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Selected Story.

THE TALE OF THE BLACK WARRIOR.

Yes, girls, I graduated at Rossmore seminary, though my accomplishments may not have led you to think so. I don't suppose I reflect much credit on that institution. Most of my time there was spent in trying to do as little studying and have as much fun as possible, and there were a good many other girls there who went through the course on the same principle. I suppose I was one of the worst of the lot, and the discipline did not improve any of us a bit. In fact, I believe we would all have behaved better if there had not been quite so much discipline.

Romance! Of course there were romances. Did you ever hear of a female seminary with romances?

Every girl in the school had a lover, and some had two or three. And then seven or eight of the girls all had the same one. Those fellows used to hang around the iron gate after dark, and steal brief moments of blissful and surreptitious converse through the railings with the objects of their adoration in the garden. Old Zetty, who was old at a girl, I believe, had no doubt, toward a very pretty young fellow, a great deal of love because it was the same as the jessamine does outside. Mind you, I don't speak from personal experience of these things. I am only telling you of what I heard.

The famous affair of that kind, though, was the Kiljoy affair. I must tell you about that.

Professor Kiljoy, you know, was the professor of the history of philosophy, and he was a really well-groomed, and a very nice and dignified-looking man you never saw. He wasn't half as old as he looked, though at the time used to be a little, chiefly on account of the hair and rabbit ears that he had to wear.

The professor had one hobby, and that was "antiquities." He had one of the largest collections of the lower half of the world as he looked, though at the time used to be a little, chiefly on account of the hair and rabbit ears that he had to wear. The professor had one hobby, and that was "antiquities." He had one of the largest collections of the lower half of the world as he looked, though at the time used to be a little, chiefly on account of the hair and rabbit ears that he had to wear.

Down at one end of the room was the professor's special pet. This was a white cat of rusty steel and iron—black, beautiful and as big as an all—and the professor had mounted on a frame of a pedestal, with a big battle-axe in his hand, just like life. It was a beautiful thing to look at, and if you were passing upon it unexpectedly on a moonlight night, it was just the thing to frighten you half out of your wits. The professor said it was very valuable and belonged to a knight who had fought in the first crusade.

"This, I believe," he would say, "is the veritable armor of the famous John of Orleans, better known in his day as the Black Warrior, who perished at the siege of Jean d'Arc. How many of you can give me an outline of his life or the events that led to his death?"

The answer was generally a dead end after this, and the professor would close the book with a sigh and a dim as the class.

But it was about little Annie Kiljoy that I want to tell you. Annie was the professor's niece. She attended the seminary quite unexpectedly in the middle of the term, and it was so on we spent some time among the girls that Annie was very popular. I don't know what no of the others acquired after they came there—that is a lower; and she had been sent to the school by her parents, who lived at a distance, in order to separate her from her betrothed, and to break up the match.

Annie here I did not deny it, and of course all our sympathies were enlisted for her at once, especially as it was generally understood that the gentleman in the case was a young, struggling lawyer, whose poverty was the sole ground of objection to him.

To tell the truth, Annie was a very sweet and lovable little thing, with blue eyes and a peachy complexion and a red mouth just the kind to make friends and to drive all the young men distracted about her.

She had a handsome time of it, though, for she was not allowed to room with any of the other girls, but was assigned a dormitory next to her uncle's. The excuse made by the matron was that there were no vacancies elsewhere, but we all knew that it was because the professor wanted to keep her as closely as possible under his own eye.

One day I overheard the professor

talking to her in the hall. "My child," he said, "it pleases me much to see that you are becoming contented with your lot here, and are regarding your good spirits. Shall I write to your parents that you are entirely cured of your foolish infatuation for the young man of whom they wrote to me?"

"The little mixt cast down her eyes demurely and said: "I think you may, sir, if you wish." But that very night after the lights were out, when I slipped out of the back door and went to the garden gate—well, really, I don't mean to confess all that, but never mind, I'm not going to tell you whether I went to talk to anybody through the bars or not, as you next ask me to. As I was saying when I went out to the gate, somebody on the other side suddenly sprang up to an iron railing through the gate. It was so dark I could not distinguish his features; I only knew that it was no one that I expected to meet. He stretched out his hand to me in a wild sort of a way, and exclaimed: "Annie!"

"I drew back and said, in a half-whisper, "Don't make so much noise. It is not Annie."

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I thought it was Miss Kiljoy. For heaven's sake tell me one that you have seen me."

"Of course I do," I replied; "for I don't know you."

"Isn't there any way to unfusion this gate?" he asked, shaking it impatiently.

"Not that I know of," I answered. "The matron takes the key out every night, and all the doors and windows in the building are fastened on the inside."

"The last piece of information was gratuitous, but I thought it might interest him. "You're not a burglar, are you?" I asked, trying to get a glimpse of his face as he turned it toward me in the gloom.

"No; I'm a lawyer."

"Oh!" said I. "You moved away and put his finger on his lips."

"Mind the word," he said, and disappeared in the shadows.

The next afternoon the regular semi-weekly lecture to the history class took place in the museum. I think the subject was "The Prehistoric Roots of the Punicus Alpinus," or something of that kind, and you may be sure that were all glad enough when it was over.

It did not seem to me to be a very exciting subject, but Annie Kiljoy, who sat next to me, appeared to be in a perfect ecstacy during the entire lecture. She was white as a sheet, and her eyes looked so big and bright and so full of interest that I was really amazed at her.

"I don't believe she heard a word that the professor was saying, and every few minutes she would glaze down the room to see if that horrid old suit of rusty armor and helmet looked around the class in a search of any way as though she half expected every moment to see John of Orleans march his battalions in and smother the professor and the Punicus Alpinus at the same blow."

Her eyes took that direction so frequently that after a while I began looking that way, and all at once I saw something that made my heart almost leap out of my body.

The Black Warrior was alive!

been listening, and on positive they are in the museum."

"Let us go and see," I said, bravely; but at that moment the door of the museum opened, and by the light of the hall-lamp, which had been left burning dimly, we saw, on looking over the balustrade, the figure of the Black Warrior, cautiously emerging, lifting his feet as though a twenty-pound weight was attached to each, and his rusty armor rattling at every step. I could no longer restrain Sally's terror, and she shrieked with all her might. The professor sank down upon the stairs, pale as ashes.

"Have the devil come to life?" he whispered, faintly.

The Warrior looked up at us, and staggered back against the wall. The presence of mind, however, which he had so signally displayed at the siege of Jerusalem did not long forsake him now. With the stamp of his mailed foot he struck a ferocious attitude, saying his battle-axe a round his head, and yelled a terrific, "Aha-nasa!"

Then with a rush he gained the front door, dashed the lock with a few quick blows of his weapon and was gone before the terrific professor could find his voice.

As the night stamper off into the darkness there was another rush from behind the door, and I saw, though the professor did not, the whisk of a woman's skirt vanishing in the warrior's train. Then came the sound of an iron smash at the garden-gate and the heavy roll of wheels, and I comprehended the meaning of the whole affair, and that was that Annie Kiljoy and her precious young scamp of a lawyer had eloped.

Of course Sally's shrieks produced a great commotion, and the whole school was in an uproar for the rest of the night.

In the morning we found the lock to the great garden-gate also broken, and the gate of course open.

The professor was completely unstrung, and wholly unable to attend to any recitations that day, so our class was taken in hand by the principal and a precious mess he made of it. I think the professor grieved more for that lot of rubbishy old iron than he did for his niece.

However, on the second day afterward, he received a letter from Annie, which he showed to her classmates, announcing her marriage to "Fred," and begging her much forgiveness. There was a postscript at the bottom by Fred himself, to say that, although John of Orleans's clothing fitted him liberally well, he found it to be several years out of fashion, besides being rather cumbersome for that season, and he therefore returned the suit by express with thanks.

Prohibition Adopted in Kansas. Sufficient returns have been received to show that the constitutional amendment providing for the manufacture and sale of liquor in Kansas has been adopted by a large majority.

The friends of temperance made special efforts in favor of the amendment on election day, that being the principal question in most localities. In all the cities, and many towns, that day, the streets were thronged with the cause of temperance, and had tempting inducements in the vicinity of the polls, which voters partook of freely, the only consideration being a promise to vote for the amendment.

The opponents of the measure made no effort to defeat it and will content themselves with devising means to evade its operation and subvert it with such legislative enactments as will render it of no effect. The amendment will go into effect when the vote is canvassed and published by authority of the State board, and in the opinion of many lawyers this will abrogate all licenses heretofore granted by any municipal law. It also virtually repeals the present dram shop act of the State relating to the granting of licenses. The other provisions of the act prohibiting penalties for sale without authority of law remain in full force and effect.

Pitiable Spectacle. Mr. E. J. Hale Sr., in a recent letter to the Charlotte Democrat, thus speaks of Gardfield's election:

"But what a spectacle does the country present to the world! It has rejected a patriot and statesman who had rendered the most important services to it, and in whose character the bitterest political opponent—he has no personal ones—has never been able to find a flaw, and has selected one who is daubed all over with charges, by his own party press and officials, of bribery and perjury—charges proven beyond all shadow of doubt; so proven that even a committee of his friends in Congress declared him guilty, in spite of personal attachment, of daily association in Congress, of his admitted talents, and of that esprit de corps which would have induced them to screen him if possible. What a dreadful example, especially to the young of the country! It breaks down all barriers against corruption; declares that integrity and truth are of no consequence and of no value, and that the best of mankind may claim and receive the honors of mankind. It is pitiable."

A Mutual Mistake.

Dr. Banjo, the celebrated curer of insane people, was the other day engaged to go to a hotel and take charge of a man who had suddenly gone mad. He went to the hotel and was shown up to the room occupied by Col. Parker, and went in. A look at the patient satisfied the doctor at that moment the patient was comparatively calm. The doctor saluted him and set down before to chat about the weather. The patient looked at the doctor in a rather bewildered way, and finally asked him what business brought him there. Of course the doctor couldn't tell the truth, and so said he had just come in for a social call. The Colonel seemed quite amazed at this, but sat down and the conversation went on. The doctor was very careful about what he said and tried to draw the Colonel out to find out what the particular feature of his madness was, and so curiously did he net that it suddenly occurred to the Colonel that his visitor was a madman. He was awfully scared and a cold sweat broke out all over him. He rose and said: "My dear sir, you must excuse me. I've got to meet an engagement."

As the night stamper off into the darkness there was another rush from behind the door, and I saw, though the professor did not, the whisk of a woman's skirt vanishing in the warrior's train. Then came the sound of an iron smash at the garden-gate and the heavy roll of wheels, and I comprehended the meaning of the whole affair, and that was that Annie Kiljoy and her precious young scamp of a lawyer had eloped.

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Fatal Boiler Explosion. On Saturday 23d ult., the boiler attached to the steam mill and gin of Mr. J. C. Campbell, near Temperance Hill, Marion county, S. C., exploded with terrific force, killing instantly Mr. Campbell's son, a young man about twenty years of age, and mortally wounding the engineer, who died the next day. The accident occurred by allowing the water in the boiler to get too low, and by pumping cold water in it, generated gas thereby causing the explosion. A sad warning to those who from carelessness, trifle with this powerful motor steam.—Robesonian.

Immense Issue. The New York Herald claims to have sold 203,300 copies of its issue of Wednesday last—the day after the election.

A man passing a country graveyard, seeing the sexton digging a grave, inquires: "Who's dead?" Sexton—Old Squib Bumblebee. Man—What complaint? Sexton (without looking up)—No complaint, everybody satisfied.

Agriculturist Dead. Solon Robinson, the well-known agricultural writer, is dead. He probably did as much to build up the New York Tribune as Horace Greeley.

ABOUT OLD PEOPLE.

James Stone is a Louisville, Ky., man, 103 years of age, who has had eleven wives.

Mrs. Thomas Adams, of Bloomington, Ill., has descendants to the fifth generation, and is ninety-seven years of age.

Joseph Muncy died at Little Washington Pa., just as he had completed a century of a life.

Mrs. Lillie Peabody, of Quincy, Ill., was ninety-one when she died, and Benjamin Rickey Ten Mile, Pa., 101.

In 1793 Julia Wilson was a slave in Philadelphia, and thirteen years of age. She is therefore one hundred years of age.

Near Saratoga, in Corinth, N. Y., Abigail Beamer recently met her death by an accident at the age of ninety-eight years.

Mrs. Jonna Bauger died recently in Chillicothe, Ohio, aged ninety-two, and Abraham Stewart at Indianapolis aged 101.

Tucson, Arizona, has two centenarians, Mexicans, born in Sonora—Bascual Cruz, 110 years old, and James Ohledo 100 years old.

Mrs. Margaret Dodson, of Houston county, Texas, glories in the fact that she has fifty-one great grandchildren living.

After living ninety-three years, Andrew Shafer of Alleghany, Pa., was strangled to death by robbers, who entered his dwelling at night for plunder.

Mrs. Margaret Kale, of Reading, Pa., was 107 years of age on a recent Wednesday.

The sixth ward, of Saginaw City, Mich., claims a French woman of 110 years of age, who planted, cultivated and dug two acres of potatoes last season.

Mrs. Sarah Moseley of Madison, Ind., is enjoying a visit from her son, who she has not seen in forty-seven years. Mrs. Moseley is 111 years old.

Sixteen soldiers met at Paris, Ky., recently, whose united ages were 1,300 years, or an average of eighty-five and seven-eighths years. The oldest was ninety-six, and the youngest eighty-two.

"I'm not at all tired," said Aho, of Tylerburg, Pa., as she sat down in her son's house, after a walk of seven and a half miles—and she is in her 107th year.

Did You Ever?

Did you ever see a bald-headed man who didn't have such a beautiful head of hair till "that fever," or that something or other took it off?

Did you ever see an old bachelor who was not forever seeking for marriage facilities, to reconcile himself to his lonely lot?

Did you ever see a small boy so wanting in spirit that one diurnal combing-up throughout the summer could effect a radical cure in his immature fruit eating proclivities?

Did you ever see a lady who wouldn't rather hear her husband praised by a lady in the next town than by the lady in the next house?

Did you ever know a man who habitually tell all he knows, who did not everlastingly repeat himself?

Did you ever know a man who talked much of himself who did not have a poor subject for his conversation?

Did you ever know a fool who was aware that he was a fool?

Did you ever think that you might be thus oblivious to yourself?

Did you ever see another do the same thing three times without thinking that he could do it much better?

Did you ever know a swindled man whose hurts were not partially healed by hearing of another man being swindled in like manner?

Did you ever know a young lady with a new and neatly fitting waist who thought the weather was cold enough for a wrap?

Did you ever see a man with large feet who did not declare that his boots were two sizes too big—that he likes them easy you know?

Did you ever think that mer. are the biggest fools in creation, and that the women enjoy the fun of letting them remain unconscious of it?

Did you ever see a man who carried a cane who would not repel the insinuation of lameness.

Did you ever see a drinker or a smoker that couldn't leave off at any time he wanted to?

Did you ever think what horrid children good people have?

Did you ever think what horrid children these good people's parents probably had, the good presher's stories to the contrary notwithstanding.

Did you ever think?

Did you ever feel like imprecating the shopkeeper whose free use of your name made that name seem hateful and odious to you.

A Pitiable Sight.

Late yesterday afternoon Policeman Lewis found a boy, about 11 years old, in a beastly state of intoxication on Hillsboro street, with a poor, dilapidated steer and cart near him. The boy was taken to the station house, where he remained during the night and slept off his debauch.—Raleigh Star.

New Kind of Building. Dr. Hyatt proposes to build a brick dwelling in Kinston on a somewhat novel plan. He intends framing a house and weatherboarding with brick that is, have the wall only one brick thick. He thinks to make 80,000 brick take the place of 240,000.—Kinston Journal.

Drowned. A negro was found dead in Lyon's pond five miles from Hillsboro on Saturday last. He left home on the day of election to vote at Durham, but never reached his destination. The number of his death is unknown, but there is a belief that it was a case of suicide.—Durham Recorder.

Child of Many Names. There is a child near Rocky River Springs that has nine names, and, strange to say, still survives. This fact, however, is thought to be owing to the remarkably healthy locality in which it lives. It was named by its grand-mother, who, having given all the names in the English language except nine, to her own children had tacked the remaining nine on to her first grand-daughter.—Aunson Times.

Killed by a Wagon. A colored man named Mack Foscoe, for a number of years in the employ of Messrs. H. Wall & Bros. as wagon-driver, met a sad death, on Monday last. It seems that he was carrying a load of brick out in the country, and fell off the wagon while in an intoxicated condition, the wheels passing over his body breaking several ribs and inflicting other internal injuries, from which he died the following night.

A Destructive Dog. A colored man named Mack Foscoe, for a number of years in the employ of Messrs. H. Wall & Bros. as wagon-driver, met a sad death, on Monday last. It seems that he was carrying a load of brick out in the country, and fell off the wagon while in an intoxicated condition, the wheels passing over his body breaking several ribs and inflicting other internal injuries, from which he died the following night.

A Busy Town. As we go to press Wednesday evening, the town is thronged with tobacco wagons. There are no less than four hundred in town and everything in a rush.—Durham Plant.

Second Year's Crop. O. H. Kennedy brought us last Saturday, a stalk of cotton sprouted from an old stalk that had lived through last winter. There were 25 bolls on it and one or two branches had been torn off.—Kinston Journal.

How is It? Apples are worth more in Greensboro, than in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, or Raleigh N. C. How is it? This is a fruit growing country, and yet it will pay our people to buy Northern fruit.—Greensboro Patriot.

A Tricky Rascal. C. B. Jernigan, of White Oak township was jailed last evening. He is charged with selling a mortgaged mule. He is the same party who, a few years past, was said to have put a rock in a bale of cotton and sold it here.—Raleigh Star.

Run Over by a Wagon. Mr. McKinnis of Montgomery county fell from his wagon near here last Sunday evening and was severely hurt. Two wheels of the wagon ran over his body and the wagon was loaded with three bales of cotton.—Ashboro' Courier.

A Spider's Bite. Mr. Joseph Ivey, a youth about 17 or 18 years of age, was bitten by a spider last Friday night, and at last accounts was having spasmodic fits from the effects of the same, and was still unconscious. He was sneezing corn at the time at Mr. John Cox's residence, and was bitten on the ankle.—Robesonian.

A Drunken Mouse. A mouse intruded himself into a lady's chamber, and found upon her toilet table a small vial of whiskey, which it is but fair to say, the lady used for the benefit of her cramps. The vial was stoppered with a paper cork, which of course was saturated with whiskey. The mouse nibbled off the top of the cork, and finally succeeded in drawing it, and then regaled himself with what the paper had absorbed. Under the stimulus thus secured, it had made its presence in the room very evident, and a careful search for it was instituted. It was soon discovered in a drawer of a bureau, stretched out at full length on a comfortable bed, dead drunk. When it was removed and thrown upon the ground, the shock restored it to partial consciousness; and to a staggering effort at locomotion.—Winston Leader.

Industrious Darkey. Ben. Howie, a colored man living in Union county, informs us that he raised seven and a half bales cotton on 13 acres, and made corn, peas, potatoes, &c, enough to last his family during the year. He and his children also helped their neighbors to pick cotton, one of his little girls picking 103 pounds in one day. Such negroes as Ben. Howie thrive and prosper while those who spend their time in idleness and helping to run the elections, steal or starve or go to the Penitentiary.—Charlotte Democrat.

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