

FAYETTEVILLE EXAMINER

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NO. 1.

The Dawn Will Come.

The night may be dreary, and sombre and sad,
And swiftly may speed the wild rack in the sky;
The ocean may roar on the wave-beaten shore,
But the dawn of the bright golden morning is nigh!
The tempest may gather, and thunder may roll,
And the frightened birds hide from the lightning's sheen;
But far in the east, from its slumber released,
The dawn of the bright golden morning is seen!
The bitterest sorrow may gather around,
And banish the smile to give place to a tear;
But time will relieve all who tremble and grieve,
For the dawn of the sweet-smiling morning is near!

Then do not despair, O ye weary and sad,
For joy will disperse 'e'en the shade of a sigh;
Bright days will come back, and the night and the rain,
Will flee when the dawn of the morning is nigh!—*Edward Ozonford.*

A TALE OF A COAT TAIL.

BY JULIA K. WETHERILL.

Mimi Legrand had made up her mind that spiderhood was to be her lot. Not that she was ugly or ill-tempered—oh, no! She was as pretty as a picture, and as sweet as a May morning; but when one lives on Esplanade street, in a house with a high wall around it, with a maiden aunt for a duenna and a papa who scowls at the bare mention of "marriage," one runs a poor chance of meeting one's fate.

Mimi was just eighteen, and though she was brought up like a recluse, she began to think it was high time she had a lover.

One evening, as she sat in the company of her father and Aunt Diane, she remarked suddenly, in a plaintive voice, "Lucy Marshall was married last Tuesday."

"And very silly at her age!" retorted Aunt Diane. "A mere child—she ought to be at school."

Mimi had her own opinion upon the subject, but she prudently kept it to herself; merely remarking, "Missie Dupont is married, and she is six months younger than I am."

"And what then?" asked papa, looking up from his newspaper.

"Oh! nothing," Mimi replied, sighing profoundly. "Harriet says she was married at St. Louis, with six bridesmaids, and a veil, and a train three yards long."

"Harriet is an idle gossiping servant," interrupted her aunt. "Who has no business filling your head with such nonsense."

"And does my little girl envy these young ladies?" Mr. Legrand inquired.

"We-ell," returned Mimi, in a non-committal tone. "It must be very nice. All my friends are marrying, and—and I am getting to be quite an old maid!"

"Marriage is not the chief end of life," said Miss Diane, severely. "There are nobler, higher things to which a woman may devote herself."

"Oh, bother!"—and Mimi shrugged her sunny shoulders.

"Mimi," said her father, seriously, "you must give up these foolish thoughts. You might find great unhappiness in a lover."

"But papa," urged Mimi, "I am sure you were married."

"And bitterly repented it," her father might have replied, looking back upon his unhappy wedded life; but he only frowned and said, "Let us have no more of this folly, Mimi."

Thus snubbed, she did not dare to say more; but she pouted, and thought to herself, "I might as well be a fight, for no one ever sees me. Unless I can slip away, I never can go out walking without Aunt Diane, and even then she makes me bundle up my head in a veil, until, no doubt, every one thinks I've had the small-pox. As for a walk on Canal street, Aunt Diane says the men are impudent and stare too much, so she takes me round by all the alleys and little two-cent streets. It's a shame—that's what it is."

But the darkest cloud has a silver lining. One afternoon, when papa was away at his business, and Aunt Diane had just stepped out to see a friend, Mimi meditated upon what she could make of her liberty. She sat down to the piano, and began "I love my love," then jumped up with a yawn.

The only thing she could find in shape of a romance was "Telemachus"; but she soon flung it into a corner, and went out on the balcony.

It was a lovely April day, and as she bent over the flower-boxes, there came a loud ring at the bell. Hanging over the railing, regardless of appearances, she descried a handsome youth standing on the steps.

"A man!" she exclaimed inwardly. "Oh, joy!"

A few minutes later, Harriet came upstairs and said, "Miss Mimi, *dove's* a gentleman in de parlor, calling himself Mr. Wolfe. He wants to see Miss Diane."

"Aunt Diane is not at home," answered Mimi.

"I done told him dat 'ready, an' he says any ob de family'll do jes as good."

"I will see him," said Mimi with dignity.

"De law, miss! will you?" cried Harriet, awestruck by such bravery; adding discreetly, "But what'll Miss Diane say?"

"Whatever she chooses," said the little rebel, with a parting glance at the mirror.

Meanwhile, George Wolfe was gazing around the old-fashioned room, with its tarnished gilding and spindle-legged chairs, and deciding that its inhabitants must be a dreadful set of old fossils, when the door opened, and the sweetest little creature in the world came in. George had never seen earlier dark hair, or such soft, laughing eyes.

Once in the presence of that awful monster, man, against whom she had so often been warned, Mimi lost courage, and faltered out, turning very red, "If you please, sir, what do you want?"

The stranger did not seem at all abashed, but answered, "I am Miss Tarlton, commissioned me to place these papers in the hands of Miss Legrand. They are the minutes of the Society for the Propagation of Female Independence. I suppose, that is I mean to say—are you Miss Legrand?"

"I'm not Aunt Diane," she returned in an insulted tone, "I'm Mimi."

"Oh! I did not think it probable that you were the President of the Society; however, I suppose the papers will be safe in your hands," said George, and having finished his errand he should have gone. But he still lingered, and remarked brilliantly, "We are having beautiful weather."

"Beautiful!" assented Mimi, looking at him under her long eyelashes, and thinking the man was not so black as Aunt Diane painted him.

"I suppose," he continued desperately, "you enjoy walking in Canal street, these pleasant afternoons?"

"Ah!" said Mimi, shaking her head sadly, "you little know Aunt Diane if you suppose anything of the sort. Dear me! I'm not allowed to walk on any street where any one else walks."

"How cruel!" he responded sympathetically.

"Isn't it?" said she, being an inveterate chatter-box, and glad to find any one who would listen to her. "I might as well be a prisoner, and idle around in the Japanese Tommy. How would you like to have your aunt always following you about?"

"I should like it very much," answered George boldly, "if she were as charming as some people I know."

"But Aunt Diane isn't," said Mimi, confidentially. "Though" she added, her conscience smiting her, "she is very nice and good. But she will keep on saying that people ought not to marry—and that is all nonsense, isn't it?"

"Absurdity!" George cried warmly; and after more conversation of a like nature, he rose to go, saying, "I hope this will not be our last meeting, Miss Legrand. May I call on you?"

"Oh, my!" cried Mimi, aghast, "Don't try it. Papa would be so angry, and Aunt Diane would bite your head off."

George seemed quite cast down for a minute, and then said, "I will say good-bye; but it shall not be forever."

"Au revoir," said Mimi drooping her long black lashes.

As soon as Aunt Diane came home, Mimi told her about Mr. Wolfe, and gave her the package of papers.

"You went down to see him!" ejaculated the spinster, "alone—without a chaperon! What well-behaved girl ever did such a thing! What unprecedented boldness! What will your father say when I tell him?"

"Don't see what I've done," pouted Mimi, "and why did you tell me men were so frightful and wicked. I wasn't a bit afraid of him."

"Misguided girl!" groaned her aunt, "you will bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. What—what will your father say?"

"Her dyed hairs, I guess she means," thought Mimi; adding aloud, "Why, he'll say you ought to have been at home to receive the papers—that's what he'll say."

Miss Diane reflected that this artful remark was true, and not caring to be reprimanded by her brother, she magnanimously said, "For once, I will consent to spare you, Mimi, but never let it happen again."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Mimi, with a virtuous air; and that evening she prattled as artlessly as ever to her unsuspecting papa.

Several times after this, as Mimi was peering through the shutters, she saw George Wolfe, and each time, the audacious youth kissed his hand to her.

Having little else to think about, he was continually in her mind, and the warnings of her guardians defeated their object, by making her realize that stolen waters are sweet.

While this was going on, an old aunt of Miss Diane, from whom she had expectations, was taken very ill, and Miss Diane flew to her succor, leaving Mimi to the care of her father, who, fearing no danger, took no precautions.

One afternoon, Mimi, taking advantage of her new-found liberty, went out to carry some soap to a poor invalid in St. Anthony's alley, and this being done, lingered in the Square. By a strange coincidence George Wolfe suddenly appeared from behind a catalyptus tree and Mimi turned as rosy as an April dawn, at sight of him.

"I had begun to despair of ever seeing you again," he said, "and almost made up my mind to brave the dragon."

"Aunt Diane is away on a visit, now," she replied, demurely.

"That accounts for your being out of doors," he said. "I have often seen you at your window, like a caged bird."

"A jail-bird, I suppose you mean. I might as well have been in prison. How nice you must find it to go about by yourself!"

"I know some one I would like to go about with me, all the time."

"Who is it?" questioned Mimi.

"I am afraid to tell you."

"Why should you be? I won't hurt you."

"You give me permission to tell?"

"Why, yes, of course. Who is it?"

"You, Mimi!"

"O-oh!" she cried, opening her eyes very wide. "Would you, really?"

"Yes, indeed."

"But you might get tired, sometimes."

"With you, Mimi, I could go on forever, and ever, and—"

"Walking forever! I think I would like to take a street-car, occasionally."

"Now, you're laughing at me, Mimi. I thought you liked me better than that. Discreet silence on Mimi's part."

"Perhaps, though, you don't like me at all."

Still silence.

"Do you, Mimi?"—very urgently.

"Ye-es," she murmured, hanging her head.

Hands clasp, eyes meet, beneath the catalyptus tree—and "the old, sweet story is told again."

These meetings had gone on for some time, when George determined to go to Mr. Legrand, and throw himself upon his mercy.

With outward calmness, but quaking inwardly, he entered Mr. Legrand's presence, while the cowardly little Mimi kept carefully out of the way.

"May I inquire the nature of your business, sir?" asked Mr. Legrand, loftily, looking down at the young man's card.

George turned scarlet, and said, "I have the honor of knowing your lovely daughter."

"You are laboring under a mistake, young man. My daughter has no unseasonable acquaintances. You must mean some other young lady."

"Heavens! As if there could be more than one Mimi in the world."

"No, sir; there is no mistake. I love her very dearly, and I—I—have come to ask for her hand in marriage," stammered George, very much abashed.

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Legrand, and only the largest capitals will at all express the awful emphasis he concentrated on that one word.

It frightened George, but he went on bravely, "I am the junior partner of the firm of Davis & Wolfe, and my worldly prospects—"

"After all the trouble I have taken to keep her from contact with the male sex!" interrupted Mr. Legrand, apostrophizing the opposite wall.

"Yes, Mr. Legrand; I know it is very annoying, but I trust you will overlook it for once, and—"

"Mr. Wolfe, there is the door!" said Mr. Legrand, sternly.

Refusing to take the hint, George continued, "And let me explain—"

His intended explanation was but short by Mr. Legrand, who seized him firmly by the arm, and walked him out into the hall.

"Mr. Legrand, if you will allow me a few minutes, I will explain—"

"You will explain nothing, Mr. Wolfe," retorted he, still pushing the struggling suitor towards the door.

"But, my dear sir—"

"I am not your dear sir, young man, and I have no desire to be," said the stern parent, and he hastily thrust George out, and shut the door, thinking he had seen the last of him.

But unfortunately—or fortunately, as it turned out—he had slammed the door on George's coat-tail, and when that dejected suitor attempted to walk down the steps, he found himself securely fastened there. What should he do? Stand still, until some one came out, and allow the fingers of scorn to be pointed at him by the *gentes* of the neighborhood. Perish the thought! After many struggles, he grasped the bell-handle, and pulled it furiously.

Still ruffled in his temper, Mr. Legrand hunched out, and when he saw George still there, he exclaimed, "What! *again*, young man?"

"My good sir," remonstrated George, "How could I go away, when you had fastened my coat-tail in the door?"

Mr. Legrand had a sense of humor, and it was tickled by this dilemma. He laughed, and having relented so far, descended to talk the matter over with George, the result being, that laughing, crying, blushing Mimi was called in to ask papa's forgiveness, and make her lover feel himself supremely blessed.

"Well, well! girls will be girls, I suppose," said papa, determined to put a good face on the matter, and after all, he wanted his little Mimi to be happy.

Even Aunt Diane's heart was softened, and she made no objection to the marriage, and Mrs. George Wolfe often says that she owes all her happiness to George's coat tail!—*Agent's Herald.*

SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION.

Mr. Robert Ingersoll, having declared that Shakespeare was not a believer in the truths of Christianity, Dr. Bolles, a Cleveland clergyman, a student of the great dramatist, has undertaken in a series of lectures to show that he believed, not only in a Supreme Being, but in the incarnation of the Divine in Christ, and in a special overruling Providence. He sustains his positions by many quotations, proving that Shakespeare drew largely from the Bible and had a full and sympathetic familiarity with the prayers, ritual and ordinances of the church. For example, "Portia's" famous address before the court, at the trial of "Shylock," beginning, "The quality of mercy is not strained," is but a paraphrase of the words of Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Handlet's description of man:

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!"

Calls to mind the Psalmist's apostrophe, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" The celebrated soliloquy, "To be or not to be," says the lecturer, has its root in the Scripture. Then the remorse and the fear of death and doom on the part of the villains in Shakespeare's dramas, prove, he says, that the poet believed in the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched. "How does the believer in Shakespeare's atheism," he says, "reconcile with his belief the wonderful language of Cardinal Wolsey to Cromwell, beginning, 'I charge thee, fling away ambition! Shakespeare an atheist? Horrible! horrible! Not less than a thousand times does he mention the name of God—more often, indeed, than that sacred name is mentioned in the Bible. Not less than a thousand times does he refer to God by some of his works.' So in various passages of the dramas and sonnets he finds proof of Shakespeare's belief in a loving and personal God; and particularly in Shakespeare's will, where he commits his soul to God."

Moreover, says the lecturer, Shakespeare believed that man is what he is declared to be in the whole system of theology resting upon the Bible—"not a being evolved from unseemly agencies and influences of matter, but created in the image of the great God Himself, not an advanced monkey, or an improved ape, but an altogether different order of being, spiritual as well as material; visible and invisible, mortal and immortal. Yet not all pure and holy, but fallen from his original high estate and prone to crime. Never in all the flights of his imagination had he the thought of any of our modern materialists as to the mere animal nature and origin of man, nor has he created a single character so horribly depraved as to soil his own nest by the denial of man's high and Heavenly original. And as for the latest invention of German neology, that the soul of man is only the production of the 'chemico-physical' mathematics of atomic oscillations—we doubt if anything like it can be found in any of the vagaries of any of the ghosts or witches the great dramatist has produced."

If from the words of Shakespeare's characters it were possible to discover Shakespeare's own thoughts and feelings, Dr. Bolles would have made out his case, but unfortunately, he, as well as Mr. Ingersoll, is dealing with a poet and a dramatist, and not with a distinctive moral or religious teacher. He puts into the mouths of his characters opinions and sentiments appropriate to them. He makes his good men and women talk and act like good men and women, while his villainous discourse and act villainously. On the principle laid down by Dr. Bolles it would be possible to make of Shakespeare a believer in all sorts of superstitions, in witchcraft, in astrology, even in paganism. He is both a Catholic and a Protestant, a heathen and a Christian; a generous, tender, self-sacrificing woman, a cruel, bloody, remorseless tyrant, a sweet, filial daughter, an affectionate, true, devoted wife, and a fearless, unflinching, a pious priest, a seceder at religion and the priesthood, a devout believer in the rites of the church, a flouter at its ceremonies, and a hundred other contradictions and inconsistencies. And because he is all this, he is the greatest dramatist and poet that has yet shed light upon the intellectual world.

But, taking his works as a whole and considering him as the ripest product of his age, what is the probability in regard to his belief? His personality is so obscure that we have nothing but conjectures to go upon, and the surmise about him must rest upon probabilities. On this basis there can be no hesitation in saying that Dr. Bolles, however erroneous in his method, is correct in his conclusions. Shakespeare lived in an age of belief, and of poetical belief. Though the religious controversy between the Church of Rome and the English throne had been scarcely quelled by the accession of Elizabeth, yet the very controversy shows the depth of religious fervor then prevalent. It was not an age of religious doubt, nor of conflict over civil liberty. There is not a hint in Shakespeare of the profound agitation in regard to constitutional rights and personal liberty, which, in less than fifty years afterward, shook the kingdom with civil war. In an age when Bacon, the philosopher, was a believer, it is hardly surprising that Shakespeare, the poet and dramatist, should be a skeptic. He parroted, even of the religious prejudices of his time. His drama of the "Merchant of Venice" embodies the prevailing scorn and hate of the Christian for the Jew. He probably never so much as dreamed of representing man, except in "the image of his Maker," because those speculations which have resulted in the theory of "an

advanced monkey and improved ape," had no existence. Such a conception was, in the very nature of things, as impossible at that time as the conception of the steam engine or the electric telegraph. Almost as little was known of monkeys and apes, or even of human physiology, as of the properties of steam and electricity.

The attempt to find in Shakespeare what in the nature of the case cannot be there, must necessarily fail. While he represents more clearly and profoundly than any other writer the infinite depths and myriad cross-lights of human character, yet he was subject to the limitations of the day and time in which he lived. All that was in man as a moral and sentient being he saw with microscopic power; of all that was beyond or outside of him, either in the region of science or philosophy, he could see no more than was visible to his contemporaries. He believed, undoubtedly, in the religion, as he did in the government, of his day; and the idea of a Darwinian theory or a constitutional republic of fifty millions of people were alike denied him.

Even had he been acquainted with these views his dramas might still have been as full of profound religious insight as we now find them, though it is doubtful if the soil of so analytic an age as this could give birth to so rich a nature as Shakespeare's. However this may be, the conditions of his time, his environment and his influences, are the only solid basis on which to found a conjecture of his beliefs. He was a human being and subject, like all of his race, to the thousand surrounding impulses that molded his generous and plastic soul.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Dixie" and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

AN EPISODE OF THE GRAND BANQUET AT CINCINNATI.

But there was a long delay, while the people in the balconies waited wearily, or arose and passed out, and it was fully midnight before any one was permitted to come to the front and address the noisy and dispersing crowd.

Before this there had occurred a grand and thrilling episode. The great orchestra, under the puissant baton of Michael Brand, struck up the stirring old air of "Dixie," with its soul thrilling associations and memories. For a moment there was a hush. The old soldiers of the South looked at each other, and the vast throng was still. But before the second bar was struck the emotions of the gallant Southerners overcame them, and almost simultaneously they sprang to their feet more than a thousand strong, and the old Southern battle cry made the lofty arches ring again. Side by side with them stood the Northern hosts and cheered with them. Again and again the men of the South broke forth as the gay measures woke their enthusiasm, and the strains of the orchestra were fairly drowned by their united voices.

A prominent gentleman of Cincinnati, and a famous soldier, turned to Governor Marks, of Tennessee, and said: "That is the old rebel yell."

"Yes," was the reply, "and now, hear it raised for the stars and stripes," for just then the orchestra struck up that grand and patriotic air. The scene that followed is indescribable. Such a one was never witnessed before. As the little orchestra poured forth the grand old strains of

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S VIEWS.

Governor Seymour, from his retired elevation, surveys the whole field of politics even as his stately mansion on the Deerfield hills overlooks the noble valley of the Oriskany. As the general watching the battle from the distant hill top knows better the prospects of victory than do the combatants themselves, so the Sage of Deerfield, away from the smoke and din of the battle field, observes conditions of the struggle which escape the eye that is blinded by the passion of the hour or the smoke and dust of the field.

Governor Seymour does not believe Grant will be nominated. "Some new man whose relationships are as yet unknown," will, he predicts, be the dark horse to win. He deduces this conclusion from the history of the Republican party, which is not in the habit of taking up its strong men for Presidents. Grant's first nomination was due to the fact that "no one knew what his politics or policy were." But now both are known and that knowledge is fatal to his nomination. The very composition of the Republican party—made up as it is of discordant elements—necessitates the taking up of men who, like Hayes, "are so little known that no section of the country can take offense." The Governor rules out of the race all the candidates now prominent for the Chicago nomination. "They are all," he says, "too Republican for the Republican party."

As to Cincinnati, Gov. Seymour believes the action of the Democratic National Convention will be "shaped by the course of events, and particularly by the action of the Republican Convention." But so far as the present is concerned "no one can yet forecast the action of the Democratic party, nor—and there is a half-hidden significance in the words—"have those spoken of in connection with the nomination for President clearly made up their minds that they wish to be put upon the ticket."

Gov. Seymour's allusions to the condition of the party in this State will command a special interest. Our differences are "drifting into the past, and are getting behind the party in its course in the future. On the other hand the quarrels among the Republicans are breaking out along the pathways before them." The quarrels among the Republicans are "among young and active men" and are likely, therefore to last. Democratic quarrels are over old men, who will all pass away in two or three years at the most. What folly, therefore, to continue them! The Governor refers sadly to his own experience, in espousing the quarrels of old men. The men died but the quarrels survived, and the wounds received rankle to this day, and the animosities engendered, many of them, have never been forgotten or allayed. It is foolish for young men," continues Gov. Seymour, "to waste their time in quarrelling over, or espousing the cause of old men." May the young men of the Democratic party heed this wise admonition!

Gov. Seymour does not think much of "plans" for uniting the party in this State. The party "must grow together in natural ways" he says. He has no confidence in the efficacy of "conferences and contrivances," and for reasons which he states briefly but forcibly.

Gov. Seymour favors sending to Cincinnati an unpledged delegation. He would select as delegates "fair and able men, who will have in view the promotion of peace and good will," and whose efforts will be "to learn the state of public feeling and to shape their action in a way to promote the true interest of those they represent." "The Democrats must," says Gov. Seymour, "nominate for President some man upon whom they can unite."

The Nestor of the Democracy loving his party and its principles addresses these words of counsel to his fellow Democrats of the State and the Nation. Shall they not be heeded.—*Syracuse Courier.*

Important to Administrators and Executors.

We would call the attention of Administrators and Executors to a very important matter connected with their duties. Reference to the law, as contained in sections 45 and 46 of chapter 45 of *Batshel's Revised*, it will be seen that it is the duty of all administrators and executors to give notice to all persons holding claims against their estates to exhibit them before a certain day and such notice must be posted at the court house and at four other public places in the county, or be published in the county newspaper. The reason this notice is required is to enable the administrator or executor to settle up the estate, and the claims of all creditors not presented within the time prescribed in the notice are barred. If an administrator or executor pays out any money without giving this notice he renders himself personally liable to the other creditors, and even if he gives notice he still must prove it, and if these notices are posted up at four places (instead of being published in the county paper) the law says he must prove it by "a witness stating the times and places when and where he saw such notice posted." Now, we ask how many administrators are able to furnish such proof of their compliance with the law? In this connection we copy the following from the *Milton Chronicle*: "We know of a case, in which the Administrator would have had \$5,000 to pay had he not advertised in a newspaper, which he was able to show by producing the editor's files. How many Administrators five, ten or twenty years back—who were too parsimonious to advertise in a paper—could to-day show that they advertised according to law? Not one out of five hundred. And the legatees and creditors can, if so disposed, go back on all unable to make the showing."

So that, if administrators and executors wish to be on the safe side they had better publish their notices in the county paper, for they can so easily prove such publication and fully protect themselves from any future trouble. And besides it is fairer to creditors, for who-ever reads all the badly written and worse spelled notices that are stuck up at cross roads and groggeries!—*Chatham Record.*

HORRIBLE.—A California community has surpassed the atrocity of Spanish bull-fights by a match between a mule and a locomotive, at least it is so stated by a well-known writer. The mule was a large and bony army mule, and the locomotive was one of the celebrated Patterson brand. A circular track was built in a large temporary amphitheater, on which the locomotive was run at full speed, and the mule was let loose into the arena to deal with its antagonist as it saw fit. The mule watched the locomotive for some time, with its ears in a threatening attitude, and when the locomotive had attained a speed of fully fifty miles an hour, backed up in front of it and delivered a kick with both feet. The locomotive was brought to an instant stop, trembling in every wheel, while a hot perspiration of steam covered its surface. After being carefully sponged off and stimulated with small coals, the miserable locomotive was again set in motion. This time the mule kicked it with such terrific violence as to break its funnel short off, and to smash its headlights. Moaning with pain, the locomotive was once more sponged, and its wounds bound up with sheet-iron. At this point several ladies left the amphitheater, being unable to witness any longer so brutal a spectacle, but the historian owner of the locomotive ordered time to be called, and the combat to be renewed. The mule waited until the locomotive was running at an estimated speed of sixty-seven miles per hour, and then delivered its final kick. The hapless locomotive was hurled some thirty feet from the track, and was taken up with its boiler ruptured, its connecting rods dislocated, and its connecting-rods broken. It breathed its last steam in a few moments in great apparent suffering, and the mule was declared the victor.—*Exchange.*

SAM PATCH OUTDONE.—Thomas Boyd, a young man about 23 years of age, Sunday accomplished the feat of jumping from the bridge which spans the Ohio at this point, into the falls below, a distance of about 100 feet.

A skill was in waiting a short distance below the bridge, and at 4 o'clock, everything being in readiness, Boyd, dressed only in trousers and shirt, stepped upon the railing and leaped into the rapids below. He turned a somersault, and partly turned the second, when his hip struck the water first, and after being under a few seconds, appeared on the surface. The boatmen caught him and he was brought to shore. The fall did not hurt him in the least. There was some nine feet and eight inches of water where he jumped. Although young in years he is an old diver, and has jumped off a number of bridges in the country.—*Louisville Journal.*

The Kingston Journal alludes to an evil which exists in both branches of our General Assembly, as in nearly all others, which helps to mar its utility—the use of the wine cup. We are of the opinion that our present Legislature is less addicted to this course than many of its predecessors, but still we fully agree with our contemporary that it is a curse of public life and that a man elected to the Legislature is not acting honestly towards his people, if he allows his brain to become stupefied by liquor. As the *Journal* well remarks he over his constituents a strict and sensible attention to every day's legislation, and a night's delirium ill fits one for hard work the ensuing day.—*Granville Free Lance.*

Angusta's taxable property is assessed at \$14,000,000.

Alabama has 63,000 cotton spindles.

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"That accounts for your being out of doors," he said. "I have often seen you at your window, like a caged bird."

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