

The Greensboro Patriot.

OUR COUNTRY—FIRST AND ALWAYS.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with columns for rates per line per week, month, and year for various ad types.

Established in 1821.

Life is Too Short. Life is too short to waste. In making tears, you start to spend in needless grief.

A NIGHT OF HORRORS.

It is perfectly true that I am the cowardliest coward that ever drew a palpitating breath. I wouldn't fight for the world had it been mine, and I only tell it in the strictest sort of confidence, for where people are poorest, they are apt to be bravest.

I put the book away, and got my sewing. But that was no better, for after a few stitches it occurred to me that my light, streaming through the open folding-doors and out of those shutterless back windows with only the lace curtains for a screen, was a direct invitation to those strolling beggars of the back alley, and I tossed down my work, and turned down the gas, and I thought I would go and sit by the glimmer of the Laltrobe in the back room.

I was wretchedly sleepy now. Even sitting bolt-upright in my chair and palpitating with fear, it was all I could do to keep awake, when suddenly I started as if there had never been such a thing as sleep in the world. There it was—a stealthy, muffled movement at the cellar grating at the front of the old house, a lifting of the iron, a rattling of the glass, a leap, a fall, a smothered curse—there was somebody in the cellar! My heart stood still; my voice was utterly gone; if my life had depended on it, I could not have spoken. Death and destruction, in the shape of that burglar, were stealing nearer every minute.

house? came a sleepy voice. 'Just got home? What's the clock? Heigho! My train broke down, and we had to come back. What—what in the deuce does this mean? What are those knives in your hands for? Do you mean to murder me? Have you lost your wits? And shaking off a spray of skirts and things that he had never noticed there when he retired, Benton sat up and stared at me. And he declares that, more than once in the gray dawn, I half woke and cried out sobbingly, about his protecting arms, 'Oh, Reuben! Reuben! there's a man in the bed!'

Keep up the Productiveness of Land. A writer in Harper's Weekly puts forth a plea to American agriculturists to thoroughly fertilize and thus keep up the fertility of their soil, saying that the chief question of the time is not how to get more of Europe nearly two hundred million bushels of wheat annually, the preservation of the powers of the soil must be the foundation of our success. But here our inventive genius has apparently abandoned us. We have forgotten to apply our intelligence to the matter of soil fertility.

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM. A Father Believing Himself Commanded by God to Offer a Sacrifice, Slays His Pet Child. Charles F. Freeman, the Peocasset, (Mass.) farmer who plunged a knife into the heart of his little daughter Edith recently, became converted to the ultra views of Second Adventism about a year ago. This sect, which has made its appearance in the more sparsely settled parts of Massachusetts with more or less prominence at various times during the last thirty years, believed not only in the personal coming of Christ, but quite as firmly in the continuance of revelations, signs and miracles.

Freeman became a leader among the Second Adventists. He believed in his mission to preach, and was a zealous exhorter. As time passed, he came to regard it as his duty to make some great sacrifice, which should result in a miracle and fix the attention of mankind upon the new faith. Some time ago he announced this belief to several of his fellow-worshippers, and he says the long expected revelation of the necessary sacrifice came to him in the night. It was then indicated to him that a member of his family must die by his hand. He talked the matter over with his wife, and persuaded her not to stand in 'the Lord's way,' as they both considered it. They had two daughters, Bessie, seven years old, and Edith, five years old. The latter was a sunny-haired child, the pet and idol of the household. The father prayed long to know who was appointed as the victim. He says he prayed that it might be himself, but it was not so to be. After patient waiting the second revelation came, late in the night of the murder. The pet Edith was pointed out as the sacrifice. The father was taken aback, but dared not resist the command of God. He awoke his wife, and told her what was demanded. Then the mother's heart refused to acquiesce in the unnatural deed. She begged for her darling's life, but the husband was inexorable. Working upon his poor wife's fear of displeasing God, he at last gained her consent. The scene that followed is horrible beyond precedent. After Freeman had knelt and prayed that he might be spared the test of his faith, he nerved himself for murder. He felt that he was another Abraham, and that God would either stay his hand or else raise his daughter from the dead, as a reward for his obedience. Then he and his wife went into the bed-room, where their two children lay sleeping, side by side. The mother carried the child to her own room. Freeman turned down the bed clothes from the form of little Edith, raised the knife which he had provided for the occasion, and waited to see if God would not interpose. After a vain watch, he bent forward over the child, and with great care plunged the blade into Edith's heart. There was an exclamation, and all was over. The insane father clasped his pet in his arms, and held her till he was certain life was extinct. Then he laid down and slept by her side, satisfied that he had done the will of God. The stretched parents were looked up by the authorities for the murder of the child.

A Cow's Complaints. A sympathetic lady writes to a daily journal under the bovine name of 'Snkey,' a plea for the gentle creatures which supply our milk and cream. She thus makes the cow exclaim: 'I am only a cow, but cows have their feelings as well as other folks; and a good deal more than some. The fact is, we are especially affectionate creatures, as any one who takes the trouble to observe our ways will notice. Haven't you seen us stand close together in the pasture, lying down side by side, and licking each other by the half-hour? Why, I know a cow in our neighborhood that had an intimate friend, and when that friend was sold away from her, she pined, her milk failed, and she nearly died of grief. And just as it is with our calves, I don't say that, when we lose them young, we remember them so very long, but the pain is strong while it lasts, and what I say is, that our masters ought to make our trouble as light as they conveniently can. Now I am a cow, and I do say it is pretty hard for a mother to be started off when her calf is just one week old, and to see the poor little feeble thing driven twelve to fifteen miles, and when from exhaustion it lies right down in the road, to see it goaded up and made to travel on with its weak legs all shaking, and all the while the mother's milk dropping down on the ground from her almost-bursting udder, and the poor baby's nose and mouth bound up so that it can't get a drop, only sucks up the dust from the road. I was treated so myself once, and when we reached the yards my calf was nearly dead, and I was nearly wild. And then that strange practice of murdering our calves by bleeding, I have seen that done too, to a child of my own. Three times they bled that small creature before it died, each time when it had but little milk in its stomach, and they let it suck on the straw, they let it be until it was nearly dead, and then they bled it again. And all to make the milk white enough to suit a fastidious public. To be sure I don't know much, being only a cow; but one thing I do know, it's no use for ladies to cry 'How brutal those butchers are!' and next time they go to market say to the butcher, 'Oh, I won't buy such red-looking veal as that, I must have white veal!' It is you, gentlemen, who are brutal; it is you, ladies, who are cruel, and not the man who is forced to please you or lose his daily bread.'

The Keely Motor Again. Mr. Keely has recently given a very successful exhibition of his much-lauded-at motor. He drew a glass of water, poured it into one of the reservoirs of his machine, which in a few minutes registered a pressure of 15,000 pounds to the square inch. A practical mechanic thoroughly examined the gauge, and found it in perfect order, without a sign of fraud. Mr. Keely then showed what he called his motor gun, which was simply a pipe of steel about as long as an ordinary gun barrel and the breech open. This breech is so constructed that it can be screwed into a socket. This socket communicates with a receptacle, from which, by the turning of a stopcock, the mysterious power can be instantly released. The gun was loaded with a large bullet, about half an inch in diameter, and then Mr. Keely placed in front two pieces of pine plank, each about six inches in thickness, and behind them a steel plate was hung against the wall. This was about eight feet from the muzzle of the gun. 'All ready,' crack! The building shook with the shock, the gun had been fired, and the flattened bullet was picked off the floor below the steel plate, against which it had gone, through the pieces of timber. Several other experiments were shown in one of which a solid iron globe was made to revolve at the rate of 300 revolutions a minute, showing the adaptability of the mysterious power to saw mills. The spectators were enthusiastic over the results and declared their belief in the inventor and in the ultimate success of the power which it is claimed is to supersede steam.

A Singular Case. A correspondent at Newburg, N. Y., reports a singular trip that has just ended there. The parties to the suit were Cornelius Cahill, a good-looking young man about twenty-seven years old, and a woman whose maiden name was Ann Bevington, who claims to be the wife of Cahill. Ann, who is not exactly prepossessing in appearance, looks to be between thirty-five and forty years old, but says she is only twenty-four. Last month Cahill learned that Ann claimed to be his wife, although she testified that they were married in June, 1878, in St. Mary's Catholic church, the Rev. Father McAnley officiating. It was celebrated at twelve o'clock noon, and the bridesmaid was a friend named Catherine Costello. Ann swore positively to these facts, and said that as soon as the ceremony was over the pair parted and did not meet again until a week after. She had had a marriage certificate, but had lost it. Recently she began proceedings against Cahill for failure to support her. Cahill fully contradicted the story. He said he is a single man, and never married Ann Bevington or any other woman. In fact he did not know Ann Bevington, had never spoken to her, and only knew her by sight. When he learned that Ann claimed him as her husband, he called and they had a conversation about it. Rev. Father Brady, present pastor of St. Mary's church, Montgomery, testified that he had diligently searched the records, and could find no such marriage recorded. Had there been such a marriage it would certainly appear. Catherine Costello, the alleged bridesmaid, testified that she had not acted as bridesmaid, and had never been asked to. Cahill was discharged, the evidence not showing the woman's assertions to be true.

A Dinner Supplied by an Eagle. A veracious gentleman residing near Centerville, Md., says that he is an ardent sportsman, and that he has seen a very singular case. He was out with his gun, and he saw a pair of ducks and a bald eagle. The eagle endeavored to capture the ducks, and the ducks exerting themselves to elude their pursuer. Far away in the distance we could discern the main flock, from which the two ducks had been separated, flying steadily to the cover of the forest. The eagle would pounce but upon one and then relinquish it, in order to capture the other. Dropping that, he would return to his first capture, seemingly like the dog in the fable, greedily to secure both. This was kept up for some time, when the eagle, suddenly darting forward, struck one of the birds with his talons, then swooping upon the other struck that too. The first bird fell at our feet; we had hardly time to pick it up when the other fell, with the eagle following. We picked up the one eagle and the other, and carried them off to our place. On examination it was found that the eagle had struck the ducks on the head, nearly severing the heads from their bodies. They were fine-sized canvas-backs, and we had them cooked for dinner.

Coal Trade. Mr. Swann in his sixth annual review of the coal trade of the world gives quite a number of interesting statistics. At the head of the coal-producing countries stands Great Britain—the coal output of that country for 1877 being very nearly one hundred and thirty-five million tons. It will surprise many to learn that the coal mined in Germany for the same year was but a trifle less than the total product of the United States; the output of the former being 48,230,367 tons, and of the latter 43,133,534 tons—all the other countries of the globe put together producing but fifty-nine million tons annually. In the United States the production of bituminous coal is on the increase, whilst that of anthracite shows a decline. The stoppage of so many manufactures using steam power will account, in part at least, for the larger consumption of anthracite since 1873, whilst the wider distribution of the bituminous coal fields necessarily makes more cheaply the local demand, both for domestic uses and for the generation of steam. According to some estimates, if we add to the present rate of production the demand now springing from anthracite at the West, and also abroad, a partial exhaustion of the anthracite field will occur in ten years, after which the greater cost of mining it will be assumed, increase its market price, and bring bituminous coal into more extensive use. Since the first of January more than six and a-half millions of tons have been sent to market against about three and three-quarter million tons for the same period last year. If, as is held to be not improbable, the same rate of increase should be kept up for the remainder of the year, the ordinary yearly product will be nearly doubled. As the same time there is a greater demand for bituminous coal, taking the two varieties together, the increased movement in both may be safely set down as significant of a revival of manufacturing industries among us.

Parole's Victory. A correspondent who was present at the great English race in which Mr. Lerrill's Arabian horse won the cup, to the great astonishment of the Britishers, thus describes the scene: 'Now begins the merriment of the crowd, increasing as the bright jackets come nearer and nearer—down the hill, toward Tattenham corner, comes a terrific pace. Where is Parole's head, certainly. Three horses are flying on in advance of all the others, and they are carrying the corner into the straight run, you can make them out by the colors of their riders—Kuitel's Burghley, Elf King, Riddo. The crimson jacket is behind, among the crowd. The merriment has swelled into a roar: 'Elf King wins! Knight of Burghley wins! Five seconds more and they would have suddenly fallen to the rear; the crowd beaten. Riddo flashes to the front. He carries the primrose and blue, the familiar colors of the popular part of Roseberry. The roar now becomes a deafening shout. 'Riddo wins! Riddo wins! Riddo wins!' Now they are up to the grand stand close to the winning post. 'Where is Parole's? Where is Parole's? Where is Parole's? The crowd shrieks at the horses sweeping by with thundering hoofs, and now, before the front of the grand stand is passed, Fred Archer is seen to let go the head of the horse with the queer beak and the rough coat; it is instant Riddo's challenge; two strides more Parole is level with him; the next moment Riddo is smothered and the 'ganly' colors flash past the post a length ahead.'

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST. During the month of April 11,600 emigrants arrived at the port of New York. Thus far 6,000 negro emigrants have passed through St. Louis on their way to Kansas. In the twelve years ending with 1878, Louisiana paid \$9,361,043 in interest on its public debt. Gov. Miller of Arkansas, was burned in effigy at Hot Springs for voting an insane asylum bill. Two new Atlantic cables are projected between France and America, one to land at Cape Cod and the other at Nova Scotia. The Methodist church in the South has gained 200,000 colored converts since the war, and built over 1,000 churches. The consumption of opium in the increase in the United States, and physicians claim its evil effects are becoming very apparent. It is estimated that the value of the straw hats and bonnets manufactured in New England every year is from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000. The steamer City of Washington made the run from New York to Havana in three days and sixteen hours, being the quickest trip on record. The contest between Savannah (Ga.) and Charleston (S. C.) trips teams at the recent centennial, held at the latter place, resulted in a victory for the Georgian. A Christian Chinaman has opened a mission in the Five Points, New York city, for the conversion of his heathen countrymen, 1000 of whom live in the immediate vicinity. During the recent visit for and against liquor, 483 women deposited ballots, but only three of them were in favor of license. The authorities of Cleveland, O., have made a contract to light a large portion of the city with the Brush electric light. The results of this experiment in electric lighting will be noted with great interest. A publication of the navy list for 1879 shows that out of 1,208 officers one half are at sea. Of the rest 323 are doing land service of one kind and another and not one man in eight is doing nothing. Capt. Boyton's long swim down the Mississippi was taken in the interest of the Merriman life-saving device, for passage of a bill by Congress compelling ship owners to purchase about fifty thousand suits at about \$60 for each. Dr. Ezra Rose, of Albany, O., invited a friend to try some new liquor just received, and they both partook; but instead of liquor it was scotch which picked up by mistake, and the doctor died of the effects, while the friend lies in a precarious condition. The total imports into the port of New York, including specie and bullion, for 1878 amounted to \$303,163,867 against \$329,038,938 in 1877, and the total exports \$292,522,088 against \$236,431,110 in 1877. Total trade in 1878 \$565,708,955 against \$565,520,038 in 1877; an increase of \$10,188,917. President Hayes' proclamation against the invasion of Indian Territory seems to have had little effect. Two thousand men have invaded the territory in search of reported silver mines, and before long hundreds of others will follow them. It will take more than a proclamation to keep them out. An American recently returned from Cuba says that during his sojourn of two months a terrible drought occurred and that everything was dry as tinder, when fires originated which spread from plantation to plantation, laying everything in waste, and doing \$500,000 of damage to the extent of many millions of dollars. Sixty-eight plantations were completely destroyed. While Justice of the Peace Lemuel Leaning, of Cape May, N. J., was getting over the fence with a loaded gun in his hand, it was accidentally discharged, the charge passing through his coat but not touching his body. The fright, however, brought on a fit of apoplexy and he fell dead. The body was much burned from his clothing catching fire from the wad. The great prize fight for the middle weight championship of the world, and \$25,000, between Abe Hekker, formerly of Philadelphia, and Larry Sullivan, of Sydney, was fought at the Melbourne, Australia, in the presence of two thousand spectators. Fifteen rounds were fought, lasting one hour and twenty minutes, when Hekker, who had received a terrible beating, fell weak and exhausted, and Foley was declared the winner. That the Western Union telegraph company believes in the practicability of underground lines, notwithstanding English authorities discontinue the idea, is attested by the fact that they have just paid David Brooks, of Philadelphia, \$230,000 for his patent for insulating the wires, which consist of wrapping the metal insulation, and laying the whole in a wrought-iron pipe filled with petroleum. This is done to protect the wires from the moisture of the ground. The Augusta (Ga.) News reports the arrival there of a man named Coleman from Knoxville, Tenn., who was sentenced to be shot in 1865 by the military authorities for killing a young girl, who interfered when he was abusing her father to force him to deliver up his money. Coleman escaped after being condemned, but was recently captured by the civil authorities and sentenced to be hanged, but surrendered him to the military. How his case will be disposed of is not known. The murderer was committed fourteen years ago.