THE EAGLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

M. J. McSween
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Single copies ten cents. One year $2.00, six months $1.00. Clubs of ten, or more $1.50 each a year. Clubs of twenty, or more $1.00 each for a year. Teachers, Ministers and Disabled Confederate Soldiers can receive THE EAGLE at half price.

The Eagle.

VOL. VII. No. 19.] FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1874. [Whole No. 331

OFFICIAL STATE VOTE.

COUNTIES.	For Governor. 1872. Merrimon.	Caldwell.	Supt Pub. Instructions. 1874. Pool.	Purnell.
Alamance	1270	1615	1099	921
Alexander	545	389	581	92
Alleghany	339	184	581	92
Anson	1191	1019	1165	1037
Ashe	752	761	730	355
Beaufort	1331	1565	1561	1188
Bertie	944	1514	982	1327
Bladen	1268	1448	1206	1365
Brunswick	311	708	1008	929
Buncombe	1598	1119	1165	1280
Burke	852	688	815	497
Cabarrus	1161	812	1114	732
Caldwell	829	322	840	94
Camden	562	554	627	488
Carteret	1062	739	750	624
Caswell	1415	1456	1285	1483
Catawba	1261	426	1251	194
Chatham	1774	1683	1804	1468
Cherokee	486	433	306	217
Chowan	576	742	597	761
Clay	252	142	328	73
Cleveland	1099	547	937	246
Columbus	1024	693	1317	767
Craven	1142	2708	1146	2325
Cumberland	1890	1883	2165	1968
Currituck	763	349	744	335
Davidson	1384	1516	1413	1210
Davie	826	662	838	589
Duplin	1750	1035	1790	953
Dare	232	276	229	231
Edgecombe	1474	3152	1142	3406
Forsythe	1039	1115	1083	1118
Franklin	1475	1509	1649	1621
Gaston	927	683	864	376
Gates	754	512	776	420
Granville	1976	2655	2294	2575
Greene	783	944	821	874
Guilford	1814	1831	1693	1595
Graham (maj.)			174	17
Halifax	1667	3640	1389	3555
Harnett	778	805	904	672
Haywood	447	429	771	429
Henderson	507	719	416	329
Hertford	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	32
Hyde	[illegible]	810	79	31
Iredell	1738	994	1622	809
Jackson	[illegible]	49	61	14
Johnston	1131	1374	1892	1185
Jones	[illegible]	630	528	604
Lenoir	[illegible]	1127	1187	1095
Lincoln	[illegible]	[illegible]	1097	51
Macon	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	217
Madison	[illegible]	1	[illegible]	1097
Martin	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	1
Mecklenburg	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1378
Mitchell	[illegible]	34	73	1
Montgomery	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1575
Moore	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
Nash	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
New Hanover	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
Northampton	1929	1	1390	1
Onslow	[illegible]	[illegible]	2038	1
Orange	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1378
Pamlico	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
Pasquotank	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
Pender	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
Perquimans	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
Person	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
Pitt	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
Polk	224	332	214	231
Randolph	1[illegible]	1369	1257	1075
Richmond	1101	1299	1217	1194
Robeson	1631	1585	1829	1687
Rockingham	1653	1361	1654	918
Rowan	1634	1118	1557	806
Rutherford	727	1013	724	794
Sampson	1397	1434	1866	1358
Stanley	646	396	635	97
Stokes	905	830	655	81
Surry	924	838	1043	755
Swain	332	22	336	1
Transylvania	379	205	209	30
Tyrrel	391	347	370	193
Union	1622	631	1055	212
Wake	3269	3843	3640	3640
Warren	1109	2389	922	2198
Washington	402	917	546	785
Watauga	435	353	491	67
Wayne	1747	1949	2021	1799
Wilkes	1034	1294	820	955
Wilson	1319	1152	1413	1129
Yadkin	759	866	725	718
Yancey	503	372	685	152
Total	96646	98618	98217	84181
		96646	84181	
		1972	14036	

The above table includes the votes of Wake and Franklin counties, which were thrown out by the Legislature as not being official, but which only make a difference in Col. Pool's favor of 15 votes, thus giving Colonel Pool a majority of 14,036 over Purnell.

Love of Home.

It is only shallow minded pretenders who make undistinguished origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life, affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by the public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were, and raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the [illegible] there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the Genesee or in Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to tell them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years revolutionary war shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a better condition than his own—may my name and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.—*Daniel Webster.*

TO OUR PATRONS!

Those indebted to us for advertising or subscription, are requested to settle at once. The amount due from each is small, and will seriously inconvenience no one to pay; but the aggregate is large, and if paid would enable us to pay every dollar we owe. Our outlays for paper, printing material and to our employes, are all CASH, and must be paid. We therefore request, as a favor, that each one who reads this paragraph will ask himself the question, "Am I indebted to THE EAGLE Office?" And if so, let him resolve TO PAY AT ONCE! Don't wait for a dun on a postal card. Who'll be first?

THE SNOW-SHRIEK.

When the snow-shriek rings across the plains and prairies of the great West, folks who have a love for their life don't care to camp out. The Indians strike their lodges at the sound, and make the best of their way to shelter among the bluffs, or in a wooded tract. As for the settlers, they take wagons and hurry off to the nearest town, leaving everything behind to its fate.

My story is of the far West.

Alberic Parnell was a tall, manly young fellow, with a bronzed face and dark hair, strong, indeed, and of a dauntless courage, as was reported; but not, like Caryl Winthrop, a musician, a sketcher and a poet, to whom foreign languages and art talk were familiar.

Both loved, and, as is often the case with young men, both loved the same person—handsome, lovely Metella Stewart.

There was this advantage on the part of young Winthrop—he had not to vain. An intimate friend of the parents of the young lady, it was believed by all that he was engaged to her, and would make her happy.

Alberic finding that his suit was in vain, had prepared to leave the village, and we find him one evening bidding adieu to Metella, preparatory to his going.

An old friend of hers, she wishes to part with him kindly; but he, heart-sore and jealous, [illegible] the idea of [illegible] the parting [illegible] as such a parting might expect to be.

As Alberic bade adieu and rode off, the loud wail of the snow-shriek was heard moaning bitterly over the prairies.

Thirty-six hours later the sad, monotonous sound of the snow-shriek had swelled into a menacing roar, as of angry floods let loose to ravage and destroy, and a filmy veil drawn over the western sky, had darkened from white to orange, and from orange to sable, and then, borne on the mighty wings of an icy wind, there broke upon the Territory the force of such a snow-storm as the hardiest farmer there had never pictured. Down came the whirling flakes, thick, heavy, pitiless; accompanied by a cruel cold like death's own touch, that pierced through furs and buffalo-robes, and numbed the limbs and chilled the marrow, while still the blinding snow fell and fell, and swept along before the furious gale, like so many white billows, over the country. And still the wind blew from the cold north-west, and still the snow fell. The deep-piled drifts soon began to blot out every sign of man's dominion from the lately subjugated land that had been so recently won from the wilderness. Dismal stories were brought in, ere long, of the disasters by flood and field. Rivers had swollen and overflowed their banks, washing down, along with a pack of floating ice, the debris of ruined homesteads and the carcases of drowned oxen.—In the pastures, herdsmen and herds lay overwhelmed beneath the white waves of snow. In the drifts that blocked the roads, wagoners and their teams were walled in, to perish of frost-bite or exhaustion, unless aid came speedily; while many a bewildered wayfarer wandered from the track, and strayed across the desolate prairie until he found a grave in the deepening snow. It was with difficulty that Caryl could force his horse through the drifts that environed Colonel Stewart's house, and when he arrived there two of the hired men were missing, and a third had come in, half dozen, from a vain attempt to save the affrighted cattle.

Then did Metella realize the truth of the old hunter's words. She, and those about her, had found out, for the first time, what snow means—pitiless, inexhaustible whiteness, borne down upon them by the rush of the resistless wind, that howled and raved, with a sound like the cry of ravening wolves, about the house, and heaped up such masses as cumber the ground, even in those latitudes, but once or twice in a generation. Colonel Stewart, at first incredulous of peril, as it was in his sanguine nature to be, presently began to admit that the calamity was worse than the mere damage to his property. The sheep, hogs and cattle that he had lost represented but a money sacrifice—an affair of dollars and cents. But when all communications between Stewart's Flat and the outer world were cut off, and it was too late to fly, and the gathering snow was loading the roof, and darkening the lower windows, and rising, rising ever, he recognized the imprudence of his selection of such a site for his residence, and would have been thankful for escape, even at the cost of half his substance. This, however, was impossible. The road by which Winthrop had reached the house was now barred by a wall of snow. The fast-falling flakes threatened to fill up the dell to the level of the hills that commanded it, and all the out-buildings were hidden or unroofed by the weight of the snow-fall. And still that horrid snow-shriek, long and wild now as the war-cry of exulting demons, filled the startled air, as though rejoicing over its prey.

The pangs of impending famine were soon added to the terrors of the situation. Those shut up in the once hospitable mansion at Stewart's Flat, had but scanty supplies of food or fuel. It was as much as a man's life was worth to try to reach the great wood-pile. It took severe exertion to bring in, from time to time, a few logs and some broken timber from the yard, while, after the first few hours, provisions ran short. There is little inducement for a settler in that land of Goshen to store up hams and salted meat, flour and biscuit, to any extent; but now that flocks and herds, and barns brimming with wheat and golden maize, had been alike whelmed beneath the sudden snow-fall, want, like a gaunt wolf, began to beset the blockaded household. It was soon necessary to put the family and servants on rations, so as to avert actual starvation as long as possible; and the beleaguered inmates of the dwelling huddled together around the rarely replenished stove; talking in tones they vainly strove to render hopeful, of the probabilities of a prompt rescue; for it had come to that now. Rescue from without was their only chance.—Should the snow storm continue very long, they must perish of cold and hunger; even if the roof, which they had been forced to prop up in places with casks and pieces of timber, did not cave in beneath the increasing weight piled upon it. The storm went on steadily, and still the wind wailed as before.

In vain a group of haggard faces that had collected around the great hall-stove at Stewart's Flat when at last the snow shriek died away to a moan, and one of the farm-hands brought in the welcome news that, for the time at least, the storm had ceased. By this time the house merely resembled a mound of snow, one heap among many in the blurred landscape. The inmates were as helpless as so many shipwrecked wretches in mid-ocean in a frail boat without sail or oar. For twenty-four hours most of them had not eaten. The few morsels of food that remained were reserved, by common consent, for the female members of the starving household. The fire was fed, as best might be, with broken furniture and wood-work torn from the walls. Still no help came. Perhaps the people at Troy were powerless to afford it. More likely it was taken for granted that the Stewarts and their servants had effected a timely escape to some place of safety. If so, and should not a speedy thaw set in, death was inevitable. Some hours elapsed, and still there was no sign that the blocked-up household had not been forgotten. Ha! what was that? A shot, surely, and then another, and a cheer of friendly voices, and hope sprung up in every heart, and was kept alive by the occasional report of distant fire-arms and the sound of shouting.

Yes, rescue was at hand. That much was certain. An attempt to penetrate the girding wall of snow was about to be made, but what were the numbers or the resources of the adventurous band without, those within the house knew not. There were now but some four or five windows, darkened by snow wreaths and pendant icicles, whence a partial view of the outer desolation could be obtained. And it was not on that side of the villa that the shouts and shots of the explorers had announced their presence. Some hours of painful suspense, during which at intervals the sound of voices could be heard, succeeded, and then the sobbing of the ominous wind changed into a shrill scream, and a man who had ventured a few paces from the door came in to bring the evil tidings that the snow had again begun to fall. The air was now full of feathery flakes, and the most anxious listener could now hear nothing but the monotonous wail that chilled every heart as it rang around the doomed house. It was, beyond a doubt, that the well-wishers on the outside must have desisted from their labors, beaten off by the keen wind and blinding snow-fall.—The latter lasted through the miserable night, and, soon after day-break, ceased again, but those within the house had almost bidden farewell to hope. Probably the rescuers would not, until the weather should improve, renew their efforts, toilsome and perilous as they must needs be. And then it would be too late. Privations and care were telling on the beleaguered inhabitants of Stewart's Flat, and on none more than Caryl Winthrop, whose sunny cheek and naturally bright eye told of extreme exhaustion.

"We shall be happy together in Heaven, dear—not on earth," he said, more than once, as he looked wistfully into the face of his betrothed one, and chafed her cold hands between his. "It has become a question, not of days, but of hours and minutes."

Toward noon, Metella's ear, sharpened by terror, caught the faint, low sound of the clinking of iron tools, mingling with the wail of the dismal snow-shriek. Her companions in misfortune, however, could not hear it, and she was half persuaded that she had been tricked by her own excited fancy. Hours went by, the snow falling still, though not so heavily, and there was no sign from without. All prepared to perish, for now the scanty store of wood was gone, and Caryl and Metella, as they knelt and prayed, side by side, felt that their wedding must indeed be in the world to come, not in this.

"There is one thing I ought to tell you, dear Caryl," whispered the girl, as they stood side by side in the porch. "I have not been wilfully untrue to my pledge, but—but there was one who left us but the other day, on whom my rebellious thoughts would dwell, do what I could to school them. It was not that I did not love you—indeed not—but it was different when I thought of Alberic Parnell. I shall never see him more. He will learn to forget me, and had I lived, it should have been my daily task to forget him. You are not angry, Caryl?"

He kissed her on the forehead, saying, gently, "Indeed, I am not angry. Love, I fear, will not be always reasoned with. It is not your fault, my poor child, if you saw in Parnell what you have never seen in me. I was to you as a brother, was I not? And you learned, too late, that liking was not love. It matters little, dearest, on the brink of the grave, as we stand now, but believe me—ha! the noise without is real enough, this time."

And so it was. There was a distinct clash and rattle of spade and shovel, of axe and pick, vigorously plied, and the loud voices of men, and the thud of falling blocks of snow, and then a cheer, hearty and triumphant, which was echoed, in feebler accents, by those within the house, while the door was eagerly opened to admit the deliverers. And now a crevice, soon enlarged to a cleft, appeared in the snow-wall close in front, and revealed the dark outline of a human form, hewing to right and left with a broad-bladed hatchet, as if cutting a path through the ranks of a resisting enemy. Then a tall, strong man, wet and dripping, and with his beard and hair full of glistening snow-crystals, came leaping from the aperture and reached the threshold. It was Alberic—Alberic Parnell; and the next to struggle through the breach in the snow-wall, spade in hand, was the gaunt figure of Hiram Pell, the hunter, while from behind came crowding up the rest of the bold and hardy band.

Then followed a scene of indescribable excitement and confusion, in which thanks to God and man for the timely rescue were freely uttered by those who now saw themselves restored to the living world. But Metella, who had seen nothing save Alberic's face in all that mingled group, was overpowered by the rush of her emotions, and was sinking senseless to the floor, when the young man sprang forward and caught her, fainting, in his strong arms. When she recovered from the swoon, her parents were with her; and near the sofa on which they had laid her, stood the old hunter, Hiram Pell. There was food on a table near, for the rescuers had not come empty handed; but Miss Stewart had forgotten her hunger, forgotten all, save that she had seen Alberic again for one brief moment of happiness. She drank in thirstily, however, the words of the old backwoodsman.

"Thank him, Colonel—Mr. Parnell, I mean—not me, for true as Gospel 'tis to him you owe your lives. Talk of grit! I thought I knew what bravery was, but never the like of that young chap's. He shamed us into sticking to it, squire, fighting, every inch of the way, against cold and fatigue, and working more like a young giant than a mere man. Says Mr. Alberic, when there was talk of giving in, 'Let who will flinch, and leave helpless women to perish; I go on alone, and whoever deserts me at this pinch, never let him hold up his head among honest men. Every dollar I'm worth shall be divided among those that help me.' And he, and I, and the rest of the Troy neighbors, we did make a good job of it, spite of frost-bite and beating snow; but it was no sport, Colonel, I can tell you that."

Mrs. Stewart, who had left the room during this speech, now came gliding to her daughter's side.

"Are you well enough, Metella, dear, to speak with Caryl for a moment?" she said, smiling through her tears, "He is very urgent to say a word to you. He says it is for the last time."

And almost before Metella had leisure to realize the meaning of [illegible] Caryl Winthrop, [illegible] pale as death, with a [illegible] upon his face, such as angels might wear, stood beside her couch. She started up, and then, with a guilty blush, put her hands before her eyes.

"O, Caryl, do not blame me!" she said. "Indeed, indeed, I will be a true wife to you."

"Not to me, dear Miss Stewart," answered he, softly. "It is a brother, darling, not as a lover, that you have regarded me all along, and now I release you fully and freely from a plight, the keeping of which would be misery to you. I am not selfish enough to hold you to your promise, dear girl. Let your hand go, along with your heart, to your preserver—to Alberic Parnell." He was very white and haggard as he spoke, but he never once failed in his address; and before Metella could frame her reply, Mrs. Stewart had walked to the door, and returned, accompanied by Alberic.

"This young gentleman," she said, half reproachfully, "was just about to slip away from us and our acknowledgments of his courage and his kindness. He could not trust himself, forsooth, to meet you again, Metella. Even now I see by his puzzled look that he hardly can guess the solution of the enigma."

"This will explain all!" said Caryl, as, to Alberic's amazement, he took the young man's muscular hand and placed it in that of Metella.

"Be happy, sister, with the husband of your choice. After the innocent confession that, when death seemed to have us in his icy clutch, you made to me, I should commit a sin did I come between you two—between you and the man who, when on his road to New York and Europe, turned back at the bare rumor of this fearful snow-storm, and risked life and health to save the girl he loved.

Metella could not speak. Clinging to Alberic, as a graceful vine to some towering oak of the forest, she hid her face upon his shoulder and sobbed aloud. In the timid, trustful rapture of that moment she scarcely realized that every word which Caryl had spoken had been as a stab to the bosom of the speaker; that his generous self-sacrifice cost him very dearly, when a sudden outcry of voices snatched both of the lovers from their dream of new-found happiness. Poor Caryl Winthrop had sunk helpless on the floor, and was being lifted by Colonel Stewart and the old hunter, who placed him on the sofa where Miss Stewart had so lately reclined.

"He has fainted," said kind, motherly Mrs. Stewart, as he laid his head upon the pillow.

"More than that, I guess. He's going home, if ever I saw death in a face!" muttered the rough backwoodsman. Caryl, who had partially regained his senses, had no illusions on the subject.

"Do not weep for me, darling," he said, as Metella's tears bedewed his face, and the girl bent over him in tender sorrow. "The stroke has fallen; but it is in mercy." He pressed his feeble hand to his heart, and the conviction flashed on all present that the insidious malady from which he had believed himself to be cured, aggravated by hardship and the cruel emotions of the last hour, was reclaiming its prey.

"Kiss me once, sister," he said, softly; and Metella pressed her lips to his brow, on which the damps of death were gathering. The young people were kneeling beside him. All surrounded him. He looked up, smiling, and his lips moved, but no sound came; and then a spasm of pain contracted his features, and the heavy head fell back. He was dead.

It is scarcely needful to say that some six months later from the date of these events Alberic Parnell and Metella Stewart were married. Their experience of wedded life has been a happy and prosperous one; but whenever the gables, and the white flakes come driving in heavy showers from the desert country beyond the frontier to the northwest, the sound and the sight combine to evoke the recollections of Caryl's early grave, and of the unselfish sacrifice which was the last act of his blameless life.

An ink can be prepared by means of hydro fluorate of ammonia and hydrochloric acid, properly thickened, with which ineffaceable characters can be traced on glass with a pen. Its use in marking bottles, graduating tubes, &c., will be evident to every one.

Tortoise shell jewelry holds its own remarkably well. It is the most satisfactory and serviceable of all ornaments, and suitable for almost all occasions.

The imported dress sacques for street wear have long, straight sleeves, and long fronts, the back being looped up gracefully. They are covered with bead embroidery.

The pretty French fashion of wearing a band of wide black velvet ribbon around the neck is in vogue again. Maidens with crane-like neck are exceedingly grateful.

Worth does not credit American women any more. He has been completely swindled by our countrywomen. He requires half in advance and the other half C. O. D.

North Carolina Legislature.

EIGHTEENTH DAY—SENATE.

MONDAY, Dec. 7, 1874.—Mr. Cantwell, a bill to amend the State Constitution. Provides that, three-fifths of the General Assembly concurring, certain amendments be adopted. [This bill was quite lengthy, and its provisions could not be given without publishing the entire Constitution. It embraces ninety-three amendments, including those already adopted.]

Mr. Mills, a bill for the support of the Insane Asylum of North Carolina. Allows 75,000 per annum for the next two years. Referred.

House resolution requesting our representatives in Congress to use their efforts to have removed the oppressive and burdensome tax upon spirits of turpentine. Concurred in.

Bill amending the law concerning chattle mortages. Punishes any person who may act in the premises with intent to defraud. Passed.

Bill requiring all Sheriffs and Constables to serve all orders furnished them by proper authorities. Passed its third reading.

Bill for the better protection of the character of females; provides that any person who shall use language charging a woman with incontinency shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and be punishable therefor. Passed its second reading.

Bill to punish offenders for the retailing of liquors except in such a manner as is provided for by law, granting the Courts the right to imprison the offender. Passed second reading.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

By Mr. Bennett, a petition from citizens of Town Creek township, asking a prohibition law within five miles of Zion Methodist Church, in said county.

By Mr. Eastman, a bill to prevent usury. Referred.

Senate bill in regard to Sheriffs and Tax Collectors, allowing them to collect arrearages of taxes, was taken up and discused.

Mr. Green offered an amendment proving that the provisions of the bill shall extend to the years of 1871-'72. Passed its second reading.

The bill, with Mr. Green's amendment, passed its final reading.

House bill relating thereto in corporations personal estae, passed its readings.

House bill to secure a sufficiency of surety on official bonds, was taken up and discussed.

Mr. Pinnix offered an amendment that members of the Board of County Commissioners shall not be surety on the bond of any county officer, which was adopted.

Lloyd, colored, an amendment that nothing in this act shall apply to Sheriff, Coroner or Constable. Lost.

An amendment by Mr. Gash, providing that five instead of three persons shall pass on the affidavits of bondsmen to official bonds, which was adopted.

After considerable discussion, Mr. Means moved to recommit, as he had reason to doubt the constitutionality of the bill in its present shape. Prevailed.

NINETEENTH DAY—SENATE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 8, 1874.—House resolution in relation to the Civil Rights bill—being the bill introduced in the House on the 19th of November by Mr. Paul B. Means, and passed by that body. Congratulates the country upon the recent glorious victories achieved, believing the same to have been the beginning of a most happy and glorious era for the general good of this country, and that it was an honest rebuke of the Civil Rights measure that is attempted to be enforced upon us by Congress.

After considerable discussion the bill as passed the House passed the Senate by a party vote.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

By Mr. Walker, of Richmond, a petition from sheriffs concerning fees, &c. Referred.

By Mr. Tate, a resolution asking our Senators and Representatives in Congress to secure a repeal of the last clause of bankrupt law. Referred.

House bill to amend section 27, chapter 31, Battle's Revisal, for the more effectual punishment of concealing the birth of children, introduced by Mr. Glenn, passed its several readings.

Senate bill to amend the law establishing a Bureau of Immigration, providing for the appointment of Colonels Jno. D. Whitford and E. R. Liles on said Board, passed its readings and ordered to be enrolled for ratification.

For worms in the bowels of horses, give, daily for a week, a ball made of sulphate iron (green copperas) two drachms; pulverized ginger, one drachm. Wet up with oilmeal and boiling water, sufficient to make into a ball. At the end of the week give linseed oil sufficient to physic the animal. Repeat another if necessary. A drachm of tartar emetic may be substituted in place of the copperas, but is not so safe a remedy. For ascarides or pin worms in the rectum, give an injection of linseed oil, one quart daily for two or three days; and repeat after a week.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

An armless Milwaukee [illegible] boxes her husband's ears with [illegible] feet.

An Iowa man was suddenly cut [illegible] in life before he could obtain his sixth divorce.

An Irishman who was fettered to another prisoner said, "Begad, his fate is linked to mine."

There's no necessity now for ladies to hold their skirts up when they cross the street. Fashion has obviated that labor.

What more can be said of the climate of North Carolina, than that Goldsboro is now shipping ripe strawberries to New York.

A fatal epidemic has broken out in Alexandria, a small town in Middle Tennessee, which has created consternation among the people.

The new fashion of very short walking skirts is very popular among those who have pretty feet, and are glad to show 'em.

Florida papers predict that at least a thousand places to plant orange groves will be purchased along the St. John's during the next three months.

A negro shoemaker named Berkley was arrested in Lynchburg, Va., Monday, charged with attempting an outrage on a little white girl twelve years old. Hang him.

A Chinese servant in San Francisco, by way of revenge upon his mistress, broke with a pair of pincers a piece out of the edge of every dish in a valuable dinner set.

A Rensselaer county farmer put his lantern on the stove to thaw out, while he went to the barn to harness the horses. The lantern will never freeze again, nor the house either.

Out of the 292 members of the present Congress only 105 will be on the roll of 44th Congress. Rashness and corruption did their full work, in every sense of the word.

In one of the French provinces recently a traveling dealer induced a woman to sell her hair. Her husband, when he learned the fact, followed the dealer and revenged himself by shaving his head.

A Shelby county young lady shocked her Knight of Pythias escort, who accompanied her in full uniform to a ball the other night, by asking him "why he had come in his knight clothes?"

What city was it? A leading wholesale liquor house in this city received a telegram from one of the Southern cities a few days ago to this effect: "Send me twenty barrels of whiskey—the Legislature is in session."—Rich. *Dispatch.*

It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight, for, as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

The oldest journal but one in Berlin, the Spencer Gazette, did not appear after the 1st of November. The newspaper in question has existed no less than 134 years. The founders received the privilege of publishing it from Frederick the Great.

A dispatch from Ann Arbor, Michigan, states that Don B. Mozart, inventor of the famous Mozart watch, has been sent to the lunatic asylum. Over anxiety in regard to the success of a stem-winding calendar watch, on which he had been working for several years, is the supposed cause of his insanity.

The Atlanta Constitution very wisely suggests that if the negro exodus from Georgia to Texas impels the great number of idle white men who are doing nothing and refuse to work for a living to go to work or starve, the calamity will not be an unmitigated one, after all, but rather a blessing in disguise.

A good many sensible Northern people have imbibed the idea that winter vacations in the South have advantages over the popular summer sojourn in the crowded fashion resorts of the North, so it is not to be wondered at that the Florida resorts are filling up with winter visitors from the North and that the prospect is good for a profitable season. It would be strange if within a few years the time of vacations should be changed from summer to winter, and the fashion resorts of Northern people be located in the Southern States.

Great misfortunes can be borne with patience, for we feel that they come from the hand of God, and are designed to fall upon us for some wise purpose, but it is so difficult to bear with meekness the little worries of life that nine-tenths of the people in this world have not learned the art. Little worries are perpetually assailing us, and no sphere of life can secure us from them. Riches, influence, friends, cannot save us from the constant annoyance. Friend, if you are a woman you know all about these little worries. They begin when your waking hours begin, and they follow you through the day, and very often sit on your pillow at night.