

An old edition of Moore's geography says: "Albany has 400 dwelling houses, and 2,400 inhabitants, all standing with their gables to the street."

The first mail train which will soon be running between New York and Chicago will remind the people along the line of Mark Twain's "dash and vanish."

An exchange announces an appropriate toast over a glass of brandy: "Here's what makes us wear old clothes!" That's the most sensible toast we have heard for some time, it's a Temperance lecture in seven words.

"Lisian, aren't you going to church this morning?" "No, dear, the pews are so narrow, you know, and I couldn't think of going without my bust," and she did not go.

A young manufacturer of our acquaintance is making money fast on this motto, parodied from "Poor Richard": "Early to bed and early to rise; never get tight, and advertise."

A Western physician has just discharged a case of confluent small-pox without a pit. He painted the face of his patient with collodion and ivory black, applied as often as necessary to keep up a complete mask.

If a young man sits up too late with his sweet-heart out at Handfield, the old folks come into the parlor and, with a refinement of sarcasm invites him to wait a few minutes longer and breakfast will be ready.

A mother and father are trying to force their daughter to marry. Daughter (loquiter)—"There are many reasons why I don't want to marry him. In the first place, he is too hideous and stupid."—Mother (with dignity)—"Stephanie, did I not marry your father?"

God's blessings are blessings with both His hands. In the one He gives pardon, but in the other He gives holiness; and no man can have the one without the other.

**That's Enough for Me.**  
"What do you do without a mother to tell all your trouble to?" asked a child who had a mother, of one who had none.  
"Mother told me to whom to go before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was my mother's friend, and he is mine."  
"Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is away off, and he has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It's not likely he can stop to mind you."  
"I don't know anything about that," replied the orphan. "All I know is, He says He will, and that's enough for me."

What a beautiful answer that was! And what was enough for this child is enough for us all.

**GIRLS.**  
Arianna Ward never said a wiser thing than this: "I like little girls. but I like big girls just as well." Those laughing happy creatures—the sad, the grave, the gay—all have their separate and peculiar charm for the children of men. From the school girl of fourteen to the mature dame, we love them all; and it is wise that we do so. The world would be a desert without them; and we have no patience with the man who can willfully say that he has never been entangled in the meshes of hair, or felt his heart thrill at a look from a pair of laughing eyes. In the first place, when he makes a statement of that kind, he will find difficulty to make believers in it. Men from Adam's time have been moulded by the weaker sex.

Weak! Sampson, the strongest man of all, lost his strength in the lap of a woman. And so it is with all. We love them for their many graces, for their musical voices, for the beauty God has given them, and because they are weaker than we are, and appeal to us for protection. The touch of a delicate hand, the mellow tones of a girl's voice, the tender glance of beautiful eyes—all these have their power. Man's inherent chivalry teaches him that these are given for his good, to restrain his wilder impulses, and to make him better, purer, nobler. They furnish to the man an incentive to labor, and point out to him the better path which his feet ought to tread. They enchain the wildest and most untamable of the race, and teach them to take delight in the pure social pleasures. Many a man who has gone astray has been reclaimed by his love for one of these dear creatures, and has lived a nobler life thereafter for her sake. We say God bless 'em every one!

"Wish I had dat Money Now."  
[From the Vicksburg Herald.]

A very intelligent old darkey was met by an ante-bellum friend the other day for the first time since the war, and the old man's delight at seeing one of Massa's tickler friends in old times was unbounded. After a hearty hand shaking and a protracted laugh peculiar to the Southern darkey, the gentleman asked:  
"Well, Uncle Joe, how are you getting along in the world?"  
"Sorter slow, Marse Wilson. Been had rheumatiz right smart lately, and things ain't gone 'actly right no 'ow," replied the darkey.  
"A great many changes have taken place since I last saw you, Uncle Joe.—Death has taken your old master away, the family are scattered about the four quarters of the globe, the farm is divided up and strangers occupy the old house, it makes one feel right sad, Uncle Joe, to think of the changes that have been wrought by old Father Time."  
"Yaas," replied Uncle Joe. "You 'member when I was a slave I worked hard at odd times, and made money 'uff to buy myself, I paid old massa \$1,000 for my freedom."  
"Yes," said Mr. Wilson, "I remember it."  
"Wish I had dat money now," mused the old darkey.  
"Well, yes," replied Mr. Wilson, "it would quite a fortune for you."  
"Lots of fortune, sar," said the old man mournfully, "and every time I think about it I kinder rue de bargain. Nigger was wuff a thousand dollars then, but now he ain't wuff a dam. Mighty changes in dis world, massa."

**The Failure of the Mormon Trial.**  
The failure of the jury to agree in the trial of John D. Lee, a Mormon, for the horrible butchery known as the Mountain Meadow massacre, renders it improbable that there will ever be punishment by the courts for this fiendish atrocity. The number of Mormons on the jury rendered it doubtful from the first whether the accused would be convicted. It is, however, proof of a progress of civilization in that region, which might be equaled in safety in certain more pretentious localities, that two Mormon jurors joined the one Gentile juror in wanting a verdict of conviction. The jury stood exactly as it did in the Beecher case—nine against three. The nine, in the case of Lee, seemed to have been entirely indifferent to the evidence against the prisoner. The material points of the prosecution were made out clearly and concretely, and the blood of the victims fixed upon Mormons under the leadership of Lee, and in obedience to a real or pretended mandate of the so-called Mormon Church. It is nearly twenty years since this crime was committed.

**The Duties of the Foreman.** (like the busy housewife's work) never does. If he is alive to the interests of his employers, he is not the last man in the factory in the morning, neither is he the first one out at night. To him belongs the duty of knowing that every operative is at his work in the morning. To him belongs the duty of knowing that every operative renders unto his employer a just and equitable day's labor. To him belongs the duty of knowing that every operative performs his work to standard perfection. To him belongs the duty of arbitrating justly and fairly between employer and employee, and not, unfortunately does it become incumbent upon him to settle various disputes between operatives; in fact, he is or must be, as nearly as possible, an omnipresent factotum. He knows of all the little domestic troubles of his subordinates, and has to advise and suggest means of bringing about (amicably) the marital relations of more than one of those under his control; not sufficiently burdened with his own troubles, he carries the troubles and secrets of subordinates securely locked within his own breast. If any of the operatives in his department meet with reverses, he is the first one appealed to; he is the first to add his name to the subscription list for a certain amount; no matter whether he is prepared or not, he must prevent calamity, subscribe. Thus, he might speak of him on this subject for years, and fill volumes without end, and then not finish this portion of our story.

All employers of factors are not practical men. In such cases, the success of the manufacturing portion of the business devolves wholly upon the foreman. Not only is he held strictly accountable for the output of the work, but he must ever tire his never resting brain in producing fresh novelties; novelties which will bring the work to a greater state of perfection, and without lessening the wages of the operatives. If it becomes necessary to reduce force, the foreman belongs the unpleasant task of saying: "We will have to disperse with your services." If a reduction of wages be determined upon, the foreman becomes the agent for promulgating the same; and if he is not possessed of the necessary amount of tact and eloquence to present the same in such a phase as to prevent the immediate withdrawal of a part or the whole of the operatives employed, his fate is snathless.

**For Every Day and Sunday Too.**  
We recently heard a gentleman—who had enough trouble to weigh him down, God knows—declare that he would complain no more, because he had had a wonderful lesson taught him that very morning. "I came along the street," he said, "pondering my wretched plight and marveling if any other person, under canopy of heaven, had a worse burden than mine to stagger under; and, if so, could such a person ever wear a smile upon his face?" As if in response to this mental interrogatory, I beheld limping up the street an ex-Confederate soldier, clad in the tattered grey habit he had worn in battle and surrounded in at the last ditch. Faded, patched and ragged was that uniform which seemed to be his only refuge from nakedness itself. He had lost an eye, an arm and a leg. Poverty had made him its abode in his old garments, and every rent in them had a mouth which spoke with more than the eloquence of words. And yet, beneath that rusty garb the stout heart beat, and on that gallant face, grown old in war and tribulation, there was a smile of resignation and content. He even went up Broad street whistling some merry tune and looked the picture of anything but sullen desperation, though he had far more cause than thousands of others to abandon even the memory of a laugh. When I saw that man and remarked his composure and light-heartedness under circumstances of peculiar wretchedness, I felt ashamed of my own moral cowardice, and resolved that, rather than again murmur at my lot, I should get down upon my knees, night and morning, and thank God that I was, for no merit of my own, so much more favorably situated than hundreds of others, who had been cloven down by a fiercer tornado than that which had made me prostrate, but not utterly forlorn."

The Augusta Constitutionalist, after narrating the above incident, asks:  
"Is there not a saving lesson in that little anecdote of the poor Confederate soldier? Let it roll the stone from the sepulchre of too many hearts which become unduly morbid by too much self-contemplation. Let us all do the very best we can to endure the present affliction, hoping for more sunshine presently, and impressed with one truth, which is sometimes never recognized until earthly prospects give way—that, whatever our fate, we cannot be thrust from the immortal haven save by our own act, and that the way to Heaven is more frequently strewn with thorns than with roses. Let even the most sorely oppressed soul take courage, therefore, and perchance the clouds will be suddenly swept away, revealing the aspected unmitigated calamity as a genuine blessing in disguise."

**Southern Independence.**  
"Hallow, stranger, you seem to be going to market?"  
"Yes, sir, I am."  
"What are you carrying that plow along for?"  
"Going to send it to Pittsburg."  
"To Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania?"  
"You're mighty right, I am."  
"What are you going to send it there for?"  
"To get sharpened."  
"All the way to Pittsburg to get sharpened?"  
"You bet! We've starved our blacksmith out; he pulled up stakes the other day and went to Texas."  
"Well, that's rather a novel idea my friend—sending a plow so far to get sharpened."  
"Not so novel as you heard it was. We do our milling in St. Louis."  
"Is that so?"  
"Your're right it is. We used to have a mill at Punkinvine Creek, but the owner got too poor to keep it up, and so we turned to getting our grinding done at St. Louis."  
"You don't mean to say you send your grist all the way to St. Louis by rail?"  
"I don't say nothing about grist—we hain't got no grist to send. But we get our flour and meal from St. Louis."  
"I see you have a hide on your wagon?"  
"Yes; our old cow died last week. March winds blowed the light out of her. Sendin' her hide to Boston to get it tanned."  
"All the way to Boston? Is not that rather expensive, my friend? The freights will eat the hide up."  
"That's a fact—cleaner than the buzzards did the old critter's carcass. But what's the use bein' taxed to build railroads 'bout you get the goods 'em 'em! Used to have a kangaroo over at Lickskill and a shoemaker too. But they're kerfummuxed."  
"Kerfummuxed—what's that?"  
"It means, gone up a spout—and twist you and me, 'that's mighty nigh the case with our State."  
"When do you expect to get your leather?"  
"Don't expect to get no leather at all—expect to get shoes, some day made at Boston or thereabouts."  
"Boston or thereabouts?"  
"Rather a misfortune to lose a milch cow, my friend."  
"Not so much a misfortune as you heard it was. Monstrous sight of shuckin' and walkin' and gettin' 'out about 3 quarts a day."  
"What are you going to do for milk?"  
"Send North for it."  
"Send North for milk?"  
"Yes; concentrated milk and Gosben butter."  
"I see the point."  
"Mighty hardy things these railroads—make them Yankee fellows do all our jobs for us now—do our smitting, and grudin', and tannin', and milkin', and churin'.  
"I see you have a bale of cotton."  
"Yes, we go our bottom nuckle on cotton. Sent 'in' it up to Massachusetts to get it carded, spun, and wove. Time'll come we'll be happy. Monstrous sight of trouble running these gins."  
"That would be rather expensive, sending cotton to seed."  
"No more so than them Western fellers pays when they send corn east and get a dollar a bushel and pay six bits freight. Besides, as I said, what's the use of paying for railroads 'bout we use the roads?"  
"You seem to appreciate the advantage of railroads."  
"I reckon you fatten your own pork?"  
"Well, you reckon wrong, stranger. I get them lilliny fellows to do that for me. It's mighty convenient, too—monstrous sight of trouble toting big hampers of corn three times a day to log in a pen—especially when you hain't got none."  
"I should think so."  
"There's one thing lacking though to make the business complete."  
"What's that?"  
"They ought to send them hogs ready cooked, 'Gookin', and preparin' wood for cookin' takes up a heap of time that ort to be employed in the cotton patch. I was sayin' to my old woman the other day if we Mississippis folks got our cookin' and washin' done up North and sent by express, we'd be as happy as office-holders."  
"Your horse in the lead there seems to be laughing."  
"Yes, horse shoelin'. If he wasn't the only horse I've got, and I can't spare him, I'd send him up where they made the horse shoes and nails and get him shod. Can't get such a thing done in our parts. Perhaps I can at the depot."  
"How do you manage to live in your parts, my old friend?"  
"Why, we raise cotton. My road turns off here, stranger. Gov. Ball, back Brandy, I'm glad I see you stranger.—Natches Weekly Democrat."

The above is the result of Grange teaching and Grange advice.—Charlotte Democrat.

**G. M. BUS,** Late of G. M. Bus & Co.  
**C. R. BARKER,** Late of C. R. Barker & Co.

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Feb. 19th, 1875.—4.

**The Masonic Journal.**  
TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY IN NORTH CAROLINA AND THE SOUTH.

THIS is emphatically an age of progress. The world moves space, but with us, especially of the South, Masonry languishes, because lacking a proper dissemination of those pure principles peculiar to our old Order. Our brethren in other more favored sections have their periodical literature, and are bright and prosperous; we, too, should flourish and blossom as the rose.  
There are in the South nearly 200,000 Freemasons, and recognizing the imperative need for a regular and permanent Organ peculiarly suited to the demands of this vast number "who are linked together by an indivisible chain of sincere affection," we have determined to establish in the city of Greensboro, N. C. a first-class

**WEEKLY MASONIC NEWSPAPER,**

with the above name, such as the dignity and advancement of the Fraternity will approve. Its literature will be pure, and of the highest order; making the JOURNAL a fit companion for the most cultivated and refined, and a welcome visitor to any household. In this connection we have engaged the services of able and popular writers whose beams glow with a fond desire for the perpetuity of the Ancient Landmarks of our "Mystic Rites," and we will spare neither labor nor expense to make the paper a highly instructive and popular Family and Masonic visitor.

With a journalistic experience of several years, and a determination to give all our time, talent and energy to the promotion of this important enterprise, we hope to receive from our Masonic brethren that liberal confidence and support which, by an entire devotion to its success, we hope to merit.

It will be an eight page, thirty-two column sheet, printed on good white paper, and furnished weekly at the low price of \$2 per year. The first number will be issued on Wednesday, the 5th of September, 1875, and regularly on Wednesday of each week thereafter.

Each copy should be sent by Check, Post Office Order or Registered letter. REY. E. A. WILSON, Wilson & Baker, Greenboro, N. C. Until Sept. 1st address us at KINCSTON, N. C.

**PASSENGERS**  
Going North or East.

Will avoid night changes and secure the most comfortable and shortest route by buying tickets.

**VIA THE VA. MIDLAND.**  
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**DANVILLE**  
across a twelve foot platform in **DAYLIGHT.**

The entire train runs from DANVILLE to BALTIMORE over one uniform gauge without change.  
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**SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA.**  
G J FOREACRE, General Manager, Alexandria, Va. W D CHIPLEY, General Southern Agent, Atlanta, Ga. W H WATLINGTON, Travelling Agent, Greensboro, N. C. May 13-4m.

**Carolina Central Railway Co.**  
OFFICE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT. Wilmington, N. C. April 14, 1875.

**Change of Schedule,**  
On and after Friday, April 16th, 1875, the trains will run over this Railway as follows.

**PASSENGER TRAINS**  
Leave Wilmington at 7:15 A. M. Arrive at Charlotte at 7:15 P. M. Leave Charlotte at 7:00 A. M. Arrive in Wilmington at 7:00 P. M.

**FREIGHT TRAINS**  
Leave Wilmington at 6:00 P. M. Arrive at Charlotte at 6:00 P. M. Leave Charlotte at 6:00 A. M. Arrive in Wilmington at 6:00 A. M.

**MIXED TRAINS.**  
Leave Charlotte at 8:00 A. M. Arrive at Buffalo at 12:30 P. M. Leave Buffalo at 4:30 P. M. Arrive in Charlotte at 4:30 P. M.

No Trains on Sunday except one freight train that leaves Wilmington at 6 P. M., instead of on Saturday night.

**Connections.**  
Connects at Wilmington with Wilmington & Weldon, and Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta Railroads, Semi-weekly New York and Tri weekly Baltimore and weekly Philadelphia Steamers, and the River Boats to Fayetteville. Connects at Charlotte with the Western Division North Carolina Railroad, Charlotte & Statesville Railroad, Charlotte & Atlanta Air Line, and Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Railroad.

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S. L. FREMONT, Chief Engineer and Superintendent. May 6, 1875.—4f.

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**MERONEY & BRO.**  
Salisbury, N. C.—April 1, 1875.—4f

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The SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED AGE will be printed on new type, and heavy best paper. On its list of contributors will be found the names of many of the best writers in the South. Serial and short stories, poems and sketches, and well conducted editorial department, giving the latest personal, literary, scientific, political, religious and commercial intelligence, will furnish every week an amount of reading matter unsurpassed by other papers, in clearness and variety. It is intended to make the SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED AGE a journal for the friends of several columns will be specially devoted to all subjects pertaining to domestic and social life.

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Just Received a Fresh Supply of Early White Flat Dutch, Early Red, Yellow Aberdeen and Yellow Spits. At \$2 per bushel.

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The Fall session of 1875 opens on the fourth Monday in July. Catalogues sent on application. July 5-6. P.