

# 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 Daniels Manager

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER, 21, 1881.

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## THE WILSON ADVANCE.

WILSON, FRIDAY, - October, 21, 1881.

### POETRY.

#### AFTER THE WEDDING.

All alone in my room at last!  
I wonder how far they have traveled  
now.  
They'll be far when the night is past;  
And so would I—if I knew but how.  
How calm she was with her saint-like  
face!  
Her eyes are violet, mine are blue.  
How careless I am with my mother's  
lace!  
Her hands are whiter and softer too.  
They have gone to the city beyond  
the hills.  
They must never come back to this  
place again.  
I'm almost afraid to sit here so still.  
If it would but thunder, and lighten  
and rain.  
Oh, no! for some one may not be at  
rest;  
Some one, perhaps, is traveling to-  
night.  
I hope that the moon may shine in-  
stead,  
And heaven be starry and earth all  
bright.  
It is only one summer that she's been  
here;  
It has been my home for seventeen  
years!  
And seventeen summers of happy  
bloom  
Fall dead to-night in a rain of tears.  
It is dark, all dark in the midnight  
shades.  
Father in heaven may I have rest  
One hour of rest for this aching head,  
For this throbbing heart in my  
weary breast!  
I loved him more than she understands,  
For him I prayed for my soul in  
truth,  
For him I am kneeling with lifted  
hands,  
To lay at his feet my shattered  
youth.  
I loved, and I love, I love him still;  
More than father, or mother, or life.  
My hope of hopes was to bear his  
name,  
My heaven of heavens to be his  
wife!

His wife, the name that angels breathe  
The words shall not crimson my  
cheek with shame.  
'Twould have been my glory the  
name to breathe  
In the princely heart from which it  
came.  
And the kiss I gave the bride to-  
night—  
His bride till life and light grow  
dim—  
God only knows how I pressed her  
lips,  
That the kiss to her might be given  
to him.

### Charles J. Guiteau.

THE ASSASSIN TELLS THE STORY OF HIS CRIME.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald publishes a lengthy interview with Guiteau, containing an account of his life, political experience, and the motives that inspired him in assassinating the President. We clip the following extracts, which will be found of interest:

GUITEAU'S VIEWS OF THE ASSASSINATION.

The assassin begins with a brief chapter, which he calls "Introduction," in which he seeks to explain his crime. "I have not," he says, "used the word 'assassination' or 'assassin' in this work. These words grate on the mind and produce a bad feeling. I think of Gen. Garfield's condition as a removal and not an assassination. My idea simply stated was to remove as easily as possible Mr. James A. Garfield, a quiet and good-natured citizen of Ohio, who temporarily occupied the position of President of the United States, and substitute in his place Mr. Chester A. Arthur, of New York, a distinguished and highly estimable gentleman. Mr. Garfield I intended to quietly remove to Paradise (which is a great improvement on this world), while Mr. Arthur saved the republic. And he adds: "Not a soul in the universe knew of my purpose to remove the President. If it had failed I shall never attempt it again. My motive was purely political and patriotic, and I acted under Divine pressure. It was the same kind of pressure that led Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac." These hysterical utterances are followed by what he calls an address to the American people, in which he reiterates the declaration that he alone is responsible.

#### CONCEPTION OF THE ASSASSINATION.

"I conceived the idea of removing the President," Guiteau declares, "Pending the answer, and as far as the Paris consularship had any influence on my mind at all, it would have deterred me from the act, because I expected as a matter of fact that I would ret the Paris consularship. After I conceived the idea of removing the President I did not go near Mr. Blaine or near the President to press my application. About two or three weeks

intervened from the time that I called at the President's when the doorkeeper said, 'Mr. Guiteau, the President says it will be impossible for him to see you to-day,' to the time that I conceived the idea of removing him, during which time I was waiting patiently for my answer, which as a matter of fact, I have never yet received. I had been pressing the President and Mr. Blaine for an answer, and I thought that it would be better for me to remain away from them. They had my address and I thought if they concluded to give me the Paris consularship they would notify me or I should see an announcement of the appointment in the paper, and, as I have stated, at I conceived the idea of removing the President I did not go near him or Mr. Blaine. My conception of the idea of removing the President was this: Mr. Conkling resigned on Monday, May 6, 1881. On the following Wednesday I was in bed. I retired about 8 o'clock. I felt depressed and perplexed on account of the political situation, and I retired much earlier than usual. I felt weary in mind and body, and I was in my bed about 9 o'clock and was thinking over the political situation, and the idea flashed through my brain that if the President was out of the way everything would go better. At first it was a mere impression. It started me, but the next morning it came to me with renewed force, and I began to read the papers with my eye on the possibility that the President would have to go, and the more I read the more I saw the complication of public affairs, the more I was impressed with the necessity of removing him. The thing continued for about two weeks. I kept reading the papers and kept being impressed, and the idea kept bearing and bearing down upon me that the only way to unite the two factions of the Republican party and save the republic from going into the hands of the rebels and Democrats was to quietly remove the President.

#### NEARING THE END.

"Having heard on Friday from the papers, and also by my inquiries of the doorkeeper at the White House, Friday evening, that the President was going to Long Branch Saturday morning, I resolved to remove him at the depot. I took my breakfast at the Riggs House about 8 o'clock. I ate well and felt well in body and mind. I went into Lafayette square and sat there for some little time after breakfast, waiting for nine o'clock to come, and then went to the depot and I got there about ten minutes after nine. I rode there from the park in a 'bob-tailed' car. I left the car, walked up to a booth, got my boots blacked, and inquired for a man named John Taylor, whom, two weeks before, had spoken to me about taking me out toward Congressional Cemetery. They told me that Taylor's carriage was not there, and there were three or four hackmen there who were anxious to serve me, and finally I noticed a colored man, and I said to him, 'What will you take me out to Congressional Cemetery for?' He says, 'Well, I will take you out there for 82.' 'All right,' said I, 'if I want to use you I will let you know.' At that moment these other hackmen were pressing me to get my business, and I said to them, 'Keep quiet; you are too fast on this; and I told this colored man privately that if I wanted his services I would let him know in a few minutes. I then went into the depot and took my private papers which I intended for the press (including a revised edition of my book, 'The Truth, a Companion to the Bible,') and stepped up to the newsstand and asked the young man in charge if I could leave those papers with him a few moments, and he said, 'Certainly,' and he took them and placed them up against the wall on top of some other papers. This was about twenty minutes after nine, and I went into the ladies' waiting room and I looked around, saw there were quite a good many people there in the depot and carriages outside, but I did not see the President's carriage. I examined my revolver to see that it was alright, and took off the paper that I had wrapped around it to keep the moisture off. I waited five or six minutes longer, sat down on a seat in the ladies' room, and very soon the President drove up. He was in company with a gentleman who, I understand, was Mr. Blaine, and I am satisfied that he was Mr. Blaine, although I did not recognize him. This gentleman looked very old, and he had a peculiar kind of headgear on, that I did not recognize as that of Mr. Blaine. I am satisfied that it was Mr. Blaine, now that my attention has been specially called to it, because it was the same gentleman that I saw with the President the night before, and I know

positively that that gentleman was Mr. Blaine. The President and this gentleman drove up in a plain single-seated carriage with one horse; this gentleman, I think, was driving. It was a single carriage—a single seated top-buggy. The President seemed to be in very earnest and private conversation with this gentleman, who evidently was Mr. Blaine, although at the time I did not recognize him as Mr. Blaine. They sat in the carriage I should say some two minutes; they had not completed their conversation when they reached the depot, and during the interview of two minutes they finished their conversation. During this time they were engaged in very earnest and private conversation, as I have said. The President got out on the pavement side and Mr. Blaine on the other side. They entered the ladies' room; I stood there watching the President and they passed by me. Before they reached the depot I had been promenading up and down the ladies' room between the ticket office door and the newsstand door, a space of some ten or twelve feet. I walked up and down there I should say two or three times working myself up, as I knew the hour was at hand. The President and Mr. Blaine came into the ladies' room and walked right by me; they did not notice me as there were quite a number of ladies and children in the room.

#### HOW THE PRESIDENT FELL.

"There was quite a large crowd of ticket purchasers at the gentleman's ticket office in the adjoining room; the depot seemed to quite full of people. There was quite a crowd and commotion around, and the President was in the act of passing from the ladies' room to the main entrance through the door. I should say he was about four or five feet from the door nearest the ticket office, in the act of passing through the door to get through the depot to the cars. He was about three or four feet from the door. I stood five or six feet behind him, right in the middle of the room, and as he was in the act of walking away from me I pulled out the revolver and fired. He straightened up and threw his head back and seemed perfectly bewildered. He did not seem to know what struck him. I looked at him; he did not drop; I thereupon pulled again. He dropped, his head seemed to reel, and fell over. I do not know where the first shot hit; I aim for any particular place, but I knew if I got those two bullets in his back he would certainly go. I was in a diagonal direction from the President, to the northwest, and supposed both shots struck.

#### PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRATIONS.

"The second" subject in which he desires to take the public into his confidence refers to the Presidency. "For twenty years," he writes, "I have had an idea that I should be President. I had the idea when I lived in the Oneida Community, and it has never left me. When I left Boston for New York in June, 1880, I remember distinctly I felt that I was on my way to the White House. I had this feeling all through the canvass last fall in New York, although I mentioned it to only two persons. My idea is that I shall be nominated and elected as Lincoln and Garfield were—that is by the act of God. If I were President I should seek to give the nation a first class administration in every respect; I want nothing sectional crooked around me. My object would be to unify the entire American people and make them happy, prosperous and God-fearing."

A recent advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrellas of a young lady with whitebone ribs and iron handle to the state-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now to more with the name engraved upon it."

Some notes the fact that ten deaths are attributable to the shoe which made Mr. Arthur President. Gen. Garfield needs the list. Then, a Canadian man who dropped dead on hearing of the President's death. Seven men were killed by the funeral train, and a Knight Templar was recently killed at Cleveland in a disturbance arising out of this trouble.

Father Ryan, the poet-priest, who has lived in Mobile during the last seven years, preached his farewell sermon in that city on Sunday.

The Rev. Wilnot Whitefield, a Methodist minister in Dakota, is a busy man, being engaged at the present time in building no less than sixty churches in his district.

#### "Mark Twain's" New Hotel.

The following "Items" in relation to Mr. Twain's new investment are published:

- RULES AND REGULATIONS OF MY "HABERRY."
1. This house will be strictly temperate, and no questions asked.
  2. None but the brave deserve a bill of fare.
  3. Persons owing bills for board will be bored for bills.
  4. Boarders who do not wish to pay in advance are requested to advance and pay.
  5. Boarders are respectfully requested to wait until the cook cooks the meals.
  6. Sheets will be nightly changed once in every six months, or more if unnecessary.
  7. All regular boarders are earnestly requested to pull off all their boots regularly, if they can conveniently do so, before retiring for the night.
  8. All moneys and other valuables are to be left in charge of the proprietor, without cost. This he insists upon, as he will be held responsible for no losses on any account.
  9. Beds, with or without bugs or fleas, if preferred.
  10. Inside and outside matter will never be furnished newspaper men, under any consideration—excepting reporters—who will be always kept out.
  11. Single men, with their families, will never be "taken in."
  12. Night Mares—Single fare, \$1 an hour.
  13. Stone vaults for snoring boarders.
  14. Children without families preferred.

#### A Horrible Murder.

A diabolical murder was committed in Watauga county, on last Wednesday night. A gentleman was traveling through the county collecting money, and stopping at the house of a lady, desired to deposit a sum of money with her—the amount of which we are not informed. At first she refused, but yielding to the persuasion of two ladies who were present, she finally consented, and the gentleman went on his way. Mistaking something from the zeal manifested by the two unknown ladies, he resolved to return. On entering the house he was shown to his room upstairs and he retired without asking for the money entrusted to the lady's keeping. During the night he was aroused by the screams of a woman. Hurriedly he ran down stairs to her rescue, if possible, but was met at the foot of the stairway by two men, whom he instantly shot, recognizing them as robbers. On investigation it was found that they were the same ladies that were there in the evening, who influenced the money deposit, attired in gentlemen's clothing and who had in their evil design murdered this inoffensive lady to obtain the money in her possession.—Hickory Press.

Sherrill Kincaid living on John's River, in Burke, was so severely wounded by a stroke given him by his wife with an axe that he died the Friday following. It seemed that the woman had refused to do the cooking. Kincaid, on Wednesday morning, was stooping over the hearth grinding coffee for breakfast, when his wife came up behind him, and struck him a murderous blow on the top of his head with the sharp edge of an ax, partially splitting the skull. As soon as she committed the deed, the woman fled to the woods. Kincaid lingered on until Friday, when he died. He was buried Saturday and his wife came in to attend the funeral. She was promptly apprehended and placed in Morganton jail.

A parallel Jennie Cramer case is that of the beautiful girl, Nellie Wright, of Millville, New York, whose body has been found in the Erie canal near her home. The coroner found a deep scarp wound and a cut over the eyebrow. Fred Hopkins, her lover, has been placed under arrest as being the author of the crime. The girl was encoined.

"Biddy," said a lady to her servant, "I wish you would stop over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Biddy returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years, seven months and twenty-eight days old.

An old bachelor, who died recently left a will dividing his property equally among the surviving women who had refused him. "Because," said he, "to them I owe all my early happiness."

#### By the Skin of his Teeth.

A MAN TRIED FOR MURDER WHILE HIS ALLEGED VICTIM WAS ALIVE.

Great excitement prevails throughout this section to-day over the discovery of the whereabouts of one Charles Buckles, who mysteriously disappeared from Osage township, this county, last winter, and was supposed to have been murdered. When it became known last December that Buckles had returned to the country after an absence of two years, had gone to the house of Mr. Rambo, in Osage township, an old neighbor, that a pistol shot had been heard at the house that evening, that Henry Forrest had been there and had quarreled with Buckles, that Buckles was supposed to have brought money with him, that no one saw him except Forrest and members of the Rambo family, that he disappeared that night without calling upon his father or any of his relatives, leaving behind his satchel and overcoat, which were found at Rambo's house, there were strong suspicions that he had been foully dealt with. Henry Forrest was arrested and placed upon trial for the offense. Public feeling ran so high in that part of the county, which by the way is near where the notorious Bender murders were committed, a vigilance committee was organized and threats of lynching indulged in. Even Forrest's counsel, C. H. Kimball, of this city, was threatened with violence if he dared defend so guilty a murderer. Rambo was also arrested, charged with being accessory to the murder, but no evidence being found against him he was discharged. He was afterwards taken from his home at midnight by a pretended officer and when about to be delivered to a mob, barely succeeded, knife in hand, in making his escape, thanks to the good horse upon which he sat. Such a state of terrorism was kept up that the Forrests and Rambo's were compelled through fear of their lives to leave the neighborhood. The trial of Forrest came off at the last June term of court in this county, and, though ably defended, he narrowly escaped conviction, the jury disagreeing. Now it transpires that Buckles is alive and well, and, although knowing of the prosecution here and the mystery surrounding his disappearance, has chosen to keep himself concealed for purposes best known to himself.—Parsons's (Ky.) Dispatch to St. Louis Globe Democrat.

#### Vengeance Upon a Mule.

Old Silas was a very revengeful man. Now, Silas, owned a mule, and one day the mule raised his hind legs and smote Silas, whereas the old man sat upon the barn floor and wept. Suddenly he smiled, and seizing a grain sack he filled it with sand and rocks, and tied a leather apron around it. Then he hung it from the beam right behind the mule. A shudder passed over the animal but he nerved himself and let fly. He sent the bag to the roof, but the recoil struck him with surprise, not only once, but two or three times. The mule wasn't used to being kicked back. Old Silas laughed till tears ran down his cheeks. The mule kicked again, and the bag kicked again. They kept up the contest all day and toward evening the mule showed signs of weakening but old Silas was not satisfied yet. He went to bed and during the night he heard the mule braying for mercy, but his heart was hardened. When he went to the stable in the morning the sand bag was as fresh as ever, but the mule had laid down in despair and was dead—died of a broken heart.

#### Remarkable Cure.

A highly esteemed gentleman living in one of the Western counties, whose word no one in this State will doubt, told us that a member of his family had suffered so much from neuralgia and pain in the face and head, that he determined to take the sufferer to a physician living in a neighboring town—that after going there he casually heard of a gentleman boarding at the hotel where he stopped who could cure pain by merely passing his hands over the person afflicted. The lady sufferer requested that the remarkably gifted person should be consulted. Our friend called him and in less than five minutes after he visited the patient all her pain and suffering was gone.

What you state is a fact and truth beyond all doubt. Account for it as you please, but you cannot give a reason for the sudden and remarkable cure. If we were to give the names of the parties no one who knows them would doubt the statement.—Charlotte Observer.

#### Two Reasons.

HIS REASON.  
Her face was so fair,  
That—I kissed her, you see,  
Just how I could dare,  
Well, I hardly care  
To tell; it was rare  
Fun for her and for me.  
So—her face was so fair,  
I kissed her, you see.

HER REASON.  
His way was so bold,  
Well—I cannot say why,  
I could not quite scold,  
I was wrong, I am told;  
Still, I am not so cold,  
Only just a whit shy.  
But—his way was so bold  
I cannot say why.

#### The Atlanta Exposition.

HOW THE GUESTS ARE TAKEN CARE OF.—THE PREMIUMS, &c.

Atlanta, Ga., October 7.—Atlanta has a population of about 40,000, exclusive of several populous suburbs. It is used to crowds. The two principal hotels have respectively 300 and 125 rooms, and there are a dozen smaller ones. An Exposition hotel, with 400 rooms, has been erected just outside the grounds. It has the capacity for entertaining 1,000 people, and is fitted with gas electric lights, electric bells, &c. Just opposite this hotel an enterprising New Yorker has established a pavilion hotel, composed of new and well-furnished tents, where 1,500 people can be cared for. There are several hotels just opened in the city and in the suburbs near the grounds. The people have opened their homes and are already registered to take 1,000 boarders during the Exposition. Before ten days are past there will be room prepared for an additional 1,000. Visitors need not fear an organized imposition on their pockets. The usual hotel rates are \$3 a day, with a few rooms held as high as \$4. Private boarding-houses generally charge \$2.50 and \$3 a day.—Rooms are let on the Europe in plan at \$1 and \$1.50 a day. Just about the main building is a field of two acres in which appears a various crop. There are over a dozen varieties of cotton, some open, some half grown and some quite young. Next to these are growing sugar cane, rice, millet, peanuts, hemp, potatoes of many species and a dozen other products. Just outside the grounds are the trial crops of cotton, for the best of which a special premium of \$2,500 is offered. The widely differing methods of farming in the South are thus to be tested in a way which will be of practical value to the farmers. For the best single bale of cotton raised anywhere there is a special premium of \$1,000, and there are already over fifty entries. The full list of premiums in money and medals will amount to nearly \$20,000, and will cover every department in which there is an exhibit.

#### Frightened to Death.

We learn that Jas. Phillips, a youth of about 12 or 14 years, residing in Wigham's township in this county, came to his death last Saturday night under novel, but very unfortunate circumstances. He and his mother are the only occupants of their house, and as the boy was known to be very "scary," some boys in the neighborhood concluded to have some fun, so they went to the house on the night above named and commenced prowling around trying to open the door, &c. The poor little fellow was so badly frightened that he at once went into violent spasms which were soon relieved by death. The boy was in perfect health having picked cotton all of the day previous and eaten a hearty supper. The tragic end of what was only intended for a little fun, has spread a pall over the entire neighborhood.—Robesonian.

#### Judge Merrimon.

We hear that one old native of Buncombe, a Mr. Pullman, speaking of Judge Merrimon, told Mr. J. R. Webster that the first time he ever remembered seeing Merrimon was one day at Merrimon's father's saw mill, when he noticed him a mere boy dressed in a tow shirt, tow pants, a chip hat and barefooted, sitting on the end of a log reading a Webster's dictionary. The next time he heard of him some gentleman was speaking of a distinguished Senator, who was said to have few equals in ability in the United States, and, on inquiring who it was he referred to, was told Senator Merrimon. Boys, there's a lesson for you. Not college bred. No dancing master to put the polish on. But sitting on the end of a log studying it out himself. The man was in him to come out.—Reidsville Times.

There are getting to be too many weather prophets and we can't think about mentioning all of them. What we want is, more weather.

#### THE NEWS IN A NUT-SHELL.

The deficiency in the cotton crop is estimated to be 1,000,000 bales.—The Boston Times proposes to build the Yorktown Centennial.—The States of Virginia are becoming frequent twigs in the last week, but everything was satisfactorily arranged, nobody hurt.—Big fire at Belton, Texas; loss \$30,000.—A band of masked men have been committing outrages in Randolph county, Arkansas, on the family of Mr. John Miller.—The lynching of negro ravishers still continues; the rate of about three a week.—Jubal Early says of Mahone, "I know him to be a miserable coward and a base liar. It is thought a duel will result from this emphatic declaration.—Ireland suffered from a heavy hurricane, Oct. 14th, loss over \$400,000.—Parnell and other Irish agitators have been arrested.—The Washington Butcher's Sons' firm which failed for \$1,000,000 a few days ago in Philadelphia had been in business for over a century.—There were twelve deaths from yellow fever in Havana for the week ending the 7th inst.—John Kelly's delegate was refused seats in the New York Democratic convention last week.—Ex-Gov. Moses, carpet-bagger, of South Carolina, has been arrested in New York for getting goods under false pretenses.—How have the mighty fallen!—The artisan well in Durham is now 1,000 feet deep.—Chas. Jones killed H. W. Crockett at Wytheville, Va., for some remark giving offense to Jones's wife.—Martin, a Tennessee moonshiner, killed a negro who had reported his violation of the revenue laws.—The frost falling havoc with the tobacco crops in the central part of the State.—The Nebraska Democratic Convention declares for free trade, and against a high license liquor law.—The Prohibitionists will hold a Convention in New York next Saturday.—J. G. Holland, the celebrated editor, poet and novelist, and one of the founders of Scribner's Monthly, is dead.—Thomas, 63 years old, of the State of Ohio, is a candidate for the Presidency of the Ex-Confederates at Raleigh last week was well attended; string speeches were made and suitable resolutions adopted.—President Arthur attended the Yorktown Celebration.—Snow fell in Vermont last week.—Rev. Stuart Robinson, the great Southern Presbyterian preacher, is dead.—Mrs. Garfield's fund now amounts to \$33,566.16.—(Hearst's) trial has been set for November 7th.—Cato Nash, a negro desperado, was killed near Savannah, Georgia, while resisting arrest.—80 families have been rendered homeless and destitute by a fire at Kokomo, Colorado, loss \$400,000.—A negro ravisher lynched in Arkansas, Friday.—Gileau's counsel will plead insanity of the prisoner; that the wound of President Garfield was not necessarily mortal, and that death resulted from malpractice.—Mrs. Wm. Johnson, of Charlotte is dead.—The third annual fair of the Dixie Agricultural and Mechanical Association will be held at Washington, Oct. 17th to 21st inclusive.—The University has 180 students.—The new Senator from Rhode Island, N. W. Ardrich, is comparatively a young man.—The people of Fayetteville have been compelled to surrender their charter because of pecuniary difficulties.—Secretary Blaine has been important to write a life of President Garfield. It would command an unprecedented sale.—President Arthur weighs 215 pounds.—John B. Lynn, the heaviest corn dealer of the West, failed last week for \$1,000,000.—For the sixth time in the history of the nation the President of the United States without a wife to adorn the White House.—During the year \$50,375 of the Peabody Fund was expended for educational purposes in the South.—The Baptist State Convention will meet in Winston, Nov. 16th.—Gen. J. C. Abbott, formerly United States Senator from this State, died in Wilmington, Oct. 8th, aged 55 years.—Four miles of track has been laid on the University railroad in Caldwell county; lives two venerable twins, now 74 years old, who habitually dine together on the anniversary of their birth.—The wife of A. F. Fausett hung herself on Saturday morning last in the vicinity of Hillsboro.—There is less water in Chatham county than ever before. Mr. Richard Webb has his hand cut to pieces up to the wrist while going to Halifax county.—A colored man near Wilmington was attempting to wash his hands under what is known as the "drip bucket" above one of the circular saws when one of his hands was cut entirely off at the wrist, and the other was almost severed from the wrist, leaving only the thumb.—Mrs. Garfield has subscribed for the relief of the Michigan sufferers.—Some of the descendants of Baron Steuben will participate in the Yorktown celebration.—A large mill burned in Philadelphia Wednesday night—11 operatives killed; loss \$5,000.—North Carolina Orleans city detectives recently wounded each other in a shooting scrape in that city.—Wm. Kincaid the great leeper of Forepaugh's circus is dead.—A spite dog in Philadelphia bit five children a few days ago.—Geo. W. Lane, colored has been appointed Postmaster at Elkton.—Capt. S. A. Ashe is a guest of the Centennial Commission at Yorktown celebration.