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ONE third of the cotton crop has left the hands of the farmer.

THE bad weather caused a flurry in the cotton market last week.

KING Kalakaua is to pay us another visit this winter. He is as much of a rover as Grant.

BEACON-FIELD thinks the Gladstone administration will not last long. A disinterested opinion, of course.

THE men who are subscribing to the fund for Grant's support, are buying places in the next administration.

WE neglected to announce last week the death of Governor Williams, (famously known as "Bine Jeans") of Indiana.

BY making General Grant a Senator for life will keep him out of the White House, why, we don't know but that we are willing.

THE peanut crop this year is very large, and is valued at \$2,150,000. This item may be of interest to the average "member-elect."

THE leaders in the exodus movement say that there are 100,000 negroes in the South preparing to move to New Mexico and other Western territories.

THE exodus has, sure, enough begun again, and thousands of negroes have broken up their homes in the South and are moving West. The tide is still in the direction of Kansas.

THERE is a feeling prevalent North that something should be done for General Grant. The New York Sun suggests, and quite happily that the government build him a private distillery.

DO send Grant something, by all means. A bull-pup will do, but if such articles are scarce, send him a pretty kitten. But be sure you enclose a coin or two to make the present acceptable.

THERE will be four contests in the House from Louisiana alone. Probable the Republicans will seize the opportunity to make for themselves a good working majority—what they haven't got now.

THE Atlanta Constitution tells the North to take warning. "We are about to fill up the bloody chasm with lint cotton in order to give all who chance to stumble over something nice and soft to fall on."

MAJ Dowd goes to Congress by a very handsome majority of the popular vote. He was the choice of the party and the party nominated him; he was the choice of the people and the people elected him.

AND the people will never have cause to regret their choice. An able man, Maj Dowd will represent us well; a true man, he will represent us faithfully.

DENNIS Kearney, a most singular political member, has closed his last engagement and retires forever from the political stage. His last words at the close of his chequered career are characteristic:

"When the venomous tongue of hydra-headed slander is hushed, when history and justice are inseparably wedded, then will my name be pointed to with pride. I am now compelled to seek a livelihood for my family. Friends and business are now lost because I championed the cause of the people who turned and stoned me to death."

HE goes back to his dray.

THE New York Sun is reminded that the proposed Presidential Pension fund may be the means of settling the question as to who was really elected President in 1876. Says the Sun:

"If a Presidential Pension Fund is provided at all by Congress, it is likely that it will be for the equal benefit of all men who have once been President.

In that event, who will be entitled to the pension as having been legally elected in 1876?

It would be curious if at last the question of who was elected in 1876 should in this way get into court.

Mr Tilden would not care for the money; but he might think it a fitting opportunity to have the question of his having been defrauded out of the high office judicially and forever set at rest.

QUEEN Victoria has presented the President of the United States with a magnificent carved table made out of the timbers of the ship Resolute. It is of oak, weighs 1,300 pounds and upon its panels is the following inscription:

"H. M. S. Resolute, forming part of the expedition sent in search of Sir John Franklin, in 1852, was abandoned in latitude 74 degrees 41 minutes, longitude 101 degrees 22 minutes west, on the 15th of May, 1854. She was discovered and extricated in September, 1855, in latitude 67 degrees north, by Captain Bndington, of the United States Steamer George Henry. The ship was purchased, fitted out and sent to England as a gift to Her Majesty Queen Victoria by the President and the people of the United States as a token of good will and friendship. This table was made from her timbers when she was broken up, and is presented by the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, to the President of the United States as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the Resolute."

REVELLE.

The dawn smiled through the blueness overhead. The lark awoke;

The mists and mysteries of the night were fled, The morning broke;

And soon the crystal chalice of the air, All pure and clear,

Was brimming o'er with music sweet and rare From far and near.

It overflowed the universe with song So fresh and bright That weary faces, pale with vigils long, Suffused with light;

And turning toward the beauteous eastern sky, In glad surprise,

Reflected half the glories from on high In happy eyes,

And in the rosy shadows of the morn A tiny life,

In solemn hush of joy and love, was born To human strife.

A buried heart, long cold as drift of snow, With breath as white,

Stirred strangely in the rapturous morning glow, And throbb'd with might.

A weary soul, unloved, alone, and old, And long oppressed,

Sped onward through the azure and the gold To endless rest.

The dawn smiled through the blueness overhead. The lark awoke;

The mists and mysteries of the night were fled, The morning broke!

—Miss ADA M. E. NICHOLS, in Harper's Magazine for December.

THE MISTRESS OF THE CASTLE.

A NORTH CAROLINA STORY.

In an isolated, but picturesque portion of North Carolina stands a stone residence, known as "The Castle." It was built by the owner, an eccentric and scholarly old gentleman, as a defence against the members of an ignorant and reckless community that lived near.

These people were probably more interested in the hen roost, the pig pen, and the orchard attached to "The Castle" than in the person of the owner, Colonel Duncan MacLeod.

Colonel MacLeod was a widower. He owned about one hundred slaves, who, under the supervision of an overseer, cultivated the broad acres which belonged to "The Castle." Colonel MacLeod's two children were married, and lived in different States. His time was spent in his own study, and he was a devoted reader of books.

His friends took the place of wife, children, and friends. Sometimes when the half-burned fire on the broad hearth and the shadows of the waning twilight caused him to close the volume before him and invited him to retrospection, he recalled, perhaps, bright faces and tender caresses. He remembered the old magicians more nearly than any nineteenth century man of whom I have ever read or heard. He showed his neighbors to fight the political battles so desperately waged by the Whigs and Democrats.

He concerned himself more about "The Mysteries of Isis" and the romantic mythologies of the Orientals, the Greeks, and the Latins. It was of more interest to trace out the triune relationship of Isis, Osiris, and Horus, of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, than to help put Henry Clay or Andrew Jackson in the White House.

But the time came when the monopoly of this life became wearisome to the old gentleman, and he adopted a method for relief, worthy of the ingenuity of the representative young American who cultivates his literary tastes by reading police gazettes and dime novels. To be brief, he advertised in a number of Northern papers for a wife. The advertisement was:

"Wanted: A Southern planter desires to correspond with a Northern lady of respectable patronage, with a view to matrimony. References exchanged.

Address: "D. C. McLeod, The Castle.—Co., North Carolina.

In less than a week after the appearance of this advertisement, our hero received about one hundred answers to it. One of these, which was about the twentieth he opened, was as follows:

"My Dear Sir: It is evident to me that you are in earnest. I am a poor but respectable girl, a native of Vermont, and I fancy I would like the country plantation life of the South. Send me your photograph; give me a statement as to the condition of your estate, and if they are satisfactory I will be your wife. I am thirty years old. I enclose my photograph and names of two prominent lawyers of my town, to whom you may refer.

"Respectfully, ANNES CLARK, Ingleside Vermont."

The old gentleman exclaimed as he finished the personal of this direct and candid note, written in a graceful and delicate hand: "By all the gods of the Nile, this suits me. She will do. I will not comply with her requests, but I will promise to make her betroth to one-half of my estate. In fact, I shall give this home to her, and the children must be satisfied with bonds and negroes."

He lighted two more wax candles, and closely scanned the photograph pair of honest blue eyes met his. Rings of dark brown hair clustered around a low, white brow. A firm pretty mouth, a delicately chiselled nose, a shapely head proudly poised on sloping shoulders, completed the picture on which the old man's gaze lingered. That night his letter was posted, and the letters of the betrothed to her position were turned, ahead. In short time a serious summons to this effect:

"Dear Sir: My sister who is old enough to act for herself is here for the purpose of becoming your wife. I do not approve of the manner in which she has acted, but we are orphans, we are poor, and she is determined.

if after seeing sister you both declare to take the important step.

"Respectfully, JOHN CLARK.

The old housekeeper received orders to be prepared to receive guests that night, and Colonel MacLeod, arrayed in his best suit of black cloth, and seated in his rarely-used carriage, soon presented himself at the entrance of the country inn.

Everybody had been kept perfectly quiet. The villagers knew of the arrival of three strange guests. Their astonishment knew no bounds when several of them were called into the parlor of the inn to witness the marriage ceremony of a graceful, well-dressed, self-possessed young woman to Colonel MacLeod.

The brother and clergyman were driven to "The Castle" in the carriage with the bride and groom. The Colonel was deferential in his bearing toward the newly made Mrs. MacLeod, who calmly looked out upon the beautiful landscapes that extended for miles to each side of the road, or answered in a low, soft voice, the questions addressed to her.

She was more self-possessed than any member of the party. The Colonel had too long been a devotee of mystical godesses, and had worshipped them at too great a distance, to avoid showing a slight nervousness in the very presence of this woman, who had so suddenly become a part of himself.

And then his daughter and friends! He did not care what they thought of his escape, but would they treat this fair and refined-looking bride of his properly? This puzzled him somewhat. With pardonable pride, he pointed out to his new brother-in-law and the strange clergyman, the broad acres that belonged to "The Castle."

The amazement of the housekeeper and negroes on the arrival of the bridal party may be imagined. But by the time Mrs. MacLeod and the visitors had descended into the supper-room, where ample preparations had been made, order was restored. Colonel MacLeod had called his household into the library and announced the news with the usual dignity. When the graceful mistress entered the room on his arm, and clad in a soft robe of white cashmere, with a spray of orange blossoms fastened in the low coil of brown wavy hair, she found half a dozen obsequious slaves, who vied each other in showing her attention.

With a half smile and perfect self-possession that gratified and somewhat surprised the old Colonel, she nodded to them and took her seat at the head of the table behind the old-fashioned silver tea service. "Plucky, proud, and clever," he thought, as he glanced from the opposite end of the table, "but a mystery to me."

Isis, Memphis, Magians, myths, children, and friends, he was forgotten for the moment. The clergyman and the brother were pleased with the evidences of wealth and the gentility of the host, as well as with his wines and fare. The evening passed pleasantly. Next morning, on leaving, Mr. Clark said:

"Colonel MacLeod, I am reconciled to my sister's caprice. We are orphans, she is of age, and when I saw she was willing to accept your proposition, I came with her, as you know we are poor. It is the strangest marriage on record. I hope, however, it will be as fortunate for you as it seems to be for her."

"The advantage is all on my side, I assure you," gallantly replied the Colonel, "and I shall spare no pains to make her contented."

The negroes on the plantation thought that "marster had made a wonderf'ul match. They knew nothing of the lady's confessed poverty. The neighbors were incredulous, for our sage had not sought to conceal the facts in the case. The daughters were furious. They were so angry that when their letters came, in which they were to see their father again, as he had "disgraced" them and "profaned their mother's name," the anti-quarian became thoroughly aroused.

The object of all this vituperation was sitting opposite him in the library, looking prettier than a girl in a blue silk dress. The Colonel had selected himself for her, knitting a scarf for him of crimson wool. He wisely read the letters to her. As he finished, he exclaimed:

"So Agnes, you see you are unwilling for me to have in my declining years, the comfort of your presence. I shall disinherit them. I shall leave it all to you!"

"No Colonel MacLeod," she quietly interposed, "you must not alter your original contract with me. You leave me very kind to me. It is more than I expect. You give me ease, and luxury; you have taken me out of the depths of poverty—a thing which I hate, loathe, despise more than sight else. If I can make adequate return—"

"Do not speak of it Agnes," he answered quietly, "I had forgotten how sweet life could be before you came. I do not wrong the dead in loving you."

"Then you shall not wrong the living," she interrupted. "But do you love me?" she asked archly. "You never told me that before—did you know it?"

"Pardon me, then," he answered. "I do love you. How could I help it? You are very fair. You are an admirable housekeeper. You are a clever woman. You please me in every way. I would have made myself ridiculous if I had have had worse faith than yours."

"Then you married me for my money, I suppose. I made the proposal to you in a business like way. It was a little absurd, and irregular, my neighbors say, but I did not think of that. I think I am fortunate in finding so lovable a woman under the circumstances."

"Under the circumstances, I think so too," she laughingly replied. "I might have had worse faith than yours."

"But, Agnes, suppose you find that these people will not treat you as my wife should be treated?" he asked with some solicitude.

She readily answered, "I married you, not these people; time heals many wounds. Perhaps time and patience will overcome prejudice, and make these people and your daughters forget the peculiar circumstances of our marriage. They were peculiar, and I am not surprised at the results."

"What a wise woman you are," he exclaimed, "I never thought of that."

claimed with a look of undiminished admiration. "You are not surprised? Well I am; I never thought of such results. But had I foreseen it all, I would not have foregone the pleasure you have given me, if it had been a thousand times worse."

The Colonel endorsed this assertion by raising her hand to his lips. He noticed for the first time that her hand showed marks of labor, and he raised it again and kissed the spot where the work she hated had left its trace.

As Agnes MacLeod prophesied, it required time to restore Colonel MacLeod's friends to his wife, who came to him under such circumstances. Her own pleasing face and manner, her gentleness at the sick bed of slave or neighbor, her fidelity to Colonel MacLeod and his interests, doubtless, were of great value in changing matters.

Colonel MacLeod died, however, his friends were willing enough to know that he had bequeathed "The Castle" and everything on it to his wife. The widow mourned his loss for several years. Their life at "The Castle" had been a beautiful and happy one. She had known many of life's hardships. The elegance and comforts which her dotting husband threw around her, and the romance and the absence of that ideal and absorbing passion which all kinds of married people are generally supposed to entertain for each other.

But in time suitors came for the hand and fortune of the youthful mistress of "The Castle." Many evil hearts she yielded to the solicitations of a gentleman in the neighborhood who married him. He had squandered his money, and no one knew how. But he was a handsome man, a fine conversationalist, and had won and broken the heart of one of the former belles of the county.

This was before Mr. MacLeod had entered the society, and was not intimately acquainted with the facts in the case. After a brief courtship, during which, perhaps, her young suitors impassioned words, vows of devotion, and moonlight serenades had made her think her tranquil marriage with her civil, refined but elderly husband a very tame affair, by contrast, she married him. She suggested that they should continue to live at "The Castle," a suggestion he very readily accepted, and had no home of his own. Besides, he remembered that Col. MacLeod was buried in a private lot, near "The Castle," and during his illness he had often expressed to her a pleasant thought, to feel that his last resting place would be near you—so near that you will think of me every day, and perhaps see a flower over my grave which will ever belong to you."

regretted her second marriage. She was too proud to show her grief by the wrinkle of her hair which her sorrow brought her. Her penitential husband began to sell her negroes; in her suffering she failed to give proper attention to the crops and her stock became reduced in value. At this juncture the war commenced. Her husband, possibly from his love of daring adventure or possibly because he was weary of his banished home, was glad to get an excuse to leave home. He made a bad job of his wife's purse, and equipped a company, of which he was chosen captain. Left once more alone, she sought to help her injured fortunes. Every young fresh rose was placed on the grave she had never neglected. The old books in the library that he had loved to read became her companions at night. Quietly a year or two passed. In the meantime the civil war had become more bitter. Every week was mailed a duffletter. Every man who had deceived for the sake of her money. Sometimes her lonely hours she would wonder if God had intended this last misfortune as her punishment, a retribution because, had she not married Colonel MacLeod to free herself from the shackles of the poverty she hated?

But, then, she learned to love him, and she had been to him in every thought. If this second one had not crossed her path, her peaceful life would have been, how much good she might have done with the wealth the generous hearted had left her. One evening her reveries broken by a telegram from the field near Richmond, she was from husband. It read, "Come to me, my darling."

That night she made a bequeathing "The Castle" to Colonel MacLeod's daughter. The next morning left for the scene of the battle, leaving Richmond, the seven days' fight was raging. She could find no trace of husband in the city. Intrepid and fearless in the performance of what she considered her duty, she hired a horse and rode toward the battlefield. She was a superb horsewoman, and soon read a point near which she supposed that day's battle had been fought. A man in the company knew and led her. She hoped to find some gem from whom she expected to gain some information. No thought of age had entered her mind. But as she neared the sound of the conflict, she struck her, and wounded, she fled. The sharpshooter, whose ball had struck her shoulder, and who had shot from her horse, and guided by some instinct which told him he had mistaken innocent woman for a disguised spy, caught her in his arms. She retained consciousness long enough to tell that she was looking for her husband who was wounded. The blue coat of had her conveyed to a federal hospital, where night inflammation and fever set in. In her wild delirium she only name mentioned was Colonel MacLeod, while she would so wander, now among the green hills her native Vermont, now on the slopes around "The Castle," and on the banks of the lot-to-better among the columns of ruined Median temples and long-forgotten domes. The physician who attended her every moment interested in her case occasional mentions of a locality named Vermont, led her to send for the Vermont regiment. When Colonel MacLeod came, the doctor stepped in and said "She is sleeping. This is at hand. I think

she is the wife of a rebel Colonel, to whom she seems devotedly attached and whose body she was looking for when the sharpshooter struck her."

"What is the Colonel's name," inquired Colonel Clark in a low tone. "Colonel Duncan MacLeod," whispered the physician.

"My God! She is my sister!" exclaimed the officer, stepping toward the cot. The movement awakened the sleeper, whose wide opened eyes shone with the reason that precedes death. She saw and recognized General Garfield, and murmured "brother." Her head rested on his breast a moment, when her eyes opened as if she saw a vision beyond the low walls of the room. Was it the delirium and strength of her stretch that made her stretch out her arms and say in a low, distinct voice:

"My darling, I come to you where the river is always bright, where the boats and the asphalt never fade, where the temples never crumble."—W. W. Alexander, in the South Atlantic.

PERSONALS.

Stra behind the scenes isn't a pretty picture. General Grant's income is a little over \$4,600 a year.

Cara Morris, Jennie June says, is the best dressed woman in America. Northern visitors are pouring rapidly into Aiken, South Carolina.

There will be five colored men in the Tennessee legislature. Mrs. Sallie Read, of Benton, Arkansas, is a candidate for clerk of the house of representatives in that state.

Bret Harte and Mark Twain are the favorite American authors in Europe at the present time. President-elect Garfield, according to a correspondent, smokes short, thick cigars, and likes to blow the smoke up to the ceiling.

Patti bought last month \$16,000 worth of art objects in Paris. She has of late developed a taste for painting and sculpture.

Father Ryan, the post-priest, will lecture in Baltimore soon, for the benefit of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Senator Lamar, of Mississippi, is again reported in very bad health, and it is thought not unlikely that he may resign his seat.

Mrs. Hayes has, it is reported, invited Mrs. Garfield to visit her at the white house this winter, in order that she may see something of the responsibilities of the presidential household before she assumes them.

The population of New York city, according to the census of 1880, is 1,206,877. Of this number 615,815 are females and 590,762 males. The native population is 727,743; foreign born, 478,834.

The next senator for California will probably be General Miller, one of the bravest and most injured soldiers of the war, who had the misfortune to have an eye shot out, which occasionally inflames and gives him the most horrible pains.

Mrs. Arnold, the sole surviving sister of Stonewall Jackson, now resides at Buchanan, W. Va. She is said to have adhered strongly to the Union side during the civil war.

Mr. William A. Astor, whom the Republicans ran for Congress on account of his money, is said to have contributed \$200,000 for campaign purposes.

Mr. Herbert Spencer will start next spring upon his philosophical tour of the world. He will be accompanied by two secretaries and probably by Professor Huxley.

A Nevada widower took his four sisters-in-law to Salt Lake and married them all. The oldest is 30 and the youngest 18, and they profess the most ardent love for their husband as well as for one another.

Mr. Charles Merriam, the Springfield publisher, has built and fitted up a handsome library building for his native town of West Brookfield, Mass., and has added to this gift five hundred shares of New York Central Railroad stock, the income from which is to be used in the purchase of books. The whole gift is estimated to be worth \$83,000.

Richard Ten Brock, the celebrated turfman, is expected to arrive in New York from England to day. He is 80 years old and thinks now that he is entitled to retire. The aggregate winnings of his stable during his ten years' stay in England amounted to \$197,756.

Fifteen years ago, Hon. M. Chaplain, prime minister of the Province of Quebec, was the widowed rake in Canada, and his excesses were the subject of much Montreal scandal. He fell in love with a \$100,000 and a homely girl, reformed, married, and is now one of the most prominent men in the dominion.

Society in New York appears to be edging itself toward Mike Barnhardt in a somewhat doubtful fashion. It is intimated that as the Prince of Wales patronized her it cannot be very far wrong to follow such a distinguished lead. Disasters can range themselves behind the skirts of Victoria, the Prince of Wales' royal mother. There is a precedent for patronizing Sarah and precedent for letting her alone.

They say that General Garfield harassed up his horse the other night rather than disturb his hired man, who had retired. Perhaps he was going to a Union League or Klu Klux or something of the sort.

No remedy for kidney diseases heretofore discovered can be held for one moment in comparison with Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver cure—O. A. Harvey, D. D., Washington, D. C.

To mothers whose children are weeping—Sneezing and bawling slumber secured from the little ones, and coughs and colds rapidly banished by the use of Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

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READY FOR INSPECTION.

W. KAUFMAN & CO.

OUR STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

For Men Boys and Children.

is larger and more complete than ever heretofore, and at prices seldom equaled, and never beaten. Come and learn our prices and examine our goods. It will pay you.

W. KAUFMAN & CO., Spring Street, Corner.

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TRADE STREET NEAR THE POST OFFICE.

I have opened a full stock of Furniture, comprising all grades, Common, MEDIUM AND FINE.

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 a full stock of Coffins, Caskets and Metallic Cases, constantly on hand.

MILLINERY AND HAIR GOODS!

I announce to the public that my stock of Fall Goods is now complete, and the ladies will find it to their interest to call on us before it is all gone. My stock is entirely new and of the latest styles. Canton, Pabian and Milan Straw Hats, and endless variety of Plush, Wool and Fur Hats. Also a nice line of Silk and Satin Silk Velvets, Velveteens and Plushes in all the new shades, with birds and feathers to match. I have also a nice selection of HAIR GOODS.

Returning thanks for past patronage, and soliciting a continuance of the same, I am, very respectfully, MRS. E. MCKELLIS, Trade Street, Charlotte, N. C.

Burgess Nichols, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in All Kinds of Furniture, Bedding &c. A Full Line of Cheap Bedsteads, Lounges, Parlor and Chamber Suits.

Coffins of all kinds on hand. Trade Street, Charlotte, N. C.

JUST RECEIVED, FIFTY BUSHELS SEED RYE, FINE WHITE BOLT SEED WHEAT, LONG BERRY WHEAT, Kilpatrick Rust Proof Wheat, Fresh Clover, Lucerne and Orchard Grass.

The celebrated Roland Chilled Plows; Avery's Plows, a full supply. Hagenstown Grain Drill and Bake; the Van Winkle Cotton Gin. A full line of Implements, &c. J. G. SHANNONHOUSE, Agt.

A. A. GASTON, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in STOVES, TINWARE HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS 250 Cooking Stoves, Low Prices.

CALL FOR THE BARLEY SHEAF.

THE IMMENSE INCREASE OF OUR BUSINESS.

This fall, over previous seasons justifies a SECOND PURCHASE, for which purpose our Mr. BARUCH is now in the Northern Markets. Feeling that we deserve the success we have won, we have from time to time added to our business, and endeavored to make each and every Department as complete as if we made a specialty of it, and as each is auxiliary to the other and shares the expense of a strict organization, we can naturally offer better value in all our lines than any house which realizes its profits from a single line of goods.

WITKOWSKY & BARUCH.

Charlotte, N. C., November 15, 1880.