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The North State

THE FEDERAL UNION—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.—(ANDREW JACKSON.)

VOL. 8.—NO. 6.

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 367.

Resignation.

There is no flock, however watched and tended, But one dead lamb is there! There is no frigate, however defended, But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying, And mournings for the dead; The heart of Rachel, for her children crying, Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions, Not from the ground arise, But oftentimes celestial benedictions Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors Amid these earthly dangers; What seem to us sad funeral tapers, May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so transient; 'Tis but the life of mortal breath; Is but a suburb of the life elysian, Whose portals we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection— But gone unto that school Where she no longer needs our poor protection, And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister of stillness and seclusion, By guardian angels led, Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution, She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing In those bright realms of air; Year after year, her tender steps pursuing, Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken The bond which nature gives; Thinking that our remembrance, tho' unspoken, May reach her where she lives.

And though at times impetuous with emotion And anguish long suppressed, And anguish heart heaving meaning like the ocean, That cannot be at rest.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling We may not wholly stay; By silence sanctifying, not weeping, The grief that must have way.

Her Child's Cry.

[From Belgavia.]

The story I have to tell is so very slight, The incidents are so very homely, And the people whom it concerns are so ordinary, that more than once I have taken up a pen to begin it and put down the pen again beside the virgin page.

for the other features. The cheeks were heavy and livid, differing in color from the rest of the face only by having a few blotches. The mouth was large, with prominent thick lips that never closed neatly and that always remained heavily apart and leaning outward when motionless. The chin was long and feeble. I did not see the eyes; they never for one moment were removed from the sleeping infant.

"My darling! My baby son! My own!" Did ever any other heart yearn so overwhelmingly over any other being! Was this a new manner, a higher, more intense form of maternal love? And had all else of that kind which I had seen been only the prelude to this imperial theme of passion?

Although the chin was weak, the expression of the whole face indicated strength, but strength irregular and of uncertain action. The eyes might hold the key to the whole face.

"My darling! My baby son! My own! My own!" These words, beyond all doubt, were the clue to her whole nature. That child, beyond all doubt, was the acme of her present life.

"My darling! My baby son! My own! My own!" I left the carriage, and in doing so noticed that she had some difficulty in opening the door. I turned the handle for her, and assisted her to alight. She looked up—

"Thank you, Sir." Deep-set, blue-gray eyes with strange red points of fire in them, like sparks of glowing charcoal seen through damp glass.

Her left hand and arm swathed the baby to her bosom. The hand lay visible and bare; on the third finger was a wedding ring.

Who had wooed and won this woman whose sheer uncomeliness would be enough to shame all tender words, turn away all tender glances? And how was it that she whose appearance sooted the thought that any man could seek love of her, for her appearance had nevertheless reached the crown of woman's dreams, motherhood, and yet had room for nothing in her heart but the one cry:

"My darling! My own!" She was not a widow. The child could have been no more than a few months old, and she wore no widow's weeds. And yet he whose coming with the words of endearment must have been an apocalypse of delight had already faded into nothing, passed out of her heart, leaving no trace of his image behind, not even in the face of the child, for her eyes did not seek behind the baby for his likeness. It was only,

"My own! My own!" I confess that all the day I was haunted by the face of this woman. I could not get it out of my mind. When I read, it came between my eyes and the page. In the street I found myself looking for it among the crowd. I kept saying to myself the words indicated by the lips but never breathed by the voice.

I was detained in town until a late hour. In the evening I met a friend, Dr. Robert William Baird, of Buxton. I invited him to supper, and we turned into a restaurant in the Strand.

After supper we lit cigars. I thought I noticed a look of painful pre-occupation on his face. "Has anything unpleasant happened?" I asked; "you seem out of sorts."

get the real flavor out of a story or port by gulping it down. Taste it cautiously, and you fill your whole body from your forehead to your feet with delight, especially in the case of port—when it's good."

"I expostulated only by a sigh. I knew him thoroughly. Had I expostulated in words, he would have broken out into further digression.

"Well," he resumed, after a few solemn puffs at his cigar, "I waited—'Now,' said Langford. A knock sounded at the door, and a man entered. At first I thought Langton had made a false diagnosis of his visitor, for any thing less scoundrelly than the appearance of the man I never saw. He was of the medium height, well made, handsome, with light blue eyes, straight nose, straight mouth, clear complexion, and a most winning and disarming smile. He appeared to be about thirty-eight years of age. His mustache and whiskers were brown, and the well-shaved chin was very firm and clean in outline. Upon the whole an exceedingly proper man, and one, I thought, likely to be very popular among the ladies; in no way like you, my dear Melton."

"Well, he came into the room with a bow and a smile, holding his hat across his waistcoat in a most genteel manner—thus, for a moment he seemed in doubt as to whether he and Langton were to shake hands or not, and, to tell you the truth, I thought it both rude and painful for Langton to thrust his hands so emphatically into his trousers pockets and straddle over the hearth-rug as he did."

"Mr. Langton," said the stranger, in a very soft and winning voice, "I have come, as you know, on my wife's and my own business. You remember me? I am Antony Ryland."

"Be assured I remember you," answered Langton in a most impolite tone, and with a most scandalously unprofessional emphasis on the word you. Why, that much impolite emphasis on a pronoun in the second person would ruin a first-class medical practice, I tell you. We have strychnine and prussic acid in the pharmacopia, but impolite emphasis is a thing unknown to this faculty," said Baird, drawing his waistcoat slowly with his left hand, and solemnly raising his glass with his right, keeping his cigar between the fingers of his left hand while, and looking into my face with malicious deliberation.

"For goodness sake go on, Baird, and drop your hideous attempts at humor!" "Impetuous youth," he apostrophized me, "of forty! do we not dilute all good things with something useless or stupid, to-wit, whiskey with water, laudanum with aqua, life with sleeping—"

"Health with medicine, and hope with Baird," I cried. "But do go on." He paused a moment, then spilled a few drops from his glass, held it out from him, and said in a tone of suppressed enthusiasm, "I pour and drink to Walter Melton's precocious smartness. Bless the antique boy!"

"Waiter! two more." "And to his noble hospitality," cried Baird, with a mischievous twinkle, as he emptied his glass.

"Well," resumed Baird, with a sigh, as though the duty of narration pressed heavily upon him, "Langton increased the base of the isosceles triangle his legs made with the hearth-rug and said, 'You have come for the purpose of meeting your wife, and trying to induce her to make over on you money which otherwise will go to that child. Is not that so?'"

"I thought Langton's manner simply brutal." "Sir," said Ryland, glancing from Langton to me, "we are not alone." He did not show the least sign of haste or temper, but smiled as gently as though I were his sweetheart, and he was asking me to withdraw in order that papa and he might talk over the business aspect of his successful love-suit."

"No." "Michael Seymour Langton, you know?" "His name, no more." "A good fellow. A great friend of mine; you must know him some day.—Well, I looked in at his office to-day. He's always up to his eyes in work, but unless he has a client with him, he's always glad to see a friend. One of those free-and-easy, good-hearted fellows, who, without making you feel a bit uncomfortable, will tell you to be off the moment he wants you to go, so that you need never be afraid of doing him grievous bodily harm by staying a while if he'll let you."

ment and look most closely. Langton went to her, spoke to her, and taking her by the hand led her to a seat with as much gallantry and deference as though she were the finest woman and the first lady in London. Ryland stood in the middle of the room with one hand on the back of a chair and the other still holding his hat in front of his waistcoat. He bowed and smiled faintly as she crossed the room; beyond that, he did not move. After the first look she never glanced toward him again during the whole interview.

"After a few words by Langton in a low voice to the woman, to which she made no reply, he sat down at his writing-table and spoke out:

"Mrs. Ryland, of the money you inherited from your great-uncle from Jamaica, four months after your marriage, you have already assigned away to this man half, or about two thousand five hundred pounds, on the condition that he was to keep away from you forever. The money having been left to your private use in such a manner that he could have no claim whatever on a penny of it, although he is your husband—you against my advice, made over to him the money of that fortune. He has been gambling again, and it is all gone—"

"Operating on the Stock Exchange," put in Ryland, in a soft voice, as though more desirous to keep statements accurate than to shield or excuse himself.

"One-half of your fortune has been gambled away, and this man now wishes to have the opportunity of dissipating—"

"Of dissipating more of it. Your decision—a decision which has my full concurrence—is that you retain the money for yourself and your child, and that if he give any further trouble, you seek a divorce on the ground of cruelty."

"But I shall get back all I have lost if I can command only another thousand. Only a thousand. There will still be some left for her and the boy, and I shall win all back."

"Not with my approval, one penny," said Langton, boldly.

"But I have the right—I am her husband!" "We won't discuss law with you, Mrs. Ryland declines to give you the money. The law is open to all. You can appeal to it if you please. That is your answer. You can leave now!"

"But I, too, want to secure something for our son," said Ryland. His face was now deadly pale, and I saw his fingers tighten and whiten on the brim of his hat until the brim was crushed flat against the side. The pleasant smiles were all gone now, and a deadly sinister leer covered his handsome features. His blue eyes were glassy and cold, and his lips fell back from his white teeth like a coward's at bay.

"Out at once!" cried Langton, springing to his feet angrily, and I do believe he would have used violence had not Ryland hastily withdrawn, closing the door very softly after himself.

"There was a long silence. Langton remained standing by his table, the woman sat bending over her child and holding it against her with both her arms and both her thin hands, the fingers outspread that the protecting and cherishing hand might touch the most of the loved surface."

Mrs. Jenks and the Potterites.

THE JOKE SHE PLAYED ON THE THREE NEW-ORLEANS "GENTLEMEN," WHO, HAVING FOUND AN ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO HER, DISCOVERED AT ONCE, TO INVESTIGATE ITS CONTENTS.

[From the New-Orleans Picayune.] Mrs. Agnes D. Jenks has again committed one of those little eccentricities which have done so much to give her a national reputation. The story runs, as told by the witnesses before the committee, that on the 19th day of September last Mrs. Jenks unexpectedly appeared at the establishment of Messrs. Elkin & Co., and informed Mr. H. W. Lloyd, one of the salesmen, that she desired to inspect some carpets, matting, &c., with a view to the purchase of whatever might suit her delicate fancy. It would seem Mr. Lloyd at once recognized his fair customer, probably from the portraits of her publishing in the illustrated papers, but nothing deterred by this knowledge, he displayed to her a series of goods. Apparently Mrs. Jenks was much gratified by what she saw, and before taking her departure informed the zealous salesman she would return in a few days and make some purchases. When Mrs. Jenks left, Mr. Lloyd retired to the back portion of the store and entered into an animated conversation with Mr. Thomas L. Raymond, a fellow-employee, the subject discussed, no doubt, being the visit of Mrs. Jenks.

Twenty minutes after Mrs. Jenks had departed from the store the fourth person in the comedy about to be enacted appeared—Mr. Maloney, another attaché of the Elkin establishment. Mr. Maloney, while engaged in replacing the goods which had been shown to Mrs. Jenks, discovered, strangely enough, an envelope behind a bale of matting, the said envelope being directed to "Mrs. Agnes D. Jenks." It never occurred to Mr. Maloney that if the envelope had been accidentally dropped it would have been in front instead of behind the sale of matting, inasmuch as it would have been impossible for a person to drop the package without putting a hand half way round the matting.

Mr. Maloney, convinced that he had made a discovery at least equal to anything of Edison's, informed his colleagues, Raymond and Lloyd, of what he had done in the following enthusiastic words: "See here boys! I've found a bonanza—here's a document addressed to Mrs. Jenks." To relieve the strain upon the reader's curiosity, it must be mentioned, this "bonanza" of Mr. Maloney has yielded him exactly \$2, the amount the Sergeant-at-Arms handed over to him yesterday in consideration of his attendance on the Potter Committee.

After Messrs. Lloyd, Raymond, and Maloney had examined the mysterious documents found in Mrs. Jenks' envelope, these gentlemen were convinced they were in possession of the most startling information. What they found in the envelope consisted of sundry and various notes and telegrams from individuals to Mrs. Jenks and her husband. The most important document, though, was worded precisely like the original so-called "Sherman letter," and moreover, had appended to it the talismanic name "John Sherman."

To shorten the story, it is only necessary to add the discoverers, thinking themselves in possession of the "Sherman letter," had it photographed, and sent to Mr. Potter a batch of affidavits relating to the whole occurrence. Yesterday they told their tale to the Potter committee, and, although each of the three gentlemen is most modest in bearing, it was quite evident to a disinterested observer that they were satisfied their announcements would create a genuine national sensation. Probably they were not far wrong in their supposition, but the sensation will not arise from their discoveries, but from the discovery of the committee that the three gentlemen were the victims of a practical joke of Mme. Jenks.

The whole affair was turned into a farce when Chairman Potter announced that the so-called "Sherman letter" produced was spurious, and of no political value whatever.

A CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.—The New York Times says: "The Cathedral of Cologne, the largest, and in many respects also the most magnificent monument of Gothic architecture, has, from the very day when its cornerstone was laid, been the centre of many curious superstitions. Thus, the peasants in the neighborhood of Cologne still maintain that it will never be finished, because it was the devil himself who drew up the plan of it; and now, just as it actually approaches its completion—thanks to the steam saw, the steam hammer and the steam pulley—Prof. Heine, from Zurich, steps forward and declares that, even if it be completed within ten years, it is sure to tumble down again before the century runs out, because the stone of which its foundation is made, and which was taken from the neighboring Drachenfels, is undergoing a chemical change which rapidly destroys it. We know it all, and they find a further confirmation of the truth of their tales in the recent mishaps with the great bell. It was made from canons taken in the Franco-German war, and was the greatest bell in Germany, but when with immense exertions it was brought into its place, it gave out—not an awful and solemn boom—but a bum so indocrisly screeching that it had to be taken down again."

Advertising Rates.

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The Slipper Report.

[New York Times.] The rapidly with which the bureau of statistics does its work is admirable. It is not a full week since New-Year's day, nor a full fortnight since Christmas, and yet the bureau is able to publish its annual clerical slipper report, which incidentally returns from nearly every Protestant minister in the United States of whatever denomination. Were it not that the presentation of slippers is a ceremony not recognized by the Church of Rome, the report would, of course, have included a still greater aggregate of slippers, and the task of preparing it would have been proportionately greater. When it is remembered that the 67,418 ministers mentioned in this report are scattered over an entire continent, and that the slippers of each one of them have been accurately enumerated, an approximate idea of the enormous work done by the bureau can be formed.

The total number of clerical slippers presented during the holiday season which has just ended, is 887,215. These figures represent single slippers and not pairs, as might be hastily imagined—the bureau having been compelled to take cognizance of single slippers only in consequence of the fact that there is a number of one-legged ministers who are never presented with more than one slipper at a time. Even if we divide the figure giving in the report by two, and assume that they represent 443,607 pairs of slippers and only one solitary single slipper, we may well be startled at the immense proportions to which clerical slipper presentation has arrived. The previous report showed that 717,508 single slippers were presented during the holiday season of 1876-7, or 169,707 less than the number mentioned in the present report. A like increase next year will bring more than a million slippers to the parsonages of our land, and it is probable that the number will fall little, if any short of 1,200,000.

The number of Protestant ministers among whom these slippers were divided is 67,418. This gives an average of about thirteen slippers to each minister. Of course, there was no such impartial distribution. While the one-legged Methodist minister at Grand Rapids, Washington Territory, received a solitary slipper, made of birch-bark by an aboriginal parishioner, the fortunate Bishop of a New England diocese received seventy-three pairs. The latter was the highest number of slippers received by any one clergyman, though a Methodist pastor in Chicago and a Cumberland Presbyterian in Louisville, who received respectively seventy-one and seventy pairs, were but little behind. About three-fourths of all ministers received two and three pairs each, thus leaving an enormous quantity to be distributed among the other four-sevenths. It will not escape the notice of students of the report that Baptist ministers receive in proportion fewer slippers than ministers of other denominations. This, however, is easily explained upon the theory that the love and admiration of their flocks are expressed mainly in the shape of water-proof boots—which latter articles cannot, of course, be included among slipper statistics.

A new feature has been added to the report this year, which much increases its interest. This is a classification of the slippers in accordance with their patterns. Thus, there are ecclesiastical slippers, or slippers bearing ecclesiastical emblems, such as crosses and open Bibles; "slippers of the affections," upon which hearts, clasped hands, and such like devices are embroidered; and "textual slippers," which are ornamented with the chapter and verse of some particular text; as, for example, "Luke xviii: 17." Apparently, slippers of this kind are presented chiefly to unmarried ministers, since the majority of them refer to texts inculcating the duty of marriage. "Motto slippers" are evidently extremely popular, for it appears that no less than 2,170 slippers bore the legend "Bless our Pastor." Among "miscellaneous slippers," a pair which were embroidered with a beautiful picture of Daniel in the lion's den is mentioned, and it is to be regretted that the artist, owing to want of space, was compelled to put the lions on one slipper and Daniel on the other; thus seriously interfering with the unity of the design.

J. Howard Jones, who has been operating the old Silver Hill mine in Davidson county, has struck a big bonanza. The old shaft, 100 feet deep, recently caved in for about forty feet on either side, revealing a new vein of silver ore eleven feet wide, very rich, which is now being worked, and which produces ore right straight along which is worth three hundred dollars per ton. This is the biggest thing yet in North Carolina mining.

As a snow-plow, driven by five engines, was pushing through the snow on the New York Central railroad, near Batavia, on Monday, four engines left the track and two of them, it is said, exploded. One fireman, named Thomas Lawlers, was caught under an engine, and his leg had to be cut off in order to extricate him. It is believed he will die. Five others were injured more or less.

The collections of Internal Revenue in the fourth (Fiscal) district, for the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1878, amounted to \$215,407.06. The receipts for the year 1878, were \$878,243.75.

Dr. Harris has established a medical school at Chapel Hill.