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10-4 Bleached Sheeting at 20c. per yard worth 30c.;
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Carpets, in great variety, now sold at less than cost, so as to close out the entire stock;
Rugs, Mats, Oil-Cloths, Hassocks, Window-Shades, Window-Curtains and Curtain Fixtures, such as Cornices, Bands, and Loops—all very cheap;
Reps and Cretons for furniture covering, and Lambrequins, the cheapest ever seen;
White Flannels in all qualities, from 16⅔c to $1. per yard;
A full assortment of Twilled, Plaid, Striped and Plain Colored Flannels, the cheapest yet offered;
Table Cloths, Napkins, Doilies, Turkey Red Damask, Linen Crumb-Cloths, Towels, and other articles for housekeepers. We give the lowest prices for the best articles made.
Best Thread Bobbin Edge, 18 yards in a piece, for 25c. worth 3c. per yard;
Crochet Edging 25c. for a piece of 12 yards, worth 5c. per yard;
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Everlasting Embroidery Trimmings at 25c. for a piece of twelve yards, worth 10c per yard;
Hamburg Edgings at 4, 5, 6¼, 10, 12½, 15, 20 25c. and up to $1 per yard: in these goods we are offering the best bargains ever known;
Pillow-Lace, Valencs, Cluny, Torchon, Guipure, Point, and other Laces in great variety and at the lowest prices;
Nottingham Laces for Curtains at 12½, 16⅔, 20, 25c., and up to $1 per yard—the cheapest ever seen;
Toilet Mats in great variety;
Ticks at 25, 31, 50, 75c. $1, and up to the finest made;
Machine Oil, large bottles at 10c.;
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Best French Blacking at 5, 8 and 10c.;
Shoe, Hat, Hair, Cloth, Nail, Tooth, Velvet and Silk Brushes;
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Many people are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.

It is the steam upon the brain that makemen bald. Any bald-headed man will tell you this.

The following laconic epitath, carved on a spanish tombstone, should be remembered: 'I was well, I tried to feel better, took physic, and here I am.'

'How nicely this corn pops!' said a young man who was sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. 'Yes,' she responded, demurely, it's got over being green.'

'Mamma: 'Look, Cissy, here is the dear doctor coming. What a favorite he is! See, even the little chickens run to meet him.' Cissy: 'Yes, ma; and the little ducks cry 'Quack! quack!'

The pathway of life is full of difficulties, but Griggins says he has about made up his mind that one of the hardest things in the world for a man to do is to admit to his wife that he has been in the wrong.

'What's de time o' day, ole 'owan?' said a colored countryman to Aunt Milly, trying to poke fun at the brass chain that held her front door key around her neck. 'Look at de town clock, chile. Dat's built for po' folks.'

CHAPEL HILL ITEMS

[From the Ledger.]

We are glad to inform the public that no Scarlatina is now prevalent in Chapel Hill. There were only two cases and they were scarcely perceptible. The health of the place is exceedingly good as it always has been.

Hon. Kemp P. Battle President of the State University, will deliver a lecture in Asheville, on Wednesday, the 8th of May on the relation of the University to farmers of North Carolina and the advantages this institution affords to the farming interest of the State.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Davis, mother of M. W. Davis, Esq; of this place, while returning from a visit to her granddaughter Mrs. McCauley, was seriously injured by being thrown from the buggy. The horse took fright and upset the buggy, breaking it in pieces. Mrs. Davis received a bad cut in the head, and two of the metacarpel bones of the left arm were fractured. Mrs. Davis is a very old lady, and the injuries sustained are of a serious nature

HISTORICAL FACTS CONCERNING NORTH CAROLINA WORTH REMEMBERING.

Some years ago T. D. Kingsbury, then one of the editors of the Raleigh Sentinel, prepared a statement of facts connected with our State's history. The Oxford Orphan's Friend has recently published the article. It does not contain all of the points that should be mentioned, so he has used the article and added other points. He also prefaces the whole with a brief extract from an address delivered at Oxford in 1876, at the Centennial Anniversary.

North Carolina has been modest in asserting her claims when others have been blatant and boastful. When applied to communities and commonwealths, it is not true that "real worth requires no interpreter," and that glorious deeds and noble works will secure proper recognition and form the blazonry of a State, whether asserted or not. It is high time that we should take the velvet from our mouths and speak out from rostrums and printing press boldly and unmistakably in behalf of our own people and State. I authoritatingly and positively assert that the truth of history fully warrants me in claiming for my native North Carolina the following facts in which SHE IS FIRST:

1. The first English settlement made on the American Continent was on July 4th, 1584.

2. The first Indian who ever received Christian baptism was Manteo, a chief. He was baptised August 13, 1584.

3. The first white child ever born on the American Continent was Virginia Dare, daughter of Ananeas and Eleanor Dare. She was born on Roanoke Island, August 18, 1584.

4. The first revolution in America by which tyrannical and unrighteous government was overthrown was in Albermarle in 1676.

5. The first tractate of paper ever published in America in resistance to tyranny and oppression, was written in Granville county, in 1765, and is mentioned by Herman Husband.

6. The first bloodshed on the American Continent in resistance to British tyranny was at the battle of Alamance on May 16, 1771, between the Regulators and Tryon, the Royal Governor.

7. The first men who were ever hanged by British authority for taking up arms in defence of liberty, was at Hillsboro, Orange county, in the year 1771—probably in the month of June.

8. The first opposition offered by an organized assembly to the tax on tea and the unjust rule of Great Britain, was made by the first Provincial Congress held at Newbern, on August 25th, 1774.

9. The first Declaration of Independence ever made in America was at Charlotte, on May 20th, 1775.

10. The first Convention of the People, to declare an open resistance to British authority, was held at Charlotte on 31st May, 1775, when a new government was set up.

11. The first open resistance to British authority, occurred on the Cape Fear river, at Wilmington, under Colonels Waddell and Ashe.

12. The first Colony to instruct her delegates in the General Congress to declare independence of the British Crown, was North Carolina. This was done on April 12th, 1776, at Halifax, where the Colonial Congress was then in session.

13. The first important battle fought between British and American troops was at Moore's Creek bridge, in the now county of Pender, on February 27th, 1776, over four months before the National Declaration of Independence was made.

14. The first State in the number of troops furnished in proportion to population, in the war between the South and the North, was North Carolina. She sent into service 121,000 effective troops, besides nerrly 4,000 on other duty. The largest vote (white) ever polled before the war was 112,500.

In these fourteen particulars North Carolina stands first. The events recorded are dated all other similar events in any other State.—*Wilmington Star.*

T. B. K.

A Texas newspaper says: 'Griffin is the rendezvous of the Texas buffalo hunters. Men who make it a business do not pursue the animal as do sportsmen. They use the needle gun with telescopic sights, and the firing is done by one or two men only, who usually kill a drove of forty or fifty on one or two acres of ground. As soon as one is killed, the whole drove, smelling the blood, collects around the dead body, snuffling and pawing. The hunter continues to shoot them until the last one bites the dust. As long as the men remain concealed, and the buffaloes do not get their scent, the game is not frightened.'

'Take the life of Pious IX, mum?' asked a boy, thrusting a pamplet in an old lady's face in the cars. 'Bless me! no,' she replied, 'I thought he was dead already.'

REMINISCENCES OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

In the last number of the *North American Review*, General Richard Taylor contributes a chapter of reminiscences entitled "Stonewall Jackson and the Valley Campaign." He tells nothing that is new concerning the military operations which he describes, and the value and interest of his article is in the glimpses it gives of Jackson, who was without doubt one of the most peculiar and interesting figures which the war between the States brought into view. General Taylor saw Jackson for the first time in May, 1862. This is his description of the meeting:

"A figure perched on the topmost rail of a fence overlooking the road and field, was pointed out as Jackson. Approaching, I saluted and declared my name and rank, then waited for a response. Before this came, I had time to see a pair of cavalry boots covering feet of a gigantic size, a mangy cap, with visor drawn low; a heavy, dark beard and weary eyes—eyes I afterwards saw filled with intense but never brilliant light. A low, gentle voice inquired the distance and road marched that day.

'Six and twenty miles—Keazleton road.'

'You seem to have no stragglers.'

'Never allow stragglers.'

'You must teach my people; they straggle badly.'

'A bow in reply. Just then my creoles started their band and a waltz. After a contemplative suck at a lemon. Thoughtless fellows for serious work came forth. I expressed a hope that the work would not be less well done because of the gayety. A return to the lemon gave me an opportunity to retire. Where Jackson got his lemons 'no fellow could find out,' but he was rarely without one. To live twelve miles from that fruit would have disturbed him as much as it would the witty dean. Quite late that night General Jackson came to my camp fire, where he remained some hours. He said he would move at dawn, asked a few questions about the marching of my men, which seemed to have impressed him, and then remained silent. If silence was golden, he was a 'bonanza.' He sucked lemon, ate hard tack and drank water, and, I imagine, his idea of the 'whole duty of man' was—praying and fighting.'

Of Jackson's inability to understand anything like a jest, Gen. Taylor soon had an illustration. The night before the entry into Winchester, Jackson and Taylor were together under a desultory fire. Gen. Taylor says:

'An officer, riding hard, overtook us, who proved to be te Quartermaster of the army. He reported the wagon trains far behind, impeded by bad road, in Luray Valley.

'The ammunition wagons?' (sternly).

'All right, sir. They were in advance, and I doubled teams on them and brought them through.'

'Ah!' (in a tone of relief.)

'To give countenance to this Quartermaster, if such can be given of a dark night, I remarked jocosely: 'Never mind the wagons. There are quantities of stores in Winchester, and the General has invited us to breakfast to-morrow.'

'Jackson, who had no more capacity for jokes than a Scotchman, took this seriously, and reached out and touched me on the arm. In fact, he was of Scotch-Irish decent, and his unconsciousness of jokes was 'de race.' Without physical wants himself, he never remembered that others were differently cultivated, and paid little heed to the commissariat; but woe to the man who failed to bring up ammunition! In advance, his trains were left far behind; in retreat, he would fight for a wheelbarrow.'

Jackson's Puritanism appears not to have been of a very aggressive type. His conscience was not an offensively vicarious one, as appears from the following anecdote:

We reached the shallow depression spoken of, where the enemy could depress his guns, and his fire became close and fatal. Many men fell, and the whistling of shot and shell occasioned much ducking of heads in the column. This annoyed me not a little, as it was but child's play to the work immediately in hand. Always an admirer of delightful Uncle Toby, I had contracted the most valiant habit of his beloved army in Flanence, and, forgetful of Jackson's presence, ripped out, 'What the h—l are you dodging for? If there is any more of it, you will be baited under this fire for an hour!' the sharp tones of a familiar voice produced the desired effect, and the men looked as if they had swallowed ramrods; but I shall never forget the look of reproachful surprise on Jackson's face. He placed his hand on my shoulder, and said, in a gentle voice: 'I am afraid you are a wicked fellow,' then turned and rode back to the picket.'

Of Jackson's overmastering ambition General Taylor says:

'I have written that he was ambitious; and his ambition was vast, all absorbing. As the unhappy wretch from whose shoulders sprang the foul serpent—he loathed it, perhaps feared it, but he could not escape it—it was himself, nor rend it—it was his own flesh. He fought it with prayer, constant and earnest—Apollyon and Christian in ceaseless combat. What limit to set to his ability I know not, for he was ever superior to occasion. Under ordinary circumstances it was difficult to estimate him because of his peculiarities—peculiarities that would have made a lesser man absurd, but that served to enhance his martial fame, as those of Samuel Johnson and literary eminence.'

WHAT AN OLD MAN HAS NOTICED.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well washed.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed in nearly all things money is the main object in view.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that some men are so honest that necessity compels them to be dishonest in the end.

I have noticed that silks, broadcloths and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that whatever is is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of a plumb pudding.

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is 'Forgive us our debts,' while he makes everybody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and that tombstones are marked with epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

LIGHTNING STRIKING DOWN AN INCORRIGIBLE SCOFFER IN A HOUSE OF PRAYER.—A startling even that occurred in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Leiter's Ford, Indiana, is regarded by many people in that State as a direct interposition of Divine Providence for the punishment of the scoffer. A revival had been in progress in the church for two weeks. Elias Bidinger, a married man, about twenty-five years of age, and Robert King had been disturbing the meetings by making sport of those who led the services. On Wednesday night about seventy-five persons were present. During the exercises Bidinger and King began to create a disturbance. Mr. Jones, the ministers, went to expostulate with them, laid his hand upon Bidinger's shoulder and urged him to change his way of life. Bidinger replied with an oath that he would never change his ways. A few moments afterwards, while Michael Shadle, a member of the congregation was leading in prayer, lightning flashed into the church, extinguished all the lights, killing Bidinger, and prostrated King upon the floor. King, as soon as he returned to consciousness called upon the spectators to pray for him, and declared himself converted. The occurrence resulted in swelling greatly the ranks of sinners seeking salvation into that church.

FRETTERS.—One fretter can destroy the peace of a family, can disturb the harmony of a neighborhood, can unsettle the councils of cities and hinder in the legislation of nations. He who frets is never the one who mends, who heals, who repairs evils; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave hearts. The effect upon a sensitive person in the mere neighborhood of a fretter indescribable. It is to the soul what a cold, icy mist is to the body, more chilling than the bitterest storm. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, whose nearness of relation to us makes his fretting at the weather seem like a personal reproach to us, then the misery of it becomes indeed insupportable. Most men call fretting a minor fault.—a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice except drunkenness which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of home.

A newly married couple at Roseburg, Oregon, were disturbed on the following morning by the appearance at their chamber door of that irrepressible mother-in-law, who exclaimed: 'Now, you git up; when I was married my old man was out in the field mowin' long afore this time o' day; if you don't git up I'll burn up your clothes!' 'Burn 'em, old gal; gaul darn 'em; I don't want 'em again," exclaimed the groom.

The ruling passing strong in death: Compelled to give up the ghost, the Worcester Press said: 'We hope the fellow that sent us a postal card with 'stop my paper' written upon it will be satisfied this morning. We study to please.' And it died.

A KU-KLUX TRIAL.

How Bond Perverted Justice in North Carolina.

[Extract from the letter of Captain R. A. Shotwell.]

On the 5th of July I was arrested without warrant, by a gang of soldiers and scallawags (who grossly insulted my venerable father on his demanding to see their capias) was thrown into a filthy iron cage, together with murderers, three negro felons and a citizen, packing eight adults into a space less than eight feet square in the hottest of weather, on the topmost story of a brick jail and with only about two gallons of water daily among all. This treatment of me, be it remembered, was without a warrant, without a preliminary examination, without any threats, or unwillyness on my part. After two months of torture (not to be even hinted at here) I was, on Sabbath morning, handcuffed to a chain, (a negro blacksmith hammering the rivets until they cut through the skin of my wrists) with six others, gentlemen of character and two of them not even a ku-klux, was dragged to Marion, thrust into another cholera breeding cage, (and here U. S. Marshal Carrow confessed to me that the capias for my arrest had not yet come from Raleigh,) carried to Raleigh, packed with 16 grown men in one filthy room in Wake jail, under circumstances of indescribable suffering.

Then followed the farce of a trial. 'Jeffreys' Bond took the bench, his tools got together a jury consisting of ten whites and two negroes, the city filled up 'Deputy marshals,' mongrel man hunters, perjured 'pukes,' and all the army of Loganites and Scogginites swarming in eager haste to their master's dirty work in furtherance of the grand scheme of carrying the State for Grant, while filling their own pockets at the rate of $5 per day. Never has Raleigh seen such a horde before or since.

When the trial was called my case was 'lumped' with ten others, only one of whom I had ever seen (as far as I can recollect) previous to my arrest. Perjured witnesses appeared against me jingling in their pockets the price of manufactured lies. One of these curs started a store on his ill got gold, while another was kicked out of a Raleigh boarding house for bringing into it a veiled woman, professedly his sister, who proved to be a mulatto. Out of the mouths of such witnesses came all the testimony which made me 'late of the Albany penitentiary.' As for my defense, what could be done when all my friends had gone to parts unknown? Even had they returned, their mouths would have been closed by arresting them as *particeps criminis*. As soon as a witness was summoned the 'deputy marshals' tapped him on the shoulder, 'You can't testify; we arrest you also!'

Realizing this, my counsel (that noble old North Carolina Roman, Gov. Bragg, at their head,) decided to fight the jurisdiction of the Court, the unconstitutionality of the act, and the farce trial before a partizan Judge and packed Jury. It was useless. *My* conviction, if not that of the others, was decreed even before the day of my arrest. True, I might have escaped; it was no difficult matter to get out of Wake jail. Or, I might have bribed the jury. Capt. Plato Durham, after my return from Albany, repeatedly mentioned to me that two jurors were ready to 'hang' the verdict for $4,500 and when he and certain others refused the messenger came back with an offer to do it for $4,000. I do not care to give more of the particulars. Suffice it, the money was not raised, the pre-ordained 'verdict' was cast, (the verdict which Judge Schenck says was 'just,' and entirely right and proper,) and then the U. S. Marshal, having tied my arms with ropes, despite the protest of his deputy, (R. F. Busher,) who recognized that it was a needless piece of spiteful humiliation, drove me down to the jail—sentenced for six years at hard labor, and a fine of $5,000. 'Not excessive!' indeed.

Sir Kenelm Digby, whom Pennant, the antiquary, calls 'that prodigy of learning, credulity valor, and romance,' was so enamored of the beauty of his wife that, tradition alleges, he resorted to all sorts of extraordinary devices, with the idea of adding to her charms. She was fed with capons fattened with vipers and divers other eccentric viands, and more than a century after his death a large and peculiar smell might be found in the neighboring woods, which he had imported as a nostrum for his wife. What with medicines and cosmetics the poor lady died at 33.

Richmond, Va; never witnessed such a delirium tremens of religious enthusiasm as is now going on among its darker citizens. About 2,500 of them of both sexes, though with a predominance of males, are going around day and night 'in search ob de Lord.' At first they appear sad, discouraged, and overcome with despair, but all at once, having 'found de Lord,' as they are pleased to remark, the irrepressible joviality of their sunny race is reborn in the light of their countenances, and they are happy as few are capable of being. The revival is spreading, and no one knows where it will end—possibly in a new Africa through just men made perfect.