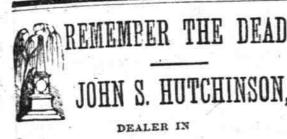
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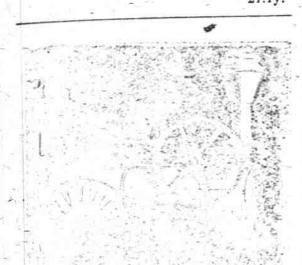
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SALISBURY, N. C. Januay 22 1 379 -tt.

POETRY.

Enough.

My windows let the sunshine in, My firm roof keeps the tempest out, My soul is free from stain of sin, My hands are strong, my heart is stout And roses blossom at my door: What need I more?

The days their quiet duties bring, The hours go lightly, swiftly by; And at my tasks I smile and sing : When school is over by and by The children's faces throng the deor; What need I more?

The very cares that heaviest be Are far more sweet than worldly joys, And heaven would not be heaven to me Without my noisy girls and boys, My husband true, my children four:

What need I more? Oh, who is rich if I be poor? I would not change with crowned queen My toil is sweet, my joys are pure, And pure and sweet my life has been. I look to God when breath is o'er;

What need I more? -Madeline S. Bridges

In the Twilight.

As we grow old our vesterdays Seem very dim and distant; We prope as those in the darkened ways Thro' all that is existent;

But far-off days shine bright and clear With suns that long have laded, And faces dead seem strangely near To those that life has shaded. As we grow old our tears are few

For friends most lately taken; But fall as falls the summer dew From roses lightly shaken: When some chance word or idle strain The chords of memory sweeping, Unlocks the flood gates of our pain For those who taught us weeping.

As we grow old our smiles are rare To those who greet us daily: Or, if some tender faces wear The look that beamed so gaily From eyes long closed, and we should

In answer to their wooing, Tis but the past that shines the while-Our pow'r to smile renewing.

As we grow old our dreams at night Are never of the morrow; They come with banished pleasures brigh Or dark with olden sorrow; And when we wake the names we say

Are not of any mortals, But those who in some long dead day Passed thro' Life's sunset portals. William E. Cameron.

THE MINISTER'S STORY.

"Look here, Sally!"

Mrs. Deacon Farrell brushed the day and not catch up with it then.' flour from her hands, casting meanwhile a complacent eye over the well- rich pastry, though, for chicken pie! filled kitchen table, with the generous I don't never put much shortning in array of unbaked pies and cakes; the anything of that kind, its rich enough the morrow's baking, and the chick- and have got a good many things to en pie to which her fingers had put learn yet. I run in ter see if you the finishing touches, as she repeated | could spare me a cup of yeast; mine rather more decidedly:

chicken left with the geblets-that I | Certainly,' and a roguish smile flit-

smallest valler dish, 'Now, I'm going up-stairs ter look the des red article. over them rags, and you make and bake it right off so's I can send it over | tience noiselessly arcse from her seat by the deacon. He's got ter go out and approaching the dresser upon ter the corner this afternoon, and can which the pie stood, peered curiously take it along as well as not."

the next moment, seized perhaps with 'I'll bet a ninepence she didn' ngly:

dry, if it is half giblets."

brought it down with an emphasis glimpse of the contents. noon a lump of dough, on the mould- A lock of unmitigated disgust past

ing bo rd. As the stairway door closed behind she actually grouned aloud. her mistress, Sally dropped the roll- 'Well, I never! and we payin' that ing-pia and a look of perplexity crept man five hundred dollars a year, beover her dull face, making it ten times sides a donation party at Christmas. more stolid than usual, while she re- | Ough !'

peated, in ludicrous bewilderment : Unsuspicious Mrs. Graham, as she by them?'

Involuntarity she took a step forward, but checked herself quickly, had haunted it. But when the minwhile a cunn ng smile replaced the ister, in carving the pie that the dealook of perplexity, and she muttered triumphantly.

'I guess I ain't agoin' ter confess my ignorance to the deacon's wife and let her have her say as she always Sally, and not know that! No ma'am! not while there's a dictionary in the house!'

So, softly creeping into the adjoining sitting room, Sally hastily open- ering proved so lovely and animated ed a big dictionary on the deacon's writing desk and began her search for the mysterious word.

'G-i-b-here it is!' and she read aloud to herself, with an air of triamph, the following definition:

gizzard, liver &c.'

ment for her own special benefit. 'Six gizzards! Well, that is rather used to be to get ten.'

'steep,' as Dan Watson would say. But I guess the deacon's wife knows; if she don't 'tain't none of my business. Six hearts! Them's small, and tuck into the corners handy. Six livers! Scems ter me they don't fill up wasted." much, and she glanced, with a perplexed air, at a pile of denuded chicken bones that formed her only re-

'Now I wonder,' with a sudden inspiration, 'what that and so forth means? Here's hearts, gizzards and livers, plenty of 'em, but no and-soforth, and the pie ain't more than two thirds full yet. It must be,' and she cast a bewildered look at the halffilled pie, 'the chicken's legs! I never knew anyone to put them in a pie, but that must be what it means and they'll ju-t fill up.'

No sooner thought than done. In went three pairs of stout yellow legs upon which their unfortunate owners had strated about so proudly only the day before; on went the well-rolled dough, covering them from sight, into the oven went the minister's pie, just as the mistress of the house reentered the kitchen, and with an approving look at the snowy pastry, remarked encouragingly:

'That pie looks real neat, Sally. I should not wonder if, in time, you came to be quite a cook.'

'It was Thank-giving morning, and Miss Patience Pringle stood at the minister's door. To be sure it was rather early for callers, but Miss Pringle was, as she often boasted, 'one of the kind that never stood on ceremony.' Indeed, she didn't even consider it necessary to knock before she opened the door, although she was thoughtful enough to open it softly. her hands, so startled was she by the sharp, shrill voice that spoke so close

'Good mornin', Miss Graham, Good mornin'. Hain't been to breakfast yet I see. We had ours half a hour ago. I remember my mother used to say that if anybody lost an hour in the morning they might chase it all

'That's a good looking pie-pretty 'Look here, Sally! There's enough | made, I had ter throw to the hogs.'

never put in my own pie, because the ted over the fair face of the minister's deacon don't relish 'em-ter make a wife, at this specimen of her meddle-Thank-giving pie for the minister's some neighbor's own economy. But folks. 'I wont need to be very large,' she had learned a real lesson of judishe added, in reply to Sally's doubt- cions silence, and taking the cup that ful look. Only the minister and his Miss Patience produced from oeneath your thimble, Miss Patience?' wife-and you can bake it in that her shawl, she bade her visitor be seated while she left the room to get

As her steps died away, Miss Painto the apertures in the crust, her She bustled out of the door, but sharp face expressing eager curiosity

sudden pang of compunction, she know enough ter put crackers in. put her head in again to say warn- wish I could get one look, just to satisfy my own mind,' she added. And de-'Be sure you put in a good parcel termined to accomplish her object at of gravy, that'll keep it from being all hazards, she ran a knife deftly around a small portion of the edge, 'Yes'm,' answered Sally, briskly; and inserting four inquisitive fingers, and catching up the rolling-pin she lifted the brown crust, and took a

over her face. Dropping into a chair,

'Gibl ts ! What, in all creation, if returned with the yeast, was someanybody can tell me does she mean what puzlled by the sudden frostiness of her guest, who hurried out of the house as if some dreadful contagion con's wife had sent, made two curious discoveries almost simultaneously. the reasons for Patience's altered demeanor was made plain, and the young pair had a hearty laugh that does. 'Two terms to the 'cademy, made the old 'parsonage ring like a peal of Thanksgiving bells.

The Tuesday following was the regular day for the weekly sewing-circle. and seldom had that interesting gathas on this occasion.

Miss Patience was in the field bright and early, and it was evident at a glance to these who knew her best that sie was well nigh bursting with some important secret that she was Those parts of a fowl that are re- only awaiting a fitting opportunity to movel before cooking-the heart, divulge. That opportunity was not long in coming, for Mrs. Deacon Far- dreads to go home to Utica, where his President of the United That's it-heart, g'zzard, liver, and rel, who was a constitutional croaker, wife has ten friends to his one,

so forth,' she repeated joyfully, as she | took occasion to say, in reference to retraced her steps to the kitchen, and the hard times-'I he deacon has been began with alacrity to fill, according tryin' ter collect the church tax and Interview with the American Consul at to directions, the minister's pie : keep- he says he never found money so tight ing meanwhile, a running fire of com- in all the years he's lived here. It's as hard now to get five dollars as it

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 16, 1881.

'And no wonder,' spoke up Miss Mr. John M. Wilson, formerly a memsphinx. 'You can't expect folks ter county, afterward for several years

young wife was evidently a favorite man from the Isthmus. with them at least.

'What do you mean w that?' Asked Mrs. Farrel, pointedly. 'Miss project?" Graham is young and inexperienced "Well. to be sure; but, as, the deacon was work being done yet. There are about savin' yesterday, she does very well indeed considerin'.

Patience tossed her head knowingly. 'I don't want to say nothing to hurt her, but livin' next door as I do. I can't always help seein' and hearm' things that other folks can't be expected to know about, and when I see and know things like-'

There was an ominous pause, and the deacon's wife asked, excitedly -

'Like what ?' 'Chicken p.es, with legs and feet

of the chicken baked in! Had a thunderbolt then fallen among them, it could not have caused greater surprise to those tidy, thrifty New England housekeepers than this dreadful revelation of the incapacity of the pastor's young wife.

'Are you sure of it?' gasped one matron, breaking the ominous silence. 'I am certain of it for a fact,' was solemuly returned.

'Chicken legs in a pic!' 'She's a born fool,' ejaculated the deacon's wife, indignantly, and I'm thankful for her poor husband's sake that I sent her over one of my pies yesterday. They had to throw The minister's wife was just taking her's away, of course, and it's provifrom the oven a newly warmed chick- dential that he didn't have to go withed pie, which she nearly dropped from out his Thanksgiving dinner on account of her ignorance and shiftless-

'How did you find out about the

pie?' inquired one of the girls. Miss Patience bristled defiantly.-That's nobody's business but my own. she retorted tartly, 'I don't go around ter find out things that don't concern me, I'd have you understand! but when they are thrown right in my face, as you might say, I don't shut my eyes any more'n other people.'

Just here the door opened and in stepped the subject of their conversaplump turkey stuffed and trussed for inside to make up. But you're young tion, with her pretty face glowing withe haste she had made, and a mischievous smile that pobody noticed, so pre-ocupied were they in hiding the soured and the last batch of bread I confusion that her sudden entrance

Stepping up to the table where most of the ladies were sitting, she salut- Jamaica negroes and Chinamen. The ed them cordially; and then holding latter stand the climate, but die of homeout upon the tip of one slender finger sickness. When building the Panama a well-worn thimble, she said archly: Railroad the superintendent of the work 'Where do you suppose I found

gain her lost treasure that she forgot for a moment all her assumed dignity, hang themselves. The labor question is and exclaimed joyfully:

But when I got home it wa'nt no- to from 125 to 140." where to be found. Now where did |

Her shrill, high voice had attracted the attention of all in the dians and negroes." room, and everybody, of course listened curiously as the minister's wife replied, with an innocent smile-

'In the chicken-pie that our good friend here'-and she nodded brightthe pie on the dresser when I went down in the celler after your yeast, and as soon as I came back, I put it on the table, and when my hu-band cut it, there was your timble in it. How could it have got there? It is certainly very mysterious, anyway."

Silence, dead silence, yet, oh, how terribly signifiant to the deacon's wife and her spinster neighbor, fell upon

This was appareantly unnoticed by Mrs. Graham, with a playful admonition to Miss Patience to have better care of her thimble in the future, began an animated conversation with of the United States-" the ladies nearest her that soon restored the company to their wonted in Mrs. B. in an argumental and confidenease and good humor.

But poor Miss Patience! She never heard the last of that lost thimble. While the deacon's wife, to the day her head. of her death, never trusted any hands but her own to make a Thanksgiving I was just supposing the case-" pie for her minister.

Like the boy who toyed with the mule, Mr. Conkling isn't as pretty as he was, but he knows a great deal more. - Washington Post.

The De Lesseps Canal.

Panama-Progress and Character of the Work.

Cincinnatti Times.

Patience, with the stony severity of a ber of the Legislature from Hamilton feel like payin' out their money when American Consul at Hamburg, and now to Panama, is in this city.

Everybody looked curious, and "How long since you left Panama, Mr. some of the young girls began to bri- Wilson ?" said the Times-Star representadle defiantly. The minister's sweet tive, after cordially greeting the gentle-

"Oh, about two weeks."

"Well, there is no great amount of fitty Frenchmen and a hundred Jamaica negroes on the ground. The French sur- let the next be who she would; and the veyors are running lines and the negroes Senators' and Governors' wives would and are tied with long lace strings under clearing away the brush and undergrowth | beg to be introduced to me, and I'd have with which the whole country is covered." "Have De Lesseps' representatives day, an-" made any such start as to convince the people that the canal will be built?"

the Frenchmen came there was an idea the prospect. that their advent would make times firstrate, and that every one who had any- Gertrue-"not if I kept my health and thing to do with the work would walk knew myself, you wouldn't; not as long off with a hatful of money. Instead of as I was the President's daughter andthat they are managing things very carefully. They have had very little money guess the President's son would be the there, and spend very sparingly. They biggest plum in that dish! Wouldn't I propose to divide the line of forty-five be Prince of Whales then-say? What tant clime. He went to Liverpool, and miles into sections, and proceed with each | 'ud you know 'bout-" as a separate work. The task is a much "Shut up-all of you!" commanded he became a very successful diamond merwill cost them about \$20,000,000. It was some time ago reported that they had done this, but it turned out that the negotiations had fallen through."

canal ?" "This means forty-five miles of excavation, a part of the way through mountains three hundred and fifty feet above what will be the surface of the canal, and the cut through the solid stone. This, even is not the most difficult part of the work. They propose to change the course of a river which work alone will require wall of solid mansonry over a mile and a half long and seventy feet high. These are mere incidents of the undertaking, and form no part of the actual labor of digging the canal. The \$90,000,000, it is not believed, will anything like complete the vast work. There will probably be a canal built there at some time, but whether the present effort is to succeed or not remains to be seen."

"What kind of a country is it down "The line of the canal is through a rough country, inhabited mainly by Chinese. The country is full of malaria, and no human being can stand it except said his greatest difficulty was to keep the chinese laborers from committing sui-So pleased was Miss Patience to re- cide from homesickness. They would go off in gangs of half a dozen at a time and the hardest one to solve in estimating 'Well, I declare, I am glad to see the cost of work. A man cannot do half that thimble once more! I told Mary as much there as up here. During the Jane that I felt sure I had it on my wet season he cannot work, and when finger when I run into your house the dry season comes he must labor un-Thanksgivin' mornin' arter that yeast. der a sun that sends the thermometer up

"What kind of a people are the na-

"They are a mixture of French, In-

"The government?" "Panama is one of the nine States that make up the Republic of Columbia. Each State is a sovereign in the fullest sense of the term. A revolution in one State ly to Mrs. Farrel-'sent me. I left in no way disturbs the general govern ment. Panama elects a President every two years, and the event is one of much importance there as is our Presidential election here. The State also sends its representatives and Senators to the general government at Bogota, which, in a mild way, is an imitation of our form of

"If I Was President."

Butterly of Prospect street, the other morning, as he passed his cup over for a second cup of coffee-"if I was President

tial tone. "And not likely to be," added Mrs.

B.'s mother, with a contemptuous toss of

"Then suppose something in reason," retorted Mrs. B., snappishly; "you might improvements. They weigh but four and posed to made a great speech against as well suppose you was the man in the a half tons, ordinary cars weighing on an that iniquity, but when the hour armoon, or the man in the iron mask, or -" sented Mr. B., still pleasantly smiling, perfect safety. The engine is placed be- of great intellectual powers, he has One great reason why Mr. Conkling would like to be Senator. He was merely going to say that if I was and draw two passenger and two freight lis party, and not to reach results

eighteen, "wouldn't it be splendid if you | was, pa! Just to think how those Wheedletop girls would change their tune

my Dugan, just," chirped in master the form of snakes, lizards and the claws of they see it fairly thrown away and occupying the important post of Consul Thomas, aged twelve; "I'd go up to him birds. A pretty girl wears a boanet made an' smack him on the nose with a brick of silvered silk, with leaves and flowers of fore he knowed where he was, and he silvery material fastened to one side with dassent hit me back then 'cos it 'ud be a silver turkey claw. What are called treason and they'd hang him; an' I'd 'theatre bonnets' are made entirely of flowslide on the sidewalk, an' shy snew balls ers. One worn by a lady of fashion is comat the p'leecemen, an' sass Miss Ferule, "How goes the work on the great canal an' play hookey every day when it didn't the centre of the flower being on the top Tain, an' I'd-"

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. B., catching the infection from her enthusiastic progeny, "and then I'd be the first lady in the land balls twice a week and banquets every

"And I'd have the management of the White House, and run things," remarked "I can't say that they have. Before Mrs. B.'s mother, her eyes sparkling with

"Not much you wouldn't" - from Miss

"Yah!" ejaculated Master Tom, "I

more difficult one than the public scems Mrs. B., "I reckon the President's wife is to think. In the first place they must the highest authority in the land! Anypurchase the Panama Railroad. This how, there'd be a dusty old time if anybody questioned it, and I bet when the exercises were anished the survivors wouldn't ask for any electoral commission to decide it over again. My! I'd like "As to the real work of building the to see anybody-but, by the way, Mr. Butterby what was it you was going to say you would do if you was President of the United States ?"

"Resign as soon as the Lord would let me," said Mr. Butterby, calmly but de-

And then a meditative silence fell upon the family and remained there until the meeting arose.—Exchange.

King Cotton.

Probably the one great industry i which the Southern man takes most interest, hwever, is the raising and manu facture of cotton. This is the royal plant that was the glory and wealth of the South in the past, and that is no doubt destined to work out its financial salvation in the future. By all the signs of the times, King Cotton has come to his own again. So profitable is the cotton manufacturing business that in certain sections Northern capital goes begging, the home corporations having become wealthy enough to carry on the business. The culture of cotton is resumed, but with a difference. Instead of merely raising and selling the raw material, Southern men see the policy of manufacturing, both for home use and export. of the valuable products of the South. Republican. Altogether, the Southern horizon of the business world is bright with promise .-Washington Post.

A Nice Little Railroad,

One of the most curious railroads in the world is the ten inch gauge road running from North Bellericia, Mass., to Bedford. It was at first hooted at by the people, to let them graze during the entire day but the Road was completed, making a There are eleven bridges on the road, one tree be sure that she needs currying. of which is over 100 feet long. The rails | She will stand the operation as a kitten "Now, if I was President," began Mr. weigh twenty-five pounds to the yard. will stand stroking. A cow needs as. The road is well built and equipped. One | much currying and cleaning as a horse. grade is of 125 feet. The cars and engines will at first sight create wonder and admiration. Their perfect proportions give from Republican papers about Conk-"Which you aren't you know," broke them a handsome appearance. They are ling. They say that he was four constructed very near the ground, giving times elected to Congress and three them great advantages of safety. The times elected Senator, but in his whole The cars have an aisle with one seat on each side in the same manner as ordin- introduced any measure of imporary cars have two seats, each person have tance. He one was on the point of "No," assented Mr. B. pleasantly, "but | ing a seat to himself. The cars are sup- | making an imperishable record for plied with closets, water tanks, are heat- himself, in the Hayes-Louisiana fraud. ed by steam, and have all the modern when it was announced that he proaverage of eighteen tons. The trains run rived his courage failed him-le had "So I might my dear, so I might," as- at the rate of twenty miles an hour with business in New York city. A man - "M. " burst in Miss Gertrade, age 1 500 per mile,

New York's Æsthetic Lunacy.

A New York correspondent writes: 'The when I met them, instead of throwing esthetic craze seems to be at its height. A out their insinuations about people who single flower of large size is now worn on consider it Christian-like to turn their the waist of a lady's dress, not a bunch, belast season's silk so that they may have cause it is in agreement with some rule of more to give to charity! But they might high art. Another freak of fashion is to turn green with envy before I'd ever-" wear an embroidered butterfly on one "Yes, and wouldn't I warm it to Sam. sleeve of a dress. Jewelry seems to run in posed of a purple pansy, one flower alone, of the head, the purple and yellow leaves dropping gracefully over her golden hair. But usually these bonnets are made of flowers of a kind, say roses, violets and lilies of the valley, with a few green leaves, the chin.'

A Lucky Miner.

CANTON, OHIO, June 4, 1881.-Frank Winkler, of Canal Fulton, in this county, coal miner, has received the astonishing intelligence that his brother has died in England leaving \$45,000,000 to be divided between him and five brothers and a sister. Winkler came to this country several years ago. His family was of humble parentage and born in Central Prussia, where four still reside. Forty years ago his elder brethchant and accumulated vast wealth. His family understood that he was prosperous but that was all. He wrote them regularly, saying that he would surprise them some day. About two years ago they ceased hearing from him. Being alarmed the family endeavored to ascertain the facts of the matter, but learned nothing until they have now learned that he died on his way home to Prussia and has left them \$45,000,000.

Star Route Dorsey.

A Washington dispatch says: 'Ex-Senator Dorsey is in this city completely broken up in mind. The star route revelations has prostrated him. He is no longer proud in spirits. It is alleged that for a week his house has been under a detective's eye, who reports to the Attorney General all who communicate with him. It is said there is evidence not made public that will place Dorsey in a more embarrassing position than he now is. In 1876 Dorsey was active and instrumental in exposing Blaine's connection with the Little Rock & Fort Smith Railroad, of Arkansas, which defeated him for the Presidential nomination. Now the scenes have shifted and Blaine is on top.

A Colored Boy's Uncomfortable Cravat.

A colored man named Jasper, living eight or ten miles from town, says that on Friday he and his little boy, about ten years old, were hoeing cotton; that he was some distance ahead of his boy, who was working near the edge of the field, by some weeds They are filling their mills with the best and bushes. He heard his boy halloa, and Lowell made machinery, and are already looking around, did not see him. He then producing goods of excellent quality. run to see what was the matter. On arriv-They perceive the bad management of | ing at the spot he found the lad on the sending the raw fibre to New England to ground in the coils of three large black be manufactured and then buying it back. snakes. On his appearance the snakes pre-The day is not far distant when the fin- pared to fight him, and, seeing that they est fabrics will be manufactured in the would soon choke his little boy to death, South, and in the meantime the demand he cook his pocket knife and cut the one for what they already produce is so great | that had made the little fellow a very unthat the mills have orders for all they comfortable cravat into half a dozen pieces can furnish for months to come. In every | by inserting the knife next the lad's neck way the plant is utilized. Many things and cutting upward. He then caught the are now being made from the oil contain- others by the head and with his knife cut ed in cotton seed; oil mills are in suc- them in two or three pieces. He was bitcessful operation, and it is becoming one ten several times. - From the Americus Ga.

A writer acquainted in dairy matters save that during the Summer, in order to obtain the best results from them. mi ch cows ought to be fed on meal and bran. They should stand in a darkenede stable between eleven and four o'clock during fly time, and within these bours they may be fed. This is far better than and they will prove it by results, and length of about eight and a half miles. when you see a cow scratching against a

> And now we are getting the truth service of twenty years he has never States .- News & Observer.