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STATE NEWS.

Who Was He?

A man from Chatham was in town yesterday with a pair of suspenders on which he had worn a week, and which had been knit by his wife from this year's cotton.—Raleigh News.

An Old Couple.

Mr. John Heath, of Jones county, will be 80 years old on the 26th of this month, and his wife 81 on the day before. They have been married 59 years, and their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren number 125.—Kinston Journal.

Killed by Lightning.

Patrick Crowder, a colored man employed in Biggs' mill at Scotland Neck, while at work on Wednesday last, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Several other hands were employed in the building, but none were injured.—Tarboro' South-erner.

Good Memory.

Some children are endowed with wonderful memories. We learn that a little girl in the Presbyterian Sunday School recently recited eight chapters in the bible at one time. That is more than a great many grown persons learn from the blessed book in a life time.—Winston Leader.

Asheboro Statistics.

Asheboro has two hotels, 2 bar-rooms, 3 churches, 300 inhabitants, 200 dogs, 4 stores, 1 tin-shop, 1 market house, 2 newspapers, 2 school buildings, 2 buggy factories, 2 blacksmith shops, 2 shoe shops, 1 cabinet shop, 1 tannery, 1 sheep, 1 watermelon patch and 1 pound of butter; that is, if all the tables are equally freighted and ours has its share.—Asheboro Courier.

Editors' Troubles.

An editor would always be in trouble if he would allow himself to be. Very few items appear in his paper, but what somebody gets angry at. We do not recollect of a single issue of our paper but that some one complained of "a certain piece which was printed. Thought to publish a newspaper to suit everybody is one of the impossibilities of life.—Franklin Times.

Sickness in Lenoir.

There are more sick people within fifteen miles of Kinston than there has been at one time since the war. In some neighborhoods nearly every other family has sickness; in many families nearly every member is prostrate; the doctors are travelling night and day, and the druggists can hardly keep in medicine. The disease is generally malarial fever, and so far has not proved very malignant. It is doubtless caused by the heavy rains early in August, followed by the present calm, hot weather.—Kinston Journal.

A Mean Rogue.

For a long time Mr. R. L. Hunt, of Oxford, has kept on his counter, for the benefit of the orphans, an iron man, who held out his hand for money, which he put in his pocket as soon as received, and made a polite bow. Occasionally this pocket was opened, and the money entered on our books. A few weeks ago the iron man disappeared. Later, he was found in Dr. Taylor's field; but his iron pocket was broken, and all his money was gone. Oh that he could tell the name of the wretched rogue mean enough to rob poor orphans! Such a man would steal the power from the head of a negro's case.—Orphan's Friends.

Attempted Suicide.

There was quite a wide sensation yesterday at a place on the line of the Wilmington & Weldon R. R., caused by the attempt of a beautiful young married lady to commit suicide. She had provided herself with two phials of laudanum, one of which she swallowed. Her husband soon discovered her situation and called on a physician who succeeded in neutralizing the effects of the drug and saving her life. The lady is young, beautiful and accomplished, adored by her friends and idolized by her husband, who has always been loving and devoted to her, and the attempt was undoubtedly the result of a fit of mental aberration caused by miasmatic sickness.—Wilmington Review.

A Queer Detection.

A juvenile thief was detected in his misdeeds in a singular way on Thursday. He went out to the gun club range, where the club were shooting at the new patent smoke balls, which explode with quite an amount of flame and some noise; when ever struck a violent blow. The young rascal stole a ball and hid it in the top of his hat. Along came another negro, and ignorant of the whereabouts of the ball, struck the thief on the head. Instantly there was an explosion and the hat was lifted by a rush of flame and smoke. The negro thinking his time had come, sank to the ground with fear, while the explosive material burned off the wool off a large patch on the top of his cranium.—Observer.

The Chatham Record.

Poetry.

If I Should Die To-Night.

If I should die to-night, My friends would look upon my quiet face, Before they laid it in its resting-place, And down that death bed left it almost fair;

If I should die to-night, My friends would call to mind, with loving thought, Some kindly deed the eye had had wrought, Some gentle word the tongue had said, Some smile on which the willing feet had sped;

If I should die to-night, My friends would pray for me, and I should be glad, To see their faces, and to hear their words, And to be loved and mourned to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night, Keep not your blessing for my dead, old brow; The way is lonely, let me feel them now—'Tis but a moment, and I shall be true, My falling feet are pierced with many a thorn, Forgive, oh, hearts estranged! Forgive, I plead! When dreariness rest is mine I shall not need The loudness for which I long to-night.

Selected Story.

THE MILL CHIMNEY.

THE STORY OF A BRICKLAYER.

'Twas when I was courting Katie that the accident I'm going to tell you about happened. But for that same accident I don't think Katie an' I would be man an' wife this day, for you see my father was set again' the match, Katie being only a laborer's daughter, while he himself was foreman in the mills, getting good wages, and thought a great deal of his employers. An' it wasn't for Katie I don't think I'd be here now to tell you about it, for 'twas she that saved my life, through hitting on a plan that never once came into the heads of me or my comrades—aye, or those you'd have thought would know better than any of us.

I was not brought up to my father's trade, having been taken, when young, by a brother of my mother's, a master bricklayer living in the town. When my uncle died I came home to Lisgarven for a bit, just to see my father, and finding that they were at work on the new building at the mills, I looked for employment there, an' got it at once. Lisgarven mill is a flour mill, an' a pretty place it was in those days, with the river running just by the old red brick buildings an' the big water wheel always going around an' round. The river falls into a larger one a little lower down, an' the tide comes up as far as the mill, so 'tis in boats that most of the corn is brought in an' the flour carried away. 'Tisn't half so pretty a place now, there are big white-washed buildings alongside of the old brick ones, the big wheel is stopped, an' you hear the whirr of the engines instead of the sound of the water, but they makes a power of money there, an' gives a deal of employment.

As I was saying, I got taken on as a bricklayer. Katie's father was working there, too, and I used to see her bringing him his dinner, and, after a bit, I began to think that I'd like to have her bringing me mine, too. She was as pretty a girl then as you'd see anywhere—she's a good-looking to this day—an' I soon became that fond of her that I'd have done anything almost to get her. She herself was willing enough; 'twas my father that made the difficulty. He was a proud man; as proud in his way as any gentleman, an' he was right down mad at the notion of my marrying a laborer's daughter. To be sure, I was earning good wages, an' might have married without asking any one's leave if I'd been so minded, but I didn't like to go again' the old man that had always been good to me. Beside, Katie was just as proud as himself, an' would have nothing to say to me unless he was satisfied. I got the owner to speak to him, but sure 'twas a bit of use.

'How would you like, sir,' he says to the owner, 'if I had a daughter, to have Master Philip take up with her, an' wouldn't that be the same thing?' I believe that the owner didn't think it would be at all the same thing; but my father wouldn't hear the reason from him any more than from me; so Katie an' I had just nothing for it but to wait in the hope of his comin' round, an' very little hope we had of that same.

As we were putting up a steam engine in the mill, we had of course to have a big chimney, an' we got a man down from town to build it—one of them chaps that builds chimneys an' nothing else, and thinks nobody knows anything about it but himself. I was working alone with him, an' indeed, 'twas I that built the most of it, an' a right good job it was. 'Twas finished by Christmas—ten years ago this Christmas coming on—all but the lightning conductor, and that was not put up owing to the owner's wanting to make inquiries when he'd go to town an' to see for himself what would be the best kind to use. The proprietor was a scientific sort of a gentleman, an' had ideas of his own—sometimes they'd be better than other people's, sometimes maybe not so

good. At any rate, there was a de'v; about the conductor, an' in the meantime the engines were at work, an' the big chimney was smoking away like blazes. Mr. BROWN, the strange workman, had gone away, saying, very condescending like, that he was sure Jim Forde (that was me) would be able to fasten the rod to the chimney as well as he could do it himself. He took all his scaffolding with him, but, before he went away, he fixed a beam with a pulley in it into the top of the chimney, an' left a long rope hanging through it, so that a man could be hoisted up at any time; an' there the rope hung dangling week after week, until the owner came home, bringing the rod along with him.

Once it had come there was no good losing any more time in fixing it, so one Saturday afternoon in January, up I went on a plank, slung securely at the end of the rope, my tools along with me, an' settled myself astride on the stone coping. 'Twas rather late in the day, but the morning had been too wet an' stormy to work, an' the owner was as impatient to get the job done as if it hadn't been himself that was hindering it all this time. I was as much at home atop of the chimney as I was on the ground, an' I worked on without once looking down, until my job was finished, an' I was putting up my tools. Then, all of a sudden, I heard a rattling noise, an' looking over, I saw the plank going down very fast. I called out: 'Hullo, there! send that up again, will you?' but the only answer I got was a loud laugh, for all the world like silly Jerry the natural's; and sure enough there he was, standing by the windlass, jumping an' clapping his hands.

I looked about for the man whose business it was to manage the windlass, but no sign of him was there, an' in a minute I heard the rattle of the pulley again, an' saw that the rope was running through it in the wrong direction. I made a grab at it, but it was jerked out of my hand, an' before I could catch it again the end had slipped through, an' there I was, more than a hundred feet from the ground, not knowing how in the world I was to get down, an' Jerry dancing an' capering below, calling out: 'Come down an' thrash me now, Mr. Forde, won't you?'

Then I remembered that a few days before I had found this boy annoying Katie, an' had given him a cut with a switch I had in my hand. He had slunk away without a word at the time, but it seems he remembered the blow, an' took this way of being revengeful.

Well, at first I was sorely frightened, expecting somehow that once the people below knew of the fix I was in, they'd find some way or other of getting me out of it. But when I came to think of it, deuce a bit of a way would I hit on myself, an' sure I knew more about chimneys than any one else in the place. 'Twas getting late, too, there wouldn't be much more than another half hour of daylight, an' the wind was rising—I could hear it whistling through the trees.

By this time people knew what had happened, an' a crowd was collecting; I could see them coming from all parts, for of course I had a view all about. I saw a boy go up to the door of the counting house, an' presently young Squire Philip came running out—running as if for his life. When he came, he took the command like an' began giving directions, an' the people, who had only started at first, now ran here an' there as he sent them. First they brought out a long ladder, an' fixed it on the roof below the chimney. I could have told them that 'twas too short knowing as I did the length of every ladder in the place; but somehow, though I heard their shouts plainly, I could not make them hear mine; it seemed as if the voices went up like smoke.

Then there was a great delay while they went for a longer ladder, and this, too, didn't reach half way. A man climbed up it, however, an' called out to know had I a bit of string in my pocket that I could let down. Not a bit could I find. I had a big ball only the day before, but I had taken it out of my pocket an' put it on a shelf at home. I took off my braces, an' fastened them an' my pocket handkerchief together; but they didn't nigh reach the top of the ladder, so that the plan had to be given up.

All this time the wind was rising, an' I was getting numb with the cold, an' stiff and cramped from being so long in the one position. There was a big clock right over the gateway just opposite, an' I saw that it only wanted twenty minutes of five, an' once the darkness set in, what little hope I had would be gone.

The young squire seemed to have gone away by this time, but there was my father among the crowd; an' who should I see standing next to him, an' holding on by his arm, but Katie! They had forgotten everything but the fright about me, an' he seemed to be talking to her, an' comforting her. After a bit I saw the young squire again; he had a big thing in his hand looking like pocket handkerchief stretched over a frame, an' I saw that it was a kite, on that they meant to send a string up to me in that way. But you never in your life saw such a man unmanaged kite. First 'twas too heavy, an' then 'twas too light, and

them the time they seemed to lose making a tail to steady it! I heard after that part of that same tail was made of bank notes Squire Philip took out of his pocket when he could get nothing else quick enough. He got them all back later, for not a woman or child in the place would have touched one of them when they saw him using them in that way.

When the kite did go up at last the wind was so high that they could not manage it properly. It came very near me once, an' I made a snatch at the string, nearly over-reaching myself, in doing so; but I missed it, an' just then there came a terrible gust of wind; the string broke, an' the kite was carried away, an' stuck fast in the branches of a big tree behind the proprietor's house. I looked over at the clock to see how much time was left me, an' I found that I could not see the hands any longer; the darkness had come on the last few minutes. Then I gave up all hope, for I knew I could never hold on till morning.

I tried to think of death, an' to make myself ready for it, but I could't—not a prayer nor a good word could I call to mind, only 'g' would I get again in my head the way 't would all happen—how the people would go away one by one, how I'd be left alone in the darkness and the howling wind, an' how at last I'd not be able to hold on longer, an' fall, an' be found in the morning all crushed out of shape. The people below seemed to have given up all thought of helping me now, an' were standing quite quiet.

'Twas so dark by this time that I could not distinguish the faces at all; I could just make out Squire Philip in his dark suit among the white mill men, an' poor Katie. She was crouching down the ground now, her apron over her head. All of a sudden I saw her leap up with a great cry, an' clap her hands, an' call out something. Then there was a confused sort of a shout as if every one in the crowd was saying the same thing at the same time, an' then Squire Philip making a sign to silence them, put his two hands up to his mouth, an' sang out in a voice that came up to me above the noise of the wind: 'Take off your stockings and ravel it; the thread will reach the ground.'

At first I didn't understand him, being dazed like, but then the meaning came on me like a message from heaven. I got off one of my socks with some trouble—nice new ones they were, too, of Katie's own knitting, that she gave me for a Christmas box—an' with the help of my teeth I loosed one end of the thread. It gave readily enough after that, an' when I had a good piece of it ripped I tied my knife to the end of it to make it heavy, an' let it drop, ripping more an' more of the sock as it went down. Then I felt it stop, an' presently there came a shout telling me to wind it up again. Very slowly an' carefully I did it, fearing the string would break, an' when the last bit of it came up, there was a piece of strong twine tied to it. The twine in its turns brought the rope I had gone up by, an' then I felt that I was safe.

I managed somehow to put it through the pulley, an' to haul up the plank and as soon as they had fastened the other end to the windlass below, they gave me the word to come down.

I was so numb an' stiff that I could not fix myself on the plank, but I managed somehow to cling to the ropes with my hands. Down, down, I came, every turn of the windlass making the voices below seem nearer an' when I was within a few feet of the ground there were a dozen pairs of arms ready to catch me, an' a score of hands held out to me, an' a hundred voices to welcome me. An' there was my father waiting for me, an' Philip saying: 'But for the girl he'd have been up there still. Not one of us would have thought of the stocking; 'twas the brightest idea I've come across this many a day. She has saved his life, Forde, an' you can't refuse your consent any longer.'

But when I looked round for Katie, she was nowhere to be seen. She must have slipped off as soon as she saw I was safe.

The young squire hurried my father an' me away, I didn't quite know where, I was so dazed, but in a minute or two I found myself in a warm lighted dining room at the master's house, an' Master Philip shaking hands with my father. As soon as I could, I made my escape, an' went down to Katie's cottage. I hadn't been there five minutes when there was a knock at the door, and in walks my father. He went straight up to Katie, holding out his hand.

'Katie, my girl,' he said, 'I've come to ask your pardon for anything I've ever said or done against you, an' if you an' Jim are still of the same mind I won't hinder you from marrying. 'Tis you have the best right to him, for you've saved his life.'

'An' 'tis proud an' glad I am that I was able to do that same,' Mr. Forde, said Katie. 'An' you'll marry him won't you, my dear?' 'If you're satisfied, sir.' 'I am, my dear, quite satisfied.' And with that he kissed her; and from that day to this, he and Katie have been the best of friends. He

lives with us for the last year or so, for he was getting a little past his work, an' the proprietor pensioned him off. He is very happy with us, an' he is never tired of telling the children the story of the way that their mother's cleverness saved my life.

Garfield Denounced.

We wish to call attention to the manner in which Gen. Garfield has been denounced by men of his own party, and to show by the testimony of republicans that he ought not to be elected President. It is said that a man is best known among his friends and neighbors, and so let us see what Garfield's neighbors and fellow-republicans have said about him. After he had been nominated for Congress in 1876 a large number of the republicans of his district became so dissatisfied that they held a convention at Warren, Ohio, on the 7th day of September, and adopted the following resolutions:

Be it by this independent convention of Republicans of the Nineteenth Congressional District of Ohio, First Resolved, That dishonesty, fraud and corruption have become so common, notorious and obvious in the administration of our national government as to be not only humiliating and disgraceful in the estimation of every honest and intelligent citizen, but to imperil the prosperity of the people, if not the stability of the government itself.

Second Resolved, That this deplorable condition of the administration of our national government is largely due to the election to office and continuance therein of corrupt, dishonest and venal men.

Third Resolved, That it is useless and hypocritical for any political party to declare for reform in its platforms, papers and public addresses, while it insists on returning to high official place and power men who have been notoriously connected with the very schemes of fraud which render reform necessary and urgent; that to send those to enact reform who themselves need reforming to make them honest, is worse than setting the blind to lead the blind.

Fourth Resolved, That there is no man to-day officially connected with the administration of our national government against whom are justly preferred more or graver charges of corruption than are publicly made and abundantly sustained against James A. Garfield, the present representative of this Congressional District and the nominee of the republican convention for re-election.

Fifth Resolved, That since he first entered Congress to this day there is scarcely an instance in which rings and monopolies have been arrayed against the interests of the people, that he has been found active in speech and vote upon the side of the latter, but in almost every case he has been the ready champion of rings and monopolies.

Sixth Resolved, That we especially charge him with venality and covardice in permitting Benjamin F. Butler to attach to the Appropriation bill of 1873 that ever-to-be-remembered infamy, the salary steal, and in speaking and voting for that measure upon its final passage; and charge him with corrupt disregard of the clearly expressed demand of his constituents that he should vote for its repeal, and with evading said demand by voting for the Hutchinson amendment.

Seventh Resolved, That we further arraign and denounce him for his corrupt connection with the Credit Mobilier, for his false denials thereof before his constituents, for his perjured denial thereof before a committee of his peers in Congress, for fraud upon his constituents in circulating among them a pamphlet purporting to set forth the findings of said committee and the evidence against him, when, in fact, portions thereof were omitted and garbled.

Eighth Resolved, That we further arraign and charge him with corrupt bribery in selling his official influence as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations to the DeGolyer Pavement Ring, to aid them in securing a contract from the Board of Public Works of the District of Columbia; selling his influence to aid said ring in imposing upon the people of said District a pavement which is almost worthless at a price three times its cost, as sworn to by one of the contractors; selling his influence to aid said ring in procuring a contract to procure which it corruptly paid \$97,000 'for influence' selling his influence in a matter that involved no question of law, upon the shallow pretext that he was acting as a lawyer; selling his influence in a manner so palpable and so clear as to be so found and declared by an impartial and competent court upon an issue solemnly tried.

Ninth Resolved, That we arraign him for the fraudulent manner in which he attempted, in his speech, delivered at Warren, on the 19th day of September, 1874, to shield himself from just censure in receiving the before-named \$5,000, by falsely representing in said speech that the Congress of the United States were not responsible for the acts of said board, while the United States liable for the

debts created thereby, when in truth and in fact, as he then well knew, the said Board of Public Works and the officers of said District were but the agents and instruments of Congress, and the United States was responsible for the indebtedness by them created.

Tenth Resolved, That we arraign him for gross dereliction of duty as a member of Congress in failing to bring to light and expose the corruption and abuse in the sale of post-traderships, for which the late Secretary Belknap was impeached, when the same was brought to his knowledge by Gen. Hazen in 1872, and can only account for it upon the supposition that his manhood was debauched by the corruption funds then by him just received and in his own purse.

Eleventh Resolved, That the law of 1873, known as the act demote- nizing silver, was enacted in the interest of gold rings, bondholders and capitalists, and against the interest of the taxpayers and without their advice or knowledge. That this act, by a single blow, has seriously crippled our power to resume specie payments or pay our national debt in coin. That no sufficient reason has yet been given for this legislation, so dishonest and palpable in its discrimination in favor of the small creditor class and capitalists and against the great debtor class and the industrial interests of the country. That James A. Garfield, during the last session of Congress, was the conspicuous defender of this crafty attempt to sacrifice the interests of the people to bondholders and foreign capitalists. That when it was proposed to restore the old silver dollar to the place it had held during our history as a nation as a legal-tender for all debts, public and private, he denounced the attempt as 'a swindle on so grand a scale as to make the achievement illustrious,' and as a 'scheme of vast rascality and colossal swindling.'

Twelfth Resolved, That neither great ability and experience or eloquent partisan discussion of the dead issues of the late war will excuse or justify past dishonesty and corruption or answer as a guaranty of integrity and purity for the future.

Thirteenth Resolved, That believing the statements in the foregoing resolutions set forth, we cannot, without stultifying our manhood and debasing our self-respect, support at the polls the nominee of the Republican convention of this district for re-election, nor can we, without surrendering our rights as electors and citizens, sit silently by and see a man so unworthy again sent to represent us in the national legislature. That, strong in the conviction of right, we call upon the electors of the district, irrespective of former or present party attachment, who desire honest government, to unite with us in an earnest, faithful effort to defeat the re-election of Gen. Garfield, and elect in his stead an honest and reliable man.

The result of this exposure was a majority for Mr. Garfield of twenty-nine hundred and ninety-one votes less than the head of the Republican State ticket received in the Nineteenth District. Garfield's majority was 3,569 less in his Congressional District in 1876 than Hayes received in it for President.

The City of Chicago.

Mr. W. A. Guthrie, of Fayetteville, N. C., has recently visited Chicago, and has written to the Fayetteville Examiner the following interesting sketch of that wonderful city:

'Chicago is appropriately called the "Queen City of the West." Her population, according to the present census, is five hundred and six thousand, and daily increasing, and where it will stop nobody knows. The mile and a half of the city, from Chicago river to Lincoln Park, which was burnt down a few years ago, is now all rebuilt, and the city does not look like it ever had a fire. The rapid growth of the city is almost like an Arabian Night's story. In 1833 it was nothing but a prairie bordering on Lake Michigan, and could boast of only two or three log cabins, and was called "skunk" or "polecat." The city of the present day is the growth of about thirty years, and I was told that many of the older citizens used to enjoy the sport of shooting wild ducks on what is now the Palmer House Square.

The waters of the Lake have been so far encroached upon now by artificial means that not only the Palmer House is located on made land, but between it and the present lake runs the wide Wabash Avenue, also a closely built square of buildings and the Michigan Central Depot, with those of the principal railroads leading to it along the present shore of the lake. The land on which the Palmer House is built cost a million dollars, the house two millions, and to furnish it half a million more, so that the aggregate cost of the house is three and a half millions. On the opposite corner, between it and the lake, is Keith & Co.'s large wholesale store, which rents for thirty thousand dollars a year. There are fifty-two railroads running into and controlled by Chicago,

branching out north, south and west like a spider's web, amounting altogether to over eleven thousand miles, while the shipping trade on Lake Michigan on the east is immense. Well authenticated statistics show the present number of manufacturing establishments in Chicago to be over two thousand, employing sixty five thousand men, with a capital of \$100,000,000, and making products to the value of \$250,000,000 a year.

While taking a pleasant ride along the shore of Lake Michigan out to Lincoln Park we stopped and examined the city water works, which differ from anything of the kind I ever saw before. They have no reservoir, but the water supply is pumped from Lake Michigan up to the top of a high tower, and thence conveyed in pipes to every part of the city. A tunnel was run out from an ashore shaft under the present water-works building under Lake Michigan two miles in a straight line. At the end of this tunnel, beneath the bottom of the lake, a lake shaft, called a 'crib,' was sunk by means of a coffer-dam sunk in the lake. Through this big tunnel the waters of the lake, where it is clear and healthy, beyond the filth and garbage of the city, flow into the great well under the water-works building. The water is then pumped from this great well up to the top of the tower before mentioned by the means of four huge engines of 1,200 horse-power each. Thus you see the supply of water at Chicago is really inexhaustible, for its source is Lake Michigan, which is an inland ocean. The Chicago river is a deep but narrow stream, issuing out of Lake Michigan rather than flowing into it, and crossed by innumerable turn-bridges. We had the novelty of driving through a tunnel under the river on our return from Lincoln Park.

The parks around Chicago (South Park and Lincoln Park) are pretty but new, and to visitors who have seen Fairmount Park in Philadelphia and Central Park in New York they look rather insignificant. At Lincoln Park, however, you see quite a menagerie, including buffaloes, black and grizzly bears, wolves, badgers, foxes, prairie dogs, &c., and a variety of birds.

The public buildings in Chicago, including the United States Postoffice and Custom House in course of construction, but not yet finished, are very large and of a superior order of architecture. The land upon which the Postoffice and Custom House now stands cost the government over two millions of dollars, which is more than "Uncle Sam" originally received for the land upon which the whole city is built, as he originally sold it out as other public lands are sold, at one dollar and a quarter per acre. The grain trade and pork and beef packing business of Chicago are too well known to the world to be mentioned here. All the nations of the earth are beginning to look to the great Northwest as the granary and smoke house of the world, and Chicago is the door through which the meat and bread to feed the world is received and distributed. For push and go-aheadativeness in business I have never seen anything equal to Chicago.

Betting on the Election.

One of the prominent features of the Presidential campaigns of late years is the betting on the result of the elections. In 1876, it will be remembered, a very large amount of money was staked and the late John Morrissey reaped a harvest of commissions. The following propositions have been made public through the New York World:

New York, Aug. 30, 1880.—First. I will bet \$2000 and upwards against General Hancock will be elected and inaugurated next President of the United States, if he lives.

Second. I will bet \$2000 and upwards that General Hancock will have 20,000 majority over Garfield in this State.

Third. I will bet \$2000 or upwards that General Hancock will have 225,000 of a popular majority over Garfield in the United States.

Fourth. I will bet \$2000 against \$4000 that General Hancock will have a larger majority in the State of New York than the combined majority of Garfield in Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut.

Man and money can be found between 8 A. M. and 6 P. M., at news stand, Northeast corner Fulton street and Broadway.

The writer of this letter was called on last night. He certainly means business, and is ready to back up his propositions with money. Although the same offer has been published frequently during the last month, no takers have yet appeared. The gentleman in question has made a study of election returns during the last fifteen years, and has been very successful, having won \$4000 by his bets on the result of the last Presidential election and a less amount on the election in this State last year. As the result of a canvass of political opinion in this city he finds that there is a defection of at least ten per cent in the Republican ranks, which will accrue to Hancock's strength.