

The Western Democrat.

OFFICE
ON THE
SOUTH SIDE OF TRADE STREET

CHARACTER IS AS IMPORTANT TO STATES AS IT IS TO INDIVIDUALS, AND THE GLORY OF THE ONE IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF THE OTHER

\$3 Per Annum
IN ADVANCE

WM. J. YATES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1867.

SIXTEENTH VOLUME—NUMBER 785.

THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT
Published every Tuesday,
BY
WILLIAM J. YATES,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
TERMS, \$3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
\$2 for six months.

Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance. Obituary notices are charged advertising rates.
Advertisements not marked on the manuscript for a specific time will be inserted until forbidden, and charged accordingly. (10 lines or less will be charged for each insertion, unless the advertisement is inserted 2 months or more.

MRS. L. A. NORRYCE,
Would kindly solicit the patronage of the citizens of Charlotte, and inform them that she is now prepared to do all kinds of

NEEDLE WORK,
Gents and Ladies Underclothing beautifully made.

A New System of Cutting and Fitting.
Three afternoons in each week devoted to teaching little girls Ornamental, Fancy Embroidery, Braiding and all kinds of Needle Work.

Mrs. W. is compelled to make her support by her Needle and Sewing industry.
Feeling truly grateful for the great kindness shown by the community of Charlotte for the past year she has been with them, she would beg a continuance of the same. Will be found in the new house next to Mr. Allen Cruise's residence.
July 22, 1867.

A LARGE STOCK OF SPRING GOODS
Fine white and colored Marcelline Quilts, just received at BARRINGER, WOLFE & CO'S.

Ladies' French Dainty Skirts, India Twilled Long Cloth, Linen Dress Goods, Extra Fine Lace Collars and Cuffs, Valenciennes Lace, Cleney Lace, Black Silk Garter Laces. Call and examine our New Goods. BARRINGER, WOLFE & CO.

Irish Linen of an extra quality; Bleached Shirting, extra quality. Call soon.
Black Challey for Mourning Dresses, English Crape and English Crapes Vests, etc.
BARRINGER, WOLFE & CO'S.
April 15, 1867.

JUST RECEIVED AT C. M. QUERY'S NEW STORE,
A large and well selected Stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
DRY GOODS, at extremely low prices.
WHITE GOODS, a full assortment, which will be sold low for cash.

TRIMMINGS—Our stock of Trimmings is complete, and was selected with care.
A full assortment of YANKEE NOTIONS and FANCY GOODS.

HOOP SKIRTS—Bradley's Paris Trail Skirts—the most popular Skirt now worn—all sizes—Ladies, children and Misses.
KID GLOVES—all colors and sizes, of the best article. Ladies' and Children's Mitts, all sizes, and of the best quality.

FANS AND PARASOLS—A full assortment of all kinds.

SHOES—Ladies', Children's and Misses' boots, shoes and gaiters, of the best Philadelphia make. Also, Men's and Boys' shoes and hats.

MILLINERY.
MRS. QUERY would inform her friends that she has spared no pains in selecting her stock of Millinery and Trimmings, and having had a long experience in the business, is fully satisfied that she can please all who will favor her with a call.

Bonnets and Hats made and trimmed to order, on the most reasonable terms and shortest notice.
Dresses Cut, Fitted, Trimmed and made, on reasonable terms and at short notice.
Our terms are strictly Cash. Our motto is, small profit, and just dealing to all.
April 1, 1867.

BONES WANTED.
A Chance to Make Money.
The subscriber will purchase Bones at 50 cents per hundred, delivered at Concord Factory, or at any Railroad Depot between Charlotte and Greensboro. Cash paid on delivery.

Those who will accumulate Bones in quantities at any point on the Railroad lines, and inform the subscriber, arrangements will be made for their purchase. R. E. McDONALD, Proprietor.
April 1, 1867.

WOOL CARDING
AT
LONG SHOALS PAPER MILLS,
4 Miles from Lincoln, Lincoln County, N. C.

The subscribers respectfully inform their customers and the public generally that they have just completed the fitting up of their machinery with the latest and most improved Cards, and are now prepared to execute all orders with promptness and dispatch.

We are also prepared to card Cotton and Wool mixed.
Price for carding Wool 10 cents per pound; price for carding Cotton and Wool mixed, 15 cents per pound.
Customers must furnish their own grease; one pound of grease is required for every 10 pounds of Wool.
Terms cash. Country Produce or Cotton Rags taken at market price.

GRADY, BANNISTER & CO., Proprietors.
I respectfully inform my old customers and friends that I have taken charge of the above machinery and will warrant all work or make no charge.
July 15, 1867. R. E. IRBY, Clerk.

State of N. Carolina, Union County.
Court of Pleas & Quarter Sessions—July Term, 1867.
W. N. Parker, adm'r of John Walters, dec'd, vs. Uriah Walters and others.

Petition to subject real estate as assets.
It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendants, William Walters and John W. Walters, reside beyond the limits of this State, it is ordered by the Court that publication be made for six weeks in the Western Democrat, a paper published in the city of Charlotte, notifying said absent defendants to be and appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for Union County at the Court House in Monroe, on the 1st Monday in October next, and there to answer the allegations of the aforesaid petition, or judgment pro confesso will be taken and the land ordered to be sold.

Witness, J. E. Irby, Clerk of our said Court at office, the 1st Monday in July, A. D. 1867.
J. E. IRBY, Clerk.
82-6w [adv. \$10]

PICTURES AT 50 CENTS
And upwards, at the
PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY
Over Jas. Harty & Co's Store, next to the Court House.
Call and get a superb likeness of yourself and family, at low rates according to style and finish. Copies taken of old Pictures in a superior manner. Satisfaction guaranteed at the Gallery of
H. BAUMGARTEN,
Next to Court House
May 6, 1867.

LIME, PLASTER, Cement and Hair.
A large supply always on hand, and for sale on most favorable terms, by
WORTH & DANIEL,
Wilmington, N. C.
Monthly receipts of fresh Lime from Maine.
July 15, 1867. 6m

\$20,000 WORTH OF GOLD and SILVER WANTED.
John T. Butler
Has just returned from the North with a splendid Stock of

FINE WATCHES, CLOCKS, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware,

Table Knives and Cutlery, Meersault and Brier-Root Pipes, Guns and Pistols, &c., &c. which is warranted superior to anything ever before introduced into this market, and which will be sold at twenty-five per cent less than the same class of goods can be purchased at any other establishment in the State.

Particular attention will be paid to the repairing of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.
Those indebted to me will please close up their accounts, or I will be forced to put them in the hands of an officer for collection.

CALL AND SEE THE CUCKOO.
Aug. 19, 1867. JOHN T. BUTLER.

CONCORD MILLS.
Having opened a House in Charlotte, near the Post Office, for the sale of our own manufactured goods, we invite the attention of merchants and others to our YARNS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, OSNABURGS, CARPET CHAIN, STOCKINGS, YARNS, &c., &c.

Cotton taken in exchange for Goods. We sell low for Cash.
J. McDONALD & SONS,
Concord, N. C.
August 12, 1867.

The Southern Fertilizing Company, RICHMOND, VA.

Are now receiving and preparing their Fall Stock of FERTILIZERS, and offer for sale in unlimited quantities

Crushed Peruvian Guano, selected from the purest cargoes imported, warranted pure and of the highest standard;
Phospho Peruvian & Old Dominion prepared under the supervision of Professor WILLIAM GAYLOR for the Wheat crop, combining a large percentage of the Phosphates, with an adequate amount of Ammonia;

FRESH GROUND PLASTER.
Orders solicited.
JOHN ENDERS, President.
Office No. 104 Fourteenth street, Richmond.

JOHN A. YOUNG, Agent, Charlotte, N. C.
ROCK ISLAND MANUFACTURING CO.,
CHARLOTTE, N. C., Aug. 15, 1867.

I have been using the most approved Fertilizers upon my Farm for many years. Upon my Wheat, Corn and Cotton crop this year, I used the "Old Dominion Fertilizer," and cheerfully testify to its merits, by asserting that I have never used any that gave as much satisfaction.
JOHN A. YOUNG.
Aug. 19, 1867. 2jm

State of N. Carolina, Mecklenburg Co.
Court of Pleas & Quarter Sessions—July Term, 1867.
J. R. Kirkpatrick vs. S. C. Boyce.

Attachment—Arthur Grier and S. A. Boyce summoned as Garnishers.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the court, that the defendant in this case is a non-resident of this State, it is therefore ordered by the court that publication be made, for six weeks, in the Western Democrat, a newspaper published in the city of Charlotte, notifying said defendant to be and appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the county of Mecklenburg, at the court house in Charlotte, on the 2d Monday in October next, then and there to answer, plead or reply, or judgment final will be entered against him, and the effects in the hands of Garnishers condemned to plaintiff's use.

Witness, Wm. Maxwell, Clerk of our said Court at office in Charlotte, the 2d Monday of July, A. D. 1867.
WM. MAXWELL, Clerk.

State of N. Carolina, Mecklenburg Co.
Court of Pleas & Quarter Sessions—July Term, 1867.
Charles Junker vs. The Balesky Mining Company.

Attachment levied on three Mules.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the court, that the defendants in this case reside beyond the limits of this State, it is ordered by the court that publication be made, for six weeks, in the Western Democrat, notifying the said defendants to be and appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the county of Mecklenburg, at the court house in Charlotte, on the 2d Monday in October next, then and there to answer, plead or reply, or judgment final will be taken against them, and the property levied upon condemned to satisfy plaintiff's debt.

Witness, Wm. Maxwell, Clerk of our said Court at office, the 2d Monday in July, A. D. 1867.
WM. MAXWELL, Clerk.

State of N. Carolina, Mecklenburg Co.
Court of Pleas & Quarter Sessions—July Term, 1867.
J. B. Alexander, Executor of R. D. Alexander, dec'd, vs. the Heirs at Law of R. D. Alexander, dec'd.

Petition for settlement of the Estate.
It appearing to the satisfaction of the court, that the defendants, William Walters and John W. Walters, reside beyond the limits of this State, it is therefore ordered by the court that publication be made for six weeks in the Western Democrat, notifying said absent defendants to be and appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for Union County at the Court House in Monroe, on the 1st Monday in October next, and there to answer the allegations of the aforesaid petition, or judgment pro confesso will be taken and the land ordered to be sold.

Witness, J. E. Irby, Clerk of our said Court at office, the 1st Monday in July, A. D. 1867.
J. E. IRBY, Clerk.
82-6w [adv. \$10]

SUSCEPTIBLE GIRLS.

There is an essential difference between a romantic and a susceptible woman. A susceptible woman is one who possesses what are called the finer feelings of our nature in the highest state of irritation. She generally has brains, which the romantic woman has not. She cultivates her special taste with the utmost assiduity. She never allows it to rust for want of employment, or to sicken from want of care. She preserves the vitality of her emotions by constantly exercising them. Nor is the susceptible lady particular in her choice of objects. Although she will, as a girl, fix on a man in preference to a cat or a parrot, still, sooner than want a subject, she will love one of her own sex. With her, love means a simple fetich worship of the present ideal. Although she changes them constantly, for the time they have no cause to complain of her devotion.

Susceptible girls are generous. They are generous even beyond the generosity which arises from their abnormal softness. Giving with them is a pure satisfaction. They are constantly imagining the effects of their bounty upon the recipient, and in the enjoyment received they feel they are more than justified in the outlay. Love is a difficult and almost inaccessible sentiment to them. They will have favorites rather than lovers. The growth of passion is constantly checked and crossed by other caprices of susceptibility. Besides, the susceptible girl has generally rather a refined nature. She lives in fancies, and prefers to dream and go into reveries over fifty splendid creatures with violent eyes, drooping moustaches, and heavy dragon proportions, to believing in the homage of an ordinary or an ugly personage, who can scarcely be idealized sufficiently in the crucible of her imagination. She suffers of course from emotion waste. Her affairs of the heart are duplicated. She is as miserable at the coldness of her darling Blanche or Emily as she would be at the sudden coolness of a man who had been sanguine enough to think he could enter the lists against every attractive male and female who might come in the path of the susceptible lady.

Susceptible women, if they can be caught and broken in by kindness, make the best wives and mothers; but unless cured before marriage they are never healthy afterward. A married susceptible woman, who brings to her husband's house the friends of her youth without consulting his views, is in a bad way for him and for herself.—London Review.

SCENE IN A CHURCH.—At L—, on Sunday evening, fatigued by his long journey, a wagoner and his son John drove the team into a good range and determined to pass the Sabbath enjoying a season of worship with the good folks of the village. When the time for worship arrived, John was set to watch the team, while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The preacher had hardly announced his subject before the old man fell asleep. He sat against the partition in the centre of the body-slip; while just against him, separated only by the very low partition, sat a fleshy lady, who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with feelings, until unable to control them any longer, she burst out with a loud scream, rousing the old man half awake, who thrust his arm around her waist, and cried very soothingly:

"Wo, Nance! wo, Nance! Here, John, cut the belly-band and loose the breeching, quick, or she'll tear everything to pieces!"

It was all the work of a moment, but the sister forgot to shout, the meeting came prematurely to an end, while deeply mortified the old man skulked away, determined not to go to meeting again until he could manage to keep his senses by remaining awake.

GOOD ADVICE.—Sell your surplus lands to actual settlers at reasonable prices. The more persons you can persuade to become land owners and settlers among us, whether respectable whites or blacks, the better for the safety, the peace and prosperity of the country. Reduce the size of your farms, bring them within your own means to cultivate them, that the country may be occupied, the land more skillfully tilled and the general prosperity promoted.

Smith's Boot and Shoe Store,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
NEXT DOOR TO DEWEY'S BANK.

B. R. SMITH & CO. will furnish Merchants their Fall and Winter Stock of BOOTS and SHOES.

At New York Wholesale Prices.
One of the firms has visited the Factories North, and had a large stock of Goods made to order, with a view of supplying Merchants in Western North Carolina and Upper Districts in South Carolina.

Having devoted our entire attention for many years to the

SHOE TRADE,
We claim advantages in it, and will deal as liberally as possible with all.
Call soon, or send in your orders early. Every article warranted as represented. We have also a large Stock of

Shoe Findings, Leather and Rubber BELTING.
Sept. 9, 1867. B. R. SMITH & CO.

TOOTH PASTE.
SAPONACEOUS,
PREPARED BY DR. WM. E. CARR.

Any person wishing to purchase an article that will remove tartar from the teeth, also purify the breath, will find it will do both, and give health to the gums.

P. S.—Any person that will give it a thorough trial and feels that it fails their money will be refunded.
September 2, 1867.

ROBERT P. WARING,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Office, 3 doors West of the National Bank, and opposite Carson's new building.
September 2, 1867.

Written for the Wilmington Journal.

THE IRON SHOE.
BY MRS. SUSAN H. WADDELL.

Near the Western boundary of North Carolina, where her mountains mingle with the clouds, and where they look down upon the waving summits of the tallest of her forest trees, there lived an honest and independent farmer. Happy in his marriage, he had for many years dwelt peacefully and industriously in one of those shadowy valleys so often found at the base of the Blue Ridge.

They had one son, 'neir only child'; but his erratic disposition and love of adventures induced him, as soon as he was of age, to leave home and wander far away with trappers, Indian hunters and gold-diggers. His early youth, when not usefully employed by his parents, was spent in combats with bears and other ferocious animals, and well was he known in the valley as an agile and successful sportsman. On the day he was twenty-one years of age he presented himself before his parents, equipped for his first journey beyond the blue heights of his native land. And well might he have been regarded as a descendant of Alexander Selkirk's, for his apparel consisted of the skins of deer killed and dressed by himself, and his cap—a subject of pride with him—was composed of the scalps of fawns, arranged in such a manner as to crown his head—Midas like—with ears. Add to this a rifle, flask and shot-gun, a drinking horn and a long sheathed knife, buckled to his girdle, and you are introduced to Mr Sap Green—who looks at you with a pair of narrow, gray eyes, surrounded with wrinkles. He smiles and a spotless set of white teeth are visible, while his nose becomes more pointed and aquiline.

"Where is Mary?"
His mother replies: "She has gone over the way to see her cousin."

"Tell her good-bye—farewell," and Mr Sap Green disappeared.

He had not traveled more than a mile when his horse became suddenly frightened and ran away at full speed, springing and leaping until the vehicle was shattered and our adventurer tumbled prostrate upon the ground. Slowly and somewhat bewildered, he was rising with the cap uppermost—not on his head, but in it—if the thinking faculty is located in that organ, when his attention was arrested by a rapidly advancing noise. He looked in the direction and saw it was his horse making directly for him—his ears were flat to his head, eyes wild and glaring, and mouth wide open. It occupied but a second for Mr Sap Green to arrive at the base of a large tree, around which he revolved as the horse made frantic efforts to kill him—Finding himself foiled, he wheeled with a loud scream and bounded up the highway.

Soon all was silence except the sweet modulations of the wood-thrush, whose liquid cadence filled the valley with melody.

Sap Green drew a long breath, shook his head and left his fortification to reconnoitre—What was his dismay upon beholding the animal some distance up the highway with his head elevated and looking all around him.

He saw him in an instant, wheeled and pursued him at full speed. Left now entirely to instinct, never fed winged Mercury as fled Mr Sap Green, until reaching his father's house, he rushed in and slammed the door behind him.

As he drew and secured the bolt, the iron-shod hoofs of the horse were deeply indented in the door, and an unearthly scream, as from Pandemonium, echoed through the cottage. The horse was mad!

In some localities country stores are places of much resort, answering the purposes of inns and post-offices for the neighborhood. They are also frequented by electrical intriguers and various traders; add to these the attractive sale of gay fabrics and useful articles generally, and we have before us Tontoon.

This store, with a piazza in front and one in the rear of the house, was situated in the midst of a large oak grove on the Tennessee border of the Mississippi river.

Many persons were loitering in the shade, others sat upon benches beneath the trees, some read newspapers or pasted advertisements, or examined a painted box nailed to a white oak marked in hieroglyphic looking letters—MAIL.

Fishing rods and tackle were hung upon hooks in the piazzas, and a little boat rocked upon the ripples of the river. These were designed by Mr Tontoon especially for the amusement of his customers, by whom he was held in much respect and esteem. Not so with his partner, Mr Grip, a yellow-looking man, with a bilious complexion, tiger eyes, pumpkin-colored hair, teeth and hands. A burly figure withal, had Mr Grip. Again, he never failed to take advantage of any customer who unluckily fell into his hands, and upon retiring at night, he reversed the golden rule of an honored philosopher, by revising the past day only to congratulate himself upon the dishonest advantages he had taken of the customers of his store. Thus Mr Grip daily added to his coffers not only gold and silver, but some jewels of value, and was what Chaucer called: "A man of scarcity and chicanery, with a poor heart and a rich purse."

In those days the Indians occupied the hunting grounds of their fathers, and frequently wandered as far as the Blue Ridge between North Carolina and Tennessee. One of this tribe, a Cherokee, came to Tontoon on a bright October day, leading by a grape vine tied around its neck, a little fawn. He had brought it to barter away for a red blanket which had won his fancy as he passed on his way to the mountains.

An admirer of the graceful and beautiful in nature would have fallen into a poetic dream, had he witnessed this group. The Indian was an athletic youth—a perfect Ganymede, erect and bold in manner, with quick and searching eyes—he might have stood in Minerva's citadel as a type of early manhood. The spotted fawn by its captor's side, was a representative of helplessness, timidity and tenderness; so soft and meek were the large, round, liquid, brown eyes, that they appeared as if they would melt in tears. The Indians "follow nature" in many of their primitive customs. This was the advice of the oracle to Cicero. The Cherokee called the fawn "Trembling Tear-drop."

After looking around the crowd, he walked to a table where there were some pamphlets and papers. Three men were sitting around it; one turned; it was Sap Green.

"This for you," said the Cherokee, handing him a letter.

"How can I read it with my powder-blown eyes? they are not half well yet."

"I will read it for you," said Mr Grip, putting the letter in his pocket, as if it was his own.

"Ugh," ejaculated the Indian.

"Oh! you wish to trade," said Mr Grip, rising.

Without taking the slightest notice of his interrogatory, he walked off and was lost in the crowd.

At one o'clock that night Mr Grip was alone in his chamber. A table was by his side and an open letter lay upon it. As the lamp shone on his countenance it revealed the corrugating foot-prints of Satan and hisimps; they had completed their work, and had left him for a season. He could not sleep.

The little cottage at the foot of the Blue Ridge, was as quiet and peaceful as we left it ten years ago. Mary was no longer a little girl, she was fully grown and returned to her uncle and aunt, in filial duty, the tender care they had taken of her when a child.

She was called the "Daughter of the Valley," for she had endeared herself to its inhabitants by her gentle kindness and acts of charity to all who needed assistance around her, for Mary possessed true piety.

One evening in October, she crossed the meadow on her way to a near neighbor's, for the purpose of nursing, during the night, a sick child. She carried it a basket of flowers and some wild grapes, which she had gathered on the way. As Mary sat in pensive silence by the little bed, she could see from a window, near her, the blue sky refulgently lit with stars, while the undulating summits of the lofty mountains appeared to mingle with them. Here and there smoke curled from the chimneys of the cottages, and rose above the clumps of trees which surrounded them. The whippoorwill sang her monotonous song, and the mocking-bird warbled and trilled her melodies—Mary prayed. She was suddenly startled by loud knocking, with cries of distress at the outer door. She hurried quickly to the chamber of the farmer and his wife, and awoke them from their deep sleep. The door was opened, and there sat her uncle's boy Zanga, with his clothes torn and red with gore. He only could articulate, "murder," and as he pointed to his home, he ceased to breathe.

A horn was blown, and the neighborhood soon assembled at Mr Green's cottage, which they found in flames and the roof falling in. One intelligent mountaineer advised that a watch should be set around the house until daylight, when they could observe tracks and other marks of the perpetrators of this tragedy. The following morning found the neighbors in pursuit of their work of justice and benevolence. They found tracks of a horse's shoes that were remarkably large. These they traced from the cottage some distance west in the high road. They next removed the smouldering ruins, and found the body of Mr Green, nearly consumed by the fire; but no traces were visible of his wife.

A consultation was now held, upon which they agreed to select two men well armed, and mounted upon the best horses in the valley. They were to pursue those tracks and gain all the intelligence they could obtain on the subject.

In the course of the evening, Mrs. Green was found in a fuddle stack, where she had secreted herself. The poor woman was nearly dead from fright and grief.

Zanga's death-wound was examined and found to have been occasioned by a gun loaded with slugs in place of shot. Two of these were given to the men selected, also the measure of the horses tracks. The removal of the slugs and the dimensions of the horse shoes were attended to in the presence of reliable witnesses.

The indefatigable mountaineers lost no time in pursuing the labyrinthian clue which led them on the second day of their journey from the high road into a by-path by which they soon came to a Smith's-shop. Here they discovered that a horse, with remarkably large feet, had been shod at this shop the day before. The Smith readily gave them the old shoe and described the horse and the rider.

On the third morning they arrived at a village and went to an inn; as they passed the parlor in going to see that their horses were provided for, they thought they saw a man answering the description of the Smith gave of the murderer. They were not left long to conjecture, for no sooner had the Hostler opened the stable door than out stepped the horse.

"What great feat he has!" remarked the attendant of the stable.

Our travelers tarried not even to take a glass of water, but sought the Sheriff, who fortunately resided in the village. The warrant was headed him, and he was informed of the circumstances.

The price for which this son of arson and murder had bartered his soul, was never touched by him; it had been removed a day or two previously by a friend. When they returned to the inn the landlord brought a mould and stated that the prisoner, while at this house a few days previously, had moulded lead and cut it up into slugs. The two slugs were produced and fitted the mould exactly; the shoe was measured to the horse's foot and was unexceptionably accurate.

The Original Court sat—Mrs. Green was the principal witness. Her testimony was as follows:

Her husband—Mr Green—and herself were alone in the house. Mary, their adopted daughter, had gone over to a neighbor's, and the servant Zanga, was in his house in the yard. At twilight there came a man on horseback. He called and knocked at the door, her husband opened it, when the air rushing in occasioned some pieces of lightwood, which were laid on the coals in the chimney, to blaze.

The man fired and Mr Green fell. She was standing in an outer door which opened into the little parlor, where her husband was, and seeing him fall, and Zanga, who ran to the house upon hearing the report of the gun, also shot; she had fled into the fuddle stack. She described the coat he wore, and requested to be allowed to change her position so as to see the prisoner. So soon as she saw him she exclaimed:

"He wore that coat he now wears, for there is the rent upon the sleeve, the very rent I saw when he raised the gun."

The prisoner quickly and angrily answered: "It is false, I did not have this coat on when I shot him."

"Too late! This was the coup de grace of the evil one; and now it handed him over to remorse, and to those spirits who 'never smile but when the wretched weep.'"

The letter Mr Green wrote his son, which the Indian handed him at Tontoon, was taken by the Sheriff, from the person of the culprit, whom he was arrested and was read, as follows:

"Dear Son—You must come home as soon as you can do so. We wish you to invest in the best and safest way, within your power, the sum of \$5,000 (three thousand dollars) in specie, which we have laid up in the old chest behind the door."

The remainder of the letter was unimportant to the testimony, which was regarded as overwhelming by the court.

All was quiet. Mr Grip sat manseled in a felon's cell; his companion, the evil spirit, was again by his side, and yet, from that dreary living tomb there arose a sad, mellow voice in prayer. It was the Pastor's—"he was daily there. But the evil spirit whispered to the prisoner: 'Heed him not—Heed him not!'—and he obeyed him.

Chaucer, in the quaint language of his days, says:

"Murder will out."

And his maxim is verified in this story, which possesses what Horace, in his Art of Poetry, regards as essential to Fiction—"The face of truth"—for the incident of a murder's being revealed through a horse-shoe, occurred in Iredell county, North Carolina, in the Spring of 1803-4.

*This incident literally occurred to a distinguished lawyer of North Carolina.

A GRAND ESCAPE OF CATS.

The thriving town of Richmond, (Ill.) one day recently was the scene of a sensation and a catastrophe. The sensation was caused by the advent of Van Amburg & Co's Mammoth Menagerie.

The catastrophe we propose to describe:

On the day in question, an immense crowd had been attracted to see the living giraffe, and others of the menagerie. The caravan had made its grand procession through the streets; the tent had been erected, and a throng of expectant sight-seers were gathered around the entrance awaiting the opening of the door. Just then an odd looking genius drove up to the lot, seated upon a rickety lumber wagon, carefully boarded over, drawn by a pair of spavined, wild galloped, dilapidated steeds, and eagerly inquired for the manager. Upon that person making his appearance, he was saluted with:

"Hallo, Squire, I've brought you a load of cats!"

"A load of what?" asked the astonished manager.

"A load of cats to feed your lions on."

"To feed our lions on! The Queec you have, we don't feed lions on cat meat, they eat nothing but the best beef!"

"Sho, I know better than that; I've read in the papers that cats are the favorite food of lions. Besides, I've got a contract with your agent, for a load of 'em with a revenue stamp onto it, and I guess you can't go back on that." Saying which, the cat merchant produced a greasy slip of paper which read as follows:

RICHMOND, Oct. 5th, 1867.

"This contract witnesseth that I have this day contracted with Simon Wiggins to furnish a load of cats to feed the lions on, for which you will pay him the hereinafter prices to wit: For A 1 Prime Cats, 75 cts.; for Store Cats 50 cts.

JONAS BUNG,Cat Agent Van Amburg & Co's, Menagerie,