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Poetry.

"FOUND DROWNED."

They brought her up from the river side,
And laid her down on the rocking chair,
With her dragged dress and her tattered shoes,
And her bosom crossed by a broad scarf.

Selected Story.

AN ONLY OFFER.

"Aunt Phoebe, we've ever pretty?"
"Then I was sixteen I was considered. I was like you then, Julia. I am forty-three now, remember."

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STATE NEWS.

A Rare Offer.

A young lady of Charlotte offers herself as a prize to the young man whom and will refrain from mentioning the name of either of the Presidential candidates until after the election.—Greensboro Patriot.

Newspaper Removed.

The Fayetteville Banner has decided to remove to Lenoir, to be published there under another name. It is a good point and we wish it success in its new field.—Wilmington Review.

Struck by Lightning.

Matthew Wilder, of Harnett county, lost his barn the other day by being struck by lightning. All the wheat and forage in the barn was destroyed. His mule came near being burned.—Raleigh Visitor.

A Question.

A chicken was found the other day, in the upper edge of Harnett county following a "he" partridge around, with as much grace and comfort as if the partridge had been its mother. The question is how come that young chicken with a wild partridge in the woods?—Raleigh Visitor.

Living Without Water.

We are informed that the late Landwick Summers, in Guilford county, lived fifteen years without touching a drop of water. But he drank milk and cider. He was hale and hearty, worked hard in the field, and was over 70 when he died.—Reidsville Times.

First Bale of Cotton.

The Charlotte Observer says that the first bale of new North Carolina cotton came from under the very shadow of the mountains. It was raised in Cleveland county and sold in Shelby on Monday at the extraordinary price of 15 cents per pound. Early cotton is not unusual in Cleveland; almost the first bale sold last year, was bought in Shelby market.

Guthrie Complimented.

We are reliably informed that Maj. Wm. A. Guthrie, who left our town a fortnight ago to attend the supreme Lodge of Knights of Pythias which meets in St. Louis this month, during a short stay in Washington city was waited upon by a committee representing a body of 100 Hancock Republicans and implored to canvass the doubtful States for Hancock.—Fayetteville Banner.

Drowned.

Robert Perry, a white youth, some seventeen years of age, was drowned on Saturday, in Granville, almost on the Wake line. He was bathing in the mill pond of John Chappell, and dived from the bank. He never reappeared alive. When his body was recovered after some hours, a wound was found in his temple, and he must have struck a rock or a snag, under the water.—Raleigh Observer.

At Last Found.

A lawyer, named Boynton, from Michigan, was arrested in Wall street recently for offering to sell two bonds, one a South Carolina State bond for \$1,000, the other a railroad bond for \$500, which had been stolen from Thomas Kerison of Columbia, S. C., during Sherman's occupation of that city in 1865. Boynton said he had received them for professional services from a widow whose brother was a soldier in Sherman's army. The South would be a good deal richer if all such stealing could be recovered.—Raleigh News.

Rental Murder.

One of the most brutal and cold blooded murders was committed at Marion S. C., on the night of 15th inst., ever known. Mr. David Harrell a pious, inoffensive christian citizen, of that village, was killed. Having just finished supper about dark and started back to his store, he was assaulted by some one, and was knocked down with an axe or hatchet, breaking his skull in three places, which caused death in about an hour. The "nigger" which is thought to be the murderer is now in jail, with sufficient evidence to convict him. He will never have the pleasure of a trial, as he will undoubtedly be lynched. So mote it be.—Lumberton Robesonian.

A Swimming Ox.

A colored man named Woodcock, who has charge of a flat, reports that while coming down the river yesterday morning, and when about two miles this side of Mosby's Point, his attention was attracted by a bellowing noise, and soon discovered an ox swimming in the middle of the stream. He knew the animal as soon as he saw him as one belonging to Captain Padison, and he called him by name, when the ox made for the flat, reaching which he managed to get his head on the gangway, where he held it until the men on the flat could place a rope around his horns. The animal then swam on behind the flat until it reached this city, a distance of twenty-eight miles; and there is no telling how long he had been swimming when Woodcock took charge of him.—Wilmington Star.

From Small Beginnings.

It is not necessary that a boy who learns a trade should follow it all his life. Governor Palmer, of Illinois, was a country blacksmith, once, Thomas Hays, a rich and eminent lawyer, also of Illinois, was once a book-binder. Leasius Corning, of New York, too late to do hard work, commenced as a shop-boy in Albany. When he applied for employment he was asked: "Why, my little boy, what can you do?" "Can do what I am bid," was the answer, which secured him the place. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, was a shoemaker. Thurlow Weed was a canalboat driver. Ex-Governor Stone, of Iowa, was a cabinet-maker, which trade Stephen A. Douglass also worked at in his youth. Large numbers of men of prominence now living have risen from humble life, by dint of industry, without which talent is a gold coin on a barren island. Work alone makes men bright, and it does not alone depend on the kind of work you have to do whether you rise or not; it depends on how you do it.

"Old Dominion."

This term, which is so expressive and significant to every Virginian, is said to have its origin as follows:

During the protectorate of Cromwell, the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Shortly after Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce Virginia to subjection, the Virginians sent a messenger to Prince Charles, who was then an exile in Flanders, inviting him to return on the ship with the messenger and be King of Virginia. Charles accepted the invitation, and was on the eve of embarking when he was called to the throne of England. As soon as he was fairly seated on the throne, in gratitude for and in recognition of the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Scotland and Ireland, as an independent member of the empire, a distant portion of the Old Dominion. Hence arose the origin of the term. Copper coins of Virginia were issued even as late as the reign of George II, which bore on one side the coat of England, Ireland, Scotland and Virginia.

Inaccuracy in Conversation.

The tendency of women to exaggerate in conversation makes them unreliable both as witnesses and relators of facts. Indeed, in narrating what they call "facts," we must be prepared to receive the communication with some allowance for the vivid fancy of the speakers. This spirit of exaggeration which makes the statements of women so unreliable as a general thing, does not proceed from an inherent love of untruth, or a wilful intention to deceive.

Women are apt to be led away by their feelings, and to color judgment more by passion and prejudice than by a calm, cautious view of facts as they are. They "see through a glass darkly," and thus seeing their statements are clouded by error. They do not pay strict attention to what they hear, and have never trained their minds to deal in facts. They are apt to skim over matters, instead of diving down after the pearl of truth. They deal more with fancy than facts, lacking methodical observations and judgment.

Truth is something well worth attaining, and is attainable by a little trouble and properly disciplining the mind and the tongue. Let every mother, when a young daughter is repeating what purports to be "facts," pin her down to a "plain, unvarnished tale," stripping it of all exaggerated expressions and embellishments of fancy. Make her state the truth in its severest simplicity, neither adding to or taking from, and let it be the truth and nothing but the truth.

Teach her, too, the proper meaning of words and expressions. Let her understand that it is one thing to be sick, another to be ill. That a man may be bad, and yet not be the worst man in the world; and that you may be very cold, and yet not be frozen to death. A bonnet may be pretty and tasty, and yet very far from being "perfectly splendid;" and a young man may be agreeable and possessing, and yet it is quite possible—indeed, it is more than probable—that he is not at all divine.

If this system of training the speech is attended to early in life the habit will be acquired by the time maturity is reached of strict veracity in conversation. Things will be represented just as they are, and not as they seem to the vivid fancy and careless judgment of the speaker.

Suicide.

John Buchanan, denn of the Electric Medical College, who was under heavy bail for his appearance before the United States Court, to answer charges of fraudulently issuing medical diplomas ended his career at 1 o'clock on the 17th inst., by drowning himself. He jumped from the night ferry boat between Philadelphia and Camden. His body was swept away, and has not been recovered.

Starving to Death.

(From the St. Louis Times.)

Minnie Siebach is the daughter of a tailor whose scant earnings for more than two years have gone to the support of an invalid daughter and a devoted wife and mother. This mother is a comely German of good face and features, and her entire attention during the last two years has been given at all times—in fact, almost constantly—to her sick child. The illness of the daughter assumed a most peculiar character some weeks ago, and since then she has neither eaten nor drunk. A kind physician, Dr. Binkewald, has afforded all the aid in his power, but it would now appear without avail, as death is reckoned not far away.

The house where the Siebachs live would in nine cases out of ten be passed unnoticed by the pedestrian. An eight-foot pine fence almost screens their cottage from view, and in seeking to enter the place the visitor must pull and not push the large pine gate which greets him. The front door of the house is well-nigh concealed by vines of morning glories, &c., but on reaching the yard the visitor is invariably confronted by a good-looking German woman whose face is placidly written care.

Once within the wall of the little cottage the visitor observes a sick girl in the front room and a spectacled snip sewing away as if for dear life in a rear room. The German woman who has met the visitor at the door will permit him, if he be a physician to examine the sick chamber. This privilege was accorded to Leshman. The sick girl lay at full length on an ordinary bed, the covering of which was neatly reversed in part several inches above her waist. Her arms were also at full length, and her legs were stretched straightly. Examination showed a fair temperature of the body, but a pulse of 111. Her feet were cold, so cold that a hot iron had been placed against them. Looking at her hands Dr. Leshman discovered only skin and bones, the former drawn tightly to the latter. Lifting the arm he discovered remarkably rigidity and corresponding heaviness. The joints are more or less ankylosed. The eyes when this physician made his examination, were closed, but the mouth was wide open. Inspiration was quick and labored, while in respiring a most pronounced noise be heard.

"How long, madame," asked Dr. Leshman, "since your daughter tasted food?" "Nine and forty days," was the answer. "So long as that?" "Yes, sir; no water?" "Any medicine?" questioned the doctor.

"No, sir. I have tried even to force victuals and drink down her throat, but she immediately throws every thing up." The physician continued his examination. Her stomach appeared very hard, and when he touched the spot over the lower lobe of her left lung Miss Siebach moved as if in pain.

"There," said her mother, "that part always hurts her; it is the cause of her sickness." Dr. Leshman gave careful examination to the spot again. "It contains," he said to the mother, "water or matter which has come from water. Has she ever had lung fever?" "No; nothing, till this came on."

At this juncture the girl's frame, from the abdomen to the neck, moved up and down with much force and frequency. The diaphragm was especially convulsive, and resisted with ease the physician's hand, when placed upon it. But the most remarkable occurrence was the sound of her voice, which, increasing in pitch and volume, gave forth a noise like the low barking of a dog. The convulsive movements lasted five minutes, and the barking died away with them. The physician bade Mrs. Siebach good-by, and promised to call again, which he did on Monday, when on the fiftieth day of her fast, he found her with a high fever.

Miss Siebach is not quite eighteen, has been pretty, and still retains a small mouth and teeth which are as snowy white, well formed and beautiful as woman ever possessed. This is the fifty-second day of her fast, and at last accounts there is no material change in her condition. Yesterday evening her mother tried to get her to swallow a teaspoonful of water, but the liquid ran out of her mouth, and despite her mother's efforts she did not drink a drop. Last night she seemed to be in great pain and groaned in a pitiful manner for some time. Though unable to articulate her plaintive cries could be heard all over the neighborhood.

The present fit of sickness commenced one day last winter, when she was suddenly taken with cramp while in church, and had to be carried home. She continued to grow worse until she fell in the singular state in which she still remains.

The Historian Bancroft.

Mr. George Bancroft became fifty-five years ago this month his "Historian of the United States," and in a few weeks he expects to celebrate its completion at his Newport summer home. He will be eighty years old if he lives until the 24th of next October.

subject until both felt it to be exhausted—at least for that night. Julia drew aside the heavy satin curtains, and looking out, said:

"It is showing heavily, aunt; to-morrow we can have a sleigh ride. Why, there is a sleigh at our door! Who can it be? A gentleman, aunt, and he is coming here."

"Close the curtains, child. It is my lawyer, Mr. Howard. He promised to call to-night." "Oh, dear! I was hoping it was some nice strange person."

Miss Phoebe did not answer; her thoughts were far away. In fact, she had talked about her old lover until there had sprung up anew in her heart a very strong sentimental affection for his memory; and when the servant announced a visitor on business, she arose with a sigh from her reflections, and went into the reception room.

In a few minutes Julia heard her voice in rapid, excited tones, and she could decide to go to her or not. Aunt Phoebe entered the room, holding by the hand a gentleman whom she announced as Mr. Alfred Compton.

Julia was disappointed, to say the least, but she met him with enthusiasm. Perhaps Aunt Phoebe had quite unconsciously magnified the beauty of the youthful Alfred; certainly this one was not handsome. He was sixty at least, his hair, curling locks had vanished, and his fine figure was slightly bent. But the clear, sensitive face remained, and he was dressed with scrupulous care.

The two women made much of him. In half an hour Delmonico had furnished a delicious little banquet, and Alfred drank to his promised wife, Miss Phoebe Wakefield, best and loveliest of women.

Miss Phoebe laughed, but she dearly liked it; and hand in hand the two old lovers sat, while Alfred told his sad little story of life long wrong and suffering; of an intensely nervous, self-conscious nature driven to extremity by cruel usage and many wrongs. At the mention of Dr. Orman Miss Phoebe expressed herself a little bitterly.

"Nay, Phoebe," said Alfred, "what ever he was when my brother put me in his care he became my true friend. To his skill and patience I owe my restoration to perfect health; and to his firm advocacy of my right and ability to manage my own estate I owe the position I now hold, and my ability to come and ask Phoebe to redeem her never forgotten promise."

Perhaps Julia got a little tired of these old-fashioned lovers, but they never tired of each other. Miss Phoebe was not the least abashed by any contrast between her ideal and her real Alfred, and Alfred was never weary of assuring her that he found her infinitely more delightful and womanly than in the days of their first courtship.

She cannot even call them a silly or foolish couple, or use any other relieving phrase of that order, for Miss Phoebe—or rather Mrs. Compton—resents any word as applied to Mr. Alfred Compton that would imply less than supernatural wisdom and intelligence. "No one but those who have known him as long as I have," she continually avers, "can possibly estimate the superior information and infallible judgment of my husband."—[Harper's Weekly.

Always too Late.

Some people are always too late, and therefore accomplish nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present until thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is either to yourself or to them, they are just as tardy. If one of this class is to take passage by steamer or railway, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf or the train the station. His dinner has been waiting for him so long that the cook is out of patience. This course the character we have described all ways pursues. He is never in time at church, at his place of business, at his meals, or in his bed.

A Mean Thief.

A widow with six children and \$300 was induced one day last week to marry an insinuating stranger in Cincinnati. On the morning after the wedding they breakfasted in a restaurant, and after the meal was dispatched the husband said he would go out and get shaved. Putting his arm around his wife's neck he kissed her and at the same moment picked her pocket. He did not return, the pocket-book which he had stolen contained his wife's \$300. On the previous afternoon she had bought a silver watch for him and had given him \$20.

one was in the fields or orchard; only the doctor and Alfred and I were in the house. Early in the afternoon a boy came from the village with a letter to Dr. Orman, and he seemed very much perplexed and at a loss how to act. At length he said: "Miss Phoebe, I must go to the village for a couple of hours; I think Mr. Alfred will sleep until my return, but if not, will you try and amuse him?"

"I promised gladly, and Dr. Orman went back to the village with the messenger. No sooner was he out of sight than Alfred appeared, and we rambled about the garden as happy as two lovers could be. But the day was extremely hot, and as the afternoon advanced the heat increased. I proposed that we should walk up upon the hill, where there was generally a breeze, and Alfred was delighted at the larger freedom it promised us."

"But in another hour the sky grew dark and lurid, and I noticed that Alfred grew strangely restless. His cheeks flushed, his eyes had a wild look of terror in them, he trembled and started, and in spite of all my efforts to soothe him he grew irritable and gloomy. Yet he had just asked me to marry him, and I had promised I would. He had called me his wife, and I had told him again my suspicions about Dr. Orman, and vowed to nurse him myself back to perfect health. We had talked, too, of going to Europe, and in the eagerness and delight of our new plans had wandered quite up to the little pine forest at the top of the hill."

"Then I noticed Alfred's excited condition, and saw also that we were going to have a thunder-storm. There was an empty log hut not far away, and I urged Alfred to try and reach it before the storm broke. But he became suddenly like a child in his terror, and it was only with the greatest difficulty I got him within its shelter."

"As peal after peal of thunder crashed above us, Alfred seemed to lose all control of himself, and, seriously offended, I left him, nearly sobbing, in a corner, and went and stood by myself in the open door. In the very height of the storm I saw my father, Dr. Orman and three of our workmen coming through the wood. They evidently suspected our sheltering place, for they came directly to ward it."

"Alfred," shouted Dr. Orman, in the tone of an angry master, "where are you sir? Come here instantly."

"My pettishness instantly vanished, and I said: 'Doctor, you have no right to speak to Alfred in that way. He is going to be my husband, and I shall not permit it any more.' "Miss Wakefield, he answered, "this is sheer folly. Look there!"

"I turned and saw Alfred crouching in a corner completely paralyzed with terror; and yet, when Dr. Orman spoke to him he rose mechanically, as a dog might follow his master's call. "I am sorry, Miss Wakefield, to destroy your fine romance. Mr. Alfred Compton is, as you perceive, not fit to marry any lady. In fact, I am his—keeper."

"Oh, Aunt Phoebe! Surely he was not a lunatic!" "So they said, Julia. His frantic terror was the only sign I saw of it; but Dr. Orman told my father that he was at all times really dangerous, and that he was annually paid a large sum to take charge of him, as he became uncontrollable in an asylum."

"Did you see him again?" "No. I found a little note in the rose-bush saying that he was not mad; that he remembered my promise to be his wife, and would surely come some day and claim me. But they left in three days, and Melissa, whose wedding outfit was curtailed in consequence, twitted me very unkindly about my fine crazy lover. It was a little hard on me, for he was the only lover I ever had. Melissa and Jane both married and lived well with their husbands. I lived on at Rye lands, a faded little old maid, until my uncle Joshua sent me to college to New York and keep his fine house for him. You know that he left me all he had when he died nearly two years ago. Then I sent for you. I remembered my own lonely youth, and thought I would give you a fairer chance, dear."

"Did you ever hear of him again, Aunt?" "Of him?—never. His eldest brother died more than a year ago. I suppose Alfred died many years since; he was very frail and delicate. I thought it was refinement and beauty then; I know now it was ill health."

"Poor aunt!" "Nay, child, I was very happy while my dream lasted, and I never will believe but that Alfred in his love for me was quite sane, and perhaps more sincere than many wisest men."

After this confidence Miss Phoebe seemed to take a great pleasure in speaking of the little romance of her youth. Often the old and the young maidens sat in the twilight discussing the probabilities of poor Alfred Compton's life and death, and every discussion left them more and more positive that he had been the victim of some cruel plot. The subject never tired Miss Phoebe, and Julia, in the absence of a lover of her own, found in it a charm quite in keeping with her own youthful dreams.

One cold night, in the middle of January, they had talked over the old

went away without entering the house. Father put his hands in his pockets and watched him out of sight; then, looking at me, he said: "Put the spare rooms in order, Phoebe."

"They are in order, father; but is that man to occupy them?" "Yes, he and his patient, a young gentleman of fine family, who is in bad health."

"Do you know the young gentleman, father?" "I know it is young Alfred Compton—that is enough for me."

"And the dark man who has just left? I don't like his looks, father."

"Nobody wants thee to like his looks. He is Mr. Alfred's physician—a Dr. Orman, of Boston. Neither of them are any of thy business, so ask no more questions;" and with that he went back to the barn.

"Mother was not at all astonished. She said there had been letters on the subject already, and that she had been rather expecting the company."

"But," she added, "they will pay well, and as Melissa is to be married at Christmas, ready money will be very useful."

"About dark a carriage arrived. It contained two gentlemen and several large trunks. I had been watching for it behind the linnetrees, and I saw that our afternoon visitor was now accompanied by a slight, very fair man, dressed with extreme care in the very highest fashion. I saw also that he was handsome, and I was quite sure he was rich, or no doctor would wait on him so subserviently."

"This doctor I had disliked at first sight, and I soon began to imagine that I had good cause to hate him. His conduct to his patient I believed to be tyrannical and unkind. Some days ago he insisted that Mr. Compton was too ill to go out, though the poor gentleman begged for a walk; and again, mother said, he would take from him all his books, though he pleaded urgently for them."

"One afternoon the postman brought Dr. Orman a letter, which seemed to be important, for he asked father to drive him to the next town, and requested mother to see that Mr. Compton did not leave the house. I suppose it was not a right thing to do, but the handsome sick stranger, so hardly used, and so surrounded with mystery, had roused in me a sincere sympathy for his loneliness and suffering, and I walked through that part of the garden into which his window looked. We had been politely requested to avoid it because the sight of strangers increased Mr. Compton's nervous condition. I did not believe this, and I determined to try the experiment."

"He was leaning out of the window, and a sadder face I never saw. I smiled and courtesied, and he immediately leaped the low sill, and came toward me. I stooped and began to tie up some fallen carnations; he stooped and helped me, saying all the while I know not what, only that it seemed to be the most beautiful language I ever heard. Then we walked up and down the long porch walk until I heard the rattle of father's wagon."

"After this we became quietly, almost secretly as far as Dr. Orman was concerned very great friends. Mother so thoroughly pitied Alfred that she not only pretended oblivion of our friendship, but even promoted it in many ways; and in course of time Dr. Orman began to recognize its value. I was requested to walk past Mr. Compton's windows and say 'Good morning,' or offer him a flower or some ripe peaches, and finally to accompany the gentlemen in their short rambles in the neighborhood."

"I need not tell you how all this restricted intercourse ended. We were soon deeply in love with each other, and love ever finds out the way to make himself understood. We had many a five minutes meeting; no one knew of it, and when this was impossible a rosebush near his window hid for me the tenderest little love letters. In fact, Julia, I found him irresistible; he was so handsome and gentle, and though he must have been thirty-five years old, yet, to my thinking, he looked handsomer than any young man could have done."

"As the weeks passed on, the doctor seemed to have more confidence in us, or else his patient was completely under control. They had much fewer quarrels, and Alfred and I walked in the garden, and even a little way up the hill, without opposition or remark. I do not know how I received the idea, but I certainly did believe that Dr. Orman was keeping Alfred sick for some purpose of his own, and I determined to take the first opportunity of arousing Alfred's suspicions. So one evening, when we were walking along, I asked him if he did not wish to see his relatives."

"He trembled violently, and seemed in the greatest distress, and only by the tenderest words could I soothe him, as half sobbing, he declared that they were his bitterest enemies, and that Dr. Orman was the only friend he had in the world. Any further efforts I made to get at the secret of his life were fruitless, and only threw him into paroxysms of distress. During the month of August he was very ill, or at least Dr. Orman said so. I scarcely saw him, there were no letters in the rose-bush; and frequently the dispute between the two men rose to a pitch which father seriously disliked. One hot day in September every