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**In Dreams.**  
There are meetings of happy lovers  
All over the sweet earth to-night,  
It is that the blessed with kisses,  
Eyes dimmed in tears of delight,  
But where are the lips warm and tender,  
That my lips are yearning to kiss?  
And where are the dark eyes whose glances  
Would thrill me with trembling bliss?  
Alas, my beloved! why to it  
Fate crosses and bothers us thus  
So kind and so gentle with others,  
So harsh and so cruel to me?  
Why is it that we, of all lovers,  
Must long for each other in vain—  
Must faint for love's bliss, and forever  
Be fed with the emptiest pain?  
Are the angels afraid that our loving  
Will bring down their heaven to our feet,  
That they cross their white pinions between us,  
Forbidden us ever to meet?  
O night, while we dream (are you dreaming?)  
Oh, come to me, dearest, and see  
How I sleep with cheat and elude them  
Who are keeping you parted from me?  
Come closer and kneel down where I slumber—  
In dreams none can wrest us apart.  
Let the fire and dew of your kisses  
Melt down through my lips to my heart,  
Till I swoon with the joy of your presence,  
Doubt ceases my soul overpowers,  
And the emerald angel descends  
How tame is their heaven beside ours?

## A TALE OF THE FAIRIES.

Several old crones were assembled in Grace McDougall's kitchen, drinking her health and that of her new born daughter, who had just been dressed, and was laid down to sleep at the foot of the bed. A tribe of brothers and sisters were packed into the large bed in the inner room; but poor Grace was as well pleased with the ugly, red-faced new-comer as if she had been her only child.  
A kind mother, excellent wife, and obliging neighbor, Grace was very popular to the good women in the wide chimney-corner drank her health very heartily, and wished Joseph McDougall at the same time joy of the child and of his new situation, that of bailiff to Mr. Todd, at Buncrana Castle.  
The house was built in an exposed spot, on the side of a hill that commanded a view of a large portion of the property to which McDougall had just been made bailiff. Down below was the castle, nestled in gardens and plantations, and beyond it lay the old town of Buncrana, and the long, bold mountains pale in the distance bounding the horizon. It was an extensive and beautiful landscape, but the McDougalls had no idea that the situation was picturesque; they knew that it was cold and bleak, and exposed to every wintry storm that swept across Long Valley.  
As Grace slept, and her attendants crowded by the bedside, a feeble little wail was heard. Mrs. Rooney got up and went over to the foot of the bed where she had laid the infant. What was her amazement to see two babies where she had placed but one! Two little puckered faces; two little print frocks; two white pinafores! There did not appear to be the slightest difference between them.  
Mrs. Rooney's cry of terror and astonishment brought all the women round the bed, and awakened the poor weary mother. Exclamations of "Save us! Dear, but that beats all!" mingled with the feeble wailings of the two babies.  
"What'll we do, anyway? There's something bad an' uncanny here!" cried Mrs. Rooney. "Which of these weans is the right one?"  
"Give them to me, an' hand me them big knife out the dresser," said the mother. "I'll kiss them both, and the one my heart warms to will be my ain child; for the other one I'll just settle it wi' the knife."  
"Stand back, you women, there," commanded Mrs. Rooney, speaking authoritatively in her character of nurse. They obeyed, sitting down again beside the fire.  
"Now gie them tane," said Grace, holding out her hands.  
Mrs. Rooney handed her one of the infants. She kissed it, and laid it beside her on the pillow.  
"My heart warmed to it, Molly Rooney dear; that's my ain child. Now gie me the wee rascal that's come to this house for no good end."  
She took the second babe and stretched out her shaking hand for the knife, prepared to cut its throat; but at that very instant there was a noise heard overhead, and a small, beautifully dressed, and very pretty lady came down the wide chimney, using the chain of the crook as a ladder. She bounded over the fire, across the room, and stood beside the bed.  
In one second she had snatched the child out of Grace's hands, and ran back to the fire place, turning to shake it at her, as she cried, "You'll rue the day you tried to hurt my child."  
She sprang upon the hob, put her tiny dainty feet into the links of the chain one after another, mounted them as a staircase, and was out of sight like a whirlwind.  
"Oh, my poor wean," sobbed the exhausted mother, sinking back upon her pillow, "she'll hae you yet!"  
"Na, na, Grace," said Mrs. Rooney in soothing tones, "she'll not get your wean; but it'll tak you to watch it weel, an' never leave it its lane in the house unless you put the tongs across the

cradle. But sure you ha' plenty of bladders to watch it."  
Joseph McDougall was spending the night in a neighbor's cabin, and the women were really afraid to venture out of doors to call him; besides what good could he have done had he been there? They sat on, telling quaint and strange stories about the wee folk, some of which had been told them by their parents, and others that had come under their own observation; but all agreed that so strange a circumstance as that just witnessed was a bad thing for the neighborhood, and especially for the McDougall family.  
"I never affronted the 'gentry' to my knowledge," sighed the poor mother, "but Joe helped Mr. Todd's gardener to cut down the old hawthorn-tree on the lawn Friday was eight days; an' there's them that says it's a very bad thing to do. I fleeced him not to touch it, but the master offered him six shillings if he'd help wi' the job, for the other men refused." She sighed again and shut her eyes.  
"That's the way of it," whispered the crones over their pipes and pokers; "that's just it. The gentry had had the ill luck to displease the 'gentry' an' there'll be trouble in this house yet."  
Grace did not hear these cheerful prophecies, for she had dropped asleep.  
Weeks passed and the angry had not been fulfilled. Little Eliza thrived apace, but her mother never lost sight of her for a moment.  
She lay fast asleep in her cradle near the fire one day, while Grace, standing at the dresser, was occupied in cutting up vegetables with the large knife. All at once a tumult of the elements arose. A rain of cold wind hurried up the mountain, and whirled around the house. Grace was startled at the sound and dropped the knife in terror. The door burst open, and the hurricane dashed into the kitchen, overturning the cradle, and driving it, bottom up, across the floor. Grace ran to lift it up and see what had become of the baby. The little creature was crying, and both her pretty, straight ankles were twisted and her feet turned inward. It was long before she ceased to scream.  
The storm subsided as suddenly as it had arisen, but the mysterious evil it had brought the child did not end. She became sickly and very fretful, and the other children grew weary of nursing her. They had been very fond of Eliza, but they now began to dislike her, and the poor overworked mother could hardly ever lay her out of her arms.  
Weeks, months, years went by. Eliza was five years old, but looked like a child of eighteen months, so small and shrunken was she. She still fitted into the cradle, and therein spent most of the day. She had been a very sorrowful burden to her mother all these years, and her croon, frolic temper had driven joy and contentment far from the cabin.  
The healthy, rosy elder children were sometimes so provoked with the wailing sister that they would have hurt her if their mother had not watched them very carefully. But though so sickly, Eliza was much cleverer than any of her strong brothers or sisters. She said extraordinary things, that were repeated from house to house in the neighborhood.  
Mrs. Rooney, happening to pay Grace McDougall a visit one day, saw Matt, the eldest brother, give Eliza a wicked pinch as he passed the cradle; and when the unfortunate child's howl had a little subsided, the wise neighbor took upon herself to speak a word in season.  
"Do you mind what happened the night that wean was born, Grace darlin'?"  
"Do I mind it? Richly I mind it, Mrs. Rooney."  
"An' the time her feet was turned in?"  
"Ay, it's weel I mind it."  
"Weel, Grace, if you tak' my bidding, you'll no let the childler offer to touch them toan to hurt her; for if you do, knowin' what she is, some black trouble'll be coming to this house."  
"Is it a wee elf, then, Mrs. Rooney dear, that was put in the place of my ain child, do you think?"  
"Is it?" cried the neighbor scornfully; "an' you ax me sich an innocent question, an' you workin' wi' the crathur these five year? Sure enough it's an elf, Grace McDougall; an' if you hurt it, you ax child will be hurted just as much; an' it'll be kilt in this house, yonr ain child'll come to its end where it is, and that's wi' the 'gentry' in their grand parlors underground, as sure as I'm a living sinner this day!" concluded she, dropping her voice to a mysterious whisper.  
Poor Grace was deeply impressed. She called her healthy children around her, and threatened them with all manner of penalties if they ventured again to ill treat Eliza, promising to complain to their father, of whose more energetic correction they all stood in much terror. But she had a tenderness for the wailing child, so hated by the rest of its little world; and although she believed Mrs. Rooney, she believed her more unwillingly. "Maybe the poor crathur 'll not be very long troublesome. She looks but sickly; she'll die quietly, an' you'll get rid of the trouble that way," said the wise Mrs. Rooney, in comforting accents, as she got up to take leave.  
Grace sighed. She took Eliza out of the cradle and pressed her to her bosom. Even though she was a changeling, she

was dearer to the woman's heart than her own child, growing up somewhere or other in fairy-land, and she did not wish to see her die. For the true Eliza, stolen at a few weeks old, was almost forgotten; while this unfortunate elfin Eliza was a daily trial of love and patience, and had been so for five years.  
Joseph McDougall, as Mr. Todd's bailiff, had often dangerous work to do, and Grace was uneasy about him if he did not return at the usual hour. He went out one morning to serve several ejectment processes upon tenants at some distance from Buncrana, saying he hoped to be at home by four o'clock; but the day waned, and there was no sign of him.  
"What's keeping him, anyway?" was the question that Grace asked over and over again, as she paced the little yard on the look-out for her husband, forgetting that her offspring, herding cattle in the field, or playing earnestly in the gutter, could not answer.  
"Mother," said Eliza, from her cradle, "my father's in our trouble this minute, but I'm away to help him."  
She lay unusually quiet for a quarter of an hour, seeming to be in a drowsy state.  
"But he's all right now; he'll be home soon," said she, at the end of that time, opening her eyes and looking gravely at her mother.  
"Supper was ready. The door opened, and Joe came in, covered with mud, and with his clothes torn.  
"Save us, Joe! What ails you?" cried Grace.  
"I served the notices, Grace dear, an' I was comin' away. I was all right as far as the wee brig at Roshine, when six of the Brady and McLoughlin boys set me wi' stones in their hands. They pelted me, an' they beat me, an' I thought I'd be kilt entirely, when all at once I was awa frae them at the other end o' the brig; for I donna tell you how I got awa, for I donna know myself; but just I was there, an' they were at the far side, shouting an' cursin' an' shaking their sticks at me. It's the queerest thing I seen in all my days."  
Grace related how Eliza had told her that her father was in peril, and what she said about going off to help him.  
He shook his head, and meditated while he took his after supper smoke. He was a quiet man, whose voice was not much heard in the house; but his cogitant was took expression in the following words, addressed to his assembled family.  
"Childer, if one of yous offers to annoy Eliza, I'll break that one's bones."  
The peaceful days that now commenced for the poor changeling did not last long. She had been growing weaker during the summer, and when the cold blasts of November came she died. Grace wept piteously over the tiny, wasted corpse, regardless of the reproaches of her neighbors.  
"You suldnar cry that way for the crathur, Grace, an' you knowin' what she was," said Mrs. Rooney, severely.  
"I donna care what she was," replied Grace, giving way to fresh tears. "Sure I'll nurse her, an' I'll her, an' I'll wait for her all these five years."  
It was a long time before her grief was quite softened—longer still before Eliza's history ceased to be a winter's tale at Roshine.

## The Edelweiss.

Every traveler in Switzerland is familiar with the tender star-shaped flower of this curious plant, whose snow-green blossoms are stuck into the hat of every guide, and are collected with rare ingenuity by the innumerable little rascals who race the carriages on the road, or start out like rabbits from the bushes as the pedestrian begins his solitary climb. The plant is scarce and very partial. It is found in engrainde, seldom in the Bernese Oberland, and has particular corners and mountains that it loves to affect. This scarcity and partiality gave to the edelweiss a somewhat unhealthy notoriety. The rarer it became the more ambitious were the excursionists to obtain a sprig. Some years ago every country hat was adorned with the curious bloom, feathered, as its botanical name implies, like an old man's beard, and it was no longer a sign of patience endurance to wear this pretty badge that hitherto had denoted a long climb and a patient search.  
There have been only one or two very rare and exceptional cases where the edelweiss was induced to live and give forth flowers in England, and then the result was only obtained by a system of nursery that would have won the majority of botanists. At last the Swiss government determined to put down by law the wholesale destruction of this popular flower. It was rapidly disappearing altogether from the country when an enactment made it penal to take a plant up by the roots. The dignity and importance of legislation gave a new impetus to the interest that was attached to the plant, and going in search of the edelweiss became as attractive a source of danger as any to be found in Switzerland. Unaccompanied by guides and straying from the beaten tracks, more than one tourist has risked his life, and several have already been killed in the quest.

## The Boers of South Africa.

The Boers, whom the English have acquired by the annexation to their South African colony of Transvaal, can hardly be classed as desirable subjects, apart from their unwillingness to acknowledge the supremacy of Great Britain. Separated from the center world by hundreds of miles of only partially settled country, they have established a public opinion among themselves which does not accord in many things with that of ordinary civilized communities. One cherished belief is that education is not desirable, and even the wealthy farmers, who have the means to employ tutors from Holland to instruct their children, are careful to warn these teachers to go no further than reading, writing and the simple rules in arithmetic. Another feature in their lives is their absolute indifference to dirt. Their homes, even those of the well-to-do class, are mere hovels, in which the family, often composed of numerous members, lives in one or, at most, two common rooms, which rarely undergo a cleaning; a somewhat singular fact, in view of the Dutch descent of the Boers. Their attachment to Biblical literature is exceedingly strong, and in almost every household the Bible, and one or two commentaries on it, form the entire family library. Indeed, their readings in Holy Writ have been so constant that it has strongly colored their thoughts and language, and in ordinary conversation their ideas take form in words of the old Jewish patriarchs might have taken. However, the stranger who comes upon the settlement of a Boer, surrounded by his droves and flocks, is not likely to be grossly entertained. Even if a resting place is given him, he is made to feel that he is not deserving of the consideration. No matter how hungry he may be, his wants are not supplied until the time for the family meal arrives, and then not until the household itself has been provided for. Although the Boers live in small scattered communities, church regulations are strictly adhered to, and once a quarter the inhabitants over a wide area of country gather at some central point to attend communion service. Their religious belief does not, apparently, do much to soften their dispositions, for, according to the reports of investigating commissions appointed by the English government, the Boers have not unrequently treated the surrounding natives with great brutality; and have, in many instances, captured and made slaves of Kafir boys and girls.

## Little by Little.

If you are getting little by little every day be content. Are your expenses less than your income, so that, though it be little, you are yet constantly accumulating and growing richer and richer every day? Be content; so far as concerns money, you are doing well.  
Are you gaining knowledge every day? Though it be little by little, the aggregate accumulation, where no day is permitted to pass without adding something to the stock, will be surprising to yourself.  
Solomon did not become the wisest man in the world in a minute. Little by little—never ceasing to learn something even for a single day—always reading, always studying a little between the time of rising in the morning and laying down at night; this is the way to accumulate a full storehouse of knowledge. Finally, are you daily improving in character? Be not discouraged because it is little by little. The best man all far short of what they themselves would wish to be. It is something, if you keep good resolutions better to day than you did yesterday, better this week than you did last year. Strive to be perfect, but do not become discouraged so long as you are approaching nearer and nearer to the high standard at which you aim.  
Little by little, fortunes are accumulated, little by little, knowledge is gained; little by little, character is reputation are achieved.  
**What a Single Bean can Produce.**  
The history of a single bean, accidentally planted in a garden at Southbridge, Mass., is traced by a newspaper correspondent, who figured its produce for three years. The bean was planted in a rich, loamy soil, and when gathered in the autumn its yield, as counted, was 1,515 perfectly developed beans from a single stalk. Now, if a single bean produces 1,515 beans, and each bean produces 1,515 more, the sum total of the second year's product would be 2,236,225, equal to 1,135 pounds, 597 quarts, or 2,300 army rations, equal to 187 bushels. This would be the product of the second year. Now, if we plant this product and the yield is the same, we have a product of 3,268,558,605 beans, equal to 1,671,890 tons, or 42,871,572 bushels, or 548,750,068 soldier's rations. The third planting would give the steamship Great Eastern 92 full freight.

## The Shrewsbury (Eng.) Chronicle.

In announcing the sales of sheep which were shortly to take place in that shire, alludes to the ram "Sterling" of Mr. Graham, of the Shropshire breed, the sire of the most successful royal prize takers, for which ten thousand guineas have been repeatedly offered. This beast the celebrated New York \$40,000 cow.

## The Royal Family of Burmah.

Information has reached us from Burmah in greater detail than we have previously received of the numerous family of the late king. The gay old monarch had during his lifetime 53 legitimate wives, by whom he had 48 sons and 62 daughters, or a nice little family of 110 children, of whom 53 survived him. Of the 53 wives, 12 died before the king, and of the remainder two were imprisoned by him on account of their supposed complicity in plots by their children, the Mong-Gwan and Kutin princesses; and two were expelled for adultery. Deducting those who died and those 4, the king had, at the time of his death, 37 recognized wives. Of these 37 ladies one only was massacred by King Theebaw. She appears to have been particularly obnoxious to him on account of her being the mother of Mektara prince, a powerful rival of Theebaw. No fewer than 14 of this lady's children and grandchildren were massacred with her; one of her grandsons had fled to Rangoon. Thirteen of the late king's wives quitted the palace during his illness or just after his death. The remaining 23 wives are still in the palace, and of that number 7 only are free or believed to be so. The other 16 are in confinement more or less strict. Seven are known to be in what may be called the rigorous imprisonment; some of them are in double rooms, half-starved and not permitted to have any attendants. Out of the 18 sons born to the king, 21 died before him, leaving 21 alive at the time of his death. Of these 21, 14 are known to have been massacred by Theebaw. Four are now alive in India, leaving only 6, including the present king, alive in Mandalay. Of these 6, only 1 besides the king is grown up. This one is the Kya-being prince, who is a trouble; and it is not certain that even he has been left alive. The other 4 are boys from 10 to 2 years of age. Out of 62 daughters of the late king 35 survived him. Four of these, all married to princes, were with their families killed by Theebaw, in February and March last; of the remainder, 21 are now in confinement in the palace, 9 of them being in close imprisonment.

## Life in New Orleans Fifty Years Ago.

Revisiting memories, with eyes that ravished even the authorities, led the brave Chronicle days through the many boyhoods of love and jealousy to the merry music of the orchestra and waltzes on the ballroom floor. The floor was crowded with dancers. Above the violin and bassoon could be heard the delicate footfalls as tiny slippers tripped merrily through the intricacies of waltz, tango, and all, to an outsider, appeared as happy as at a wedding. Presently a young man, who had received some slight affront, would leave his partner and slip over to a friend. A few minutes' conversation would follow, and the friend would start off to bear a challenge to the rule dispenser of the gayety there. Presently a group of five or six young gentlemen would quietly withdraw from the ballroom and go over toward St. Anthony's square, a little piece of ground just behind the cathedral, now enclosed. The only weapons at hand were sword blades, and the seconds counted the minutes. The city lamps in those days were suspended over the middle of the streets. A large upright post from which ran out a projecting support of the lamp, was at each corner, and the lights were lowered and raised by a rope coiled up in a little box attached to the post. It was a gallows-looking affair, but it held its own against newer inventions even down to 1858 in the lower portion of the city. This was all the light that illuminated these battle fields when the courage of our early knights was exhibited. One or two passes and somebody was wounded and carried home, and the rest of the party returned to the pleasure of the ball. It is curious, looking back now to those days, to think how few of these affairs terminated fatally. These combats were prompt to stop the fighting at the first blood, but even this would hardly prevent severe strokes were the young gentlemen of those rollicking years not experts with the foil. One thing was prevented by this appeal to the code, and that was street brawls and promiscuous shooting, whereby the lives of innocent spectators were placed in jeopardy. Fights were quickly atoned and the quarrel ended.

## The Wicked Deacon.

In a flourishing young city of Michigan lives a worthy man who has had the misfortune to be a widower three times, and is now living with his fourth wife, who has two boys by a former marriage. These have been taught to call the stepfather "pa." While entertaining company at ten a few evenings since, an aggravated case of divorce became the topic of conversation. A lady expressed herself emphatically against divorce, quoting several passages of scripture, and concluding with this: "And St. Paul says he that putteth away his wife commits a grievous sin."

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The rice crop of South Carolina for the year is estimated at 41,000 tonnes and that of Georgia at 26,000.  
A Swiss colony of seven hundred people now in Tennessee devote their time to cheese-making.  
Victor Hugo is a broad-shouldered man. He has a full beard, almost white, and he does not appear ethereal.  
An agreement relative to postage money orders has just been concluded at Berlin between Germany and the United States.  
The long-standing order of the post-office department which required that all postal cards having any portion of the message written on their face should be treated as unavailable, has been rescinded, except in cases where it makes the address illegible.  
The Mercer county, Va., court, in a case in which a person on the Pennsylvania railroad sued the company for putting him off a train because he had refused to pay an additional fare which was demanded, because he had left one train and taken another, the plaintiff was non-suited on the ground that he had violated the contract printed on the ticket.  
The liability of a common carrier has just been defined by the Kentucky court of appeals as follows: "The consignee is not bound to accept or agree to the terms of the special contract in restriction of the carrier's liability, but in such cases it is his duty to refuse to accept the written instrument limiting such liability by returning it to the carrier, after he has had time to ascertain the contents, with notice of non-acceptance."  
Prince de Bourbon, son of the Comte d'Artois, uncle of the ex-king Francis II., of Naples, and grandson of Dom Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil, comes to claim the hand of Miss Ayer, daughter of the late proprietor of Ayer's pills, who has a fortune of \$5,000,000, and is thus the richest heiress in the United States. She is said to be a lovely young girl of twenty, and the great and noble count is thirty-two.  
A novel phase of the labor question has just been developed in the South Carolina cotton field. The colored people in one section held an excited meeting, extending through Saturday night and Sunday, and adopted resolutions binding themselves, their wives and children, not to pick cotton for less than fifty cents per one hundred pounds, under penalty of a whipping, a member of the organization to apply the lash.  
A feature of Austrian prison discipline is the practice of compelling the convict to reflect upon his offense. It is in the discretion of the judge, on passing sentence of imprisonment, to prescribe also compulsory fasting at stated intervals every year, and to direct, in addition to isolation from food, a period of solitary confinement on each anniversary of the crime. The fasting and solitary confinement are believed by German jurists to have a valuable reformatory influence.  
A candlestick has been a constant of accident, and so arranged with applied mechanics that it gives sufficient light to read in the darkness of a cellar the label on a keg, where spirits or other inflammable liquids are stored. By this means the explosion is prevented from the momentary use of an unprotected light are checked. Further improvements may make this light a substitute for Sir Humphrey Davy's lamp for the use of miners.  
One of the most remarkable incidents of true tenacity was verified in a rat for three in Johnston county, Ga. The chase lasted for eight hours, and every day was entirely exhausted but one and he held out until both he and the fox were run down, when they positively laid down close to each other, and every time the fox would move or attempt to get up the dog would move toward it, but could not quite get hold of it. By and by, the assistance of the hunters, was captured.  
The manager of the Burlington and Lamoille railroad, in Vermont, has in use an ingenious method of conveying cordwood a distance of two miles and landing it on the cars. He has erected a small dune from a point near the timber landing to the station. A stream of water from a brook is turned into the dune and the wood floats down very rapidly, and as the terminus is shot on to the cars while the water falling short flows away into the river. Thirty cords of wood are placed on the cars in this manner every day.  
**Wonders of Nature.**  
If a pint of water be placed within six inches of either side of the stem of a pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will in the course of a night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of the leaves on the water.  
If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus, or scarlet runner, it will find it, although the prop may be shifted daily. If after it has attained some distance up the prop, it be unmoored and twisted in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position, or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of the plants grow near to each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of the spiral, and they will twine around each other.