

D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.1

New Series-Vol. 3. No 3-

TAKE

## TRUTH FEARS NO FOE, AND SHUNS NO SCRUTINY.

# ---Old Series, Vol. 55.

THE LOVE'S CHOICE.

Nor gush of warmer feeling,

To some minds may be tender:

But give to me the sunlight free

Some love a face of smiling grace,

But love lies deep, and oft must weep.

And strength we need in sorrow;

The darkest night is turned to light

When love shines on the morrow.

------

A PLUCKY WIFE.

It was one of the hundsomest packets

on the river, and among the passengers

He was a large-sized, handsome-looking

woman, with blue eyes and short chesnut

eurls. One would have said that she

would have screamed at a tilt on the boat.

after she had retired to her staterroom,

and the cabin was entirely clear of ladies,

when so, ne one proposed a game of cards.

were shuffling eards over cabin tables, and

courteous, well-dressed man, and had

been taken for a traveler in search of health

He was lucky with his cards, but he did

not propose playing for stakes. It was the

himself a champion hand at poker, and

netted Georgian who proposed it. Hecalled

He sat smoking with other gentlemen

Bestowed on all at pleasure;

Ob, who that sacred treasure.

The moon'light's glow o'er fields of snow

That gilds the flowers with splendor.

Some love a face of charming grace, A fairy form of Angel-beauty; But for my part give me the heart Inspired by candor, love, and duty, A homely look is like a book, Plain outside, but within it Are genus of thought by wisdom wrought, A higher worth to win it. Some love a face of marble grace, No inner fount revealing; ATOR No joy or grief, however brief,

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bound for Vicksburg were a Georgian and his wire, who have relatives in Mississippi. man, and she was a pleusant-looking little

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THE Scientific American now in its 30th year, enjoys the widest exceptation of any workly to a spaper of the kind in the world. A new vo-hant commences January 4, 1878. metal. HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., AUGUST 4, 1875.

room and cross the cabin. No one knew that her husband had the revolver in his hand as she softly came upon him. "Go back, he whispered, 'I a coming in a moment !'

With swift motion she seized the weapon, wrenched it from his grasp, and as she came down the cabin to the table at which the gambler sat, and around which balf a dozen men yet lingered, her blue eyes were full of fire.

The gambler looked up. The hammer of the revolver came up with a double click. A white arm stretcked out, and the muzzle of the revolver looked straight into the gambler's face. He turned pale; the men fell back. For half a minute the deep silence was oroken only by the taint splash of the paddle wheels.

"Go!" she said. He looked into her flaming eyes as if he could bluff her.

"Go!" While killing time, timestcalsour prime, He rose up and reached for the money. "Leave it?' she whispered, making a threatening motion with the revolver. He retreated back. She followed. Foot by foot he backed across the cabine, the muzzle of the revolver always on a line with his face. He backed through the SHE MEETS THE GAMBLER WHO WON HER door on the promenade deck, and the HUSHAND'S MONEY AND A SCENE ENSUES. railing was there.

"Jump,' she whispered.

The boat was running along within three hundred feet of the shore. Over the rail to the water was a terrible leap. "You can have the money, he said,

"Jump,' she repeated.

Was she ?

"I will not." The arm came up a little, and the light from the cabin showed him a cold, strange, determined look on her face. He turned about, shivered, and was over the rail, leaping for out and unable to suppress a cry of alarm as he felt himself going down. In ten minutes after half a dozen men The boat swept along, her arm fell, and re-entering the cabin she sat lown, leaned the Georgian was matched against a her head on the table and wept bitterely. stranger to all on board. He was a quiet, The passengers said she was a "brick."

### A LIVELY OLD BOY.

He wanted to see things Whizz, and he finally had his way.

when he found he had met his equal he determined to test the stranger's financial queer looking, wiry little old chap array d horse and rejoined his party and rode spirit land. Away over mountain and ing shirt and a m

No one had seen her leave her stater- DEEADFUL TRAGEDY IN BALD-WIN COUNTY ALABAMA.

> HIS DAUGHTER AND HER DEATH FROM Partial reports of a terrible occurrence

near the line of the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad reached us by telegraph from the Junction on Tuesday morning, but we could learn nothing definite. Yesterday

we were called upon by Mr. W. J. Van sheets of General Brisbin's book : Kirk, of Millvue, a Surveyor who was on duty near the scene of the tragedy, but at the funeral of the victims, and give us wo men of considerable means and both some years in consequence of misundertheir cattle which "use" in the same range. On Monday Bryers, Sr; with his son unarmed, but the father, after some angry followed him, advanced toward the party.

Joseph Bryers then came out of the house with a double barrel shot gun, but both house, sprang from his horse and got bethirty-five yards off, the rest of the at- pined way to a mere skeleton.

SPOTTED TAIL.

A BROKEN HEART.

A NEIGHBORROOD VENDETTA FOUGHT OUT. A ROMANCE OF THE FOREST-LOVE OF

The following account of the celebrated Sioux chief Spotted Tail is from advance

During the latter years of the war, of Spotted Tail's family remained for a not a witness to its occurrence. He visited time at Fort Laramie, and with them was the battle ground, however, was present his favorite daughter, a young girl just budding into womsuhood, The fort was an intelligent report of the dreadful affair. theu garrisoned by companies of Ohio re-Greenberry Bryers and James Hadley, giment of volunteer cavalry. Among the fficers of this regiment was a young man large owners of stock, had been at feud for of good appearance and plesant manners, and with whom the chief's daughter fell standings caused by the intermixing of in love. Her passion does not seem to have been reciprocated by the young soldier, and he did all in his power to convince her he could not marry her, and Larry, was plowing about 150 yards from therefore it would be wrong in him to pay the house, when Hadley, Sr; accompanied his addresses to her. But the infauated by a party of five others, comprising his girl would not believe, and could not unson " Dink," two other sons, and his sons- derstand why she, a princes, and the in-law Bud Pricher and Thos. Stewart, daughter of the powerful chief on the all armed with shot guns rode up near the plains, was not a suitable wife for the fence and said they had "come to settle soldier. Day after day she would dress the matter." Bryers and his son were herself with scrupulous care, and come to the fort to see her beloved, It was pitiwords had been exchanged, caught up a able to observe her, as hour after hour she piece of pine root, a foot and a half long, would sit on the doorstep of the young of-and getting over the fence, his son ficer's quarters, waiting for him to come out. At other times she would follow him As he approached them he was shot down about the parade ground like u dog scenand instantly killed, and his son who ran ing perfectly happy if she could only be to his father as he fell was instantly killed. near him and enjoy the poor privilege of looking at him.

Spotted Tan hearing of the strange conbarrels missed fire and he was shot dead. duet of his daughter, and deeply mortified barrels missed fire and he was shot dead. Meanwhile Dink Hadley rode toward the fort, and putting her in charge of some hind a pine tree to await the coming of kind friends, bade them carry her off into another son, John Bryers, who advanced his tribe dwelt, and endeavored in every from the house under fire with two guns way to make her forget her unfortunate He droped one of them and sprang to a love. She went away meekly enough but post in the road which did not shelter fell into a deep melaucholy, from which more than a third of his person and ex- no effort of friends could arouse her-Prechanged fires with Dink Hadley about sently she refused to take any food, and

tacking party meanwhile firing on him from a distance. At his second fire Had- white with foam, sought the great chief lay fell, but got up and was attempting to and told him that his daughter was dying reload, but seeing Bryers run back and get of a broken heart, und wished to see him The Virginia Nev. Enterprise says : A his other gun he scrambled upon his once more before she passed to the happy away with them, John firing into them as stream burried the chief and paused not GOING WEST.

They entered Vicksburg just at dark, The two mutes before the covered wagon leaned against each other for support, and a man having any knowledge of mules, would have said that a lunch of scrap iron would have been a God send to them. There was a big dog under the wagon, and he looked around in a suspicious, frightened way, as if expecting an attack from some quarter.

Peeping out from the wagon was a woman and three children. Her face was as yellow as other and as sharp as a plantation toe, and if the children had had a bit of bacon for mouths past, their looks didn's show it.

'We're a sad family' replied the man as he returned from the grocery with a pound of crackers and a bit of cheese.

'Auything bad happened' asked the renorter,

You see that woman in the wagon thar. Well, she weighed a hundred and sixty pounds when we left North Carolina a year ago. Thar she is now, gone down to a shadder, and you couldn't hear her holler across the road !'

'Yes, she does look bad.'

'And that's the three children-fell away o bones and hide and ha'r. That used to be seven. The rest ar' planted over than? across the river !"

"Well , that is bad."

"And that's them mules," continued the stranger, his voice growing husky. 'Thar' was a time when they was jist ulo lightning; had to tie am up out door for fear they'd kick the stable down in North Carolina. They don't look like it now. but they was once able to run a plow into the side so deep that it took a nigger a day to dig down to the handles !'

. They seem worn out now.'

And gaze on that dog-on poor Timothy !" continued the man, brushing a tear from his left eye- ' that's what takes the pluck'o me! When I brought that dog from old Norf Caroliny the taller fried out of him as he walked, and when he sot his teeth on to anything, it had to come or die. And what is he now? What's his bounden? step. his fat, his grace?'

. You had bad luck then ?"

. Yes things sot again' us from the start. The rain drowned the crops out in Texas the ager shook us up stairs and down, fever took the children away, and the old woman and the mules and Timothy sot right down and pined away to shadders?"

' And you are moving?' . We're a joggin, ' stranger, kinder joggin' along and around, lookin' for a place to squat. The old woman sights for North Carolina, and Timothy he'd git up on his hind legs and how! if we were pinted that way, but I thought we'd jog a little further. . Well I'm sorry for you said the reporter. · Bleeged to you, stranger, I've tried to keep a stiff backbone, and I guess I kin see this thing through, but when a fellow remembers what those mules was, and see em now, it's nuff to break his heart, to say nuthin' about Timothy under the wagon, a dog who was brung up on the fat o' the land in North Carolina, and who hains used to sorrow and grief !' And he climbed into the wagon pushed on the lines, and the mules moved slowly on their way.

In the column cases January 4, 1875. Its concents emissives the briest and most inte-resting information perturbing to the Unitedirial, Mechanical, and Scientific Progress of the World Descriptions, with Beautiful Engravings, of New Inventions, New Implements, New Proceeds and Im, roved Industries of all kinds: Useful Notes, Recipes, Suggestions and Advace, by Practical Writers, for Workmen and Kamployers, in all the scriptors of the

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Citizens' Nat	C. Primerow
RALEIGI Authorized Capital, DEAL	\$500.000.
Government and oth Nov. 14. cm	ersecurities
NOTI THE Election Presenct President in Coduction of Orange is discontinued. By order of the Board Ocange 1 ounty, 8th June June 10 775. JULIN	known as Wagner's ove Township, county of Commissioners of 1975.

They had fifty dollars on the table when the captain looked into the cabin. He caught the Georgian's eye and gave him to understand that his opponent was a river blackleg, but the other gentlemen had dropped their cards and crowded around, money was up, and the information had come too late, Besides, the Georgian was doing well enough, and he flattered himself that he could teach the courteous blackleg a lesson,

It was a very quiet group around the table, and after the play had continued for fifteen minutes, the gentlengen spoke in whispers, and some of them were reminded of old times on the Mississippi, when gamblers had the full run of every bout.

The Georgian had luck with him from the start, and while he tooked smilling and old man broke out with ; confident the gambler appeared to grow excited and uncasy. His money was raked across the table until the Georgian had \$300 in greenlacks before him. The stakes had been light up to this time, both men seeming to fear each other's skill. The Georgian proposed to increase them, and the gambler agreed. In ten minutes the latter had his \$300 lack. Luck had turned-The Georgian lost \$20; then \$50; then \$80; then \$100

The gambler's face wore a quiet smile, as the Georgian became nervous. His hands trembled as he held up the cards, and his face was wet with moisture.

"Come, gentlemen,' said one of the group, "let's have a general hand for amusement, and then turn in."

The Georgian booked with a fixed glance, and replied ;

" I have lost \$400; he must give me a fair

he play went on. The heap of greenkaat the gambler's right hand grew ger. Once in a while the Georgian a, but he lost ten dollars for every one ued. He finely laid down his cards, led a roll of bills from a breast pocket counted out \$300. This was his pile, less than ten minutes every dollar of it been added to the gambler's heap Gentlemen, will you smoke ? asked gambler, as he turned around and w his cigar case.

They knew his true character in spite his disguise, and they refused.

I am sorry for my friend,' he conued, biting at the end of a cigar, "but will agree that the play was fair.' The Georgian had passed out on the

menade deck. The gambler turned to stack of bills and was counting them en there was a sharp exclamation, the ad of a brief struggle, and the little won with blue eyes and chesnut curls ered the cabin. She was half undressed, hawl thrown over her shoulders, and had a revolver in her hand.

of one of our first class saloous. His keg' shoulder. Dink Hadley's wound was in bedside of his beloved child. He found was evidently full to overflowing, yet he was athirst. Locking one eye upon the bar keeper and another on the array of bottles before him, he thrust his right hand deep into his breeches pocket and stirred up a stunning gingle of coin. Turning then to a gentleman standing near, the listle old Bryers family, ran to where his father man said :

me in a drink?"

"Well, for my part I um like that old patriarch that the Bible tells of. He was one of my kind. When he had a frolie he wanted to see things whiz !'

"What one of the old patriarchs was that ?? asked a gentleman present, who thought it might be worth while to call the old gentleman out.

'I'm not much of a biblest,' said the old man . . but I mean the old cock that lived somewhere down in Galilee or Nazareth; The old fellow, you, know, that give the big blow out when his oldest gal got mar-ried ; he killed a lot of oxen and sheep and Gazette. calves and goats and had a tearing barbecue, inviting all the neighbors for miles around. But devil a one come near the house. All too durned high toned. Then what does the old chap do but git up on his car and swear that the thing shall be a success. So the old bums and stiffs, the dead beats, the truth is, the South made two fatal mislame, hait and blind, saying :

Bring 'em all in aud we'll have a hof a tear.

Then the hungry and thirsty old bums and gutter snipes all come chargin' in from the back alleys and tumblin' up from the lumber yards, and they piled in and made beer, and they fiddled and danced till they still, they never should have disarmed it hot for that lunch and whiskey and lager all got blind drunk and broke up in a row, But the gal had a stavin' lively wedding after all. Now that's the kind of a man am. Ef you gentlemen won't drink with martyrdom of six millions of people since? me, damme, I'll go out and bring in the Indeed, the numediate martryrdom of bums and old stiffs, and we?il devour the free lunch, drink ourselves disorderly and have a regular weddin? feast right hvar." This little oration had the desired effect.

and all in the room took a drink with the old chap, when he exultantly cried, bringing his fist down on the counter, as he emptied his glass : Damme, you don't know old Sol Win

tera down hyar, but he's a purty big Injun when he's net home, up in Union Valley." "Tis sweet to wait, but oh how bitter,

To wait for a giri and then not git 'er.'

cap, the other day made his way to the bar they teft and wounding old Hadley in the for food or rest until he had reached the the knee, John was wounded in the head, arm and foot, but not dangerously. Three shots struck the post by which he stood. While the fight was going on near the house, Wylie, the younger son of the

then asked another , and another , all around other, a father and one son wounded. We warriors, but the pale faces are more until each man in the room had been invit- are told that Mr. Bryers was much res- numerous than the leaves of the forest and ed ; but all declined, some from one cause pected, being a leading man in religious | 1 pray you to cease from warring with them. and some from snother. Finally, after the affairs in the neighborhood, and that Had- Spare your people, my chief, rest a little whole crowd had refused to join him, the ley had atways been deemed a respectable while in peace, and you will have reached

> inquest was held, it "not being thought am now going. The pale faces are his peoplain."

Tuesday a posse of ten men, provided with warrents for the arrest of the murderers, went to the Hadley settlement but found their residences deserted.

The locality of these occurrence is near the Florida line, four miles west of Perdido station, or about midway between the Junction and Tensas Bridge,-Pensacola

#### THE "LOST CAUSE."

There have been mountains of nonsense, written and spoken, on the subject of "the election, of course, but they should have left a bridge between themselves and the same men of the North, and more vital

with such a foe in their front. What were the total annihilation of Lee's and Johnston's armles, in view of the stupendous Lee's eighteen thousand half starved and worn out victims would have saved the

arming -Day Book.

land not only from the awful ruin brought on the South, but the impending horrors yet to be brought upon the North. These are the mistakes, the sold mistakes, which, if Mr. Davis bad reached the trans-Mississipplarmies might, at least this latter one.

have been avoided, for unlike General ambitions, Lee, who never really understood the

Abolition power, Mr. Davia did so, and would have secured guarantees before dismund.

her still alive but fast sinking, and she bid him sit close beside her and hold her flesh less hands in his while she told him all her simple story of love and suffering and a broken heart. She then said : 'I shall soon be at rest, my father, and with those of our kindred who have gone before. In and brother Larry had fallen and was shot that beautiful land I will wait for you, and Stranger, excuse me, but will yer june down, the wound being in the thigh and you will soon come to join me, dear father dangerous. The summary of the allair is for your locks are whitehed with years of The stranger declined, upon the plea that a father and two sons murdered and two care, you are fast growing old and tired he had just had one. The little oid man sons wounded, on one side; and, on the You are a great chief and have yet many person. The dead were buried on Tues- toe end of your journey of life, and come day, a large assemblage being present. No to join me in the happy home to which 1 necessary, the facts of the crimes being so ple, and between you and them I hope war will never come again. And, O my father and my chief, when I am dead, take my poor wasted body and lay it on the hill beside the fort where I learned to love so wed." The pulseless hand grew cold as the great chief promised his child all she asked of him, then the lustrous eyes glazed over, the thin lips ceased to move, the smile fled from the wasted face, and the Indian girl was dead.

The heart-broken chief bid the attendants dress the body of the princess for burial, and on the shoulders of stont warriors it was carried to Laramie and laid to rest among the pale faces, one of whose race she had so fatally loved. Her grave lost cause," as the failure to defend South- is still pointed out to the traveller, and he sends his hired man out to gather up all ern civilization is called. The simple there it will long remain a monument of the saddest story of the plains, Spotted takes in the matter in issue-first, in the Tail often speaks of his dear dead daughter modescleeted, the seperation of States, and with affectionate remembrance , and once second, in the surender of the Southern in a great counsel held with the the whites armies. They could not submit to Lincoln's at Laramie Le said ; Were not the hopelessues of resistance, and the dictates of policy sufficient to restrain me from acts of war, the pledge I made to my dead child in her dying hour would cause me to keep at peace with your people."

> Evil thoughts in the soul of either man or woman, like oil in water, will rise to the top. No perfections or deceit can amalgamate with virtue so that they will remain concealed,

#### Nothing is so great an instance, of illnanners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you allrout the rest.

Most people would sneeced in small things, if they were not troubled with great

Where true fortitude dwells, leyalty, bonnty, friendship and fidelity way be

A bashful and not over-educated fellow went to see his girl the other night, and as he started away he put his arms around her and whispered in her cars " dearest, I love;" and she responded sweetly,"ditto," meaning, of course, a reciprocation of his tender passion. The young man could not find "ditto" in his vocabulary, and asked his father the next day as they were hoeing enblage, what it meant. The old gent rested a moment on his hoe, and pointed to the cabbage in front of him with the remarkt " You see that cabbage ?" "Yes;" responded the youth "And you see the next one there?" "Yes, " Well that is called "ditto.", " Danth her !' exclaimed the impetnous youth, "she called me a cabbago head.!

-----

A farmer on the road between Charlton and Warcester, Mass; having been terribly antroyed by drammers, put up a sign: 'No sewing machines wanted here. Got one, It was no use; the next drummer wanted to see the machine, 'and perhaps he'd hitels up a trade.' Ho the farmer put up "Got the small-pax here." That workey well for a little while, but then came along a drutomer frightfully pitted with the small-pox, who smillingly said: "Seein" you've got it had here they've put me on this route."

------

There is an editor over in East Florida who calls cotton "the fleecy staple-" The next thing he will probably do will be to term a locomotive "the hom horse," and then some ship will be wreeked and he'll mention the "Ill fated vessel" and then we'll think of him with disrespect and won't go on an editorial excursion with him.-Peromeola Gazette.

Buy not, sell not, where self respect is bartered, for that once lost, the main spring of bonor is fusted and decayed.

