VOL. III.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.

NO. 23.

D. A. ROBERTSON.

DENTIST.

Will visit Chapel Hill two or three times during the session of College, and oftener if he finds it necessary. T Notice will always be given in this paper of his coming.

DR. J. D. DAVIS,

DENTIST.

Wetsted f

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The undersigned having purchased the National Hotel property at Raleigh, opened March 15th, 1879, that well known House to the public under their | tentedly stroking an old white cat. management. They refer to their past management of the Gaston House as a guarantee that the traveling public will | tion there was a touch of sadness in her find the National in their hands, up to voice. the standard of a first-class Hotel. The senior, Mr. Samuel R. Street, will remain in charge of the Gaston House. The junior, Mr. Wm. J. Street, will conduct

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NOTICE. S. McK. BOWLES,

the National Hotel.

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He has a boot black always in attendance. Give him a call.

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Address TRUE & OO., Auguste, Maine.

Who?

Who is the sweetest baby That ever said 'A-goo?' Who is the dearest baby, With eyes so soft and blue? Who is the prettiest baby? I think I know Do you?

Who has the softest golden Little rings of hair?

Who has the resiest cheeks and The smoothest forehead fair? Who has the ameetest kisser, Ecough of them and to spare?

Who has the cunningest fingers, And who the pinkest of toes? Who has a mouth like a resebud, And who the daintiest nose? And who is as sweet altogether As the very sweetest rose?

Who has the prettiest dimples, Dancing in chin and cheek? And who is learning the dearest Of all dear names to speak? And whose blue eyes are learning Mamma's dear eyes to seek?

Ah! surely, there's only one answer To the questions asked you here! Only one true, glad answer, Awaiting the mother's ear. Who is the prince of babies? Why, of course, my baby dear !

Song.

Said the wind, 'I know she is fair. For I toyed with her golden hair, And the ringlets' unheeded flow

Rested light on a breast of snow." And the rosebud whispered, 'She's sweet, For in kisses her lips I meet, And my fragrance the deeper grows From the rose on her lips that glows.'

And the sky said, 'I know she is true, For I gaze in her eyes so blue, When she lifts them to me in prayer, And all heaven is mirrored there.

And my heart-my heart said to me, 'All that wind, sky and rosebud see, Fairness, fragrance and truth are thine,' For I love her and she is mine.

GEORGE CLEMENTS' WIFE.

'Of all things this is the worst? If ever in my life I expected to hear such news! Why, our George has gone and got married! D'ye hear?'

Good Mrs. Clements pushed her steel-bowed spectacles off her bright eyes, and dropped her letter in her lap, as she turned round to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer, who was con-'Deacon, d'ye hear?'

This time when she asked the ques-

'Yes; what if he is married? I'm sure it's natural enough. It kinder o' runs in the family, 'pears to me.' But Mrs. Clements would take no no-

tice of the little pleasantry. 'Well, if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needn't think he's coming here with his fine city-bred lady, all airs and graces, and flounces and ruffles,-There's plenty of good girls hereabout that wanted him. Right in the middle lady here hog-killin' time! I do declare | bread. I think George is a fool.'

A graceful, dainty little lady, in a garnet poplin and ruffled apron, with a small, proudly-poised head, covered with short, dusky curls, having a pair of dark blue eyes, so wistful and tender, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, and a dimple in each pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clements. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her?

She sat in the bright little parlor. close beside the lace-curtained window. watching for the loved husband's return! and then, when she heard the click of the latch-key in the hall flew for the welcome kiss. Looking up, she ask-

'Haven't you the letter this time, George? I've felt sure of it all day .-Indeed, I've quite decided what dresses to take with me. He smiled and shook his head.

cloud passed over her pretty face. do believe they won't write because they are sorry you married me,'

He put his arms around her neck. 'And supposing such to be the case, do you think it would make any differ-'Oh, no, no! only it would grieve me

so if I knew I had alienated your own parents from you.' 'And a one-sided alienation it would be too! They have never seen you,-

loving you.' 'Oh, George!' kiss accompanying his own flattery. 'That's true as preaching. By-the-by, my dear, what would you say if the firm

sent me off on a traveling tour of six pick up your clothes.' weeks?' A little dismayed cry answered him. 'You won't stay here alone, eh? But, Marion, it would be five hundred dol-

lars clear gain to us.' 'What need we care for money? I'd rather have you.' A mischievous smile played over the young man's lips; he was more matter.

of-fact than this romantic, tender little wife of bis. 'I think the addition to our balance at rapidly on. the banker's would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind, little pet. Lat's go down to dinner. I hope we'll get a letter from home soon.'

And soon it was; for Marion snatched And soon it was; for Marion snatched it from his pocket the very next night. But her husband's face looked very grave and stern, and his eyes looked angry when she looked gleefully over the envelope.

'My dear, you must remember I care very little what the letter contains. Remember I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before, Kiss me, first, while I watch you.'

'Hare you a son? You never mentioned him.'

'No George has gone his way, and we must go ours. Yes, he married one of the crack-headed boarding-school people who can't tell the difference between relling-pin and a milk-ban.'

But despite her scorn, Mrs. Clements dashe of the tears with her brown fist.

dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me, first, while I watch you.

A little pang of misdoubt troubled her when she glanced over the note; then tears stole from under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then when she had finished it, she laid her head upon his shoulder and cried.

It was cruel to let you see it, my wounded birdie. Let me burn it, And don't forget, darling, what our Bible dashe off the tears with her brown fist.

'Is the wife pretty? I suppose you love it know anything about her, and never want to know. He's left us for her, and us old folks will leave him for her, too. Mary, just turn them cakes around; seems as if they're burning the cakes. Mrs. Clements was leaning of the arm of her chair.

'M': suppose you love it know anything about her, and never want to know. He's left us for her, and us old folks will leave him for her, too. Mary, just turn them cakes around; seems as if they're burning the cakes. Mrs. Clements was leaning of the arm of her chair.

'M': suppose you love it dearly?

'I dn't know anything about her, and never want to know. He's left us for her, and us old folks will leave him for her, too. Mary, just turn them cakes around; seems as if they're burning or the arm of her chair.

'M': supposin' you stop with us another month yet anyhow. The deacon will make it all right.'

don't forget, darling, what our Bible will make it all right. says, that a man shall leave father and 'It isn't the money mother, and cleave to his wife. You Clements, I only wish I might stay alare my precious wife, Marion, and to ways. You don't know how much I love you I turn for all the happiness my life you. will ever hold.'

He dried her tears, and then they talked it over. 'Just because I am city-bred, she

thinks I am lazy, and haughty, and dainty, and'-'Never mind, Marion. She will find out some day. My father'— 'Yes, bless the dear old man! He has George coming up the lane! Deacon!

added: 'My love to my daughter Marion.' Oh, I know I should love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me. George, dear, I've been thinking Oh, the welcoming, the reproaches, the about that trip west. I think you had caresses the determination to love him better go and leave me at home.

won't be so very long.' Marion was eating her egg while she the next room by Mary's deft fingers, spoke across the cozy little tete-a-tete and she had returned to her 'west gar breakfast table.

"Spoken like my true little Marion, and when I come back I'll bring you a present. What shall it be, dearest?' Your father and mother from the farm. It shall be that hope that will bear me company when you are gone.'

A fortnight after that, Marion Clements ate her breakfast alone, the traces of a tear or so on her pink cheeks; then she dashed them away with a merry, joyous little laugh.

pare for his return. Aud I pray Heaven | George, this is Mary Smith, my'it shall be such a coming as shall delight his soul.'

What did you say your name was?'

Mrs. Clements looked out of the window at the great clouds that were piling | you would never love me, so I came degloomily up; and then the wind gave a termined to win you if I could. Mother, great wailing shriek around the corners | faher, may I be your daughter?'

feather beds - good big ones, forty pounders ?' A gleeful little laugh came from Ma-

of the house.

suit you, but I can learn.

huge open fireplace in the kitchen assparingly attacked the wealthy cowhere the deacon was shelling corn. operative association known as the not? I kind o' like her looks, and the alleged immoral practices of its memdear knows it 'ud be a good lift while bers in living in common, or complex we're killin', if she couldn't do more marriage, as it is denominated. This of the work, too! To talk of bringing a than set the table or make mush for the year the war upon them has been waged

> are hard driv', I know. Let her stop a tion of the Community, which so exerweek or so, anyhow.'
> So Mrs. Clements came slowly back they feared conflict with the authorities,

and sat down again. three days, and it's on as now, sure their position: enough. See them 'ere flakes fine and thick. You may as well take your things come down and help me get supper.'

Then followed the directions to the west garret, and when she was gone it. Mrs. Clements turned to the deacon,

'I never saw a girl before I'd trust up brushed up from her face into a net; a state. narrow linen collar, fastened with a sail- To continue to hold their business wound upon the fleshy part of the hand as if she had life, too, so handily she live together and to eat at the same 'Oh, George! isn't it too bad? And I flitted in and out of the pantry, and then table; to retain the common department down the cellar. Then after the meal for infants and juveniles, and to mainway, that was perfect bliss to old Mrs. meetings for mutual criticism. Clements' ears.

'She's determined to earn her bread, anyhow, and I like her turn, too,'

And the deacon had 'taken a shine,' too. One by one the days wore on; the strings of sausages hung in fantastic rich by their industry. There are one rings, arranged by Mary's deft fingers; or two branch associations in Connecti-And when they know you they can't help sweet hams and shoulders were piled away in true housewifely manner, and now Mary and Mrs. Clements were sit-The exclamation was caused by the ting in the sunny dining-room, darning, that vicinity at the sensible action of patching and mending.

'I don't know what I'm going to do the laws of the land. without you, Mary. I dread to see you A blush of pleasure overspread Mary's

'I am so glad you have been suited with my work. Indeed I have tried.' 'It ain't the work altogether, though, goedness knows, you're the smartest gal I've seen this many a-day. As I say,

and the deacon'of the old lady's voice, but she sewed

'It's so uncommon lonesome since the worse since he got married, It seems caring for, with the greatest amount of like deserting us altogether.

'Have you a son? You never men-

'It isn't the money I care for, Mrs.

'Love us do you? Bless your heart. If poor George had only picked you out, what a comfort it would be to us all .-

But it can't be helped now.' She sigled wearily, then glanced out of the window, looked a moment and then threv down her work. Bless my soul, if there ain't our son

descon! George is coming!' With all her mother-love rushing to her hear she hurried out to meet him. still, despite poor innocent little Marion Then, when the table had been set in ret,' Mis. Clements opened her heart:

'There's no use talking, George, this fine, fancy lady o' yours'll never suit me. Give me a smart girl like Mary Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come in to supper now. Mary, Mary!'

She taised her voice to call the girl, when a low voice near surprised

'Oh, you dressed up in honor o' my boy! Well, I must confess I never knew you had such a handsome dress, 'This will never do; and now, that and you look like a picture with your George has gone for six weeks, to pre- net off, and them short, bobbing curls!

George came through the door and glanced carelessly at the corner where 'I'm sure I don't know what to say. - | the young woman stood. Then, with a The land knows I need help bad enough; cry sprang with outstretched arms to but it 'pears to me such a slender little meet the little fig re that sprang into midget as you can't earn your salt .- | then. The deacon and Mrs. Clements now stood in speechless amazement.-

'Mary Smith. And, indeed, if you Then Marion, all blushes and tearful will try me a week. I'm anso you will an des. went over to the old pair and keep me till the season's over.' I am George's wife. I was so afraid

And a happier family, when they had 'You can cook, ken you? or shake up ethausted their powers of surprise, anazement and pride in the beautiful Marion never gave thanks over the sup-

ter table.

'Indeed I can. I may not cook to The Oneida Community's Concession. For many years the clergy and influ-Mrs. Clements walked out to the ential citizens of Central New York have 'What d'ye say, deacon; keep her or Oneida Community, on account of the vigorously, and a bill was to be present-'Take her, of course, Hannah. You ed to the State legislature for the aboliand have accordingly given up the prac-

To give up the practice of complex marriage, not as renouncing belief in up-stairs to the west garret, and then the principles and prospective finality of that institution, but in deference to the public sentiment evidently rising against

To place themselves as a community, not on the platform of the Shakers on the one hand, nor on that of the world stairs alone. But such as her don't on the other, but on Paul's platform, steal; I can tell you that, if nothing else.' which, while allowing marriage as a Directly she came down in a purple | concession to human weakness, prefers print dress and white apron; her hair celibacy as the holier and more perfect

or's loop of narrow ribbon. It seemed and property in common; to continue to and severing one of her fingers, leaving ing for information regarding a promishe gathered the dishes in a neat, quiet | tain the practice of regular evening

Aside from this complex marriage the members of the Community are held in high esteem by their neighbors, being honest and worthy people. They have been remarkably successful in their hog-killing was over and done; long farming operations, and have grown cut, which will probably follow in the footsteps of the parent house. Much rejoicing is felt among the people in the Community in thus conforming to family was suffering for the necessaries be married to the daughter, when his

Curiosities of Farm Life.

Mr. Barnet J. Clark, who lives near Clark's Bridge, Md., has a colt with a carnivorous propensity for eating all the chickens that come within its reach. Another curiosity on Mr. Clark's farm is a turkey gobbler, which manifested a it sin't the work, it's you, Mary-me strong disposition to set. The fowl made a nest, feathered it nicely, and Mr. Mary's voice trembled at the kindness | Clark, to gratify him, placed some hen's eggs in the nest. The gobbler proceeded to set, in regular turkey fashion, and in due time hatched out a fine flock of boy left the farm,' she went on; 'but it's chickens. These he is now assiduously

pride and pleasure,

Skill in the Saddle.

The appreciation of a finely-ridden race is no longer confined, in this country, to a few discriminating connoisseurs, hailing chiefly from the Southern States, since the passion of Americans for the turf was never keener or more widely spread than at the present day. For his dual victory over Mr. Keene, it is pretty certain that Mr. Reynolds is as much indebted to the superlative horsemanship of the colored jockey, Murphy, as he is to his great colt Falsetto. are not going beyond bounds when we say that, judged from the records alone, Murphy is one of the best, if not the best jockey on the American turf to-day, and he is no doubt fully the equal of young Archer, who for five seasons has led the list in Magland. Murphy's riding in the Travers Stakes race, and

in the Kenner Stakes race, were the two finest exhibitions of skill in the saddle that have been seen in this country in many years. Murphy has a steady hand, a quick eye, a cool head, and a bold heart—four qualifications absolutely necessary to the success of every jockey. That he is very observant during the progress of a race, and is quick to perceive the weak points of an adversary and prompt to take advantage of them, was signally illustrated in the run for the Travers Stakes. Asked soon after the race why he went up to Harold and Jericho at the half mile, only to fall of one thousand, as formerly. away again, he replied: 'Well, I did not care for Jericho, but, while I thought Spendthrift was the dangerous horse, I wanted to go up to Harold to see how he felt; so I tapped Falsetto with the spur one time, went up to them, felt of Harold, found him sprawling over the course, and saw he was out of the race, and I fell back to keep Feakes from thinking I was at all dangerous.' He was then asked how he happened to get between Harold and the pole on the turn. 'I didn't intend to go up on the turn,' was his reply; 'but when we started toward the stretch Harold was tired and unsteady, and he leaned away from the pole and gave me room to go in. I thought it better to run for the position than to have to run round him, so I jumped at the chance and went up be

tween him and the rail. I steadied my horse here a moment to compel Harold to cover more ground on the turn, and America could produce. beat him good, for he was very tired, and just before we got to the stretch I left him and went off after Spendthrift.' No explanation could be better than that. Murphy has already had thirtyseven mounts this year, and has won twenty five, besides riding a dead heat,

and this is a much better average than may English jockey can show.

Detected by a Mirror. the estate of John J. Seaman, a farmer quently raised and sold to brokers. Among the claims presented against of Queens county, N. Y., who died in December, 1877, was one by William H. Andrews, on a promissory note for \$439 60. The note was written in ink on a piece of common writing paper and was signed with a pencil. J. T. Marean, the counsel for the estate, examined the paper carefully and discovered that the lines on the surface of the paper were indistinct, as if rubber had been used on them, and that on the reverse of the paper there were raised lines such as would have been formed if the face of the paper had been written on with a

pencil. When this side of the paper was placed before a looking-glass in a strong light, the lines were seen to form themselves into the following words: 'Any draft on me for \$39.25 at three days I will see paid for William R. H. Andrews.' Then came the signature as 1873, and is strong evidence of improve-'You can't get away to-night, anyhow | tice so much complained of and adopted | on the note. The claim was sent by the ment in business. Only twenty-four there's a snowstorm been brewin' these the following platform as setting forth court to a referee and he has disallow-

A Singular Accident. Mrs. Julia Johnson, who resides near

Alligerville, N. Y., met with a distressing accident yesterday. She was splitting wood with which to kindle a fire. She struck a stick with the axe, and partly opened it, when she attempted to pull it apart with her hands. The axe fell out and the stick closed against her right hand. She raised the axe in the other hand to use as a wedge for the release of the imprisoned member, but by some mishap the axe fell, inflicting an ugly the hand still fast in the stick. With all possible speed she ran a long distance to the nearest neighbor for relief. The loss of blood, however, greatly exhausted her, and she now lies dangerously ill. Her hand is much bruised, aside from the severe injuries inflicted with the axe. Her friends fear she will die-certain advance symptoms of lockiaw having appeared.

Preaching for Money.

A Methodist minister at the West, living on a small salary, was greatly troubled to get his quarterly installment. He at last told the non-paying trustees that he must have his money, as his

'Money!' replied the steward, 'you preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls,' 'Souls!' responded the reverend; 'I can't eat souls, and if I could it would what a fool I was."

take a thousand such as yours to make a meal. All the spelling reforms of all men in all the world will not succeed in lessening the intensity of the scoolboy's affection, who scrawls on his slate with broken pencil, 'i luv yu,' and hands it across the aisle with a big apple, to

pretty little blue-eyed girl who reads

in the second reader. Eves.

CTEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Black squirrels swarm in the Pennsylania Alleghanies.

The Memphis camp reports show 2,081 persons drawing rations.

The statute of imprisonment for debt is still retained in Canada, The European wheat crop, as a whole,

is about twenty per cent, below the av-Immense beds of the finest bituminous coal have been discovered west of San

Antonio, near the R o Grande. Harvard college has engaged an accomplished Chinaman to teach his language in the institution at a salary of \$200 per week.

Dean Stanley has consented to the interment of the remains of the late Sir Rowland Hill, the father of cheap pos-

tage, in Westminster Abbey. Louis Herbold, a poor cardriver of Hoboken, N. J., has unexpectedly fallen heir to a fortune of \$1,500,000 left by a grandfather across the water.

It is proposed to celebrate, next year, the seventh centenary of the royal house of Wittelsbach, which since 1180 has reigned continuously in Bavaria. Darlington, Yorkshire, Eagland, with

a population of 27,729, has one thousand houses vacant, and only one hundred men employed at the iron works instead The Sons of Temperance number about 90,000 in North America, the

l'emple of Honor 20,000, and the Good Templars, whose order extends to many nations, number some 450,000. The late W. S. O'Brien, of the California bonanza firm, left a fortune of \$9.000,000. Among the bequests are \$150,000 to Catholic and Protestant

orphan asylums on the Pacific slope. A tax is paid in England on all men servants, and it appeared by the inland revenue returns three years ago that 42,000 fewer men-servants were kept than had been employed in the preced-

Mr. Lorillard, encouraged by the success of his horses in the English races, has shipped the horse Falsetto and several others to that country to let them see Parole was not the only good animal

During the year ending with June last, the money order department of the postoffice issued orders amounting to \$90,495;094 97, of which \$88,254 641.02 were domestic. The increase over previous year was \$7,005,083,24

Detectives have broken up a lightning rods for farmers, for which they accepted notes, which were subse-

New York city authorities are busy carrying out an ordinance which prohibits newspaper, confectionery and other stands from encumbering the sidewalks. There are thousands of them in existence, from which poor people gain a subsistence. Wheat is shipped from Nebraska to

St. Louis and there made into flour,

which is then shipped to New England

and there sold at a lower price than is paid for the same article in Nebraska. Minnesota raises 40,000,000 bushels of wheat, and yet Minnesotans have to pay more for their flour than Boston pays for the same brand. The record of failures reported in New York during the month of August is the smallest, as regards both the number of suspensions and the aggregate liabilities, for any one month since the panic of

failures are reported, the liabilities being \$284,151, and the assets \$64,157. Emma Jones, aged eleven years, while at a picnic near Atlanta, Ga, fell over the steep side of Stone Mountain, which has a perpendicular height of 1 600 feet. She caught on a ledge, and by sticking her fingers into crevices managed to hold on till the alarm was carried to town, three miles distant. A man was let over the brink and rescued her just as she was about exhausted. Her mother was present and in agony until

her daughter was safe. Considerable commotion has been excited in political circles by a letter asktended to be used to his detriment, falling into wrong hands. It was addressed to a Washington department clerk named Wm. B. Moore, of Urbana, Champaign county, Ill., but was delivered to another clerk named Wm. B. Moore, of Urbana, Champaign county, Ohio.-The strangeness of the identity of name and address is remarkable.

Frank Wood, an escaped prisoner from the jail at Springfield, Missouri, was overtaken in Taney county after being at liberty about ten days. In that short time the seamp had ingratiated himself with the family of a prosperous farmer, and was actually on the way to game was speilt by the appearance of the officers. The young lady cried as if her heart was broken, but when she was asked if she was orying for her lover she snapped out: 'No; I'm mad to think

Robert Bonner, of New York, states that Mr. Simmons bought Rarus for him, and that he paid Mr. Simmons for the horse the next day. Little is known of Rarus' pedigree. The only horse which ever brought more money than Rarus (\$36,000) was Pocahontas, for whom Mr. Benner paid \$45,000. He bought Dexter for \$33,000 and Startle for \$20,000. Mr. Smith, of Trenton, paid \$35,000 each for Goldsmith Maid A bachelor's house should have no and Jay Could \$80,000 for Lady Thorne, \$26,000 for Socrates, \$35,000 for Lucy.