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The North State

THE FEDERAL UNION—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.—[ANDREW JACKSON.]

VOL. 8.—NO. 9. GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1879. WHOLE NO. 370.

Blessed are They that Mourn.

[From Good Words.] Once I had a wife of my ain, An ingle warm and bright, A candle in my window set, To cheer me late at night.

Lady Charneigh's Diamonds.

[Continued.] CHAPTER II. All this was very true; but Sir Peter Charneigh did not feel much like a hero.

He and the maker of the safe had their heads together, and agreed that this triumph of mechanical craft ought never to have been burst open, and could not have been if the most ordinary rules of dynamics had been followed in forcing it.

One is sorry to say that these views, too candidly expressed, led to some disagreeable scenes. Sir Peter was a pompous man, who liked to play Sir Oracle in his own house, and his occupation would have been gone if he had been obliged to give up fault-finding and counseling.

"You must recover your prestige with a grand stroke," remarked the Hussar. "Suppose you prove to Amy that you are right by stealing all her jewels yourself."

"I steal my wife's jewels?" "Yes; you can make a capital joke of it. You leave the Hall, saying you are going up to London on business for two days; you return quietly in the evening enter the house without being seen, and carry off the jewels in the night to your own dressing-room.

"What have ten years to do with it? You are quite young enough to enter into a piece of fun. However, just leave the business details to me; I will be your confederate and help to mount this little comedy.

upon which country gentlemen are always very eloquent when they have well drunk. By the end of an hour he was almost game for anything, and kept chucking to himself in anticipation of the triumph he should enjoy when he heard his Amy "screaming and wringing her hands all over the place."

"Why, Patty, I did not know you had returned," said he. "Yes, Sir Peter. I came back this evening," rejoined the damsel, with a curtsy.

"Home air seems to have done you good; your cheeks are like roses. Well, I suppose you heard of the great burglary that took place here while you were gone?"

"I never much liked that girl," remarked the Baronet when Patty left the room; but Dick, making the most of his opportunity, observed that it was time for Sir Peter to be up and stirring, since his servants were criticising his judgment. Then abruptly:

"But why not act this very night? The occasion is most propitious. Amy has gone to bed early, the maid will be busy chattering about her holiday adventure in the servants' hall. I am sure that jewelry will be lying about in heaps on all the tables."

"You see you were evidently trying to back out, to do this 'No,'" said he, giving him a slap on the thigh. "I want to see you wearing the domestic crown again. I'll make a potentate of you in your own despite. No faking now."

A couple of hours later, when midnight had struck, and all Charneigh Hall was hushed in repose, two figures might have been seen groping their way like malefactors in the obscurity of the garden. It was a very dark night, indeed, and Sir Peter's teeth chattered partly from cold and partly from nervousness, though he had sought to steady himself with pretty deep potations.

"A ladder was soon found, and the two men carrying it across the garden with stealthy steps, plucked in the window of Lady Charneigh's dressing-room. Dick, who was a nimble gymnast, then made haste to climb the ladder, and on reaching the top tried the window, which by an almost miraculous coincidence proved to be open.

"Such a woman deserves to lose her jewels," concurred the Hussar fiercely. "She never deserved to have any, and I say when I've got them, I've a good mind to lodge them in the bank; that will teach her."

The ascent of Sir Peter up the ladder did not prove such an easy and graceful affair, as Dick's had been. It rather resembled the progress of a stout bear up a pole. Twice the corpulent Baronet panted and listened to the sad sighings of the wind through the chequer-trous of his park, for it seemed as though he heard voices mocking him. Once he uttered an exclamation on feeling the ladder creak; and when he got to the top and placed his hand on the cold stone of the window-sill, a shiver ran through his limbs.

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and then Sir Peter inserted his key into a cavity between the body and the dot of the middle letter I. But at this moment an appalling thing occurred. A Roman candle starting up under the marquis's nose, exploded with a deafening bang, the alarm began to ring like mad, and at the same time Sir Peter felt his hand fast imprisoned in a steel loop which clutched him with bruising force.

"Help!" bawled the miserable man, for the clasp hurt him, besides which his hair and eye-brows had been stung by the powder of the Roman candle, and he was frightened out of his wits.

"Oh, it's a burglar caught in your ladyship's new trap. We needn't be afraid of him. Just let me teach him a lesson with this riding-whip. Come along, John, Thomas, Charles, all of you."

"You, is it?" answered Patty Raggles, roughly; and to the horror and fury of Sir Peter, the strong-armed wench began belaboring the chubby parts of his lower man with terrific slashing cuts. "There, take that," she said, "and that! Now a few on the hands to warn you, this cold weather. Ah, you don't like it, I see! Well, try another dose on the legs—wishes, wishes!"

"It was in vain that poor fat Sir Peter leaped, danced, yelled, cursed; the louder he roared, the more was the natural sound of his voice altered; and, meanwhile, his gambols were so ludicrous, he was evidently suffering such exquisite pain from his whipping, that the spectators could not forbear to laugh.

"I say, what's all this uproar? Why, it's Sir Peter you are thrashing?" "Sir Peter!" cried Patty, falling back, and she let the whip drop. "Sir Peter!" chorused the other servants, in awe-stricken accents.

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We publish the following tables of the election returns of the various Congressional Districts in this State, for future reference. They are as complete as we have been able to obtain:

Table with columns for District, Year, Major, and Respects. Includes data for Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Districts.

Advertising Rates. Table with columns for Time, Rate, and Total. Includes rates for 1 week, 2 weeks, 1 month, 3 months, 6 months, and 1 year.

Mr. Erman—Dear Sir, I have not had anything to write about for some time, that is why I have not been heard from. Could a fellow have any better excuse? I guess you have heard from every where and two or three other places since the herculean sailing of every reasonable liquid in this latitude, and I am of opinion that I can't tell you anything that you have not heard. I was reading a poem on skating in the last issue of the North State, and it reminds me of ourselves in this aqueous locality of Maryland, the Potomac river and bay tributary to it and the Chesapeake Bay, have been frozen over since the 24th Dec. 1878—so much so that it is impossible for any kind of vessel to run in the river or in the small bays. We have been sleighing ever since Christmas (those who are able, I have no sleigh but can get a mad sleigh from Mr. M.) I have most of my sleigh riding on skates, and I appreciate that much more than the real sleighing, because I have neither horse nor sleigh. I have my fun gliding over the Potomac and the bay, and the bay is about fifteen miles, one morning, with my brother, who is here on a visit, in order to see how long it would take me to skate to Washington. We made good time, considering the "glag down and get ups," caused by "the plucked strap did it." I started from the village of Leonardtown at 8.30, a. m., and arrived at Prof. Gilletty's Ice Cream saloon at 8.55, a. m. This is a different kind of ice cream from that known generally by that name—it is made of apples, peaches, corn and rye. I took several dishes before leaving—measured out by small tumbler. I forgot to time myself when I started for home, but I found before I arrived at my starting place that Prof. G.'s "tumblers" were plentiful all the way down the bay—some rollers and sliders also. I arrived in time for a wild duck dinner, and as I had been "tumbled" I didn't forget to "tumble" it. The river and bays being closed, the wild ducks have no place to feed and are to be seen and killed by thousands. They are most plentiful in the "Narrows"—shoaly water. I took my \$7 gun and skated out to the Narrows, cut a hole, and sat behind a few pine limbs a few minutes—got nine shots, missed three shots (single on wing) and killed twenty-five at six shots. These made me a good mess and I stopped (but I wasn't cold out there on the ice) and started for home. I think I can say, and not be doubted, that there have been between five and six thousand ducks killed in this locality since the freeze—men carrying them to Cox's station, a distance of thirty-five miles in wagons, and shipped to Washington market. They are shooting still. The ice will hold a while, and soon now and it freezes a little every night. Our water and steam mills have not been able to run until lately. Our bread commenced to go down, like the widow's barrel, but since a moderating gale swept over us and scattered the heavy clouds that screened the warm and genial sun rays, they have given us bread in abundance. The wind blew from Northwest about the 10th inst. and broke up a great deal of ice bringing it with a powerful headway down the river, cutting everything down that came in its way. Many new wharves have been totally destroyed. I did not go to the Arctic region with Dr. Crane, but I read his account and feel sure, if a fellow didn't know anything about the Arctic regions and was placed out on the flats in Potomac river he would swear he had been there—ice is piled up as high as the upper story of the McAdoo House. To stand on shore and view it—it reminds me of the Pyramid of Cheops—but I never saw it; perhaps some of your readers have. To stand and view the Virginia shore, according to my "injunctions" it must be cold over there. I saw where the rabbits consumed all the water of a farmer's spring in North Carolina. You can just say that here the muskrats are consuming ours. Everything has been so stiff frozen that crows come in the yard and feed with chickens, and a man, (Mr. Green), a neighbor of mine, walked through Church Swamp, last week, eating an apple and he said the rabbits was after him to make him throw it down on him. If the weather continues as cold, a fellow can take an ear of corn and catch all the wild ducks and geese he wants, for they will pick it out of his hand. One of my scholars said, some time ago, that he was sitting up at night writing a composition, and his candle ran. It feels quite cold to-night and for my lamp may freeze. I will blow it out, or "extinguish" myself by "extinguishing" my light. Wishing you and yours much joy and enjoy each pleasant weather. I am yours, &c. Dr. Erman.

Dr. Robert Johnson, of Ruffin, Rockingham county, lately died of typhoid fever. The gin house of Mr. J. Brantley, and of Martin Campbell, colored, near Mooreville, have recently been burned by incendiaries. Dr. Burt Wood, of Rowan, was thrown from a mule three miles from Statesville, and had his right arm broken above the elbow. Dr. Henry J. Roberts, aged 65, a graduate of the University, taking first honors, died at Williamsboro, Granville county, recently. The work of grading the Winston and Salem and Mooreville railroad was commenced last Monday at several points on the line as well as at Mooreville.