

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company—

"LET AL. THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

—Josephus Danicé's Manager

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER, 30, 1881.

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

Wilson, Friday, September, 30, 1881.

POETRY.

MEMORY.

BY JAMES A. GARFIELD.

From the pen of the late President, was written before his first term in Congress—hence some of the lines are familiar to many of our readers.

On the earth, decked in her robe of snow,
No light gleams at the window, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me,
And now, with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicate pen e'er portrayed,
The enchanted shadowy land where memory dwells?
It has its valleys cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress trees;
And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed
In Heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days;
Upon its gentle sloping hillsides bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust.
Of clear departed ones; and yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fell upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust,
Of the long, silent years, and round us stand,
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast with sombre shade
Upon the sunny, joyous lands below.
Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimsoned hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's place falls gently on the heart,
I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins,
Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear of childhoods early morn.
And wandering thence along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances e'er the gulf,
And beckons towards the verge.
Again the path
Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Narrow and joy, the life path leads along.

Grace Fletcher's Work.

BY KATHERINE LEE.

One evening on his return from business, Mr. Fletcher called Ruth and Grace, his two daughters, to him. "I have some bad news for you, my dears. Are you brave enough to bear it?" he said gravely.

"Yes, it is nothing that will part us three!" cried Grace impulsively throwing her arms around her father and sister. "We can bear anything together, can't we Ruth?"

But Ruth said nothing—only lifted her eyes, in which was a shadow of trouble to her father's face, and waited for him to speak. And answering the unspoken question in her eyes, he said:

"It is something I have feared for some time. There have been several failures lately, which have crippled my business so badly that—"

"He hesitated, thinking how best to tell of his utter ruin to those two beautiful girls who, all their lives had wanted for nothing which money could procure them.

"That you have failed too? Is that your bad news?" asked Grace lightly.

"Why now we shall have a chance to know what real life is! Ours has been such a play-day sort of existence—mine has, at least—Ruth has done a world of good in her quiet way—that I'm glad of any change. Now we may join the noble army of workers

and work for you, father dear. It is time you had a rest." It was time indeed, for even as she spoke her father sank back in his chair with such a strange, set look upon his face that she cried out in horror thinking him already dead. But Ruth bidding her send a servant for Dr. Grey, hastened and brought water to moisten her father's lips, and wine, when that failed to revive him.

It was only a swoon, induced by the intense strain to which Mr. Fletcher had been subjected, and soon yielded to the medicines used by the doctor on his arrival, who warned him, however, of the worst effects which might follow if he did not rest.

"How can I rest?" exclaimed Mr. Fletcher, fiercely. "Do you know that I am a ruined man? And here is my child"—turning to Grace—"who talks already of working for me! As if I would permit that! I, who have brought them up so tenderly and carefully that not a rough wind has blown upon them. I know you do not mean it, Grace, or I could find it in my heart to hate you for the thought even."

"But I do mean it," began Grace bravely. "I want—"

"There, there!" interrupted Dr. Grey, who saw that Mr. Fletcher really had not control over himself. "Go away now, you two young ladies. Your father and I will settle matters by ourselves."

When Mr. Fletcher grew quieter the doctor went away, first telling Ruth and Grace that nothing must be said or done to annoy him, since there was danger of brain fever, from the excitement under which he had been laboring. And indeed almost before affairs were adjusted Mr. Fletcher was seriously ill.

It was an "honorable failure," men said. Alas! how often one hears the reverse of everything, even the household furniture and private property, was given up to satisfy the demand of the creditors. Grace begged her father to take the rich jewelry which he had so generously bestowed upon her and her sister. But he refused, saying gloomily:

"Keep it, child. It will be many a long day before I can give you such things again."

But Dr. Grey, to whom Ruth confided their desire to help their father, said:

"You are right my dear. Sell the jewels. Young girls should have none of those baubles. Their bright sparkling eyes are all they need. Give them to me—"

"Our eyes?" interrupted Grace, saucily.

"Yes, and your ears too Miss Pert," said the doctor, "and listen respectfully, if you can, while I speak."

His words and manner were gruff, but his noble heart was proven by his deeds. He disposed of the jewelry to such good advantage (as they thought, not knowing that he himself had kept most of it, paying far more than its worth) that they were able to hire a little house, plainly but neatly furnished, to which, as soon as it was ready, their father was moved.

"What shall we do sister?" asked Ruth one night shortly after they were settled in their new home. "We have scarcely twenty dollars left, and there is nothing more to sell."

"I must disobey father and find some work to do," said Grace. "You are the best nurse, he needs you every moment almost, so I must be the bread winner for the family."

With Grace, to determine was to act. The next morning she went to the city in search of employment.

"Ruth, what do you think? Levison & Blake have offered me a position in their house at fifteen dollars a week," she exclaimed, on her return late in the day.

"Levison & Blake?" cried Ruth, in astonishment. "But surely you cannot go to them!"

"I must," said Grace, sadly. "It is the only place that offered. Mr. Levison does not know that I sent his only son away from his home, or he would not have been so kind to me. O, how I hate myself for listening to Mary Reed's lies about my darling! How she exulted when, after he had left me in anger, because of my doubting his love, she confessed that she had determined to part us, and had made her brother tell him that I was longing for my freedom!"

"But why do you not write and tell Felix this?" asked practical, straightforward Ruth.

"I cannot," sobbed Grace. "He was so harsh and scornful to me that my proud heart will not let me confess. But, oh! I love him so; and I am so sorry, so sorry."

And poor Grace, who had borne her sorrow so silently that not even Ruth knew how she suffered, broke down when the barrier of silence was removed, and wept as if her heart were breaking. But the next morning after she had gone to the city for

she entered at once upon her work. Ruth found a bit of paper on which was written, over and over again, with sweet reiteration:

"Felix, I love you! Forgive me and come back to me!"

And sitting down, she wrote a simple, trustful little letter to the lover who was wandering abroad because of her sister's scornful, telling him what Grace had said, and enclosing the bit of paper, which, she hoped, would appeal to that lover's heart far better than anything she could say. And Dr. Grey mailed the letter for her.

So, while day after day Grace was patiently toiling for the support of the little household, whose sole dependence was on her, a white-winged missive of peace went sailing across the seas to seek the lover for whom she longed so truly.

Of course, Grace could only see her father for a while each morning and evening. The doctor would not permit him to be told of her work; and when he asked for her, and day after day Ruth's answer was the same—that "Grace had gone into the city for a little while"—he grew angry, and one night accused her of having grown tired of the care of her poor, sick father, and of leaving him for the society of her gay, young companions.

Ruth could not endure that in silence.

"Oh father!" she cried. "Do not say such cruel things! Grace leaves you not for pleasure, but for hard work. We should starve if it were not for her! She has earned every dollar we have had for the last month."

For a moment her father gazed at her in silent, speechless rage; then his anger burst forth, and turning to Grace, he said, with cruel force:

"Begone from my sight, rebellious, ungrateful child! I will not see you again until you obey my known wishes. I would rather starve than live by your work!"

With a look of pitying love on her sweet face, almost divine, Grace turned and left the room. She knew her father was not himself; that the trouble and illness through which he had passed had warped and clouded his mind; but even so, his anger was hard to bear.

Just when it seemed that she could endure it no longer, help came. One evening, on her return, Ruth met her at the door with a strange jubilant face.

"Come into the parlor—I've something for you," she said, brightly. "Don't wait to take off your bonnet." And Grace, too weary to wonder what her sister meant, followed her sister into the little parlor and found—Felix.

With a loving kiss Ruth left her sister, then going straight to her father, with all the power of her loving heart she pleaded for that sister's forgiveness.

"Ah! but will my child forgive me?" cried the poor father, who moved by Ruth's pleading, seemed suddenly to realize what he had done.

Grace had come, with Felix, to the door of her father's room; longing to enter and tell him of her new-found happiness—for in the rapture of the lovers' meeting all the past had been forgiven and forgotten—and hearing his words, she stepped softly in through the open door, just as Mr. Fletcher said:

"Go and bring my dear girl to me, Ruth. I want to hear her say, 'I forgive you, father.'"

"There's nothing to forgive. I love you father dear!" cried Grace, running to him and kissing him fondly. Then, with her head resting on the heart from which she had been for a time banished, she told him of Felix's return, and their loving reconciliation.

"He honors me for my work," she said proudly.

"Indeed I do," said Felix, who, at Ruth's bidding, had come into the room, and who now took the invalid's hand in a warm, hearty grasp. "I think so much of her business abilities that I want to make her a partner in the new firm of 'Fletcher & Levison.' Will you give your consent sir?"

"So!" said Mr. Fletcher, half sadly; "I only got my daughter back to lose her again."

"You shall not lose me," whispered Grace, hiding her blushing face on her father's shoulder. "Felix won't part us."

"Father and I will be 'silent partners' in the new firm," laughed Ruth.

"I declare I never was more impressed in my life with the foolishness of flies," exclaimed a boarder to his landlady, as a couple of winged voyagers embarked in his soup plate. "I do not understand you, sir," she said, haughtily. "Well," he explained, "those two poor creatures undoubtedly supposed that this stuff was thick enough to float 'em."

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

Now through the silent valley me thought an angel came,
And lighted up the darkness with his brandished sword of flame.

And there came a sound of weeping and mourning on his path,
For the blast had struck the ripened ear and laid it low in wrath.

And methought that angel's features, like marble pale and cold,
Were even touched with pity for men of mortal mold.

For the stanchest oak had fallen and the noblest head lay low,
And a nation bent beneath its load of agony and woe.

And the angel's name seemed written on the clouds of bygone days,
Who reappears in his harvest in strange and solemn ways.

Alas! the fiery letters I read there as they fell,
They spoke, but all too plainly, the name of Azrael.

And one has fallen, fallen, and by a traitor's hand
And that within the confines of freedom's chosen land.

A bitter curse upon him who struck the fatal blow,
A nation's curse for ever and ever. Be it so!

But thou, now one step farther on the course so nobly won,
The work of proud advancement is only just begun.

And through the tortuous rivers, the narrow straits below,
Thy bark has reached the ocean to which all rivers flow.

We may not silence mourning, nor yet our sorrow tell,
We bid thee, O our chosen a long, a last farewell.

But through the generations Columbia shall hold
The memory of her martyrs dear than wealth of gold! K. Z.

—Philadelphia Press.

Brief Sketch of Mrs. Lucretia Garfield.

The affliction that fell upon the President and his family has brought its various members more distinctly before the nation than was ever the case before, and a warm sympathy has naturally been aroused for the faithful wife and mother, who almost arose from her own sick bed to watch over her husband's.

As the farmer's daughter, the pupil, and afterward the teacher in a public school, as the wife of a poor man laboring at his profession, Mrs. Garfield early learned to practice the virtues that form good wives and mothers. Frugality, simplicity and quiet study filled up her early life. She shared with her husband a love of books and knowledge; together they read, reflected, gathered facts and studied to be of use. Their minds advanced equally, and sustained each other, and it would be well for all American women could they pursue a career not dissimilar.

Mrs. Garfield, whose maiden name was Lucretia Rudolph, was born near Hiram, Portage county, Ohio, in 1837. She was the daughter of a respectable farmer, who had sufficient means to afford her an excellent education and whose surroundings indicate a love of refinement not generally observable among the sparse population of the place. From her childhood she was thoughtful, amiable and industrious; and as she grew in years her intellectual bias became so marked and its fruits so promising that all her friends and family entertained, without hesitation, the bright hopes that have long since been more than realized.

In 1858, Miss Rudolph, who had been studying at the academy in which President Garfield was then a professor, became the wife of the latter. The match was one purely of love, inasmuch as neither party was overburdened with wealth. They had, however, what was better and more enduring—brave, sturdy and honest hearts, sustained by a spirit of truth and love, as well as by the supporting arm of a liberal education. From the moment the nuptial knot was tied Mrs. Garfield set about the business of life more seriously than ever, could such have been possible, and at once began wreathing with flowers the yoke she had assumed with such purity and affectionate strength of soul. Modest as were their means, she made their first new home one of sunshine and of love.

And when a young family began to gather around her hearthstone she commenced that course of frugal education and training which has proved so eminently successful all the world over—that system of material culture and care to which some of our greatest minds of the age have freely confessed their indebtedness. Nor was she a helpmeet to her noble partner in one or two relations only; for, from time to time, if report speaks truly, she was his habit in any circumstances of difficulty to draw upon her intellectual resources and unflinching clear-sightedness. Obviously, therefore, they were

as one in all that was essential to human happiness, and hence the ever-deepening love and affection which has characterized their lives to the present hour.

It will not, then, be difficult to conceive of her dismay and anguish when, on Saturday, the second day of July, the intelligence reached her at Elberon, New Jersey, that the President, her husband, was wounded, but "not dangerously," by an assassin at the depot of the Baltimore & Potomac railroad at Washington. A few moments previously, delicate as was her health, her face had been radiant with joy; for on that day she was to have joined the President with their children in New York, and proceed thence with him and some gentlemen of high official position to pay a visit to several points of interest East, and make a voyage along the coast of Maine as far as Mount Desert Island. In an instant the cup was dashed from her lips, and notwithstanding that the telegram containing the dire intelligence was couched in language the most cautious and considerate, yet, with an instinct not to be baffled by the guarded expressions of friends, she felt that some frightful calamity had befallen her and her family, and instantly flew on the wings of affection to the bedside of the illustrious sufferer. The journey, although performed with almost the speed of the wind, was to her almost interminable; yet it came to a close, and at last she found herself bending with agony filled with despair over the sharer of her early joys and sorrows, the chief executive of one of the mightiest nations on earth.

A few days ago Eugene Lawrence thus wrote of Mrs. Garfield: "It is because she has been a faithful wife, studious, intelligent, refined by the love of knowledge, that in the moment of her sorrow all hearts have softened and sympathized with Mrs. Garfield as she watched at her husband's side. The scene is one that a scribe of never paralleled. The whole nation, almost to the whole world watch with interest the silent chamber and share her grief. It is no idle curiosity, no transient interest, that leads our people to this eager sympathy; it is the impulse of a commonwealth, the feeling that as a family and nation we are one, our affections are parts of ourselves, and we share their joys and sorrows. Something of this feeling may prevail in monarchical countries where loyalty still lingers, but the barrier of caste shuts out the real depth of sympathy. It is only in a commonwealth, a republic, where all are equal, that every wife can feel almost as her own the anxieties of Mrs. Garfield as she performed her sacred duty, and every patriot rejoiced in the midst of his grief that the painful light so suddenly thrown upon the President's family is witnessed the tender affection, the perfect unity that should crown every American home."

On Prospect street, second in beauty to Euclid avenue only, and on other streets leading to the cemetery, there was the same universal expression of mourning by the residents. Elegant silk flags trimmed with black hung from many a staff and broad bands of crape were stretched from roof to foundation on many of the residences. Every available place for witnessing the funeral line on Euclid avenue was utilized. Stands erected in all the vacant lots were let out at high prices. Private lawns were occupied by raised platforms, and the roof of every portion had as many chairs as could be crowded upon it.

At 9:30 o'clock the procession entered the cemetery gateway, which was arched over with black, with appropriate inscriptions. On the keystone were the words, "Come to rest." On one side were the words, "Lay him to rest whom we have learned to love," and on the other, "Lay him to rest whom we have learned to trust." The mourners' carriages and those containing the guard of honor comprised all of the procession that entered the grounds. The cavalry halted at the vault, and drew up in line facing it, with sabres presented. The car containing the mourners' carriages and those of the Cabinet then drew up. As the military escort lifted the coffin from the car and carried it into the vault the committee Secretary Baine, Marshall Henry and one or two other personal friends were standing at each side of the entrance. None of the President's family except two of the boys left the carriages during the exercises, which occupied less than half an hour.

A meeting of the Governors of the States was held. Cornell, of New York; Bigelow, of Connecticut; Ludlow, of New Jersey; Jackson, of West Virginia; Hawkins, of Tennessee; Pitkin, of Colorado; Cullom, of Wisconsin; and others. Gov. Blackburn, of Kentucky, was unanimously chosen Chairman, and, on motion of Gov. Cornell, of New York, Govs. Bigelow, of Connecticut, and Hawkins, of Tennessee, were appointed a Committee on Resolutions. The following resolutions, as reported by the committee, were unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That we tender our profound sympathy to the bereaved mother, widow and children of the illustrious dead in their terrible affliction."

"Resolved, That we extend to President Arthur our earnest sympathy, and we sincerely hope and believe that his noble and patriotic resolution to carry out the policy and measures of his lamented predecessor."

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the bereaved family and the press of the country."

OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT CLEVELAND.—AN IMMENSE MULTITUDE PRESENT.—THE PROCESSION.

—MOURNING DECORATIONS ALONG THE ROUTE.—ARRANGEMENTS AT THE CEMETERY.—MEETING OF GOVERNORS.

BY J. C. G.

CLEVELAND, September 26.—In the early morning to-day the weather was cloudy, but by 8 o'clock the heavens were clear, and the day now bids fair to be all that could be desired, excepting that it is extremely warm. The city is over crowded, all the hotels being overrun with guests, and notwithstanding the hospitalities which have been extended by residents, many find great difficulty in obtaining meals or lodgings. Arrangements have been made all along Euclid avenue to supply the thirsting multitude with water as they pass. Firemen have been stationed at the different fire plugs, and will draw water therefrom constantly for distribution along the march. Many citizens along Euclid avenue also have made arrangements to distribute lemonade to those in the procession. The scenes throughout the city during the entire morning, notwithstanding the unavoidable bustle and confusion, were very impressive. The immense multitudes thronging the streets are orderly and apparently deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

Promptly at 10 o'clock, the hour appointed, the ceremonies at the pavilion began in the presence of thousands of distinguished guests, an immense multitude blocking all the adjacent streets for squares around the present one continuous wall of people on either side. The funeral train passed through the whole way along Euclid avenue, a thoroughfare which Bayard Taylor pronounced the finest in the world.

Promptly at 10:30 o'clock, the cere-

monies at the pavilion began. The immediate members of the family and near relatives and friends took seats about the casket. Dr. J. P. Robinson, president of the ceremonies, announced that the exercises would open with singing by the Cleveland Vocal Society, of the "Funeral Hymn," by Beethoven. Portions of Scripture from the burial service of the Episcopal Church were then read by Bishop Bedell, of the Episcopal Diocese of Ohio. Rev. Ross C. Houghton, Pastor of the First M. E. Church, then offered a prayer. The Vocal society then sang as follows:

"To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who breaks to love this mortal chain,
As I bid from Thee inherit
And death becomes my chief gain.
In Thee I live, O Lord,
Content, for Thou art everigh."

Rev. Isaac Errett, of Cincinnati, then delivered an eloquent address, taking for his text, "And the archers shot King Josiah, and the King said to his servants, 'Have me away, for I am sore wounded.'"

The funeral procession moved from Monumental Park at five minutes before 12 o'clock. The six miles of Euclid avenue, through which the procession passed, were appropriately decorated in a manner becoming the occasion. The designs were varied and handsomely and tastefully arranged. Life-sized pictures of the dead President hung in front of many of the beautiful mansions along the avenue, draped with national colors, entwined with black crape, relieved by festoons of white. In lawns in front of a large number of residences tasteful designs have been erected; broken shafts surrounded with smilax, massive crosses, shields, anchors, harps and crowns were seen on every hand elaborately decorated with evergreens and flowers suitable for mourning designs.

On Prospect street, second in beauty to Euclid avenue only, and on other streets leading to the cemetery, there was the same universal expression of mourning by the residents. Elegant silk flags trimmed with black hung from many a staff and broad bands of crape were stretched from roof to foundation on many of the residences. Every available place for witnessing the funeral line on Euclid avenue was utilized. Stands erected in all the vacant lots were let out at high prices. Private lawns were occupied by raised platforms, and the roof of every portion had as many chairs as could be crowded upon it.

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On the 1st an international Geographical Congress and Exhibition opened at Venice. From Italy we learn of continued earthquakes near Naples.

The Socialist Congress, forbidden to meet at Zurich, has made arrangements for a meeting in Berne, in October.

The exiled President of Uruguay, Larrea, has invaded the republic with a small band of followers and taken possession of the town of Tacuarembó.

Gen. Sheridan telegraphs that the troubles around Fort Apache are confined to White Mountain.

A colored boy near Weldon killed his little sister a few days ago by firing a load of buck shot at her, killing her instantly.

The body of the antophy has been carefully preserved by Private Secretary Brown. It will be produced at Giteau's trial, and then placed on exhibition in the National Medical Museum at Washington.

Dr. Talmage has succeeded to the editorship of Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

The following is a calendar of public meetings: Yorktown Centennial, October 16th; N. C. State Fair, Oct. 10th to 15th; Weldon Fair, Oct. 31st to Nov. 4th; Rocky Mount Fair, Oct. 24th to 28th; Tarboro Fair, November 8th to 11th; Fayetteville Fair, Nov. 8th to 11th; Wadesboro Fair, Oct. 17th to 22nd.

The Government collects \$40,000,000 every year from tobacco tax.

THE NEWS IN A NUT-SHELL.

Senator Lamar does not anticipate a conservative administration under Arthur. A train containing journalists going to Cleveland, ran into a hand car near Pittsburgh; there were seven men on the car; four were killed outright, and only one escaped unhurt. Cotton handlers aft of a strike at Savannah. Manley, the African explorer was heard from under date of July 4th; he was on the Congo; had been sick; but had recovered. It is now said that Grant is going into New York politics. Monday was a day of sad news throughout the Union. Nearly all the cities and towns suspended business, and services were held in the churches.

An imposing monument is to be erected over Garfield's tomb at Cleveland, where he was buried last Monday. President Garfield's life was insured for \$58,000—he had just taken a policy for 25,000, a month before he was shot. The Garfield fund now amounts to \$307,219. President Arthur has called the Senate in extra session, Oct. 10th. Rev. J. C. Prentiss, colored, of prohibition notoriety, testified in a Methodist Ecumenical Conference to the growth of temperance in North Carolina. President Arthur will move to the White House next month. A train of thirty-five cars of crude petroleum took fire near Sterling Junction, N. J., last Friday.

Masked men robbed a train on the Iron Mountain, (Ark.), railroad, last Friday; \$18,000 was taken from the Express car and passengers robbed of thousands of dollars. J. H. Lindsay, a prominent citizen of Greensboro, is dead. A great many colored people in Virginia will vote the Democratic ticket. Gov. Jarvis attended the funeral obsequies of President Garfield, at Cleveland, Ohio, Monday. A negro man in Kansas, accused of the murder of a man who disappeared mysteriously, came near being hanged, the circumstantial evidence against them being so strong. Last week the missing man turned up—alive and well.

Marvin's sixteenth wife has turned up. The Jennie Cramer case still continues. A negro named Capshaw cut open the head of a young girl with an axe and left for unknown parts, at Jamesville, Martin county, last week. W. R. Baker, of Salisbury, was shot in the hand in attempting to wrest a pistol from the hand of a drunken pugilist. Bob Hunter, a negro head, committed an outrage on a little negro girl, only nine years old, last week, in Gaston county. He has fled. Mr. Chas. Jones was seriously injured on Saturday by the running away of his horse near Raleigh. During the last 15 years a number of people of Surry county, this State, have joined the Mormons. Most of those who have joined were women.

A. N. Wheeler, an Illinois resident, who expressed his regard for Giteau, has been hanged in effigy, and is losing all his subscribers. Arthur is the fourth Vice-President who has succeeded to the chair. (Giteau was hung in effigy at Chicago, Wednesday. There was great excitement. All the finest officers have tendered their resignations. A negro named Michigun picked a little son on her hip with a brass pin, crystals set in, and she died within 48 hours. Philadelphia sold last Tuesday 3,000,000 yards of mourning goods. A little white negro, whose father and mother are black and set, is one of the curiosities of Eurasia. A President Arthur has only one son, who is remarkably handsome. Gen. Stone, an ex-Confederate soldier in the late war, and now an officer in the Egyptian army, was the leader of the mutiny reported by telegraph the other day as having taken place at Cairo. In Washington last Thursday Mrs. Col. Boyd notified her husband and the handsome young woman in the case. Col. Boyd is connected with the census bureau, but has not been confining himself to the returns already in. China is beginning work on a series of telegraph lines. There was a fight in Afghanistan on the 10th inst. between the forces of the Amer and those of Ayoub Khan. Algeria has been suffering from terrible forest fires. It is rumored that the King of Dahomey, on the West Coast of the "Dark Continent" is preparing for his annual holocaust of human victims, and has ridden on the towns of Ignace and O'Keo, capturing many thousands and victims. Yellow fever and plague is devastating Senegal. There has been an insurrection in Nizak, against Dervish Pasha, and the Turkish soldiers. The Nihilists are again becoming active in Russia.

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