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THE SUN.

1879. FOR. 1879.

The Sun will be printed every day during the year to come. Its purpose and methods will be the same as in the past. To present all the news in a readable shape, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall.

The Sun has been, and will continue to be independent of everything and everybody save the Truth and its own convictions of duty. That is the only policy which an honest newspaper can have. That is the policy which has won for this newspaper the confidence and friendship of a wider constituency than was ever enjoyed by any other American Journal.

The Sun is the newspaper for the people. It has no fear to utter against the labor man, nor for the poor man against the rich man, but it seeks to do equal justice to all interests in the community. It is not the organ of any political sect, clique or party. Interested only in the welfare of its readers and honest in its advocacy of the right as it sees it, it is for the honest man against the dishonest man, whether he be Republican or Democrat, and for the honest Republican against the dishonest Republican, and for the honest Democrat against the dishonest Democrat. It does not take its cue from the utterances of any political or political organization. It gives its support unreservedly when men or measures are in agreement with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this Republic was founded for the people. Whenever the Constitution, and constitutional principles are violated—as in the outrageous conspiracy of 1876, by which a man not elected was placed in the President's office, where he still remains—it speaks out for the right. That is The Sun's idea of independence. In this respect there will be no change in its programme for 1879.

The Sun has fairly earned the hearty hatred of rascals, knaves, and humbugs of all sects and sizes. It hopes to deserve that hatred not less in the year 1879 than in 1878, 1877, or in any year gone by. The Sun will continue to shine on the wicked with unmitigated brightness.

While the lessons of the past should be constantly kept before the people, The Sun does not propose to make itself in 1879 a magazine of ancient history. It is printed for the men and women of to-day, whose concern is coolly with the affairs of today. It has both the disposition and ability to afford its readers the promptest, fullest, and most accurate intelligence of whatever in the wide world is worth attention. To this end the resources belonging to well-established prosperity will be liberally employed.

The present disjointed condition of parties in this country, and the uncertainty of the future, lend an extraordinary significance to the events of the coming year. The discussions of the press, the debates and acts of Congress, and the movements of the leaders in every section of the Republic will have a direct bearing on the Presidential election of 1880—an event which must be regarded with the most anxious interest by every patriotic American, whatever his political ideas or allegiance. To these elements of interest may be added the probability that the Democrats will control both houses of Congress, the increasing feebleness of the fraudful Administration, and the spread and strengthening everywhere of a healthly abhorrence of fraud in any form. To present with accuracy and clearness the exact situation in each of its varying phases, and to expound, according to its well-known methods, the principles that should guide us through the labyrinth, will be an important part of The Sun's work for 1879.

We have the means of making The Sun, as a political, a literary and a general newspaper, more entertaining and more useful than ever before; and we mean to apply them freely.

Our rates of subscription remains unchanged. For the DAILY SUN, a four page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, postpaid, is 55 cents a month, or $6 60 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or $7 70 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is also furnished separately at $1 20 a year, postage paid.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is $1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free. Address I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.

The largest receipts of cotton at this port on any day were 4,010 bales. This occurred on the 4th of December, 1877. We were in error, therefore, in our issue of yesterday in stating that the receipts of cotton for the day (preceding) 12,341, were the largest ever known here.—Wilmington *Review*

'Sing like—heaven!' exclaimed De Witt Talmage last Sunday, and the remark was received with laughter. Mr. Talmage, in other words, wanted to be profane and vulgar in the pulpit and didn't dare to, and his congregation were in thorough sympathy with his desire.—Buffalo Express.

A patch on the seat of a boy's trousers is 'something new under the sun.''

THE COLORED INSANE ASYLUM.

The grading of the building site for this institution is being rapidly pushed forward, and the superintendent, Col. S. L. Fremont, hopes to have it ready for the contractors by the first of next week.

The building contract has been awarded to Messrs. Wesson & Harding, of Fayetteville, Va., and, we learn, that it is their purpose to commence laying the brick at once, and they hope at least to get down a good foundation while the weather will admit of it this Fall.

The building to be erected now, and for which the contract has been given, will consist of a three story main building and one wing, to afford accommodation for 115 patients. Another wing is to be put up later which will increase the accommodations to something over two hundred. The total cost of the property when completed will be to the State about $50,000, which embraces everything, including the original cost of the farm.

The building will be supplied with water from the river by means of an engine, and the heating, washing and cooking will also be done by steam. In fact the Institution will be complete, and notwithstanding the moderate cost (compared with the Morganton Institution) it will be a credit to North Carolina.

Whatever may be said to the contrary an institution of the kind was sadly needed in this State, and will not entail any additional taxes upon the people. It is estimated that fully 125 colored insane persons are at present a charge to the people, scattered over the State in the several counties, and lingering in loathsome dungeons, for want of an asylum; and when there are some thirty or forty cared for at the Raleigh asylum, to the exclusion of whites, and as that building is very much crowded their removal is anxiously looked forward to.—Goldsboro *Messenger.*

THE BOY ORATOR.

One of the sensations of the past week, for our town, was the speaking of Edward E. Hawkins, a boy of six years of age. This boy was born in Madison County in this State, Sept. 8th 1872, and has never attended school a day in his life, yet is not properly a prodigy as the term is generally applied. He has been trained by his father who commenced to teach him when the child was only a year old.

Physically he is a stout, healthy, hearty mountain boy, weighs forty-five pounds, is about three feet high, with fair complexion and light hair. He has spoken in public only four times, but powers of elocution, gestures and appearance as an orator is seldom equaled by the college graduate. Of course his voice is that of a child, yet his emphasis and enunciation is perfect. He has been trained entirely by his father, and if the term prodigy should be applied to either, the father deserves the name rather than the son, as he is a poor man, a shoemaker by trade, with no means of educating his child, and all that has been done, is the result of his indomitable perseverence.

Mr. Hawkins intends to travel with his son during the coming winter in the Eastern part of the State for the purpose of raising money to educate him.—Rural Republican.

We are reminded that the movement against the running and unloading of freight trains on the Sabbath day did not originate with the Presbyterian Synod, but with the session of the First Presbyterian church of Charlotte, whose paper was adopted by the Presbytery of Mecklenburg, and by the synod, and is being circulated among all denominations in the State. It is also learned that the idea is heartily approved, and it is more than likely that the legislature will unhesitatingly pass a law forbidding it.—Charlotte *Observer.*

Parson (sternly): How could you come to church to be married to a man in such a state as that? Bride (weeping): It was not my fault sir. I never can get him to come when he's sober?

THE WEDDING RING.

It was an odd-looking old ring, set with a single opal. Not the sort of ring, by any means usually chosen for a wedding ring. But it had been in the Redfern family for ever so many years, and on the bright summer morning when Jack Redfern was to make pretty Phyllis Dukehart his wife, he brought the opal ring, and with it a string of old-fashioned pinkish-tinted pearls.

'I have always heard that opals are unlucky,' said Phyllis. 'Why, didn't you get a plain gold band, Jack?'

The young man's eager face clouded.

'The fact is,' he said, 'it has been in my family so long, I don't like to be the first one to set it aside. It was my mother's wedding ring, and my grand-mother's, and my great-grand-mother's, and may be even further back than that.'

Phyllis flung her arms about his neck. 'Forgive me,' she said. 'I was foolish to feel superstitious. There can be nothing to harm one in an opal, after all.'

A year had sped by. In the waning brightness of departing summer, Phyllis sat in the old trysting-place alone. The quaint opal ring glittered on her finger. She touched it carelessly, turned the stone to catch the sunlight, her pensive eyes full of unshed tears, a tender smile parting her lips, as she thought of the happy bridal morning, only a short year ago.

For Jack was gone! Gone off over the seas; never to return, perhaps. He had left in anger; left without a kiss or even a tender word!

Her knitting lay unthought of, on the corner of the stone, and twirling the opal on her finger, she sat and thought of her forebodings when the ring was first given to her. She did not wait, as in the days gone by, for Jack's coming. She had no hope of that. But when the afternoon sun struck the summit of the green pine forest, Old Duff the postman would go by on his spotted nag; and mayhap he would bring her a letter! The old man had known her since she was a child, and had a hint of her trouble, too; if the letter came he would not fail to deliver it. So Phyllis sat and waited, as she had waited so many afternoons, through that dreary summer.

Jack was gone, and not one word or line had come since that terrible night of his going. But she waited and hoped with a faith that is born of deathless love.

Jack, fond and proud of her, in his masculine fashion, had been prone to be jealous—without cause, as he confessed himself, but the morbid, miserable failing seemed to be a part and parcel of his nature. He could not bear to think that his wife found pleasure in any society, or even in the simplest pleasures, when he was absent.

And Jack was a seafaring man. From his infancy he had followed the water for a living.

During that brief, bright year of married life, however, his voyages had been 'few and far between,' and on one or two occasions he had taken his pretty bride with him.

Early in the spring there was a talk of his vessel being ordered abroad, and circumstances beyond the control of either husband and wife, forbade Phyllis to accompany him. Jack was greatly troubled.

'I shall not go, Phyllis,' he said one morning when the rumor made fair to be a certainty. 'It would go hard with me to leave you at any time; now, it is out of the question. I'll go down to-day, and see what arrangement I can make.'

His wife put her white arms about his neck, and whispered her thanks in his ear and Jack went his way.

Left to herself, Phyllis made her little home as tidy as a bandbox, got up a tempting little dinner, made a pretty toilet, and then, in the cool of the afternoon, went out in her garden to weed the flower-beds.

The tulips were just beginning to show bright glimpses of the gaudy splendor imprisoned in their gaudy tubes, and the hyacinths, already in bloom, filled the air with sweet, suggestive fragrance, carrying one back to departed days.

But busy little Mrs Redfern, if she were at all susceptible to any such mystic influences, was in no mood for them that sunny afternoon. She only thought of Jack, and her verbena beds, and worked away with a will.

'Phyllis?' called out a pleasant, lazy voice.

She dropped her rake, and looked up.

It was only Bob—her cousin, Bob Dukehart.

'Why, Bob, how you startled me?' she said. 'Will you come in? But I am very busy.'

The young man sauntered in.

'You're always busy, it seems to me, Phyllis, when I'm about,' he said, with a sulling sort of impudence. 'Won't you shake hands with a fellow, for the sake of old times?'

A flush almost as bright as the tulip streaks, rose in the young wife's cheeks but she gave Bob the tips of her fingers.

In her girlish days Phyllis had been a good deal admired, for her own sweet face and winning ways, for the most part; but in few cases the fact that she would one day inherit the old Dukehart homestead served to enhance her attractions.

Her cousin Rob was one of her most assiduous admirers. He followed her like a shadow, and, even after her engagement with Jack Redfern, was a little disagreeable by his marked attentions.

After her marriage on one occasion, Cousin Rob had excited Jack's jealous anger, by making himself over attentive to Phyllis, and some pretty sharp words had passed between them.

'Never do it again, Bob, as you value my regard,' Phyllis said. But Rob would not promise.

He took the finger-tips she offered, held them an instant, and carried them to his lips.

'How dare you!' cried Phyllis, snatching her hand away, and flushing hot with anger.

Rob laughed audaciously.

'Don't blaze off like a rocket, Phyllis, there's no occasion. We are cousins, you you know, and I haven't seen you in an age. Does that Bluebeard of a husband keep you under lock and key?'

With a toss of her pretty head Phyllis picked up the rake, and went on with her weeding.

Rob stood and watched her, with admiration and regret in his eyes. Why could not she have been his wife, instead of Jack Redfern's?

'Let me do that for you Phyllis,' he said, after a minute. 'If you were my wife you shouldn't drudge like a slave.'

Phyllis gave him a blazing glance.

'But I am not your wife, and glad enough I am of it,' she replied. 'Go away Rob, I don't want you here when Jack is absent.'

Rob laughed an ugly, provoking sort of laugh.

'I suppose not. Phyllis' You're afraid he'll come and find em here, the jealous brute. But I'm not going.'

'Then I'll go myself,' said the young wife, with dignity, and she left the garden.

Rob stood irresolute a minute, half-regretful of what he had done, half-inclined to follow his cousin and beg her pardon. Something glittering in the mold at his feet chanced to catch his eye. He stooped and picked up the old opal ring, which had always been a little large for his cousin's finger. His first impulse was to return it to Phyllis at once; his second was to keep it, and pay her off for treating him so scorfully.

He slipped it in his vest pocket, and took his way to the village tavern. This place possessed a great charm for Rob. He ordered a bottle of champagne, and then brandy and seltzer, and by sunset he was not quite himself. Lounging on the tavern porch, he saw Jack Redfern coming down the road, and a wicked thought flashed through his over-excited brain.

'He's coming in. Now boys,' he cried, 'look out for fun.'

Jack came in to leave a message with the barkeeper, and having delivered it, was going out again when a loud voice caught his ear.

'Here's to pretty Phyllis Redfern!' it said.

He wheeled around like lightning. Bob was just in the act of drinking his glass.

'How dare you trifle with my wife's name?' demanded Jack.

Bob laughed sneeringly.

'When a woman shows a fellow a favor he dares everything,' he answered, and held up his right hand.

On the little finger gleamed the opal ring. Jack saw it, and his dark face flushed crimson. He cleared the distance between himself and the speaker at one bound; and before the breathless bystanders could interfere, he had felled Rob where he stood.

'Stand back, neighbor,' he panted, before the ring from the prostrate man's finger. 'I'll have his life for it.'

But the bystanders interfered, and Rob was out of the way.

Jack went home with all the brightness of his life dashed out. His young wife met him at the door, in the silver shine of the twilight. He caught her and held at arm's length.

'Phyllis,' he said angrily, 'where is your wedding ring?'

She looked down at her finger, with a start, her heart falling her at his tone.

'Why, Jack,' flushing, and speaking with embarrassment, 'it was on my finger I hope I have not lost it.'

Her husband threw her from him with muttered exclamation, and strode out of the house without a word.

All through the spring night, from the rising to the setting of the stars, Phyllis waited, but Jack did not return. She fancied he was angry because her wedding ring was missing, and wept herself ill over his cruelty.

Morning came at last, and Mrs. Redfern, Jack's mother, appeared. She had the opal ring on her finger, and a letter from Jack in her hand.

'Your lost and has returned the opal by me,' she said, in a severe voice. 'His letter will explain the rest.'

Phyllis read the *letter*, and then, with the pathetic cry: 'Oh Jack! come back to me,' fell at Mrs Redfern's feet in a swoon.

The tulips had bloomed and were withering on their *stalks in the garden*, when she awoke from that awful trace of death. On her white, thin finger glimmered the old *opal*. Hearing of her illness, and bitterly reproved for the evil he had wrought, *Rob* had *wrought*. Rob had told the truth about the ring. But it was too late. Jack had gone.

'I'll find him and bring him back to her, if it cost me my life,' said Rob, in remorse, and with a last look at her deathlike face he departed.

Months came and went, *and the cry of* a little new-born babe was heard in the cottage.

'Jack's baby,' said Phyllis, as it lay on her breast, 'he may never see it.'

And now, *in the early autumn*, she sat by the old stile waiting for the postman's arrival. She had waited so many, many times, but surely the letter would come to-day; the letter *from Jack*, assuring her that he loved her still.

The shifting sunlight fell about her head; a golden leaf fluttered here and there across *the* green tuft at her feet; the birds chippered, and the crickets chirped *in* the old stone fence. Wife *and* mother as one her bosom thrilled with tender longing. Phyllis looked at her wedding ring and waited.

A quick, resolute *tread* on the white, country road below. Could that be the postman's nag?

Phyllis looked up, with her heart *in* a wild flutter. It was not the postman, but a tall bronzed man.

'Oh, Jack! oh, Jack.'

Her cry of rapture startled the birds into silence, *and hushed the chirping crickets.*

In a twinkling, Jack had her in his strong arms, *and* his tears were on her cheeks.

'Oh, Phyllis, can you forgive me?' he said with a choking voice.

'There is *nothing to forgive,*' she sobbed, clinging to him. 'See, Jack, I have got my ring! How I have wanted you, Jack! You can never know how my heart has hungered *for you. Jack*, hiding her hot face in his breast, there's some one besides me to welcome you. Can't you guess, Jack? A little, wee baby, Jack, with *his* fathers own eyes. I thought, once you would never see him, Jack; but, thank God! you have come.'

He could only hold her close to his heart, *and had no* words to answer her.

'Jack, how did you know?' she asked at last, when the first rapture of the reunion was over. 'Did you get my letter?'

'No,' he answered, hoarsely. 'It was Rob. He followed me across the ocean found me, and told me everything.

'Phyllis, can you forgive me?'

'Jack,' she said, softly, 'you are my baby's father. What God has joined together, no man has power to put asunder. Let us go home.'

And in the autumn twilight they went, hand in hand.

WHAT HE GOT.

'Now, Leander, my dear, I want you to be sure and not forget those few things when you come down to-night,' says the young wife, just before the kiss and 'good by,' as the summer hotel, in the morning, as the gentleman were starting for the city.

And this is the way the list ran:

1. Two yards of blue Barege.
2. Two yards of Hamburg edgings.
3. My new braid from the hair store.
4. Half a dollar's worth of mainsook.
5. Box pearl powder from my upper drawer.
6. 'Modern Minister,' from Loring's Library.

Arriving in town, he forgot all about the list till late in the afternoon, and then couldn't find it in any of his pockets; he hadn't he read it over, and didn't he remember it all? Of course he did, and this is what he brought home to his expectant wife.

1. Two heads of blue cabbage.
2. Three yards handsome netting (mosquito).
3. Some blue bread.
4. Half a dollar's worth of canned soup.
5. Box of Sedlitz powders and a pair of drawers.
6. Loring said he hadn't got any such book as 'The Mug and Cannister' in his library.

Exclamation on receiving the above. 'If, Leander, Leander, you must have been dining at that horrid club again, or you couldn't have made such a mistake.'

'Will you settle that old account of yours this morning?' said a colonel. 'No, sir; you are mistaken in the man. I am not one of the old settlers.'

No wonder Proctor asked, 'Is the moon dead?' It takes no care of its health. It never gets up till evening, and then knocks around all night.