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CALENDAR, 1874.

Calendar table for 1874 showing days of the month and corresponding numbers for each day.

The Suits Against the State.

The substance of the decisions in the two important suits against the State brought by bondholders in the United States Circuit Court, Chief Justice Waite presiding, is thus given by the Raleigh Sentinel:

In the suit of Swacy vs. N. C. R. R., the Court decides that the United States has jurisdiction over cases involving the interest of the State when the State is not a party of record; and when the subject matter of the action is within the jurisdiction of the Court, or when the Court can deal with the property through an agent.

2. That the stock owned by the State in the North Carolina Railroad having been pledged for the "redemption" of the bonds of that State issued to assist in constructing the road, the holders of the bonds are entitled to have so much of the stock sold as may be necessary, and the proceeds of sale applied to payment of interest now accrued. But the sale is postponed until the State shall have an opportunity of protecting its stock by a levy of taxes, or by otherwise raising funds sufficient to pay the accrued interest.

In the case of Self vs. D. A. Jenkins, the Court states that while the powers of the Court might have been properly invoked to prevent any application of the money raised by the special taxation levied to provide payment of the interest on the bonds issued to various railroads since the war, to purposes other than those for which the money was raised; yet such application having been made, the Court has no power to interfere with money in the Treasury raised for general purposes of government.

How to Fight Hard Times.

The Christiansburg Messenger says editorially: "We once rode up to a farm house in this county to spend the day. We found the farmer's wife alone in the kitchen preparing dinner. The farmer was at his tanyard hard at work. The two sons were in the field gathering corn, and ruing the farm. One daughter was in the weaving room making materials for family wear. The other daughter cleaning up the house, and then to the sewing. There was no hiring up on the farm, no man-servant, or maid-servant, no boy or girl. The work of the whole farm and family was done without paying anything to others. This is the way to have thrifty farms and hardy yeomanry. This is the way to live and be happy."

"I have ten cents a day from my drinks," ruminated old Rednose, "it will be \$36.50 a year, and in fifty years it will be \$1,825, and then I can marry Mary." "Dear Mary!"

The young women of Iowa are carrying on a temperance reform of their own, by making out lists of all the young men who visit the liquor saloons.

Little boys, still in petticoats, wear deep, square collars of percale, pink and blue, with white in stripes or spots with corded or scalloped edges. Price, 65 cents.

TRULY NOBLE.

The long summer day had come and gone in a strange silence. Strange, at least, in Marton Mill house, where children's voices chattered from dawn to dusk, and under the gateway of which laden wagons so often rumbled, filled with weighty flour sacks.

The children had spoken all day in quiet whispers, and the wagons had not come near the mill, out of respect for Geoffrey Stone, the miller, who lay dead upstairs; the strong, hearty man, who seemingly might have lived for years; and yet, by one false stroke of error which he, the father, had committed each day, had met his end.

There was no mother to whom the two started children could run, in their first horror and grief. Mrs. Stone had died at Etta, the baby's birth; but for all that the little ones were hiding their faces and moaning out their laments for "poor father" on a woman's breast.

Genor Morris was but seventeen, a fair, slight, golden-haired girl; no relation of the dead man, no kin to the little weepers, yet, wistful, a true mourner.

Geoffrey Stone had been good to her, she would have told you, the while she smoothed the hair of his orphan children—had taken her, a little, destitute orphan, and tended and cared for her these thirteen years. He never knew when he lifted the child of her dying mother's bed that she was of good, noble birth, and that in after years titled relatives would write to him, and offer money for the home he had granted to the desolate babe. He scorned the offers, and pressed the child closer to his side. Nevertheless, he did not refuse for her advantages of education, such as he, a country miller, could not find for the little girl; and Genor went to school such as became her station, but always spent her holidays at the Mill-house.

She grew up graceful—gay, lovely; and by-and-by the Honorable Mrs. This and my Lady That, felt a twinge of remorse about "poor Algenon's child," their young connection, and would write and ask her to their grand London houses; but Genor, who by this time knew a little of her own history, would never go to them. They had been cruel to her mother, a young governess, whom "poor Algenon" had somewhat foolishly married, lived with happily, though anxiously, in a cottage at Marton for two years, and then left forever in this world, carried off by fever. Algenon's wife and child were totally ignored by his family; they hardly took any notice of the mother's death, and it was an accident which disclosed the fact at last, that the child was living on the charity of a country miller.

Negotiations then began, which ended in Genor's being educated; and the small sum of £100 a year being settled on her, with the grudging permission still to reside with her humble friends.

And now came a new light into the girl's life. Charles Cardonell, the young artist, who for the last two autumns had taken up his abode in the village inn at Marton, asked her to be his wife. Geoffrey Stone shook his head at first. There should be no repetition of her parent's story, he said to himself: everything should be straight-forward.

No letters were written and inquiries made, and the Cardonell family graciously signified consent in Charles' choice, and then Geoffrey signed, and gave his word, too.

"You won't go empty-handed, my girl," he had said to Genor; "for, besides your own bit of money, you are my eldest daughter, too, and will share alike with little Geoffrey and Etta; but I wish they had left you to me a bit."

Matters had only just been arranged, when that fatal day came, which changed everything, and turned Marton Mill-house from the busiest, gayest home in England, into a silent, sorrow-stricken dwelling.

Genor felt almost as stupified as the children; the death, the funeral, the sudden sense of responsibility, seemed to weigh her down; this shock of all was light by comparison, though told in awe-struck whispers to her by the old lawyer.

Geoffrey Stone, though he knew it not, had left his children almost penniless. Some speculation, though secure, had failed, and the day after his death the tidings had reached Marton.

Genor smiled.

"I am glad he never knew," she said.

The lawyer thought her unfeeling. "Ah! your hundred is safe," he said; "of course that could not be touched; and your approaching marriage with Mr. Cardonell will provide for you; but the children! And the mill should be kept on for their sakes; but who to put in charge?"

The lawyer, paused, and Genor asked timidly: "Old Andrew, would he do?"

"Capitally, as working master," said the lawyer; but the books, they must be seen to; and then, there is the house to be kept, and the young children looked after."

"Will you come again to-morrow, Mr. Scribe, and talk to me of this?" asked poor Genor, feeling quite bewildered. Her world had been shaken to its

MacMahon and the French Republic

In all the discussion which is going on, here, at least, over the prospects of republicanism in France under the existing dispensation of affairs in that country, it appears to be curiously forgotten that the republic was formally established as the constitutional Government of France twenty-six years ago. In 1848 the republic was distinctly recognized at home and abroad as the political form in which France intended to mould herself.

The Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was elected President of the republic by a great majority of the electors; people over his competitors, General Cavaignac, M. de Lamartine and M. Cochin-Rollin. So far as a regular vote of the French people could make France a republic, France was made a republic in the year 1848. Three years afterwards the monarchical members of the Assembly began to conspire against the republic, and therefore against the Prince of the House of Bonaparte, who was the head of the republic, both de jure and de facto. Prince Louis Napoleon discovered this conspiracy, which in truth was not a very secret conspiracy, struck at it with all his might, and made himself first virtual dictator, and then official Emperor of the French. This, in a few words, is the plain and not inaccurate story of the way in which France came about to be once more an empire in 1852.

Has the country any such strength now, either in itself or through the weakness of its antagonists, as it had in 1852? The general impression is that it has not. The two forms of royalty, the divine right monarchy of Henry the Fifth and the monarchy by expediency of the House of Orleans, appear to be equally out of the question. The French Assembly, by an overwhelming majority, has declared that it will have nothing to do with hereditary monarchy of the Bourbon type? What remains? Clearly the maintenance of the republic with MacMahon as its head or the recall of the imperial Bonapartes.

At the present moment the predominant sentiment of all moderate people who can get themselves a hearing in France is in favor of giving a permanent tenure of power for a term of years to Marshal MacMahon, if not as the nominal and express President, at least as the real and active President of a French Republic. Marshal MacMahon at the head of a recognized government in France can be nothing else than the head of a republic. The Assembly has formally refused to make a General Monk of it on the formal proposition to that effect of the most distinguished of the royalists, the Duke of La Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia—and in consequence of that refusal the Duke has resigned his conspicuous position as French Ambassador in England.

But suppose the Assembly now proceed in one form or another to make Marshal MacMahon President of the French Republic. Will that establish the republic any more firmly or any more solidly than it was in 1848?

In the first place Marshal MacMahon is neither a prince nor in any form a pretender. If he kept at the head of the executive Government in France he will, in all human probability continue, as he has so far done, to administer his office with a single-minded devotion to the specific objects for which it was created. He will maintain public order; he will thoroughly reorganize the army and navy of France; he will keep the peace, in short, at home and abroad, while by so keeping the peace he prepares the nation, or suffers the nation to prepare itself, for meeting any future breach of the peace, foreign or domestic, in the most favorable condition possible. In the next place, the two great monarchical factions in 1851 were strong enough to drive the French President into electing either a Bourbon royalty, or to suppress both the republic and the Bourbon royalty by proclaiming the empire on the basis of universal suffrage. In 1874 those two great monarchical factions are no longer strong enough either separately or together to do this with Marshal MacMahon. They have been tested and found wanting. Decidedly, therefore, on the whole, the monarchical prospect is better now than it ever has been in France. It should now be considered over again the fact will be plainly, as it has so often been before, with the republicans themselves, who seem in France to be eternally cursed with the passion of declaring that it is two o'clock p. m., when it is in fact but high noon.

A County Clerk in a rural town had a pet calf, which he was training up in the ways of the ox. The calf walked around very peacefully under one end of the yoke, while Mr. Clerk held up the other end. But in an unfortunate moment, the man conceived the idea of putting his own neck in the yoke to let the calf see how it would seem to work with a partner. This frightened the calf, and elevating his tail and voice, he struck a "dead run" for the village, and Mr. Clerk went along with his head down, and his plug hat in his hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and crying out at the top of his voice: "Here we come! blast our foolish souls! I lead us somebody!"

Grapes are ripe in Florida and the crop is a splendid one.

Thackeray on Female Society.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, a tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious to their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cases all night, call female society respectability; and poetry is uninspiring to a yoked; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a pure pleasure, it is the greatest of pleasures, and a woman who is not a woman, but a society, and a woman who is not a woman, but a society, is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes, and we say we won't go out, we prefer ourselves and our cases, and the greatest good that comes to man from woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

We learn from the Newton Vindicator that Mr. D. Steinbergh of Franklin county, Kansas, was murdered between Old Fort and Asheville, on the 7th inst. Mr. Steinbergh was in this State in search of minerals, and left Old Fort at the time above stated, in company with one Cunningham, a wagoner. His remains were not found until the 12th inst; they were greatly decomposed and partly devoured. It is supposed that the deceased had some money in possession and imprudently communicated the fact to Cunningham who, it is supposed, murdered him and is in jail.

Grapes are ripe in Florida and the crop is a splendid one.

The Cotton Crop.

The New Orleans Times of the 6th inst. gives in detail the result of two or three days' investigation of the condition and prospects of the cotton crop in the regions tributary to New Orleans. The general results are summed up thus: "Much of the cotton lands have only just been planted, or rather replanted, as the overflow waters subside. The seasons is late, and it is impossible, in the very nature of the case that anybody should be able to even form an opinion what yield to expect from this replanting. Obviously some idea can be formed, however, as to the probable amount of loss of crop by reason of the flood or decline in acreage, since in either case the losses are already partially ascertained. The decline in acreage is believed to be about ten percent. It is well known that a general sentiment prevailed throughout the cotton belt that it would be a wise policy on the part of the planters to reduce the area of cotton and increase the area of corn. From all sources of information we are led to believe that the loss in the crop of 1874, outside of the average decline of ten percent in the acreage, will probably fall short of 200,000 bales, and may not exceed 150,000 bales. These conclusions are necessarily by hypothesis, and assume the favorable contingencies of the weather and absence of the cotton worm until such time as the replanted cotton shall sufficiently mature to escape its ravages."

A New Foe to the Cotton.

The cotton plant has a new enemy. Its appearance and ravages are thus described in the Natchez (Miss.) Democrat-Courier: "We are informed by a gentleman residing three miles from the city, that a new enemy to the cotton plant has made its appearance on his place, being a small black snail. These may be seen in countless numbers all over the fields, and as first two leaves of the cotton make their appearance above the ground, these pests go for them and eat them, totally destroying the stand. A portion of the crop was up and has thus been destroyed, making it necessary to replant. These snails work some on young corn also, but will not damage it much."

The Milwaukee Sentinel thus epitomizes the daily life of an editor-in-chief. From the plaintive tones of the last sentence the writer intimates that he knows how it is himself. The young man who is fitting himself for a journalistic career asks us if the chief editor's position is difficult. On the contrary it is the most comfortable place on the paper. He has only to dash off a few columns of editorials a day and then enjoy himself. All the good-looking women, with posies and flowers in their rooms, and the elegant dresses sent in for the reporters, all the elegant invitations to deliver addresses at country fairs, and carries home the best of the books sent in for review. When he hasn't anything else to do he looks over copy and carefully runs his pencil through the joke the writer struggled four hours with and considered his masterpiece."

We learn from the Clinton Reporter that an affliger was caught out of Mrs. J. C. Williams' mill race, on last Thursday, that measured nine feet in length, and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, and said to be one hundred years old. Some of the oldest citizens say it was first seen about ninety years ago. Its mate was killed over fifty years ago.

A Scotchman went to a lawyer one day for advice and detailed the circumstances of the case. "Have you told me the facts precisely as they occurred?" asked the lawyer. "Oh, ay, sir," replied he. "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth. You can put the lies into it yourself."

Brazil and Portugal have at last been enabled to shake hands over the wide Atlantic. The new cable has been successfully laid between the two countries and the usual interchange of courtesies has been made. A Yankee has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours labor, per day, well worked in.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

Cremation by sun process is to be the name for sunstroke, this summer. A female sexton in Chicago is accused of resorting all the best graves for the young men.

"He handled his gun carelessly, and put on his angel plumage," is the latest Western obituary notice.

Boston has 9 high schools, 49 Grammar schools and 414 primary schools, with 1,202 teachers, and an average attendance of 45,000 scholars.

Fourteen persons were killed and 100 others injured by the fall of the roof of a room in Syracuse in which a strawberry festival was holding.

Out of 97 aspirants for military honors at West Point, only 65 passed the examination. The colored candidates all failed.

By recent reports vast swarms of grass-hoppers in the grain growing States of the Northwest are of alarming interest, and the inquiry comes, is there no remedy?

In California, stylish young men are known by the length of the alligator boots which they wear at balls. A young man who really cares about his looks wears boots a yard long.

"Blind Dan," a beggar, well known in Louisville, Ky., for the last 18 years, died lately, and left an estate valued at \$3,000. He owned two cottages, which rented for \$40 per month.

A child, nine weeks old, was found starved to death in a house in New York recently. Its parents were both absent, and its father, when found, was drunk. Its mother, who is also of intemperate habits, had not been seen for several days.

The United States Senate, of 23d inst., postponed the tariff bill till next session, laid over the bill to admit Colorado and New Mexico as States, passed the bill in relation to the courts of Utah, and adjourned sine die.

Lives there a man, with nose so red, who never to himself hath said, "I'll pay before I go to bed, the debt I owe the printer? Yes, there are some I know fall well, but they, I fear, will go to—well the place where there's no winter.

The "Czar," when in London, tried to make a speech in English, and, although the speech was written for him, the result of effort was not very satisfactory. He speaks English fluently in conversation, but public oratory, even in Russian, it is said, is not much in his way.

The proprietor of a hotel in Havana offers special attractions to Americans. He announces: "In this establishment set as the European style receives lodgers which will find a splendid assistance so in eating as in habitation, therefore the master count with the elements necessary."

The largest of the London theatres, known as Her Majesty's, together with a number of stores built under the arcade which surrounds two sides of the building, were recently sold at auction. The amount realized was \$418,400. The lease on the property expires in the year 1912, when it reverts to the crown.

Rocheport is described by one of the New York journals as being five feet nine inches in height, and forty four years of age, with a thin, dark complexioned face, full, high cheek bones, and numerous marks of small-pox. There is a slight cast in one of his dark eyes, and his dark curly hair is tinged with gray. His beard is confined to the upper lip and chin.

Terence Clune, of Emington, Pa., had John Phiney, were arrested last week for attempting to throw a train of cars off the rail on the Parker and Carus City railroad. A number of spikes had been drawn and one of the rails displaced, but fortunately the train, which was full of passengers, was over in safety.

Dubuke has a very practical way of doing some things. Two candidates recently applied to the city councils for the post of engines of the steam fire engine belonging to the city. To ascertain which was best qualified for the position, each was given a trial of skill, lasting thirty minutes, in getting up steam and in the general management of the engine.

President Grant received a rap in the face from the Republicans of the Senate at the last hour of the session. They could not stomach his appointment of "Boss" Sneyden as one of the commissioners for the new Government of the Territory of Columbia, and they plainly told him so. The President's reappointment of this man was one of the coarsest insults to the people of the former District of Columbia and to public opinion that even he ever indulged in.

The bill passed by Congress in relation to the finances of the country alters the currency to the extent of one \$50,000,000, which money has been heretofore locked up in the vaults of the various banks. A redistribution of the currency was also ordered, which will give the Southern and Western States more banking capital. The President, though differing with Congress in his financial views, has signed the bill, and we may hope some little benefit to result to the people of the South.

The Eagle

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