiece of his pipe with a common knitting needle, which he neglected to wipe and purify after each of these applications. One day on hastily picking up the instrument, its point run into his finger, and the result of the wound, which was at first neglected, is that he will have to lose his arm, and may be considered lucky if even by this means he can save his life.

The hand and arm swelled gradually, owing to the poisonous effects of the nicotine, until two days after the accident occurred he found in necessity to go to a surgeon. Remedies were applied, but with no effect, and numerous abscesses began to form upon the hand and wrist. The case may be added to others which have already shown that even the smallest injection of nicotine is capable of producing the gravest injury. Smokers are hardly as fully aware of this fact as they should be, nor as careful in avoiding the contact of the nicotineous deposit always to be found in pipes.

Although the particular species of accident that has just occurred in Paris is hardly likely to repeat itself often, it might very easily happen to a man to have cracked or chipped pipe, upon which the moisture that exudes from a foul pipe might run and communicate to cause the worst results.—*London Globe.*

A TACK SKULL.—The best illustration of the thickness of the negro skull presented itself a few days ago at the gin house of Mr. Slona Kennerly, a few miles from this place. Joe Reid, a young negro, about 18 years old, and well known here, was engaged in doing some work about the gin house, the machinery of which was run by horse power. In some unexplained way he became entangled in the machinery, and his head was caught between the large cog-wheel and the cylinder or drum which revolves upon it, and there he stuck.

In a moment it was thought his head would be crushed to a jelly, but Joe's occipital and parietal bones were too well hinged for that. His head wouldn't go through, and the wooden cogs could make no impression upon it. He brought the whole machinery to a dead-lock in spite of the combined efforts of four or six horses to keep the wheel in motion.

When released from his perilous situation, he scratched his head and said, "By golly, that thing hurt right smart," and then went on about his business.—*Mooreville Gazette.*

"Nature's Champagne Bowl" is what they call the old Sweet Springs in West Virginia.

Current News.

Celebration of the Jasper Centennial at Savannah.

SAVANNAH, October 9.—The one hundredth anniversary of the siege of Savannah and the death of Sergeant Jasper was commenced to-day in the presence of 20,000 people. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and the demonstration passed off without an accident of any kind. The volunteer soldiers of Charleston, S. C., Georgia and Florida, were represented by over twenty companies of infantry, cavalry and artillery. The military pageant surpassed in brilliancy and numbers any similar affair in this city.

The military alone, including the Savannah soldiery, extended over a quarter of a mile. The procession was composed of civic societies, the Jasper Memorial Association, the Centennial Committee, headed by the Thirtieth U. S. Infantry band, and a company of Federal troops from the barracks at Atlanta. The entire city was brilliantly and handsomely illuminated and decorated. The shipping in port, and the public buildings are also decorated. After a parade through the principal streets, the site of the proposed monument, where a large stand had been erected and elaborately decorated, the American flag being conspicuous. The corner stone was laid with the usual ceremonies by Capt. John McMahon, President of the Jasper Memorial Association. Senator Gordon was then introduced, and delivered a grand patriotic oration, which was listened to with profound attention and frequently greeted with cheers.

In the course of his remarks the distinguished speaker, in an earnest and forcible manner, gave vent to the following, which elicited the most vociferous and prolonged applause: "Let us hope that the passions engendered by our calamitous civil war, and the distrust towards the South incident to that war, may not furnish an excuse nor become potential agencies for the destruction of those principles of government for which Washington fought and Jasper died. Let me not be misunderstood. It is no part of my purpose to magnify unduly the rights of States; nor would our people deprive the General Government of one right or power which the Constitution has conferred. We believe that the most lasting national good, as well as the greatest national strength, is to be attained by an unflinching adherence to the rights of the States on the one hand, and the fullest recognition of the prerogatives of the General Government on the other. In other words, under our form of government and with our vast territories and conflicting local interests, grants and limitations of the fundamental law must be recognized. The Constitution must be the omnipotent arbiter from which there is no appeal. Nor do I seek by references to the South to detract in any degree from the credit due to all able statesmen of the North, and for their brave defence of this colonial and constitutional doctrine of free, untrammelled local government. I do not claim for the South any monopoly of the virtues comprehended in the terms 'patriotism and republicanism.' I am not of those who believe that love of country or fidelity to the Constitution is bounded by State lines or confined to sections. Would that such obliquity of judgement and all sectional bigotry, and passion and prejudice, could be banished from this country, and that a broad patriotism—broad as the republic itself—could possess the hearts of the entire American people. Would that the South, no longer a subject of distrust, could contemplate with generous pride the mighty and material developments of the great West and North, and the grand industries and achievements contributed to the high civilization of the great East. Would that the West and East, and the North, with the magnanimity and sense and justice befitting a great people, could cherish as common heritage, the history, heroic and heroic endurance of the stricken South. God speed the day when the maxim, 'This is my country; all my country—every section, every State, every acre of soil over which the flag of the Republic floats,' shall be embraced by every American not only as a geographical, historical and political fact, but as a living, potential, inspiring sentiment."

The military comprised forty companies of infantry, four batteries of artillery, and one regiment of cavalry. After the corner-stone ceremonies a grand review of the troops took place at the Park extension by Gen. Lafayette McLaws and Gen. Gordon. The afternoon and evening were devoted to banquets and other festivities.

THE STRAY BALLOON.—DUNQUELOA, October 10.—Thomas Lloyd, a compositor on the Times, saw a balloon early this morning. He watched it over an hour, and called the attention of a telegraph operator to it. It was up very high, and it was seen in the southeast and travelled south slowly, rising and falling in its course. Numbers of others claim they saw the balloon.

—An editor being asked, "Do hogs pay?" says a great many do not. They take the paper several years and then have the post master send it back marked "refused."

—A ton of gold makes a fraction over half a million of dollars, and when a man says his wife is worth her weight in gold, and she weighs 120 pounds, she is worth \$30,000.

—Even when it comes to a blow in a case of mistaken identity, all may be made well except the man who has his eye dented. For him a raw oyster is better than an apology.

—An auctioneer was endeavoring to sell a fowling-piece, and failing to get a bid, a by-stander who had read the papers said: "Blow in the muzzle and it will go off."

—A college student, in rendering to his father an account of his term-expenses, inserted: "To charity thirty dollars." His father wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

—It being claimed by one of the sterner sex that man was made first and lord of creation, the question was asked by an indignant beauty how long he was lord of creation. "Till he got a wife," was the reply.

—The men who work will thrive. Those who are idle will starve. There is no fear that God's wise and kind law, that men must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, will be set aside.

—And now the returned city people write to their country cousins, with whom they have been staying, that they arrived safely, but found the city infected with small-pox, which is likely to last all winter.

—"Prisoner, how old are you?" "Twenty-two your Honor." "Twenty-two?" your papers make out that you were born twenty-three years ago." "So I was, but I spent one year in prison, and I don't count that—it was lost time."

—"The Japanese have no cuss words in their language." After sixteen futile attempts to get the joints of a stovepipe to fit, the indignant Jap goes out and bumps his head against a post, kicks a hairless dog twenty-seven times around the yard, and then—feels better.

—The debt of the city of Paris is now nearly \$4,000,000,000, and the interest about \$20,000,000 a year.—The credit of the city is, if possible, even higher than that of the country. The municipal taxation is nearly \$22.50 per head of population.

—The proper form for a will now-days will read: "To the respective attorneys of my children I give my entire estate and worldly goods of all description. Personally to the children and my beloved children and to beloved wife I give all that remains."

—A Denison (Tex.) girl's foot was badly wounded, resulting in lockjaw. A physician was called, and terror at the sight of the edged instruments produced a reaction and the girl was well before anything could be done for her.

—The Atlanta Constitution says that a Democratic cotton gin killed a negro in Burke county, the other day. They give the politics of the gin for the benefit of the Stalwart organs. There was no provocation on the part of the negro. The gin simply reached out and took him in.

—Prof. Wise, astronomer, and Geo. Burr, Esq., started on a balloon voyage from St. Louis on the 10th. A strong north-easter bore them rapidly toward Lake Michigan. They have not been heard from since, probably perished in the lake or were wrecked and killed in the forest.

—Prof. Colgrove, an astronomer, and H. Williams, Esq., of San Francisco, attempted to make a balloon ascension from that city on the 15th inst. The balloon did not rise well and caught on a telegraph pole and burst the bag. Both men fell to the ground and were fatally injured.

—A Washington newspaper casually observes that "in the midst of all the honors lavished upon General Grant, the feasting that is given him and the homage that is paid him, it is pitiful to see his only brother going about town, dirty and ragged, a harmless imbecile, borrowing a quarter or a half-dollar from anybody who will give it to him."

—The Indians are preparing to enter on the war path in Colorado. Gov. Pitkin is furnishing arms and ammunition to the settlers to arm themselves against the hostiles. The military force is being increased to meet the emergency. It is believed that the Utes obtain their supply of arms and ammunition from the Mormons, who will furnish all they want.

—A young lady who teaches Sunday school (in the summer) at Swampscott, is in the habit, after the regular lesson is ended, of asking questions in natural history. Last Sunday she asked: "What bird is large enough to carry a man?" A little girl held up her hand and said, "I know; a lark." "Oh, no," said the teacher; "Larks are not large enough to carry men." "Yes, they are," said the youngster. "My papa goes away for two or three days, and my mamma says he's gone off on a lark."

Facts and Fun.

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Monroe Enquirer.

WM. C. WOLFE.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The Mechanics and Tradesmen's Procession.

We copy from the Raleigh Observer an interesting feature of our State Fair.

There was a very large and creditable procession of the tradesmen and mechanics yesterday. Under the Chief Marshal, W. J. Weir, they formed on Hargett street, the front resting on Blount street, and thence moved down Blount to Cabarrus, up Cabarrus to Fayetteville. As they passed the Observer office the streets were crowded with people who had flocked to see them, and there were demonstrations of satisfaction at seeing the working men take hold of and manifest an interest in the State Fair.

Governor Jarvis, Col. Holt, Mayor Manly and Major James W. Wilson rode in a carriage at the head of the column. Our brave Rescue boys led the van with their handsome engine. Next came the gallant colored firemen of the Victor and Buckett Companies and after them a section of the Raleigh Light Artillery. The Assistant Marshals, John Briggs, P. C. Flemming, John C. Gorman, W. E. Ashley, J. H. Green, B. F. Parks, F. A. Watson and C. B. Fairchild kept the procession well in line and made everything go off very smoothly.

Next came the floats. O'Neil & Plumadore had a carriage arranged as a cigar store, with plumes of long leaf tobacco waving at the corners.

Ream's Warehouse had a long float on which a regular tobacco sale was going on. The auctioneer moved about from pile to pile of the golden leaf, crying prices as high as the Ohio majority, with the 000 left off, and the buyers pressed around and jostled him just as they would at a real sale. This display attracted much attention.

C. B. Fairchild, on a float covered with white, made a beautiful show of his flowers and shrubs, which were certainly creditable to his taste, and was greatly admired. There were also on the float some handsome bouquets.

Jacob S. Allen's planing and wood working mills was next represented on a large float, with specimens of the various work turned out at his establishment.

Edwards, Broughton & Co., on a float drawn by four horses, gave a view of printing operations and book-binding. Type were being set, books bound and other work of a printing office carried on in a lively and very real manner.

Ellington, Royster & Co., on a large float exhibited specimens of wood work of all descriptions, such as sash, doors, blinds, &c., and made a display which was highly creditable.

A. Upchurch showed specimens, and good ones too, of his work in buggies and other vehicles, especially wheels. All the component parts were shown separately.

Kingsley & Ashley on a large float made an excellent and thorough display of their wood work, and of all material used in the construction of houses as well as some fancy work.

S. Otho Wilson showed specimens of fruit trees from his nursery near this city. He exhibited a large selection of the best varieties of all fruits.

R. N. Mitchell, boiler-maker on a float drawn by six horses, showed the process of boiler making and other iron work, and the display was very realistic indeed.

On reaching the grounds the circuit of the track was made in the presence of a crowd that lined it. This ended, the procession halted in front of the judges' stand, in which stood Mr. George H. Snow, who had been chosen to deliver the address of welcome.

Grant's Eloquence.

The Chicago Times is responsible for this article:

"Grant's powers as an orator, which developed so suddenly after his departure for strange lands, have deserted him now that he is again at home."

His speech at San Francisco on Saturday does not compare favorably with the eloquence which fell from his lips in Great Britain, France, India and China. There he had an elaborate oration or an easy and happy remark for every occasion when some utterance by him seemed to be demanded. Here, in the presence of a great multitude of excited people assembled to do him honor, with cannons roaring and bells ringing, and surrounded by everything calculated to inspire a true orator, he fell off to the usual dozen words expressive of thanks for the welcome extended him.

The secret probably is that the newspaper flunkies who accompanied the ex-President in his travels failed to appreciate the situation in time to manufacture a felicitous address for him.

A negro, named Al. Howard, was convicted in Wayne county last week of the murder of an old man named Rabel Autry, in Sampson county, in July 1878. The object of the murder was to obtain money, and the manner of it most dastardly. The counsel appealed from the decision of the court. The Goldsboro Messenger says he was taken back to Sampson county, where he stands indicted for burglary in connection with the killing of Mr. Autry, but while he admits his connection with the murder in his own evidence he states that Autry's door was open, and the villain will probably cheat the gallows and get off with a term in the penitentiary.

The North Carolina State Experiment Station—The Advantages It Offers to Farmers and Others.

1. Free analyses of all Chemicals used in Composting, provided the sender secures the samples according to printed instructions furnished by the Station and prepay the express charges.

2. Free analyses of all Fertilizers legally on sale in the State, provided the samples are secured by an authorized Agent of the Department of Agriculture.

3. Free analyses of all Well Waters articles of food and drugs, disinfectants, &c., when the analyses are desired for sanitary purposes, the permission of the Secretary of the State Board of Health is secured, and the express charges on the samples are prepaid.

4. Free analyses and examination in all cases of probable poisoning when the suspected article is sent according to printed instructions, and by order of Coroners and County Superintendents of Health.

5. Free analyses of Marls when desired by farmers.

6. Free analyses of Mineral Water when sent with the permission of the State Geologist, and express charges are prepaid.

7. Free identification and qualitative analysis of all minerals and ores. For a complete or quantitative analysis the permission of the State Geologist must be obtained.

8. Free tests of the germinating or sprouting capacity of all seeds of grains, grasses, flowers or vegetables, with a report as to their purity, and identification of any weed or other foreign seeds present. Seed samples are best sent by mail.

9. Free identification of useful or injurious grasses.

10. Free identification of insects injurious to vegetation, and reports upon the best means of destroying them.

11. Correspondence will be promptly attended to upon all subjects directly related to agriculture.

12. Printed reports will be mailed free of charge upon request upon the following subjects: Directions for composting; formulas for different soils and crops; analyses of chemicals and fertilizers legally on sale in North Carolina; directions for utilizing bones; for making vinegar; for growing sugar beet; upon drinking waters; the value of pine straw; the history, use and value of the cow pen; the composition of marls and soils; the extraction of sassafras oil; the history and use of artificial manures, &c., &c.

The experiment Station having been fully equipped by order of the Board of Agriculture, for the prosecution of the various branches of work above mentioned, our farmers are urged to request to avail themselves of the advantages. Address all letters to DR. A. R. LEDOUX, Chapel Hill.

The Fever on the Spread.

TIGHTENING ITS GRIP ON MEMPHIS AND REACHING OUT INTO NEW QUARTERS. MEMPHIS, Oct. 10. a. m.—No new cases are reported. Ten deaths have occurred since last night—Dillie Jacobs, a returned refugee, Jerry Enright, N. K. Bowman, Lizzie Maloney, Jas. McBride, W. R. Smith, Frank Hale, Eugene Eastinger, Giles Tibbbs and Ed. Moon, the last two colored. The weather is clear and pleasant.

John B. Cummings, president of the board of health at Forest City, Ark., thirty miles west of Memphis on the Little Rock Railroad, has telegraphed to the Howards for four nurses.

Noon.—Two more new cases are reported—Jno. Lutz and Gus Lagoria; one more death—R. S. Hutchins, an employee in the internal revenue office.

Forest City, Ark., Oct. 14.—The board of health reports six new cases of yellow fever here, four of which have proved fatal within the past six days. The names of the victims are: Mrs. Keathley and her child, Mrs. J. R. Browne, Mr. Wood and Mrs. Mark Izard, who is now dying. Robert Loughbridge was taken sick last night but it is not certain that he has yellow fever. He is a brother of Mrs. Keathley and nursed her during her illness. The origin of the fever here is not known. Business is entirely suspended and the town is almost depopulated.

Little Rock, Oct. 14.—Five cases of yellow fever are reported existing at Hopefield, opposite Memphis and at Forest City forty-five miles west. The Howards have telegraphed to Memphis for nurses. Trains have been suspended on the Memphis Railroad east of Brinkley. Forest City is 90 miles east of Little Rock, and no apprehensions are felt here.

Memphis, October 14.—There are nine cases in all, eight white and one colored. Among the number are Jno. Lannigan, Ben Jacobs, Rev. J. J. Peres, wife and daughter, and Mrs. Belle Lindsay. Three additional deaths have occurred. Ex-chief of Police Thos. J. O'Donnell, a relative, Col. Rawlings, a returned refugee, and Mrs. Catherine Martin. Sam Webb, a brakeman on the Little Rock Railroad, died of fever last evening at Hopefield.

Franklin La., October 14.—The sickness prevailing at Centerville, five miles below here, is undoubtedly yellow fever.

New Millinery Goods.—Mr. J. W. Townsend takes this method of informing the public that he has now in stock, opposite J. D. Stawarts, a fine assortment of Ladies' and children's Hats and Trimmings of the latest Fall and Winter Styles. Hats trimmed to order in any color desired. Call and see goods before buying elsewhere, or you will lose a bargain.

Dead on the Track.

A YOUNG MAN RUN OVER—MURDER, SUICIDE, OR WHAT?

A young man named Hook, a clerk in the store of Mr. Griffith, who is also depot agent at Summit, S. C., on the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Railroad, was at Gilbert Hollow a station but two miles north of Summit, Wednesday evening, and started on the morning train, to Summit. The passenger train which left Charlotte at 12:25, ran over the body, half way between the two stations named above, not having seen it until too late to check up his train. He stopped at once and Conductor Wm. Clarkson, going out, found the body terribly mangled. Two freight trains which had passed over the road during the night had both evidently run over the body without its having been discovered, and there was scarcely left a part by which it could be distinguished. The trucks and brake rods of the three trains had stripped it almost entirely of clothing, and rendered it a spectacle sickening in the extreme. Scattered about it were found about \$20, nearly all in silver, and, strange to say, in the vest pocket the young man's watch was found unharmed and still running.

The opinion that young Hook was murdered and the body placed on the track is very generally entertained at Summit. He was perfectly sober when he left Gilbert Hollow, and the hour at which he was on the road forbids the idea that he could have laid down and gone to sleep on the track. Equally improbable is the theory of suicide. A negro with whom he had recently had a difficulty about an account due by the latter to Hook's employer, left Summit going toward Gilbert Hollow about the hour that Hook left Gilbert Hollow going to Summit, and the reasonable supposition is that they met about half way—about the point at which the body was found. Traces of blood leading in the direction of the negro's house, have also been found, and the suspected party is under arrest to await a preliminary hearing. It is represented that there is great excitement over the matter at Summit, where young Hook was very popular. *Char. Observer.*

The Southern Opportunity.

A writer in the New York Herald, of a recent date, who manifest an extensive knowledge of the cotton producing countries of the world and a thorough acquaintance with the production of that staple, has made a comparative statement, says the Review, showing the relative amount produced in this country under slave and free labor. He says:

The crop of cotton of 1878 and 1879 was the largest ever raised. The ten crops of 1852 to 1861 inclusive, being the last crops raised by slave labor, numbered 34,995,440 bales. The ten crops of 1870 to 1879 inclusive, being the last crops raised by free labor, numbered 41,454,743 bales. The excess of the ten years of free labor amounts to 6,459,303 bales. The value of the ten last crops, of which about two-thirds have been exported, has been not less than \$2,500,000,000, and has probably amounted to \$3,000,000,000. The increase is progressive; the excess of the five last crops over the five crops immediately preceding the war has been 3,993,415 bales.

The annual cotton crop of the world, according to the best information which can be obtained, amounts, in round numbers, to about 12,000,000 bales, of which about 5,000,000 bales are produced in the United States. The only cotton, aside from the American, that can be manufactured successfully by modern machinery is the Egyptian. Of the amount raised between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 bales are manufactured by means of machinery in this country or in Europe. Notwithstanding the vast amount aggregated in the world's annual production, the State of Texas alone is capable of raising the entire amount without encroaching upon the soil so far as to prevent the cultivation of all the other crops necessary for home consumption and have a large margin as commodities of commerce.

These facts are suggestive: They show that the United States is amply able, not only of producing all the cotton for the world's requirements, but that we are also capable of supplying all the manufactured articles of which cotton forms the entire or a partial element. A moment's reflection will establish the truth of the latter. They also show that in supplying the world's demand for cotton, either in the raw or manufactured state, this country has it in her power to control in a great degree the gold of every nation. The children of men must be fed, and the illimitable granaries of the Northwest can supply every demand of the hungry millions. They must also be clothed, and the cotton fields of the South furnish, for its inexhaustible resources, the raw material, while its abundant water powers may be utilized to turn the spindles and move the looms for the manufacture of every fabric conceived for the comfort and adornment of all the people of every nation. So long as corn and cotton continue to be indispensable necessities, this country has nothing to fear from want and poverty.

The official figures in the California election foot up Republican 69,000, Democratic 44,000, Workingmen 44,000, which leaves the Republicans in a minority of 23,000. There are very few States in which they are not in a minority, and it is only by the divisions amongst their opponents that they continue in power.

To see Ourselves as Others see Us.

L. Q. Washington is one of the foremost of American newspaper correspondents at this time, and what he does not know about newspaper writing is hardly worth knowing. Any criticism of his on the conduct of the press merits and will receive respectful consideration. He has recently made a few observations on this subject in the column of the New Orleans Picayune, in the course of which he says:

If I were called on to name the crowning and especial cause of our country, next to Radicalism, which is the sum of all villainies, I should say it was the corruption that prevails in politics, not the violence and spirit of slander, nor the vicious theories that are accepted in morals and politics, nor the folly of the multitude nor the lack of earnestness and disinterestedness on the part of leaders, but the flippancy in discussion, and especially in newspaper discussion. The press has taken the place of the preacher and the essayist, and become our great teacher. It is everywhere. We are a press-ridden people. We are a nation of newspaper readers, and at a moderate computation nineteen-twentieths of the people take their views from the papers they read. Among the writers for the press there are a few men who aim at correctness and write with some fear of God and love of truth before their eyes, and very few. The balance are partisans, or, what is worse, flippant word-worriers, and it goes on. All these seem to be allowed to go. Every jackass gets his chance to bray. The accepted popular style is a style of flippant, cynical, careless shallow, joking, vein, the idea being to say something that the weaker class of people will regard as "smart." Anything is better with this class than seriousness. To be serious is, as they think, to be dull. For this reason ignorance or half knowledge is a positive qualification. The less a man knows of a subject the better. He can then meet on common ground with the uninformed reader and make a jest of their mutual ignorance and indifference. I think that I can truly say that this is one of the results of the results of the war. I know that, although familiar with our American press, I did not observe this style till after the war. Our Northern brethren seem to have taken to this flippant fashion by a natural instinct. They had grown tired of revering anything long ago. The very word "constitution" raised a laugh, and at once suggested something still more funny to them—the "resolutions of '98." It has become fashionable among them to speak of Washington and the other founders of the Republic, if not with absolute contempt, certainly with a tone very far removed from respect. The idea seemed to be to try and drag them to the vulgar level. They were to be belittled by jokes. I think this work of pulling down idols has been pretty well accomplished in the Northern States. If any one were to deliver an oration on the virtues and genius of the central figure of the American revolution, such as it was the fashion to deliver twenty-five or thirty years ago, and in such a spirit of praise as the greatest minds of Europe then, as now, have accorded, every dry pant blackguard that could get into a Northern paper would jeer at him, and he would hardly find a defender. The kindest treatment he would receive from any one would be a yawn. *—Raleigh Observer.*

The Legislature and the Judiciary. A correspondent of the Tarboro Southerner, in a communication, belates the Supreme Court severely for its late decision relative to the school law; this stirs up the Raleigh Observer to a defense of the court. We will not enter into the merits of the question, but will only say there was a great neglect or disregard of duty by some of the officers of the General Assembly of 1879; either the engrossing clerks, the committee of enrollment, or the speakers, are to blame, possibly all of them. The occurrence is both deplorable and censurable, and steps should be taken to prevent the recurrence of a similar outrage. We learn that this is not the only bill which passed the General Assembly, and failed to become a law. The Supreme Court does not make the law, it only expounds it, and the court is not called upon, nor is it any part of its business to cover up the errors and omissions of the Legislature. *—Newbernian.*

The Danville Post records one of the most singular occurrences in railway history as having taken place on the Richmond and Danville Railroad. The freight train going east, when near the ticket office in Danville, came in collision with a cow which precipitated two of the coaches from the rails. These two coaches ran on the cross ties nearly two hundred yards, and when near the mouth of the bridge remounted the rails and thus prevented a fearful wreck. The Post doubts if any another instance where the mere favor of circumstances seemed to partake of the nature of intelligence ever occurred on a railway before.

Growing Sensitive.—It is noticed that the more sensible of the Republican papers have stopped abusing the Southern people for selecting so many soldiers to office since the Northern soldiers rose up en masse and demanded the same style of treatment. *—Washington Post.*

Last week three candelabras which were stolen from a church at Martinsburg, W. Va., in 1845 were found buried in the woods near that town where they had been lain thirty-four years.

BUILDER'S MATERIAL!

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Moulding, Brackets, Mantles, Paints, Oils, Putty, Glass.

Builder's Hardware.

LIME, CEMENT, PLASTER, HAIR, LUMBER, BRICK.

Everything in BUILDING LINE at

Lowest Rates.

N. B.—All lumber Kiln Dried.

ALTAFFER & PRICE, Wilmington, N. C.

NOTICE.

I TAKE THIS PUBLIC METHOD TO NOTIFY all persons not to trespass or deprive upon my lands in Sandy Ridge Township, adjoining lands of S. B. Howard, E. T. Barrett, Mrs. Susan Ross, Jas. Delaney and others, either by cutting timber or prospecting for gold under the pretended claim of any one who may have any pretense whatsoever. Any one trespassing or depriving on said lands will certainly be prosecuted in the Courts to the extreme penalty of the law. *aug30,79 M. H. TRAYWICK.*

IRON WORKS.

Charlotte, N. C.

JNO. WILKES, Prop'r.

STEAM ENGINES,

PORTABLE & STATIONARY

BOILERS

—AND—

Hall's Self-Fee

COTTON GINS.

Centennial Power

COTTON PRESSES.

SAW MILLS,

Screw and Ratchet

HEAD BLOCKS,

Wheat and Corn

MILLS,

Turbine

WATER WHEELS,

SAWS OF ALL SIZES,

WITH SAW MANDRILS.

Gearing and Castings of all Kinds.

CANE MILLS.

CLEGG'S PAT'T EVAPORATORS

READ AND HEED!!

THE FIRM OF ARMFIELD & LANEY having dissolved, we desire to close up the old firm matters at an early date. The notes and accounts due us must be settled at once. We ask those whom we have accommodated to rally to our help in this matter and make early payments and

SAVE COSTS!!

Reader, don't conclude this notice is for some one else. If you own us, IT IS FOR YOU. Those due us for Gummo, either in Cotton or money, will please make settlement as early as possible. *E. A. ARMFIELD, A. A. LANEY.*

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY

WITH

W. H. FITZGERALD, AGENT.

REPRESENTING OVER TWENTY-SEVEN MILLION ASSETS.

ALSO,

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS

FOR SALE.

Stair Railing.

BALISTERS, NEWELS, & C. & C.

PLAIN AND CUT GLASS.

For Vestibule, Doors and Transoms.

Notice.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF THE Superior Court of Union county, I will on Monday, the 3rd day of November, 1879, expose to public auction at the Court-house door in Monroe, N. C., a

Town Lot

Adjoining the dower of Mrs. Hannah Correll being 15200 feet; and also, the reversionary interest in the dower of Mrs. Hannah Correll, being the Lot and House originally occupied by C. Correll, dec'd, and the Stable Lot adjoining the dwelling house lot. Terms: One-fourth Cash, balance on a credit of six months, with bond and approved security. This 30th of Sept., 1879. *A. F. STEVENS, Adm'r* 10 tds of C Correll, dec'd, and Com'r.

WANTED

A LIMITED NUMBER of active, energetic canvassers to engage in a pleasant and profitable business. Good men will find this a rare chance. TO MAKE MONEY. Such will please answer this advertisement by letter, enclosing stamp for reply, stating what business they have been engaged in. None but those who mean business apply. Address *FRANK, HARVEY & Co., Atlantic, Ga.*

NEW GOODS!!

IN STORE & TO ARRIVE IN THE NEXT TEN DAYS: THE LARGEST

STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS

WE HAVE EVERYTHING OFFERED

Suits \$4.50 to \$25—CLOTHING, UP-STAIRS—Suits \$4.50 to \$25

Hats and Caps.—HATS AT 25 CTS TO \$5; SHOES AT \$1.25 to \$6; BOOTS AT \$1.25 to \$6

Ask to See Black Mohair Alpaca at 33 Cts.

Thanking the generous public for their favors in the past, we hope, by FAIR DEALING, and representing Goods in every Department AS THEY ARE, to merit a continuance of their favors.

STEVENS & PHILIP

September 6, 1879.

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STEVENS & PHILIP

September 6, 1879.

Ask to See Black Mohair Alpaca at 33 Cts.

and judgement *pro confesso* rendered.
Done at office in Monroe, this the 25th d.
of Aug. A. D., 1879.
12-6t, JAS. C. HUEY, C. S. C. & J.

Sunday Reading.

TRUST IN GOD.

Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him what e'er betide;
Thou shalt be his, and he will guide,
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on a rock that never will move.

What can these anxious cares avail,
That God hath cast behind his back?
What can it help us to be wail,
Which he himself has put away?
Our cross and trial, but give
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only your restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take what e'er his gracious will
Shall send you, for he knows best
Our cross and trial, but give
The heavier for our bitterness.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them when he sees it best,
When thus he best has pleased his rest,
And now are freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all day long,
And makes thee own his loving care.

Nor in the heat of pain and strife,
Nor that the man whose prosperous life
Thou enviest is in thy prayer;
Time passes, and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

Sing, pray and wait on him from his ways,
But do thou own him faithfully;
Trust his rich promise, and his ways,
So shalt thou be fulfilled in need,
God never yet forgot in need,
The soul that trusts him is indeed.

I Go by the Book.

Two men were standing on the deck of a ship, which was on the stocks, and nearly completed, in a shipyard. One of them was the foreman and the other was building the vessel.

"Well, David," said the foreman, "I have been thinking I would like to talk with you a little. I hear you are one of those who say they know for certain that they are saved, and I am curious to learn how that can be."

"Yes," said the carpenter; "I thank God I know that I have passed from death to life, and that I am as sure of my acceptance with God as I am of anything on earth."

"Well," replied the foreman, "that is something I cannot see through—how any man can know that he is saved as long as he is in this world. It seems to me a very bold position for one to take."

The foreman then went on to relate something of his own history—how he had once been urged to join the church, but had held back because he had no assurance of being a Christian; and how, from his uncertainty in regard to himself, he had come to doubt about others, and finally to question the very reality of Christianity.

"Well," said David, "I know it is a reality, and I know, too, that there is such a thing as knowing that one is saved. What is the breadth of this water-way?"

The foreman, astonished at the apparently sudden change in the conversation, said:

"Why, fourteen inches all round, to be sure; what makes you ask that when you know?"

"But are you quite sure it is to be fourteen inches?" said David.

"Certainly."

"But what makes you so sure?"

"Why I go by the book," and as he said so, he pulled a small memorandum book out of his pocket, in which were marked the sizes and position of the various things on the deck. "I'm sure it is fourteen inches, for it is here in the book, and I got the book from headquarters."

"Oh I see," said David. "Now, look here, that is just exactly how I know I'm saved. 'I go by the book,' and as he said so he pulled a New Testament out of his pocket. 'I just go by the book; it came from headquarters; it came from God; it is God's word. I found in here that I was a lost, condemned sinner, worthy of nothing but the lake of fire; but I also found in the book that God loved me, lost and guilty as I was; that he so loved me as to give his only begotten Son to die in my room and stead, and if I believed in him I should not perish, but have everlasting life; for it says here, 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' (John iii. 16.) I took God at his word, and I'm saved; and you, too, may be saved if you will, simply as you are, a lost, condemned sinner, believe in Jesus; that is, trust him as your Saviour, and you are saved; and then you can say, without presumption, I know I'm saved, for 'I go by the book.' Here the conversation ended.

And now, reader, let me ask if you go by the Book? for this is the question that settles almost all others. "How do I know that I am such a great sinner, as you say I am? I don't feel so at all; I consider myself as good as most men, and my conscience don't trouble me, but I am quite at peace with myself." That is what you are saying, perhaps.

But do you go by the Book? If so, you must instantly change your mind. For read what is written in the Book: "It is written, there is none righteous no, not one. There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." (Rom. iii. 10-13.)

Again, "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." (Rom. vii. 5.) If you go by the Book, you see where you are placed. And which is most likely to be correct, God's Book or your own judgment? The image that is reflected in the mirror of the holy law, or the picture which your own flattering fancy has drawn of you?

Or, perhaps you are saying, "O, I do not believe this idea of eternal punishment. My idea is, if one does as well as he can, he will come out all right, whether he believes just as you

do about Jesus or not." But suppose you lay aside your idea, and just go by the Book. Read what that says: "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.) "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." (Matt. xxv. 46.)

Is it best to risk it on your own opinion, or believe the Book? A ship commander found a rock laid down in the latest chart which he had never heard of before. "There is no such rock," he said confidently. "I care not if it is laid down in the book; I've been over this course for thirty years, and I never found it; and I am willing to put my experience against the book that there is no such rock." And then to prove his statement, he turned the prow of his ship directly upon the point marked dangerous in his chart. And, alas! he found just too late that he was mistaken, and the chart was right.

How many men and women are putting their judgment against God's on the question of eternal punishment for such as obey not the gospel. Will you continue the risk, reader, until your soul strikes the rock, and you go to the bottom, sighing as you go. "Oh, that I had gone by the Book!" And will you not, doubting and discouraged Christian, uncertain whether or not you are saved, take the Book, and go by it henceforth? That Book says, "He that believeth on the Son shall have everlasting life." Do you believe on the Son? then you may know, beyond all question, that you are saved, if you will only go by the Book. Have you been putting an "I feel" against a "Thus saith the Lord?" Have you been turning over the leaves of your own experience to find evidence of your acceptance, instead of searching the leaves of Holy Writ? Have you been looking to the volume of your prayers and repentance to find proof that you are saved, instead of looking to see what is written "in the volume of the Book?" Cast all these notions away, and say boldly, henceforth, "I go by the Book."—The Watchword.

GOOD SERMON.—Said a good lady to the preacher, as he came out of the pulpit: "You preached a good sermon to-night." "What is your standard of a good sermon?" "When a sermon makes you feel that you ought to be better, and that you can do better, I call it a good sermon." It would be hard to find a better definition. It is less compact, but has more inwardness than the saying of Matthew Henry: "That is a good sermon which does thee good."

Miscellaneous.

Pethel's Marriage.

Married, yesterday morning at his office, by Squire Houghton, Mr. George Pethel and Miss Margaret Rogers. The community was shocked yesterday morning, if not startled, by the announcement of the foregoing banns. The almost unanimous exclamation was:

IS THE WOMAN CRAZY?

and after a few minutes' reflection, it was almost invariably followed by another, more suggestive, viz:

"T MAY BE THAT THIS MARRIAGE WAS ARRANGED BEFORE MR. PETHEL'S DEATH, for the time has been but short since he got out of jail."

Rumor has it that they were engaged while Pethel was in prison, but whether true or not we cannot say. The action was enough to surprise any one, and to give us to the wildest kind of talk. Think of it: a woman tying herself for life to a man whose body as yet retains the musty odor of a prison cell and around whose person the damning suspicion of a crime as black as the shades of hell cluster in a cloud too thick to let in a ray of the sunshine of apparent innocence in the eyes of public opinion. To say that the woman must be incapable of appreciating her situation in life, is a charity, for did we think otherwise, we should entertain the same opinion as those who insinuate that Mrs. Pethel No. 1 was poisoned to make way for Mrs. P. No. 2; or, on the other hand, should think her recklessly bold, compared to whose action in this matter the charge of the famous six hundred "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell," dwindles into utter insignificance.

May she never get the "headache" or "smothering spells."—*Saturday News 3rd.*

MEANNESS.—The farmer who pastures cattle on his father's grave and makes his wife use her only veil as a milk-strainer may be considered as a mean man, and so may the street loafer and dead-beat who bolts a peck of the farmer's choicest apples by way of sampling, and also the boarding house host who expresses his baggage out of a back window by means of a rope and then goes out for a walk, no more to return; but none of them can compare in point of meanness to the paper borrower. But the climax is reached only when the borrower abuses the borrowed paper and talks about its not being worth the subscription price.—*Char. Democrat.*

RECIPT FOR SPENDING A BOY.—Give him his own way. Allow him the free use of money. Give him full access to vicious men.—Permit him to spend his evenings in billiard saloons and taverns. Call him to no account of evenings. Furnish him with no stated employment.

These rules, if followed, will enable the parents to turn out in a few years, a first-class loafer, with a fair prospect of seeing him carried off to the Penitentiary.

MISS MARY.—If you want a realization of that much-talked-of quality, style, just go to Worth's and ask for "Miss Mary." An English brunette will respond to your summons—a brunette with large blue eyes of blended reserve and a slender figure and a mien of blended reserve and dignity. She will take your orders with the air of a queen and will move to execute them with the step of a duchess. She is the very incarnation of style; that mysterious quality is diffused throughout her being, from the summit of her dark-tressed head down to the tip of her shapely slipper. Were she clad in a tow-bag, fastened around her waist with a hempen cord, she would impart to that garb a subtle air of elegance. She is always arrayed in some one of that latest creations of the presiding divinity, and whatever it may be she looks well in it. Her smooth, pale complexion defies the effects of color, and she can wear pale green or golden yellow with equal impunity. Ruff cannot deform her throat, and puffed sleeves are powerless to impart an ungraceful carriage to her arms. She moves in a tie-back like a swan, and carries a train with the unconscious ease of a mermaid. She is never flustered or put out, or impatient or familiar. Stout matrons and skinny maidens, beholding the charm and grace of her appearance, ascribe it all to her gown, whereof they straightway order duplicate making. She is the worthy, prim minister to the acknowledged king of fashion.—*Chicago Times Paris Letter.*

NEVER GO BACK.—What you attempt to do with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

Rockingham Spirit: Mr. Calvin C. Covington, of this vicinity, has gathered this year from eight acres of light land, 330 bushels of corn—an average of 41 1/2 bushels per acre. Besides, he will gather from the same field, between eight and ten bushels of peas per acre. The total cost of manure used in cultivating and housing, was \$47.52.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.—"Oh, my darling, your voice is as musical to me as a vesper bell whose tones fall softly on the perfumed evening air! Speak again and say those words, my beloved, for I could listen to your voice until the stars are extinguished in everlasting night!"

AFTER MARRIAGE.—"I've had enough of your clapper, old woman, and if you don't let up I'll leave the house!"

Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name and your deeds be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

DIED OF GRIEF.—Mrs. Ellen Collins, widow of Mark Collins, formerly a councilman of Cork, Ireland, and mother of Ben Collins, well-known reporter of the New York Herald, and of Jerome F. Collins, who sailed with the Bennett Arctic expedition, died of grief on the departure of her son Jerome that her health failed and she died Wednesday in New York.

Is this a foreign country? Russia leather is made in Connecticut; Bordeaux wine is manufactured in California; French lace is woven in New York; Italian marble is dug in Kentucky; Marseilles linen is produced in Massachusetts; English cassimere is made in New Hampshire; Italian art-work comes from a shop in Boston; Spanish mackerel are caught on the New Jersey coast, and Havana cigars are rolled out by the million in Chicago.

One of the curious objects of the Japanese capital is a gigantic image of a woman made of wood and plaster, and dedicated to Haman, the god of war. In height it measures fifty-four feet, the head alone, which is reached by a winding staircase in the interior of the figure, being capable of holding about twenty persons with comfort. A sword held in the right hand, and a huge ball in the left. Internally, the model consists of an extraordinary anatomical model. A fine view of the surrounding district is obtained by looking through one of the eyes, and the price of admission is only two cents.

Always clean the teeth at night just before retiring, for particles of food collect between the teeth during the day, and if left there all night will decay, causing the breath to become offensive, and also prove very injurious to the teeth. Scrub the teeth with a hard brush using little if any soap, and sprinkle on a little powder of borax—one pinch will do—until the gums are hardened and become accustomed to it. Rinse the mouth often with with borax water; it will prevent it from becoming sore or tender. If artificial teeth are worn, cleanse them thoroughly with borax water every night if possible; it will purify them and help to sweeten the breath.

Buy clothing made by Edwin Bates & Co., the largest manufacturers of Southern clothing in New York.—*Adv.* 42, 1y

Now Arriving!

A NICE ASSORTMENT OF LADIES' SUITS, from \$25 to \$35. Children's Suits from \$1.25 to \$2.

DRESS LINENS, GRASS CLOTHS, IRISH LINENS, PIQUES, CROSS-BARRED, STRIPED AND PLAIN MUSLINS and nainsook, Swiss and Jaconet.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SPRING PRINTS, EMBROIDERIES, LADIES' COLLARS AND CUFFS. Dr. Warner's HEALTH CORSETS.

LINEN AND SILK FLOSS, KNITTING COTTONS. A large assortment of EDGINGS, INSERTINGS—all the new patterns.

SILK & LACE SCAFS, AND FANCY TIES, ALEXANDER BLACK AND COLORED KID GLOVES, ALPACCA BRAIDS, COAT BINDING—best qualities.

Cotton & Linen Diaper, RUBBER BIBS, AND EUREKA DIAPERS, CORSET LACES AND STAYS.

ALL SHADES OF TARLETON. PARASOLS and UMBRELLAS from 25 cts. to \$5.00. Large lot of Ladies' Misses' and Children's SHOES.

MEN'S Fine Shoes. A nice assortment of FANS and MANY OTHER THINGS too numerous to mention.

Mr. W. W. WALSH has charge of the Dry Goods department and will be pleased to wait upon his friends and the public generally.

STEVENS BROS. & ENGLISH. TALBOTT & SONS, Shockoe Machine Works, RICHMOND, VA.

Manufacturers of Portable and Stationary Engines, and Boilers, Saw Mills, Corn and Wheat Mills, Shafting, Hangers and Pulleys, Turbine water Wheels, Tobacco Factory Machinery, Wrought Iron Work, Brass and Iron Castings, Machinery of Every Description. Ginning and Threshing Machines. A SPECIALTY. REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY DONE.

TALBOTT'S Patent Spark Arrester. THE INVENTION OF THE AGE. ITS PROMINENT FEATURES ARE: It does not destroy the draft. It does not interfere with cleaning the tubes. It will not choke up, and requires no cleaning. It requires no direct dampers to be opened when raising steam, dampers being objectionable, as they may be left open, and allow sparks to escape. It requires no water to extinguish the sparks which, by condensation, destroy the life of the boiler, when water is used, if neglected, the efficiency is destroyed by evaporation of the water, and the boiler is kept in a filthy condition. It is simple and durable, and can be relied upon. It can be attached to any boiler. No planter should be without one of them. Engines, by condensation, will insure good results where the Talbott Engines and Spark Arresters are used at same rate as charged for water or horse power. Send for illustrated circular and price list.

BRANCH HOUSE, CHARLOTTE, NO. CA. 6,47, 6m W. C. MORGAN, Treasurer.

A. T. LATTA, HAS ON SALE IN MR. JNO. C. BLAKE, a new set of MONROE, BIBLES, HISTORIES of the World and of the Bible, Book of Life and of Jackson, Commentary of the New Testament and other religious Books. Any book not on hand will be supplied on short notice, when ordered. Maps, Charts, Stationery Packages. A MAGIC LANTERN with 100 views, in good order, for half the original cost. DUTTON'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY—an excellent medicine. Try it, April, 79 6,4, 1y

PRESCRIPTION FREE! For the speedy cure of Scurvy, Venereal, Gonorrhea, and all diseases brought on by indigestion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients of this medicine. Dr. W. A. B. 120 W. 2nd St. St. Louis, Mo.

The Carrollton, Baltimore, Light and German Streets BALTIMORE, MD. The Largest, most modern and best furnished first-class Hotel in the city. \$4, \$3, and \$2.50 per day, according to location, and size of rooms. Special arrangements for board by the month from \$40 upward according to accommodation required. All lines of city passenger cars pass the doors. T. W. COLEMAN, Manager. July 5, 1879 no3, 6m

Raleigh & Augusta Air Line. SUPERINTENDENT OFFICE, Raleigh, N. C., Mar. 11, 1879. On and after Monday, May 21, 1879, trains on this road will run as follows (Sundays excepted): PASSENGER TRAIN. Leave Raleigh at 7:00 a. m. Arrive at Hamlet 3:15 p. m. Leave Hamlet at 3:45 p. m. Arrive at Raleigh 7:45 p. m. This train makes close connections at Hamlet with the Carolina Central Railroad, to and from Wilmington, Charlotte, Asheville, Statesville, Warm Springs, and all points in Western North Carolina, and all points South and South-west. JOHN C. WINDER, Superintendent.

B. D. HEATH & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in GENERAL MERCHANDISE, "Rock Bottom" PRICES. Are Agents for ZELL'S PHOSPHATE CARBOLIC FERTILIZER and ARLINGTON GUANO All these brands are PURELY FIRST-CLASS

Long's Prepared Chemicals For \$12.00, or 200 pounds of List Cotton, payable last next November, which, by adding 50 bushels of cotton seed, according to directions, will make a ton of fertilizer equal to any on the market, at one-half the cost. See certificates in circular from farmers that used them last season. B. D. HEATH & CO. Jan 21

MANUFACTORY AT WORCESTER, MASS. NONE SUPERIOR AND BUT FEW EQUAL. BEFORE PURCHASING ANY ORGAN, Taylor & Folley CABINET ORGAN, ESTABLISHED 1840.

To send and for Catalogue and inquire for the

STREET'S NATIONAL HOTEL, AT RALEIGH, N. C. S. R. STREET & SON, Owners & Prop's.

GASTON HOUSE, Newberne, N. C. S. R. STREET & SON, Prop's.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED the National Hotel property at Raleigh opened March 15th, 1879, that well known House to the public under their management. They refer to their past management of the Gaston House as a guarantee that the traveling public will find the National in their hands, up to the standard of a first-class Hotel. The Senior, Mr. Samuel R. Street, will remain in charge of the Gaston House. The Junior, Mr. Wm. J. Street, will conduct the National Hotel. mh22, 40 1y

SPRING STOCK MILLINARY GOODS! MRS. J. W. RUDGE HAS IN STORE A FULL LINE SPRING MILLINARY GOODS of the Latest and Neatest Styles, LADIES' and CHILDREN'S HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS and FLOWERS, &c., &c., all of which will be sold at Lowest Prices for CASH!! Be sure to call and see Stock before buying elsewhere. mh29th

OUR NEW GOODS FOR THE SPRING TRADE ARE NOW BEING RECEIVED, AND WE invite the attention of CASH BUYERS who wish Goods at Low PRICES. To examine our Stock before buying elsewhere. We buy from FIRST HANDS only and are thereby enabled to sell at very low prices. We continue to keep a full stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE, and can, therefore, fill the wants of almost any customer. Our Lady Customers Will always find a very select stock of DRESS GOODS, FANCY TRIMMINGS, HATS and LADIES WEAR GENERALLY. At our store—Our farming friends can always find goods suited to their wants. We can always make it to the interest of CASH BUYERS to call and see us. mh29th T. D. WINCHESTER & CO.

\$300 A YEAR guaranteed. \$12 a home made, with the inducements. Capital not required! We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls money faster at work for us than anywhere else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who wish to see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 6-1 ly.

OLD AND RELIABLE.

Dr. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR is a Standard Family Remedy for Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.—It is Purely Vegetable.—It is never Debilitating.—It is Cathartic and Tonic. TRY IT.

To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order. The Liver is the seat of material disease. The Liver Invigorator purifies the blood, cleanses the system from Bile, Acid, Headache, Constipation, Dropsy, Jaundice, Bowel Complaints, Stomach and other Disorders.

Dr. F. M. PEMBERTON'S STILLINGIA QUEENS DELIGHT. The reports of wonderful cures of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Salt Rheum, Gout, Ulcers and Sores, that come from all parts of the country, are not only remarkable but so numerous as to be doubted as to the abundance of proof.

REMARKABLE CURE OF SCROFULA. &c. CASE OF COL. J. C. SHAW. Dr. F. M. PEMBERTON'S STILLINGIA. For sixteen years I have been a great sufferer from Scrofula in its most distressing form. I have been confined to my room and bed for fifteen years with scrofulous eruptions. The most approved remedies for such cases, and the most powerful purgatives, without any decided benefit. Thus prostrated, distressed, and hopeless, I was induced to try Dr. PEMBERTON'S Compound Extract of Stillingia, and to my surprise, it relieved me from my sufferings. I have since used it, and it has continued to cure me of my Scrofula, and I am now cured of all pain, and all disease. Nothing to obstruct the active pursuit of my profession. More than eight months have elapsed since this remarkable cure, without any return of the disease.

For the truth of the above statement, I refer to any gentleman in Barrow County, Ga., and to the members of the bar of Cherokee County, Ga., who are acquainted with me. I shall ever remain, with the deepest gratitude, Your obedient servant, J. C. SHAW, Atty. at Law.

A MIRACLE. WEST POINT, Ga., Sept. 16, 1879. GENT.—My daughter was taken on the day of June, 1869, with what was supposed to be Acute Rheumatism, and was treated by the best medical skill. In March, following, pieces of bone began to work out of the right arm, and continued to appear till all the bones from the elbow to the shoulder joint came out. Many pieces of bone came out of the right foot and leg. The case was considered hopeless, and I was induced to try Dr. PEMBERTON'S Compound Extract of Stillingia, and so well satisfied with its effects that I have continued the use of it until the present.

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Rented Until Paid For! These Organs are now offered purchasers by monthly installments of from \$3.00 to \$5.00, or will be rented until the rent is paid for them. From one to three years time given for payment. Special features, such as: Grand top case, with Gold and Silver, and all the latest improvements, only \$100. OVER 100,000 MADE AND SOLD! WINNERS OF HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS. Paris, 1867; Vienna, 1873; Santiago, 1875; Philadelphia, 1876; Paris, 1878; Sweden, 1879. Endorsed by Franz Liszt, Theodore Thomas, Ole Bull, Gottschalk, Strauss, Wagner, Meyer, and over the thousand eminent musicians of Europe and America. The testimony as to the immense superiority of these instruments is so abundant, that it is impossible to quote price lists, and full information, address.

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SMOKE BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO For sale in Monrocy H. C. ASHCRAFT.

Yellow Fever—Black Vomit.

It is too soon to forget the ravages of this terrible disease which will no doubt return in a more malignant and virulent form in the fall months of 1879. MERRELL'S HEPATINE, a Remedy discovered in Southern India, and used with such wonderful results in South America where the most aggravated cases of fever are found, causes from one to two ounces of bile to be filtered or strained from the blood, each ounce it passes through the Liver, as long as an excess of bile exists. By its wonderful action on the Liver and Stomach the HEPATINE, not only prevents to a certainty any kind of Fever and Black Vomit, but also cures Headache, Constipation of the Bowels, Dyspepsia and Malarial diseases.

No one need fear Yellow Fever who will expect the Malarial Poison and its effects. This is done from the blood by using MERRELL'S HEPATINE, which is sold by all Druggists in 25 cent and \$1.00 bottles, or will be sent by express by the Proprietors. A. F. MERRELL & CO., Phila. Pa.

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