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WRECKS.

BESSIE O. WILLISSON.

On their pitiless tide the breakers of life
Wash up on Time's wild beaten strand
Wrecks that struggled so hard in the angry strife,
Going down in sight of the land.

Wrecks of hopes and dreams that smile cheeringly
In the sweet early morning tide—
Then fading sank down so desparingly,
Ere the deep gloamin' shadows died.

Wreck of vows breath'd with faith's holy trust,
As love sang a happy refrain—
A slanderer's whisper—they crumbl'd in dust,
And love's sweetest song was in vain.

Wrecks of hours spent in pleasure and sin,
Precious hours more costly than gold—
A casting of pearls—a taking husks in,
So the wrecking of hours is told.

Wrecks of hearts, too gentle, too loving and warm,
To meet with a world's bitter scorn—
Life's lamp flicker'd low in the fierce raging storm,
And a wreck on the breakers was borne.

Ah! these human wrecks on the mercilless waves,
That are leaving mortality's sand—
Yet hope's purest pearls that rest in their graves
Will be washed on eternity's strand.

OBSERVATIONS.

It takes seven million miles of thread to hold the people of the United States in their clothes. So says a writer in the September *Scribner*.

At Long Point, Texas, the colored people put bells upon the necks of their children to keep them from getting lost in the high weeds that surround the town.

If Butler doesn't help us to four Congressmen in Massachusetts this fall we shall return to the belief that he took those spoons.—*Washington Post.*

You may talk about the "lean and hungry Cassius," but did you ever take a side view of a man who has run a store ten years without advertising?

Ben Hill in Georgia: "I begin to think that the Democratic party can never be killed. Secession did not kill it; the war has not killed it; fraud has not killed it; it has not killed itself, and it will not die."

Boston Corbett, who, in disobedience of orders, shot Wilkes Booth, is a wanderer through the land in the great army of tramps and an applicant for charitable alms. Republics certainly are ungrateful.

Ten young men in Irwin county, Ga., were arrested for kidnaping a highly respectable young lady and taking her to a place where a minister and her sweetheart were awaiting her, and then and there being accessory to her being joined in the holy bonds of matrimony to her said sweetheart. They were acquitted.

A New England scene: Grand old hills, pine-clad and scarred, towering to the clouds in their majesty, gurgling brooks winding through green meadows, fields of corn, with the breeze waving and rustling their ripening heads and floating streamers. Winding around and through a stretch of re low road, silent in the glare of the sun. On the road a solitary potato bug, toiling laboriously eastward.—*Danbury News.*

Mary Anderson feeds genius with beef-steak. She says: "When I come home at night I am awfully hungry. I eat a beef-steak supper when I come from the theatre—a nice underdone steak—and not a very small one at that. But after my midnight supper I go to bed and sleep with the most perfect quietude."

During the early days of the plague a gentleman named Wood fell sick at Fort Pickering, a suburb of Memphis. Throughout his illness, which was at times critical, a young lady of the neighborhood, Miss Quackenbush, until then unknown to her patient, nursed him patiently. Last week a quiet wedding took place in the stricken city, the parties to which were the nurse and patient.

A German paper relates that in one of Emperor William's cities there lived a lady who was both deaf and dumb, her companion being also stricken in the same way. Ten years ago a little dog was presented to them. At first the dog barked whenever the bell would ring. Arter a while it, too, became dumb. Still later it was found to be deaf, and so remained until its death, a few weeks back.

A skeptic who was badgering a simple-minded old man about a miracle and Balaam's ass finally said: "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Well," replied the honest old believer, with meaning emphasis, "I don't see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man as it is for a man to talk like an ass."—*Boston Globe.*

Condensed News Items.

Dean Stanley preached Sunday at St. James' Protestant Episcopal church, Philadelphia, to an immense congregation. The dean took his text from Matthew, chap. 6, v. 10.

Two of the Mexicans who recently murdered ex-Sheriff Adams and ex-County Clerk Finley, of Santa Clara county, California, near Tucson, Arizona, were captured in Sonora and shot by order of Governor Mariscal.

The celebrated team of Australian cricket players arrived in New York Sunday. They were met at the wharf by the members of St. Jerome's Club, and cordially welcomed. They will shortly play a match on the Hoboken grounds.

In the St. Louis Female Hospital last Friday night, Miss Emily Moeller, a nurse, administered a solution of corrosive sublimate to Alice Wood, a patient, through mistake, causing her death, whereupon Miss Moeller took carbolic acid, and thus ended by death her agony of regret.

The examination of the case of the trustees with regard to the deficit in the Teutonia Savings Bank, of New York, arrested a fortnight ago, charged with embezzling the funds of the bank, was concluded Monday. The trustees were held for the action of the grand jury in $1,000 bail, each.

Francis Daly, of Bornston, Canada, while returning home last Saturday night from Cooticooke, was waylaid and knocked senseless by two men who then made a noose of the lines and tied him by the neck to the buggy and started the horses. When found, he was dead. Two men, named Bowen and Webster, have been arrested.

Fearful Extirpation.

[Hillsboro Recorder.]

The fatality in the afflicted family of Chatham, caused by diphtheria, has already been mentioned. A gentleman who was in Chatham last week gives us some particulars which rival in harrowing incident the most aggravated horrors of the present plague of yellow fever. The great mortality which attended the existence of diphtheria last summer had impressed a terrible dread of its power upon the whole community; and when the first case was announced as having occurred in the said family, a panic terror kept everybody aloof from the infected house. No one came near it, no aid was offered, no one knew the condition of the sick, and no one knew whether one or many cases scourged the afflicted family. Days passed away before one man, more courageous or more humane than others, ventured to offer sympathy or aid. Entering the house, he found the unhappy father seated in a chair with two of his little ones on his knees, one evidently dying, the other violently ill. While in the house, the dying one breathed its last, and the visitor took the body to place it upon a bed. To his horror he found the bed already occupied by two corpses of little ones who had previously died. In another room he found the mother extremely sick, and an infant exhibiting the first symptoms of diphtheria. Before the visitor left the house the first child died, and shortly afterwards the mother and the infant—the whole family followed—and he is left alone in the world.

Can any more horrid picture of distress be presented than this?

AN AWFUL WARNING TO SERVANTS.

Experience of a Maid who Tried to Light Her Fire With Kerosene.

[From the Burlington Hawkeye.]

A man on South Hill had reason to believe that his superintendent of *cuisine* was in the habit of using kerosene to start the morning fires. He placed his suspicions in the form of a charge, which was indignantly denied, and proof demanded. He wasn't ready with his testimony, and the case was dismissed for want of evidence. But his suspicions increased, and he ordered a secret investigation, and appointed himself chairman of the committee with power to send for persons and papers. He laid his plans with care, and the next morning he followed his maid servant down stairs at a careful and respectful distance and hid himself near the kitchen door, where he could not see nor be seen, while he could hear very distinctly whatever was said or done. The rustle of paper and the rattle of dry lightwood was succeeded by hasty steps towards the closet in the cellar way. Then he heard the gurgling of a liquid, as though it was gurgling out of a small tin spout. He heard the can set down and then the scrape of a match.

"H'm," he heard the maid-servant remark. Then another match snapped, and a barely audible fizzle succeeded. Grimly smiled the silent man by the outer door.

"H'm," remarked the maid-servant, a little petulantly. Another match snapped and blazed up; another sound as of sizzling. The smile on the face of the man deepened into a grin.

"Well, I never did!" came from the kitchen, and there was heard the sound of more pouring on the lightwood. Another match and more silence.

"Well, did you ever?" queried the queen of the range, evidently anxious to obtain testimony corroborative of her own experience, as set forth in her previous statement that she never did. The man sitting outside the door throttled himself with his hands and softly pounded the ground with his heels. Something evidently excited him, and when the next match snapped he caught himself by the legs and bit fiercely into the corner of the door-frame in a frenzied effort to smother a hollow groan.

"The old scratch is in the oil, I do believe," said a troubled voice in the kitchen, and more pouring ensued. Another match, another, another. And the man crawled off behind the cistern box and hugged his knees with many insane expressions and silent demonstrations of interest, when he heard the angry voice inside the kitchen say:

"Plague on such oil! I'd like to pour it all down Will Darling's back!"

Another match and then a confused sound of rattling and scraping, and a tearful woman came to the door and hurled an armful of soaked paper and lightwood out into the yard and kicked an oil can after it. The smiling man crept back up stairs unseen. Breakfast was late that morning, and when the queen of the kitchen was asked the cause thereof, she said somebody had left the shed door open and all the lightwood was damp. And no man that ever filled an oil can with non-explosive cistern water ever looked half so innocent as the man who sat at the head of the table, choking over a Graham muffin.

INTERNAL REVENUE COLLECTORS.

Their Trials and Tribulations—Col. Keogh Endorses What The Observer Says on This Subject.

To the Editor of the Observer:—

Your article in Saturday's OBSERVER on the trials and tribulations of United States internal revenue collectors, in North Carolina, has my endorsement; it echoes my sentiments. I am reminded of the collector of internal revenue who died at Charleston, S. C., some years ago. His last words, as recorded, were: "Oh Lord, the workings of the internal revenue laws surpasseth all understanding."

I see you give me some prominence as an aspirant for the collectorship in this district. I am not an aspirant for any office. You get your information from the *Western Sentinel*, which credits me with a desire to succeed Dr. Wheeler. The paragraph in the *Sentinel* was without any foundation in truth. I have been, and am, Dr. Wheeler's friend. He is a man of strict integrity and purity of character, pre-eminently worthy of the responsible position which he holds, and which, I trust, he will long continue to fill. I am only one of many thousands in this district who wanted him appointed to his present place, and who now stand ready to support him. Respectfully,

THOMAS B. KEOGH.

Greensboro, N. C., Sept. 30, 1878.