The woman's right journals ostentatiously parade the fact that there are now in this country, 58 petticoated preachers and 520 pinned-backed physicians. Let more graveyards be laid out at once, and myriads of masculine sinners take out fire-insurance policies on their souls.

In the Nebraska penitentiary the heads of convicts are lathered and shaved, as a punishment of unusually bad conduct. If such a practice should come into vogue among the unpenitentiaried malefactors of this country, the whole Radical party, including some North Carolina judges, would be baldheaded in a week.—*Sentinel.*

A Tennessee cat carried one of her kittens back home a distance of nine miles, deposited it and went for another. Her owner is disgusted, and wants to know how far he must take a cat to be rid of her. We don't know, but we remember to have sent one, some time ago to a butcher, and the durned thing came back next day in sausage cover.—*Sentinel.*

We notice that many of our country exchanges still persist in winding up their yard-long graveyard melodies with home-made doggerel which is affecting enough to move a cross-eyed green persimmon to tears of mirth. The thing of pasting a dab of hoarhound candy-kiss poetry across the memorial slab of dear defunct ones, is the monster atrocity of American family folly.—*Sentinel.*

How many people know the orgin of the X mark, as a signature, now so nearly universal among the new regime sheriffs, judges, legislators and congressmen of the South? It is said to have arisen from the fact that Withered, King of Kent, being unable to write his name, adobted the sign of the cross as his official mark to his grants. The majorrity of the barons who signed the Magna Charta, knowing nothing of the art of writing, used the same symbol.—*Sentinel.*

AN OLD MAN KICKED TO DEATH BY HIS SONS.—In Jersey City, on Monday, a physician was called to attend a dying man named Michael Goodwin. The man presented a pitiable appearance. His face was bruised and his neck was so blackened that it was evident he had been subjected to great violence. He died soon after the physician was called in. A report of the case was immediately made to the police and an investigation made. Three sons of the deceased were thereupon arrested and locked up on the charge of brutally assaulting their father. It is alleged that Goodwin, who was about eighty years of age, was beaten and kicked by his sons till he became unconscious. The statements of the accused were confused and contradictory.

The past week's record of crime is shocking even to a gutta-percha man.—The whole press of the country has groaned beneath the sickening details of murders, assassinations, suicides, ravishings and lynchings—a pandemoniac carnival of horror. It is well for the reputation of Sodom and Gomorrah, that they retired from the arena, as champion sinners, some forty centuries ago. We have a hundred christian villages in this "land of gospel light and liberty," that could strip them of the belt and snatch them bald-headed in the twinkling of one of the Richmond Enquirer's favorite crockery eyes.—*Sentinel.*

KNEW HIM.—"Don't you know the prisoner, Mr Jones?"

"Yes—to the bone."

"What is his character?"

"Didn't know he had any."

'Does he live near you?'

'So near that he has spent only sixty cents for firewood in eighty years.'

'Did he ever come in collision with you in any matter?'

'Only once—and then he was drunk, and mistook me for a lamp-post.'

'From what you know of him, would you believe him on oath?'

'That depends upon circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was saying, I might; if not, I wouldn't.'

Let any one witness the daily proceedings of the Convention, and then draw his contrast between the two parties.—On one side the Democrats, calm, orderly and earnest in their efforts to bring their labors to a speedy close. On the other, the Radicals, noisy, turbulent, factious, interposing every obstacle of parliamentary strategy, and every act of personal ingenuity to obstruct, embarrass, confuse and delay, with the settled and distinct purpose of retarding the work of the Convention. But for their tactics the Convention could have adjourned a week ago. But their tactics it may be delayed a week longer.

Let them be held responsible for all the delay, all the additional expense, and all the discredit that attaches to the Convention.—*News.*

The fortunes or misfortunes of a certain Kentucky family might form the plot of a French novel. Many years since, the wife of a wealthy and distinguished man, in a fit of insanity, threw her two little sons out of a lofty window of her beautiful home. One died and the other was unharmed. The mother was committed to a lunatic asylum, where she remained many years without recovering. By his wealth and political influence the husband procured an act of the Legislature by which he became divorced from his unfortunate wife. In the mean while, the son whom his mother had thrown from the window had become affianced to a lovely girl; but she jilted him, and married his father, who gave her most of his vast estate. Finally, the father died, the first wife recovered and sued the second wife for the property, assisted by her son, whose early love for his step-mother was turned to gall by her unfaithfulness, and transferred to the mother who attempted to deprive him of life.

A Perfect Flirt.

For flirting commend us to the belle of a country village, a New England country village in particular. What with some beauty, a trifle of accomplishments, a great deal of sentiment and plenty of novel reading, she is furnished out for the profession of flirting. Her thirst for adulation is insatiable, as her capacity for humbugging herself and others is boundless. It is not unusual for this sort of a girl to be engaged to two or three men at once, nor for her to become an old maid after all, because she cannot determine among the number of those who are perishing for love of her who it is she loves most. We have known one of those town flirts who destroyed the peace of mind of several young men within two years, one of them a clergyman of fair talents, who was, notwithstanding, fool enough to want to marry her, knowing all about it, and because at the last she would not have him, had to give up his profession and leave the country.

A Handy Conscience.

"My son wouldn' steal peaches from Mr. Gammons orchard, I hope?"

"No ma I wasn't in that crowd the other night."

"That's right, my boy. Keep out of bad company and you'll never do wrong Let your conscience be your guide in all things," the fond mother patted her son approvingly on the head, and went at her duties with a light heart.

Left to himself, the noble boy thus soliloquized:

"You don't catch me foolin' around old Gammon's. My conscience can guide me to lots of better orchards than his, where there ain't no dog, nuther.'—*Missouri Brunswicker.*

A Brussels Love Story.

There is a very pretty story told in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of fine laces in Brussels. A poor young girl named Gertrude was dying for the love of a young man, whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night as she sat weeping a lady entered he cottage, and, without saying a word placed in her lap a cushion, with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady then, in perfect silence, showed her how to work the bobbins, and how to make all sorts of delicate patterns and complicated stiches. As daylight approached, the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitress disappeared. The price of the maiden's lace soon made her rich on account of its valuable patterns, and she was able to marry the object of her love. Many years after, while living in luxury with her numerous family about her, she was startled by the mysterious lady entering her comfortable house—this time not silent, but looking stern. She said: "Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbor. The angels weep for you, and turn away their faces." So the next day Gertrude went forth with her cushion and bobbins in her hand, and going from cottage to cottage offered to teach the art she had so mysteriously learned. So they all became rich, and the country also.

THE MANIA FOR SELF-DESTRUCTION.

The thoughtful reader of the daily press must be forcibly struck with the alarming number of suicides which have lately taken place in the country. The police records would appear to show an increase of the crime and an enhancement of its popularity, and a daily perusal of our exchanges discloses the fact that this increase is not peculiar to one place. We find that suicide is steadily gaining ground throughout the United States, and is even still more popular in Europe.

Recently, a French paper published statistics, which showed that the number of deaths by suicide in France and Germany was greater than the increase of population, and that the suicides in the latter country exceeded those of the former in proportion to the total number of people. At this rate, if the mania for self-destruction progresses in the ratio of its increase within the past ten years, the population of these countries will be gradually decimated, and finally, in the space of, perhaps, two hundred years, become totally extinct. It is difficult, however, to believe these statistics, and for our part, we candidly confess an entire incredulity.

The same growth is observable in Great Britain, its votaries being chiefly of the poorer classes. Suicide has always been a noted feature in the British army, and with non-commissioned officers more than with soldiers of any other rank.

These are strange appearances which present themselves with the growth and progress of civilization. Suicide was a means of death almost unknown to the age which proceeded the heroic. In the halcyon days of Greece and Rome we find it was resorted to only in an extreme case of violated honor, and then among the patricians and great ones alone. It was only when a higher and more elevated Christianity became known in Western Europe that suicides of the present stamp came into vogue, and with the last decade it has grown to alarming proportions. In the words of Shakespear we would say, "There's something in it more than natural if philosophy could find it out."

Nettie Goes Visiting.

"Ain't you surprised to see me?" said a five-year old girl, as she tripped into my house in the midst of a rain storm.—"The rain fell all over me like it ran down through a strainer, and I shooked it off, but it wouldn't stay shooked. I asked God to stop, but there was a big thunder in the way and he could not hear me, I underspeck; and I 'most know he couldn't see me, 'cause a black cloud got over my head as black as—anything! Nobody couldn't see little girls through black clouds. I'm going to stay till the sun shines, and then, when I go home, God will look down and say: 'Why, there's Nettie! She went to see her auntie right in the middle of the rain;' and I guess he'll be just as much exprised as you was!"

A Story of the Texas Storm—A Gallant Crew Saves Twenty Lives.

A telegram dated Galveston, 25th September, says:

Relief for the destitute people at Indianola and along the coast is coming forward every day from New Orleans, New York, Boston, Detroit, and many other cities. There has been nothing later from the West. It is expected a steamer will return Sunday or Monday with additional particulars. The sloop Eugenia Cox, Captain John Cox, from East Bay, arrived here yesterday. Captain Cox, with

HIS GALLANT CREW,

succeeded in saving the lives of all the residents in that neighborhood, twenty-one in all. Everything was lost but their lives, and Captain Cox comes to Galveston in their behalf for provisions and clothing. The names of the persons saved on the Eugenia Cox, are Captain Bunch, Mrs. Bunch, G. W. Bunch, Mrs. Cicero, T. D. Linder, wife and child, W. B. Perkins, wife and two children; W. J. Davis, Jesse Williams, wife and children; Miss Hattie Perry and Mrs. Cox and two children, Captain Williams carried his wife and two children a distance of two miles on a horse, the noble animal swimming part of the time. The sloop was

ONLY SAVED

by cutting away the mast and rigging, and allowing her to drift with the tide.—Captain Cox reports that the whole country was alive with snakes, and it was with great difficulty they were kept out of the houses after the water had risen high enough to drive them from their usual places of concealment. The water was covered with them, the sloop being driven through them for ten miles. It was a difficult matter to keep them off the sloop. Captain Bunch was bitten, but has recovered.

One Hundred Years Ago.

We have in constant use a Printing press with quite a history. This press, an old "Rammage," was brought to Salisbury, N. C., from Baltimore in 1832, by Hamilton C. Jones, Sr., the then Editor of the Salisbury "Watchman." The Press, when purchased by Mr. Jones, was an old one, and we are informed by Mr. M. C. Pendleton, who is now a compositor in this office, that when he first saw the Press after its arrival in Salisbury, that it looked then as much used as now. Mr. Jones used the press in publishing the Wtachman for seven years, when he sold the Watchman office to M. C. Pendleton and J. J. Bruner, who edited that paper and continued to use the old Rammage Press until the Watchman changed hands, passing into the possession of M. C. Pendleton. Subsequently into that of the present publisher of the Watchman, J. J. Bruner, Esq. Mr. Bruner used the old Press until 1870, when it was purchased by Hough and Johnson of this place, from whom, with their office and appurtenances, it passed into our possession in April, 1875. Mr. M. C. Pendleton, who, in 1832, was a compositor in the same office with the old Press, still keeps its company, and now, although 72 years of age, and with only one eye, still stands to his case, and can set 7,000 ems per day.—He and the old press have passed through many scenes and have been companions almost constantly for 43 years. Mr. M. C. Pendleton commenced his life as a printer in 1816, in the "Virginian" office, at Lynchburg Va. For nearly 60 years he has been almost constantly in a Printing Office, and the present article will be "set up" by him. He gives the cleanest proof we have ever seen in our several years' experience with Ink slingers.—From all sources of information at our command, we are confident that the Press we allude to, and which we now use in the publication of the "Central,' is at least a century old. We think we can safely claim to have at work in this office the oldest press and compositor in the United States. Mr. Pendleton and his old companion, the Press, has passed through many exciting and stormy scenes in Journalism, and possess a most interesting history. We trust he may be spared for many years to come, and that his trusty and tried friend, and companion, the old "Rammage Press," may last long enough to see the perfect defeat of Radicalism in 1876, and that both the old printer, and his friend of nearly half a century, may continue to contribute to the success of the Democracy and the revival of better days than they have been forced to present to the public for years past. Who can show an older printer or press?—*Lexington Central.*

The man who undertakes to live two lives will find that he is living but one, and that one is a life of deception. Causes will be true to their effects. That which you sow you will reap. If you live to the flesh, to the passions, to the corrupt inclinations, you may depend upon it that the fruit which is in store for you, will be that which belongs to these things. There can be. If you think that, after your day's business is done, you can shut the blinds and carry on your orgies in secret with your evil companions; if you think you can serve the devil by night, and then go forth and look like a sweet and virtuous young man that goes in the best society, and does not drink, nor gamble, nor commit any vices, then the devil has his halter about your neck, and he leads you, the stupidest fool of all the crowd. You deceive nobody but yourself. There is an expression in the eye that tells stories. Passions stain clear through. A man might as well expect to take nitrate of silver—whose nature is to turn him to a lead color—and not have the doctor know it, as to expect that there can form evil habits and pursue mischievous courses, and not have it known. It does not need a sheriff to search out and reveal the kind of life that you are living. Every law of God in nature is an officer after you. It does not require a court, judge or jury to try and condemn you. All nature is a court room, and every principle thereof is a part of that court, which tries and condemns you. Do not think that there can be such a monstrous mis-adjustment of affairs as that you can do the work of the devil and have the remuneration of an angel.

Pehistoric America.

A California City One Hundred and Eighty Thousand Years Old.

[From the Scientific American, July 31]

In the current number of the *Overland Monthly*, a California geologist reviews the geological evidence of the antiquity of a human settlement near the present town of Cherokee in that State, and estimates the age of that most ancient of discovered towns to be not less than one hundred and eighty thousand years!

The traces in question are numerous, stone mortars, found in undisturbed white and yellow gravel of a subaqueous formation, not fluviatile, underlying the vast sheets of volcanic rock of which Table Mountain is a part. In one instance a mortar was found standing upright, with the pestle in it, apparently just as it was left by its owner. In some cases the mortars have been found at the depth of forty feet from the surface of the gravel underlying Table Mountain. The distribution of the mortars is such as to indicate with great positiveness the former existence of a human settlement on that ancient beach when the water stood near the level at which they occur; a time anterior to the volcanic outpouring which Table Mountain records, and anterior to the glacial epoch.

The recent geological history of that region may be briefly summed as follows: Previous to the placing of the mortars in the position in which they have been found, the early and middle tertiary sea level had receded to the position of the coal beds underlying Table Mountain, fully one thousand feet below the level of Cherokee. Subsequently; in the pliocene period, there was a further subsidence of about fifteen hundred feet, something like six hundred feet occurring after the mortars had been abandoned. All this, as has been noticed, took place before the volcanic outflows which covered up the ancient *detritus* of the region, including that of the ancient rivers (whose gravel have furnished so much of the gold of California.) The geological age of the river period was determined by Lesquereux from specimens of vegetation, now extinct, collected in the survey of the ancient rivers; specimens indicating a flora of the pliocene age, retaining some characteristic miocene forms.

After the volcanic period the land rose again, the time of the emergence embracing the glacial period and the new eroding period in the serra, during which the slates, and the hard metamorphis greenstones, and the granites were slashed with canons three thousand feet deep by the action of ice and running water. Taking the rates of continental movement determined by Lyell, our geologist calculates that the time required for the changes thus outlined could not have been less than eighteen hundred centuries. For a period so long proceeding the glacial epoch as the time when ancient Cherokee was buried by the waters of the advancing sea, his estimate is certainly not extravagant, though it does transcend so enormously the time men have been accustomed to allow for a man's residence on earth.

I Wish I had Capital.

So we heard a great strapping young man exclaim the other day in an office. We did want to tell him a piece of our mind so bad, and we'll just write to him. You want capital do you? And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? You want capital? Haven't you got hands, and feet, and muscle, and bone, and brain, and don't you call them capital? What more did God give to anybody? "Oh, they are not money," say you. But they are more than money, and nobody can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't its time you were learning. Take hold of the first plow, or hoe, or jack-plane, or broad-ax that you can find, and go to work. Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Aye, but there's the rub. You don't want to work; you want money or credit, that you may play the gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond. Or you want a plantation and negroes, that you may hire an overseer to attend to them, while you run over the country and dissipate; or you want to marry some rich girl who may be foolish enough to take you for your good looks, that she may support you.

Shame upon you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you will soon make interest enough upon it, and with it, to give you as much money as you want, and make you feel like a man. If you can't make moyey upon what capital you have, you couldn't make it if you had a million dollars in money. If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brains you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have lie idle and waste and rust out, it would be the same thing with you if you had gold; you would only know how to waste.

Then don't stand about like a great helpless child waiting for somebody to come in and feed you, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is, that you may be sure to do it like Billy Gray did his drumming—well. Yes, what you undertake, do it well; always do your best. If you manage the capital you already have, you will soon have plenty more to manage; but if you can't or won't manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any more to manage.

A GREAT CORN CROP.—According to the September report of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, the American corn crop this year is the heaviest one ever produced; but there is some doubt of saving it all on account of bad weather, and the backwardness of the crop. The Department contends that the overflow of summer did not diminish the crop in the bottom land so much as the wet weather benefited it on the upland, and that the average yield per acre is unusually high This is good news to people who buy corn.

That was a smart boy at a neighboring Academy who when told that "heat generates motion" resolved to demonstrate the truth of the statement by slipping a piece of lighted punk in the teacher's chair. The demonstration convinced him—was triumphant, and the motion generated by the heat was rather spontaneous.

SUPERIOR COURT—ROWAN COUNTY.

J. G. Flemming, as Executor of the last will and testament of Jacob Krider, deceased.
Plaintiff

Against

Sarah Krider, Daniel W Krider, Charles C Krider, John Graham, & wife, Julia E Graham, Thomas A Krider, Margaret C Fleming, Mary L. Krider, James H. Krider, Maria Krider, Anna M. Krider, Sallie S. Krider, Barnabus S Krider, Thomas W Morrison, Katie M Morrison, William Bethea and wife Sallie E Bethea, Robert N Fleming, William K. Fleming, Sallie E Fleming, Margaret J Fleming, Nathan N Fleming, Roberta Fleming, Charles J Fleming and Julia G Fleming.
Defendents.

Summons.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA

To the Sheriff of Rowan County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded in the name of the State to Summon Sarah Krider, Daniel W Krider, Charles C Krider, John Graham and wife Julia E. Graham, Thomas A Krider, Margaret C Fleming, Mary L Krider, James H Krider, Maria Krider, Anne M Krider, Sallie S Krider, Barnabus S Krider, Thomas W Morrison, Katie M Morrison, William Bethea and wife Sallie E Bethea, Robert N Fleming, William K Fleming, Sallie E Fleming, Margaret J Fleming, Nathan N Fleming, Roberta Fleming, Charles J Fleming, and Julia G Fleming, Defendants, in the above action, to appear at the next Term of the Superior Court of the County of Rowan, at the Court-House in Salisbury, on the 5th Monday after the 3d Monday in September next (1875), then and there to answer the complaint of J. G. Fleming, as Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Krider, deceased, Plaintiff in this suit. And you are further commanded to notify the said Defendants that if they fail to answer the complaint, within the time specified by law, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint and for all cost and charges in this suit incurred.

Witness J. M. HORAH, *Clerk of said Court, at office, in SALISBURY, this the 24th day of August, A. D. 1875.*

J. M. HORAH,
Clerk Superior Court Rowan County.

Thomas A. Krider and Wm. K. Fleming, of Cotton Plant, Arkansas and William Bethea and wife Sallie E. Bethea, at or near Marion, South Carolina—Defendants above named non-residents of this State—will please take notice.

BLACKMER & HENDERSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Sept. 9th.—6ws. [Printer's fee $5