The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Poetry.

The Blue and the Gray.

[Notwithstanding the following beautiful poem is familiar to many readers of THE RECORD, we publish it now because the soldiers who wore the Blue and those who wore the Gray are now uniting together like brethren in their support of that great soldier—Winfield Scott Hancock]:

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Grey.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laured the Blue,
Under the willow the Grey.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Grey.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Grey.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with rain the Blue,
Wet with rain the Grey.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years are fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Grey.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red,
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Grey.

—[M. E. P. FINCH, in Atlantic Monthly.

Little Dutch Gretchen.

Little Dutch Gretchen came over the sea
With an aunt in place of her mother,
"As like," so little Dutch Gretchen told me,
"As like as one pea to another."

Little Dutch Gretchen fell sick on the way,
A-sailing upon the water;
The captain came down to the cabin each day,
And called her his patient Dutch daughter.

Little Dutch Gretchen took pretzels and beer,
Hoping she soon would be better;
And at last when the end of the journey was near,
Dutch Gretchen sent homeward a letter.

"I'm better," Dutch Gretchen wrote first on the page,
"And my aunt is as kind as my mother,
But never a prison-bird, shut in a cage,
Longed more to give one for the other.

"There's a look, and a tone, and a tenderer way,
A bosom more gentle to lie on;
And, mother, a love that will never grow gray,
And a heart that is blessed to die on.

"So, mother, I've said to the captain to-night,
To Bremen, I'll sail back most gladly,
To tell you, if changing one's mother is right,
It's a trade that will cheat a child sadly."

And little Dutch Gretchen went home over the sea,
And gave back her aunt for mother;
"For they're not all the same," said Dutch Gretchen to me,
"Though like as one pea to another."

—[New Jerusalem Messenger.

Selected Story.

THE BRASS BUTTON.

On a fine evening in the summer of 1766 two young women, Maggie Armstrong and Eliza Wilson, met at a roadside not far from the village of Distington, about four miles from the town of White Haven. Both were known as good, religious girls.

"The celebrated Mr. Wesley is in Whitten—White Haven—Maggie," remarked Eliza, in an off hand sort of way, "and is to speak in the market place to-morrow night. Will you go with me to hear him?"

"I will accompany you to Whitten, Eliza" promptly replied Maggie. "I've often wished to see the famed man; so, all being well, I'll get ready and go with you."

"Will you ask Richard to come, Maggie?" put in Eliza, with characteristic zeal as they both lifted the pails on their heads.

"I judge he will follow when he finds that I'm gone," quietly responded Maggie.

It need scarcely be observed that the young man referred to was one who had for some time past paid certain attentions to Maggie, or that Eliza Wilson was an ardent Methodist.

Saturday night came, and among the many who were gathered around the enthusiastic little preacher were the two young women we have brought before the reader. They came with sentiments as divergent as possible in respect to the preacher and his preaching. They returned one in mind and heart. The result of this change in Maggie was that she was cold to Richard Brunskill on the way home, and unsympathetic: from that hour he was no more to her than any other youth. The first time he went to her home after that night he was told his fate in a mild but firm manner—a decision which he received with anything but complacent feelings.

But summer had not long given place to winter before a change took place. A young man named Thomas Musgrove, who had recently begun to use his gifts as an occasional preacher among the Wesleyans, arrested Maggie's attention. He was a builder in a fair way of business on his own account; and as Miss Armstrong had considerable personal charms, her secret preferences for him were soon drawn out by his avowed attachment to her; and before long it was well known by all the brotherhood and others that these two young folks were likely ere long to become man and wife.

Matters were in this condition when mid-summer came around. It was again the "leafy month of June," when once more the famed apostle of Methodism paid his annual visit to White Haven, and every Methodist in Distington was overjoyed at the prospect of hearing his welcome voice on the following Saturday night in the market place. Among those who walked from Distington to hear him were Thomas Musgrove and Margaret Armstrong. A small dog belonging to the former accompanied them. The service did not last much over an hour, as Mr. Wesley wished to meet the country officials that he might aid them by his counsels. As Musgrove was one whose presence was required at this gathering, and as it was not certain how long he would be detained thereat, he desired Maggie to go home with the others, observing that he would not fail to give her a call on his return and spend an hour or so with her. The dog Viper went with him.

When ten o'clock arrived, Maggie began to listen for his footfall. But it came not. She grew anxious; and as the finger of the clock rose towards eleven, she went to the door and looked down the road. Concluding that Thomas had been detained against his will, she was about to re-enter the house and go to bed, when Viper made his appearance, whining dismally. Surprised at this, she spoke kindly to the poor beast, and asked him where his master was. The dog looked up in her face with a scared, uneasy expression and in gazing into his face she saw that he had something in his mouth. "What have you got there, Viper?" she asked, holding out her hand for the article, which the sagacious creature laid in her palm. It was a piece of blue cloth with a brass button attached. She looked at it, wondering where the dog had got it and what it signified. At a glance she saw that it did not belong to any garment that her betrothed had on that night, and so far she was at ease. But on watching Viper she saw that he became disturbed and anxious, for he ran about the house and to the door, looking earnestly at her the while, as though he wished her to go with him somewhere.

Excited and perplexed, she awoke her father and told him the circumstances. At daybreak Armstrong aroused a neighbor, and telling him what he knew and feared, the pair set off on the road to White Haven, preceded by Viper. They had not gone above a mile when the dog, leaving the high road, made for an unused stone quarry a little off the highway, and standing on an eminence which flanked the quarry, set up a loud and dismal howl.

They now looked around and saw the object of their search cold, stiff and covered with blood, his clothes nearly torn from his body, lying near by. It was evident that poor young Musgrove had been murdered. He had been attacked from behind by some one who had used a heavy blunt implement, by a blow from which he had been knocked down, and then dragged into the quarry and dispatched, the poor dog having doubtless been a helpless witness of the tragedy.

The murder produced a deep and widespread sensation. Many persons were suspected of having committed the deed; among whom was Richard Brunskill. But as the murdered man had not been seen in his company on that fatal Saturday night—as indeed Brunskill proved that he had left the town alone—and others testified that Musgrove did not leave the town until long afterwards, Richard was allowed to remain at large; and the crime was laid at the door of "some person or persons unknown," and left to rank with the undiscovered crimes.

It will be remembered that when the dog Viper entered Armstrong's house on the night of the murder he had a piece of blue cloth, with a brass button attached, in his mouth, and which he laid in Maggie's hand. This girl put it in her purse, more, with a view of knowing where to find it, if wanted, than for any other assignable reason.

Twelve months had passed, when business drew her and her father to the town of White Haven. As usual it was on Saturday night, the pay time of colliers and others. As they were crossing a little bridge whom should they confront, as they reached the other side, but Richard Brunskill, who was about to step on the planks! The eyes of Miss Armstrong and his met in one stern and earnest gaze; but while they were hesitating as to what course each should take, their attention was arrested by something that was going on at their feet. Viper was growling with all his might, his eyes ready to leap from their sockets, and the hair on his back standing up like the teeth of a comb, pulling at Brunskill's trouser leg, evidently for the purpose of arresting his progress. In a moment Maggie's misty suspicions were confirmed, that the slayer of her intended husband stood before her. She remembered the piece of cloth in her pocket. Looking at his coat, she saw that it was blue in color; and the buttons in front, made of brass, were the same in size and pattern as the one on the piece in her pocket. Stepping behind him, and looking at the waist of his coat, she saw that a piece of cloth had been torn out, and another piece awkwardly inserted in its place and bearing a button like the others. Not a shade of doubt now lingered in her mind; the proof which she had in her purse, with the action of the dog, convinced her that she was right. So, seizing him by the collar of his coat, and holding him steadily in the face, she exclaimed in a loud voice, "Richard Brunskill, you are the murderer of Thomas Musgrove! See, the dog accuses you; and this piece of cloth too rises up as a witness against you!" Saying which, she took the rag from its keeping place and held it up to his gaze.

Brunskill shook like an aspen leaf. His face became ashen pale; and falling backwards into the arms of one of the many who had by this time gathered together, he said, "God won't let me escape! I am guilty of the death of Thomas Musgrove! I am willing to die!"

A constable, attracted by what was going on in the neighborhood, drew near just as the wretched man had uttered these words, and took him into custody. Afterwards he was tried and condemned.

Brunskill made a full confession of his crime before his execution. He said that when he got to know that Musgrove had gained the place that he once believed he had in Margaret Armstrong's affections, and seeing no chance of supplanting him, a deep-rooted hatred was begotten within him; but he never felt tempted to take his life till the night of the murder, and then resolved that the deed should be effected in the old quarry. On reaching it he hid behind the stone stoop of the gateway that led thereto, and in a short time he heard the footfall of his unsuspecting victim. Taking a deep drink of rum and grasping the hedge stake with which he had armed himself as soon as the young fellow reached the spot where he was hid, he sprang up and killed him by a blow on the back of his head, after which he dragged him into the quarry. The dog he said was almost wild with rage, but he was not aware until afterwards that a piece of his coat had been torn away by the animal, nor did he ever suspect that it had ever been found and treasured up to be a witness against him.

A Mammoth Hotel.

The New York correspondent of the Raleigh News thus describes a mammoth hotel:

"The great "Rockaway Beach Hotel," now nearly finished, is the largest and best appointed and most conveniently located seaside hotel in the world. It is erected by the Rockaway Beach Improvement Company at a cost of more than $1,500,000, and is situated on the south shore of Long Island, thirteen miles distant from the City Hall, New York. The building has a frontage of 1180 feet on the Atlantic Ocean, and an equal frontage on the Jamaica Bay, with continuous piazzas on three sides, 70 feet wide, and 1700 feet long. Two hundred rooms, the halls, parlors, and all the public portions of the building, are heated by steam; two hundred rooms have fire-grates; two hundred and fifty rooms have private baths; six hundred rooms are supplied with running water, all the rooms connect, and each has a closet for clothing. Fourteen of the stairways are enclosed in fireproof masonry, and four elevators run to a pavillion observatory (200 feet square) on top of the hotel, affording an unobstructed view of ocean and bay. The arrangements are ample for 1,500 permanent guests on the American plan, and for 6,000 on the European, with entirely separate and distinct organizations for each. The drainage system is such that all sewerage and refused matter is discharged through iron pipes a distance of four miles from the hotel. Those who have been subjected to the malarial influences incident to depositing such matter in the sand, can appreciate the care exercised at Rockaway. The water, which is perfectly pure, and the gas supply furnished from the company's own works, are sufficient for a city of 50,000 inhabitants. Adjacent to the hotel will be 2,500 single and 800 family bath houses, each supplied with gas and running fresh water."

One More Unfortunate.

A woman who gives her name as Jennie Myers, of Blackstock, S. C., declared her intention to take her life on Sunday last. She was found by Chief of Police Rees and Deputy Sheriff Young, yesterday, sitting on the bank of Benbow pond. When they approached her she jumped in where the water and mud was about three feet deep. Mr. Reese brought her out and placed her in jail for safety. She had been boarding with a colored woman in the suburbs, and says she has seen better days. She is only some 18 years of age. The some old story—she loved and was deceived.—Greensboro Beacon.

Speech of Governor Jarvis.

As mentioned in last week's RECORD, Gov. Jarvis opened the canvass at Shelby on the 17th inst. He delivered a speech that we wish could have been heard by every voter in the State. For the benefit of our readers we copy from the Charlotte Observer the following synopsis of his speech:

"Gov. Jarvis said it afforded him peculiar pleasure to address the people of Cleaveland county on the living political issues of the day, and because of the large crowd present he felt that the people were beginning to take more than an ordinary interest in the politics of the day. He was glad to say he had come to talk to the people about their own affairs, State and national, because he should talk about the government of both the State and nation, and both belonged to the people, purchased as they were and inherited from the sires of the men who drove Ferguson's men from King's Mountain. He came as the apostle of North Carolina Democracy, which had for its object the peace and prosperity of the whole people. Having been renominated as the candidate of the Democratic party by the State Convention, held at Raleigh on the 17th of June, he came as the candidate of that party, but if elected he would be the Governor of the whole people, and not of a party. In the discharge of his duties as Governor he had not and never should know white from black or rich from poor, but equal and exact justice had been and should be measured out to all alike. No man who was worthy of the office of Governor of the great State of North Carolina could afford to subordinate its high functions in the interest of unjust partisanship.

He said the Republican party also claimed the office, and with the object of securing it had put up a candidate to be voted for at the November election. This necessitated the drawing of party lines, and in any remarks he might make he would deal with parties, and not individuals. It were better that there were two parties in the country, because one would watch the other, and to reach the acme of success that party would find favor in the eyes of the people which best administered the government, because the best men of both parties would bear watching. The closer people watch their officials, of whatever name or party, the better would the laws be administered, and the more secure would be their rights under the government. He had been the Governor of the State since the 15th of February, 1879, and during that time he had perhaps made mistakes, but God bearing him witness, he had discharged his high and responsible duties in the interest of the people, and in their interest alone.

The Democratic and Republican parties, both in the State and nation, were on trial, and the verdict was to be rendered next November. Questions of State and national policy had to be met by both, and the people of the country were the jury which was to try the case. Professions and professional men were all good in their places, but after all the farmer paid the taxes, and it was he who was perhaps most interested in keeping expenses down to a minimum standard. [Here the Governor related an anecdote of the doctor who physicked for all, the preacher who prayed for all, and the farmer who PAID for all, which was loudly cheered.]

Contrasting the two parties, he asked, is not that party most entitled to public favor which best administered the government? Ten years ago the Republican party in North Carolina had filled nearly all the offices in the State, from township officials to the Governor of the State. Ten years ago he had stood in the courthouse of Cleaveland county, and, as an Eastern Carolinian, he had plead with the people of the Western portion of the State to take their offices out of the hands of the Republicans and place them in the hands of the Democrats. This had been accomplished through the people, and the Democratic party had administered wisely and well. Taxes were less than half what they were when the Republicans were in power. During the two years, from 1868 to 1870, when the Republican party had possession of the State government, $517,621.75 had been expended, while under the Democratic party for ten years, from 1870 to 1880, only $617,006 had been expended, and that, too, when the Democracy came in possession of the executive department of the State only from January 1st, 1877. The Democratic party had administered the State government for ten years for only $100,000 more than the Republicans paid out in two years. Nothing should interest the people more than the payment of the taxes paid by the people, and if a simple matter of economy should be the criterion of excellence, the people should never again agree to surrender the State to the Republicans. But this was not all; there was something in the quality of the government furnished by the two parties. Under Republican rule, up to 1870, notwithstanding the regular collection of taxes, not a dollar was spent for the permanent and lasting benefit of North Carolina. Under Democratic rule a large portion of the taxes collected had gone to erect permanent improvements, that will be monuments of our integrity after we are dead and gone. Large amounts have been appropriated and paid out to construct a penitentiary, and $175,000 have been expended on the Western Insane Asylum at Morganton, which, upon completion, will equal any asylum in the land; and at Goldsboro an asylum has been erected for the colored people, costing about $100,000. When the Democratic party came into power it found the Western North Carolina Railroad butted up against the Blue Ridge at Henry's Station. It said the road should be completed through to Asheville, and in the redemption of that pledge, to-night, when the engine stops on that road, its whistle will be heard in Asheville. These are permanent improvements, which shall last as long as the mountains of North Carolina shall lift their heads high into the blue vaults of heaven.

Under Republican rule in 1868 and 1869, and until the people of North Carolina arose in their might and rescued the Legislature of their State in 1870, all was darkness and despair. To-day, from where old ocean leaves the shores of Currituck, to Cherokee, everywhere in North Carolina, there is peace and prosperity. Contentment and happiness smile upon the people. There is no confusion between the whites and the blacks. Farmers were painting their houses and their fences; and all were thriving and prosperous. The giver of all good had permitted these things to be brought about through the beneficent government of the Democratic party, because the people were sovereign, and they had asserted their sovereignty. The people were the master; the office-holder was the servant. The Republican party had reversed this rule, and the consequence had been evil. In all monarchies the government is upheld by the bayonet, but in this country the power of the government must rest in the hearts of the people, and here the sovereign will of the land was the ballot box, and if its decrees be enforced, it stands between the people and tyrannny through the silent ballot, which falls as noiselessly as does the snowflake. The day the people of this country surrender its power, they surrender the last barrier that stands between them and the autocrat, and that party which attacks the validity or the integrity of the ballot box should be denounced as the supple tool of the tyrant. In 1867 the Republican party disfranchised 40,000 of the best men in North Carolina, and at the same time, without authority of law, enfranchised the man whose duty had up to that time been to black boots. [Judge Shipp was here pointed out as one who was disfranchised, and some one suggested that the Judge was too young at that time to vote, which caused a ripple of laughter throughout the audience.] In the county of Pitt, where the Governor then lived, for some forty miles square only one polling place was opened in the county, and some of the people rode twenty-five miles to vote, and then marched up to the ballot box between files of Federal soldiers, with fixed bayonets.

In South Carolina and Louisiana the Federal army, as the willing tools of Grant, in a government established by Washington, set up Legislatures and defied the will of the people as expressed at the ballot box. But, as if to crown the climax of infamy, and of setting defiance to the expressed will of the people, in 1876, this party actually stole the Presidency of the United States, and seated in the highest office within the gift of the people a man who had been defeated at the polls, and then under the guise of a species of jugglery unknown to our fathers, he rewarded the men who had stolen the office for him. Such is the latter day history of the Republican party. Can such a party be trusted? They have attacked the integrity and purity of the ballot box, and have made the people the subjects of political tyrants by usurping the sovereignty of the people. Will honest men vote to perpetuate their power? [Cries of no, no.]

The Democratic party, in the person of Hancock, (pointing to a picture on the wall amid long, loud and enthusiastic cheers,) offers as a candidate for the Presidency a man who, even in the time of war, was an upholder and defender of the rights and privileges granted to the people by the Constitution. He preserved the right of trial by jury in Louisiana and Texas in marked contrast with the provisional Governor of North Carolina, who, in 1866, when the war ended and all ought to have been peace and quiet, after peace had been proclaimed; after our representatives in Congress had been chosen; after the military had been withdrawn, under the inspiration of the Republican party we see the writ of habeas corpus suspended, the judiciary exhausted (?) and the civil made subordinate to the military law. Two hundred of the best citizens of the State of North Carolina were thrown into dungeons at the command of the infamous Kirk. Military courts were established in Alamance and Caswell counties to try men for offenses unknown to the civil law of the State, and men who are familiar with the history of these events know that the courts were organized to convict. Contrast the party whose representatives thus tore down the monuments of the civil law to erect a subservient, truculent military court for partisan purposes, with the man who commanded the military district of Louisiana and Texas, as the representative of the Democratic party, and who boldly proclaimed: 'The right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press and freedom of speech, the natural rights of person and the rights of property must be preserved.' Holden, the representative of the Republican party, and with its sanction trampled the law under his feet; Hancock, the representative of the Democratic party, standing as a sentinel on the watch tower, upheld the law, and attempted to preserve the constitution. [Cheers.]

The Republican party has always claimed and claims now to be the friend of public education, and when they were in power in 1868 they collected hundreds of thousands of dollars from the people for that purpose. What did they spend for that cause? I defy any man to show me where a single penny was spent for that purpose in 1868, and for an answer I now challenge all their candidates and stump speakers. In 1869 they collected over $200,000 for educational purposes, and expended only $30,000. They were friends of education in collecting the money, but very unfriendly in pocketing it after it was paid to the sheriffs by the people. When the Democrats got into power in the Legislature in 1870, its records will show that $174,000 were spent for education the first year, and even more has been spent for this purpose every year since that time. This is the record of the two parties on this question. Which shows up the better?

The Republican party has been driven from power, and there are two ways to restore it to power. First, vote to restore it, which I am sure you will never do; and, second, restore it by neglecting to vote against it, by observing a criminal apathy on the day of the election.

Ladies, make your husbands go to the ballot box on the 2d day of November, as a duty they owe you and your children. There are three boxes which are said to govern this country: First, the cartridge box, which means the rule of the bayonet; second, the ballot box, which means the civil liberty purchased at King's Mountain preserved; and, third, the band box, which means everything, because it is in the hands of the ladies, who control the men.

The Governor concluded by some remarks complimentary to the ladies, amid loud and hearty cheers."

Eating Too Much.

While we call Dr. Tanner the "fasting fool," there is much truth in what he recently said about persons eating too much:

"I tell you," said he, "there is more suffering to-day from superabundance of food than from the want of it. Three meals a day is sheer nonsense. I am not a fanatic on this point, but I know we all eat too much. We keep the entire machinery of our organization at work night and day digesting the enormous loads we pile into our stomachs, leaving our moral and intellectual being to starve. This pandering to the appetite has changed us from a race of giants to mere pigmies. One of sedentary habits should not eat animal food. He doesn't need it, and it dulls his faculties. Look at our ministers! They all break down sooner or later, just because, strange as it may seem, they worship the flesh-pots and try to study on stomachs crammed beyond their natural capacity. I have nothing to live for except to do good, and if I can get the people to think on this subject I will accomplish more than he who builds a hospital. Let every one make a law unto himself in regard to his eating and stick to it. He will be surprised, if he is faithful at the mighty power will has over habit and appetite. It would kill the patent medicine business."

Population of our Cities and Towns.

[Raleigh Observer.]

We give below a table of the population of twenty towns. Some of these were not in existence in 1870. Others have since had their territory enlarged, and some few have been curtailed; among the latter is Fayetteville. There has been an increase in the population of all, having reference to the territory embraced within the present limits:

	[1880.]	[1870.]
Wilmington	17,605	13,446
Raleigh	9,540	7,790
Charlotte	7,075	4,473
Newbern	6,416	5,849
Winston	4,482	1,636
Fayetteville	3,720	4,660
Goldsboro	3,189	1,134
Newton	2,320	323
Asheville	2,316	1,400
Elizabeth City	2,300	930
Greensboro	2,416	....
Durham	2,005	....
Tarboro	1,603	1,340
Henderson	1,416	545
Salem	1,354	848
Concord	1,262	878
Kinston	1,217	1,103
Reidsville	1,200	....
Hickory	1,114	....
Statesville	1,063	644
Total	73,396	46,563

STATE NEWS.

University R. R.

It is thought track laying on the University road will begin the first week in August.—Durham Recorder.

Drowned.

A son of Wesley Barnwell, a colored man, was drowned last Saturday, while bathing in Samuel J. Crawford's mill pond. This is the second case of drowning in that pond within a few years.—Gleaner.

Population of Alamance.

The population of Graham is 378, Company Shops 817, and the county 14,584. The population of Alamance has increased 2,710 in the last ten years. In 1870 it was 11,874 only 33 more than in 1860, when it was but 408 more than in 1850.—Alamance Gleaner.

Durham Water.

The water supply at Durham is bad as to quality and insufficient as to quantity. Prof. Kerr has been requested by the commissioners of the town to go there and make a survey to ascertain if an abundant supply of good water cannot be obtained by artesian borings. He will, accordingly, go up to day.—Observer.

Lost His Hat

A countryman was in town Friday real down right mad. Said the last time he was here—two weeks ago—he gave his hat to a man to hold, while he licked another fellow, and that he was holding on to it yet, as he had not seen it since. Say hat to that man and he will get all over you like a nest of wrathy hornets.—Winston Leader.

Sagacious Chicken.

Mr. J. M. Bell, of Carteret county, has a chicken of more than ordinary sense. He has learned the difference between crumbs from biscuit and those of corn bread. If you give him crumbs of corn bread he will not pick up a single crumb; but if crumbs from biscuit are dropped to him, he immediately goes to eating them.—Kinston Journal.

Wanted a Wife.

Col. Hicks, Warden of the penitentiary, received a letter yesterday from a gentleman, saying that he (the man) understood that there was a woman in the penitentiary that would be released, provided a man could be found who would marry her,—that her father would give said man $6,000 as soon as the marriage ceremony was performed, and he desired to know if such was the case. This was news to the Colonel, and he accordingly wrote the gentleman, that if any offer had been made he was not aware of it.—Raleigh Visitor.

A Monster Cat.

Uncle Jack Loftin tells us of the killing of a huge varmint some time ago by David Williams. It resembled a wild cat and was so called, but differed considerably from the regular wild cat, and Mr. Loftin thinks it must have been a "Catamount." It measured four feet in length and had a tail 12 inches long, and had been for sometime a great terror to sheep in the neighborhood, having destroyed several hundred of them. It would kill a sheep drink the blood and eat a little of the tongue and then hunt for new prey.—Kinston Journal.

C. F. & Y. V. Railroad.

We were on the line of this road in Randolph county last week, and found the work of grading going bravely on and being pushed rapidly to a completion. The stockake that we visited is near Liberty, twenty miles below Greensboro and about thirty miles above the Gulf. The hands are working in the direction of the latter named place and have only five miles to grade till they will meet another division working in the direction of Greensboro. Above Liberty there is a distance of about eight miles, in the direction of Greensboro, to be graded and that work will be completed in a short time.—Moore Index.

A Long Fast.

The present long fast of Dr. Tanner has caused the publication of every instance of long fasting that has ever occurred. Among others the Monroe (N. C.) Express says that about ten years ago Miss Margaret Ann Stanton started one day to visit a neighbor and was not heard of for forty-one days, which time she subsisted on the twigs of bushes. When found she was lying near the root of a tree which had blown down, and was able to get water which had lodged in the excavation, and all around her in reaching distance the twigs had been chewed up and then spit out. There was unmistakable evidence that she had had a severe attack of typhoid fever, but was now convalescent and able to be removed home. Miss Stanton survived this remarkable episode in her life for several years—a living witness and a standing monument to the fact that a person can live for forty days without nourishment.