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April 25 1875 No 11 ff.

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OTHO M. BARKLEY, Proprietor.

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The Table being supplied with the best of the Country; attentive Servants, &c.
The House has been newly refurnished and refitted, and no pains will be spared to give entire satisfaction to its patrons.
A share of public patronage is solicited.
Guests of the St. Charles will always find a splendid assortment of cigars.
OTHO M. BARKLEY, Prop'r.
Jan 8, 1876 47ff

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Delightfully situated, next to Capitol Square
RALEIGH, N. C.
A NEW HOUSE.
Fine Rooms, well Furnished and Fitted up in the Best Style.
ATTENTIVE SERVANTS.
The Table Daily Supplied with the Best this and other Markets afford.
C. S. BROWN, Proprietor.
2ff

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Mrs. Dr. Reeves, Proprietress,
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We study to please our Guests.
When you visit Salisbury, don't fail to stop at the BOYDEN HOUSE; a fine House, filled with new and elegant Furniture, Carpets, Silver Ware, &c. Clean and neat Rooms. We guarantee something good to eat, polite Servants, and a hearty welcome.
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With an experience of sixteen years the proprietor flatters himself that he can render satisfaction to even the most fastidious. Omnibuses meet every train.
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All Work Warranted.
Refers to Bank of Statesville, Carlton & Bro., Col. J. S. Miller, Mayor J. F. Vanpel, Col. S. A. Sharpe, and the Editors of THE AMERICAN.
19ff

THE WEEKLY NEWS,
RALEIGH, N. C.
A paper for the People and a friend to the Farmer and industrial classes of the country.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

NANNY'S GOOD SENSE.

"Minnie! Minnie! is my chocolate near ready?"
It was scrupulously neat and dainty in all its appointments, the little parlor where Mrs. Brighton sat, although the carpet was a tissue of darns, the furniture faded, and the hearth rug skillfully eked out by a piece of another fabric inserted in the spots most worn. A few flowers, in a slender, claw-legged vase, stood on the iron-gilted table, the fender-irons glittered like gold, and the thin muslin curtains, artistically mended here and there, were white as snow, and Mrs. Brighton herself looked like Cinderella's god-mother, in her dress of ancient brocade, best yellow lace, and the rings glittering on her small, shriveled hands.
Eighty years old, and a lady to the last! What, though paralysis had robbed her of all use of those dainty slipped feet—what, though the grand house she had entered as a bride was now narrowed down to this one room in a second rate building, where two other families also set up their household altars—she was a lady still, and she could boast that she had never degraded herself to commonplace toil.

"Mrs. means are limited," said old Mrs. Brighton, with the lofty air of a dutchess; "but the pension of my son, the Colonel—who, as you probably remember, was killed on the Florida frontier—is sufficient to maintain myself and my two grand-daughters—and we are ladies."
Minnie Brighton presently came in with the chocolate on a napkin-covered tray and slices of toast, exquisitely browned and cut as thin as a wafer.
"I hope you haven't been kept waiting, grandma," she said.
"My dear!"—an air of mild resignation—"I am accustomed to wait."
"Oh, I'm so sorry! But our fire is out, and I had to run and borrow the use of Mrs. Tucker's stove to boil the chocolate, and—"
Mrs. Brighton contracted her silvery brow.
"The Brighton's are not of a borrowing race, Minnie."
"Shall I get you an egg, grandma?"
"No, if the fire is out, my dear."
And grandmother Brighton went on with her breakfast, wearing an injured air, while Minnie went back to the other room, where she sat with her twin sister, cogitating.

Anna Brighton was as pretty as Minnie, but in a different style. She was dark, with melting, almond-shaped eyes, and olive skin, and lips like a pomegranate flower, so perfectly shaped, so richly red; while Minnie was tall and slender, and fair as daisy.
Anna laid down a slip of paper as Minnie entered.
"It's the grocer's bill again, sister. What shall we do?"
Minnie sank into a chair.
"And the gas yesterday, and the landlord not paid, and the purse as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. What shall we do?"
"That's the question," said Anna, reflectively arching her jetty brows. "If we can only keep it from grandmother."
"We must," retorted Minnie, with a decisive nod. "It would kill her. If we were men, now, Nanny, we could go out and get a job of wood-sawing, or house-painting, or—"
"Why can't we now?"
"Why? Because Pat O'Neil has got all Mrs. Baker's wood to saw, and because we can't climb ladders with paint pots over our shoulders."
"But we can do something else, I suppose. Listen, Minnie—money we must have."
"If we go out on the highways and ask it at the point of the bayonet," interjected Minnie, gravely.
"There's no poverty like genteel poverty," her sister sighed. "But you haven't heard my plan. Mrs. Barker, the laundress, in our top story is sick."
"What then? We have neither wine nor jelly, nor yet crisp bank notes to bestow upon her."
"And she can't keep up to her engagements. There are two swiss-muslin ball dresses, fluted and puffed beautifully, lying in her basket waiting to be done up at this present moment. Five dollars apiece she has for them."
"Well?"
"I shall do them up."
"Nanny! You!"
"Well, why not? Think what a golden stream ten dollars would be to our empty coffers! Ask yourself how on earth you or I could earn ten dollars any other way. And after all a swiss muslin dress is a pretty poetical sort of fabric to wash and iron; and into the bargain, poor Mrs. Barker keeps her customers."
"Oh, Nanny! have you come to that?"
"Now, you look and talk exactly like dear old grandmamma! Don't be a goose, Minnie! Just you invent some story about my promeneading in the park, or taking lessons in wax flowers making to delude her credulous soul while I go up stairs and coin money!"
"But I may help you?"

"By-and-bye, perhaps, if my wrists get tired. But now some one must stay with grandmamma."
"It is very strange," said Miss Georgiette Appleton, "that my dresses haven't come home. Positively, I shall have nothing to wear to-night."
She was lounging before the scotch fire in a blue silk negligee, trimmed with swan down and a little lace, when a knock arrested her attention. A young woman, with a pearl-headed javelin, while a novel lay in her lap.
"What an awful case!" observed the brother carelessly. "Where's the amethyst silk?"
"Oh, I wore that to their last reception."
"And the pink erape?"
"I look like an owl in pink. I was a goose ever to buy that silk."
"The Nile green silk with white flounces?"
"Sarah Howard has one just a shade lighter that she'll be sure to wear, and I believe the spiteful thing got it on purpose to kill mine. No, I must have the swiss muslin with knots of blue corn flowers, and a Roman sash figured with gold. And you'll go around to the laundress, and hurry her up a little, won't you, George? That's a duck of a brother! And you know perfectly well you've been yawning your jaws off the last three-quarters of an hour."
"Only in Mendenhall street—just a pleasant walk. And do give Mrs. Barker a scolding, and ask her if she don't know better than to keep her customers waiting—although, of course, I know you will do nothing of the sort. Men have no moral courage. There's the address on a card. I'll be such a relief to my mind!"
Major George Appleton was an army officer, home on a furlough, and rather at a loss to know what to do with so much extra time. Rich, which was another source of perplexity!—handsome, which wasn't so puzzling!
And so he sauntered along, his hands in his pockets and a cigar balanced between his lips, unconsciously advancing to meet his fate.
"Rap! rap! rap!" The Major played a tattoo with his knuckles on the door.
"Dear me, what a noise," said a voice inside, "come in!"—a little louder.
The Major walked in to confront, not a wrinkled old hag of a washerwoman in a halo of soap and steam, but a beautiful young lady, dark and brilliant as an Arabian dream, with jetty curls pinned back in a silken cascade at the back of her head, and a pair of fluting scissors in her hand.
Major Appleton started back, all his wits momentarily deserting him. It is a curious fact that the more embarrassed one party in a *tele-acte* becomes, the greater is the composure of the other. Annie Brighton should have colored and stammered at being caught thus, but she didn't.
"What's your business, sir?" she asked with the greatest calmness.
"It's about my sisters gown—Miss Appleton's you know?"
And she took a second pair of fluting scissors from the stove, testing its heat by holding it dangerously near her velvet cheek.
Major Appleton, being posted in etiquette and general decorum, saw no harm in carrying home a basket of newly-laundried clothes. So he sat down and waited, while honest Mrs. Barker started from the other room, where she lay upon her bed a captive to rheumatic pains.
"She's in a hurry, you know," said the Major, twirling his thumbs, and thinking how very pretty the girl was.
"So an I," said Anna, making the scissors glide in and out in a most marvelous manner among the clouds of the stumpy muslin.
"She wants to wear it," added the Major. "But I say you—know—you're not a regular washerwoman?"
Anna slightly straightened herself up.
"My father was a Colonel in the regular army. My grandfather was Hyde Brighton, of Brighton Manor, on the Hudson. But we are reduced now, and we need money, and I am not ashamed to work."
"By jove you're a trump!" said Major Appleton, starting up.
"Much obliged to you," retorted Anna, with sparkling eyes. "Would you mind holding the sash for me—just one second while I finish this loop?"
And when Minnie came up to see how her sister was getting on, she found her aided and abetted by the Major of cavalry, who was heating the alternate pairs of fluting scissors after a most scientific fashion.
"Dear me," said Miss Appleton, when at last her brother made his appearance, "how long you have been gone."
"Yes," said the Major, rubbing his hands with an appearance of great satisfaction, "it took us quite a while to finish those last thirteen flounces."
"Us! you don't mean to say that you helped the washerwoman?"
"Yes, I did," said the Major; "and the frocks are down stairs, and I'm going up for a game of billiards."
And as he went he murmured to himself, "I thought all girls were alike, but I believe I've discovered one independent—one at least!"

"Grandmamma, I'm going to be married."
"You, Nanny! Why, you are but a child."
Anna Brighton was kneeling beside her grandmother's chair, and her fairy godmother was stroking her curls with one tremulous white hand, while the antique jewels shone like drops of blood and scintillating sparks of greenfire.
"In eighteen, grandmamma."
"So you are! How time flies. Eighteen years old! But who's the happy man? We see no society worthy of ourselves, Nanny, and—"
"I'm sure you will like him, grandmamma. He is coming to pay his respects to you to-night. His name is Major George Appleton. He is in the cavalry, and he owns a house on Madison avenue, and—he loves me, grandmamma."
Nanny held her black-shouldered head on the old lady's shoulder as she spoke the last words.
"All natural enough, my dear; but do you love him?"
"Yes, grandmamma."
"And where did you meet him?"
"When were you introduced?"
"I wasn't introduced at all," returned Nanny, with mischievous eyes of flame coming and going in her eyes. "I was fluting muslin up in Mrs. Barker's room, when he came in on an errand; and—oh! grandmamma, you have always thought it so dreadful hard to work, but if I hadn't been working I never should have met him. And I love him so much, grandmamma!"
"Well, well," says the old lady rather reluctantly, "things seem to be altered from what they were when I was a girl."
"But you shall live with us always, grandmamma dear, and Minnie, too, and we shall be so happy."
Jefferson's Marriage.

The affair was quite a little comedy in some aspects, and ended, as all comedies should, with every body made happy.
"Belinda" had been married many years and her old admirer was approaching thirty when he met with a young lady of twenty-two who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion, with a delicate tint of the rose, large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling, and luxuriant hair of a soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which was eminently calculated to move the heart of the youthful bachelor. In addition to all this, the lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced, and moved with elegant ease, and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly. Add still to these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm heart, and a considerable fortune, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence in the county of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and had married, in her seventeenth year, Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who, dying left his young wife a widow at nineteen. As the three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful young lady found herself besieged at "The Forest" by numerous visitors. Of these, three were favorites with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one. The tradition runs that the pretensions of the rivals were decided either by the musician or by the fears of his opponents. The tale is differently related. One version is that the two unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's door-step, but hearing Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest there and retired without entering, convinced that the affair was beyond their control. The other story is that all three met at the door, and agreed that they would take their turns.—Jefferson entered first, and the tones of the lady in singing with her companion deprived the listeners of all hope. However this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first day of January, 1772, there was a great festival at "The Forest." Friend and kindred assembled from far and near; there was frolicking and dancing after the abundant old fashion; and we find from the bridegroom's note-book that the servants and fiddlers received fees from his especial pocket. It snowed without but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set out in their carriage for "Monticello," where Jefferson had commenced building in 1769 just before the destruction by fire of his paternal house of "Shadwell." The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced toward the mountains, the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage, and proceed on horseback.—

Stopping to rest at "Helmheim," the seat of Colonel Carter, where they found, however, no one but an overseer, they left at sunset, resolutely bent upon reaching Monticello that night. It was eight miles distant, and the road or rather a mountain bridlepath than an honest highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep. We may fancy the sensations of the newly wedded bride at the chill appearance of the desolate landscape as she passed along through the snow; but she was a woman of courage and good sense, and did not care for inconvenience. It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—or rather there was no reception at all; the fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed and the place was as dark and silent as the grave. Conducting his wife to the little pavilion, which was the only part habitable at the time, Jefferson proceeded to kindle a fire and do honors. On a shelf behind some books part of a bottle of wine was discovered; and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and the bride. Far from being annoyed or discomfited by their reception, however, it only served for a topic of jest and laughter. The young lady was as light hearted as a bird, and sent her clear voice ringing through the dreary little pavilion as gayly as had ever done in the drawing-room of "The Forest." And thus the long hours of the winter night fled away like minutes, winged with laughter, merriment, and song.—JOHN ESTEN COOKE, in Harper's Magazine for July.

The Result.
No party in the history of this country has been so prolific in promises and so barren in performances as the one now controlling the lower House of Congress. By loud professions in favor of reform and solemn pledges that they would purify the methods and practices of Government, the country gave them the House of Representatives to try their hand on. It was a fine field on which to exhibit the spirit and purpose of reform and illustrate the sincerity of their profession and their capacity for meeting the responsibility of power.—What has been the result? This sudden lease of favor utterly demoralized them. They incoherently threw down the weapons with which they had won a skirmish and broke into the wild disorder of spoils distributing and camp plundering. They have put in place as discreditable and worthless a rabble of pot-house politicians as ever flocked to Washington. Says the Tribune: "The average of the Civil Service under Democratic administration is Fitzhugh. Take Fitzhugh and Hambleton and the journal clerk caught violating law, and the rest of the political 'bumbers' who have been lifted up on this Democratic wave into official positions, and you have a fair picture of what these people mean by the distribution of patronage. The exposure is complete. No man can look at the character of the newly appointed officials of a Democratic Congress and any longer doubt what as much as the tone of official life in the country under such a rule. Look at the Congressional roll, and then give a guess at our village postmaster, or your collector or assessor, under an administration such as these fellows seek to elect. We have seen what they do in the green leaf; we can perhaps imagine what it might be in the dry. So far they have only had an opportunity to 'purify politics' to a limited extent, but they have given us a stench that before we had not dreamed of. With larger opportunities they would no doubt give us pestilence. The party seems fairly saturated with dishonesty and hypocrisy; the only encouragement to be had from it is in the fact that its hypocrisy is so thin and short-lived that it must be comparatively harmless."
THE FIRM OF WITTKOWSKY & RINTLES.—There will be no change in the business of this firm. It will be conducted as usual under the present name and style. Wittkowsky & Rintles. Last Wednesday night Mr. Wittkowsky his sole executor, with power to settle up all the business of the firm and to have control of all his property. Each of these has had a joint interest in everything that has been owned by either. The two large stores will be re-opened to-day. There was an appearance of Sunday, yesterday, on this part of Trade street, with these stores closed and the 35 clerks in the employment of the firm all off.—Charlotte Observer.

FOURTH OF JULY.—The President, in conformity with a recent Act of Congress, has issued his proclamation, calling on the people of the United States, to assemble in the county towns of the several counties on the 4th of July, and observe the day by having read a short history of that particular county. If the 4th day of July is to be celebrated we confess that the mode proposed by Congress is the best method that could be devised.

The Extravagancies that Begot Hard Times.

Complain as we may of the terribly pinching times, we have nobody to blame but ourselves. All the vast burdens of debt and taxation, piled upon us as a rich legacy of ruin by a fratricidal war, have less to do with our poverty, our universal collapse of our pocket-books, than the wildly extravagant notions and prodigal habits engendered by the great carnival of plunder, the era of magnificent speculation, and the great carnival that followed, as an inevitable attendant, upon the heels of the gigantic struggle. We have grown used to talking of billions and millions, instead of petty hundreds and units. Vast multitudes of beef and sifter-blanket contracts, petroleum wells, bonanzas, whisky-rig parades, mammoth railroad jobs and army and navy department frauds, have familiarized us with prodigious fortunes sprung, like Jonah's famed squash, from nothing in a night. All our ideas have become inflated, and scales of prices have been adjusted to the purse-string measurement of mushroom Croesnes, until it is impossible for a moderate man to live honestly and decently in all the wide domain over which the emblematic spread eagle flaps his distended pinions. It does not pay now to be born, and it is fearfully expensive to die. It takes an average old world fortune to come into and go out of life in the new world, to say nothing of living between the two epochs and, it is our styles that swell the bills. Style demands the expenditure of from \$250 to 1,000 in connection with the arrival of any respectable top-sound chunk of grain; trouble, and if it does not want to stay, it takes as much more to plant it gently in the resurrection turn-up field. But suppose the incarnated bundle of cherubic squalls and pargorical botherations, concludes to tarry for a quarter or half century—who would foot the funeral bill for less than a corner lot in a fraudulent railroad scheme? The foolish expense adds little if anything to the comfort of the defunct, but the styles require that the dead who die in society shall be fashionably laid away. Next door to the man who has a fortune to expend for birthing and death, dwells a family whose members live in perpetual dread of having a similar financial calamity swoop down upon their limited bank account. It is not the fear of death, but the fear of a slim, poor-folky, carriageless funeral, that destroys the quiet mind of those who might otherwise die peacefully, yea, cheerfully. To be out of life is bad enough, but to be out of style is worse. To weep at the grave is uninviting, but to have society's smart brats laugh at your scant cortege from the straddled top-rail of front fences, as you pass out of town on that contemplative occasion, is what worries you into sepulchre material, church-yard worm-feed, long before your time.—Verily, it has come to pass in these false, fantastic times, that no poor man can afford to die himself or to bury his family; at least, he cannot expect to do it with any credit to himself or satisfaction to society. As to getting married, that of course is out of the question. It takes a sum entirely beyond the arithmetic of any ordinary well-to-do person. It costs as much to marry in style one day, as to live single forever. And that is why widows and widowers never try it on again. Only young goings and geesings, who cannot begin to imagine its high-tariff consequences, ever voluntarily incur such inevitable bankruptcy. Here, then, the American human race has got itself into a duce of a fix. It does not pay to be born; it is too expensive to marry; and as to dying in these stylish times, nobody is stupid enough to try it on if he can help it. What is to become of us? Who can, who will, who dares, lead us out of the dire dimma into which our extravagant follies have plunged us?—Danville News.

Distressing reports reach this city of the extent of last week's rains, and the damage done by them to the farming interests. Mr. A. R. Henderson, who was in the city, yesterday, from River Bend Township, Gaston county, says there was never before such a flood in the Catawba. The river bottoms are overflowed, and shocks of wheat can be seen floating down the river. It exceeds the freshets of 1840. The corn and cotton are covered over with water and mud, while the oats and wheat which have not been cut, are prostrate on the ground. Everything in the vicinity of the channel of the river is submerged, and the bottoms are vast sheets of water. The surface earth, which has been lately plowed, has been swept clear away, and much of the young vegetation with it.
From up the North Carolina Railroad, the same accounts come. A gentleman just from Davidson county says that not only are the crops well-nigh ruined, but a number of telegraph poles have been swept away beyond sight or hearing. The water was high up on the abutment of the railroad bridges, Sunday, and the damage is incalculable in its extent. Farmers were engaged all day Sunday in wading into the bottoms and carrying out their wheat, and in trying to replace the fences which have been carried away.

At What Distance Should Tobacco be Planted?

I would suggest a foot apart one way, and 2 1/2 the other, at the least; and for the following reasons: The labor on tobacco is chiefly in handling the plant, which is usually done about twenty-two times from the plant bed to hanging on the sticks—thus: drawing, dropping, planting, scraping down three times, bluing up five times taking off the suckers, while a plant does bear four sets of suckers, they do not all come at the same time; also time sowing, cutting and hanging on the stick.
The tobacco can be plowed later, and when larger, which is by many thought desirable, can be hoed easier, and passed through more convenient while working and weeding—the plants will grow heavier; will suffer less from drought, and I am inclined to think will be less apt to fire.
Fewer plants will be required to make a pound, and the surface best adapted to wheat may thus be enlarged. Of course this method applies only to good land, well manured, and particularly to the section which is most suited to the production of heavy stemming and shipping tobacco. Planting at this distance and sometimes greater, has for several years past proved satisfactory to me, having yielded a pound from less than four plants.
T. M. LEITCH,
Buckingham Co., Va.

A CHILD CARRIED OFF BY A LION.
A party of emigrants camped Wednesday night at Point of Rocks station, Wisconsin. About eight o'clock a piercing scream was heard to come from where three or four children were at play, a short distance from the wagons. A rush was made to ascertain the cause, when on reaching the place a child about three years old was missing. A diligent search was at once commenced and continued until about eleven o'clock but proved unsuccessful. At daylight yesterday morning search was resumed, and upon reaching to the place where the children were at play, large tracks supposed to be that of a mountain lion were discovered, and followed for a distance of miles into a large canon, where the child was discovered on a projecting rock some two hundred feet high. After much difficulty the little one was rescued from its perilous position. Its clothes were badly torn, but aside from a few scratches on its face the child was uninjured. There is no doubt that the lion carried the child to where it was found and went after its cubs.
Death Under Sad Circumstances.
Mr. W. H. Durgin, a citizen of Portland, Maine, came to this city a short time ago with his wife, who was then in a delicate condition, and took rooms here while he sought through the city for work. He had been to Greenville, S. C. where he had expected to become superintendent of a cotton factory, but failing in this design, came here. Wednesday his wife gave birth to twins, one of which died. Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock, Mrs. Durgin herself died, and her husband was thus bereft, all at once, of his wife and child, and was without means himself. He is a Mason, and his situation being made known to the members of the order here, they, with the benevolence characteristic of the order, provided for him, and yesterday afternoon, buried his wife. A kind hearted lady took the remaining babe and is caring for it.
Mr. Durgin is an intelligent man, and bears the appearance of a gentleman. He says he has money at his farm home, and has sent for it. In his present condition, he is very much to be commiserated.—Observer, 1876.

DUTCH CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—The following cure for drunkenness is practiced in Holland: The patient is shut up in a room, and delivered all communication, except with his physician. As often as he pleases, spirits—brandy, whiskey, gin, etc.—are given him, but mixed with two-thirds water; all other drinks, such as beer, coffee, wine, etc., are mixed with one-third brandy. The various viands, too, that are given him—bread, meat, etc.—are all prepared with brandy; consequently, the patient is in a state of continual intoxication. This lasts about five days; at the end of that time, he asks with entreaty for some nourishment, without his request being complied with, and not until his organs absolutely abhor alcohol. The cure is complete, and from that day forth the very smell of spirits produces the effect of an emetic.
HOMESTEAD DECISION.—In the case of Lambert vs. Kemry, from Randolph, the Supreme Court has decided, that: The title to the homestead is vested in the owner by Constitution of this State, and no allotment by the sheriff is necessary to vest the title thereto. The allotment by the sheriff is only for the purpose of ascertaining whether there be an excess of property over the homestead which is subject to execution. The title to a homestead can be divested from the owner only in the mode prescribed by law, to-wit, by deed, with the consent of the wife evidenced by her privy examination.