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CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK, OF RALEIGH, N. C.

J. D. WILLIAMS & CO., Grocers, Commission Merchants and Produce Buyers, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

His Birthday.

It is his birthday—his, the Holy Child! And innocent childhood blossoms now anew. Under the drooping of celestial dew. Into his heart, out of this heavenly flower. That penetrates the loveliest rose-tree tower. With fragrance of an eden unexcelled.

It is his birthday—his, in whom our youth Dreams immortal. Nothing good, or sweet, Or beautiful, or needful to complete The being that He shares, shall suffer blight. All that in us His Father can delight. He saves. He makes eternal His truth. Prizes Him for our another, loyal friends! The friendship He awakens, never sundered.

It is his birthday—and our birthday too! Humanity was one long dream of Him. Uplifted came, with faithful glow, and dim. The altars heavenward smoked from vague desire—

Deep-air half stiding aspiration's fire. His man's lot ideal, shining through. This life of ours, wherein to Earth His— God, interlaid with human destinies.

It is his birthday—his, the only One Who ever made life's meaning wholly plain. Dawn is He to our night! No longer vain And purposes our onward-struggling years.

The hope He bringeth over floods our fears: Now do we know the Father, through the Son! Oh earth, Oh heart, be glad on this glad morn!

God is with man! 'Tis He, Life to us is born! LUCY LARSON.

The Story of a Granted Wish.

Dullerton was justly named, for it was the quietest, cleanest, dearest country town in England. I spent three years there with an old aunt, and hope I may never visit the place again. There was nothing to see, nothing to do, nothing to think about. I was too thoroughly a cockney to care for country pursuits, and, besides, we lived in a country town, not village. Here I lived—or vegetated for three years. And all that time I was sighing for an adventure—something to happen, something to break the monotony of existence. The reader shall hear how I gained my wish at last and learned to indorse the truth of Pope's words, 'To know the misery of a granted prayer.'

We had a fine old church at Dullerton, almost as large as a small cathedral (excuse the Irishism). It was rich in brasses and fine tombs; indeed, I really believe there were more male effigies on the tombstones than young men in the town. The church though very fine was sadly out of repair; but one good thing it possessed—an excellent organ, which had been left the pieces by a native of Dullerton. I was passionately of music, and when our good organ vicar gave me carte blanche to use this organ, I found life at Dullerton more endurable. As an artist's daughter I could not be insensible to the beauty of the church itself; and between practicing on the organ, sketching the interior of the church, and making myself intimately acquainted with the tombs and brasses, I spent a great part of the day in the sacred edifice.

One cold, winter afternoon I remember having a peculiarly dismal fit, having been in doors for two or three days in consequence of a heavy fall of snow; and when, late in the afternoon, it began to clear, I felt I must go out, if only for an hour. Spite of Aunt Anne's mildly-expressed astonishment, I went out, and felt I must try just one cheat upon that dear old organ. Calling at the vicarage for the key of the church, I went on my lawful way, little thinking how soon my longing for an 'adventure' was to be satisfied. It was growing dusk as I unlocked the heavy door and stepped inside the church; so dusk, in fact, that I missed my footing at the step inside, and slipped, falling against the door in my efforts to save myself. The door slammed to, leaving the key on the outside. So here I was a prisoner. The door, like everything else, was out of repair, and depended on the key for opening it; there was no latch within. I tried to turn the key through the key-hole, but only succeeded in breaking my nails. Then I remembered reading how some one similarly situated had rung the bell. But, alas, our belfry was approached by a flight of turret stairs, terminated by a door, which I found locked.

The church was about ten minutes' walk from any habitation and no one was likely to pass it, so I might have shouted forever without attracting attention, even could my voice have penetrated through the stout oak door. I once thought of escaping by the windows, but they were all too high from the ground, and even in this emergency I should have hesitated at breaking a pane of the rare old glass. My only hope was that Aunt Anne would become alarmed and miss me. I had promised to return the key at the vicarage as I went home, but it was doubtful if my non-appearance that evening would excite surprise. Mr. Scott, our old bachelor vicar, was one of the most absent of men, and, if he was immersed in his books, had probably forgotten the key

and myself by this time. My only hope of rescue lay in Aunt Anne.

As I rose from the step where I had been sitting reflecting on the situation, I began to feel that adventures, after all, were not without alloy. I thought so still more some hours later. Spite of my wrappings I was cold, so I gathered stray pieces of carpet and rags from the seats, and built myself a warm nest by the chancel, where I could command a full view of the door in case any one came to look for me.

I was neither a nervous nor a superstitious girl, but the weirdness of the church in the fading light gave me such uncomfortable, "creepy" sensations that I closed my eyes to keep out the spectral view.

I must have slept some hours, for, on awaking, the moon was shining. I now began to feel very uneasy. Was I condemned to 'make a night of it' in the church? It was a blessing the next day was Sunday, I thought ruefully, as I rate I was sure to be found when Saunders came to open the doors. I lay looking down the long vista of the nave, at all the familiar tombs I knew so well; the knights and ladies lying stiff and still, with solemn-faced rows of children kneeling at their sides. The white figures looked ghastly enough in the uncertain light, and brought into my mind all the ghostly stories I had ever heard. I sat up and endeavored to shake off the uncomfortable sensations creeping over me, and told myself how absurd it was to think of such rubbish. As I raised myself my glance fell on a large square tomb nearly opposite, I knew every stone in the church and that special tomb was an old eye-sore to me; for though it was clearly intended to bear a recumbent effigy, the figure was now wanting. Yet, as I looked across now, I distinctly saw a figure lying on the slab.

'Mr. Scott has actually filled up that blank tomb at last,' I thought, and I strained my eyes to distinguish what kind of a figure he had selected. Its legs were crossed, I was sure; therefore it must be a crusader. The only distinct part about it was the crossed legs, for a pillar hid the upper part of the body from my view. Looking steadily at it I fancied (was it only fancy?) that the legs moved! As this pleasant idea occurred to me, the moon again disappeared; another few seconds and it shone out again and I ventured to look across once more to reassure myself. There was no movement in the rigid form; but the legs were crossed no longer. Could I have been mistaken in thinking they were so? Impossible! Yet they were most certainly uncrossed now. Again the light waned, and again appeared. This time I lay looking with all my power, unable to move or stir. Was I going mad, or did my eyes play me false? Slowly, but unmistakably, did the figure begin to stir; it moved restlessly upon its stony couch, and finally sat bolt upright, clear and distinct in the moonlight. I can not attempt to describe the terror that seized on me at this fearful sight. Never have I experienced moments of such mental agony as when I lay cowering among my wrappings, with straining eyeballs fixed on that fearful thing—ghost, demon, what?—moving opposite. Presently it rose and stood upright in the aisle, looking around as if in search of something. I tried to draw one of the carpets over my head, for I could not bear the sight longer; but as I moved a yell rang through the stillness, and the figure rushed at me. How I found power to rise I know not, but I have a remembrance of a mad flight down the nave and round the aisles, with that fearful pursuer behind—on, on, like a vision in a dreadful dream; and then another fiendish yell, a clutch of cold fingers at my throat, and—darkness and vacancy!

'My dear madam, I assure you it is only a fainting fit; our dear young patient will be quite herself again in a few moments,' were the first words that fell upon my ears as I opened my eyes to consciousness. I knew the bland tones of little Dr. Gray, our local Esculapian, and their friendly and familiar sound was so reassuring that I struggled feebly into a sitting posture, and looked round to find myself still in the church, but the center of an excited group of all the magnates of Dullerton, together with Aunt Anne and Mr. Scott.

It was some days before I was sufficiently composed to hear the explanation of my 'adventure.'

It appears that after I had gone out, Aunt Anne's next-door neighbor sent a request that she would take tea with her, as she was not well and wanted cheering up. When she returned at half-past nine, she was greatly alarmed to find I was not in, and hurried off to Mr. Scott to give an alarm, while Molly, the servant, went for Jim Bates, our local policeman. Roused from his studies, Mr. Scott remembered I had borrowed the key for the purpose of going to the church some hours previously, and thither he and Aunt Anne hurried. Molly, on her part, encountered Jim Bates on the street with a crowd at his heels. I was not the only person who had disappeared that evening. A paper lunatic in our workhouse, who had long been suspected of homicidal tendencies, had suddenly committed a murderous assault on another of the inmates, and escaped during the subsequent confu-

sion. For some hours Jim Bates and his assistants had been scouring the neighborhood in search of this dangerous maniac, till at last some one recollected that Saunders and his wife were cleaning in the church at the time he effected his escape, and that it was just possible he had slipped in there and been locked in. This, in fact, proved to be the case. The lunatic must have been lurking in the church when I entered it. With the restlessness of an infirm brain, he had wandered about, mimicking the attitudes of the quiet effigies around, and it was while thus posing for a crusader that he first attracted my attention. My involuntary movement first drew his attention to me, and roused him to another outbreak of maniacal fury. I have little doubt I owe my life to the providential entry of the party without, who heard my screams and the lunatic's yell, and rushed in just as he had clutched me. The poor creature was overpowered with great difficulty, and taken back to the workhouse; he did not survive many days, dying in one of his paroxysms.

It was some time before I recovered from the effects of that terrible night; and even now, though thirty years have rolled away, the sight of a cross-legged crusader on a tombstone always gives me an uncomfortable sensation. I have certainly never again wished to encounter 'adventures.'—London Society.

The Scotch Railroad Disaster.

The most remarkable disaster that has ever occurred in the history of railroads is that which just occurred at Tay-bridge, Scotland. The catastrophe by which so many lives were lost, and which was so complete that not a single survivor was left to tell the story of that terrible night, was caused by the breaking down of the central girders of the long railway bridge across the river Tay, in Perthshire, Scotland, at about seven o'clock in the evening, whilst a train from Edinburgh to Dundee was crossing over it. The Tay is a bolder river than carries a larger volume of water within its banks than any other in the British Islands. At the point where the bridge crossed it the depth of water ranges from forty to forty-five feet, while the height of the bridge from the surface of the water was eighty-eight feet. During the great storm that prevailed off the coast of Scotland on Sunday the large girders sustaining the central spans of the bridge suddenly gave way, and into the yawning chasm thus formed the train, consisting of four third-class cars, one first-class, one second-class and the brakemen's van, was precipitated into the river, and of the whole of the passengers on board not one escaped drowning. The nearest approach to this frightful calamity was that at Ashabula, Ohio, in December, 1876, which also was caused by the falling of a bridge, and which resulted in a loss of one hundred and seventy-four lives. The customary construction of British railway cars in compartments, with the doors locked on the side next to the platform, and with no access in emergencies to the conductor or 'guard,' adds greatly to the danger to life and limb in case of accidents from collision or from sudden immersion in deep water from the giving way of a bridge. That over the Tay was two miles long and of eighty-five spans, and so great confidence was put in its powers to resist any strain to which it might be subjected that no thought seems to have been taken to keep watch over it. The consequence was, as the dispatch states, that 'some time elapsed before the nature of the disaster was ascertained.'

When it did become known all the passengers were drowned and the wreckage was floating ashore.

An Adept With the Pistol.

In addition to his excellent qualities as a criminal judge, Recorder Hackett, who died in New York on Tuesday, was one of the best shots living with a rifle, shotgun or revolver. He gained his experience in his early days spent in California, and constant practice in later years made him a marvel of accuracy. After any act of game his bag was always certain to be the largest; but it was what may be called fancy shooting with the pistol that his feats were especially marvelous. Plenty of his friends had such confidence in his aim and nerve that they would allow him to shoot arrows from their heads or small coins from between their fingers, and he never hurt any one in these risky exploits. A story told by the Evening Post is that years ago, in California, some of the people who were to witness an exhibition of this kind given by him, provided the boy upon whose head the apple was placed with a clot of vermilion paint, arranging that as the shot was fired he should whirl around, clap the paint to his forehead and fall to the ground with a groan. All this was done, it being supposed that Mr. Hackett would rush forward in remorse and horror to the relief of his victim. But when he quietly sat down and proceeded to light a cigar, the practical jokers realized their failure, and Mr. Hackett had the laugh on them. The professional criminals of New York often threatened to do him harm, but none of them ever had the pluck to face his deadly weapon.

Napoleon's Disastrous Pride.

One of the most interesting episodes recounted in the memoirs of the late Prince Metternich, just given to the world by his son, according to the will of the prince, which provided for their publication twenty-five years after their author's death, is doubtless Metternich's own account of the momentous interview which took place between himself and Napoleon I. at Dresden, on the 26th of June, 1813. The prince, on the part of Austria, offered a mediation with a view of closing the war, but meanwhile was conducting the negotiations which led to the quadruple alliance, and ultimately to Napoleon's defeat at Leipzig. The interview was nine hours long, and it took place at Napoleon's quarters. After some preliminary conversation, Metternich put the alternative to the emperor. The prime minister stated the situation of the hour. He said: 'The world asks for peace. To assure that peace you must withdraw within the limits that are compatible with general tranquillity, or you must succumb in the otherwise inevitable struggle. Today you can still conclude a peace; tomorrow you will be, perhaps, too late for you to do so. The emperor, my sovereign, allows himself to be guided in his conduct solely by the voice of his conscience. Listen, sire, now to yours!'—'Well, but what is required of me?' rejoined Napoleon, lastly. 'That I should dishonor myself? Never! I shall know how to die, if necessary; but not how to cede one inch of my territory.' Four monarchs who are born to throne can allow them selves to be beaten twenty times running, and then return to their capitals as if nothing had happened to them. I can not, because I am only a parvenu of a soldier. My rule will not survive the day upon which I shall no longer be powerful and terrible. I made a great mistake in omitting to calculate what an army cost me—the finest ever seen by man. I can fight against mankind, but not against the elements. The cold has vanquished, has crushed me. In one single night I lost 30,000 horses, frozen to death. Indeed, I have lost all save my honor and my consciousness of what I owe to a valiant people, which, after these unheard-of calamities, has given me new proofs of its devotion to me, of its conviction that I alone am fit to govern it.'

Death Roll of the Old Year.

The death-roll in the United States for 1879 embraces a number of conspicuous names. The death of Madame Bonaparte, which occurred last spring, occasioned probably more widespread interest and comment than any other, except a member of the same family, Prince Louis Napoleon, who was killed by the savages in Zululand. Among the other distinguished Americans who died within the year are Caleb Cushing, Gen. John A. Dix, Ex-Gov. William Allen, William Lloyd Garrison, Edwin Burritt, Commodore Gust. Thompson and Parker, Rear Admirals Parrott, Godkin, Bourman, Kirby and R-youbin and Gen. Shields, Hooker, Jeff. C. Davis, Hood and 'Dek' Taylor, all of them fine soldiers and gallant men; Zachariah Chandler, Senator from Michigan; R. H. Dana, the venerable poet; Henry C. Carey, the political economist; W. A. Hunt, the artist; Charles Fechter, the actor, and among our wealthy and prominent business men Ass Pecker, of Pennsylvania; Daniel Drew, Richard Schell and the Gulett brothers, of New York, and John S. Gittings, of Baltimore. Four bishops died during the year—Bishop Foley, of the Catholic church; Bishops Olenheimer and Whittingham, of the Episcopal church, and Bishop Ames, of the Methodist church. Abroad, the obituary record is also crowded with conspicuous names—among them the Ameer of Afghanistan, Baron Rostschitz, head of the great banking house of Rostschitz, Cardinals Antonucci and Gaudi, Abdi-Kader, the famous Algerian chief; Espartero, the Spanish politician; the Prince of Orange, the Countess of Waldegrave, Von Blow, the German statesman; Sir Rowland Hill, the great postal reformer; Isaac Butt, the Home-Rule leader; Villermessin, the father of 'personal' journalism in France; Cavaillier, the French economist; Blackstone, the actor; Mrs. Charles Dekeux and Hepworth Dixon, the author.

Uncasy Lies the Head, Etc.

A page of the czar's diary, if we may believe the San Francisco News-Letter, runs as follows: 'Got up at 7 a. m., and ordered my bath. I found four gallons of vitriol in it, and did not take it.' Went to breakfast. The nihilists had placed two torpedoes on the stairs, but I did not step on them. The coffee-smelt so strongly of prussic acid that I was afraid to drink it. Found a scorpion in my left slipper, but luckily it got it out before putting it on. Just before stepping into the carriage to go for my morning drive, it was blown into the air, killing a coachman and the horses instantly. I did not drive. Took a light lunch of hermetically-sealed American canned goods. They can't fool me there.—Found a poisonous dagger in my favorite chair, with the point sticking out. Did not sit down on it. Had dinner at 6 p. m., and made Baron Lischonowoski task every dish. He died before the soup was cleared away. Consumed some Baltimore oysters and some London stout that I have had locked up for five years. Went to the theater, and was shot at three times in the first act. Had the entire audience hanged. Went home to bed and slept all night on the roof of the palace.'

George Shepherd and George Wood.

For many years warm friends in Philadelphia, I visited in a speculation which involved our considerable loss, which so affected the mind of Mr. Wood that he (George Shepherd) had been the cause of his ruin. One night recently he called at Shepherd's house, and presenting a tin cup, said he had procured some medicine for his wife and asked Shepherd to smell it. As the gentleman attempted to do so Wood threw the contents, vitriol, in his face, burning him terribly and destroying one eye.

An Apology.

'But, Fred, how could you ever think of calling aunty stupid? Immediately go to her and tell her that you are sorry.' Frederick goes to aunty and says: 'Aunty, I am sorry that you are stupid.'

Adulteress' Sacrifice for Love.

Olive Logan writes as follows from Paris to the San Francisco Call: 'Some times in this ultra practical world of ours there occurs a romantic episode as beautiful as anything in Tennyson's poetry. Even here in greedy Paris such charming events do occasionally take place, and when we hear of them it makes us feel as if there were some disinterested creatures in the world after all, and as if life were worth living—a proposition even when we are in the enjoyment of a good liver we are often inclined to doubt. Only think of her grace, the duchess of Newcastle, making up her mind to lay down her proud title and take, instead, that of plain Mrs. Tom Hober! Only those familiar with the economy social barrier which fetters out the whole rest of the world from the sacred persons of the higher grades of English aristocracy can conceive what a marvelous concession to the power of love this is.

The duchess, although she has a son, the present duke, about fourteen years old, is still very young and excessively handsome. I suppose we may conclude that her marriage with the duke was, on both sides, one of interest. She married, perhaps, for title—his, perhaps, for money. She is the heiress of the great banking house of Hope, and the family country seat, Hopelene, is one of the grandest castles England boasts among her many such. To make a long story short, they separated, everybody in London knowing that the duke's friend for many years was Kate Santley, the blonde barlesque actress who played in the 'Black Crook' in New York.

There were different stories about this alliance, some saying that it was the duke who took the lead for Kate Santley in London, so as to keep her up as a star, and another averring that he was poor, and that it was the barlesque actress who supplied him with funds out of her professional earnings. Mention the affection which had sprung up between the duchess and Tom Hober, the actor, was also a matter of common observation, though not one of scandal, because their conduct was discreet and noble. One day last winter the duke died suddenly, in his bachelor rooms in St. James street, and Kate Santley paraded the streets for a month in widow's weeds.

I suppose the widow's year is about to elapse, so that now the engagement between the actor and the duchess may be announced. I saw them driving together the other day. She is lovely, aristocratic, sweet, exquisitely dressed. Take a prize for him! He is a nice, fresh looking Englishman, rings prettily, and of course is deeply in love. I hear he is half wild at his good fortune. He told a friend of mine that it was in every way such a stroke of good luck for him that he was afraid to cross the street lest he should be run over before the happy day came. Tom Hober is the actor who supported Miss Kellogg in her first London engagement, twelve years ago. His father is a clergyman, and I suppose whatever parental wrath may have existed on his first step in life will completely vanish at the marvelously successful one he is now about to take.

Mary Anderson travels in a Pullman

palace car, on which three cents a mile is paid, besides the fares, and one hundred dollars a week for the use of the car and attendants. Sam Hickey tells the Philadelphia North American that, as it was not in the contract, he objected to its being considered 'ordinary traveling expenses,' when Dr. Griffin retorted that his daughter was a minor, and could not legally make a contract. So Mr. Hickey pays the bills.

A rather remarkable decision was given in England a fortnight ago. An old man was charged by officers of the inland revenue with selling tobacco, in the shape of cigars, without a license. The defense was that cigars were not mentioned in the act of parliament bearing upon the alleged offense, and that in fact the cigars were not made of tobacco, but of hay and cabbage leaves.—The magistrates decided to dismiss the charge, whereupon notice of appeal was given.

George W. Crumphy, an old sport,

who recently visited Chicago for the purpose of raising funds to buy machinery for a silver mine in Colorado, has caused grief and lamentations for the gamblers of Chicago. He made a regular tour of many of the gambling halls, and had such an astonishing run of luck that he left with about \$12,000 in winnings. He commenced with \$100, and at one time his capital was reduced to \$12.50. This amount he placed upon a single turn of the cards, and from that time his play was profitable.

On Christmas day Robert Mitchell, one of the foremost business men and capitalists of Cincinnati, assembled his family, consisting of sons, daughters and grandchildren, twenty-six in all, for a Christmas dinner. The first course was twenty-six envelopes, passed around on a tray, one envelope for each member of the company. Opening these the astonished relatives found gifts of houses and lots and money ranging from \$50,000 down, and aggregating fully half a million dollars.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Queen Victoria receives \$5,000 a day. Babies will enjoy 366 holler days in 1880.

Virginia has 675 colored schools and 415 colored teachers.

Bishop Potter, of New York, has consumed 72,000 persons.

It costs \$30,000 a year to keep St. Peter's, at Rome, in repair.

A Mohammedan priest in Constantinople has been sentenced to death for assisting in the translation of the Bible.

The record of vital statistics of New York show that during 1879 there were in that city 28,165 deaths, 25,332 births and 8,385 marriages.

Mr. Oliver Ames gave a one-thousand-railroad bond to each of the employes in the Boston office of the Union Pacific railroad company on Christmas.

Sam Ward, the great American lobbyist and after-dinner joker, has been a constant companion of Gladstone in his great political tour of Scotland.

A bill to prevent and punish the intermarriage of whites and negroes has passed both houses of the South Carolina legislature, and has been approved by the governor.

A Swift Runner Indian who was convicted last summer, upon his own confession, of having killed and eaten his mother, wife and several children during last winter, was hanged on the 20th instant at Fort Saskatchewan, British Columbia.

A curious incident in connection with the Maine business in that Governor Garcelon and Representative Frye are brothers-in-law, and the governor's daughter, an estimable young lady, is at present spending the season with her uncle (Mr. Frye) and his family.

Born buttons are now mostly made of the hoofs of cattle, and not of the horns as formerly. Cattle hoofs sell at the present time for about \$50 per ton. The products of neat stock are very numerous, and there is scarcely a particle of the whole creature that goes to waste.

Mosses, Gould and White, well known young business men of Chicago, thought to play a trick on the latter's porter by disarranging the room as if burglars had been present, and then hiding in the closet. When the porter came in he was greatly excited, and hearing some one in the closet, didn't scare, but took a pistol and fired through the door, killing Mr. Gould.

Austin Sheldon, on account of disappointment in love and business speculations, took himself to a cave in Lebanon county, Pa., and spent forty years by himself in that habitation. Recently he was unearthed by a correspondent, who elicited from him the fact that he did not know who was President of the United States and had never heard of Grant; never saw a railroad or telegraph wire.

Mrs. Ann E. Garrison, of South Bay City, Mich., has obtained a verdict of \$1,000 against a saloon-keeper of that place who sold her husband liquor.—She sued for \$10,000 damages, alleging that before her husband commenced drinking he was worth \$15,000 and had an annual income of \$5,000; but drink took it all away and made him a drunkard, shiftless creature, and unable to attend to business. He is now in California.

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