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POETRY.

THE FACES WE MEET.

Oh, the faces we meet, the faces we meet,
At home or abroad, on the hurrying street!
Each has its history, dark or bright,
Trailed so clearly in legible light:

As with pen of gold
Of the finest mold,
Diamond pointed
And lightly scathed—
Some, telling that fortune hath gracious planned!
Their sketch, and wrote with her soft white hand.

Others, where harrowing grief and care
Have for its steel their traces there—
Stepped that cuts like the sharpened sword,
Slowly carving each written word,
Through anxious fears
And sorrowing tears—
Each furrowed line
Its import wears:

And we read, "Life's a wild bohemian song,
The province of selfishness, ruin and wrong."
Faces so old, yet so young in their years,
While pinching penny thrills and fears,
And the boy flag of poverty writes
What needless misery e'er indites:

Where pain and want
And hunger gaunt,
Big joy and beauty
And hope await;
'Life is to wander—starving and cold,
Shunned and forsaken—till and grow old."

Selected Story.

A NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE.

"Who and what was he?"
I was standing in the churchyard
Of a small town on the borders of
South Staffordshire one bright Sunday
day afternoon in April. I was a
stranger in that part of the country,

and was passing through the place
in the course of a long walk from the
larger adjacent town, to which my
business had taken me the day before.
The extensive mining operations of
the last twelve or fifteen years had
altered the little unpretending village
materially; and though the quaint old
church and some long and low build-
ings, suggestive of farms and home-
steads, still remained an air of rustic
simplicity, they were being gradually
obscured and the place itself sophis-
ticated by the formal rows of plain and
ugly tenements, built expressly for
the mining population, which each
year was becoming more and more
numerous.

I had amused myself by decipher-
ing some of the inscriptions on the
grave-stones—well nigh obliterated
by the weather-stains and the moss
that time had suffered to find hold
in the hollows of the lettering,—
when a man, presumably a miner, in
the Sunday clothes peculiar to that
class, carrying a little child of two or
three years, and followed by another
somewhat older, staid himself on a
flat stone, and opened conversation.

A civilly-spoken man enough,
though with the unsmooth accent of
the country. I readily accepted the
invitation he offered, and was chatted
pleasantly. He had known the place
many years, he told me, and long be-
fore it had grown into the town it
now was, when it was nothing but an
humble village, and when the long
grass or ripening corn bowed its
head to the wind on the spot where
the unsightly engine-house and tall
red chimney now stood, and marked
the heaps of slag and cinder which
the busy life of the toilers in the
earth below.

That handsome marble monument
he told me, denoted the last resting-
place of the late rector, and this
broad massive piece of granite was
the tomb of a certain local squire,
popularly known as "Squire Jack,"
who it seemed, was much given to
horse-racing, cocking and such kind
dread sports, and who, being a sad
"ne'er-do-well," a thoughtless, reck-
less fellow, but withal good-natured
and easy-going, was, as such gen-
try not infrequently are, the most pop-
ular member of his family.

As my new acquaintance pointed out
these objects and others which he
thought, I suppose, would interest
me, he had risen from his seat, and
we had strolled leisurely through the
church-yard. It was in a corner, and
rather in a hollow, that, before an
humble mound of green turf, and
decked with the pretty spring flowers,
carefully planted in the form of a
cross, we both, as one accord, paused.
It had not any grave stone, but only
a piece of wood supported by two
short uprights. On this were roughly
carved, as if done with a pocket
knife, these two words: "Fighting
Joe."

"That is a strange inscription to put
over a man's grave," I said; and then
added, "Who and what was he?"
The man seated himself on a stone
near by, and was silent for a few sec-
onds. He had set down the little
child he had been carrying, and the
two little things, attracted by the
bright flowers, had found their way
to the mound, and were about to
gather them.

"Here, you musn't touch them
flowers," he said, and taking a hand
of each led them away.
"Well, mate," he then went on to
say to me, in reply to my question,
"I don't rightly know who or what he
was. He was a stranger down here,
and neither me nor my mates ever

heard tell where he came from or
who he was. When this here pit,
Fenton's pit we call it, was first wrad-
ed we had but few hands hereabouts,
and men as could work had no call to
wait long for a job, and got a good
wage as well. Most of the hands
were Staffordshire, but we never
knewed where Joe came from, and I
don't know as we asked, and perhaps
he wouldn't tell us if we had. He
was quiet and lonely-like, and said
but little—that is, when he was all
right; but when he'd had a drop to
drink, as maybe of a Saturday night,
when he had got ten his wage, or all
of the hands I ever see to swar, spend
his money, wristle or fight, there
wasn't no one like Fighting Joe."

"And hence his name, I suppose?"
I asked. "An' of course it is the old
story again—drink, a quarrel, a fight,
and a violent death; though I cannot
understand, in that case, the eviden-
ce that is bestowed on the poor
fellow's tomb—such as it is."

"No, sir," the man said, gravely,
after a moment's pause, "not quite
all that. A violent death, yes; an'
such a death as I might pray God
might never happen to the worst of
us; but it wasn't dri k, nor a quarrel,
nor a fight with another man, that
brought him to it. It was more the
other way poor lad—more the other
way."

The rough fellow beside me said,
with a gentleness of tone and man-
ner that was sufficiently out of
keeping with his appearance to excite
some degree of curiosity, and I told
him I should like to learn more of the
story.

"It's not much as such as you
might care for," the man replied.
"Here," he said, turning to the little
ones who were straying toward the
green mound again, "you musn't
touch them posies, thou knows; go
and get some of them, and he jerked
a small piece of coal he had in his
hand toward where some daisies and
dandelions were growing.

"He worked in Fenton's pit along
o'm, and though we never had any
quarrels, many and many a day
would pass, and neither him nor me
speak. He was quiet, as I said, and
when he hadn't had drink would keep
himself to himself. There was a lass
living in these parts then, and Fight-
ing Joe was right fond of her. I
don't know that he said much to her,
but we could see that he was about
as fond of that lass as a cat could be
of a mouse. I know that, for neither
was I living then, and this lass would
often be between her house and ours.
It seems that one Sunday, as it might
be, this Joe had met her and told her
how fond he had been of her, and she
asked her to become his wife. She
told mother of this that same night.
Well, it see as she said that Joe must
not look for that, for she was already
promised, and was going to be wed-
ded to Whitsuntide. When she told
Joe this, he said never a word, but he
grew very white in the face, and
turned quietly away. The next
day he had to work by the side of the
very man who was promised to the
lass he loved. Well, they had
been to work for sometime, when
Joe's mate, turning round to get hold
of a shorter pick that was lying near
him standing behind him with his
arm raised and the pick in his
hand, as if in doubt whether to strike
or not, and with a look in his eyes as
he had never known to wear before.
The two men looked at each other for
a while without speaking till Joe
said, "God forgive me!" and turned
away, and from that time they never
worked side by side. I don't know
how it was, but we used to think Joe
kept away on purpose—I mean so as
not to be in the way to strike the other
one. That would be a matter of
three or four months before the fire."

"What fire?" I asked.
"Whit fire?" the other repeated,
in a tone of astonishment. "Why,
Fenton's pit. Did you never hear
tell of the fire in Fenton's pit?"

"No," I replied, "you know I am a
stranger here."

"Ah, you must be, I should think,"
the man said somewhat roughly, "if
you never heard of that."

He took a small, blackened pipe
from the pocket of his vest, looking
thoughtfully before him, and filling
the bowl in the mechanical manner
of one who, preoccupied by an all
engrossing thought is going through
some familiar action, for his thoughts
were evidently far away, and the pit-
man's face, rough and strongly mark-
ed as it was, became saddened and
almost tender in its expression under
their influence. He remained silent
so long that I at length said:

"I should like to hear about that
fire, if you don't mind telling me."

"Was you ever down in a pit, mate?"
he asked.

I told him no, but had often
thought I should like to see one.

"Better stay where you are, mate,"
the man answered. "Ah!" he added,
after another pause, "it's strange how
we'm nung people die, but it's stranger
how we live."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"I've worked in the pit now for
more than twenty years," he replied;
"but I never go down in the cage
now—that is, since the time I speak
of—but I think I may be going to
my grave. What with the rising of
the water, or the fall of the coal, or
the choke-damp that means death,
or the lives of such as us ain't worth
much; but all these put together

ain't nothing to a pit on fire. When
the coal is bursting with the heat
and the heavy masses of earth fall
down, crushing or laming them that
can't get out of the way—when the
ery is, 'Every man for himself' and
God above us all!—when fainting
and struggling, they think for a mo-
ment on wife and children, and then
fall down and die!

"Well, that was the sort of a fire I
speak of, and all of those at work in
the pit that day rushed for the lift,
that might carry them away from the
place where the flames were roaring;
and rushing with the noise of a great
wind. Well, Fighting Joe was the
last man in the lift, as they thought;
but just as they were beginning to
move, they heard a loud cry for help,
and they saw that other one, him
who had married Joe's sweetest—
making for the lift, and begging them
for God's sake not to leave him be-
hind. Well, I tell you, the lift was
overflowed then, but Joe sprang from
it, and seizing hold of the one, with
the help of those inside hauled him
in, and all we heard him say was,
'Tell her I did it, an' God bless thee,
mate!' and then we heard again the
noise of the flames, and we never saw
Joe alive again."

"The man sat quietly for a space or
two, and though his eyes did not
falter, he had a softer tone:

"But the next day, when the fire
had burned itself out, I was one of
those that went down into the pit.
There was a crowd of the miners'
wives and children standing at the
pit-mouth, and when we came up
again we laid a body gently on the
ground, and the men took off their
caps and said after a word, while
the women cried, and many of them
sobbed aloud; it was blackened and
burned, and that for where the pit-
man's jacket had saved him, it might
have been no more than the earth
it was lying on. But as we stopped
tenderly to raise and carry the body
away the jacket fell off, and there, on
that part where once beat a true
heart, was a lock of woman's hair.
He had begged it of her, she said,
so often, she had not the heart at
last to refuse him, and God only
knows, mate, what comfort poor Joe
might have felt in wearing it for her
sake. We buried him with that lit-
tle curling on his breast, and with
many a sob, and many a 'God bless
thee, poor lad!' we lowered him to his
rest. We planted them little flowers,
and it seemed to me as if they grew
brighter or his tomb than anywhere
else."

He paused again, as I stole a look
at him, I saw two large tears rolling
slowly down his hard face. He was
a little embarrassed at my observing
them, I think, for he said,

"Don't you think worse of my
mate, because I'm giving way a bit,
but I am the man Joe saved."

Marriage Among the Mohammedans.

Marriage among the Mohammedans
carries with it, says a recent essay-
ist, rights of inheritance, and the
dower settled upon the wife, many,
and often does, interfere with the
rights of the ordinary heirs. Dower
is held to be the price promised or
paid by the husband for possession
of the wife's person. If unpaid, it is
a debt on the husband's estate. It
takes precedence of all claims by in-
heritance, and descends by inheritance
to his wife's heirs. The amount of
dower is entirely arbitrary, and varies
according to the position in life
and the youth, beauty and accom-
plishments of the bride. It is settled
by the relatives of the contracting
parties; but if a marriage has been
agreed upon, and the amount of dower
is disputed, the magistrate has
authority to determine the just
amount. Divorce is a very easy mat-
ter under the Mohammedan law, and
may be effected at the mere will of
the husband; but a man cannot re-
pudiate his wife without paying her
dower; so it sometimes happens that
a very ardent lover, or one willing to
divest himself of the power of divorce,
will agree to an amount of dower
which it is quite impossible for
him to discharge. From this
there is no escape but payment, or
remission on the part of the wife. A
freeman may not have more than four
wives at the same time; a slave may
not have more than two.

Asylum Burnt.

One wing of the State Insane Asy-
lum at St. Peter, Minn., was burned
on the 16th. The structure occupied
ten years in building, and was com-
pleted a year ago at a cost of \$500,
000. The loss by the fire will be from
\$100,000 to \$150,000, on which there
is no insurance. The cause of the
fire is unknown. It originated in the
basement of the north wing, which
was destroyed. Different reports
state the loss of life at from three to
fifty, but no bodies have been found,
and no one is surely known to be
missing. When the danger became
imminent, the superintendent order-
ed the release of all the patients, and
it is probable some were overlooked
in the confusion and were burned,
especially as some of the rooms were
quickly filled with smoke and could
not be entered by the rescuers. There
were 656 patients in the hospital last
year. The liberated ones were cared
for by citizens. Probably some took
advantage of the opportunity to run
away, while others wandered off aim-
lessly.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18, 1880.

There has been some nervousness
and undue excitement in the minds of
the Republican leaders here over
the reports from New York that the
frauds in that State were to be show-
ed up and made the basis of a contest
for the presidency. But it is the
quaking of a guilty conscience. Ever
since the perpetration of that great
outrage four years ago, ghosts of
counted-out presidents have haunted
these leaders by night and made
cravens of them by day. They know
that if in the commission of that
crime they were not sowing the wind
to reap the whirlwind all the teach-
ings of history, and all the logic of
human affairs go for naught. And
there are other reasons for the pres-
ent nervousness. They know that the
charges concerning the means and
methods by which New York was
carried off for G-ried are well founded.
Beyond all doubt there is a majority
of at least 25,000 for Hancock in the
empire State to-day, but for all that
the radicals need have no uneasiness.
It is the purpose of the Democrats
to let the issue stand. There is just as
much real ground for a contest now
as in 1876, but the Democratic party
will not inaugurate it. This is the
view of all the leaders here, of Gen.
Hancock himself, and of the best men
of the party throughout the country.
There is other work to be done, and
a settlement to be had with some of
our own "leaders." Ben Butler, how-
ever, created some excitement here
the other day, by declaring in the
Supreme Court room that the vote of
New York would be cast for Hancock,
and offering to bet that he would be
the next President.

It is now definitely settled that
the next House of Representatives will
be Republican by a small majority,
and that the Senate is Democratic, if
so at all, by a very uncertain tenure.
The latter body stands 37 Democrats
to 37 Republicans, with Judge Davis
and Gen. Mahone to hear from.
These are classed as independent
Democrats, or more properly "uncer-
tain" Democrats. There is, in my
opinion, more reliance to be placed
upon Judge Davis than upon Gen.
Mahone. The latter has schemes and
purposes of his own which will be
made the price of his political action.
He is capable of looking out for No.
One, and if the Republican adminis-
tration can offer proper inducements
he will ally that party to some
extent. The situation is therefore
favorable for the Republicans to sub-
stantially control all departments of
the government. In my opinion there
is no real cause for Democrats to re-
gret this. The Democrats can gain
little by the control of Congress, or
any branch of it, by a slender major-
ity when the Executive and all other
departments are against them. We
have seen how this works in the past,
and the shrewdest members of the
party here believe that an opposition
without any division of responsibility
is the more advantageous position to
occupy.

The coming session of Congress,
the organization of the next Congress
and the probable composition of the
new Cabinet, are subjects of specula-
tion here now. There is much dif-
ference of opinion as to whether Gar-
field will stand up to the self-will
compact and permit the Grant in-
terest to shape the policy of his ad-
ministration, or whether his own nat-
ural conservatism will manifest itself.
There is likely to be a contest be-
tween Secretary Sherman and Gov.
Foster for the Ohio Senatorship, un-
less one of them accepts a seat in the
Cabinet. Both have announced them-
selves candidates for Senator, and
both disclaim any desire for a Cab-
inet position. Under the circum-
stances the most probable outcome is
the retention by Secretary Sherman of
the Treasury portfolio. Don Camer-
on is known to desire a seat in the
Cabinet, and is generally credited
with a wish to return to the War
Office. It is not improbable that he
may get it, and that ex-Senator Dor-
sey, the premium briber and trickster
of the campaign, may become Sec-
retary of the Interior, though ex-Senator
Hitchcock, of Nebraska, is cred-
ited with a chance to become the suc-
cessor of Carl Schurz.

Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, the
oldest member of the House, and with
a record of twenty-two years, and con-
sistent service, is prominently men-
tioned for the Speakership, his chief
competitors being Frye, of Maine,
and Kasson, of Iowa. McPheerson,
the former Republican Clerk of the
House, will most likely get back his
old place. But all these things are
some ways off. The business of the
approaching session of Congress is of
more immediate importance. Doubt-
less the majority will refuse to pass
an appropriation to pay the election
Marshals, and an extra session is
possible. The policy of the
session can scarcely be mapped out
now. One important matter for con-
sideration will be the passage of a
new Congressional apportionment
bill. The Census Office is preparing
the necessary statistics to be sent to
Mr. Cox's committee early in the ses-
sion. Whether the basis of represen-
tation shall be changed, or the num-
ber of members increased, is the
principal question to be determined.
Any one who has seen the House in
session will hardly be prepared to be-

lieve that it needs any more members
than it has at present.

It has been said that there is more
happiness to the square inch in Wash-
ington at this time than in any
other city on top of the ground, and
I endorse the statement. But it is
the sort of happiness that comes of
escape from expected disaster, and is
confined to one class of persons. The
sad, semi-sullen expression which for
months past has engloomed the
sweet faces of our department clerks
has disappeared, and the joyous grin
that now gilds their frontispiece can
be seen from the back of their heads.
Once more the tongues lately tied by
sad forebodings are free to wag in
glorious volubility, and the credit re-
fused, or reluctantly accorded, in
grocery stores and sample-rooms is
renewed. The clerk who but of late
had "always been rather more of a
Democrat than a Republican, as you
know," is now a staunch stalwart of
four prospective years' standing—un-
less he be dropped from the rolls on
general principles in which sad event
he can shake the official party dust
from his shoes and put down his
name upon the list of the "outs."

Speaking of the clerks; the Treas-
urer of the United States has recent-
ly given notice that hereafter he will
make no payments on account of
salaries except at the monthly and
semi-monthly periods prescribed by
the regulations. As a matter of
course it is oftentimes a great accom-
modation to the clerks to draw their
money at convenience, but that does
not make it proper if the regulations
forbid. There is much curiosity ex-
pressed in the department as to
whether the Treasurer will enforce
his order so far as the higher officials
are concerned, or whether it is only
to be applied to the poor clerks. For
instance, section 153 of the Revised
Statutes says positively that the
President's salary shall be paid
monthly. Yet since the present Exec-
utive has been in office his salary was
part of the time drawn almost, if not
quite, a month in advance, and until
a very recent period, if not now, the
salary for the entire month has been
drawn in the middle of the month.
It is known that the President's at-
tention was called to the habit which
he inaugurated of sending for his
salary before it was due, and it was
perhaps this which induced him to
consent to wait until half of it was
due. This seems a strange eagerness
to corral the emoluments, when it is
known that Mr. Hayes has saved two-
thirds or more of his entire salary for
the four years. PROSO.

Coming Changes in the U. S. Supreme Court.

One of the most important duties
of the new President will have to per-
form will be the appointment of four
Associate Justices of the Supreme
Court of the United States. Justice
Clifford, notwithstanding the natural
sensitiveness of his friends on the
subject, is mentally and physically in
capable of ever taking his seat upon
the woolsack again. He is seventy-
seven years old, and his health is so
precarious that he can hardly be ex-
pected to long survive. Justice
Hunt's health is also threatening. He
has not been up on the bench for two
years and will probably never be able
to resume his duties. He is seventy
years old. Justice Swaine, although
in good health, is seventy-six years
old, and it is understood that he will
retire within a year. Justice Strong
is also in good health, but he is seventy
two years old and it is understood
that he, too, will retire after the 4th
of March and take advantage of the
full pension allowed by law. Thus
Mr. Garfield will have the appoint-
ment of four new Judges, a responsi-
bility he ought not to regard lightly.
Of course only Republicans will be
selected and the Court will then
stand eight Republicans to one Demo-
crat (Justice Field), who was ap-
pointed as a Republican. One of
these Judges should come from New
England, one from New York, one
from Pennsylvania and one from the
South. Justice Swaine is from Ohio,
but that State has the Chief Justice
and the South has hardly her quota.
—Washington Republican.

Can You?

Can you tell why men who cannot
pay small bills can always find money
to buy liquor and treat when among
friends?
Can any one tell how young men
who are always behind with their
landlords can play billiards, night
and day, and always be ready for a
game of cards when money is at
stake?
Can any one tell how men live and
support their families, who have no
income and no work, when others,
who are industrious, are half starved?
Can any one tell why four-fifths of
the young ladies prefer a brimless
top, under a plug hat, with tight
pants and a short coat, to a man with
braids?
Can any one tell why it is that
some mothers are always ready to
sew for the distant heathen when
their own children are ragged and
dirty?
Can any one tell why a man who is
always complaining that he cannot
afford to subscribe for the local
newspaper and every week borrows
it from his neighbor, can afford to
attend every traveling show that
comes into town?

George Underhill, of Trent town-
ship sends us some fine specimens of
farriaps. It is thought that he has
430 bushels on a half acre.—Kinston
Journal.

The whiskey stills in Gaston, about
two-thirds of which are discontinued
during the summer, are being fired
up for the winter. Full 40, they say,
will be in operation within a week.—
Charlotte Democrat.

The Chapel Hill correspondent of
the Hillsboro Observer says: "Talk
about Presidential elections, election
for Governor, &c., but they are no
where when compared to College
election for Commencement officers.
Our elections occur in January, but
already prominent candidates are be-
ing named."

Between Hamlet and Cameron on
the Raleigh and Augusta Air Line, a
distance of about forty-two miles,
we are informed that there are in op-
eration 28 saw mills, of which about
23 are run by steam power, the bal-
ance being run by water-power. The
timber is disappearing rapidly from
the country.—Fayetteville Examiner.

A cutting affair took place in this
town on Monday last. A difficulty
occurred between a man by the name
of James Overton and Charles F.
Johnson. The former was badly out
in the face and body. The wound
is regarded as dangerous, and John-
son has been committed to jail until
further developments.—Fayetteville
Examiner.

The residence of Mr. D. A. McCord,
near McCord's Store, Paw Creek
Township, was robbed on Saturday
night last by some one entering the
house through a window while the
family was absent at a neighbor's
house. \$30 in money and some
clothing were stolen. It is a bad
plan for any one to keep money in
their dwellings at any time.—Char-
lotte Democrat.

Capt. E. A. Bizzell, of Bentons-
ville township, Johnson county, raised
a stalk of cotton this year, not
quite as large as that of Mr. Pen-
nington's, mentioned by us a few
weeks ago, but beating it in the way
of production. It produced and
matured 302 perfect bolls of cotton,
yielding five pounds of lint. Who
can beat it?—Goldsboro Messenger.

The Chapel Hill correspondent of
the Hillsboro Observer says: "It is a
well known fact that no one ever
made a cent keeping boarders in
Chapel Hill. It makes no difference
how much money you have when you
commence, you can't go far before
you wish you never had seen a board-
er. Meet a man on the street with
a long face, nine times out of ten he
has been or is a boarding house
keeper. If you don't believe what
we say, try it."

On Monday morning last, a little
colored daughter of William Hyatt,
about six years old, was so badly
burned that she died during the day.
The child was left in the house by
herself, her mother who is a wash-
woman, having gone to get some
clothes which were to be washed,
and during her absence the child's
dress caught fire. Her clothing was
burnt entirely from her body, leaving
her stockings only.—North State.

It seems now a settled fact that the
old Military Academy at Hillsboro,
after long disuse, is to be soon again
brought into service as a male school
of high grade. It will be under the
charge of two eminent educators,—
the Rev. Mr. Spaulding of California,
a native of New York; and the Rev.
Mr. Pitts of Ohio, a native of Mary-
land. Both of them are teachers of
long and approved experience; and
both of them are divines of distin-
guished reputation.—Durham Re-
corder.