Goldsboro Messenger.

J. A. BONITZ, Editor and Proprietor. "For us, Principle is Principle—Right is Right—Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow Forever." Published Semi-Weekly—$3.00 a Year.

VOL. XVIII. GOLDSBORO, N. C., MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1881. NO. 20

NEW ARRIVALS.

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Have just received several car loads of those celebrated

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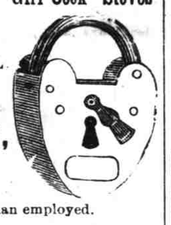

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We also carry a nice line of Clocks, Cheaper than ever. All Warranted.

We ask you to get our prices before purchasing. We will sell as low as any one.
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Goldsboro, N. C., Oct 24, 1881.-tf W. H. SMITH & CO.

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The largest and best assortment ever kept in this city.

Call and examine my stock. I will guarantee my goods and prices.

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Miscellaneous. Miscellaneous.

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R. H. CHAPMAN, D. D., MRS. V. S. M. CHAPMAN, } Principals.

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19th July, 1881-tf

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Bank of New Hanover.

Orders promptly filled.

oc. 24 f MRS. GRISWOLD & LANE.

NOTICE.

I will give instruction upon the Piano, at my residence on William street, to a limited number of Pupils.

TERMS: $20 per Session of 5 months.

MRS. H. L. GRANT.

Goldsboro, Sept. 14, '81. sep15wswtf

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The Mozart Saloon, WILMINGTON, N. C.,

Is the place to get the finest drink mixed in the United States, and the best Beer in the City.

Good Cigars and Billiard Saloon.

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I have now in store for

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Long Berry Red Wheat.
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Apples! Apples!

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Engines or other Machinery!

All kinds of castings either of Brass or Iron done with neatness and dispatch.

Casting done every Friday.

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Go to Fonvielle & Sauls FOR New Hulled Buckwheat AND Fine Syrup.

Poetry.

FROM A BALLOON.

Ho! we are loose! Hear how they shout,
And how their clamor dwindles out:
Beneath us to the m est hum,
Of earshly acclamation. Come,
Lean with me here and look below—
Why, bless you, man; don't tremble so!
There is no need of fear up here.
Not higher than the buzzard swings
About upon the atmosphere.
With drowsy eyes and open wings!
There; steady, now, and feast your eyes,
See, we are tranced, we do not rise—
It is the earth that sinks from us—
But when I first beheld it thus,
And left the breezes downward flow,
And heard all noises fall and die
Until but silence and the sky
Above, around me, and below,
Why, like you now, I swooned almost,
With mingled awe and fear and glee—
As giddy as an hour-old ghost
That stares into eternity.

Miscellany.

OVER THE SNOW.

Hark the herald! angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

rang out from the choir, and the organist, a slender, pale-faced girl, with grave, beautiful brown eyes, joined in the anthems, all her soul in the triumphal words:

Joyful all your voices rise,
Sing the anthems of the skies;
With the celestial hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

It was the last of the rehearsal. The choristers threw down their books, only too glad to get away. The organist alone remained, to play over once more a new voluntary.

'Good-night, Miss Englehart.' Good-night, Miss Katherine!' 'Good night, Katie, and a merry Christmas eve,' were the cries, as, one by one, men and maids left the choir, and went down the stairs and out into the bright, white Christmas night.

Miss Englehart's smiling lips and gentle brown eyes answered them all. A moment and she was alone, only the white, piercing moonlight streaming through the painted oriel over the altar, and the one dim light below. A flare of gas lit the organ loft, but this she lowered, and with rapt face and dreamy eyes she played over again the jubilant new voluntary. She might have gone on for hours—she was quite capable of it—but a piteous yawn from the boy at the bellows recalled her from heaven to earth.

'Oh!' she said, stopping suddenly, with a half laugh, 'I had forgotten you, Jimmy. Well, I won't play any more; and here, take this for your Christmas box.'

Jimmy jumped up and seized the proffered greenback with glistening eyes.

'Thanky, Miss Kate—merry Christmas, please ma'am,' cried the boy, seizing his cap. 'Ah! she's a brick,' said Jimmy to himself, as he clattered down the steep stairway. 'Nobody among all the singers ever thinks of the boy what blow the bellowses 'cept her. Don't I just hope she won't marry that long-legged rooster that 'scorts here sometimes, and leave the choir for good.'

Still a few moments longer lingered Miss Englehart on her knees; then she, too, hurried down the stairway and out into the shining coldness of the starry December night. Highland white and cold lay the Christmas snow. No 'green yule' this to make fat the kirkyard. Cloudless and blue spread the sky, filled with sparkling Christmas stars. Could that other night, so long ago, when the shepherd watched his flock in the great Galilee hills, 'and the glory of the Lord shone around them,' have been one wit fairer than this?

'Katie.'

With a great start the girl came back over eighteen centuries, from Bethlehem to the town of Southport. A tall man had started up in her path, and spoke her name.

'You, papa!' the girl said, in doubt and surprise, the color that had arisen to her face fading out.

'I—Katie.' He drew her hand under his arm with a laugh. 'Did you think it was Harry Hatton. Well it is almost as good, for I have come to talk to you of him.'

Miss Englehart looked up—a sudden trouble in her brown, tender eyes.

'I thought you had done talking of him, papa,' she said, a tremble in her voice. 'I thought yesterday had finished the subject forever.'

'Let me see. What was it I did say, yesterday?' says Mr. Englehart, blandly. 'Ah! I remember! that my stiff-necked, doting old client, John Hatton, had made up his senile mind to forgive his runaway daughter and disinherit Harry. Under these circumstances, I very naturally told you you were to meet Harry no more. You're a good girl, Katie—a very good girl!'—Mr. Englehart pats paternally the little hand on his arm—'and at any sacrifice to yourself you would have obeyed me, I am sure. My dear, it affords me great pleasure to inform you the sacrifice will not be required.'

'Papa!' the girl cries, her whole face lighting up, 'you will let me marry Harry, poor as he is. Oh, papa! I am not afraid of poverty—not afraid of work; neither is Harry, and—'

'Oh, pooh! my dear, pooh! nothing of the kind. My opinion on that point has never changed, and never will. No, no; it is something infinitely better than that. Old Hatton died suddenly last night, before making the proposed new will, and all is Harry's.'

Katherine Englehart uttered a faint, startled exclamation.

'And the old will, leaving all to Harry, stands, and his only daughter is disinherited and left out!'

'Left without a stiver, my dear, and serves her right, say I. She ran away with a worthless scamp, against her father's will, and, like all fools, has paid the penalty of her folly. She supports herself and her five children by sewing, so I have been told, and you know what sort of support that means. Serves her right, I say again. John Hatton has done what it was his duty to do—what I would have done in his place—cast her off and left her to starve with the pauper she chose.'

In the moonlight the face of Miss Englehart grows white as the snow itself, but she walks on and does not say a word.

'However,' cries her father, cheerfully, 'that is not what I want to say. Rose Hatton's case need never be yours. All is Harry's, and except his poverty, I never had any objection to Harry as a son-in-law. So when he comes to wish you merry Christmas, my dear Katie, I give you leave to name the day.'

A strange light comes into the brown eyes; a strangely, resolute expression sets the pretty, soft cut mouth.

'Is he coming to-night, papa?'

'You will find him, I have not the slightest doubt, at the house. It would be hypocrisy for him to profess any grief for that old skinflint uncle, and Harry is no hypocrite.'

'You have seen him since his uncle's death?'

'Certainly, Katie, and was the first to congratulate him. 'I trust you withdraw your objections to my suit now, sir?' he says to me, in his haughty way; 'I am John Hatton's heir after all!' A trifle hot-headed is Harry, but a good fellow! I have no doubt, Katie, he will make you an excellent husband.'

'He means to keep this fortune, then?' his daughter says, and says it in so odd a voice that her father looks at her, puzzled.

'Keep it? What do you mean? What should he do but keep it? By George! I should think he did mean to do it—a cool hundred thousand, if a dollar! May I ask what you mean by the question?'

'Not now, papa, please; I will see Harry first,' she answers, in the same strange voice—a very quiet voice, though it startles her father.

'Look here, my girl,' he says, sternly, 'I know you of old—know your high-drawn Quixotic notions about things in general, and points of honor and conscience in particular. I warn you, don't let us have any of them here, if you want to be Harry Hatton's wife. The lad has come fairly by his fortune—let him keep it in peace.'

They are at the house with the last words—words harshly and menacingly spoken. They go together into the parlor, and there, as Mr. Englehart has predicted, they find young Hatton alone. A tall and proper fellow, this Harry Hatton, with a handsome face, and eager, happy eyes.

'At last,' he cries, coming forward, both hands outstretched, just as patience, was ceasing to be a virtue. 'Thank you for bringing her, Mr. Englehart. Come to the register, Katie, and warm those cold little paws. Has our stately papa been telling you the good news?'

He draws her forward, eyes, smile, all alight with love and joy. Last night he was in despair—last night this cozy parlor had been forbidden ground. Sorrow and weeping had endured for the night, but joy had came with the morning. This time yesterday he had been a beggar, and Katie had been refused him—to-night he was a rich man, and Katie might be his for the asking. Papa Englehart, after a genial, father-in law sort of a nod, had slipped away and left them together.

'Why don't you speak, little girl?' cries jubilant Harry, 'or has the power of speech been frozen with you? Wish me merry Christmas, Katie, and congratulate me on my capital fortune.'

She looks up at him with eyes full of wistful love.

'I wish you a merry Christmas with all my heart, Harry; but congratulate you on what?'

'Why, hasn't the dear old dad been telling you? Then wonders will never cease. Oh, pshaw! Of course he has told you my uncle is dead?'

'Poor old Mr. Hatton—yes, I know he is dead.'

'And all is mine, Katie, all. And next April the old house shall have a new mistress, and Harry Hatton shall have a wife. Why don't you speak? Why don't you smile? What is the matter with you to-night?'

'Harry, you mean to keep this inheritance?'

'Keep it?' Harry looks at her in wonder. 'By Jove, what a question! What should I do with it but keep it?'

'Resign it to Rose Hatton—Mrs. Andrews now—to whom it rightfully belongs.'

'A most likely idea, and quite worthy of Katie Englehart. I have had poverty and hard work for seven-and twenty years, and now when the golden shower falls in my arms I am to resign it to Rose Andrews and her drunken brute of a husband! No, no, Katie; in the nineteenth century men keep all they get, and they ask for more.'

'So I perceive,' she says, quietly, though she is trembling as she stands. She draws a ring off her finger and lays it on the table before him. 'Our engagement ends to night, then, Mr. Hatton. Here is your ring.'

He stands gazing at her, utterly bewildered?

'Katie,' he exclaims, 'you don't mean this?'

'I mean it, Harry. If papa had let me, I would have been your wife in your poverty—oh, so gladly—and worked for you and with you with all my heart; but now—now that you take the portion of that woman—worse than widowed—of those children, worse than fatherless—I would die first.'

The gentle eyes flashed, into the pale cheeks an indignant glow leaped, and the soft, tender voice rang out as he had never heard it before.

'But this is all nonsense, Katie,' he cried impatiently; 'sheer nonsense! ask your father'—a smile crossed Katie's lips—'ask anybody if this money is not fairly mine. Rose Hatton, a headstrong, obstinate schoolgirl, elopes with a scoundrel who only seeks her father's money, and she is disinherited, as she deserved. I am his sister's son, and to me what she resigned fallen.'

'Her father forgave her before he died, and would have made another will if another day had been given him.'

'Look here, Katie,' says Hatton, still impatiently; 'I will seek out my cousin Rosie, and if she leaves her beast of a husband, I'll provide for her and the little ones. Will that satisfy you?'

'I know Rose Hatton,' Katie answer. 'She was proud and obstinate, and she would die of starvation sooner than accept as charity what is hers by right.'

He comes close and stands before her, his eyes flashing angrily.

'I must either choose between resigning you or my uncle's fortune?'

'You must.'

'If I resign it, I am a pauper as before, and your father will order me from his doors. You will not disobey your father, so in either case I am to lose you.'

'I love you Harry,' she says, with a gasp. 'I would wait—'

'Thank you, Katie,' he says, with a laugh; 'that is poor consolation. You are a woman, and waiting may be easy to you. I am a man and don't choose to wait. Since I must lose you in any case, I'll not lose my money as well. Good-night, Miss Englehart; I wish you a very merry Christmas.'

'Harry!' she cries. But he is gone—gone in a fine fury, banging the street door after him—and it is her father white with passion, who stands before her.

* * * * *

Twice the Christmas tide has come and gone—twice the joyful anthem of 'Peace on Earth, to Men Good Will,' has sounded down the stately aisles of St. Phillip's, and again the time is here. Once more it's Christmas eve; once more altar and pulpit are wreathed with evergreens; once more the voices of the choristers rise to the vaulted roof; once more the slender, pale-faced brown-eyed organist sits at her post, her white fingers evoking wondrous music from those pearl keys. But the face has a graver beauty, the dark eyes a sadder light than of old, and for the silk and sables of other days her dress is deepest mourning, plain of make and poor of texture.

The last piece is sung—something grand and old, and triumphant; and 'Good-night, Miss Englehart,' one and all cry, as they flutter away and down the stairs. She smiles her farewell, but lingers after they have gone as is her custom; and as her hands float over the keys, and her eyes rest on the music, she is thinking of another Christmas eve, three years ago, and of her father and lover who stood by her side that night.

She has lost them both—the lover then, never to hear of or see since; the father one year ago. A great financial crisis had come and involved shrewd lawyer Englehart, and swamped him. He had broken down under the blow, and in less than three months after he was dead and buried. He had never forgiven Katie her refusal of Harry Hatton; he did not forgive her even on his death-bed.

'If you had not been a fool with your scruples and whims,' he had said to her bitterly, 'you need not have been a beggar to-day. Harry Hutton is married long ago, no doubt, to some wiser woman, and when I'm gone you may earn your living as best you can.'

They had buried him, and Kathrine had earned her living bravely and well. For years she had played the organ of St. Philip's as a labor of love. It became a labor of necessity. Her salary as organist and half a dozen piano pupils gave her all she needed, and life went on, somehow, and Christmas had come again.

She had dreaded Christmas—the old pain and struggle seemed to come back afresh. She did not regret what she had done. Better loneliness and poverty than ill-gotten gain—better lose her lover forever than become the wife of a man capable of wronging the living and the dead. She had lost him, but she had not ceased to love him. While she deplored his sins, her pure prayers followed him in his reckless wanderings over the world.

She left the organ at last, and slowly quitted the church. Unlike that other Christmas, no moon nor stars shone. White, soft, ceaselessly, the snow fell. She put up her umbrella and hurried on home, the home of a boarding house—took her belated and solitary supper, and ran up to her own little sitting room. A fire burned in a grate, and her piano—sole relic of former splendor—stood open with some new music upon it. Before sitting down to her long practice, she went to the window and looked out. All the world was white and still and ghostly, and faster and faster the snow was falling. As she stood the tall, dark figure of a man opened the gate and came plowing through the snow to the front door.

'One of the boarders,' she thought, 'belated as I was. How cross Mrs. White will be.'

She left the window and went to the piano. Before she commenced her practice, and half unconsciously, she began softly to sing the old anthem:

Hark the herald! angels sing
Glory to the new born king.
Peace on earth—and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Then she stopped, conscious that the door had opened, and that the intruder did not advance.

'Come in,' she said, 'and shut the door, please; there is a draught—'

She stopped with a low cry, but he took her word, shut the door, and came forward.

'I have come back, Katie,' he said. Will you forgive me and shake hands?'

He took both hers without waiting for leave, and held them fast.

'I only reached America yesterday,' he went on. 'All these years I have been in Europe, trying to forget you and to be happy, and I have neither forgotton you nor been happy. You were right, and I was wrong. I have come back to tell you so, and to ask you if you have forgotten me.'

'Forgotten you?' she repeats, almost with a sob. Oh, my Harry, my Harry!'

'I am no longer rich,' he says. 'Rosie and the little ones are at the homestead, and the drunken husband has drank himself to death. I tried to palter with my duty, Katie, before I went away—sought out Rose and proffered her a portion of her father's fortune. She was proud as you told me she would be, and refused it with scorn. 'I am poor,' she said, 'almost starving, but I will not take as a favor from you, Harry Hatton, that which is my right; keep all or give all.' I kept all, Katie, and, if I could have forgotten you, might have kept all to the end; but I love you so well, Katie, that I ask nothing but you for the rest of my life. We will be poor, but we will be together. Say you forgive me, Katie; you have not said it yet.'

She said it then, holding him close, her happy tears moistening his already damp coat collar.

'You and I are to spend Christmas with Rose,' he says, presently, that first transport over. 'She's a jolly little soul as ever lived, in spite of all her troubles and right glad to have done with matrimony forever. Who knows but that, after eight years of it, you may echo her sentiment!'

'I think I will risk it, though,' said Miss Englehart, looking at him, handsome, and big, and brown, with adorning eyes. 'Oh, Harry! to think I did not know you, striding through the snow up to the gate. I was just thinking, with ever so little of a pang, that no gift would be mine this year, while all the time the best and dearest of Christmas boxes was coming to me over the snow.'

'Christmas has brought you your lover, and New Years shall bring your husband,' said Harry.

And New Year did.

Liebig Co's Coca Beef Tonic

Has received Highest Medals at Principal Expositions, and is endorsed and prescribed by the Medical Faculty here and abroad, as the standard tonic.

It embodies the nutritive elements of the muscular fibre, blood, bone, and brain of carefully selected healthy bullocks, combined with the powerful tonic virtues of Coca, or Sacred Life plant of the Incas, and a choice quality of Sherry wine. Beware of worthless imitations under ours and similar names. It is invaluable in dyspepsia, billiousness, etc.

There are 11,418 papers and magazines published in the United States, 982 being published daily.

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, No. 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound in all female complaints.

Wedding suits, dress suits, business suits; also youth, boys', and children's suits, at low figures, at

† L. EINSTEIN & Co.

The first new crop Champagne Cider of season is now being received by Fonvielle & Sauls. Parties who have been waiting can now be supplied. †

A State Local Option Convention will be held in Richmond, Va., on the 20th of December.

The wheat growers will find Blue Stone in abundance at Miller & Cobb's. †

LETTER FROM MISSISSIPPI.

ABERDEEN, MISS., Nov. 10.

Editor Messenger:—Enclosed I send you $3 postoffice order, please apply it to my credit and continue your very valuable paper, so full of local and general information. To me it is always a welcome messenger; I read it with pleasure and profit; it revives many pleasant associations, and fond recollections of the past—those happy days when childhood was free from care and heavy responsibility, when all was clear, bright and full of hope, no dark gloomy forebodings to obscure the bright future. At Whitehall, the place of my birth, I first learned to lisp the name af my now sainted father and mother. It was there I first received those early admonitions, that moral and religious training and instruction that has directed and controlled my actions through life and enabled me to resist the many temptations that have been thrown in my pathway. It was there I spent my school boy days, happy hours, among those I dearly loved, most of them gone to another (I trust a better) world.

In looking over your very valuable paper, I discover a few names who were my schoolmates and associates, whose friendships I so highly value and esteem—William Whitfield, Col. George Moses, Col. George Collier, and others, whose names are dear to me. I trust they have improved their fortunes sufficiently and gathered around them every comfort and enjoyment that adds so much to our enjoyment in this life.

I am truly glad to see the old North State has made such rapid and wonderful progress during the last 30 or 40 years. Her internal improvements, her mineral wealth, her increased manufactures, her farming interests, have grown and improved beyond the perception and calculation of her most wise and prophetic statesmen. Those who have left the State and remained away several years, upon their return can see much more plainly the wonderful improvements and changes that has taken place, much better than those who have lived there continuously from childhood to old age.

When a boy, my father, Edmund Whitfield, owned the Whitehall farm, where the Seven Springs are located, the water of these springs were then only known on account of the difference in the taste of the water and not from any chemical or medicinal virtue which they contained; hence, they were never resorted to for any sanitary properties, and were considered of very little if any value. It is true at that time very few springs were favorably known for their therapetical effects upon the human system, still I fully beleive if these springs were extensively and conveniently improved and carefully analysed and their curative powers properly and fully placed before the world, they would be celebrated for their medicinal qualities and become a place of great resort both for the invalid and the pleasure seeker. For these seven mineral fountains of healing, possessed of so many different articles in nature's materia medica, each possessing adaptations somewhat peculiar to itself for the different diseases or condition of the human system, must become extensively known and largely patronized.

These springs at that time were surrounded by a very wealthy population (none more so in the State) up and down the Neuse river for 40 or 50 miles, their rich lands immediately on the river were owned by the Bryans, the Washingtons, Collin Cobb, Croom's, Whitfield's Wooten's Davis's, Kornegy's, Broadhurst's, and many others equally wealthy, cultivated and refined, most all of them have moved to the far south, and went as they believed to improve their fortunes.

Whitehall had been in the possession of the Whitfield family from the time it was first settled by the whites until my father sold it and moved to the State of Mississippi to improve his fortune, as it was then said, "to get rich." Although he moved to one of the most beautiful, fertile and productive portions of that State, purchased and settled on a farm at that time which would produce a bale of lint cotton to the acre weighing 500 pounds, and 40 to 60 bushels of corn to the acre without fertilizing, and required but little cultivation; still, I believe he made a mistake. Had he remained in North Carolina, and enriched his lands by using the many fertilizing elements that lie imbedded beneath the surface, his children this day would have been equally contented, prosperous and happy, and they would have avoided the many trying and difficult hardships incident in settling a new country. And in becoming a victim to some fatal disease before their systems becomes fully acclimated as many do, who have passed the meridian of life. How few consider this important change until it is too late.

It is true, the soil in Mississippi was then much more productive than in North Carolina, and labor much better remunerated; still, by a continuous succession of the same crop year after year, the lands become impoverished and greatly reduced in strength and fertility; its primitive or virgin strength taken away, no fertilizer can restore its original productive power. If the waste and refuse substance that was continually thrown away had been converted into manure and applied to enriching our lands, they would possess still its original strength, whilst our soil, naturally rich and very productive, are being worn out by watefulness of cultivators; yours are being constantly enriched by the use of fertilizers, now in many instances yielding a bale of cotton to the acre—a much larger yield than is produced on our lands in this section.

Naturally, the most beautiful and productive country I ever saw; what a great and wonderful change has taken place in the last 35 or 40 years. The farmers then in North Carolina planted and cultivated their best lands in cotton, which yielded about 600 to 700 pounds of seed cotton to the acre, which was considered a heavy yield. This sudden and rapid increase in the productive power of your lands shows clearly how susceptible they are of being improved by manuring them. I suppose your sandy soils generally consists of particles of broken down granite and felspar, which is rich in soda and potash, and deficient in lime and phosphoric acid. If so; the lime can be readily obtained from your rich marl beds which lie beneath your soil scattered all through your section; I suppose your marl is composed of calcinous earth mixed with carbonate of lime and clay in various proportions and differing in degrees of compactness, while in the northern and western portions of your State the poor red soils are dependent on phosphates, ammonia, sulphuric products, without which profitable crops cannot be produced.

These mining elements can be found in the pyrites mines in your State and in Georgia, and immense marl beds in South Carolina, near Charleston, where phosphate of lime is obtained from the bones of land and marine animals, which can be readily transformed and changed into rich fertilizers, that when applied to your worn out lands will give your State as well as the South a bright future in commercial and agricultural prosperity.

God bless North Carolina! may she still prosper and grow in wealth and knowledge, with such a liberal system of education she has inaugurated to educate her sons and daughters, and her cultivated, generous and independent press to defend and extol her many advantages and excellences which she possesses, she can but have a bright and glorious future. I could write much more, but I fear that I have already exhausted your patience, if so, please pardon this heavy tax upon you by one of her native sons, who loves and cherishes the name of North Carolina with that sincere devotion and attachment that a mother does a dutiful child.

N. H. W.

THE EARTH DRYING UP.

A Startling Statement About the Scarcity of Water.

New York Times.

There is abundant evidence that the amount of water on the surface of the earth has been steadily diminishing for many thousands of years. No one doubts that there was a time when the Caspian Sea communicated with the Black Sea; and when the Mediteranean covered the greater part of the Desert of Saraha. In fact, geologists tell us that at one period the whole of the earth was covered by water, and the fact that continents of dry land now exist is proof that there is less water on our globe now than there was in its infancy. This diminution of our supply of water is going on at the present day at a rate so rapid as to be clearly appreciable. The rivers and smaller streams of our Atlantic States are visibly smaller than they were twenty-five years ago. Country brooks in which men now living were accustomed to fish and bathe in their boyhood have in many cases totally disappeared, not through any act of man, but solely in consequence of the failure of the springs and rains which once fed them. The level of the great lakes is falling year by year. There are many piers on the shores of lake side cities which vessels once approached with ease, but which now hardly reach to the edge of the water. Harbors are everywhere growing shallower. This is not due to the gradual deposit of earth brought down by rivers or of refuse from city sewers. The harbor of Toronto has grown shallow in spite of the fact that it has been dredged out so that the bottom rock has been reached, and all the dredging that can be done to the harbor of New York will not permanently deepen it. The growing shallowness of the Hudson is more evident above Albany than it is in the tide-water region, and, like the outlet of Lake Champlain, which was once navigable by Indian canoes at all seasons, the upper Hudson is now almost bare of water in many places during the summer. In all other parts of the world there is the same steady decrease of water in rivers and lakes, and the rainfall in Europe, where scientific observations are made, is manifestly less than it was at a period within man's memory. What is becoming of our water? Obviously it is not disappearing through evaporation, for in that case rains would give back whatever water the atmosphere might absorb. We must accept the theory that, like the water of the moon, our water is sinking into the earth's interior.

THE ENGLISH THE LANGUAGE OF THE FUTURE.

A writer in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* predicts that by the end of the twentieth century the English will be spoken by eight hundred million people, occupying, besides England proper and its contiguous dependencies, India, South Africa, Australia, North America, islands in every sea and naval stations on every cape. By that time, it is thought, so large a proportion of the business of the world will be done by masters of the countries named that, as a mere matter of social and commercial convenience, the whole world will devote itself to learning English. The languages spoken by other civilized races, according to this anticipation, will sink to the character of local dialects, which will gradually lose their distinctive differences and finally disappear altogether. Many barbarous races also would be drawn into the prevailing current, so that—as is now the case all over Europe—then all over the globe the Englishman will be addressed in his own speech. Leaving out of view the comparatively simple uninflected character of English words and the direct constructions of its syntax, which greatly facilitate the acquisition of the English language by foreigners, it is enough to show what advantages tending to this end English-speaking people already possess over others in having already engrossed the most fertile unoccupied or weak quarters of the world, and left to the French, Germans and others only those lands least desirable for colonization. To enumerate England's possessions would be a tedious undertaking, scattered as they are at points of advantage throughout the world. It is enough to say that in Asia she controls an area of 1,640,000 square miles, with a population of about 230,000,000 souls; in Africa 250,000 square miles, population 1,700,000; in America 3,700,000 square miles, population 6,000,000; in Europe 121,000 square miles, population 36,000,000—a total area of 8,811,000 square miles, with a population of about 280,000,000. English commerce, ideas, books and tongue profit by this breadth of empire. Our appreciation of the future of the Anglo-Saxon race and English tongue is heightened, however, when we add to the English-speaking area the 3,024,494 square miles of the United States, with their population of 50,152,866 souls. No doubt the period is yet very remote, and may never be reached, when English will become the universal language of mankind. The probability is that many isolated races will never be converted to its use. But when an aggressive, energetic, commercial people, possessing so vast an area into which to develop, is at the same time the wealthiest on the globe and the most enterprising and practical, it is difficult to set limits to its future. The Romans were able to impress their laws and language upon the whole of Europe, and the Anglo-Saxon is the Roman of the modern world. In competition with the races or the continent the English and American possess the advantage of beginning with 11,835,494 square miles of the earth's surface and the qualities which first gave them this wide domain.

[Logansport, (Ind.) Daily Journal.]

I sell more of St. Jacobs Oil remarked Mr. D. E. Pryor, 112 E. Broadway, to our reporter, than of any other article of its kind, and I consider it the best liniment in use. It has to my own knowledge cured severe cases of rheumatism in this community.

For stylish Clothing, go to

† H. WEIL & BROS.

STATE NEWS.

Gleanings from the State Press.

Laurinburg *Enterprise*: Mr. T. B. Brady, who was shot two weeks ago by Mr. D. W. McLaurin, died on Wednesday evening last from the wounds received.

The cotton gin of Dr. Geo. Gee, about five miles from Weldon, N. C., accidentally caught fire on Monday and was totally destroyed, together with a quantity of cotton. The loss is estimated at $5,000; no insurance.

Winston *Leader*: The members of the Methodist church, of this place, are taking steps to the erection of a new church building. It will occupy the site of the old one, and is to cost $10,000, $7,500 of which has been subscribed.

Wilmington *Review*:—We are glad to learn that Judge Brooks, who, it will be remenibered, was too ill to hold the Federal Court in this city at the recent term, has recovered, and will be able to preside with Judge Bond at Raleigh, this week, at the session of the Circuit Court.

Wilmington *Star*: Mr. John Rooks, who had his arm mutilated by a cotton gin at South Washington, Pender county, a few weeks ago, and afterwards suffered amputation, died from his injuries.——There were two fine looking watermelons in market yesterday morning, just from the vine, and grown near this city.

Greensboro *Tribune*: The Raleigh *News-Observer* says Senator Mahone threatens to ask for an investigation by the Senate into the course of Southern States that have scaled their debts. He hopes to make a pass at Senator Vance, who spoke in Virginia against him, by showing that North Carolina has readjusted.

Wilmington *Review*: The residence of Mr. James Moore, at Pittsboro, was destroyed by fire last Friday night. It caught from a spark. Nearly all of Mr. Moore's furniture was saved——Mr. William A. Patterson, senior member of the firm of Patterson & Hicks, is dead. He had been a sufferer for a long time from consumption, the disease which terminated his life.

Asheville *Citizen*: Western North Carolina is the best spot on earth. It not only produces products not produceable elsewhere, also everything of importance that can grow profitably from Georgia to Canada. This week we were pleased to receive a visit from Mrs. J. M. Patton, of Haywood, who brought us a stalk of as beautiful middling cotton as was ever raised in Mississippi, raised in her garden. It was thoroughly matured, and she says she has gotten three pickings from her patch, and will get another.

Greenville *Express*: In Beaufort and Hyde counties the crops of rice, cotton and corn are simply magnificent this year. The farmers have about housed cotton and corn, and are now very busy threshing and cleaning out the large crops of rice for market.——John Langley, colored, was arrested Saturday near Pactolus, charged with the horrid crime of attempt at rape upon a white girl. The girl was going to school when the monster waylaid her, and her screams and cries and struggles alone prevented a further outrage. Talk was openly made of lynching the scoundrel, but wiser counsel prevailed, and he was taken to jail Sunday.

Greensboro *Evening Tribune*: Mr. Frank Gorrell, who resided on West Market street, went into the basement of the house for the purpose of getting a large stick of wood to build a fire, that he said would last all night. His wife heard him coming up stairs with the wood, and when he had gotten some three or four steps, she heard the wood fall, and on running to the head of the stairway, she discovered that her husband had also fallen. As he had recently had several fits, she supposed he had fallen in a fit, and immediately ran for Dr. B. A. Cheek, who lived next door. The doctor was at home and was with Mr. Correll in two minutes after he fell, but his life was already extinct. He had not moved a limb after the fall.

Asheville *News*: Dixon, who was tried in the Federal Court one year ago for robbing the mail, in Mitchell county and convicted, and judgment suspended, was at the present term of the court sent to the penitentiary at Albany for one year.——Mr. William Reeves and wife, of Tennessee, who had been visiting their brother, Dr. Rufus Reeves, of this place, met with a severe accident on their trip home last Thursday. While going down the Tennessee side of Walnut Mountain the horses became unmanageable and ran violently down the mountain, throwing Mr. R. out of the hack and seriously and dangerously injuring him. Mrs. Reeves jumped and was somewhat bruised, but not dangerously. The hack was broken entirely to pieces.

Wilson *Advance*: The case of Tom Beaman, who stole about $1,500 from Col. Beaman in Green county on the day the Colonel attended the circus in Wilson, came up for trial, in Inferior court, and attracted much interest. The evidence induced by the State was overwhelmingly convincing, and this was most powerfully augmented by the defendant himself who, in weaving that tangled web, man so often weaves when struggling to mislead and deceive, got the threads that his own tongue spun so inextricably confused and mixed that every effort made to straighten them out only served to tighten and harden the knot of his guilt and conviction. Every struggle therefore made for release bound him closer and closer to the thorny bed he himself spread; and so the Jury had no difficulty in finding him guilty. The Judgment being prayed, he was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years, the full extent of the law.

Lumberton *Robesonian*: In Wisharts township, about three weeks ago, a little child of Agrippa Phillips was badly scalded by turning over a pot of hot coffee, from the effects of which it died last Sunday evening.——In Blue Springs township on the 17th a little son of Milton Baxter was badly burned and died on last Saturday. Though the burn was not serious it is not known what was the immediate cause of his death.——The gin and four or five bales of cotton belonging to John McPhaul, of Blue Springs township, was burned on the 17th. The fire was accidental and it is supposed was caused by a spark from the engine. No insurance.——On Sunday, the 20th, a little daughter of Ann Eliza Tyner, of Burnt Swamp township, about seven years old, while cooking supper had her dress to catch fire and was burned so badly that she died on Monday morning.——We regret to learn that on last Wednesday the cotton gin of Mr. Lewis Pitman, of Black Swamp township, with eight bales of cotton was consumed by fire. The fire is supposed to have originated from a match passing through the gin and igniting. No insurance.——One night last week the dwelling house and kitchen of James Prevatt, living in Black Swamp township, was destroyed by fire, which is supposed to have originated in the kitchen chimney.