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Steamer WAVE, Capt. W. A. Robinson, will leave Fayetteville on Mondays and Thursdays at 8 o'clock A. M., and Wilmington on Tuesdays and Fridays at 1 o'clock P. M., connecting with the Western Railroad at Fayetteville on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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Grocers, Commission Merchants and Produce Buyers,
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Love and Time.
The archer boy went forth one day,
Heart-shooting, toward the north, they say,
Through some say south, some east, some west.
Few know the points he likes the best,
But very likely 'twill be found
Love took the wide world in his round;
Where'er he went 'twas all the same,
Earth was his covert filled with game—
Male hearts, most easy to be got at,
And females, eager to be shot at.

Of all the days in the year, the day
We speak of was the first of May,
Which all the world declare, with reason,
The opening of Love's shooting season.
When every blessed thing of life
And nature's heart with joy is rife:
No there was nothing else to do,
But shoot ahead the whole day through,
And lag the spoils of Love's battue
Returning home from his excursion,
Pleased with his opening day's diversion,
Love saw an old man pass the way
Who on his path refused to stay.
'Twas Time, who never stops his fight
For gods or men, by day or night.
At him the boy let fly a shaft,
The last of all his quiver left.
Which the old man dotedly parried
With the well-tempered blade he carried,
Crying out, 'Said boy, you do not know
The difference 'twixt friend and foe;
You seem to know but naught about me,
How ill sooner you'd do without me.
Without Time's aid too soon you'd find
Love would be hoisted by mankin'.
Your follies all exposed by reason,
By truth your delusions and treason;
And here, vain fool, that here below
The tears that from your victims flow
Are, as they drop from sorrow's cup,
By Time, the comforter, dried up!

JOHNNY'S WISH.
A FAIRY STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.
A flaxen-haired, freckle-faced boy was Johnny, with blue eyes and lips like ripe cherries. He was the grandson of a small farmer, his own father and mother being dead and gone, and laid in God's acre. Grandfather was an old man, you may be sure, and perhaps he was a little cross. Johnny thought so at all events, and fancied that his own life was very hard.
When Johnny was taking care of the few sheep that belonged to his grandfather, he would sometimes see the young lord of the manor ride by on his milk-white pony, with a servant-man in green and gold riding behind him on a chestnut colt. Then Johnny would pout his cherry lips and the tears would come into his eyes, and he would say to himself: 'Why was not I born to have a milk-white pony and a servant in green and gold? I am quite as good as he is; I am bigger and stronger and just as good-looking; who is he, to ride, when I have to walk? Ah, I wish—'
And there Johnny stopped and fell into a reverie—which is sometimes as bad as falling into a mill pond.
Johnny had often heard talk of the fairies, the good little people, light as this-side-down and beautiful as innocence, dwelling in the bell-flowers, drinking dew nectar, and happy, eye, as happy as the moonlight night was long.
One night Johnny made up his mind that he would look out for the fairies.
So, in the best of tempers and the very lowest of spirits, Johnny came to look out for the fairies. He lay down on the grass and kept very quiet till the village clock struck twelve; then he heard a rustle and a bustle and voices—not so loud as the buzz of the blue-bottle, and laughter reverely so distinct as the chirp of the cricket—but he knew it was the fairies, and his heart went thump! thump! thump!
Presently he ventured to look round him. The moon was shining brightly, and by its light he saw the gayest company of miniature beings you can possibly imagine, dancing merrily. Time would fail to tell you how beautiful they all were, how gaily dressed, how courteous to each other, and how graceful in every motion. Johnny rubbed his eyes and fancied he was dreaming; he stretched out his hand and ran it into a lot of nettles, and that quite convinced him he was wide awake. The smart sting made him cry out, and instantly the ball became a rout. The fairies fled in mad haste, some hiding themselves under the leaves, some burying themselves in bell-flowers, all escaping except one, and he got his feet entangled in a spider's web, and could do nothing but wriggle and cry out.
Johnny came to his rescue, but before releasing him begged a boon.
'What will you have?' said the little fairy. 'Speak quickly, and get me out of this horrible web.'
'I want to be as well off as the little lord of the manor.'
'Tush,' quoth the fairy, 'you are better off.'
'If you say that you know nothing about it,' said Johnny—and you may stop in the web till the spider finds you. Why, he has a white pony and a servant in green and gold, and I—'
'You are a healthy little shepherd boy, without a care.'
'I am worn out with care,' said Johnny. 'My grandfather is cross; the black bread is hard and not too much of it; my jacket is patched, my shoes almost worn out, the sheep contrary, and the dog obstinate. Come, what will you do for me?'
'Would you change places with the boy you envy?'
'Yes, of course I would.'

'Is it so—lift me out of the web,'
When Johnny disentangled him from
The mesh, the fairy uttered some strange
Words which Johnny could never re-
member, and the field of fairies all faded
away, and he was sleeping on a soft
couch. He woke with a start and looked
round him in surprise. The gray light
of the morning was stealing into the
room, and he saw that the apartment
was richly furnished. A clock struck five.

At that moment the door opened and
a man in a striped jacket came in, and
gave him good morning. After this he
lifted him into a cold bath. It was in
vain that Johnny protested he was not
used to it, and did not like it. The
man only shook his head very gravely,
and went on plunging him till he was
satisfied; then he rubbed him dry with a
rough towel. After this he helped him
to dress, and Johnny had never had so
much trouble before. It occupied
nearly an hour, and when it was over
there came a tap at the door, and a mes-
sage to say that Mr. Sterne was expect-
ing Sir Charles in the study.
'Who is he?' said Johnny.
'Your tutor, sir, of course.'
'What's he want with me?'
'To prepare you for the day's exer-
cises.'

'I can get exercise enough without
him. Just you get me some milk and
bread, and I'll have a run in the fields.'
The man in the striped jacket held up
his hands in dismay. He assured John-
ny the thing was impossible, and with-
out further parley led him out of the
room, across a passage, into a chamber
with more books in it than Johnny sup-
posed could ever have been written or
printed in the world.

Mr. Sterne, a still-looking gentleman
in a suit of black, gave him good morn-
ing with much solemnity, and then be-
gan to scold him for being late. There
were Latin, English, and mathemati-
cal exercises to be gone through, and
which would occupy much time. With
a failing heart Johnny took up his book
and looked at the page. Strangely
enough to himself he could read it,
and when his tutor took the book and
questioned him about it, he could repeat
it—but it made his head ache, and he
felt sick and weary.

'If you please, may I have a little
milk?' he asked; 'or a little water?'
'Certainly not. It is time, however,
that you took your tonic.'
In answer to Mr. Sterne's summons,
the man in the striped jacket appeared
with a wineglassful of—of such nasty
stuff!—and Johnny was obliged to take
it, every drop. Feeling very much the
worse for his draught, the poor boy went
on with his lessons till half past seven,
when Mr. Sterne, in a terribly frigid
way, said: 'Sir Charles, it is the hour
for your constitutional promenade.'

Johnny at first thought he was going
to have a dose of something more nasty
than he had had before, but he soon
learned that Mr. Sterne meant that they
were to go into the garden, which he
was very glad of. But when he got in-
to the garden, and they were grand,
beautiful gardens—I can tell you that—
and would have taken a sharp run,
he was rebuked by Mr. Sterne for his 'ul-
turity,' and forced to walk as solemnly
as a mite at a funeral. Johnny began
to compose himself with the idea, when
he heard the breakfast-bell ringing, that
he should have some wonderfully nice
things to eat. Visions of cold partridge
and pigeon pie, and ham and eggs and
fried salmon, flitted before him; but
also how mistaken was he. All these
things, and more, were on the table,
but not for him. He had a bowl of
bread and milk, and nothing else, on
account of his weak digestion. After
breakfast there were more lessons—hard,
dry, dreary lessons, accompanied with
much rebuke. There was a French
master, and a dancing master, and a
writing master, and a fencing master;
there was a music master also, and I
don't know how many besides. Poor
Johnny's head was very, very bad be-
fore dinner time; it seemed to him to
be made up of plates of red-hot iron
welded together with boiling lead.
Dinner! Only one dish—roast mutton
—a piece of stale bread and a glass of
water! Oh how Johnny yearned for a
hunk of bread and cheese and a slice of
onion. There were more lessons after
dinner, and after that—the pony. But
by this time Johnny was so sick and
weary he begged hard that he might be
allowed to go to bed. Mr. Sterne could
not hear of it. So he mounted the
white pony, saw a little girl, as tired as
himself, on a cream-colored pony, was
escorted by servants in gold and colors,
and felt most miserable.

As Johnny rode by the pastures where
he was wont to take care of the sheep,
he saw his own very self looking, oh
so happy, among the sheep, with old
'Brownie'—that was the dog—full of
his gambols. What would he not have
given to jump off the pony's back and be
himself again, but he could not do it!
As he rode on he began to say to him-
self, 'Why should I be shut up in a big
house, and made to do this and that and
the other? why—ah, I wish,—and
then he fell into a reverie.

When the ride was over he went back
to the great house, and with the little
lady who had ridden with him, was nu-
dered into a state room, where a lot of
gentlemen in white waistcoats were eat-

ing fruit and drinking wine. He had
to stop there for almost half an hour
without speaking a word, and was re-
galed with one small bunch of grapes.
At the end of the half hour he was taken
away by Mr. Sterne, in whose presence
he partook of a cup of milk and water
with a piece of dry toast. Then he
was sent to bed, as miserable a boy as
could have been found within the four
seas.

In his sleep came the fairy to him.
'Mortal child are you pleased with the
change?'
'Oh no, good fairy—let me be my own
very self again. Brownie is a good dog.
I love the dear old sheep, and I so long
to be with grandfather.'
'But what of the white pony?'
'I don't want the white pony. I like
to be myself; I will never envy any-
body again. Good, kind fairy, take me
home.'

And when Johnny awoke he was at
home; and did not he enjoy his break-
fast! and as he went after the sheep,
with Brownie up to all manner of tricks,
did he not say to himself, 'I wish—(ah!
that sounds dangerous, but it was not—)
I wish I may never wish to change my
lot again.'

Masculine and Feminine Morality.
I could never understand the opposite
system of weights and measures which
has been established for ganging mor-
tality among men and among women.
The strictest among us allow that a
young man should sow his wild oats;
but who ever admitted the same neces-
sity in the case of girls? We say that
man should have his amusement—his
clubs, cigars, horse-races, flirtations and
liquorings; but suppose our women and
girls came to us reeking of tobacco!
Supposing they added themselves
openly to nips of grog and absinthe
when their spirits were low? Supposing
they sat down to quiet rubbers of whist
or cards, gambling away their house-
hold money just to while off dull hours.
We demand so much excellence of our
women that the worst of them are still
better than the average man.

I have known some women who were
social outcasts, and who, in print of
heart, conduct and general moral recti-
tude, might have furnished staff for the
making of very upright gentlemen in-
deed. They had fallen once, it is true,
but what a fearful penalty they had been
made to pay for one slip, while, by com-
parison, the kindred penalties of men
are so slight. If a young man gets mixed
up in some disgraceful entanglement,
breaks a heart, and throws a young girl
upon the streets after having ruined her
life, people say of him, compassionately,
by-and-bye: 'He was so young when he
did it, and now he has turned over a
new leaf'; but if an inexperienced girl,
a mere child of sixteen or seventeen,
comes to harm through a moment's
weakness, born of too much love and
over-confidence in her betrayer, who
ever thinks of pleading her youth as an
excuse? Who ever urges seriously that
a girl 'has turned over a new leaf'?
Home Journal.

Conundrums on the Rail.
The fat passenger, who has been
puffing and panting ever since we left
Boston, trying to fit himself into a
Wagner chair, has at last signed him-
self into contentment, and remarked:
'This New York express reminds me
of our modern American life.'
'What for?' asked the cross passenger.
'Constant strain,' replied the fat pas-
senger, 'in the tone of a satisfied man.'

Everybody looked amazed, but no
body said anything, and presently the
silence became oppressive. The fat
passenger looked uneasily at his audi-
ence.
'Oh, no,' he said, suddenly, 'Oh, no;
a fast strain, that's it; fast strain, fast
strain.'
The cross passenger granted.
The tall thin passenger said he was
more like the knot in the hangman's
rope. We all looked 'Why?' at him,
and he committed himself as follows:
'Because it's the last strain.'
'But this isn't the last train,' said the
cross passenger; 'there's two more trains
this afternoon.'
'It's like a Lghorn chicken, then,'
said the passenger with the sandy
goatee; 'it's the best strain.'
'And it's like a sun dial,' said the fat
passenger; 'because it gets through by
daylight.'
'And it's like a cross dog,' observed
the sad passenger; 'because it starts at
one.'
'Yes,' said the tall thin passenger;
'but the train goes after it starts, and
the watch dog doesn't.'
'No,' observed the passenger with the
sandy goatee; 'but the man he starts at
does.'—*Burdette.*

'Do you understand the nature and
solemnity of an oath?' the judge of
Vandalia asked a witness who had come
up from the lower end of the state.
'Well, yes,' the witness replied, after
some study: 'I reckon I know the nat-
ure of an oath, but there never appeared to
be no powerful amount of solemnness
about swearing to me. It aints come
kind of nat'ral like. Mam swore a little
when she was riled, and was a born
cussar, and Parson Bedloe— But the
court excused him without further ped-
igree.'

Baltimore's New Water Works.
The seven-mile tunnel of Baltimore's
water works has successfully progressed
until it is now open the entire length—
the alignments proving correct. This
tunnel has been under construction
since April, 1870, and its successful
completion is regarded as one of the
great engineering achievements of the
day. It runs in a perfectly straight line
for nearly its whole length, and is
twelve feet in diameter. Five miles of
the tunnel were cut through solid rock,
through the crevices of which springs
of ice-cold water gush forth in many
places quite a large stream. Two miles
of the tunnel will be bricked up. Fif-
teen shafts in all were sunk, some of
them as deep as 350 feet, and an evi-
dence of the skillful engineering done
on the work is the fact that all the
headings met on a straight line, so that
the interior of the tunnel is even
throughout. Although the tunnel is now
cut clear through, it will not be fully
completed for about nine months, as
much masonry work still remains to be
done. Mr. R. K. Martin, chief engineer
of the new water works, says he does not
yet know the cost of the tunnel, but it
will probably not fall below \$1,500,000.
When completed they will be the most
complete and largest water works in this
country, and the visitor along the line
can not but be impressed with their
magnitude.

New Method of Execution Demanded.
Dr. Park Benjamin, of New York, who
is one of the most earnest advocates of
electricity as a substitute for the hang-
man's noose in cases of capital punish-
ment, says an apparatus power enough
to kill at a single shock more men than
were ever executed together on one
scaffold, could be packed away in a
moderate-sized trunk, so arranged that
nothing but the connecting wires and the
discharging button should protrude. A
time and place fixed for the execution
all the sheriff would have to do
would be to attach the wires to the base
of the brain, or each side of the spine,
and press the button. The victim would
literally never know what hurt him; for
as it requires one-tenth of a second for
the nerves to transmit a sensation to
the brain, and electricity travels ten
thousand times faster than human sen-
sation, it is clear the man would be dead
before the nerves could register any
pain. Mr. Benjamin mentions, in con-
firmation of this statement, that the
Stevens institute, at Hoboken, N. J.,
has an electric coil which yields sparks
twenty-one inches long, that will pen-
etrate glass blocks three inches thick; and
that one in the possession of the Royal
Polytechnic institute, in London, pro-
duces lightning flashes twenty-nine inches
in length.

A Sadly Afflicted Town.
A carefully prepared report from
Gloucester, Mass., gives a fearful
recital of the men lost in the fisheries
from that port and vessels wrecked dur-
ing the past year. The statement, so
far as the loss of life is concerned, is
entirely unprecedented in the history
of the business. Scarcely a week during
the year but has witnessed some destruc-
tion. Thirteen vessels went down, 113
men were drowned, 51 women were
widowed and 150 children made father-
less by the single February gale. So
overwhelming a calamity could not fail
to awaken a generous sympathy, and
\$28,216.72 were contributed to feed,
clothe and shelter the survivors of the
lost mariners. The February gale,
however, furnishes but part of the
direful history of the Gloucester fish-
eries for 1879. In all thirty vessels, ag-
gregating 1,180 tons, comprising over
a tenth part of the fishing tonnage of
the port, valued at \$18,750, all of which
were insured in mutual system for 295,
185, sailed to return no more, and 1,240
lives have been lost, leaving 88 widows
and 219 fatherless children. There are
two vessels now absent for which guar-
antees are entertained, the Andrew
Lighton and the Harry C. Mackey. If
these do not soon return it will add
twenty-two more to the number.

A Student's Unsuccessful Trick.
One day, when Professor Silliman, of
Yale college, had given notice to a class
of students that he would experiment
with laughing gas in the college labora-
tory, a senior privately informed his
classmates that he knew the effect of the
gas exactly. No fellow while under its
influence was responsible for what he
did or said, and he should like the op-
portunity to inhale the gas and speak
his mind freely, and Professor Silliman
heard of this. When the class men were
assembled, he administered the anes-
thetic to the student out of a leather
bag. The effect was terrible. The
young man awoke dreadfully at good
Professor Silliman, and called him all
sorts of hard names, and was going on
at a fearful rate, when the professor
told him he need not be quite so irre-
sponsible, for up to that time there had
nothing gone into the leather bag ex-
cept common air. The young fellow
felt pretty cheap until after the class
got through shouting at him.

The Postmark Betrayed Her.
A lady wrote to one of the city dailies,
complaining it desecrating the Sabbath
by issuing a Sun day edition, and with-
drawing her subscription, as she would
not countenance such wickedness. Her
letter was dated Monday morning. But
the remorseless post-office had printed
its post-mark with unusual legibility,
and the date was Sunday! The woman
who was too good to tolerate a Sunday
paper, wished the editor to understand
that she was also too good to write her
note on Sunday, but she had not stop-
ped to reflect that, although she might
try to deceive with a false date, the
post-office wouldn't lie for her! This is
a queer world.

Immensity of the Dairy Interest.
President Thurber, of the Interna-
tional Dairy Fair Association, in the
course of his speech at the opening of
the second annual exhibition of the
association in New York, gave some
interesting statistics concerning dairy
interest abroad, from which it appears
that America heads the list of dairy
countries, with 13,000,000 milch cows;
Germany coming next, with 8,001,221;
France third, with 4,513,765; Great
Britain and Ireland coming fourth,
with 3,758,766, and Switzerland falling
last, with 502,436. During the year
1878 there were manufactured in this
country 900,000,000 pounds of butter
and 340,000,000 pounds of cheese; but
of the former only 3.9 per cent. was ex-
ported, as against 41.6 per cent. of the
latter. The small percentage of our
butter which goes abroad is due, Mr.
Thurber thinks, to the fact that the
home demand for first-class butter is
fully equal to the supply, while foreign
markets are already over-taxed with
inferior grades. He notes the fact that
while Denmark's total annual produc-
tion is but 60,000,000 pounds, 33,000,
000 pounds, or fifty per cent., is ex-
ported to other countries; and he sug-
gests that, with proper care in the
manufacture of American butter, our
own exports might be brought up to the
prominent position which cheese now
occupies in our foreign trade. Mr.
Thurber is a strong advocate of the
creamery system, and believes that if
farmers trusted the making of butter,
as well as cheese, to these establish-
ments, there would soon be a marked
improvement in the grade. It is not
unlikely that this will shortly come to
pass. The success of the New York
creameries has led to their establish-
ment in other states; and when once it
has been satisfactorily shown that the
improved machinery now available for
handling the products of the dairy can
make cheaper and better butter than
can be made at home, farmers will be
glad to abandon the ancient handicraft,
and turn the business of butter making
over to professionals. It is but another
step in the specialization of industries.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.
Kansas claims 819,978 inhabitants, or
an increase of 141,667 in a single year.
C. L. Clayton, of Asheville, N. C., has
a suit for President Johnson once made
him.
A girl is really going to Zululand
to visit the place where her son was
slain.
Wm. H. Vanderbilt and his sons have
begun the erection of four residences in
Fifth avenue, New York, which are to
cost \$1,650,000 in the aggregate.
In Chicago, during the present year,
one thousand and sixty-five new build-
ings, mostly brick, have been erected,
at an aggregate expense of \$6,454,000.
The biggest salmon in the world was
brought into Victoria, Vancouver Is-
land, British America. It weighed
ninety-eight pounds, and was five and
a-half feet long.
Jackson, Miss., is building a new
opera house, capable of seating nine
hundred people, and it is said that when
completed it will be one of the prettiest
theaters in the South.
On the day that Senator Byard was
first elected to the United States Senate,
his father, James A. Byard, was re-
elected to the same body, the only in-
stance of the kind in the history of the
country.
The bell-punch register has come to
be regarded in Texas as a mere fancy.
In Houston one leading saloon which
registered over 1,800 on the malt register
for October shows only 19 glasses of beer
sold during November.
The New Orleans *Zephyrus* thinks it
would be a wise investment for the peo-
ple of Louisiana to establish in that city
a free hotel for the reception and enter-
tainment of emigrants for a time suffi-
cient to enable them to find homes and
employers.
The depression of business in Berlin
continues general, and is daily becoming
more severe. At the banks there is
little doing, and in mercantile circles
there is almost hopeless stagnation. Of
700 houses belonging to building asso-
ciations, not more than one-third are
occupied.
In Chicago, the first week in Decem-
ber, the sales of provisions were ap-
proximated—86,000 barrels of meat pork,
125,000 tierces of lard and 35,000,000
pounds of meat having been disposed
of. These sales are equivalent to \$35,-
000,000 pounds of produce, valued at
\$23,000,000.
By a fire which threatened the total
destruction of the Wesleyan chapel, in
the City road, London, the main chapel
was greatly injured, and the historic
building, Wesley's morning chapel, was
gutted. Wesley's pulpit was saved—
The beautiful frescoed ceiling is irrepar-
ably injured, and great doubts are
entertained whether the roof of the
structure can be restored.
Mr. Jane Grey Swisshelm has ascer-
tained from Buckle, a good authority,
that for every twenty girls there are
twenty-one boys born; and, consequen-
tly, she infers that every woman ought
to have a husband, and every twenty
families a good commonstock old bach-
elor uncle who will buy drums for the
boys, dolls for the girls and take the
young ladies to the opera.
It is a fact that the Baltimore paves
of streets use sand from England and
France cheaper than they can get Mary-
land sand. Our exports so largely ex-
ceed our imports that vessels from
Europe which used to bring merchan-
dise and take back ballast, now come
laden with sand, as ballast, and return
with our produce. On reaching this
port they give the sand to any one who
will haul it away.
Among several curious habits of the
woodcock, his practice of carrying its
young is perhaps the most interesting.
The testimony of many competent wit-
nesses is cited to corroborate the state-
ment. The late L. Lloyd, wrote: 'If,
in shooting, you meet with a brood of
woodcocks, and the young can not fly,
the old bird takes them separately be-
tween her feet, and flies from the dogs
with a moaning cry.'
For some time past Chinese aromati-
smoke rods have been used for perfum-
ing rooms. They are grayish brown
sticks, which are easily kindled and
burn slowly with a bright glow, leaving
a pleasant aroma on the air. They are
formed of powdered casarilla bark, from
which the bitter principle has been ex-
tracted, leaving the aromatic resin.
These grounds are kneaded into a soft
mass with fragrant gum and then
molded into rods.

A Remarkable Case.
The medical men in New Philadel-
phia, Ohio, are much excited at the
condition of a child, about two years
old, in the family of Joseph Kinsley. In
July last the limbs of the child began to
harden. Since that time the hardness
has increased, and has spread over its
entire body. The hands are drawn slant,
and its limbs are so hard that it has no
use of them. The head, neck, arms and
legs are now so hard that not the slight-
est indentation can be made upon them,
nor could any petrification be harder.
The limbs of the child seem bloodless,
and are cold as marble. It has some
appetite, and at times tries to talk. A
living petrified child is considered a cu-
riosity without a parallel.