The Republican.

W. GOSLEN, Editor and Prop'r

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July 11, 1889—1m

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The Union Republican.

DEVOTED TO POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL, MISCELLANEOUS, AND RELIGIOUS READING.

VOL. XVIII. WINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889. NO. 31.

The Bivouac of the Dead.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
Nor troubled thought at midnight haunts,
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dreams alarms,
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn to call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge—the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are passed;
Nor war's wild notes, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more shall feel
The rapture of the fight

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear is the blood you gave—
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave,
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished year hath flown,
The story how you fell,
Nor wreck nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD

SELF SACRIFICE EXHIBITED IN THE UNSELFISH LIVES OF MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES.

Correspondent State Chronicle.

AURORA, N. C., July 1, '89.—Seeing in your editorial of the 28th of June, on the monument to the memory of Father Damien, the expression: "It was a career of self-sacrifice unexampled in history and entitles him to a place in the ranks of heroes and great martyrs." I send you an extract from Rev. Arthur T. Pierson's very popular book, "The Crisis of Missions or the Voice Out of the Clouds." I would detract nothing from the other, but I like justice and believe you will be glad to accord it to all. I regret the want of information in regard to Mission work. Our churches are too busy, seemingly, to let the public know all they are doing for the heathen world.

With thanks for the high tone of your paper and hope for the continuance of the same.

MRS. SALLY A. HOOKER.

The following is the extract from the "Crisis of Missions:"

"In South Africa there was established a hospital for lepers in the vale of Hemdon Aarde, far from other human dwellings, and hemmed in by high rocks. There, in 1829, Rev. Mr. Leitner and wife—Mr. and Mrs. Lehman and John Taylor, afterward at Robben Island, went into voluntary exile for Christ's sake among multitudes of lepers in all stages of their loathsome disease. These Moravian missionaries, filled with heavenly love and anxious to carry the tidings of joy to those in such misery, chose the lazar-house as their field of labor. Some who entered thus, never came out again; but when they died, others, just as devoted and heroic, stood ready to take their places."

In connection with the Salem Home Sunday School, Salem, N. C., there is a Juvenile Missionary Society which meets quarterly, and in which recently there has been organized a movement to inform the members of the Missionary work of the Moravian Church and to inspire interest in the same among the members and the School generally, by electing one or more members to read historical sketches of the work in some one of the Mission fields.

At the last meeting of the Society some three weeks ago a very interesting essay was read by Miss Addie Fries upon the work referred to in the above extract from the *State Chronicle* which we have in hand and which will doubtless be read with interest. Especially so since the work in this field was at the recent General Synod of the Church at Herrnhut taken charge of by the Brethren.

Miss Fries' article is as follows:

MORAVIAN MISSIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Historically speaking, Africa is at once the oldest and the newest of the continents. The earliest nation mentioned in history lived here; here dwell the nations last made known to civilized man. Even the Nile, famous 3,000 years before America was discovered, has only yielded up the secret of its birthplace within the last half century.

In northern Africa, where Christianity found a home in its earlier days, Mohammedanism now reigns supreme. The interior is inhabited by various tribes, differing in disposition, as shown by their treatment of the explorers who have gone into their midst, yet mostly with war as their god, and tyranny and oppression as their religion. Although the exportation of slaves has been at least in a measure suppressed, slavery still prevails among the tribes, five pounds of powder will buy one man, a single gun will buy two, while force and cruelty very often take the place of payment of any kind.

For more than three quarters of a century the Dutch had had a foothold at the Cape of Good Hope, but no step had been taken toward giving the gospel to Hottentot or Kaffir, when two men, pioneers of the Danish Franquebar Mission stopped there on their way to India. Their report of the sad condition of the natives moved two gentlemen of Amsterdam to notify the Moravians at Herrnhut of the need there existing. Seven days after the receipt of the letter George Schmidt was on his way to Holland. A whole year he waited at Amsterdam, ere he could secure passage to the Cape, where he arrived July 9th, 1737, to be received only with scorn and derision by the inhabitants of Cape Town.

Schmidt established himself on Sergeant's River, 50 miles back in the country, and the next spring moved still further back. Finding as the Hottentots gathered round him, that their language was peculiarly difficult, he taught them Dutch, and some were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. These Hottentots, or Koi-Koin to use the native name, are quite a distinct race from the negro type so common with us. They have narrow foreheads, low skulls, high cheek-bones and prominent jaws, pointed chin, snub nose, lips less full and color less dark than the negro's, hands and feet so small and delicate that they could wear the gloves and shoes of a ten year old American child. They are untidy to the last degree, exceedingly improvident, and their great weakness lies in the use of intoxicating drinks.

On March 31st, 1742, nearly five years after his arrival, Schmidt baptized a native, Willem, the first fruits of his faith and toil. Others were baptized somewhat later. But the Dutch colonists feared that Schmidt might reveal their cruelties to Europeans at home, and they finally compelled him to return to his own land.

Not until after more than 50 years was the work renewed; then the request for leave to re-establish a mission among the Koi-Koin met with a favorable answer. Three brethren went to the Cape and proceeded 30 miles eastward from Cape Town to Bavian's Kloof, which means "Den of Baboons," the place proving to be the very spot where George Schmidt had labored. Within a twelve-month after the removal of the mission, some half a dozen natives were baptized. Dutch farmers opposed the missionaries and converts in every way in their power, but the mission flourished nevertheless; more missionaries came from Europe, and five years after the work had been resumed the erection of a church became necessary, and the name was changed to Genadendal, "Vale of Grace."

When Cape Colony became the possession of the English, the first Governor offered the land for a station at Groveneekloof, afterwards called Mamre, and the missionaries gradually gained the respect and confidence of the colonists who had opposed them.

In 1825, by request of the Government, Hemel-en-Aarde, a leper hospital became a mission station, and was the scene of much faithful labor.

Even the Bushmen, more degraded than the Koi-Koin, and one of the lowest races in the human scale have been reached. There are no stations especially for them, but they are received with the Hottentots.

The Kafirs, the dominant race of South Africa, have also shared in the efforts of these persevering missionaries. These Kafirs are a nomadic, war-like, predatory people, tall, well-formed, with some resemblance to Caucasians, though dark brown as to color, and with wooly hair. To reach these Eton was established.

So greatly has the work in South Africa been prospered, that where 150 years ago, one man was laboring under severe difficulties, there are now 14 different stations with more than 11,000 inhabitants, and nearly 3,000 communicant members. Yet this is but a small number, compared with the thousands, nay millions, in the interior, who are still in the blackest night of heathenism; and we fervently hope that the good work may continue until upon them also the Sun of Righteousness may rise with healing in his wings.

Mount Holly Encampment.

The annual encampment of the farmers of North Carolina will be held at Mount Holly, August 5th to 10th. Many prominent speakers will be present among whom will be his excellency Hon. D. G. Fowle; the successful farmer and stock raiser and President of the North Carolina State Fair, W. G. Upchurch; Hon. Kemp P. Battle, President of the State University; the successful fruit culturist, J. Van Lindley; Jno. Robinson, Commissioner of Agriculture; Willis R. Williams, Master of the State Grange and Chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the State Senate, J. F. Payne, Esq., the progress Alliance man who will be pushed by the Alliance to succeed Capt. S. B. Alexander, whose term expires by limitation; Dr. H. B. Battle, the popular State Chemist and Director of the State Experiment Farm. A number of other prominent men outside of the State will be present and deliver addresses. Farmers are invited to come as heretofore, in their own conveyance, bringing with them their families and camp out. Very low rates will be given by all State Roads. Ask your nearest agent the rate and if instructions have not been given have him wire his general agent for instructions.

RULERS FOR 100 YEARS.

A GLIMPSE OF THE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN PRESIDENT.

From the Yankee Blade.

The United States has now had Presidents of greater or less ability for a hundred years. The occasion naturally suggests a review of our chief magistrates during the past century.

Washington was the first, and is, perhaps, still considered the greatest of our Presidents. Abraham Lincoln is the only twin spirit of his in the whole line, the only one whose name will be inseparably linked with his in the lonely isolation of his greatness.

John Adams was an active, strong-headed, true hearted man; a man of strong force and conviction, but not a great man.

Thomas Jefferson was the greatest of our theoretic statesmen, a natural political economist and philosopher. His influence is still powerfully felt in our institutions. He was one of the great formative minds of the republic.

James Madison was an active and useful statesman, a man who impressed himself upon the young republic, but whose administration was rendered disastrous by a needless and unsatisfactory war. His fame would have been greater had he never been President.

James Monroe's administration was called "The Era of Good Feeling." Though he was not great, like Jefferson and Washington, the term of his incumbency was one of the happiest in our history.

John Quincy Adams was the most scholarly of our Presidents. He was a man of great and varied capabilities, but did his greatest work in the House of Representatives after he had retired from the Presidency.

Andrew Jackson, the most hated and the most loved man of his time, was, of course, a strong character, to excite such diverse emotion. He was the personification of pure will, and in this respect, if in no other, was a great man.

Martin Van Buren was the first politician, in the modern sense of the term, to sit in the Presidential chair. His abilities were brilliant, keen, subtle, but not of the highest order.

William Henry Harrison died too early in his administration to furnish data for an estimate of his Presidential greatness.

John Tyler's administration is generally considered an unfortunate and weak one.

James K. Polk was a President whose name would not have gone into history unless he had been President.

Zachary Taylor, like the first Harrison, died too early in his administration for an estimate of his statesmanship to be made.

Fillmore was not a great President.

Pierce was comparatively unknown when elevated to the Presidency. His administration did not materially increase his fame.

Pierce's successor, Buchanan, was one of the most widely known of statesmen when he entered upon the duties of his great office. His reputation was injured rather than helped, by his incumbency of the chief magistracy.

Lincoln was one of the greatest Presidents and one of the greatest Americans. His is one of the foremost names of the century.

Andrew Johnson was the only President against whom impeachment proceedings were instituted. His administration was most unfortunate.

Grant's name must stand out preeminently as that of our greatest military man. He was the greatest soldier of the western continent.

Hays, Garfield, Arthur and Cleveland are of too recent a period for us to from an unbiased estimate of their administrations.

On the whole, our Presidents compare very favorably with their contemporary crowned rulers of Europe. Four such names in a hundred years as Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Grant, give us a record of which we need not be ashamed.

No Wine at the Sacrament.

A Buffalo dispatch to the N. Y. *Sun* says: An interesting controversy has been created here by the action of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in trying to have wine at the sacrament abolished. The Union believing that there is danger of the spread of intemperance at the very altar, propose to limit that the danger by preventing the use of wine, and have appointed a committee to interview all the clergymen of the city on the subject. Most of the ministers here have already been interviewed. The Rev. Mr. C. J. F. Wrigley of St. Mary's Episcopal Church said;

"The movement is a species of crankism and fanaticism with which the Episcopal church will have nothing to do. Our church believes in temperance in all things. The teachings of the Bible and of the fathers go to show that the wine used at the Lord's Supper was the fermented juice of the grape. We believe the Lord's practice is a safe one to follow. If one cannot use with prudence he can and should refrain from using it as a beverage. I always dilute sacramental wine about 100 per cent. I believe it is generally so diluted."

The Rev. S. S. Mitchell of the First Presbyterian Church, said the movement was real begotten of ignorance, if not impertinence, and that the Savior knew what He was doing.

The Rev. M. C. Hyde, of All Saints Church, said he would not dare use a substitute for sacramental wine.

The Rev. Mr. E[illegible], of Calvary Delaware Avenue Presbyterian Church, said he used fermented wine and should do so. Three former drunkards who had drank it at the sacrament told him it have them no temptation. One Baptist and two Presbyterian ministers use unfermented wine, but almost all the other clergymen are for the real article.

Full Prohibition State Ticket.

The State prohibition convention met in Lynchburg, Va. on the 17th inst., and nominated a full State ticket as follows: For Governor, Thos. E. Taylor, of Loudoun county; Lt. Governor, W. J. Shelburn, Montgomery county; Attorney General, Judge J. M. Quarles, of Staunton.

Here is the prohibition platform in full as adopted by the convention:

Acknowledging God as the protector and preserver of all government, the prohibition party in State convention assembled at Lynchburg, Va., July 17, 1889, do hereby endorse the national platform of 1888, and

Whereas, The existing political parties of our State have practically refused to legislate against the liquor traffic, and in the interests of the State, do hereby declare:

1st. That the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic beverages shall be made public crimes and prohibited and punished as such.

2d. That it is the policy of the prohibition party to make nominations for all offices, in all local, State and national elections in the future.

3d. Our opposition to all trusts and monopolies which compel our people to pay extortionate prices for the comforts and necessaries of life.

4th. That we favor the use of all proper means to advance the cause of public education.

5th. That we favor the strict observance of the Lord's day as a day of rest.

6th. That the men who sell their votes, or men who directly or indirectly buy votes, should be disfranchised or forever be prevented from exercising the right of suffrage.

7th. We invite all citizens, however, who may differ upon other questions, who are agreed upon the wisdom and necessity of separate political action in order to overthrow the rum power to unite with us.

The Jurisdiction of Magistrates.

The belated copies of the laws passed by the last Legislature have at length come to hand, and the magistrates find that in consequence of a misunderstanding, they have been exceeding their jurisdiction in important particulars. It was understood among the lawyers and magistrates from newspaper reports, that among the acts passed by the Legislature was one giving them final jurisdiction over cases of assault with deadly weapons where no damage was done. They have been acting accordingly, but they find since the laws have been issued that no such jurisdiction is accorded them. The sole extension of final jurisdiction granted the magistrates is in the following cases: Section 970, abandonment of wife and children; 972, failure to provide for family; 1054, neglect of duty by overseers; 1091, peddling without license; 1115, hunting on Sunday; 2811, live stock running at large; 2818, misappropriation of money by impounder of live stock; 2819, receiving or releasing live stock; 2820, injuring fences or leaving gates open in live stock districts, 2827, live stock at large; 2828, trespassing; 2829, wilful driving or riding stock over cultivated lands. It is important for magistrates to be informed on these matters.—*Charlotte News.*

Hon. J. W. Reid in Idaho.

Proceeding to the election of a Vice President of the Constitutional Convention, Mr. Peo nominated with warm commendation, his colleague, Hon. J. Reid, of Nez Perce. Mr. Chaney, of Latah, seconded the nomination, and moved that the election be carried by acclamation. Carried unanimously.

Mr. Reid's oration on Thursday contained a beautiful and touching tribute to the Irish nation, its brave and patriotic people and its present oppressed condition, which affected many, who are neither Irish nor of Irish descent, almost to tears. After the close of the oration among the multitude of those who came from the audience and upon the platform to congratulate and thank the orator was Mr. James Flannigan, one of Boise's most worthy citizens, who is a member of the city council, a son of the Emerald Isle and a genuine lover of American liberty. The scene between Mr. Flannigan and the orator was brief, but affected all who witnessed it.—*Boise City Daily Statesman Extracts.*

A Sad Death.

The Richmond *Dispatch's* Charlotte, N. C. correspondent tells of a sad affair which happened recently in Stanley county. He says:

"Willis Henderson was horseback riding with a young lady when her horse took fright and dashed off at a furious rate. Young Henderson dashed after her and was in a moment at the heels of the flying horse. The young man leaned over to one side to rescue the young lady from her perilous position when his head struck with terrific force against a tree, knocking him from his horse and crushing his skull. He was picked up dead. The young lady fell from her horse, but she was not seriously hurt.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Does it Pay.

Mr. Editor:—I beg a little space in your valuable paper to say a word or two on the "dog question."

We claim to be an intelligent, reformed progressive people and some claim this as the "brain age" Yet with all our brains and refinement, we bring to our homes, feed and pet a filthy, dangerous animal, the dog.

Now, we might have thousands of sheep in North Carolina with very little expense, if it were not for the dog. We could have better cow pastures by having a few sheep to run with the cows. They would keep down various weeds that the cows do not eat, thereby giving the grass a better chance to grow.

Again, the people pay thousands of dollars every year for western meat. Now if the food that is fed to those worthless dogs were fed to hogs, it would make as many pounds of pork as we buy, and the money, as far as meat is concerned, would remain among us.

Just think of the mischief those miserable curs do, pilfering around of nights, breaking into milk and meat houses, sucking eggs and so on!

Think of the industrious farmer's wife slaving around, saving the eggs and fixing nice places to set a dozen or more hens and when they are about ready to hatch, a filthy dog comes along and destroys them all!

Think of the spite and family feuds between neighbors that are brought about by the dog, that sometimes end in murder. Think of the runaways and damages done by the dog blustering out and scaring horses. Think of the nice fields of wheat, about ready for harvesting, with a parcel of old hounds in it after a poor little rabbit, howling and switching their tails, and trampling down and wasting thrice as much grain as it took to seed the fields.

But the most dreadful thing of all is the mad dog. Mr. Editor, what would you not give, rather than have one of your children bitten by a mad dog? Suppose your child should die of hydrophobia, the like which often occurs! You would not have it happen for all the world.

Is not the risk too great? Can we afford it? Has any man the right to keep around him anything that will endanger the life of himself or any of his family or stock? Must he keep such a thing to guard against thieves or robbers? Why, loaded guns and steel traps are much the best.

The above is a few items of the value of the dog. Think of the good and the bad, the profit and the loss, the pleasure and the distress caused by the dog, and then ask yourself the question, does it pay?

We are taxed, Mr. Editor. What for? To pay men to make good and wholesome laws, and men to execute them. What are those laws for? Well, among other things, they are to protect our persons and property. Are we protected against the dog? I think not.

Now, if some members of our next Legislature could have backbone enough to introduce a resolution and was smart enough to put it through that it would be law to tax the owner of the dog for each one he kept, little or big, ten dollars a year, and compel him to keep them on his own premises, or find him fifty dollars for everytime his dog was found off, he would soon be looked upon as a great benefactor of mankind, and would merit undying fame.

DEER FOOT.
Germanton, N. C., July 25th.

HOW LINCOLN "POPPED,"

One of the Most Remarkable Proposals of Marriage."

Indianapolis Journal

Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was a very curious one, and, singular enough, it has but recently come to light. Numerous as his biographers have been and closely as they have gleaned for new facts and materials, it was left for the latest one, Mr. Jesse Weik, of Greencastle, to discover this unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My dear Mary," it reads as follows:

"You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference; and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew you were not, I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without further information; but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance and your bounden duty to allow the plea. I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time more than anything else, to do right with you, and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And, for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible, I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts—if you ever had any—from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go farther, and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance shall depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were not so. In what I have now said I think I cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think, just in the manner you think it.

Your friend. LINCOLN.

Probably this is the queerest love letter on record and certainly one of the most remarkable.

Poisoned His Wife.

Williamston, N. C., July 24.—On Thursday last one Theodore Council a young man about 22 years old, white, went to the town of Robersonville, in this county, accompanied by his wife. He called at the Store of J. W. Anderson & Co., and bought a package of rough on rats. He asked at the time if it would kill a person. The clerk told him it would. He then procured some whiskey and deposited the rough on rats in it. On his return home he induced his wife to drink it and before getting home she was taken deathly sick. He took her home and pretended to go for a physician, but did not go and left her there to die, and has fled. She died very suddenly on last Friday morning. It was not till her father was sent for, and he went for a physician that the above facts were brought out. Her remains were buried. Upon investigation the fact that a murder had been committed became so plain that a coroner's inquest and post mortem examination was demanded. The lady's remains were disinterred on yesterday, and a post mortem examination made by Dr. W. H. Harrell, county superintent of the board of health. The coroner's jury has been on the case since Monday and rendered a verdict to-day of murder. Council is still at large and strenuous effort is being made to arrest him.

Tragedy at Marion.

Col. Roger J. Page, a prominent lawyer and editor of the *Times-Register*, at Marion N. C., was shot and instantly killed at that place last Thursday, just after alighting from the midnight train, which had brought him from Round Knob. He had gone about one hundred yards from the station and was leaning on the arm of his friend, Judge Haywood, while on his left was another friend, when some one came up behind him and shot him through the neck, which was broken by the ball. His assailant ran, mounted a horse, and fled the town. A coroner's inquest was hurriedly held rendering a verdict of death by a person unknown. A young man who had threatened to kill Col. Page was seen following the dead man at the depot Wednesday night. Quite a crowd had gathered, expecting trouble, and indeed the rumor that some one intended injuring Col Page was so current in town that when the pistol shot was fired at midnight, many persons remarked that Col. Page was in trouble. It is said that a woman was at the bottom of the tragedy.

Kilrain Owns Up.

In a recent interview about the fight Kilrain said: "Those reporters who said I was badly hurt were fools. They raved about Sullivan's punishing blows, and had my body nearly broken in two, my ribs stoven in and I was internally injured and that I couldn't live. If Sullivan is the punisher they say he is and I was pounded the way they say I was, I ought to show some signs of it. If I was sick when I went into the ring, the fight and the run I had through Indiana must have done me good. I was beaten, and have no excuse to make, but the sun had more to do with it than Sullivan had. Perhaps I was not in the best possible condition. I thought I was, and I am sure I was in as good condition as was possible, considering the time I took to fit myself. The only thing I am suffering from now is a sunburnt back. My shoulders were almost roasted and the skin is all coming off them. I don't know how Sullivan stood the heat."

A Valued War Relic.

Angelo Pach, color-sergeant of Company G, 1st Michigan Cavalry, under Captain Alexander, was in the battle of Gettysburg. On the third day of the fight, when the bugle call sounded he drank water out of his tin cup. He placed it in the crotch of an apple tree and joined his command, and forgot all about it. Last week he went to the battlefield and bought the tree for $25 and had the tree cut up and carried to his home. The cup was completely embedded in the crotch of the tree, and Angelo prizes the relic beyond anything that he owns. He was in the city yesterday and gave away parts of the apple tree to his old army comrades.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"You didn't recognize me at the masquerade," asked her husband.

"No," she responded, "you were too steady on your legs. I never saw a more perfect disguise."

LOVERS TWENTY YEARS.

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE OF A WASHINGTON WOMAN AND A MONTANA RANCHMAN.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

That years touch lightly the heads of those who love was demonstrated at St. Cloud, Minnesota on the 10th ult., by a most romantic wedding after an engagement of two full decades. During all this time the lovers were widely separated, and only a half dozen letters passed between them.

Twenty years ago Miss Mary A. Thorp, a society belle of the national capital, met Arthur W. Delaney, then a beardless youth just graduated from an Eastern College, who had gone to Washington to witness the inauguration of Gen. Grant as President. Their friendship ripened into love, and the parents of both being anxious that the young people should marry, an engagement followed. Business reverses on the eve of their wedding day caused a postponement of their nuptials, and young Delaney came West with the hope of retrieving his lost fortune. He settled on a ranch near Sun River, Montana Territory, and in a few years had amassed a fortune. For reasons known only to themselves, Miss Thorp and Delaney did not correspond until a few weeks ago, when communications passed between them and they agreed to meet in this city and be made one.

Delaney arrived here about two weeks ago from his ranch, the largest in Montana, and his fiance made her appearance Monday evening. The meeting between them, after so many years' separation was a happy one, and immediately preparations were made for their marriage. The Rev. E. V. Cambell was summoned to the Grand Central Hotel parlors, and Charles Copper and Miss Belle Mattison, friends of the contracting parties, witnessed the ceremony which made them husband wife. It was intended to keep the marriage secret, the officiating clergyman and witnesses being pledged to say nothing about it, but Delaney could not suppress his joy, and announced the marriage himself. The bride is a fine looking woman of about 40 years, prominent in the social circles of Washington, and the groom is a polished gentleman and her senior by a few years. They will go East on a visit and return to Montana to live.

The Deadly Prize Ring.

The fist of a strong man is a deadly weapon.

People do not look for a fatal result as the issue of a prize fight, and yet many pugilists have been killed in the ring or fatally injured.

In England within the past century, Curtis, Watson, Calayton, Smith, Brown, Noon, Phelps, McKay, Byrne, and Jones have been killed by blows on the neck. In this county McCoy was killed near Hastings, New York, in 1842, and Kelly, Walker and Fulljames have since been killed in the same way.

In all these cases the surviving principals were either acquitted or let off with a normal imprisonment. The absence of malace led the juries to deal lightly with the offenders.

It will be seen from this brief exhibit that prize fighting is dangerous sport.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Goods Box Sages.

We don't know what these gentlemen of leisure could do without a sensation. They don't belong to that class who believe in reglious revivals; nor to that class who start factories and new industries to build up a town. If they work at all it must be late in the evening and very early in the morning, as the remainder of the day is spent by them on goods boxes, under awnings, giving vent to their wisdom. Cotton picking time will soon be here, and if the farmers are scarce of hands this is to inform them that there are lots of idlers on our streets, who could serve themselves and their families far better than they are now doing it, if some one would employ them to pick out cotton. No charge for this ad.—*Spirit of the Age.*

Peter Glass' Hog.

Railroad men tell a pretty good thing on a hog owned by Peter Glass, Peter lives along the Richmond & Danville line, about five miles north of Concord, and he owns a hog that is working off its superfluous flesh daily in chasing the watermelon trains. Every time a watermelon train comes along the hog puts out after it and goes squealing along at its level best gait until the train leaves him out of sight. For all his running, he hasn't had a watermelon yet. Peter ought to turn him into some neighboring patch.—*Charlotte News.*

Wilson Mirror-ings.

Undertakers never fail to carry out what they undertake, even though their desires are grave.

A kiss of endearment is the fragrance of the flower of affection, when it is in rich and luxurant bloom.

Beneath the sweetest and loveliest flowers the serpents sometimes sleep, and those who trust too blindly are often forced to weep.

Clara: They tell me that after your quarrel with Edgar he wanted to break the engagement—asked for his ring, and all that. Louise: Not at all, my dear; I may be somewhat injured, but I'm still in the ring.

The Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square, one insertion,	$1.00
" " two "	1.50
" " one month,	2.50
Two Squares one insertion,	1.50
" " two "	2.50
" " one month,	5.00
Quarter Column, one month,	8.00
" " three months,	12.50
" " six months,	22.50
" " twelve "	37.00
Half Column, one month,	15.00
" " three months,	42.50
" " six months,	45.00
" " twelve months,	80.00
Col., 1 month $25.	Col. 6 months. $75
" 3 months $50.	Col 12 months, 125