STATESVILLE, N. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1882.

NO. 2.

sed the sau hold a contest sa to which shall afford the a contest as to which shall afford the morning's light by which the predatory huntsman may find watermelons and his 'coons. For it was in Kentucky that we were spending that month, at a quaint, oldtime Southern house, near Louisville—a square-built, plain brick house that had been enlarged as the exigencies of an increasing family demanded. Down is the dell below rippled a brook. The accine was suggestive, particularly because a small dog that formed an important member of the party was constantly hurrying hither and thither and "barking up a tree"—the wrong tree of course. the wrong tree of course.

"Let's show these Yankees a coon-hunt," said a broad-shouldered Ken-tuckian who had been following the movements of the dog with no little interest. The proposition was no soon-er nade than accepted. It was late, but who ever heard of a 'coon hunt when it was not late. So, without more ado, we set out. A darky was aroused trom the cabin and, far from being unwilling, showed more eagerness than the misguided dog. Into a wagon we tumbled after the ebony attendant had provided himself with a long rope, an axe and a lantern, to say nothing of a particularly disagreeable dog that was drove us over a "pike" road and finally prought up at the gate of a very dilay houldered Kentuckian who had acted

"What is it?" was the reply of a feeble woman who appeared at the door of the dilapidated house with a weak yel-tow light from a candle weakly shining into a not very strong face.
"Where's Walker?" was the reply.

"He's down to the river at his house

down there."
"Where's his dog?"

"His dog's with Walker, of course," was the discainful reply, and the weaklooking woman with the faint light shut the door with a dilapidated bang. "Who's Walker?" asked one of the

"He's Walker Taylor, a nephew of old Zach Taylor, and the representacountry. This is where Kentucky's only President lived, and there's where cky lets him live," added the meditatively, as he pointed to Where?" was eagerly saked by the

"Get down and see," said our guide, as he leaped from the wagon.

There in a mass of uncut weeds and ushes war a veritable vault, and there bushes war a veritable vauls, and there lay the bones of "Old Rough and Beady," the only son of Kentucky who ever sat is the highest seat of this land. And we were looking for his nephew and representative, the owner of the old homestead where the President and his father before him had lived: we were looking for Walker Taylor and his dog to help us hunt the coon! The spot without its remander and his chicken-house floor as was never seen the lay of the spot without its remander and his chicken-house floor as was never seen the lay were also work of another instant for the building to help us hunt the coon! The spot without its remander and his chicken-house floor as was never seen the lay without its remander and his chicken-house floor as was never seen. was not without its romance and its tenderness as the moonlight streamed down into the unkept garden. Since then the dust of the old warrior has been I constille to swait the erection of monument at the Frankfort cemetery where other great Keptuckians are buried in a fort of State cemetery.

But there in the sombre light the scene was sad and impressive. The tomb was only a brick structure, onten away in places by the recomming hand," and all overgrown with the Virginia creepers, or the five-leaf ivy, as it is called thereabouts, and made obscure in the mass of brists and weeds that

surrounded it. Vines grew over the house, as they did over the little vanis and over the fence. The piace looked here were dead. And yet this was the tend of a President and here his

p the river for him."

ious that he had nothing but his own good nature to be generous with.

Such was Walker Taylor, His hound was his counterpart on four legs. She had an appearance of melanchely hap-piness. As we rowd to the bank sha looked less melancholy and more happy; and when once put sahore, she was all life, and her eager step had something pirited in it.

Then from the bank the hunt began, the hound taking the lead, the terrier following, and the disagreeable dog in the rear. Then came Walk Taylor, his hands in his pockets, and the rest of as straggled along as best we could. The brush on the bank of the river was besten through; the hound gave short, quick cries that told how anxious she vas to find something. Presently we left the river bank and got into the interior. Then the march was over field and fence—a long, fruitless march. Suddenly the hound gave a cry; she led etraight up to a farm-yard, through the yard to a number of buildings that stood at a little distance from the dwelling house. Undaunted Walker led the way, treading under foot corn, tomatoes and vine, just as they came in his way, Straight to a chicken-house he marched, and there, outside the door, we found the three dogs, all much excited. The lantern was inchted, the staple on the door was forced, and in we marched. It was the work of an instant for the have before. There was also some good lungs to explain amid the our ion that an act of charity was doing ant when the lifeten body of the pr intery coon was exhibited the asov andered was gestabilly soknowledge walked a mile further, that our guid aid, Peter what have you in the

"Feels very hard," said the maog the bag with a stick, "and it

way toward Chechman, and came near tom, as if to secure some minute animal us just as the hound opened a cry that that was resisting, and a second later some of to "run his trout line," and while we waited for him the dog sat quietly under the tree, and Peter threw mal," the naturalist said, "in proportion

the animals was in a foam and was bloody. Soon the fight was over. The 'coon gave up, the dog shook him unresisted and the 'coon fleated, It was dead. The dog tried to awim sahore, but he sank; he, too, had expended all his powers in the battle. Police was ready for the emergency. Without

Chowing Gum.

Forty thousand dollars' worth of chow ing gum is gathered in the State of ing gum is gathered in the State of Mains every year. In Oxford county is a man who makes it his business to collect sprace gum. Every year he buys from seven to nize tons. The gum is found chiefly in the region about Umbagog Lake and about the Rangely lakes. A number of men do nothing else in the winter season except to collect man. With anowahoes, are and ashegum. With snowshoes, axe, and ashe-boygan, on which is packed the gum, they spend days and nights in the woods. The clear, pure lumps of gum sold are in their native state, the best bringing one dollar a pound. Gum not immediately merchantable is refined by a peoulist process. Sieve-like boxes are covered with spruce boughs, on which is placed the gurs. Steam is introduced proced the guis. Steam is introduced underneath. The gum is melted, is strained by the boughs, and then passes into warm water, where it is kept from hardening until the packer takes it out, leave it into atloks, and warps it in tis-

inses it into sticks, the warp or market, me paper, when it is ready for market. The gum then meets with ready sale. There is not a village, town or city in Maine where it is not in demand. On dealer last year sold fourteen hundres dellars worth. In the large mill dities Lewiston, Lewrence, and Lowell, the can bind a figure actory girls consume large quantities or thirty cabusting used as a means of extending hospitality. After meal time the host fills his problem, also pipe, and hands it to his meater, their wings can bind a figure within a second information of the powers of spanses and their wings of their wings of their wings of their wings or thirty cabusting and bind a figure wings.

om, as if to secure some minute an

the animals was in a foam and was bloody. Soon the fight was over. The 'coon gave up, the dog shook him unresisted and the 'coon floated, It was dead. The dog tried to swim sahore, dead. The dog tried to swim sahore, masses of weed and mud in direct lines. In our own time, Lord Westmoreland. num of their stranguil to I arranged a wasting time to trip he plunged into the water and the dog was rescued, though he lay for several minutes lifeless upon the bank while we did what we could to revive him. Finally he was himself again, and, with never a look back, he walked quietly to the wagon. Then in the broad light of day we concluded our chase, a hune more wearnsome but hardly less exciteing than the run after an anissee seed bag.

Chewing Sum.

Muthout mum of their strength; at I arranged a machine after the plan of one that I have seen to measure the velocity of a shot, the latter striking a frame, and the force of the blow being recorded on a scale. For my partition I took what was evidently the egg shell or cover of some microscopic animal. I attached it by one and to a larger body, and the whole thing stood over a delicate scale that was cut on the glass riide, and as the animals rushed along they struck the partition or hand and pushed it around the scale.

What was the result?"

Well, to tall the fruth, the first one that came along broke down the partition, and I havan't been able to adjust it or, and I havan't been able to adjust it or, and I havan't been able to adjust it or, and I havan't been able to adjust it or, and I havan't been able to adjust it or, and I havan't been able to adjust it or, and I havan't been able to adjust it or improved form of wide awake; but on in the early days of California mining, of, which the writer was a speciator, of the star of many eminent Revious are wonderful to behold. Bating the extraordivary white, or rather tricolor, hat all public won't suffer. I have in hand to measure the movements of the wings and legs of insects per minute and second, and I think they can be photographed as well as the feel of a trotter white in motion. This will be fine work, as with a simple instrument I investioned the wings and second and its machine lost more than half the vibrations. I have watched a fly for fire minutes hanging almost in circ spot under a chandelier, kept up by the continuous movement of its wings, and estimated that the operation required over any or solved as follows:

Mr. Chamberish part of the sum of the immers and the interests of the miners and the interests of the miners and the interests of the miners and without the probability mean and so vitally and the original argued and the operation required to a trotter would be a sum of flexible provocation, he went unmolected; that he will be fine work and the work What was the result?"

The Buts of Celebrities.

Affred Count D'Orsay had a true feeling for art; fee, as Mr. Henry Melton talls us in his "Hints of Hais," the Count had on the occasion of his first interview with him, "fonrteen hats lying all ready for wear in his dressing room." The reason for this number of hats was that D'Ornay's hats varied in dimensions to suit his coats. For his lighter out off riding cost, he were his hat smaller in all dimensions than for the thicker overcoats, especially that magnificent

Although wearing a hat for every cter in all of them. In his eque trian poztratt, by Grant, he appears in an eleganity proportioned hat, with a flowing, rather than ourly brim. His hats were also made somewhat remarkable by a thick, broad ribbed silk binding with a flight by which the presidence and the presi

> Being of majestic height, he became ware of the nuisance of a tall stove pipe in any close carriage, and set the ashion of wearing the low-crowned hat which lasted all through that period in which the green and white braid often came to the rescue of plungers. It will be recollected that the hatters suddenly lowered, not their prices, out their crown, and that this operation led to the detection of the murderer Muller. Parhaps the Muller trial had a baneful influence on the Westmoreland hat, as the execution of Mrs. Manning ruined the black satin trade; for hats have grown taller again. Mr. George Lane Fox's inseparable stove pipe is so ample and as characteristic as the swallow-tailed coat and everything else about that Ismous M. F. H; and the Duke of Beaufort is remarkable for the elegance of his 4957

An English Army Story.

man-retired now these soven years-was a gentleman of very limited knowledge as regards regimental manoeuvers, and as the Onety-oneth had been stationed at N——for more than a year, and was apparently forgotten by the authorities, he had no inducement to extend his acquaintance. Thus, from authorities, he had no inducement to extend his acquaintance. Thus, from long practice, we would go through his half dozen movements with a precision and readiness that might have been enviced by the smartest corps in the service. But there we stopped. Beyond those we know nothing. You can imagine them are consistent and the same kind of sorrow in their own demonstration of deprivation and toll should establish a code of honesty above everything else. Of course, said they, the fellow can have his counsel to ohin for him, but we must graft him to a hub those we know nothing. You can imagine, then, our consternation when we had the efficer commanding the district. Lord Puffercon—was coming officially inspect to. Freeman, was at first overcome by the news but after a time we could see upon his face a look of stern resolve. He had evidently made up his mind to do something desperate. The fatal day came at least, se did also Gen. Lord Pufferco. "attended by a brilliant staff," as the newspapers say. We were duly paraded and inspected, and put through the same old manocurers we had performed every day for the last twelve months. We deployed and marched and marched and marched and marched and marched, and then began all over again, till at last the General showed evident, signs of impatience. And then, when an side-de-camp came galloping up to Freeman, we knew our fate was scaled. "Col Freeman," said the sid de-camp came galloping up to present its satisfaction with the more ments so far; nothing could have been done hetter. At the same time he would suggest that something fresh might be gone through with advantage. He has scarely, as yet had an opportunity to judge of your regiment's capabilities," "Tell his lordship," said the would suggest that something fresh might be gone through with advantage. He has scarely, as yet had an opportunity to judge of your regiment's capabilities," "Tell his lordship," said the old Colonel, hoarsely, "that he shall be obeyed." We all wandered what was coming nort. Julge of our actorishment, when, after getting us into line facing the staff, he rode behind us and called out; "Battalion—with ball carridge, load! Ready! pre—!" Before he could got out." Present!" the General was first distant home with love waiting in their distant home with love waiting in t iridge, load! Ready! pre—!" Before he could get out "Present!" the General and his staff had turned tail and were lying over the field to get out of the range! Lord Pufferoo was back to his headquarters at once, and next week same an intimation to the Colonel that his resignation would be seeptable.

A California Trial.

the potent influence of eloquence on the intended to do—returned the money to them in six months after uncultivated masses and how they his arrival at home. were moved by the fervent oratory of Patrick Henry and Clay, and Webster and Corwin, and Orittenden and Tom Marshall and those old time and Tom Marshall and those old time passed along the line; copied somewhere and soon forgotten. But after all was quiet again I leaned my hand upon my men of the primitive bar, which had

man pleading.

An'episode of similar nature occurred out in the early days of California mining, of which the writer was a spectator.

The circumstances were as tollows:

ther rough couris were established and

be this special occusion a bag of gold that been taken from under a miner's it had been taken from under a miner's it had been taken from under a miner's or again rest upon her boson. The low sob, the hitter tear, as hydren dreams, to San Francisco and brought back a quick and effective trial.

Have you say consuel?" asked the go.

No, I sin't got no friends now anyly to talk for me; as you might not talk for me; as you might not be present agony of grief, the faints on gone. ny to San Francisco and brought back r a quick and effective trial. "Have you any consuel?" naked the

substantiate the truth of his statement, and it evidently weakened some of the jury, but there were stern, unmoved men in the crowd, all belted round with mifes and pistols, who knew that any letting up on thaft would render gold dust too unsufe; besides they spoke up right and left, saying that they got just such letters from home as well; that the same kind of sorrow in their own de-

waiting in their distant home with love and hope and tremulous expectation for him who would never return, listening to every footstep, responding to every

a trial and such a defence in the mines of California. The judge, jury and audience rose to a man and cleared the risoner. They did more: they made Persons familiar with the early history of this country are well aware of the potent influence of closures on the

What the Wires Sald.

"Baby is dead!" Three little words send and fell into a deep reverie of all that these words mean. Somewhere—a dainty form, still and

sold, unclasped by more arms to-night; eyes that yesterday were bright and bine as skies of June drooped to-night beneath white lids that no voice

can ever raise again.

Two soft hands, whose rose leaf fingers were wont to wander lovingly around mother's neck and face loosely holding with buds, quietly folded in confine

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland break falls, gay as trill of forest birds; to, ight naresponsive to kiss or call of A silent home—the patter of haby

lest forever hushed - a gradie unpressed little shoes half worn-dainty eyes of yesterday, folded with schi

quiet graveyard.
A mother's groping touch in unessy slumber for the fair head that shall nev-

Whenes the term? A reference in the