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The North State.

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

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Pass the Baby Round.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Pray, what shall we do now
To please the wise and simple?"
"Why pass the baby round
And let us count each dimple?"
Yes, pass the baby round,
And let us kiss the treasure;
Though bachelors may frown,
And quite decline the pleasure.

Now, pass the baby round—
Here, grandma, first you take it—
Oh, what a gentle kiss;
Such kisses never wake it.
Now, grandpa, 'tis your turn,
It looks up, oh, so cunning,
While grandpa holds it as
He does his "piece" when gunning.

There, pass the baby round,
The precious little poppet—
Now, Harry, 'tis your turn,
Look out that you don't drop it.
Then t'other Grace and Belle,
Shall each hold this new brother.
We'll pass the baby round,
Then give it back to mother.

[For the North State.]

The Lady Oonah's Ride.

BY A. M.

A hundred years ago the Lady Oonah lived in her father's castle in Connemara.

Where is Connemara?

Connemara is in Connaught—in the west of Ireland—where the *Scotch*-Irish *don't* come from.

She was very fair and altogether loveable, from the top of her auburn curls to the tip of the No. 1 slipper, and it was wonderful to behold how little she seemed to be spoiled with the praises and the devotion of the household, one and all striving who should do the most to please her. She had many a suitor, to be sure, but being the only daughter, and her mother dead too, poor girl, she had prevailed with her father, Lord Allan McNamar, not to hurry her wedding before she was of age; for all in her own mind she was resolved, if it could be so, to marry for true love or live single all her life long.

But it seemed to her friends that she was very particular.

Every gentleman who, according to the custom of those days, proposed to the father for her, was willing to take her, even without a fortune; but for her part, every evening when her confidential maid, Kitty, was brushing out her beautiful curls, she would make the same remark of the last gentleman that she made of the first—

"Indeed, Kitty, I never can like him at all."

To her father she was more reserved, sometimes even expressing a slight pleasure when a suitor of higher rank appeared, but that was just to please the old lord, Kitty knew very well, for she had heard her say many a time, that "True love was a patent of nobility, and the highest rank she could covet in a husband was the rank he would hold above herself when she became his wife."

But time brought on the Lady Oonah's twenty-first birth-day, regardless of the fact that he had not yet provided the ideal lover.

"To-morrow she's twenty-one, and since she was sixteen I've been bothered with offers. This one now makes fifteen—all named and numbered, good men and true, every one of them, but not a bit of me knows if she favors any—the Pluto!"—quoth Lord Allan McNamar; but then he did not mention the *one down yonder* by so genteel a title; indeed he generally called whatever he spoke of by its everyday name without troubling his Latin, or Greek either, for that matter.

"Well! I wish it were over with, Johanna! Bid the Lady Oonah come here to me."

Lord Allan looked very fierce, as he wheeled round in his easy chair away from his writing table, fairly bristling with documents.

The last suitor was Lord Fergus McFerguson, of equal rank, of fair education and good parts.

Lord Allan approved of him so heartily that he purposed in his mind to make formal mention to his daughter of none other, for why should choosing of husbands be left to slips of girls at all?

She was pretty enough to dream about, as she entered the room: her head hanging down a trifle, for she more than half suspected what was coming; but when Lord Fergus was named to her she dropped down, like a lily just snapped off the stem, and what with crying and fainting, she was a handful to manage, as the old people say; and it was a day never to be forgotten in the servants' hall, for though Lord Allan's retainers took the usual lively interest of those important functionaries, in his domestic affairs, it was seldom they got their curiosity so well satisfied. Lord Allan was greatly surprised and angry enough, too, though he kept his mind to himself, for that time, but the next day he sent a long letter to the Lady Oonah telling her to make up her mind to one of three he named to her, or he'd advertise her fortune; a way they used to do in those days to match great fortunes, when suitors *weren't* plenty.

A formal statement, well written and fair signed, that the girl's fortune amounted to so many pounds, and whoever could match the fortune might have the lady. Not that Lord Allan meant to do anything so dreadful: he only wanted to frighten her out of her headstrong notions.

Down the rude oak stairway came the Lady Oonah with the open letter in her hand, her hair floating like a great cloud about her, her eyes blazing with determination; but there was a quiet air about her, too. She had made up her mind to something, Lord Allan thought, as she stood before him.

"Will you let them ride over the race course for me?" she said. "I know, father dear, you'd never ask ask me to marry a man who would stumble in the ditch that I could take."

"That's well said," answered Lord Allan. "They shall ride for you this day two weeks."

So they shook hands and made friends and she kissed the old man very tenderly, for she had a thought in her breast, that that day two weeks he would be looking at her mangled form; for she meant to die sooner than marry, and her plan was made.

There were three ditches to pass in the ride—deep and steep enough anyway at the best, but she put them in care of Barney Bucclough, a fellow whose dreams, day and night, were of fox hunting and steeple chasing, and shillalah fighting, and whose best experience was in digging ditches, and watching these sports as pursued by other people.

Barney received his directions, and his mistress knew very well that the love of sport would make him be secret and do her bidding, and his want of perception would prevent him from suspecting anything impossible in the taking of the ditches, deepened and heightened by her directions.

"Your ladyship," said Kitty. "The draper's young man is below to measure you for your new riding habit. I can't help saying he gave me a surprise, for *such* a young man in *such* a business, I never saw in all my life before. He looks like a duke, at the least—Mister Diarmid O'Donoghue!"

"Show him up," said Lady Oonah, trying to smile; "I have heard of the family. They claim to have been noble, by old Irish law, but that's so far out that English peers regard their claims with less respect than an American *feels* for an Indian chief. Perhaps he'll do for a duke for you, Kitty."

All the same, she was quite unprepared for the beauty of young Diarmid, as he modestly entered the room. He was but little taller than herself, and not more than a year or two older. His eyes were as blue as her own—his complexion as tender.

Students of art might have thought of Diana and Apollo, if they had beheld that meeting. "They look like twins; God bless us!" thought the astonished Kitty.

They "changed eyes" on the spot, though all unconsciously to themselves.

They felt as if they remembered each other, though they said nothing about it.

For Diarmid, he left her presence as happy as if he had just been crowned King of Ireland and had just rolled old England over and down to the middle of the sea.

He didn't know at first why he was so happy, yet when he considered about it, he thought it was reasonable that any one who met the Lady Oonah and had sight to behold and brains to perceive, might be glad all their life long that God had created such loveliness to adorn the earth.

So lofty and so pure, were the thoughts of Diarmid O'Donoghue.

For the Lady Oonah, she no longer mourned over the fearful death she was contemplating. Joy filled her soul as the light of morning fills the world at sunrise; but tender, subdued and tranquil, so much so that she did not even suspect that it was the sight of Diarmid, which had comforted her heart.

Indeed she did not even say one word to Kitty about him, but chatted gayly of every other subject which rose before her mind.

If she had understood herself better it would have made no difference in her determination. Such a misalliance would have been the least of her intentions.

Two weeks passed away.

"To-day!" said Lady Oonah, and she sighed, but her resolution remained as firm as steel. The riding habit had arrived the evening before. It was pronounced perfect in every respect.—It was of pale green velvet, trimmed in dark green of the same material, and gold lace; while the long, pale green plumes of the hat fairly shone like a sun-burst with gold tasseling; for Diarmid said, when he was planning the habit—"She shall be dressed like the spirit of old Erin herself, and the gold buttons were ornamented with Irish harps, as beautiful as jewels, every one."

During these two weeks Diarmid had lived and moved in a conscious ideal presence of the Lady Oonah. Thrilled from head to foot with the most exquisite delight in contemplating his memory of that memorable day, when she had risen in his life like the star of the morning, yet all unconscious that he had dared to love her with that peerless passion which comes but once to any human soul.

He came walking across the fields this bright October morning, the day of Lady Oonah's ride, as fresh as a rose, and as trim as a holly bush, merrily whistling back to the linnets and thrushes piping to themselves in every tree.

He stood for a moment on the top of a green knoll, looking, for all the world, like the Genius of morning; then with a quick step and a run, he was just about to spring over the first of the ditches which Barney had been doctoring.

"Hold on! Hold on! *Mister* Diarmid," shouted Barney Bucclough. "Ye have fine legs for jumping, but ye'll be after breaking one of them, if ye try leaping over this ditch, barring ye do it on horseback."

So it happened that, then and there Diarmid learned the whole story for the first time of the Lady Oonah's lovers and the ride they were to take, from the lips of big, innocent Barney, who marveled with all his heart, at the sphinx face, and colorless lips with which Diarmid listened; but found a reason of his own for it, as far as the poles from each other, of the reason love was giving our young hero.

But the mocking speech had scarce left his lips, till he found out his own measure, and guessed at his own weight.

He picked himself up and was suddenly very busy.

It wasn't until there was a good piece of ground between him and Diarmid that he muttered to himself,

"By the power of war! That tailor is nine men rolled into one, and not the ninth part of a man at all," which thought amused him so that he forgot his bruises in laughing at his own conceit.

Diarmid walked on, in a world all changed for him—a world of grief and pain, and ghastly hopeless woe—a world bereft of sun-light, air, everything.

His head felt dizzy with the despair of his heart.

The cold perspiration bedewed his brow. He was another being in his agony. For her motive was perfectly plain to him, excepting in one particular. Poor fellow! He thought she would never have despaired so deeply, if she had not known all the time, what he had just found out, that love had knit their souls as one, since the moment they looked on each other.

This thought filled his whole existence with a pain too cruel for mortal endurance, only it was as sweet as life, at the same time.

After a little he came to himself enough to go and take a look at the other ditches, to see if they were really as deep and wide as Barney represented, for Barney had said, "The second gap is wider than the first, and the last is as wide as both together." Moreover he had added that the Lady Oonah had been out there the day before and pronounced them all right.

It was true enough. The first ditch was a fearful path to pass over. The second could hardly be taken, but the third was a grave for horse and rider who madly ventured to cross its gulf.

"She might as well face the sea itself," said poor Diarmind, turning his mournful eyes to the Connemara cliffs, standing dark and silent, like frozen giants, by the bleak sea-side to the west of the riding field.

As he gazed he smiled; his resolution was taken, and it was none too soon; for over the country, now, he could see the splendid train of gentry come proudly on. Gay ladies with their brilliant attendants, in full hunting costume, to do honor to the day. Prancing horses and noble riders, sweeping with merry shout on—on to the first chasm. Lady Oonah at their head, mounted on her favorite horse, "Felix," with her father, Lord Allan McNamar, at her side, Lord Fergus, Lord Melrose, and the Hon. Mr. Barton, the son of an English M. P., close behind, and half the county at their heels. Diarmid was half blind as he watched. On—on—like a whirlwind—the leap—the leap—she has cleared it—but—Oh! some one else has cleared it, too—and—yes—some one has fallen, but little the lady seems to heed. Fast as an arrow she flies on, and fast behind, who comes?

"Who comes?—the Englishman—the *sassenagh!" screams Diarmid, as he nerves himself for his task, and stands in readiness, though concealed, by the side of the second gap. She rose to the spring, like a hunet on the wing; one fearful second horse and lady trembled in mid-air—did they roll down into the yawning gorge below? No The lady kept her seat, and the noble animal clung desperately to the edge of the acclivity.

Swift as thought, powerful and graceful as Apollo himself, came Diarmid to the assistance of both. "I thank you, young man!" cries the Englishman, from the other side.

"Keep your thanks to yourself, Sassenagh!" shouted Diarmid.

"O, Diarmid, what have you done? Why have you saved my life? It is of no avail," said Lady Oonah, while two tears as bright as diamonds, fell over her cheeks. "The Englishman will take this leap, and when he does, I must try the next. He is turning his horse to breathe him; there is no hope."

"Pulse of my soul!" cried Diarmid. "Command me, what I shall do! Say the word to me, 'Die!' and it is done. Myself and the sassenagh, too! 'Tis a joyful minute to me, if I die doing your will."

She turned. Her eyes looked into his one beautiful moment. Then she looked hard again in a second. "If I was sorry for any one, it ought to be 'Felix,'" she said, and urged her horse away.

Despair, all the darker for that bright look she had given him, fell down on Diarmid heavy and cold.

He thought again that he understood, and this time he was right.

"She will die sooner than own it, but she knows it very well. She is mine! Mine! I tell you, sassenagh!" he screamed, as the Englishman put his horse to the leap.

Lady Oonah, reining in her horse, looked back over her shoulder without hope or fear, just as indifferently as if she had been made of marble; but when he cleared it, she rose in the saddle.

"Go back!" she cried, "I am going to my death!" and she put the whip to 'Felix,' and rode wild. Fast by her, with a superhuman energy, sprang Diarmid.

"Farewell! Jewel of my heart!" he cried. "I cannot live after you. I cannot see you in that bloody grave Farewell!"

With a great effort she checked 'Felix' in his speed, for the voice of Diarmid overcame her almost to faintness. And now, indeed, she looked, and not as before, but with all her heart in her eyes.

Looked to see Diarmid springing away as straight as a rush, and as swift as the wind, off—off to the high, jagged, fearful cliffs of the Connemara coast, which bend over the remorseless sea.

"O! save his life!" she implored the Englishman, who was now by her side. "O save his life, and I will be your friend forever!"

"It is too late. The madman! See! He is springing over the cliffs! He is gone! Poor devil! Let us continue our ride!"

Lady Oonah's eyes glittered like fire. "Continue!" she said—"Yes!—follow me!"

But the Englishman didn't seem inclined to do it after all.

On she rode, direct for the cliffs, and over them she went, too.

There was a crowd all along the beach by this time.

She kept her seat, though, and "Felix" bore her up, though there was little to be seen of her, except her hat, and the horse's head.

"'Felix' is a brave horse. He will save them both, if he holds out," was the breathless comment of the gazers. But there were busy hands ready, too, and a boat was soon manned, and set out for the struggling horse and lady.

She had Diarmid by the head, holding on to him, all bruised and bloody, and half drowned, but alive for all that; and three months later, when she herself had nursed him well, at her own father's castle, with the consent of Lord Allan, and the good wishes even of poor Lord Melrose, whose arm had been broken in the ride, and nothing made of it, there was a great wedding; and Lady Oonah married the man of her heart.

*—*A term of contempt.

How a Man Goes to Bed.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange says: "'There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room, and have his bed warm before a woman has got her hair pins out and her shoes untied.' That's how it looks in print, and this is how it is really: 'I'm going to bed, my dear. It's half past ten.' No reply. 'Now, John, you know you're always late in the morning. Do go to bed!' 'Yes, in a minute,' he replies, as he turns the paper inside out and begins a lengthy article headed 'The Louisiana Muddle.' Fifteen minutes later she call from the bedroom: 'John come to bed and don't keep the gas burning there all night!' and and murmuring something about 'the bill being big enough now,' she creeps beneath the cold sheets, while John reads placidly on, his feet across the piano stool and a cigar in his mouth. By and by he rises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor, and, seizing the shaker, proceeds to that vigorous exercise, shaking the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires: 'For pity's sake! ain't you ready for bed, yet?' 'Yes, yes, I'm coming! Why don't you go to sleep and let a fellow alone?' Then he discovers that there is coal needed.—When that is supplied and rattled into the stove, he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress; and as he stands scratching himself, and absently gazing on the last garment dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. When this is attended to he wants a drink of water, and away he promenades to the kitchen. Of course, when he returns his skin resembles that of a picked chicken, and once more he seats himself before the the fire for a last 'warm up.' As the clock strikes twelve he turns out the gas, and with a flop of the bedclothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides.—No, not yet; he forgets to see if the front door door was locked, and another flop of the bedclothes brings forth the remark: 'Good gracious! if that man ain't enough to try the patience of Job!" Setting her teeth hard, she waits the final flop, with the accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires: 'Are you settled for the night?' To which he replies by muttering: 'If you ain't the provokingest woman.'"

Curious Animal Incursions.

A curious incursion on the sheep runs of two brothers in Australia is described by a correspondent: These gentlemen lived hundreds of miles apart, and I understand the misfortunes here recounted occurred within a short time of each other. One brother had an incursion of myriads of kangaroos, which came close around his house, so that a man could not make for it without actually jostling the brutes. One had only to step out at the front door, blaze away at them, and knock them over *ad libitum*, or even club them. The other brother had an incursion of opossums, fierce, ravenous and in a mighty multitude, which swarmed round his house and terrified his servants so that they all left it. The doors and windows were constantly closed against the brutes. At night, poisoned milk would be placed outside, and in the morning hundreds of dead opossums would fringe the pail. Yet the horde remained for a period of three months and were very destructive.

The hogs are dying in different parts of Warren county to an alarming extent, from cholera, it is supposed.

A Graphic Endowment.

MYSTERIOUS SCENES IN THE CELEBRATED ENDOWMENT HOUSE AT SALT LAKE.

Annie Thompson writes to the Salt Lake *Tribune* detailing the form of marriage ceremony performed at the mysterious Endowment House. She says: If the woman who now styles herself Mrs. Owen Miles was an honest and deserving woman when she left London to emigrate to Utah with the Latterday Saints, and as soon after her arrival here (only some five weeks ago) passed through the Endowment House, I think there might be some palliation for her very peculiar and seemingly inconsistent conduct.

When Caroline Owen went to the Endowment House she entered at the north door and gave her name to the recorder. She then passed inside to be washed, taking off her clothes until she was as naked as the hour when she was born. She was then washed from head to foot; afterward she was covered with oil and blessed by the holy priestess; her head, eyes, nose, mouth, neck, arms, heart, breast, back, and all parts of her body annointed. She then put on her new garments and received her new name in a whisper by the officiating priestess, the woman who lied so beautifully in court. Passing along she came before the great Jehovah and Elohim, they being in another room, and commenced reading the ritual of the order, "Let us go down and make man," etc., which is all too tedious to mention.

Miss Owen passed on from one change to another, having her robes and her apron on to appear before the master of ceremonies to receive the oaths.—Standing straight, as shown by the elder, bringing her right arm at an angle, striking it straight to the earth, interpreting the oath, as spoken, that her throat should be cut from ear to ear, that her heart should be cut out, and that she be disemboweled, and her body be buried in the depths of the sea, etc., if she should divulge anything pertaining to the ceremonies performed in that house.

This is not all the oath by a great deal. Miss Owen then received all the grips, signs, tokens, etc. There are several of these which only the faithful can understand.

Miss Owen then passed on to the other degrees, prayer circles, etc. Passing onward and upward she came to the veil or arch. This being previous to her marriage, John Miles was on the inside of the veil or arch, Caroline on the outside. Then the compass and square were cut over her heart. There was only a sheet to separte John and Caroline, and before she could get through to where John was she had to put her foot to his foot, her knee to his knee, her breast to his breast, her lips to his lips. Then John whispered in her ear and told her the new name she had named below. Nobody on earth knows what that name is but John and Caroline. He then brought Caroline through the veil or arch to be married. Joseph F. Smith set immediately opposite at the table, John stood at the right and Caroline at the left. After the usual questions were put and aswered the marriage was proceeded with and finished, John and Caroline walking to the sealing-room, where Joseph F. Smith sat on the throne, and later stood at the door. Miss Owen walked around to the north side. John and Caroline were kneeling, when Joseph F. told them to clasp hands across the altar and kiss each other, which they did. He then sealed them up to everlasting life, to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, to receive power and to carry out the laws of procreation forever and ever. Amen.

THE NATIONAL BANKS.—The Comptroller of the Currency reports that the total amount of bonds held by national banks as security for circulating notes on the 1st of February was $348,939,200; of this amount $67,961,650 were 6 per cent. bonds, of which $53,907,500 were sixes of 1881, $5,054,000 Pacific Railway sixes, and $9,000,150 are five-twenties. The banks also hold $184,856,300 of 5 per cents, of which amount $65,319,850 are ten-forties and the remainder, $119,536,450 fives of 1881. There are also held by the banks $43,578,550 of 4½ per cents, and $52,542,700 of 4 per cents. The Comptroller reports an increase in national bank circulation in the month of November, 1878, of $840,441; in December, an increase of $490,618, and January, 1879, $607,995, making a total increase for the last three months of $1,939,054. For the months of September and October, 1878, there was a decrease in national bank circulation of $1,024,447. The amount of national bank circulation outstanding on the 1st inst., was $322,930,849.—*Washington National Republican.*

Mr. Lamb, Representative from Duplin county, has introduced a bill in the House asking for convict labor to drain Angola Bay, which lies in Duplin and Pender counties, and which covers 70,000 acres of the public lands. No money is asked for, but simply a few of the convicts with which to do the work. If drained these lands would be worth tens of thousands of dollars to the school fund of North Carolina, as they would at once come into the market at high prices.

It is said that rancid butter may be restored to sweetness, by wrapping in a clean cloth and covering with dry earth in the ground a couple of days. The trouble is small and worth a trial.

Four prisoners escaped from Statesville jail but were soon recaptured.

Something of a Joke.

One day recently a respectably dressed man carried a well-grown child, muffled up and apparently sick, into one of our hotels. He placed the child on the stairs, and began to talk to it in a very unkind, rough way. The attention of the guests was attracted, and they gathered around.

"You are able to walk up stairs by yourself," said the man. "I won't carry you."

"Oh! oh!" the child sobbed, do carry me up—please, pa, do! You know ever since I was run over by the cars, and lost both my feet, I can't walk up stairs alone!"

"That's all stuff!" the man answered.—"Get up at once or I'll make you!"

The poor child began to sob worse than before, and the brutal man gave it a severe thump over the side of the head. The child moaned piteously. The indignation of the bystanders was excited, and one of them said to the man:

"Is that child yours?"

"What's that to you?" answered the man. "I won't tell you!"

"He's—my—father!" the child sobbed, "and—he—killed my mother—just—as—he's a-going—to—kill—me."

The man doubled his fist and made as though he was about to give the child a savage blow. One of the bystanders interfered and said, "Say, if you don't stop this, I'll call a policeman. I never saw such a brutal father in all my life!"

The man began to fumble in his pockets, and the child cried out; "Take care! He's going to stick you."

Sure enough the man produced a knife and opened it. The crowd slipped off one by one except two.

"Bring an officer!" one of these cried to a friend.

"If I am to be arrested," the man said, "it shall be for something." And thereupon he plunged the knife into the body of the child. The child shrieked: "I'm murdered!" and a crowd rushed to the spot. The man quietly raised the child in his arms, and removing his hat, said.

"Gentlemen, this is a wooden child I'm a ventriloquist, and any little offering you may be pleased to make will be very acceptable."

Tea Growing in the United States.

An expert in tea growing in China and Japan has been to Washington to inspect the 100,000 tea plants growing in the propagating houses of the Agricultural Department. He expresses the utmost confidence in the success of the commissioner's plans, and is surprised that tea culture did not long ago become a profitable branch of American industry. He says it should be borne in mind that a Chinaman, accustomed to the preparation of green tea, knows little or nothing as to the methods used with black teas, and the accounts we get in a general way from China seldom distinctly state what kind of tea they are describing. It is his opinion, founded on a long experience and study, that two-thirds of the labor expended in China is useless; and that with one-tenth of the ingenuity displayed in the invention of the cotton gin, machinery can be devised here which will supercede every hand manipulation except that of the picking, and which will produce results more uniform and of a better quality than can be otherwise arrived at.

THE CHINESE AND NECROMANCY.—The Chinese are firm believers in necromancy, fortune-telling and kindred arts. The visions seen while under the influence of opium, are by them interpreted into meanings. Several Chinamen in San Francisco make a profession of fortune-telling. Their method is to take a smoke of opium, from the effects of which they have visions, from which they interpret whether certain sick persons will die or get well, or whether certain individuals will win or lose in gambling games in which they propose to engage. They have a small ivory figure to assist them in the interpretations, which represents a certain god, who never sleeps, eats, or drinks, and never dies. If the seer's prognostications are verified, he is a smart fellow; if not, the blame is laid on the god, whom they charge with being bewitched, and he is thrown away and a new ivory god purchased in his stead.

In the year 1790 Mr. Mauney started for the Legislature, to which he had been elected from Catawba (then Tryon) county. When he arrived at Salisbury he camped out in an old barn over night and the next day started back home, and, on being asked what induced him to return, remarked that Raleigh was farther from home than he cared to be, and he didn't think the trip would pay him any way.

One day last week a colored woman named Pollock, living near Trenton, Jones county, went out to get some wood, leaving her three small children in the house, near a large fire burning on the hearth, and on her return shortly afterwards, she found the remains of her oldest child, a daughter of about 10 years, lying out in the yard, burned almost beyond recognition.

Mr. Ed. H. McLaughlin, of the Concord *Sun*, was married at the residence of the bride's mother, in Mooresville, on the 4th inst., to Miss Ida Moore.

A bill to repeal the present homestead, and restore that of 1869, has been tabled in the legislature.

James G. Moore, a prominent merchant of Company Shops, died recently, aged fifty.