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To the Bereaved! Headstones, Monuments, TOMBS, IN THE BEST OF MARBLE.

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A Grand-ire's Dream. It is within my single look. No old and gray, I know. I close my eyes and backward look: The fifty years ago— Ere youth has fled, or hope is dead. And life's sands running low.

The Christmas balls are chiming sweet (The fifty years ago). There comes the fall of fairy feet Across the trackless snow; And hearts beat light, to pleasures high, Just fifty years ago.

From out the weird manor-house I see a golden glow; And many voices welcome me (The fifty years ago)— A laughing hand stand hand in hand, A crowd pass to and fro.

In hall and homestead, great and small Sing blithely as they go; Sing blithely as I smile of all (The fifty years ago). And hearts are light and eyes are bright, That Christmas long ago.

A face looks out from wealth of hair, That waves o'er brow of snow; And brows eye deep with eyelid air (The fifty years ago). And cheeks are flushed and voices hushed To whisper sweet and low.

A kerchief crossed a swelling breast, The heart that throbb'd below Grew restless with its own unrest; For, ah, how could you know That I loved you, so well, so true, Just fifty years ago?

We trod a measure through the hall With stately steps and slow— Once more I hear your footsteps fall: Your bright cheeks brighter glow, And you are mine, by right divine, Of love, long years ago!

Your dainty cap, your golden hair, Your muslin kerchief's snow, Your tiny feet that cross the stair— Less swift than mine, I know; All these I bear, and see, my dear, As fifty years ago.

How fair you looked! How fond I loved! 'Tis well, it should be so; I gaze upon your picture now But long to see you face to face, And all the past is held as fast As fifty years ago.

It is not fifty years—and time Has stayed for me, I know; We hear the merry Christmas chime, We see the falling snow, And hand in hand so close we stand, My love of long ago.

The voices sweet of friends who greet Are close to me, I trow; The fire-gleams dance in radiant heat, The holy-burial glow; I have but dreamt of days I've spent Since fifty years ago.

Alex, who stands demurely here, With eyes of tender glow, So like the eyes of long ago, In days of long ago? She smiles, I ween, at grand-ire's dream Of fifty years ago.

—LORD'S SOCIETY.

FOREVER! 'Promise!' 'I do solemnly.' 'Forever?' continued the solemn, broken voice.

'Forever,' echoed the weeping maiden by the bedside.

The wasted hands were raised over the heads of the kneeling figures; the pale lips of the dying woman parted—the tongue tried to utter a blessing; but all brightness faded from the eyes. The woman was dead.

Two young girls knelt at the bedside. Constance Owen was the name of one, with yellow skin and large brown eyes, and Edith Ormond, she was called, with ringlets of gold floating around her fair neck, and whose head was leaning upon the shoulders of Constance, who had promised the dying woman to be a sister, protector—mother even—to the fair maiden at her side.

The strong, faithful, homely girl called Constance was an adopted daughter of the dead lady—one of those waifs of the street, whose only hope of life is in the charity of some tender-hearted stranger. She, however, repaid her protector by a love and regard as filial as that of her own daughter, and when upon her deathbed Mrs. Ormond bade Constance Owen make her the solemn promise recorded, the brave girl not only did not falter, but whispered once more to the stricken girl at her side:

'Yes, Edith, for the sake of the love your dear mother gave to the orphan will I love you better than myself—forever.'

And darkness was in that chamber, desolation in the hearts of the mourners.

Two years passed—two years since Edith the beautiful and Constance the brave had lost their best earthly friend. The former had grown more lovely even than the promise of the dawn of her radiant maidenhood; the latter more homely, larger-featured, in face, but with the two years an added dignity of mien, a more intelligent light in the quiet, tender brown eyes, and force of character better defined in every movement. There came many suitors to Bonnybrook—so the little country-seat belonging to Edith was called—but, so far, the little coquette did not pay much heed to any of them. She was chasing the butterflies of fancy around that garden of Eden—first youth. But at length her beauty, grace and perhaps high social position, brought one day to the gates of Bonnybrook one Doctor Paulding, a superior and rising young physician, who lived in the city close by,

and when he had found his way to that pleasant country nook, somehow he discovered patients in that vicinity very frequently. Was it Edith's fair face that made him take that blooming, high-way so often?

He was indeed fascinated by her bright, girlish beauty, and one evening after he had been wandering in the garden, under the moon, soft pleasant words must have been spoken, for after he had gone, Edith, with a flushed face dashed into the room where Constance was awaiting her, and throwing her arms around her, said in a happy, breathless voice:

'Oh! darling, I am so happy. He has told me he loved me.'

Constance spoke not a word; Edith was held a moment to a beating heart, a soft kiss touched her forehead, and the next moment she was alone.

'He loves me! He loves me!' And Edith looked out over the garden from which the dews of night were distilling all their colors; she gazed at the rose, beautiful moon, and peopled the shade with the image of the man who had but just stirred her young life with the divine music of love.

A month after the pleasant confession had been made, Edith was called to the mountains of Vermont to attend a dying aunt, the only sister of her dear mother, and she had to proceed alone, as Bonnybrook would have lacked a guardian if Constance had accompanied her—Dr. Paulding's duties utterly denying him that pleasure.

Constance was engrossed in her home duties and saw but little society, save a few rustic neighbors, who only recom-mended themselves by their good sense of heart, and certainly not by the brilliancy of their wit or understanding. Once and awhile Dr. Paulding would ride out to Bonnybrook, as Constance told him, from the force of old habit, but soon it seemed that the man of medicine and science did not carry on the conversation with the old ease, grace and spirit—What had come between Constance Owen and himself? Something inexplicable. The noble woman found a strange, rare pleasure in the society of the gifted man; the scholarly man sympathized with the large hearted, intellectual woman which he had never known or experienced in any of her sex. 'True,' he said to himself, 'she is not beautiful; indeed, measured by the rules of beauty, she is positively ugly. But who can gauge the charms of a melodious voice, or define the tenderness of an honest, kindly eye?'

And she, too, mused in this wise: 'This Dr. Charles Paulding is a marvelously gifted man. What powers of language, what treasures of imagination he possesses! What a noble career he has before him; and Edith—here she would pause and think of that clinging tendril, not as helping the growth of the oak, but as drawing from its strength. Yet from all such thoughts as these her stanch and loyal heart would resolutely turn away—yet for all this her speech would not come as trippingly on the tongue as in the old days, and he would oftentimes finish a sentence in the middle of it, and then lose himself in vague glances at the ceiling or out into the garden.'

Oh, it was a dangerous time for both of these awakening hearts. But they glided on this treacherous stream, and seemed only conscious that the hours were sweet and that the sun shone on the waves. There was no thought of disloyalty in either heart. He was above all a man of honor, and she of all else a loyal woman. Yet how hearts delude themselves. In the very pride of his strength Samson was scorn of his locks.

One quiet evening in July Dr. Paulding had taken tea at Bonnybrook, and Constance—his 'hostess' only, she called herself—strolled down to the gate with him. His impatient horse was biting the rough old hitching-post and throwing up clouds of dust with his fore feet. He had been kept there four hours, and he seemed more eager than his master to leave Bonnybrook behind him. The doctor idly plucked some heliotropes as they strolled down the rose-bordered paths, and mingled with the flowers some dainty minuet and a pale bud or two of the tea rose. At last he placed the bouquet in her hands and said dreamily:

'Read the emblems, Constance—you, who are a priestess in Flora's beautiful temple.'

She quickly looked over them.

'Ah,' she said, 'you choose well, Sir Botanist. Here you have beauty in retirement, constancy—that is good—and I am not a summer friend—that is better than all. But you flatter with your flowers nevertheless.'

'Not you,' he replied eagerly, almost tenderly, and in a voice that somehow frightened her.

She replied almost coldly—although her heart was strangely beating and a warm, unusual color was in her face: 'My best friends will tell you, doctor, that I am ugly and commonplace. Believe them, I beg of you, and do not let your imagination invest me with any charms.'

He seemed all at once to be carried away by his passion. He leaned over her and replied, warmly: 'I say you are beautiful, Constance Owen. I feel your beauty in my very soul.' But he said no more.

The face of Constance was a study; the flash that before had crimsoned her cheeks died out, and she became ghastly pale. Her fingers, which had clasped the flowers, slowly opened and they dropped to the ground at her feet. All at once the vision of the dead woman seemed to present itself to her mind, and the trust she was violating struck cold to her heart. Was this the 'Forever' she had spoken? She staggered and would have fallen; the arms of Dr. Paulding were about her, but she would him away in a moment with such a piteous, despairing gesture that he obeyed her without a word. She only had strength to falter:

'Go—and remember Edith—and she staggered back toward the house, leaving him standing there, bent and trembling.

She did not know how she reached her own room; the strong woman had learned at the same moment she loved that she must sacrifice and renounce.

She stood for hours white and motionless, looking out at the sunset and the gathering gloom of evening, with wild thoughts chasing themselves through her brain and a dumb, aching pain in her heart; every hope trailing in the dust, like these sweet flowers he had given her. She hid her head awhile upon her hands, on the window-eyement of her room, and wept softly through the long, long hours, until she heard the village bell strike the hour of midnight. She had prayed, and wrestled with her grief and agony, and rose up at length quiet and calm. She had yielded to duty and her promise to the dead.

Somehow Constance Owen seemed to grow prattier as the months passed by—there was some refining change which was softening her rugged features and rounding every line in her stately form. The summer into autumn had flown, and still Edith Ormond had not returned to Bonnybrook. Her aunt had died, and letters came from time to time saying that ere long she would be home, yet she came not. Could she suspect the disloyalty of her lover?

It was late in the fall, when the woods had put on their pomp of glory, and the chill winds sent the fallen leaves through the valleys near Bonnybrook, when Dr. Paulding rode up to the house and asked for Constance. She had only received him twice before since the summer evening, and had then contrived by womanly tact not to be alone with him—although she no longer doubted her strength. Constance on this occasion received her guest alone; there seemed a strange embarrassment in his manner. After the first greetings were over, he said:

'Constance I have much to say to you to-day. Do you think you can listen to me calmly?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'if it is upon a subject on which you should speak'—and she added tremblingly—'to which I should listen.'

'Both,' he said. 'When first I saw Edith Ormond I was captivated by her beauty and girlish grace; I thought I loved her.'

Constance would have stopped him by a gesture, but he gently begged her to listen—'for you can do so now,' he said, 'in all honor and reason.'

He continued:

'I had never had my heart stirred by the full knowledge of love, however, until I knew you and discovered the breadth of your sympathies and the womanliness of your character. I never respected you more than when you rejected me, knowing I was the engaged husband of Edith. But late has been kind to us both.' His voice was trembling with emotion. Read the last part of this letter.'

He handed a folded paper to Constance, who took it as one in a dream.

'From Edith?' she said.

'Yes.'

The portion she read ran thus:

'So you see, dear Dr. Paulding, it is better I should tell you now that I have met one here—my cousin Ray—whom I feel that I love better than anybody in the world. I have promised to be his wife and I am sure you will forgive me, for you are so noble and grand and all that, and I should feel, I know, that I never could fill worthily the exalted sphere of Dr. Paulding's wife.'

Constance could read no more; a mist gathered over her eyes, but this time a strong arm was about her and a voice, deep and melodious, whispered to her: 'Dearest Constance, will you be mine at last?' Their lips met for the first time in one long kiss of love, and his answer was: 'Yes, time—Forever!'

The Force of Imagination. Mrs. Cora Osborne, of New York, when making her toilet, missed her false teeth, and came to the conclusion that, joining her sleep she had swallowed them. She inquired the result in case her fears proved true, and was informed the result would certainly prove fatal. She hastened to the hospital, and the physician there told her that she could not possibly have swallowed her teeth. She became satisfied and started home, but she died soon after from complete exhaustion of her mental faculties, brought about by force of imagination.

Safety at sea is insured by a light vessel and a sober crew.

Southern Houses for New England.

We have always had an idea that the American style of architecture, if it ever came, would be evolved out of the leg cabbie, or, if that be too embryonic a germ, from the Southern plantation house, and we are glad to see that the Rev. Dr. Deane is trying the experiment in his new house at Newburgh, Conn. The great difference in the temperature of the seasons in this country makes it almost impossible to build a house adapted for comfort and convenience all the year round, and of course a city house has to follow in regard to space and surroundings which can not be disregarded. But the South plantation house has a furniture and appropriate elements, which are entirely wanting to the angular frame building of the New England states, and which seem capable of development into the best arrangements for convenience and comfort as well, providing there is space enough and surroundings that can be made appropriate. Some of the old mansions of Virginia and the Carolinas, where they were not built in the bastard Greek style with pillars and porticos, are perfect models of picturesque appropriateness not surpassed by the rural cottages of England. Their very irregularity gives them a charm, and they have at once an amplitude, a coziness and a suggestion of comfort. The chimneys on the outside, the roofs continuing out over the porticos, and other features suggest the simplicity of convenience, but are none the less perfect parts of the general design, and show that the adaptation of means to ends is the real secret of perfect architecture. Some day we may expect to see something more in this style rather than in imitation of Swiss chalets or any other form of European architecture out of place and incongruous in American surroundings, and having no particular convenience or beauty to recommend them.—Particularly for a summer cottage there could be no finer model than the wide, open terraces and broad piazzas of the Southern houses, and if an example or two were shown in the North, we imagine they would be largely followed.

Ingersoll the Infidel.

Col. Robert G., or, as he is generally called, 'Bob,' Ingersoll, is a native of the western part of New York; but, when very young, removed with his parents to Ohio, and afterward to Illinois. His youth was passed on native prairies and in principal forests, and he grew up independent in character and rugged in constitution. While in his teens, he left home; drifted around; picked up an education, studied law, and soon acquired a local reputation in Southern Illinois as a eloquent pleader. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman, who was very strict, but allowed 'Bob,' always a skeptic, to express his radical opinions, because he wanted him to tell the truth. Ingersoll is said to be one of the most, if not the most, popular of lecturers. His infidel opinions prevent his engagement in regular courses, and his dissertations on theological topics are attended mostly by men, either young or old; but women flock to hear him, and are greatly pleased when he speaks on subjects of a domestic nature. He received \$1,200 for one lecture in San Francisco, reported to be the largest amount ever made at one time by any lecturer. His wife and children share his heterodox views, and have always done so. They are said to love him devotedly, and his home life is described as happiness itself. Neither of his two daughters, now young women, has ever been inside of a church, even when they were traveling in Europe. From his profession and lectures he earns from \$40,000 to \$70,000 a year, and spends most of it. He gives away a great deal in charity, believing that when a man saves he becomes selfish and begins to petrify. He now calls Washington home, and his practice there is mainly parliamentary law. He has a host of friends who are warmly attached to him, and he is reputed in private life to be as lovable as he is entertaining.

A Domestic Scene.

Harkins went home to-day with a brand new suit on, and Mrs. Harkins asked, 'Where's your old clothes, my dear?' 'Give 'em to a boy,' said Harkins. 'Give them to a boy? What on earth did you do that for? Are you utterly crazy, Harkins? You know you can't afford to give away such clothes, when you have your family to support on a small salary. Who was the pitiful beggar you gave them to?' 'To the tailor's boy,' said Harkins, with a chuckle, to carry home for me.' 'You hate 'n' watch!' screamed Mrs. Harkins; 'why couldn't you tell me that before? Here I am dragging down morning till night for your good looks, Harkins, and you always impose upon me and deceive me. I won't stand it, I tell you, I'll get a divorce.' And then the injured woman left the room, while the brute of a husband laid back in his chair and roared with laughter till the whole neighborhood was aroused.

The Freaks of Fashion.

Gouache blue for blonds and garnet for brunettes are the favorite colors this winter. A favorite chateaufaine ornament is an oblong silver locket containing a looking-glass which may be put to practical use. Large pearls are used by ladies. The name is engraved in script. A card should be left for each person called upon. Sets of gold jewelry are seldom sold nowadays, as it is the custom to buy different and fanciful pieces; hence the prices are much less. The newest ribbons are of Persian design with fringe on one edge nearly an inch in depth interspersed with tiny tassels containing all the colors in the rainbow. The one fanciful piece of jewelry now worn is the bracelet, and some ladies go so far as to wear it instead of the linen cuff or other lingerie at the wrist, which it can never replace. For this purpose the serpent bracelet is used, as it is flexible, and may be made to clasp any part of the arm and remain stationary. Stones are mounted in more solid work than formerly, and diamonds look especially well when set in silver. What is called the gypsy setting, where the diamond is imbedded in the gold, is more fashionable than the knife-edge, setting that merely caught the stones. The favorite brooch is the useful shape, long and slender, with a strong pin, and is known as the lace pin, because of the prevailing fashion of wearing lace on the throat and bust. This style is used for diamonds and pearls, as well as for the simple gold or silver brooches worn in the morning. For diamonds there is an Etruscan gold band, or, better still, a frame in which the pendant diamonds swing. The Fanchon, or handkerchief-shaped bonnet, according to Harper's Bazar, is again revived, and is liked because it is so universally becoming, and is so simple that a lady can make it without the aid of a milliner. The small frame is pointed in front, lies flat on the top of the head, and has no crown. It is very pretty when covered with red or black satin, across which rows of black beaded Breton lace are slightly gathered. Some large loops of black satin or of garnet ribbon form a bow on top quite far back, which is partly covered by the beaded lace. The strings are then of black satin ribbon, edged on the lower side with lace or with the new curled fringe, or else they are made of doubled net similarly trimmed; these strings fasten under the chin, not on the sides.

Nights vs. Days.

In the novel 'Les Gouaches,' now running in Scribner's, occur this reflective and truthful passage: Do we not fail to accord to our nights their true value? We are ever giving to our days the credit and blame of all we do and mis-do, forgetting those silent, glimmering hours when plans—and sometimes plans—are laid; when resolutions are formed or changed; when Heaven, and sometimes Heaven's enemies, are invoked; when anger and evil thoughts are recalled, and sometimes hate made to inflame and foster; when problems are solved, riddles guessed, and things made apparent in the dark which day refused to reveal. Our nights are the keys to our days. They explain them. They are also the days' correctors. Night's leisure untangles the mistakes of day's haste. We should not attempt to comprise our pasts in the phrase, 'in those days'; we should rather say 'in those days and nights.'

Turning the Tables.

Holcroft, the well-known dramatist, sniped one evening at Opie's. After the cloth had been removed, numerous stories were told, among which was one of a gentleman who, having put out his candle on going to bed, read in phos-phorescent characters on the wall, 'Confess thy sins.' The gentleman fell on his knees, and, as expected, began to confess aloud—not from terror, however—for, aware it was a trick to terrify him, devised by a certain wretched young lady in the house, and hearing a little bustle on the stairhead, guessed rightly that she and her companions were there to enjoy his desecration. He confessed, as the greatest of his sins, that 'he had kissed Mrs. — frequently in the dark,' and so turned the tables on his tormentor with a vengeance—a lesson she never forgot.

Our Chief Cities Eighty-Five Years Ago.

The South Carolina and Georgia Almanac for 1794, a copy of which has fallen in the hands of the Charleston, (S. C.) News, contains a table in which the population of the chief cities of the United States are set down as follows: Philadelphia, 42,521; New York, 30,000; Charleston, 21,040; Boston, 18,000; Baltimore, 13,503; Newport, 6,000. At that time the entire population of the country was less than 4,000,000.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Milledgeville, Ga., has 5,000 people and no banks. A nine-foot panther has been shot dead in Orange, Wis. A government bureau, like any common bureau, is noted for its drawers.—Drawers of salaries, you understand, in this case.

Yes, the homoeopaths are right—Like does cure like. Look at the fish. After being in salt water all his life, salt is given to cure him.

It is estimated that the real estate now owned by the colored people of North Carolina aggregates between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 in value.

Mrs. Payne, of St. Paul, Minnesota, put her cigarette into her pocket to prevent some sudden callers from seeing it, and was set on fire and nearly burned to death.

Of 6,000 camels which started with the Russian expedition against the Turcomans only 300 survived, at last accounts, and these were so reduced that they were regarded as sure to perish.

One-third of the gold that is mined goes to wear and tear, one-third goes into circulation and one-third into the arts and manufactures. All the gold in the world would make a pile only twenty-five feet wide, forty-five long and twenty-five feet high.

The Simonian islands have been entirely Christianized. Out of a population of about 40,000 some 35,000, or seven-eighths, are connected with Christian churches. The London Missionary Society reports 25,493, the Wesleyans 4,794, the Catholics 2,852, and the Mormons 125.

Kossuth has issued an appeal for subscriptions to his forthcoming memoirs. The veteran orator, now in his seventy-eighth year, has been forced to undertake this task in order to earn money, since he lives entirely by his pen. Otherwise, as he states, he should have left to his sons the task of publishing his recollections.

One version that Dr. J. G. Holland gives why a country boy should not seek the city is 'That a city man's dream of the future, particularly if he ever lived in the country, is always of the country and the soil. He longs to leave the noise and fight all behind him and go back to his country home to enjoy the money he has won.'

The closing of the Philadelphia post-office at the time of General Grant's reception was done by the official order of Postmaster-General Key. The banks and bookers did not receive their regular mails, and it is expected that litigation will grow out of the neglect to protect sight drafts, etc., as the day was not a legal holiday under any interpretation of the existing laws.

Adelina Patti is now free to sing in Paris or anywhere she likes. She paid the Marquis de Canx 1,000,000 francs, (\$10,000,000) and is now advertised to appear at the Gaitey, in Paris, on the 14th of February next. The performance begins with 'La Traviata.' The subscription amounts already to \$16,000. The Emperor of Germany conferred the gold medal for art and science on Mme. Adelina Patti.

General La Dne, commissioner of agriculture, has finished his report, and it is understood that he estimates the increase in the value of the crops this year over last at five hundred million dollars. The total corn crop is about 1,700,000,000 bushels, against 1,450,000,000 for last year. The wheat yield this year, larger in bushels than last year, receives its increased valuation principally because of higher prices.

Lebanon, Me., is proud of possessing the stupidest man in the United States. He is a farm hand, and was engaged to plow a ten acre lot. Wishing him to draw a straight furrow his employer directed his attention to a cow grazing right opposite, telling him to drive directly toward that cow. He started his horses, and his employer's attention was drawn to something else; but in a short time looking around, he found that the cow had left her place, while the sagacious plowman was following her, drawing a zigzag furrow all over the field.

A German paper, which must be edited by a unable man, declares that it is wrong to write in novels that 'the sea runs mountains high,' because, in fact, the sea runs very little more than twenty feet high. The German is right; and it is equally wrong to speak of a gorgeous sunset, for the sun does not set; or the moonlight sleeping on a bank, for moonlight never sleeps; or Father Rhine, for the Rhine is a river, and nobody's father at all. In point of fact, it is wrong to use words at any time, for words always mean something else.—The correct thing is to open your mouth only when you are hungry, and hold your tongue under all other circumstances.

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