The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Poetry.

When the Cows Come Home.

When klingle, klangle, klingle,
Far down the dusky dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, ki-lingle-lingle,
Far down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home.
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights, and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home,
Malvine and Pearl and Florence,
DeKamp, Red Rose, and Modesten Schell,
Queen Bess and Spiph, and Spangled Sue,
Across the fields I hear her "moosey,"
And daughter silver bell:
Go-ling, go-lang, gi-lingle-lingle,
With faint, far-off-ness that mingle,
The cows come slowly home.
And mother-songs of long-by-gones,
And baby joys and childish moans,
And youthful loves and youthful tones,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home.
Through vi-let air we see the town,
And the summer sun is sinking down,
And the maple in the forest glade
Throws down the path a mottled shade,
And the hills are growing brown,
To-ring, to-rang, ri-ringle-ringle,
By threes and twos and single,
The cows come slowly home.
The same sweet sound of childhood's psalm,
The same sweet dimness of the evening calm,
The same sweet smell of the fragrant balm,
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered gleam,
Where the sun rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peachblow, and Lady Phillis
Stand knee-deep in the crowing lilies,
In a drowsy dreamy
To-link, to-lank, ti-tinkle-tinkle,
O'er banks with [illegible] sprinkle,
The cows come slowly home.
And up through memory's deep recesses,
Come the brooks of olden times and the old-time faces,
And the crescent of the silver moon,
When the cows come home.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
With [illegible] and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there, on Merrie Hill,
Sounds the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the dew drops fall on the naughty vines,
And over the [illegible]
And over the silent mill.
Ko-ling, ko-lang, ki-lingle-lingle,
With tinkles fine and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.
Let down the bars, let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and pleasures, and pain,
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

Selected Story.

A TELEGRAM.

Mrs. DeBruse Bellingham laid down the telegram she had just presented to her husband.

"Augusta, it is terrible! What can possess the creature? And now of all times. Your cousin Peter Bellingham, is actually coming to visit us—actually coming to visit us!

Mrs. Bellingham's tones were piteous in their mock-tragic despair, and she let fall the yellow envelope that so seldom is the harbinger of the good news we want, with a gesture of impotent anger.

Augusta Bellingham lifted her beautiful straight brows in a horror of questioning.

"Oh, mamma! Coming to visit us? Surely, there is some mistake! He never would be so stupid as to come unless we sent him an invitation."

Mrs. Bellingham picked up the telegram again, and read it through aloud:

"Will be at your house Tuesday for a short visit. P. DELBRUSHAM."

"What mistake can there possibly be? No, it's directed plainly enough—Mrs. DeBruse Bellingham, 888 5th avenue—and it is signed plainly enough. Child, what in the world shall we do? I can't receive him. I never, never could introduce him to our friends."

Augusta looked thoughtfully at the carpet, and tapped one of her pretty little feet.

Suddenly she lifted up her long-lashed lids to her lady mother's face.

"Perhaps he won't be so very terrible, after all, mamma. Couldn't you manage to keep him in his room most of the time, and let Bessie take charge of him? It would just suit her."

Mrs. Bellingham uttered a little shriek of dismay.

"Did you ever see your father's cousin Peter, Augusta?"

"Well, no, mamma. I have never seen him, of course, but I should think—"

"You should think nothing about it! Peter Bellingham is middle aged, and, Augusta, he actually wears the same suit of clothes year in and year out! His hair is long, down to the top of his collar, and he plasters it tight to his head with horrid pomatum. He wears red and green cravats; his hands and face are all freckles, and you couldn't keep him from going wherever we went, and poking into the parlor to be presented to company. He visited here once before, years ago, and I declare it almost killed me. Why, Augusta, he insisted—and your poor, dear papa had to permit, or else turn him bodily out of the house—he insisted on reading prayer before and after every meal, guests or no guests."

"Oh, mamma! I don't wonder you are so nervous over it. What shall we do about it? Why, it's to-day—this very afternoon—he's to be here!"

"It seems as if fate had a particular grudge against me," she said piteously. "When I married your papa, it was distinctly understood that I was not to be troubled with any of his poor relations, and before we had been keeping house a year his grandfather died, and the old lady had to come and make her home with us, because DeBruse was able to keep her. Then your aunt Adelaide died, and DeBruse had to take Bessie and bring her up. Well, I will confess I have kept Bessie pretty well down, and made her pay her way by helping me with the sewing and the children's music. But now, it seems to me, this visit is worse than all. He'll stay six weeks at the least, I know."

"Oh, mamma, I know exactly what we'll do! The idea of knowing how to get rid of cousin Peter! Why, nothing could be easier! Burn up that disgraceful trunk, have our trunks packed this morning, and leave take the afternoon boat for Long Branch. Send the servants away, as we always do, and when old Peter Bellingham comes to-night he'll find the house with nobody in but Bessie. And if she wants to entertain him, let her. Of course, mamma, that is the only way to do. Just as soldier we never received this telegram."

Mrs. Bellingham drew a long breath of surprise and joy.

"How sensible I never once thought of such an easy, natural way out of our difficulty! Child, you are a born diplomatist, do you know it?"

"I don't know that, mamma, but I do know this one thing—I never wanted to go to Long Branch so badly before, because—because—"

She blushed and laughed.

"Yes, I know, dear. A certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, is there, or will be very shortly. Well, Augusta, he is rich and handsome, and—I wish you success. Of course we'll go. Ring for Parchon, and have early lunch ordered. We only have about five hours to get away."

And at 7 o'clock that evening Mrs. DeBruse Bellingham and her lovely daughter were eating their dinner in the dining room of the Ocean House, while the magnificent mansion on Fifth Avenue was dark, silent and deserted, except for one loyal servant—faithful old Hannah, who only said for company's sake, and laughingly, pretty little Miss Bessie Bellingham, who had been left in charge.

"It's just ridiculous to be here all alone, to march of all I survey, and nothing special to do for ever so long. I'll have time to practice, and time to read, and time for delicious walks in Central Park. And Bessie, going up to the pier glass and stopping to look at herself, I think I shall try to grow a little and make believe it is my house, and I am a rich, grand lady like Aunt Bellingham or cousin Augusta. Say, Bessie Bellingham, have you ever seen a more awfully [illegible] little wretch than me? You never are frizzy or any bangs on a big back comb, or anything but your pretty nose, and lips, and dark red cheeks."

And Bessie stretched her mouth to its widest capacity, failing to make it anything but a fresh, sweet, fragrant, kissable thing, with tiny, pretty teeth behind, and distracting dimples beside.

Just then a loud, hearty laugh rang out almost in their ears, and she started in mortification and terror to see a tall, handsome young fellow, in irreproachable traveling suit of fashionable cut and color, standing in the doorway, carrying a light satchel in one hand, and holding his cane and hat in the other.

"Oh, mercy!" Bessie exclaimed, flushing more in girlish shame than fear as she saw the laughing blue eyes and the amused smile on the handsome, gentlemanly face.

"Allow me to apologize for startling you, Miss Bellingham. I presume you are my cousin Bessie, of whom I have heard? I am Percy Bellingham, another cousin, intending to stay over night with the family, but the woman who answered the door tells me they have just left for the seashore. They must have just missed my telegram."

Bessie had entirely recovered her "sang froid" during the explanatory speech.

"Well it's true they are not at home, but I guess Hannah and I will do just as well."

He laughed again.

"I guess so, too."

"That is," Bessie went on, gravely, "if you don't expect a very elaborate dinner and breakfast, and will be content to sleep in one of the back rooms, for Aunt Helena said the spare rooms were not to be used."

"I'm the easiest fellow to suit you ever saw, cousin Bessie. And now suppose you continue your pantomime I unfortunately interrupted? Or, will you play for me and sing? I am sure you can sing—with such a mouth."

And Bessie laughed and blushed, and handsome Percy felt very well satisfied, indeed, that his telegram had missed its destination.

* * * * * *

Two weeks later, and the midsummer sun was shining golden and warm over the dancing sea, and Augusta Bellingham, sitting on the balcony of the Ocean House, just opposite their suite of rooms, gave a little exclamation of undeigned delight.

"Mamma, how delicious! If there isn't Percy at last!"

And the rich blood warmed her beautiful face, and her heart thrilled as that gentleman looked up and lifted his hat in smiling recognition, for this was the one to whom Augusta had given all her thoughts—the rich, handsome, "nameless one," whom it was the desire of her life and her mother's life to claim as a nearer relation than a very distant cousin.

Her cheeks were flushing exquisitely, and a glad, happy light was in her bright eyes as Percy Bellingham came up to her, extending his hand in welcome greeting.

"We heard you were to be here," Mamma Bellingham said graciously. "Indeed, we have been quite counting on your joining our company."

He smiled back in Augusta's eyes.

"Well, yes. I have been coming for a week or two; but, somehow, I was delayed. But here I am, glad to see you and to be of service to you, 'ma belle cousine.' Our party will be a delightful one," he said, almost eagerly.

"Yes; delightful, now that you are come."

And Augusta flashed him a coquettish, enchanting look.

"Because I have brought Bessie with me," he added carelessly. "We were married years ago, and she is all anxiety to see you both."

Mrs. Bellingham held her heart in a momentary grasp of chagrin and amazement. Augusta's cheeks suddenly blanched to such a whiteness that it was painful to imagine the agitation that could have caused it. Then the women of the world rose equal to the occasion.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Bellingham. "What a charming surprise! And the dear child is actually here?"

"Actually here," he said, looking at Augusta, "and waiting for the welcome my wife deserves."

"I am delighted," she murmured, and then smiled down the horrible distress that had threatened to overcome her.

And this was the result of the mistake about the telegram.

Hancock's Letter to Sherman.

For sometime the republicans have been charging that Gen. Hancock wrote a letter to Gen. Sherman shortly after the Presidential election in 1876, in which he was guilty of treasonable and disloyal utterances. They charged that he intended to use the soldiers of his command in anticipation to make Mr. Tilden President, and the most exaggerated and absurd rumors have been circulated. They demanded a publication of the letter, and so Gen. Hancock has obtained from Gen. Sherman a copy of it for publication, and we have with pleasure given it to our readers. We wish every voter in America could read it. It proves that Hancock can wield the pen as well as the sword, and that he is a statesman as well as a soldier:

CINCINNATI POST OFFICE,
ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec., 28 1876.

MY DEAR GENERAL—Your favor of the 4th inst., reached me in New York on the 5th, the day before I left for the West. I intended to reply to it before leaving, but cares incident to departure interfered. Then, again, since my arrival here I have been so occupied with personal affairs of a business nature that I have deferred writing from day to day until this moment, and now I find myself in debt to you another letter in acknowledgment of your favor of the 17th, received a few days since.

When I heard the rumor that I was ordered to the Pacific coast I thought it probably true, considering the past discussion on that subject. The possibilities seemed to me to point that way. Had it been true I should, of course, have presented no complaint nor made resistance of any kind. I would have gone quickly if not prepared to go promptly. I certainly would have been relieved from the responsibilities and anxieties concerning Presidential matters which may fall to those near the throne or in authority within the next four months, as well as from other incidents or matters which I could not control and the action concerning which I might not approve. I was not exactly prepared to go to the Pacific, however, and I therefore felt relieved when I received your note informing me that there was no truth in the rumors.

Then I did not wish to appear to be escaping from responsibilities and possible dangers which may cluster around military commanders in the East, especially in the critical period fast approaching. All's well that ends well. The whole matter of the Presidency seems to me simplified to a point of a peaceful solution. The machinery for such a contingency as threatens to present itself has been all carefully prepared. It only requires lubrication, owing to disuse. The army should have nothing to do with the selection or inauguration of Presidents. The people elect the President. The Congress declares in a joint session who he is. We of the army have only to obey his mandates, and are protected in so doing only so far as they may be lawful. Our commissions express that. I take Jefferson's way of inaugurating it, and in our system. He rode alone on horseback to the Capitol (I fear it was the "Old Capitol"), tied his horse to a rail fence, entered and was duly sworn, then rode to the Executive Mansion and took possession. He inaugurated himself, simply by taking the oath of office. There is no other legal inauguration in our system. The people or politicians may institute parades in honor of the event, and public officials may add to the pageant by assembling troops and banners, but all that only comes properly after the inauguration not before, and it is not a part of it. Our system does not provide that one President should inaugurate another. There might be danger in that, and it was studiously left out of the charter. But you are placed in an exceptionally important position in connection with coming events. The Capitol is in my jurisdiction also, but I am a subordinate, and not on the spot, and in [illegible] seconds [illegible] my superior [illegible] the authority he [illegible].

On the principle that a regularly elected President's term of office expires with the 3d of March (of which I have not the slightest doubt), and which the laws bearing on the subject uniformly recognize, and in consideration of the possibility that the lawfully elected President may not appear until the 4th of March, a great deal of popularity may have shaded down upon you. You understood, You will have power and prestige in your post. The Secretary of War has probably holds over, but as a Cabinet officer he may not be able to exercise functions in the name of a President, for his proper acts are those of a known superior—a lawful President. You act on your own responsibility and by virtue of a commission, only restricted by the law. The Secretary of War is the mere piece of a President. You are not. If neither candidate has a clear and broad majority in the Electoral College or the Senate and House on the occasion of the count do not unite in declaring some person legally elected by the people, there is a lawful machinery already provided to meet that contingency and decide the question peacefully. It has not been recently used, no occasion presenting itself, but our forefathers provided it. It has been exercised and has been recognized and submitted to as lawful on every hand. That machinery would probably elect Mr. Tilden President and Mr. Wheeler Vice President. That would be right enough, for the law provides that in a failure to elect duly by the people the House shall immediately elect the President and the Senate the Vice President. Some tribunal must decide whether the people have duly elected a President or not. I presume it is, but it is the joint affirmative action of the Senate and House, or who are they present to witness the count if not to see that it is fair and just? If a failure to agree arises between the two bodies there can be no lawful affirmative decided that the people have elected a President, and the House must then proceed to act, not the Senate. The Senate elects vice presidents, not presidents. Doubtless in case of a failure by the House to elect a President by the 4th of March, the President of the Senate of there be one) would be the legitimate person to exercise Presidential authority for the time being or until the appearance of a lawful President, or for the time had laid down in the Constitution. Such courses would be peaceful, and, I have a firm belief, lawful.

I have no doubt Governor Hayes would make an excellent President. I have met him and know him. For a brief period he served under my command, but as the matter stands I can't see any likelihood of his being duly declared elected by the people unless the Senate and House come to be in accord as to that fact, and the House would of course, not otherwise elect him. What the people want is a peaceful determination of this matter, as fair a determination as possible and a lawful one. No other determination could stand the test. The country, if not plunged into revolution, would become poorer day by day, business would languish and our bonds would come home to find a depreciated market.

I was not in favor of the military action in South Carolina recently, and if General Ruger had telegraphed to me or asked for advice, I would have advised him not under any circumstances to allow himself or his troops to determine who were the lawful members of the State Legislature. I could not have given him better advice than to refer him to the special message of the President in the case of Louisiana some time before.

But in South Carolina he had the question settled by a decision of the Supreme Court of the State—the highest tribunal which had acted on the question—so that his line of duty seemed even to be clearer than in the action in the Louisiana case. If the federal court had interfered and overruled the decision of the State court there might have been a doubt certainly, but the federal court only interfered to complicate—not to decide or overrule.

Anyhow it is no business of the army to enter upon such questions, and even if it might be in my power I if the civil authority is supreme, as the constitution declares it to be, the South Carolina case was one in which the army had a plain duty.

Had General Ruger asked me for advice, and if I had given it, I should of course have notified you of my action immediately, so that it could have been promptly overruled if it should have been deemed advisable by you or others superior in authority. General Ruger had the ultimate responsibility of action, and had really the greater danger to confront in the final action in the matter. I did not venture to embarrass him by suggestions. He was a department commander, and the lawful head of the military administration within the limits of the department; but besides, I knew that he had been called to Washington for consultation before taking command, and was probably aware of the views of the administration as to civil affairs in his command; I knew that he was in direct communication with my superiors in authority in reference to the delicate subjects presented for his consideration, or had means of learning what he believed to be sufficiently in accord with the views of our common superiors to enable him to act intelligently according to his judgment, and without suggestions from those not on the spot, and not as fully acquainted with the facts as himself. He desired, too, to be free to act as he had the constitutional executive responsibility, and so the matter was left with me to settle him and myself.

As I have been writing thus freely to you, I may add further, that I should be slighted if I were not thought to be lawful or wise to use federal troops in such matters as have taken place in some of the Mississippi within the last few months—save as far as they may be brought into action under the article of the constitution which contemplates meeting armed insurrection or invasion of a State, more careful than the State can subdue by the ordinary processes—and then only when requested by the Legislature or if it could not be convened in session, by the Governor, and when the President of the United States intervenes in that matter it is a state of war, not peace.

The army is laboring under disadvantages, and has been used unlawfully at times in the judgment of the people, the mind certainly, and we have lost a great deal of the kindly feeling which the community at large once felt for us. It is time to stop and unload."

Officers in command of troops find it difficult to act wisely and safely when superiors in authority have different views of the law from theirs, and when legislation has sanctioned action seemingly in conflict with the fundamental law, and they generally defer to the known judgment of their superiors. Yet the personal officers of the army are needed in such great crises, and are held to such responsibility, especially those at or near the head of it, that it is necessary on such momentous occasions to dare to trust for themselves what is lawful and what is not lawful under our system if the military authorities should be in error, as might possibly be the case in such exceptional times when there exist such divergent views as to the correct result. The army will suffer from its past action if it has acted wrongfully. Our regular army has little hold upon the affections of the people of to-day, and its superior officers should certainly, as far as lies in their power, legally and with righteous intent aim to defend the right, which to us is the law and the institution which they represent. It is a well meaning institution, and it would be well if it should have an opportunity to be recognized as a bulwark in support of the rights of the people and of our race. I am, truly yours, WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

To Gen. W. T. Sherman, Commanding Army of the United States, Washington, D. C.

A Woman's Terrible Task.

Yesterday morning Mrs. Clatternang, a lady living in Nevada street, got excited over the accounts of Tanner's fast, and announced that she would refrain from talking forty days. She began at 9 o'clock in the morning yesterday, and at 10:30 her pulse was so feeble from exhaustion that the physician feared she would die by noon. At 11 her heart beat but 26 a minute, and her respirations were hardly noticeable. Her friends here urged her to discontinue her terrible task, and told her some gossip about a neighbor. On hearing it she immediately rushed from the house and going across the street met a lady friend and talked until 6:30 last night, and is now fully restored. Her record of nearly two hours and a quarter of absolute silence now takes its place at the top of the list. Congratulatory letters are pouring in from all sides, and she has had several offers to take the lecture field.

Escaped Convict Returning.

Yesterday Fanny Burt, a negro convict, returned to the penitentiary of her own accord, after an absence of more than three weeks from the gang of prisoners to which she belonged. She, by some means, got away from the gang on the University Railroad, but must have become tired of sweet liberty.—Raleigh Observer.

Doing Good.

The venerable New York correspondent of the Raleigh News in a recent letter writes as follows about the noble charity of Mrs. A. T. Stewart:

"The late A. T. Stewart, as everybody knows, bought an immense tract of land, called Hempstead Plains, on Long Island, about twenty miles from this city, and built upon it many residences to be let at low rents to clerks and others who could not afford to pay city prices. It is a level plain of several miles in extent, which he laid out with streets and squares, planting many thousands of trees—there were none on it originally—placing four rows of trees along each street. He constructed water-works to supply his 'Garden City' with the pure water for which Long Island, like our sand hills, is noted. When I was there, a year or two ago, a splendid brown stone cathedral, commenced by Mrs. Stewart since her husband's death, was in process of construction by Mr. Harrison, a celebrated architect, and I suppose must be now nearly completed. It is surmounted by an illuminated cross, lighted up by electricity, which may be seen at a great distance at night in any direction over the level plain. Under this church the remains of Mr. Stewart—which were undoubtedly recovered from the robbers—are to be deposited. And now I am told Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton have appropriated three millions of dollars from the estate to build a great college, at which students of either sex are to be educated at a cost of less than a hundred dollars a year, including travelling expenses daily from New York or Brooklyn. One building is already completed and will accommodate nearly five hundred students, and two others of equal dimensions are to be erected. Sixty acres of land, with walks, groves and parks, are allotted to them, and another twenty five acres are given to a female college, to accommodate three hundred. A divinity school will be established also. All to be furnished by Mrs. Stewart, dedicated to the memory of her husband, and transferred to the supervision of the Bishop of Long Island. Truly Mrs. Stewart is applying the money of the great millionaire, acquired by a long career of honest labor, to a generous use."

Strict Prohibitionists.

A few days since the Good Templars of Wake county met in what is termed in that Order a County Lodge Convention, at or near the locality of Mt. Vernon Church. A gentleman from Raleigh, who is a member of one of our city churches, prepared and took to the Convention, ice cream, lemonade, and a soda fountain, all of which was placed in position to serve the wants of the total abstinence assemblage. Members of the Lodges in Raleigh betook themselves to his stand to refresh themselves and patronize the gentleman, and calling for soda water the syrup bottles were brought forth when the country members raised a hue and cry that those bottles were unconstitutional and that the soda was "spiked." He was positively forbidden to sell anything which required a bottle to prepare. His lemonade was then called for but having been colored a bright wine color the natives put their protest on the sale of that. Ice cream was then called for when he was refused the privilege of retailing even that article because as one of the inhabitants said it might be "doshed."

This was an actual occurrence and to save the man from an entire loss the Raleigh members bought the ice cream and offered it gratuitously to their country brethren; but no go, they looked with suspicious eye upon it and would partake not. For total and straight out prohibition we will bet on that locality.—Raleigh News.

North Carolina Indians.

It may be of some interest to our readers to know how many Indians are now living in this State, and so we copy from the Raleigh Observer the following list as recently made out by the census enumerators:

Counties.	Men.	Women.	Children.	Totals.
Hyde county,	28	29	26	83
Graham,	52	46	41	139
Swain,	135	130	151	416
Jackson,	98	123	134	355
Macon,	4	4	4	12
Total	317	332	408	1,057

New York's Water Supply.

New York city consumes ninety-three millions of gallons of water daily, and is laying pipes for a larger supply. This is about ninety gallons to every inhabitant. Large consumers, such as hotels and manufactories, have meters, and pay one cent for every hundred gallons used. The Windsor hotel consumes forty thousand gallons a year. The average consumption in cities in this country is about three times as great as in those of Europe.

Negro Bulldozing.

A colored Hancock man was "bulldozed with hooklets by men of his own race in Delaware a short time ago. The Wilmington Every Evening (Dem.) draws the following moral from the occurrence: "We have no doubt that there is just as much intimidation of negroes by negroes in the South as there is of negroes by white men."

STATE NEWS.

Good Walking.

A negro recently walked from Rockingham to this place, a distance of about 50 miles in 22 hours. Good walking.—Robesonian.

Prosperous Negroes.

The colored people of Chatham county, Georgia, own 2,687 acres of land, worth $9,749. They also own $110,569 worth of town property and $6,842 of personal property, making a total of $250,148.

Nominated.

At the Convention of the Fifth District, that was held at Greensboro on the 5th inst., Hon. A. M. Scales was unanimously nominated for Congress, and F. G. Stockton, Esq., for Presidential Elector.

New Railroad.

A sufficient amount of money has been secured to build the contemplated narrow gauge railroad from Selma to Smithfield. It is expected that work will soon be commenced and the road pressed to an early completion.—Raleigh Visitor.

Old Dog.

An old dog, 28 years of age, was killed by his master last week from sheer sympathy, a struggle between duty and inclination. It grew blind and become blind and deaf to a miserable existence, having lived so old and feeble.—Robesonian.

A Curiosity.

Mr. H. G. Marsh informs us that there is on his premises a pine stump from which the tree was cut about 40 years ago, and that it is still green. It has never sprouted, but is cut or scarred the bark will grow over it.—Robesonian.

Sleeping Sitting Up.

It is said that Harriet Fillyaw who was one of the oldest lunatics under the care of the county, has not laid down in nine years, always preferring sitting in sleeping, in a chair.—Wilmington Star.

Bounty Gem.

Something somewhat in the gem line was discovered last week by Mr. J. B. Rowland. Upon breaking a hen's egg of the usual size, he found within it another egg, perfect in its form, shell, and about the size of a common bird's egg.—Robesonian.

Prolific.

One of the enumerators found a family of eleven children, the oldest of whom was only thirteen years of age. There was also a family of nine children, the oldest of whom was only nine years old. These figures are a key to the wonderful progress of the country in population.—Greensboro Protestant.

Prolific Yield.

Mr. E. Kinney, of Patterson's township, made the following yield from a new wheat found in his crop. 6 heads produced 1 gill, the gill 11 pints and 11 pints 4½ bushels. It is said to be a beautiful white wheat having red chaff and the heads reaching the length of 7 and 8 inches.—Almanance Gleaner.

Almost Suffocated.

Two colored men who had been engaged in digging a well about 60 feet deep at Spout Spring Station, were last Wednesday almost suffocated by an accumulation of foul gas at the bottom of the well and were drawn out by means of a small rope being fastened around the waist. Restoratives were applied, however, which proved efficacious, and we learn the men were apparently as well as ever in a few hours.—Fayetteville Banner.

Columbia Factory.

The agent of the Columbia Cotton Mills, on Deep river in Randolph county, is making great improvements at that place, among which may be name an addition of 92 by 48 feet to the old building, making it as fine a building as any now on the river. He has spent [illegible] $30,000 worth of new and improved machinery, which will be placed in the new building. This old factory will now take its rank among the best in Randolph.—Lexington Exchange.

A Horrible Killing.

Last Saturday, near Pee Neck, in Davidson county, U. M. Phelps became involved in a difficulty with some negroes and killed one, or shot at one, in consequence of which the negroes of the vicinity swore that they would have [illegible] Sunday night U. M. Phelps got his brother, Alfred Phelps, and [illegible] Click to stay all night with him, to protect him from the negroes. These two men took their guns and an axe apiece and went to the house with him. In the night Click discovered that they were attacked by the negroes and got up, took his axe and severed the head of U. M. Phelps from his body. When he awoke he still had the axe in his hand. Click was a firm friend to Phelps and gave himself up to the officers, admitted the killing and made the above statement concerning it.—Salisbury Democrat.