

The Charlotte Democrat.

W. J. YATES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1878.

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THE Charlotte Democrat,
PUBLISHED BY
WILLIAM J. YATES, Editor and Proprietor
TERMS—TWO DOLLARS for one year, or
One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents for six months.
Subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at reasonable rates, or in accordance with contract.
Obituary notices of over five lines in length will be charged for at advertising rates.

Dr. JOHN H. McADEN,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Has on hand a large and well selected stock of PURE DRUGS, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Family Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Fancy and Toilet Articles, which he is determined to sell at the very lowest prices.
Jan. 1, 1878.

J. P. McCombs, M. D.,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country. All calls, both night and day, promptly attended to.
Office in Brown's building, up stairs, opposite the Charlotte Hotel.
Jan. 1, 1878.

DR. J. M. MILLER,
Charlotte, N. C.
All calls promptly answered day and night.
Office over Traders' National Bank—Residence opposite W. R. Myers.
Jan. 18, 1878.

Doctor D. STUART LYON,
Charlotte, N. C.
OFFICE with Dr. Bates, over Dr. McAden's Drug Store. (Residence at Rev. Theo. Whitfield's.)
Calls from City and country will receive prompt attention.
April 19, 1878.

DR. M. A. BLAND,
Dentist,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Office in Brown's building, opposite Charlotte Hotel.
Gas used for the painless extraction of teeth.
Feb. 15, 1878.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
E. J. ALLEN,
[Near Irwin's corner, Trade Street.]
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
PRACTICAL WATCH-MAKER,
Repairing of Jewelry, Watches and Clocks done at short notice and moderate prices.
April 17, 1878.

R. M. MILLER & SONS,
Commission Merchants,
and
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Provisions and Groceries,
College Street, CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Flour, Bacon, Sugar, Coffee, Salt, Molasses, and in fact, all kind of Groceries in large quantities always on hand for the Wholesale trade.
Jan. 1, 1878.

J. McLAUGHLIN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Groceries, Provisions, &c.,
COLLEGE STREET, CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Sells Groceries at lowest rates for Cash, and buys Country Produce at highest market price.
Cotton and other country Produce sold on commission and prompt returns made.

D. M. RIGLER
Charlotte, N. C.
Dealer in Confectioneries, Fruits, Canned Goods, Crackers, Bread, Cakes, Pickles, &c.
Cakes baked to order at short notice.
Jan. 1, 1877.

B. N. SMITH,
Dealer in Groceries and Family Provisions of all sorts,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Consignments of Produce solicited, and prompt returns made.
Families can find anything at my Store in the Grocery line to eat, including fresh meats.
Jan. 1, 1877.

E. S. BURWELL, 1878. E. B. SPRINGS
BURWELL & SPRINGS,
Grocers and Commission Merchants,
Charlotte, N. C.
Jan. 4, 1878.

LEWIN W. BARRINGER,
(Son of the late Hon. D. M. Barringer of N. C.)
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
436 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Prompt attention to all legal business. Best references given as to legal and financial responsibility. Commissioner for North Carolina.

DR. RICHARD H. LEWIS,
Raleigh, N. C.
(Late Professor of Diseases of the Eye and Ear in the Savannah Medical College.)
Practice limited to the EYE and EAR,
Refers to the State Medical Society and to the Georgia Medical Society.
Oct. 12, 1877.

TAILORING.
John Vogel, Practical Tailor,
Respectfully informs the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country, that he is prepared to manufacture gentlemen's clothing in the latest style and at short notice. His best exertions will be given to render satisfaction to those who patronize him. Shop opposite old Charlotte Hotel.
January 1, 1877.

Glass.
300 Boxes American Window Glass, at lowest prices.
WILSON & BURWELL.
May 3, 1878.

Feminine Ways.
[By Mrs. C. P. S. in the Raleigh Farmer & Mechanic.]
I saw a young negro woman last week on receiving her wages for the month, invest exactly half of it in purchasing a pair of fine cloth gaiters just a size too small for her foot. Indeed to look at her foot resting on the ground, and compare it with the shoes she was exultingly displaying, was as good a satirical caricature of the ways of most of us as one would care to see.
"Why, Easter, you've got your shoes too small!"
"Oh, No'm, s's is my very number—these is s's. I kin wear '7s, (with an air of triumph) but '7s is tight. So I got s's."

LAND SALE.
[Postponed.]
By virtue of a Decree of the Superior Court of Mecklenburg county, N. C., I will sell at Public Auction, at the Court House door in Charlotte, on Saturday, the 11th day of May, proximo, at 12 o'clock, M., the following Tracts of LAND belonging to the Estate of George W. Houston, deceased, for the purpose of creating assets to pay the debts against the Estate of said deceased, viz.:

One Tract known as the Joseph Blair Tract, containing about Eighty-one Acres (81), lying on Back Creek in Mecklenburg county, adjoining the Lands of D. A. Caldwell, H. M. Dixon and others.
One Tract known as the R. A. Caldwell Tract, containing about Forty-five (45) Acres, adjoining the Lands of W. L. Caldwell, H. M. Dixon and others.
The interest of said G. W. Houston's Estate in a Tract known as the Tan Yard Tract, containing Twenty-two and a half (22½) Acres, upon which the deceased had an extensive Tannery, adjoining the Lands of J. N. Caldwell, dec'd, and others.
The above Different Tracts of Land lie on the N. C. Railroad, about 8 miles East of Charlotte, all in the same immediate vicinity, and in one of the best neighborhoods and sections of the county.
A credit of six months will be given for one-half of the purchase money, and twelve months for the remaining half, the purchaser giving bond with approved security, bearing interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum; title reserved until purchase money is paid.

JOHN A. YOUNG,
Administrator de bonis non.
April 5, 1878. 6w
The above sale is postponed until the 21st day of May. JOHN A. YOUNG.

BUYERS OF DRY GOODS,
Ready-made Clothing
AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Will find at the old established house of
ELIAS & COHEN
The largest, best assorted and cheapest Stock of Goods ever brought to this market.
We are prepared to prove upon examination of our Stock that we make no vain boast, and solicit buyers, both Wholesale and Retail, to look at our Goods and prices before purchasing.

Our stock of Dress Goods, White Goods, Alpacaes, Embroideries, Kid Gloves, Sun Umbrellas, Fans, Ties and Fancy Goods are complete and will be sold at astonishing low prices.
Carpets, Oil Cloths and Matting very low.
Fair dealing. Polite and attentive Clerks. Call and see us and judge for yourselves.
March 22, 1878. ELIAS & COHEN.

COTTON YARN.
50 BUNCHES COTTON YARN from Glen-rory Mills, N. C., manufactured from seed Cotton by E. C. Grier & Son, for sale by
J. McLAUGHLIN & CO.
March 29, 1878.

The Rising Sun's Attractions.
The Earth held in its orbit by the attractive powers of the SUN,
And bathed in the light of its controlling Luminary, sweeps onward and upward in its swift career, until it comes back to the point where C. S. HOLTON has laid in a fresh lot of Fruits, comprising in part Bananas, Oranges, Apples, Canned Peaches, Pears, Pineapples, Blackberries, &c. Also, a lot of Canned Vegetables, Fresh Candy, Cakes, Pies and Light Bread, Coffee, Tea and Spices. Soda and every other variety of Crackers. Toys for all sized children, without regard to sex.
All kinds of GROCERIES to meet all demands of the general housekeeper, put down to equalize the coming remonetized Silver Dollar, a bright luminary of "Ye Olden Time."
Feb. 15, 1878. C. S. HOLTON.

E. G. ROGERS,
FURNITURE DEALER,
Next door to the Post Office,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
I have opened a full stock of FURNITURE, comprising all grades.
Common, Medium and Fine,
In the building next door to the Post Office.
This stock is entirely new, and bought at bottom prices. I will sell low, and all goods will be found as represented.
Special care will be taken in packing in connection with the Furniture Business.
Charlotte, N. C., Dec. 14, 1877.

NEW BUGGIES.
At my Shop in the rear of Wadsworth's Stables, I have a few nice new Buggies for sale at low rates. I also make and repair Wagons, Buggies, Carriages, &c., and do all sorts of work in my line. Give me a call.
W. S. WEARN,
In rear of Wadsworth's Livery Stables.
Aug. 31, 1877.

To the Wholesale Trade.
We desire to announce that our large Spring purchase of DRY GOODS is now open for your inspection.
We have purchased a large Stock and will offer greater inducements to the trade than ever before. Having an experienced resident buyer in the market, our facilities for offering bargains are unsurpassed by any firm in the State.
Give us a call, or send us your orders, and we promise satisfaction.
March 22, 1878. ELIAS & COHEN.

Central Hotel
BARBER SHOP.
GRAY TOOLE, Proprietor, keeps the best workmen employed, and guarantees pleasure and satisfaction to customers.
Shop immediately in rear of Hotel office.
June 8, 1877.

Mineral Waters.
Congress, Hunyadi, Janos, Hathorne, Saratoga "A," Buffalo Lithia, and Bitter Water, just received by
WILSON & BURWELL.
May 8, 1878.

Hops,
100 pounds Fresh Hops, crop of 1877.
Feb. 22, 1878. WILSON & BURWELL.

Feminine Ways.
[By Mrs. C. P. S. in the Raleigh Farmer & Mechanic.]
I saw a young negro woman last week on receiving her wages for the month, invest exactly half of it in purchasing a pair of fine cloth gaiters just a size too small for her foot. Indeed to look at her foot resting on the ground, and compare it with the shoes she was exultingly displaying, was as good a satirical caricature of the ways of most of us as one would care to see.
"Why, Easter, you've got your shoes too small!"
"Oh, No'm, s's is my very number—these is s's. I kin wear '7s, (with an air of triumph) but '7s is tight. So I got s's."

I declare I think sometimes that we all do very much the same way, and in respect to other points than those of personal vanity. It is notorious of course, and much too common-place a practice to be animated over here, that we all, old and young, habitually wear gloves and shoes and belts much smaller than we have any right to; but I was thinking of higher matters. We habitually encase our minds in habits of thought and action much too small for the nature God has given us. We bind ourselves down early in life to a few maxims, a few formulas, a few stereotyped notions of things in heaven, things on earth, and things under the earth, some of them bequeathed to us by our grand-mothers, and are content to go thus cramped all our days. It is a thousand times worse to cramp the mind than to cramp the hands and feet.

One of the points on which we wear No. 7's when we ought to have long ago required 10's, is that of using our own judgment in matters of general public interest—thinking about the questions of the day which the men are settling to suit themselves, making up our minds after getting all the information possible and expressing our opinions in a way to exercise a greater influence on those who do the voting. We are afraid of being rated with the "strong-minded" of our sex further north; of getting over of women's "proper sphere," of getting into a quarrel with our grand-mothers, and so forth, and so on. We have gone on thinking that our opinion on public affairs are worth very little—that we have no right to express these opinions—that law and government, and general business principles are no affairs of ours. Let the men attend to it all—and let us busy ourselves in home and keep quiet.

All this is No. 7, and too tight a fit for 1878. Our opinions my dear friends ought to be worth a great deal, and our influence on these outside matters might be unbounded. Our opinions, even where we are not particularly well informed on the subject, are always worth something, because we have the advantage of judging from a somewhat higher level than they who mingle with the crowd—our judgment is less biased and clearer from prejudice and heated feeling; and we go straight from wrong to right—often jumping at our conclusions, no doubt—but we get there.

Our opinions, if we would take the pains to inform ourselves, would be worth twice as much as they are now, and our influence properly exerted would be felt in high places where at present it is ignored. But though I hope to see the day when the women of North Carolina are understood to be as well informed as the men on all points that relate to the interests of the State they live in, yet I hope never to see, or to foresee, the day when they express those opinions in public, or permit even the thought of appealing to the ballot-box for their support. I hope never to see that size worn by North Carolina women. What we say and think, let us say and think at home, and be very sure that as long as we have husbands and sons and brothers who love and respect us, we shall have audience and influence enough and will be as certainly represented at the polls and in the legislative assemblies as if we disgraced our good grand-mothers by going there ourselves. Our proper sphere of influence is a wide one, much wider than that of our grand-mothers, but still it is a woman's sphere. It has widened to keep step with the age—and will continue to widen, but it will never be other than feminine.

Every wife and mother has some one to love her and look up to her. Every good woman can mould her children's minds and can instill their earliest and longest lasting beliefs into them. Suppose an intelligent out-spoken woman to have read Col. Polk's Report, and to have noticed especially that over eighty counties in North Carolina unite in declaring that lands under care of the negro deteriorate, that he is not improving as a citizen or farmer, but is still lazy and ignorant and shiftless and vicious. Suppose she thinks about it, and puts her own experience, and that of the neighborhood, as to economical value of the negro as a laborer, and finally decides for herself that the South ought to consider seriously whether it ought not to rid itself of him—colonize him, emigrate him, anything to free ourselves of such an incubus, and in place of him, promote the emigration of white laborers. Suppose she impressed her beliefs and wishes upon her husband—upon all the men and boys who gather round her table or her fireside. I don't say she can make all agree with her, but she can impress them more or less. Suppose half a million women doing this—does anyone doubt we should soon be free of the negro in North Carolina in a very few years. Suppose all the married women in North Carolina were to interest themselves in the talk that is now going on about the election of Supreme Court Judges. Suppose they all felt as some of us do upon certain late decisions of the Supreme Court in reference to the marriage tie, and the rights and wrongs of married women in the eyes of the law, contrasted with the privi-

leges of the married men therein. Would it be necessary for the women of North Carolina to raise their voices a semitone above ordinary conversation pitch, or to have a larger audience than their own fire-side circle, to make their opinions felt in the next selection of Judges, and to secure some revision of the Law as laid down by the present bench.

I long to see the day when our farmers wives from Cherokee to Currituck take an interest in such things and learn to speak of them to each other, to think of them and use their influence for and against them. We must read more, we must think more, we must learn to use our pens. If the women took more intelligent views, and if they would advocate a more enlightened, a more generous policy in public affairs, old North Carolina would move at last, we should see the plain tokens of that new departure which, so far, has consisted mostly in talk.

Effects of a Good Song.
I have heard the deep melodious voices of the negroes as they worked in the cotton field ring out that "Sweet Bye and Bye." The larger beer gardens of the Bowery, the water girl saloons of Broadway, the slums of Baxter and Seum of Water street, New York, have rendered it to me, and always with a deep meaning, it matters not by whom it was sung or where, in church or out of it, there was always left an impression that made all who heard it feel better.

I remember at one time of being in Fox's Theatre in Chestnut street, Philadelphia; the performance was half through; liquors and lager beer, cigars and tobacco, vied with the performers on the stage in engaging the attention of the audience. The clash of the empty glasses in the body of the house, and the yell of the "gallery gods," made the place a perfect bedlam. A song and dance act had just been finished by a male and female performer, much to the great satisfaction of the audience, who insisted on an encore, and a repetition of the same song and dance. The half drunk spectators in the body of the house pounded the little round table in front of them with their glasses, and stamped their feet with determination. The "gamins" yelled in union. At once the gentleman performer led the lady down to the foot-lights, quietly and gracefully. The manner of the couple was in direct contrast with that in their former act. The audience was all expectancy. Seating herself on a low chair, and supported by the gentleman, who sat in a higher one, she sang, with her guitar accompaniment,
"There's a land that is fairer than this."

The effect was magical. Verse after verse was sung with the gentleman joining in the chorus. The gentleman seeing the impression made and feeling that there was a hearty response waiting in the heart of every one present in the audience, requested that they all would rise and sing the chorus to the last verse. The response was immediately spontaneous. The whole two thousand persons to a man rose to their feet and joined in this magical beautiful song. It was the success of the evening and every one was the better for hearing it. As I was leaving at the end of the performance I overheard a street "gamin" say to another "wasn't that Sweet Bye and Bye bully?"

Bad News from China.
There was a great tornado at Canton, April 11th. Thousands of houses were destroyed or seriously injured by wind, and an enormous water-spout from the river, which broke over the city. Many lives were lost. Foreign settlements suffered severely. In the midst of the confusion four fires broke out, supposed to be incendiary, as many robberies followed. The latest advices report that 500 Chinese were killed. Nor foreigners were seriously hurt.

The Western Chinese army under Gen. Los is over-running Kashgar and annihilating all the inhabitants, including women and children. Multitudes of fugitives are flying for protection to Russian outposts—more than can be provided for.

The famine distress continues, and enormous tracts are desolated by long drouth. The ground has not fairly been watered for years past.

The fact that a man was a "Union soldier" will not cover all sins. The Democrats of Montgomery county, Ohio, reached into the National Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, last year, and selected veteran John O'Connor as a candidate for the Legislature. John was the smartest, glibest, cleanest-looking man in the Home, and everybody was proud of him. He received the solid vote of the loyal and patriotic Democratic party, and went to Columbus in fine style. In consideration of his military experience he was made Chairman of the Military Committee of the House. Soon the fact leaked out that the Honorable John had been a professional bounty-jumper and deserter during the war, and that he had done time in the Michigan State prison. The developments created a profound stir, and last week Mr. O'Connor was compelled to step down and out. He is no longer a law-maker and a member of the Legislature.

The moral of all this is that a man is not necessarily a soldier because he happens to be living in a Soldier's Home, and the sensible part of it is that when a political party attempts to exalt a man because he was a soldier, it should overhaul the records carefully. Even Ben Butler palms himself off on the people of Massachusetts as an ex-Union soldier.—Washington Post.

The pathway of life is full of difficulties, but Griggins says he has about made up his mind that one of the hardest things in the world for a man to do is to admit to his wife that he has been in the wrong.

Romance of a Rich Young Man.
From the New York Times.

The "Poor Young Man," concerning whom a Frenchman wrote a novel, a dramatized version of which has often been produced on our stage, was, in the opinion of most sensible persons, a preposterous idiot. The act upon which his fame chiefly rests was his leap from the top of a tower. He had ascended this tower late one afternoon with a beautiful young lady, and accidentally found himself locked in for the night. In these circumstances, any intelligent man would have known what to do. He would have selected a comfortable seat for himself and his companion; he would have lit his cigar, and would have passed a delightful evening explaining the motions of the planets and making pleasant bets about shooting-stars. Instead of doing that, preposterous young man deliberately jumped down, at the risk of his legs, and sent a servant to conduct the young lady home. If she had had a particle of spirit she would have despised him ever after, but being a fit companion for the poor young imbecile, she actually applauded his conduct, and became extremely fond of him.

In Clinton, Ill., there resides a maiden lady of, say 35 years of age, who, strange to say, is notoriously anxious to be married. In the same town resides a rich young man who is regarded as decidedly the most eligible person for matrimonial purposes in that part of the State. Miss Warren, the maiden lady in question, naturally desires, or rather did until recently desire, to catch this young man, as her acquaintances curiously phrase it, and laid a deep plan for entrapping him into matrimony.
For a long time she had successfully lured him to make occasional calls at her house. She had offered to be a sister to him, and had professed great interest in his religious welfare. She had adopted all his political opinions, and had left no stone unturned to win his affection. Nevertheless, the young man remained obdurate, and it became evident that no ordinary allurements would succeed in bringing him into matrimony.

It so happened that Miss Warren had read the Romance of a Poor Young Man, and it inspired her with a brilliant idea. There is a Methodist meeting-house in Clinton with a lofty spire, from which a fine view of the surrounding country may be had. The ingenious maiden lady carefully examined this spire, and decided that it would suit her purpose. It was reached by a flight of stairs, the entrance to which was usually kept locked, and the lowest window opening on these stairs was fully thirty feet from the ground. The Rich Young Man was a particularly cautious person, and Miss Warren felt sure that he would never venture upon a leap of thirty feet. If, then, she could manage to be locked up in this spire in company with her desired victim, he would be unable to escape, and in order to protect her reputation could hardly fail to consent to marry her.

By a long process of diplomacy Miss Warren finally succeeded in borrowing from the sexton the key of the spire. With this in her possession she waited until the Rich Young Man made his next call upon her, when she entreated him to take her up the spire. In view of her evident expectation that he would accede to her request, and in order that she might not be humiliated by being obliged to return the key to the sexton without having ascended the spire, the young man politely consented to accompany her. About half-past six they entered the meeting-house, unlocked the stair-case door, and prepared for the ascent. Miss Warren, remarking that she had promised the sexton to lock the door, in order to keep possible boys from invading the spire, fulfilled her promise, and daintily hung the key on her finger.

Then they climbed upward toward the stars, and Miss Warren felt that her stratagem was about to be crowned with success. The pair lingered so long at the top of the spire, gazing upon the beauties of the landscape and watching the stealthy approach of twilight that it was rather late when they started to descend. They reached the foot of the stairs and the young man removed at his near release. Suddenly Miss Warren in a faltering voice announced that she had lost the key. She must have dropped it out of the topmost window of the spire, so she said, while the young man was talking so beautifully about the evening star. Of course, she was in despair, and after the door had been tried and had been found to be proof against any effort to beat it open, she announced that she was ruined, and bursting into tears, fell on her companion's breast.

That able young man judiciously released himself, and, seating Miss Warren on the stairs, told her to cheer up, and that he would soon find a way to release her. "No! no!" she cried wildly, "the window is thirty feet high, and there is no escape for us. I don't blame you, for you are as good and kind as an unmarried woman after this." But the rich young man was already out of hearing and half way up the spire. Miss Warren was about to follow, fearing that he had chosen suicide rather than matrimony, when he reappeared, and with a smiling face invited her to come up higher.

Greatly elated, Miss Warren followed to the lowest window, when he paused and picked up an enormously long rope. This, he informed her, was the bell-rope, and with it he intended to let her down from the window. In vain did she protest that she would die of fright, and that anything would be preferable to being lowered through thirty feet of air. The young man was kind but firm. He fastened the rope about her waist, and pretending that his apparent cruelty was only the highest form of kindness, lifted her out of the window and lowered away. It was still light, and her shrieks attracted a party of young men who happened to be within hearing, al-

though the Methodist Church was rather isolated and in a lonely place. These young men hastened to receive the descending maiden, and though she had perfect confidence in the good taste with which she had selected her hostess, their presence added to her misery. After having thus released his companion from her coveted imprisonment, the young man descended the rope and escorted her home. She said not a word to him, and did not even bid him good-night. Nevertheless, he went home cheerful and feeling that he had discharged his whole duty. There can be no doubt that he is an exceedingly sensible young man, and that his conduct, when contrasted with the mythical poor young man, does equal credit to his head, his heart, and the strength of his arms.

What good Boys can do.
"H," the New York correspondent of the Raleigh Observer, relates the following incidents, which we hope all boys will remember:

"My host of the evening—down town merchant—related some anecdotes of life here which interested me. Three or four years ago he advertised for a boy in his office, at a salary of \$5 per week. Going to the Herald office for the responses, he found 176 letters, from boys of all ages, from 12 to 18, all of whom wished the place, and would comply with the condition of living with their mother. Selecting eight of the letters, he wrote to the parties to call and see him. He chose from the eight a genteel little fellow of 16 years, who at once entered upon his duties and proved a most valuable help, rising from one step to another, till he is now the bookkeeper and correspondent of the House, and his salary increased every six months a dollar a week, till now he gets more than double what he contracted for, besides presents and holidays, during which his traveling expenses are paid, and he has now got into his former place a little brother, the ditto of what he was four years ago. Behold the influence of a good mother's teachings!"

Another incident my friend related. Some three months ago a boy of about 16 entered his office and asked if he would lend him twenty-five cents. "Why do you ask me," said the gentleman, "I don't know you." The boy replied, "I want to go into business with you." "Into business! What sort of business?" "Selling newspapers." "Have you asked anybody else to lend you 25 cents?" "Yes, many, but none of them would do it." "Well, if I lend you the money, when do you expect to pay it?" "I will pay you a week from to-day, or come and tell you why I cannot." He stated that he was from Chicago, where his trade was dull and he had got passage on a freight car to New York. Something about the boy inspired confidence. He received his capital stock and departed. A week afterwards he made his appearance promptly, having on a new pair of pants which he bought out of his profits, besides paying his board, and in his hand thirty cents. He paid back his 25 cents with thanks. The gentleman said to him that his 5 cents of surplus was rather small to operate upon, and proposed to lend him the 25 cents for another week. His offer was gladly accepted, and to make a long story short, the boy has gone on, step by step from news-boy to boot-black, and then to a pressman, running a light job press in a printing office at \$5 a week with extra pay for extra work, spending his evenings reading and writing, his Sundays at Church and Sunday School, paying \$3 a week board, and having remitted through his friend \$6 to a sick brother in Chicago. And he too gave his dead mother's precepts and example as the foundation of his good principles and habits. As the proverb has settled that "the boy is father of the man," I think that the world may expect this boy's progeny to make his mark in the future."

NOT A DRIVER CASE.—Michael McNamara has sued his wife, Mary McNamara, for a limited divorce in a New York Court. He says in his complaint that they were married in May, 1856, but have no children. He alleges that she is guilty of violent, abusive and outrageous conduct towards him; that she occasionally drinks liquor to excess and comes home at unseasonable hours; that she has attacked him with chairs, pokers, a carving knife and a stove lid, and of these attacks he gives many particulars. Once she drove him from the house and pursued him several blocks until a policeman arrested her. Once she fired a pistol at him. He prays "judgment that he be delivered from this dreadful woman; that she be commanded to depart from his bed and board and live separate from him," and be enjoined from troubling him, and offers to pay her seven dollars a week so long as she refrains from molesting him.

MR. TILDEN.—Mr. Tilden says he had had nothing to do whatever with recent Florida confessions in regard to Presidential election frauds. The following is the purport of his statement as reported in the N. Y. Times:

"He said that he had neither advised in favor of or against the passage of the Electoral Commission act; that he submitted to it as the law and felt bound to obey the judgment of the lawful tribunal that decided against him, and that he could not disturb the peace of the country by individual or through others acting by his direction, bringing exposures of well-known frauds to the surface. He spoke with great caution about what might be his duty in case the frauds should be clearly proven before a competent tribunal, and reach to the Presidential title itself by implicating its possessor, and avoided any direct expression of conviction on the subject."

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman.