

Monday, August 16, 1875.

THE TWO SQUIBBELS.

There were two squibbels
That lived in a wood—
The one was naughty,
The other was good.
The naughty one's name was Dandy Jim,
His mother was very fond of him;
The good one's name was Johnny Black,
He had beautiful fur upon his back,
And he never went near the railroad track.

But Dandy Jim,
Alas for him!
He ran away,
One summer day,
Over the hills and far away;
And his mother sought for him far and near,
But never a word of Jim could she hear;

For crossing the track,
The railroad cars ran over him,
And that was the end of Dandy Jim.
But Johnny Black
He always came back,
Whenever he went from home away,
He knew that home was the place to stay,
He minded his mother where'er he might be,
He thought that his mother knew better than he.

"Please make me a Christian."
A Missionary tells us that he
was once walking in his garden,
when a poor Hindu boy, who be-
longed to the mission-school,
came after him, and in a very
gentle voice, said—

"If you please, sir, make me a
Christian."
The missionary was quite sur-
prised by what he heard, and
said to the heathen boy—

"I cannot make you a Christian,
my dear child, but God can. You
must ask God to forgive your
sins, for Jesus Christ's sake, and
to send his Holy Spirit to live in
your heart."

Not long after, the same little
boy came to the missionary, and
said, with a soft voice and a sweet
smile on his face—

"The Lord Jesus Christ him-
self has come to live in my heart!"
"How is that?" asked the kind
missionary.

"I prayed," said the boy, "as
you told me; and I said, 'O Lord
Jesus Christ, if you please, make
me a Christian.' And he was so
kind as to come and live in my
heart ever since."

A simple and touching story of
the love of Christ to a poor little
heathen child! Can all our read-
ers say they have ever made such
a prayer, in such a spirit, as this
poor little Hindu boy? And
can they say that Christ lives in
their hearts? If he does, then
they will be like Christ in their
temper and conduct, and trying
to please and honor him in every
way they can.—Young Reporter.

AN ARITHMETICAL CURIOSITY.—
Athenian contains the following
curious arrangement of figures:

Table with 4 columns of numbers: 16, 3, 2, 13; 5, 10, 11, 8; 9, 6, 7, 12; 4, 15, 14, 1.

It will be seen that the sum of
each line, each column, and diag-
onal is—34. The four corner
figures—34. The corner figures
of any square of four figures (of
which there are four in the larger
square)—34. The four figures of
the central square—34. The four
figures of each corner of the whole
square—34; making altogether
twenty different ways in which
34 may be reckoned. The other
sums of 34 may be obtained by
taking the figure which stands
next to the corner figure, going
round from left to right, thus 3, 8,
14, 9—34. Then the figures
which stands next to the left of the
corner figures, going the other
round—2, 5, 15, 12—34.—Boston
Advertiser.

Formulate.

Politeness to others should al-
ways characterize a person's con-
duct, whether it finds apprecia-
tion or not. A remarkable in-
stance of gratitude for a little at-
tention to an aged man is given
here:

A Parisian gentleman, named
M. Delsole, has just inherited a
fortune under rather singular
auspices. About three years ago,
being in the act of purchasing
some cigars at a tobacconist's, he
noticed an old man, neatly but
simply dressed, who was trying
in vain to light his pipe at the
flexible gas-jet which hangs in front
of all cigar-shops in Paris.

His hands, shaking with palsy,
refused to hold the light steadily,
and he strove in vain to apply it
to the bowl of his pipe at the risk
of scorching his face. M. Delsole
came to the rescue, held the light
for the old gentleman, and then
went out, responding merely by
a bow to the thanks which he re-
ceived.

Hardly had he reached the
sidewalk, however, when he was
followed by the old man, who
begged to be told his name and
address. Wishing to get rid of
this somewhat importunate grati-
tude, he hastily gave them and
went his way. A few days ago
he was waited upon by a lawyer,
who came to announce to him
his inheritance of a large fortune
left to him by one M. Donon,
who had died without heirs, and
whose pipe he had once lighted.

A NEW KIND OF POISONOUS
DRESS GOODS.

Professor Gintl says that in
some English and Alsatian print
works the expensive albaumen is
partially replaced by glycerine,
arsenic and acetate of alumina.
Some of the goods in market
contains 3 or 4 grains of arsenic
in a yard of the stuff. Muslin
and cambricks, with little white
spots, circles, stars, or flowers, on
a violet ground, and those print-
ed with brownish-yellow or red-
dish-brown patterns, have been
found to contain arsenic; and
these are colors which have never
been before considered with any
suspicion, and would be purchas-
ed by the uninitiated without any
foreboding of the danger that
would attend the wearing of such
dresses. The danger is not slight;
for aside from the large quantity
of arsenic in it, the compound is
not insoluble. If the goods are
soaked in water, there is dissolv-
ed out a sufficient amount of ar-
senical salt to give a distinct reac-
tion. This peculiarity is explain-
ed by the supposition that the
goods, being comparatively cheap,
are not washed or rinsed after
printing, but sent directly to be
finished.

Venerable Trees.

It has been claimed that the
cypress of Somma, in Lombardy,
is the oldest tree on record, but a
late writer overthrows the claim
by stating that there is at Anu-
radhapura, in Ceylon, a bo-tree
that was planted B. C. 288, that
is, 246 years before the Lom-
bardy cypress sprang into being.
The bo-tree is so decrepit with
age that it would have blown
down long ago were it not for a
strong wall encircling the trunk
and pillars supporting all the
main branches. Every leaf that
falls from the tree is picked with
pious care by Buddhist priests
and preserved in a holy part of
their temple. The leaves are
thence sold to the people as a
sovereign panacea for their sins.

Funny Cures.

Cæsar held that to die quickly
was to die happily; so, too,
thought the one whose case was
cited by Montague as an instance
of fortune playing the physician:

"Jason Phereus, troubled with
an incurable imposthumation, re-
solved to end his pain by dying
in battle, and throwing himself in
the thickest of the fight was run
through the body, which caused
the imposthumation to break, and
his wound healing he found life
enjoyable after all. This lucky
hero, who could brave death bet-
ter than he could endure pain,
owed his cure to a foe. A quinsy-
afflicted cardinal had to thank
a monkey for a like good turn.
The physicians had left him to
die, and as he lay hopelessly
waiting for the end, the dying
cardinal saw his servants carry
off every thing that was mova-
ble, without being able even to
expostulate with the thieves.
At length his pet ape came into
the room, and, taking the hint
from the provident lackeys, look-
ed round for something he could
appropriate. Nothing was left
but the cardinal's hat; this the
ape donned, and, proud of his
novel headgear, indulged in such
odd antics that his all-but-dead
master burst into a hearty fit of
laughter; the quinsy broke, and
the cardinal recovered, as much
to his own astonishment as to the
dismay of his plundering serv-
itors."

SMOTHERED CHICKENS.—Not
long since a lady housekeeper
having company gave directions
to her cook, to have a smothered
chick for dinner. As the dinner
hour approached, the cook put
her head inside the parlor door,
and startled the company by say-
ing: "Bress do law miss, I put
dat ole hen under the half
bushel soon dis mornin, and she
ain't smothered to def yit! What
I gwine to do wid her?"

Housekeepers will make a note
of this.

Killed.

Southern Africa is of all coun-
tries the one where the hunter
finds the greatest abundance of
large game. The elephant, the
lion, and the immense rhinoceros
still abound, though rapidly di-
minishing in number before the
guns of the sportsman. Of these
animals the most dangerous is
the rhinoceros, because he does
not wait to be attacked, but charges
on any human being who
comes in sight.

Anecdotes of the ferocity, bad
temper, and cunning of this ani-
mal might be told sufficient to
fill a volume. They will wait in
the thick jungle till you almost
touch them, and then rush out
at you. When they do catch an
unfortunate man, they knock
him down and knead him with
their feet until nothing but a
shapeless mass remains, uttering
all day their shrill squeal of rage.

Hon. W. L. Drummond relates
an unfortunate experience of this
kind. On a journey the atten-
tion of his party was called to
the presence of upchylene (as the
natives call the rhinoceros) by a
flock of rhinoceros-birds hovering
over a thicket, and contrary to
his advice his companions deter-
mined to hunt it.

We went on, and in scarcely
five minutes I saw it, having al-
ready heard it snorting like a
steam-engine, trotting along, toss-
ing its head, and looking like
mischief personified, having evi-

dently got the wind of some of us,
and being quite as anxious to find
us as we were. It was about fifteen
yards off, and I instantly let drive
with both barrels into its should-
ers, springing as I did so into the
tree under which I was.

My unlucky companion, who
was at a little distance to one side,
came running towards the shots,
and absolutely met the brute face
to face. He at once fired and
turned to run, but it was too late,
and he was caught on the spot,
thrown up with a single toss,
which must probably have stumped
him, and was then trampled
out of all semblance to humanity
by the bloodthirsty brute.

I could do nothing, for my gun
bearer had disappeared, seeking
safety in some other spot, and I
found that I had not a single car-
tridge left; but after a minute I
could stand the inaction no long-
er, and getting down from the
tree unperceived, I stole away,
and as soon as I was out of reach
shouted to the others.

Two of them soon came up,
when we went back to the spot
until we got sight of the brute,
still trampling and squealing,
when, kneeling down, we fired at
it together. It was only, howev-
er, after repeated shots that we
succeeded in finishing it.

[From the Boston Herald.]
A Strange Dream and its Strange
Fulfillment.

An Amesbury man had a singular dream
under the following circumstances: His father
and mother had recently died within three or
four weeks of each other, and one night in a
dream he saw his mother standing by his bed,
and a little distance away he saw a cot-bed
with a peculiar coverlet, on which by a man
with his back turned toward him.—His mother
called him by his name and said, "Here are
seven dollars." He attached no significance to
the dream until, when he went to the post-
office, he received a letter stating that his
brother, who was on a western railroad, had
been badly crushed, and requested his presence
immediately. On arriving at his brother's
home he was struck with surprise when he
found him lying on a cot-bed, with the same
kind of a coverlet as he had seen in his dream,
with his back turned toward him.—The brother
died, and the gentleman was still more
astonished when, on settling his affairs, the
first bill presented was just \$7 in amount.—
Strange as the story may seem, it is told by
the man himself, and he is a gentleman whose
veracity to one would impeach.

A QUEEN PLANT.

In many sections in the Eastern part of
our State is found a very singular plant,
known by the common name of Venus's fly-
trap, known to naturalists as *Dionæa*. To
many of our readers in the eastern part of the
State this green plant is familiar, but to
those who have never seen it, a brief descrip-
tion of it may not be uninteresting.

The leaves are slightly concave on each
side of the main stem, and on each half of
the leaf, are three or four little hair-like or-
gans that serve as triggers, as the boys
would say, to throw, when disturbed, the
two sides of the leaf together. When a fly,
spider, or other insect crawls over the inside
surface of the leaf and touches one of these
hair-like triggers, the leaf immediately closes
and holds the intruder fast. It is supposed
that this peculiarity is a contrivance of nature
to furnish nutriment to the plant suited to its
growth, the insect that imprisoned being dig-
ested, as it were, by the aid of a slimy
substance furnished by the plant itself, un-
doubtedly, apparently the purpose of the gas-
tric juice in the stomach of animals.

We have very many curious plants in our
own State, many of which would afford not
only amusement but solid instruction. It
would present to the mind something of the
wonderful variety God has employed in this
branch of creation, and lead the heart to
adore his wisdom and goodness.

Committees of Subordinate Lodges,
Appointed under Resolution of
the Grand Lodge, to raise Con-
tributions for the Orphan Asylums:

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Hiram, 49—J C R. Little, T W
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