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Hold the Fort.

"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."
—Rev. 2:10.

1. Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
The reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

Chorus.—"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to Heaven,
By Thy grace we will."

2. See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.—Chorus.

3. See the glorious banner waving,
Near the bugle blow,
For the Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.—Chorus.

4. Pierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Hark comes our Great Commander,
Hear, my comrades, cheer!—Chorus.

Miscellaneous.

The Thermometer Man.

He was a wayward man from the East, and he had thirty-seven thermometers in a basket on his arm. After standing on the street corners for two or three hours without making a sale he started for the eastern part of the city, hoping to do better among the private houses. He seemed to gain confidence from the cheerful look of the dwellings, and he bore himself like a conqueror as he ascended the steps and pulled a door-bell.

"Nothing for the poor," said the lady as she opened the door.

"I am not soliciting for the poor—I am selling thermometers," he replied in a balmy voice.

"Don't want any—bought our stock in the fall," she said, drawing in her head.

"I said thermometers, madam," he called in a despairing voice.

"I know it; but we've got all the vegetables we can use," she called back, and the door struck his toes.

Going into the saloon on the corner the man addressed the proprietor with a sweet smile, asking:

"Would you like a thermometer to—"

"By de pushel!" inquired the saloonist.

"No—a thermometer—a little instrument for telling you when it is cold or warm."

"Any music-box in it?" inquired the saloonist.

"No; it records the weather."

"What wedder?"

"Why, the weather we have every day in the year. When it is warm this little bulb runs up; when it is cold it stinks down."

"Oh! When it is warm I takes my goat off; when it is cold I but more goat in der stoaf. Go and sell dat some schmall poof as knows noddings!"

The thermometer man entered a carpet-weaver's, and a bow-backed man nodded kindly and cordially welcomed him.

"Accurate thermometers for only twenty-five cents," said the peddler as he held one up.

"New thing?" asked the weaver, as he took one in his hand.

"We have had thermometers for many years. People have come to consider them a household necessity."

"Zero? Zero? Who was Zero?" asked the weaver, reading the word behind the glass.

The thermometer man explained, and the weaver, after trying to get his thumb nail under the glass, asked:

"Where does the blamed thing open?"

"Thermometers are not meant to open, my friend," was the reply.

"Well, I don't want no thermometer around me that won't open!" growled the weaver.

"I thought it was a new kind of stove handle when you came in, or I shouldn't have looked at it!"

The thermometer man next tried a dwelling-house. In answer to his ring the door was instantly and swiftly opened by a red-faced woman, who hit him with a club and cried out:

"I'll learn you, you young villain!"

She apologized and explained that several bad boys had been ringing the door-bell, and he forgave her and said:

"I have some accurate and handsome thermometers here. Would you—"

"We never have hash for breakfast," she interrupted. "My husband detests hash, and so I don't want to buy."

"Hash! A thermometer has nothing to do with hash!" he exclaimed.

"Well, I can't help that," she replied, slowly closing the door. "We haven't any lamps to mend, and you shouldn't track mud on the steps that way."

to him, halted him, and when he got enough asked:

"Can I sell you an accurate thermometer to-day?"

"A what?"

"A thermometer."

"What do I want with a thermometer?"

exclaimed the portly man, raising his voice a peg.

"Why, to note the weather."

"You blamed idiot! Do you expect I can run the weather?" roared the fat man, growing purple in the face.

"But you want to know when it's hot or cold, don't you?"

"Am I such an old fool that I don't know when it's summer and when it's winter?" shrieked the fat man.

"We all know, of course," replied the stranger, "but every respectable family has a thermometer now-a-days."

"They have, eh! I never had one, nor wouldn't have one, and do you dare tell me that I ain't respectable!" screamed the portly.

"I didn't mean—"

"Yes, you did, and you've made me mad the car, and I'll cane you!"

The thermometer man waited across the mud-y street and made his escape, and at dusk last night was backed up against the Soldiers' Monument, his basket between his feet, and was squinting sadly at the clock on the City Hall tower.—*Detroit Free Press.*

From the Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.
A Soldier's Story.

It was in the winter of 1865, shortly before the collapse of the rebellion, that Gen. Shaler, commanding at De Vall's Bluff, Ark., sent a detachment of cavalry up into the Cache river country to intercept some contraband goods that were being smuggled through the lines to the enemy. That country was an almost wilderness of swamps and forests of cypress and gum trees at that time, and was the last place supposed to choose a home. There were occasional spots, however, of a few hundred acres each, a little higher than the surrounding country, that by much expense had been converted into handsome and valuable estates, with large and pretentious residences for the wealthy owners, who, though isolated from the busy world, were content to forego some of its pleasures for the peace and quiet afforded. Once each year, when the cotton was ready for shipment, and the little river was swollen by the winter rains, a steamer would come up to the plantations and take the season's product and the planter's family to New Orleans, where the cotton would be disposed of and a year's supplies purchased. Then, after a few weeks spent in the society of the metropolis, they would be carried safely back to the landing at home. Thus the years were spent until the children, who had been under instructors at home, were far enough advanced to be sent abroad to finish their education. It was at one of these plantations that the squadron of cavalry was dismounted about daylight, with instructions to surround the house and allow no one to escape. The Lieutenant then directed a Sergeant and six men to go through the house and seize any goods that might be contraband of war. The detail was made and the men proceeded to their duty. Entering the house, the Sergeant made the inmates acquainted with the nature of his errand, and assured them that all private property would be respected. When the party ascended the stairs leading to the second story one of the men, a Prussian, who had landed in this country just in time to enlist, remained below and passed into the parlor. Perhaps the single occupant of the room, a beautiful girl, may have attracted him, and perhaps he didn't just like this unceremonious style of ransacking a gentleman's house, war or no war. At any rate the squad got along without him, and came down presently, and continued their search. All the rooms had been visited except one, and into this went the entire party young lady and all. There were four large trunks there, all of the same pattern, and entirely

now. The suspicions of the soldiers were aroused still more when the young lady asked the privilege of opening and displaying the contents of them herself. The request was granted, but each man scanned the articles as they were taken out, expecting the long-looked-for bolts of Confederate cloth would be brought to light. They were disappointed, however; there was nothing but what was evidently intended for the household, and the last trunk had been emptied of its contents—not quite, for the Sergeant noticed that the drawer in the bed had not been opened, and called the girl's attention to it. With a slight tremor of her voice, she replied that there was nothing there but private property, and she did not wish to remove it. This attracted the attention of the men, who gathered round, when the Sergeant again demanded that the search be made. Still the girl, kneeling by the trunk with her hands resting on the lid, made no movement, but looked imploringly into the faces of the soldiers. She was a beautiful creature, scarcely seventeen; yet with all the grace and bearing of an accomplished lady. Before the Sergeant could repeat the order, or execute it himself, the Prussian, with a touch of the hat, and a polite bow to his superior officer, said: "If the lady gives her word of honor that there is nothing we seek, you should be satisfied."

"Word of honor!" repeated the Sergeant contemptuously, "honor among rebels, indeed!"

There was a free fight in an instant, for the Prussian dealt him a terrible blow in the face, which staggered him back among his comrades who took sides evenly for and against the "Dutchman," leaving it uncertain what would be the result. In the excitement now following, the trunk was forgotten, and the party left the premises and resumed their march. When the war was over the troops were disbanded at St. Louis, and the Prussian came last sight of for several years, until the railroad from Memphis to Little Rock was revived, when he turned up as civil engineer, and assisted in locating the route. His name was frequently mentioned in the papers at that time, but when the road was finished he disappeared again, and I saw nor heard nothing more of him until the other day, I met a lady and a gentleman in the cars, whose faces seemed familiar, and who proved to be my Prussian comrade and his wife, the planter's daughter, whom he protected in the war. Then followed a long story of how the railroad was located across the plantation, and how they met again—a case of love at first sight—and were married, and had made a tour of the lakes, and revisited the seminary at Cincinnati, where she was educated, and were on their way to California.

"Well," said I, "you haven't told me what was in that trunk."

"It was a pitcher full of gold and silver coin," said the happy Dutchman, "but I didn't know it till I was married."

A Joke on Henry Clay.

The Carlisle (Kentucky) Mercury has this story: "A relative of Gov. Metcalfe has furnished us with the following incident, which will illustrate the manner 'Old Stonehammer' had of playing practical jokes. Some time before the introduction of railroads Gov. Metcalfe represented in Congress a district of which Nicholas County was a part. Mr. Clay was Secretary of State under President Quincy Adams. It was the custom to make the trips to the national capital in private conveyance.

"It was in the days of Mr. Clay's greatest popularity that the two distinguished politicians agreed to travel to Washington in Gov. Metcalfe's carriage, and, all the arrangements perfect, they started together from the latter's 'Forest Retreat' home in this county. While passing through the State of Pennsylvania, Mr. Clay told Gov. Metcalfe that he had received intimations that in a certain town they were approaching he would be honored with an ovation by the citizens—they like thousands of his fellow-country

men, loved him, but had never seen him. Just before coming to town Gov. Metcalfe, who had all along been driving, suggested to Mr. Clay that he take the lines and drive, as he himself was tired.

"Mr. Clay readily consented, whereupon the Governor took the back seat in the carriage. The honored statesman drove the team successfully into town, and they were met by a large concourse of people. Gov. Metcalfe alighted from the carriage, and being asked whether he was Mr. Clay, answered yes, that he was glad to meet them. At this the crowd fairly hoisted him upon their shoulders and triumphantly started with him to the place of reception. Looking back at Mr. Clay, who still sat in the carriage, somewhat nonplused, the Governor cried, 'Driver, take those horses to the stable and feed them!'

Mortgage on Crops.
[N. Y. Journal of Commerce.]

The following questions will interest many persons, especially through the South, where this topic has been much discussed: CONCORD, N. C. Dec. 24, 1875.

Editor of the Journal of Commerce: As answer in your "Replies and Decisions" I am fully appreciated.

A farmer produces a crop of cotton, and gives a mortgage to a merchant on his growing crop of cotton, &c., for supplies furnished. The mortgagee claims the matured cotton as his by reason of mortgage on growing crop. Can the farmer mortgage something not in existence? Can the merchant take said cotton from an innocent purchaser? Will you give case and decision in United States Supreme Court, from Louisiana or Mississippi, concerning mortgage on growing crops? Was it not decided it did not bind the matured crop?

It will be much to our advantage to have your valued opinion published.

Yours truly, P. & C.

Reply.—The case stated appears to be completely covered by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Butt v. Elliott, 19 Wall. 324, being an appeal from the U. S. District Court for the District of Louisiana. Our files hold the decision, to Graham and Graham ex. 1867, on the crops to be grown this year. Elliott succeeded to the rights of Butt as judgment creditor, but Graham, notwithstanding the mortgage, sold the crops to Butt & Co. to repay advances. Elliott accordingly filed against Butt & Co., and the District Court gave him a decree for the value of the crops. The Supreme Court affirmed the decree, Mr. Justice Swane delivering the opinion, and saying: "The mortgage clause * * * could not operate as a mortgage, because the crops to which it relates were not then in existence. When the crops grew the lien attached and bound them effectually from that time."

Maxims for a Young Man.
Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.
Keep good company or none.
Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.
Keep your own secrets if you have any.
When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very signs of virtue.
Good character is above all things else.
Never listen to loose or idle conversation.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If any one speaks evil of you let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.
Drink no intoxicating liquor.

Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income.
When you retire to bed think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.
Never play at any kind of game.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.
Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.
Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Be just before you are generous.
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.
Never think that which you do for religion is time or money mispent.

Read some portions of the Bible every day.—*Counsels for Life.*

The President has ordered Dr. Lindeman Superintendent of the United States mint, to coin appropriate medals of the canon captured in the Mexican war for the purpose of presenting one to each of the veterans of the Mexican war who shall attend the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia.

The Boston Post says that the salutation most common in St. Louis now-a-days is: "Have you been indicted yet?"

A WONDERFUL CASE.—Mr. H. H. of Passaic City, New Jersey, has for years past, in connection with a New York mechanic, been at work on an invention which promises to revolutionize ordnance.

There was an exhibition on Saturday public of the gun. The little one that Saturday looked like a twelve-foot pipe with a half-inch bore, and carrying a leaden bullet. On the under of the gun are metal pockets, each with as much powder as the lead bullet. As the gun is fired these additional charges of powder explode as the lead bullet passes through the barrel, before it gets out its muzzle, the force of each additional charge. It spread along the barrel the danger of explosion is averted and the force is added to a wonderful degree.

The first shot fired was through a monitor iron four inches in diameter, which the projectile pierced as though were a pine board, and buried itself six inches in an oak stump against which the iron had been placed. Then it was fired at a target composed of plates of three-eighths inch plate-iron, purely strapped together. The bullet went through this. One of these made of six-inch bars, has been completed, will be tested before United States officials next week and it is estimated will make a hole in a five-inch plate.

A CHILD BORN TO A MOTHER SEVEN SIX YEARS OLD.—Truly this was a wonder of the age, and a most remarkable and remarkable event, and one destined to be not only a great place upon the pages of history, but a wonderful event which will be remembered with their mothers. To the mother, Thomas J. Gunn, who was born in Smithville, in this county, on the 10th of May from Smithville in Liberty county, a boy born on the 25th of September, one mother in the 77th year of her age, a boy who weighed eight pounds at birth, and is a healthy, well-developed child. Judge Gunn is an old, well-known, and highly respected citizen of Clay county, and gave us the piece of information, and signed, which was written in the time and weighed the child.

We have known Judge Gunn for many years, having served in the same term with him in the court, and we wish to state the truth of the above.—*Liberty (Mo.) Advertiser.*

UP TO THE STANDARD.—A Georgia paper gives this account of a marriage which recently took place in Albany, that State: young lady of that name was a young man, Interville, Bacon county, that she had heard him highly spoken of, and if he was fit to pay her a visit, and could stand satisfactory examination, that she would reward him with her heart and hand. He accepted the proposition and started at once to the fair one. He arrived at her home on Monday, was inspected and received, and the couple were married the next day.

HE COULDN'T TELL HER.—Passing a commission house on Michigan grand avenue yesterday a lady had her attention attracted to a saddle of venison hanging by the side of the door, and she stopped. "What is the price, the dealer informed her."

"It is delicious meat, madam," a duty. "Yes, I have heard people say it was good, but I don't hardly know. Are you sure it is a corn-fed deer?"

The dealer couldn't take his oath on it, and there fore didn't effect a sale.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

FIRE PRACTICE.—There is said to be a disciplinarian at Ipswich, Massachusetts, who is bound not to be burned alive while he lives in a house with only one nail. On every Tuesday night, according to a local paper, at twelve o'clock, he cries out at which his wife and children rise and dress. He then takes out a wire mesh, puts a rope around his wife and her to the ground, and then throws her arm one child at a time. He puts furniture into the street and removes it to place of safety. The whole time occupied is less than fifteen minutes, and he has to do it in ten.

Yes women are unreasonably, and may have remarked that when one sits down in a new silk dress on a sofa where a neighbor's child has carved, and pointed two cent's worth of tully she is on about it just as bad as if it were her own.

You haven't opened your mouth during the whole session," said an M. P. to a low member. "I jawed through the whole of your speech."

A fool in a high station is like a man on the top of a high mountain—everybody appears small to him, and he appears small to every body.

A young widow in New Orleans being asked after her husband's death, answered with a soft, quiet smile, "He is dead, thank you."

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