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NORTH CAROLINA AT GETTYSBURG.

Applications are constantly made for copies of THE OBSERVER containing the articles in regard to the conduct of North Carolina troops at Gettysburg. The number of requests for these, from the Northern States especially, has latterly become so great that, being unable to supply them otherwise, it has been determined to publish them in book form.

The papers on the subject, on both sides, will be reprinted just as they appeared in THE OBSERVER, and will make a volume of some two hundred pages.

The book will be printed on fair white paper, with good, clear type, and in paper covers will be sold at 25 cents; to dealers and canvassers at $15 per hundred.

A library edition will also be made, printed on superior and handsomely bound, which will be sold at $1 each; to dealers and canvassers at the rate of $6 per hundred.

Single copies of either edition mailed postpaid on receipt of the price.

The book will be ready for delivery in a few weeks. Orders accompanied with cash are solicited.

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AN INDIAN LEGEND.

The following story, selected from an Eastern teacher, may be applicable in all climes and to all people: There was a beautiful damsel upon whom one of the good genii wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn where he said to her:

Daughter, in the field before us the ears of corn, in the hands of those who pluck them in faith, shall have inestimable virtues, and the virtue shall be in proportion to the size and beauty of the ear gathered. Thou shalt pass through the field once, and pluck one ear. It must be taken as thou goest forward, and thou shalt not stop in thy path, nor shall thou retrace a single step in quest of thine object. Select a ear full and fair, and according to its size and beauty, shall be its value to thee as a talisman.

The maiden thanked the good genius, and then set forward upon her quest. As she advanced she saw many ears of large, ripe and beautiful, such as calm judgment might have told her would possess virtues enough; but in her eagerness to grasp the very best she left these fair ears behind, hoping that she might find one still fairer. At length, as the day was closing she reached a part of the field where the stalks were shorter and thinner, and the ears very small and shriveled. She now regretted the grand ears she had left behind, and disdained to pick from the poor show around her, for here she found not an ear which bore perfect grain. She went on, but alas! only to find the stalk more feeble and blighted, until in the end, as the day was closing and the night coming on, she found herself at the end of the field without having plucked an ear of any kind.

No need that the genius should rebuke her for her folly. She saw it clearly when too late, as how many in all climes and in all ages, in the evening of life call sadly and regretfully to mind the thousand golden opportunities forever lost because they were not plucked in season.

An Irishman got out of the carriage at a railway depot for refreshments, but unfortunately the bell rang, and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran after the car; "hould on, ye murtherin' old steam ingin—ye've got a passenger aboard that's lift behind!"

Women were born, as fate declares,
To smooth our linen and our cares;
And 'tis but just, for by my troth,
They're very apt to ruffle both.

CALIFORNIA'S SPENDTHRIFT HABITS.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

The reform most needed in California is in our extravagance, which is not only an evil in itself, but is the cause of nearly all the abuses which have crept into our government and society. There are two things which have come down to us from the days of gold, and we could very well do without either of them. The one is reckless extravagance; the other, that queer specimen of humanity who takes you by the button-hole and begins, 'When I came to this State in '49 or the spring of '51.' The grub destroyer is reforming the latter very fast in the only way it is possible, viz: by shutting off the wind; for so long as he has breath, so long will he bore you with the story of his past glory, when he could throw slugs (we mean golden ones) to the birds. But the other is a different matter—time only increases it, and death has no power over it, and only gives it an opportunity to show itself to advantage in a long line of carriages, a silver-mounted casket, and all the pomp and vanity which it seems necessary to display in taking a poor soulless clod of earth to its last rest. To such an extent has this thing been carried that a poor man can no longer afford to die, whilst extravagance has taken from him the means of living; and were it not for the free lunches and occasional help from generous friends, he would be placed in the position of the boy in Toby Rosenthal's picture "Between Two Fires," who, hanging by his hands from the orchard wall, finds his retreat cutoff by a bull dog, while the irate owner advances upon him from the other side of the wall. This is a city of spendthrifts, beginning with the poor newspaper man, who spends the whole of his week's earnings upon the last thing in neck-ties. Men have been known to ask their friends up to drink and spend their last half dollar, although they knew their family was in want of bread. It might be thought this man was a drunkard. Nothing of the kind. He probably only drank soda-water. He was only following the fashion, and was merely a thoughtless, reckless Californian. The disease permeates all classes of society. It attacks men, women and children alike. Children in San Francisco spend more money on candy and playthings than grown up people in other parts of the world do in things they don't require; and the amount of money squandered in children's dress is something awful to contemplate. At a children's ball given here a few years ago, a child of 6 or 7 years of age appeared in a dress which cost $4,000, and her father was not a millionaire. The laborer in San Francisco spends more upon his living and dress than the well-to-do tradesman in England, and the consequence is that when hard times come he goes to join Kearney and the other communists on the sand-lot, and it is the example of the rich which has brought him to beggary, and changed him from the honest laborer into the tool in the hands of a lot of unscrupulous demagogues, who aim to make political capital out of his wretched condition, which was brought about by a bad example and his own folly. The clerk here spends more than the merchant in England, and robs his employer to feed his extravagance, and the wife of the clerk who receives $150 per month, dresses as well as the merchant who is making $10,000 per annum. The ladies vie with each other in dress, the furniture of their houses, and the grandeur of their equipages. The men in the number and value of their horses, and the beauty and expense of their mistress; and this causes a state of dishonesty and immorality painful to contemplate in this otherwise beautiful city. It must not be inferred that this state of things is peculiar to San Francisco. What we say of this city may with equal truth be said of any other large city in the Union. Bank presidents embezzle, clerks rob their employers, government officials steal, men commit forgery and women adultery, all to keep up this infernal extravagance; and unless there is a great reform in this, we need never expect to see an end of the private and public immorality which so disgraces the U. S. A. It is impossible to get honest representatives from among a people wholly given up to this vice. The children suck it in with their mother's milk, are brought up and educated in it, until it becomes a second nature, and the next generation bids fair to be worse than the present.

A dispute arising relative to the best mode of dressing a beef-steak, the controversy was determined by one of the disputants giving Shakspere as an authority. 'If when 'twere done 'twere well done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.'

One forgives everything to him who forgives himself nothing.

Wigs, in the language of flowers, are locks

REDUCED TO EATING DIRT.

The Rev. S. Wells Williams, in a letter dated Feb. 10, says:

'This day was the worst of all. I saw abundant proofs of men eating clay or stones, and brought three stone cakes. The stone is the same as our soft stone pencils. It is reduced to dust and mixed with millet husks, in different proportions, and then baked. It does not look bad, but tastes like what it is—dust. The dead seem to-day to number more than on any previous day, for there were twenty-nine in eighteen miles along the circumstances were more truthful. In one valley the road branched into two, and my servant took one while I took one while I took the other—one each side the street. On his road, the servant saw a woman, lying in a ditch after being robbed of all she had, and still moving, though unconscious of any one passing by. Further on we saw a man's head cut clean from his body—a cruel murderer's deed. We saw also among the dead some wounded beasts, but not done by the wolves, dogs or birds. The dogs barked and howled at us when we drove them off from the dead. Many of the corpses seen when we were going had disappeared, but their places were more than supplied by others.

'To these details of what I saw I give you a briefer account of what I have heard. Some men coming from Sichum, on their way to Peking, said that along the whole way they saw dead bodies here and there. Snow had fallen in Honan province a foot deep, and about eight inches in Shansi to the west and northwest, and none further north in that province. In all that region west of this the cold had been unusual. The soft stone is sold at from 2 to 5 mills a pound, and bark from 5 to 7 mills per pound for food. The roots of sweet flags are dug, but they cause the face to swell. Grain is three or four times the usual price, and turnips and cabbage five or six times. Flour is seven, eight and nine mills per ounce. In every city I passed through the report was twenty, thirty or forty dying daily. At Pinyang ten great pits had been filled, and two carts were daily employed in carting the dead. One inn-keeper told us that one of his customers reported having counted two hundred and seventy dead on the road in the days' journey. Whole families, old and young, die in their houses and lie there unburied. In one district a third of the population are dead, and the people maintain that in many towns fully one-half have perished, and they know villages where formerly dwelt 300, 400 and even 500 people, of whom not more than 100 now remain.'

BEAUTIES OF BRAZIL.

Those who sigh for a lodge in Brazil should read what Mr. Bigg-Withers writes of the beauties of that country:

"The musquito makes his home in these wilds. A tiny fly, called *polvora*, from being as small and multitudinous as atoms of dust, passes through the meshes of the finest net, then penetrates the hair and beard and sticks its venomous proboscis into the skin. The loathsome tick *carapato*, when disturbed on the cows and twigs by the foot of the passer by, swarms up the trouser legs and fastens upon the flesh. It has so firm a bite that if it is plucked off, its head is left buried deep in the flesh, diffusing a virulent poison of its own. The hairy caterpillar, by day or night equally beautifully, luminously phosphorescent in the dark, and with a covering of brilliant hues, like delicately formed moss, the ends of which branch off into pointed antlers, inflicts with every point of these a very painful sting. There is a lively red ant whose tormenting powers are not to be despised. But one of the worst enemies of mankind, as well as of the cattle and hogs, is a big spotted fly which comes along silently and pricks the body of its victim. It sucks no blood and instills no venom; its minute weapon, instantly withdrawn, leaves no soreness or irritation at the time. The man thus slightly punctured does not rub or scratch himself. He little knows that he has received the deposit of an egg which will soon become a wriggling maggot, half an inch after one week's growth, but capable of growing to an inch and a quarter in length and a half an inch in thickness. With fine rings of black spikes or bristles around its body, it has a horrid trick of revolving on its own axis, tearing the flesh anew by each of its hourly revolutions. Mules, oxen and wild deer suffer likewise from the hideous visitation. Wasps and hornets there are, of course. There is a small, stingless bee, which crowds so thick upon exposed parts of the body as to leave no room for a mosquito to alight. As the bee only tickles, instead of biting, stinging or trying an egg, it is welcome; but it is impossible to eat without devouring half a dozen or more."

A WORD IN SEASON.

Kilstein, a pious German minister, once heard a laboring man use the most awful curses and imprecations in a fit of passion, without reproving him for it. This so troubled him that he could scarcely sleep the following night. In the morning he arose early, soon saw the man coming along, and addressed him as follows: 'My friend, it is you I saw waiting to see.'

'You are mistaken,' replied the man, 'you have never seen me before.'

'Yes, I saw you yesterday,' said Kilstein, 'whilst returning from your work, and heard you praying.'

'What! heard *me pray*?' said the man. 'I am sure now that you are mistaken, for I never prayed in my life.'

'And yet,' calmly but earnestly replied the minister, 'if God had heard your prayer, you would not be here, but in hell: for I heard you beseeching God that he might strike you with blindness and condemn you into hell-fire.'

'The man turned pale and tremblingly said: 'Dear sir, do you call this prayer? Yes, it is true, I did this very thing.'

'Now, my friend,' continued Kilstein, 'as you acknowledge it, is my duty to beseech you to seek with the same earnestness the salvation of your soul as you have hitherto its damnation, and I will pray to God that he will have mercy upon you.'

From this time the man regularly attended upon the ministry of Kilstein, and ere long was brought in humble repentance to Christ as a true believer.

'A word in season, how good it is.' 'Be instant in season and out of season; rebuke, reprove, exhort, with all long-suffering and prtience.'

THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.

The night is waning, and the hush of inspiration makes the sanctum solemn. The news editor has just written himself a New York dispatch telling all about the sea serpent. The political editor is just closing a crusher full of blood and thunder, and winding up with a terrific exposure. The proof reader is opening a new case of pennels for the purpose of marking all the errors in six lines of proof. The funny man, from the tearful expression of his sorrowful countenance, is known to be in the throes of a joke. The joke is born, and this is its name:

'A man died in Atchison, Kansas, last week from eating diseased buffalo meat. A clear case of suicide from cold bison.'

Enter the intelligent compositor. 'This Atchison item, what is this last word?'

To him, the funny man.—'Bison.'

Intelligent compositor.—'B-i-s-o-n?'

Funny man.—'Yes.'

Intelligent compositor demands to be informed what it means, and the painstaking funny man, with many tears explains the joke, and, with great elaboration, shows forth how it is a play on 'cold pisen.'

'Oh, yes,' says the intelligent compositor, and retires. Sets it up 'cold poison.'

Funny man groans, takes the proof, seeks the intelligent compositor, and explains that he wishes not only to make a play on the word 'pisen' but also on the word 'bison.'

'And what is that?' asks the intelligent compositor.

The funny man patiently explains that it means 'buffalo.'

'Oh, yes!' shouts the intelligent compositor, 'now I understand.'

Mortified funnyman retires, and goes home in tranquil confidence and growing fame.

Paper comes out in the morning, 'cold buffalo.'

Tableau. Red fire and slow curtain.

A few simple experiments will satisfy any one as to the power of the voice in the Phonograph:

1. Take a silk hat, and placing one hand on the crown, talk with the opening towards the mouth. The vibration of the crown of the hat corresponds to the movement of the phonograph's disk.

2. Place the hand on a glass or thin board partition, and talk in a strong voice. The vibration of the partition will be plainly felt.

3. Listen to a room separated by a brick partition from another in which a loud conversation is being carried on. Much that is said will be understood, and this can only be by the vibrations of the air in one room being imparted to the wall itself, which again imparts them to the air in the second room.

Words, spoken with a powerful voice, will frequently drive the phonograph needle through the tin foil.

So delicate is the instrument that indentations not visible to the naked eye vibrate the disk and give out the original sound.

It is not strange that there should be much credulity relative to the performance of such a marvelously simple instrument which performs the functions of two complicated mechanisms in the human body.

There has probably never been so important an invention made available for practical use in such short time as will be the case with the phonograph.

What's the difference between the Prince of Wales and water in a fountain? One is heir to the throne, and the other is thrown to the air.

A GOOD PICTURE.

The Washington Post says: One of the most amusing things we have perused in a long time is a screed in one of the soporific dailies of Philadelphia, congratulating its readers that our country is not like Germany, where they go gunning for Emperors; nor like Russia, where they abolish trial by jury whenever trial by the executioner is more convenient; nor like any other effete monarchy; but, on the other hand, as the late Mr. Morton was fond of saying, the best government the world ever saw. All of which is doubtless true, except as to a few inconsequential details, for example: In sixteen years we have had the most tremendous civil war and social revolution ever known; we have had one President assassinated, another impeached, and a third stolen into office in defiance of the popular will; we have had a section of our country, containing upwards of twelve millions of people, governed by satraps and dragoon officers on the approved Russian plan; we have had a tyranny of financial policy that has crushed the very life out of our industries; and finally, we are now engaged in an inquest upon the highest officials in the country, with a view to indicting them for common perjury and forgery, or the subornation thereof by bribery. Noting these few trifling exceptions, we join our soporific contemporary in rejoicing that we are not as other men, but, on the contrary, have the best government the world ever saw.

The Charlotte *Observer* says, in another column we present a telegraphic outline of the work of the Democratic State convention which assembled in Raleigh yesterday. The next Supreme Court of North Carolina will be composed of Wm N. H. Smith, of Wake, Thos S. Ashe, of Anson, and John H. Dillard, of Guilford—all eminent, pure and learned men. Considering the many distinguished names presented before the convention, it is a matter of surprise that its work should have been done so quickly, and it will prove a source of pride and of gratification to all the people of the State to learn that it was done so well. In the three gentlemen nominated we have a ticket upon which all sections of the State can proudly unite. The sectional objection cannot be brought against it, and it will sweep the State from end to end.

In the nominees are combined all the qualities that we naturally look for in gentlemen who are called upon to wear judicial robes. They are without exception, men of the highest personal and professional character. Devoted to the law, men of intellectual force and all of them men of judicial minds, they will form a bench of which every North Carolinian may be justly proud. In point of dignity of character legal learning and ability, and unsullied reputation, they command the respect of our whole people.

The convention has honored itself, even as the next Supreme Court will be an honor to the State.

Beast Butler, in his Gettysburg Memorial Speech, would steal from the Southern soldier the only consolation left him in his defeat: that, though overthrown in the fight, his cause was a just one. The Southern man will never be willing to accept from Butler the teaching of doctrine as false to fact as insulting to his action. Might never does make right:

"We have no reproach for those who fought against us. They fought well and bravely, as these graves attest. We honor their courage and their devotion to a cause which they believed to be right, but that did not make it right. We will not forget that, although they were brave soldiers, they fought in a bad cause. While we honor them for their valor, we must make the distinction that our comrades were always right. In distributing honors to the dead we must have our preferences for those who died for their country and the right."

A DREAM FULFILLED.

That dreams are often fulfilled in a remarkable manner, says the New Bedford (Massachusetts,) Standard, is exemplified in a case which has just come to our knowledge in this city. A young man who occupies a responsible position in a corporation having an office at the North End, not long since found that his cash account was short to the amount of $30. As he is careful and orderly, the circumstance troubled him and his mind dwelt upon the occurence frequently. The other night he retired, and probably thought of the affair before sleeping, for he had a dream, clear and distinct, that the lost money was under his desk in the office. In the morning his dream came vividly to him, and upon going to his place of business he secured the aid of another man in the office, the desk was removed, and lo! there was the long-lost money—at least eight cents of it. The young man feels quite encouraged, and thinks that if such dreams occur frequently enough, he will eventually recover the whole amount lost.

Every man must work his own way to success; nothing in the world but a mule's hind leg springs up spontaneously.