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J. J. BRUNER,
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J. J. STEWART,
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There was once a German nobleman who led a foolish and dissipated life, neglected his people, his family and his affairs, drinking and gambling. He had a dream one night which vividly impressed him. He saw a figure looking at him with a serious face, and pointing to a dial when the hands marked the hour of IV. The figure looked at him sadly and said these words, "After four," and disappeared. The nobleman awoke in great terror thinking the vision forbade speedy death. "What could it mean? It must mean that he would die in four days. So he set his house in order, sent for the priest, confessed his sins and received absolution. He also sent for his family and begged their forgiveness for past offences. After arranging his affairs with his man of business he waited for death. The four days passed on and he did not die. He then concluded the vision meant four weeks. He did all the good he could, but at the end of four weeks he was still alive. It is plain now, he said, the vision meant four years, and in the next four years he gave his whole life and fortune for the improvement of his people, his neighbors, and the poor, taking an honorable part in public affairs. At the end of four years he was elected Emperor of Germany.

The German Parliament.
The new German Parliament differs considerably, as regards the elements of which it is composed, from its predecessor, which commenced its sittings on the 2d of March, 1871. The two leading parties are now the National Liberals and the Ultramontanes, the former supporting and the latter opposing the present organization of Germany. The minority hostile to the Empire numbers 136 votes; the majority favorable to the Empire has 261 votes. Of the former, including the members for Alsace-Lorraine, there are 180 Ultramontanes; and 144 members of the majority are National Liberals. Among the members of the minority the Poles and Hanoverians may be relied upon to vote with the Ultramontanes on every occasion, while the Democratic Socialists, led by Dr. Jacoby, will probably pursue an independent course on social as distinguished from purely political questions. The Progressist party in the new Parliament is composed of much the same members as before, but a great proportion of the Liberal "Imperial" party have lost their seats, and it is believed that those who have been re-elected will join the National Liberal party. As for the Conservatives, they nearly all belong to the majority, and there is reason to expect that the few members of this party who still refuse to reconcile themselves to the new state of things will be persuaded to follow the example of their colleagues.

The Steam Plow.
A correspondent who witnessed the work of a steam plow in England, says: I found the apparatus at work, plowing a wheat-stubble field of about fifteen acres in extent. The land is a light friable or sandy loam, covering evidently rich beds of the well known Tisbury free-stone. Upon walking up to the implement I found on one side of it only three of its five beds or skids at work, the other having been smashed by the rock, which every now and then was very troublesome. And so the work went on, three furrows being turned by one end and five by the other for about half an hour, the unpaired end making most excellent work, and calling forth the strongest praises. The apparatus consisted of a set of patent double machines, each engine being of twelve-horse power, and weighing about ten tons. They were fitted with winding drums and 800 yards of steel rope, each alternately drawing the implement towards itself, the engine not in work paying out the rope while moving forward into position for the return "bout." The apparatus was purchased last January for the sum of \$9,000, complete with cultivator, van, and all necessary appliances. The engines have single cylinders, fifteen inches in diameter, with a stroke of eight inches. The rope is one inch in diameter, and is worked on and off a large drum, so that at no time is it subjected to a sharp bend. The whole apparatus was worked by four men, one on each engine, one on the plow, while the fourth had charge of the van, and was otherwise employed on occasional work turned up. Directly one field finished the engines are ready to start into a fresh one, and can remove themselves and the whole of the apparatus. The implements are made without slack gear. The patent balance plow is made of iron, and adjustable to different widths of furrow. The skids and coilers are fixed on a bevel beam, and by altering their positions along the beam in either direction, a wider or narrower furrow is cut at pleasure, retaining at the same time all the rigidity of a riveted frame, and by removing the ordinary moldboards used for surface plowing, and substituting short ones, a tillage is produced equal in every respect to spade-work. The van is divided into two compartments, one for use by day, the other containing two berths, each sufficiently large to accommodate two men. By the plow a fifteen acre field could be plowed in one and one-half days, and at a total cost of \$62.50, while the same work done by the ordinary plow would take twenty days and cost \$65. The letter says in these two statements the outside value of everything is computed. By the steam plow the trampling, treading, and puddling of a heavy team on a stiff soil is avoided; and the benefits resulting from the increased depth of furrow are obtained.

The Next State.
New Mexico applies at the family door for admission into the Union as a State. Comparatively little seems to be known of this territory, its fertility, resources, and people, by the average reader. Its geographical position, distance from the settled portion of the other States, and its convenient and uncomfortable mode of public travel render it almost inaccessible to the modern traveler, and its world is nearly a sealed book to the people beyond its limits. She has an area of about 406,000 square miles, and claims a population of 112,000. She maintains also that her ability for self-support is well established, upon the ground that, while all the other territories have, at some time during their territorial existence, appealed to charity for bread to feed their famishing inhabitants, or relief from pestilence or fire, New Mexico, besides having an abundance for her own people, has always had the army in New Mexico and Arizona with breadstuffs and forage. The people are supposed to be law-abiding, industrious; thrifty, and frugal, hospitable and generous; conservative in financial affairs; slow to contract debts, and willing to make sacrifices to pay them. It is further urged that since the adoption of the Federal Constitution fifteen new States have been admitted, each having a population of less than 85,000 and one of the number less than 35,000, while the average of the whole fifteen was about 62,000. Hence she considers there is no principle of right or justice upon which she can be longer refused admission into the Union.

Wholesale Sentencing.—In consequence of the stupidity or negligence of the proper officials a court of general sessions had not been held in Edgefield, S. C., for several years. The docket was consequently large and Judge Carpenter had his hands full at the term just closed. There was a number of murder cases and disposed of. The following persons were convicted and sentenced: Thomas Podgett, convicted of murder, sentenced to be hanged on the 29th of May at 12 M.; Patrick West, convicted of murder, sentenced to be hanged on the 5th of June 12 M.; Henry Killebrew, convicted of murder, sentenced to be hanged on the 22d of May at 12 M.; John Mitchell, convicted of murder, sentenced to be hanged on the 3rd of July at 12 M.; Savannah Williams, convicted of manslaughter, sentenced to the penitentiary for one year.

The California papers relate a story of wrong and suffering that is not often equalled. In 1866 a Mr. Strong and his wife, steady, industrious people, came across the plains and secured a pre-emption ranch of 200 acres in Mendocino county. They had just succeeded in cleaning off the underbrush and making their home comfortable, when two stock raisers, named Giger and Alexander saw the place and wanted to buy it, but Mr. Strong refused to sell, saying that he was too old to move again. He persevered in this determination, and the men swore vengeance on his obstinacy. Killing a neighbor's cow on his farm they accused him of the deed, aroused public clamor against him, and by perjury, had him sent to the State Prison last July. They then laid their plots against his wife, and on the 25th of last month she was found dead in a gorge near the house, with a bullet hole through her head. Suspicion was then directed against the doves, and the evidence is now so strong that their punishment is deemed certain. A petition for Strong's pardon is in the Governor's hand.

Abaze with Diamonds.—Mrs. Astor, the wife of the hundred millionaire of New York, appeared at a party given at her Fifth Avenue residence one evening last week, at which she hierally blazed with diamonds. On each of her shoulders she had four stars, the size of silver dollars, made of diamonds. Her hair was set thickly with diamonds, and her head seemed aflame with them. There was a diamond band on her brow. She had diamond earrings, and a diamond necklace of magnificent proportions. Upon the two sides of her chest were two circles of diamonds about the size of the palm of the hand. From them depended lines and curves of diamonds reaching to her waist, around which she wore a diamond girdle. On the skirts of her dress in front were two large peacocks wrought of lines of diamonds. There were rosettes of diamonds, large or small, but in every variety and form, all over her dress and persons wherever they could be artistically placed. She presented an extraordinary, dazzling spectacle. A connoisseur in precious stones, who was present, says the diamonds she wore could not have cost not less than a million dollars.

A Beautiful Fancy.
Kingsley's "Primitive Civilization" is valuable as an attempt—a theologian of great abilities and profound learning—to combat the scientific theory of the development of a man and civilization. Mr. Kingsley said he knew nothing at all about the matter, but he believed that the human race sprung from one pair. Of the origin of civilization he confessed an equal ignorance, but he had dreamt concerning it, and his dream was that the beginning of civilization was supernatural. What, said Mr. Kingsley, if the first few chapters of the most ancient and sacred book should point, under whatever symbols, to "the actual and only possible" origin of civilization—the education of a man, or a family, by beings of some higher race than man. And then he proceeds to say:

"Recollect that the three oldest peoples known to history on this planet are Egypt, China, and Hindostan. Back of these there loom up, out of the darkness of legend into the as yet dim dawn of history, what the old Arabs call races of pre-Adamic Sultans—colossal monarchs, with fixed and often elaborate laws, customs, creeds, with aristocratic priest-hoods—seemingly always of a superior and conquering race; with a mass of common folk, whether free or half free, composed of earlier conquered races; of imported slaves, too, and their descendants. But whence comes the royal race, aristocracy, the priesthood? They do not know themselves. They have crossed the neighboring mountains; they have come by sea, like Dido to Carthage, like Manco Cassac and Mama Bello to America—and they have sometimes forgotten when. But they have come from afar, and they are wiser, stronger, fairer than the aborigines. They are not sure that they are not descended from gods. They are the Children of the Sun, or what not."

"This is a very pretty dream, but after all it is only a dream. Scientific men will hardly give it a thought, and Darwin will only smile at it. But still it is so pleasant to cherish these ideas of our origin that kind, easy-going people will think Mr. Kingsley for having attempted to reconcile Genesis with the superstitions of the Aryan race."

Taxing Church Property.
We the other day noticed that there is a petition in circulation, which will soon be presented to the Massachusetts Legislature praying the abolition of the exemption of churches from taxation. In connection with this subject the St. Louis Republican says it is estimated that church property in Massachusetts amounts to at least \$25,000,000. The population of that State is given in round numbers at 1,500,000, and there is church accommodation for only 900,000 persons who could not get into the churches if they wanted to, and yet are indirectly taxed for the support of privileges it is impossible for them to enjoy. But there is also a numerous class who, for various reasons, do not go to church at all, and would not were the space and provocation for worship ever so abundant. They, too, are indirectly taxed for maintenance of an institution of which they have no desire to avail themselves. The Republican goes on to comment thus:

"The subject is a delicate one, and has hitherto been very generally avoided in the discussions of all legislative bodies; but the time is coming, if, indeed, it has not already arrived, when it must be discussed thoroughly and settled finally. We confess that we can see no more reason—under a government like this of ours—for exempting church property, partially or wholly, from taxation, than there would be for building the churches themselves out of the public treasury. If church and State are separate, having no sort of connection with each other, why should the latter grant exclusive privileges to the former? Why should not ecclesiastical establishments stand on precisely the same footing as every other establishment, and contribute their shares to the support of the government?"

A Grange Burial.
How the Order Put Away Their Dead

The first burial of a member of the Patrons of Husbandry with the honors of the order, that has come to our notice, took place a few days since in Kickapoo, when the remains of Henry Bolin were consigned to their last resting place with all the pomp and funeral pageant of the Granger burial service. Mr. Bolin was a prominent member, and the attendance was very large, some 400 persons being present. The programme of the burial was about as follows:

On leaving the residence of the deceased, the hearse which contained the remains was flanked on either side by three pall-bearers, who walked with uncovered heads and regalia draped in mourning. Following the hearse came the relatives of the deceased, and next marched the Sisters of the Order clad in full regalia. The Brothers came next, and following them the vast concourse of people, who had come from far and near to witness the ceremonies. The remains were first taken to the church, where a priest went through a service peculiar to the Catholic church, of which the deceased was a member. When the exercises had been concluded, the procession took up its march for the cemetery, where the Granger funeral rites were performed. The coffin was placed on supports directly over the open grave, and remained there until the impressive and interesting service was concluded. G. B. Coffin, Master of the Franklin Grange, conducted the ceremonies. When the brothers and sisters of the grange of which the deceased was a member had assembled about the grave, the Master read a selection from the burial ritual, followed by a second selection by the Chaplain, and then the members repeated slowly and solemnly the Lord's prayer, closing with a beautiful and appropriate hymn. The Brothers of the Order then stepped to the grave and threw into the opening several bouquets of flowers and evergreens. A short, but powerful address was next delivered by the Chaplain. While the coffin was being lowered into the grave, a beautiful and soul inspiring hymn was sung, and during the singing the sisters strewed bouquets of flowers upon the descending coffin until it reached the wooden box at the bottom of the grave. The Master then sprinkled a portion of dirt thrown from the grave over the coffin, and the service closed with the solemn benediction of the Chaplain.

Taken throughout the ceremonies were very beautiful and impressive. This was the first burial of a Granger in the county, and, if we are correctly informed, in the State—that is, with the ceremonies of the Order.

A Hundred Years Ago.
One hundred and ten years ago there was not a single white man in what is now Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois.—Then, what is now the most flourishing part of the United States, was as little known as the country in the heart of Africa itself. It was not till 1776 that Boone left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler in Kentucky. And the pioneers of Ohio did not settle till twenty years later still. Canada belonged to France 115 years ago, and Washington was a modest Virginia Colonel, and the United States the most loyal part of the British empire, and scarcely a speck on the political horizon indicated that struggle that in a score of years was to lay the foundation of the greatest Republic of the world.

and stoves, and furnaces, and gas for dwellings, and sewing machines, and India rubber shoes, and anthracite coal, and photographs, and chrome paintings, and kerosene oil, and free schools, and spring mattresses, and wood engravings, and Brussels carpet, and lever watches, and greenbacks, and cotton and woolen factories, in anything like the present meaning of these terms, were utterly unknown.

A hundred years ago the spinning wheel was in almost every family, and clothing was spun and woven and made up in the household, and the printing press was a cumbersome machine, worked by hand; and a nail, or a brick, or a knife, or a pair of shears or scissors, or a razor, or a wooden pair of stockings, or an axe or hoe, or shovel, or a lock or key, or a plate of glass of any size, was not made in what is now the United States. Even in 1790 there were only seventy-five post-offices in the country, and the whole extent of our post-routes was less than ninety hundred miles. Cheap postage was unheard of, and had any one suggested the transmission of messages with lightning speed he would have been thought utterly insane. The microscope on the one hand, and the telegraph on the other, were in their infancy as instruments of science; and geology and chemistry were almost unknown. In a word, it is true that to the century passed have been allotted more improvements in their bearings on the comfort and happiness of mankind, than to any other which has elapsed since the creation of the world.—Topeka (Kansas) Record.

Preparations for the Wedding at the White House.
And now it is rumored that Miss Grant's wedding is to be hastened, and the names of her five bridesmaids are given. These are the Misses Borie of Philadelphia, niece of the ex-Secretary of the Navy; Miss Drexler, daughter of the Philadelphia banker; Miss Kitty Cooke, and Miss Anna Barnes, daughter of the Surgeon-General. I have not yet heard the names of the groomsmen. Of course Col. Fred Grant will be Miss Cooke's groomsmen; she is his affianced. It has been thought best since the arrival of Mr. Sartoris to allow the marriage to take place next month instead of waiting until October.—The secret of the engagement was well kept, until the arrival in Philadelphia of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, who is Mr. Sartoris's aunt. She mentioned the fact first. When the elder Mr. Sartoris and his son met Miss Grant on the steamer coming from England last October year, they were on their way to Michigan, where Mr. Sartoris owns lands, and he intended to locate his second son in this State, for him to earn his own living. The sudden death of the eldest son took place while they were traveling in the West, and a telegram was sent to President Grant to learn their whereabouts and inform them of the sad news. Of course they returned to England immediately upon receipt of this intelligence. Now that the young man has such different prospects, he will not cultivate wild lands in Michigan, but take his bride to his ancestral halls. I wonder if there is as much sorrow felt when a death is so advantageous to the brother as there is among our plain folk, where all the children have equal advantages! Every day or evening lunch or dinner is given to the happy young couple. They were present at a lunch which Mrs. Admiral Lee gave in honor of Miss Preston, prior to her departure from this city.—General Bevoeck gave a dinner party Saturday evening, to which many of the young ladies and gentlemen of the city were invited.

The carriage which conveys the happy young couple around attracts much attention. It is drawn by four superb looking horses; the harness is of silver, with glittering chains and ornaments, the long reins are white and the liveries of the servants as handsome as possible. Fisk and Helmbold brought such a display into such had, repeated that various comments are made by spectators. Inasmuch as no modern President has attempted such a style, it would have been better for the family, considering what a year of suffering this has been to thousands, and while many consider it indicative in the President to retain the extra twenty-five thousand added to his salary after Congress was forced to reduce their own pay, to abstain from this display of their imperial magnificence.

Words of Approval.—The ability to find fault is considered by some people as a sure sign of superior insight, when in the majority of cases it is only an indication of shallowness and ill-nature. One deserves as much credit for seeing the merits of a picture as its defects, for finding out the lovely traits in a character as for lying in wait for its imperfections; indeed, he who readily and on principle determines to see all the good there is in any person is that person's greatest benefactor, and can do most to lift him up into what he might be. Following this vein a little further, if we love our friends not only for what they are, but for what they are capable of being, our very love will assist in transforming them into the realization of the ideal for which we love them, and thus the constant outpouring of our affections toward them will act as a perpetual lever, lifting them nearer and nearer the realization of their desires. Let us no doubt the truth of this; it has been proved by practice demonstration.

Let us not be chary of complimentary and appreciative utterances, but forgetting self and remembering those dearer or who should be dearer, in assuring their happiness and success, most surely secure our own.

Romance at the Morris and Essex Depot.

A Pretty French Emigre Lost and Found.
—A Fond Uncle, a Cousin Lover, and a Bridal Trousseau.

Among the steerage passengers who drifted over to New York from Havre, a little while ago, says the Wilmington, Del. Every Evening Democrat, was a young French girl named Louise Dumont. Her destination was Newark, Delaware, where she had a distant female relative living in indigent circumstances, and as she believed the only surviving kin she had in the world. By some mistake, owing to her inability to speak the English language, she took a train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western road and got off at Newark, N. J. When she was informed of her error she bought a ticket to return to New York on the next train, but on account of a very remarkable occurrence she was induced to change her mind.

As the girl sat in the depot, downcast in spirits, alone in a strange land and almost penniless, visions of her home in "La Belle France," crossed her mind.—She thought of her mother, who had recently died, of her only brother who fell in the terrible battle of Saarbruck, and as she mused upon her past joys and present loneliness, she unconsciously toyed with a large gold locket that was suspended by a strong silver chain from her neck, while tears, trickled down her cheeks.—She was a brunette of the loveliest type, and her jet black, wavy hair was arranged with such exquisite taste that it made the broad, high forehead, expressive brown eyes, and graceful, full throat appear to the best advantage.

While Louise was abstractly playing with her locket there came into the depot a tall and handsome gentleman, about sixty years of age. He had something of a military bearing, and his countenance indicated intelligence and refinement.—The girl's appearance immediately attracted his attention, and as he was waiting for a train he occupied the time in watching her. As he walked leisurely to and fro in the ladies' room he came near where the girl was sitting just as she opened the locket and revealed a well-known face that was the exact counterpart of a picture he had at home in his library. It represented the Empress Josephine, the deceased wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. The gentleman immediately asked the girl, in good French, where she obtained the picture. She replied with much simplicity:

"My mother gave it to me."
Requesting the favor of examining the locket, he took it in his hand, and with great astonishment, read the following inscription:

"Josephine to Hortense De Miratel, 1812."

"My mother was a Miratel," said he, scanning the beautiful French girl's features closely, "and," he added, as a light seemed to flash in upon his confused ideas "she was a sister to Hortense De Miratel, who, for some act of faithfulness to the unhappy Josephine, received this locket and portrait as a reward. My good girl, who are you anyhow?"

The child then related her story—how her father and brother had been killed in the battle, and her mother had recently died; that she had committed her to the care of the only relative that she believed to be living, at Newark, in this State.

The gentleman then being satisfied that the girl was his own niece, disclosed his own name, Victor Provost. He had escaped from prison when a young man, having been incarcerated by the Bourbons on account of the sojourn of Louis Napoleon in America.

He fled to this country and settled at Wilkesbarre, Pa., where he now lives in affluence, being interested in large coal and iron tracts in that locality. It is hardly necessary to state that niece needed but little persuasion to accompany her uncle home. The romance of her story is increased by the fact that Mr. Provost has a son, who is a very promising young man, and that he immediately became fascinated with his newly-found cousin. The old gentleman is in ecstasy at the turn things have taken, and his resolved that his son shall marry the girl as soon as it is possible to get ready for so momentous an occasion. Of course young Provost has accepted this proposition with much joy, and orders for a magnificent bridal trousseau are now being filled by parties in New York for the fortunate girl who, but little more than a week ago, was a penniless steerage passenger in an emigrant ship.—Newark Register.

VENGEANCE OF THE LAW
Edgefield is known as the fighting district of South Carolina. Murders are common there. The criminal docket of this county, which had not been disposed of for some time, has just been finished up by Judge Carpenter, who pronounced the following sentences:—Thomas Podgett, convicted of murder, sentenced to be executed on the 29th of May; Patrick West, for murder, sentenced to be executed on the 5th of June; John Mitchell, for murder, sentenced to be executed on the 3d of July.

BEGIN ALL WITH PRAYER.—To omit prayer is to go to battle having left our weapons in the tent; is to go to our daily labor without the strength imparted by a morning meal; is to attempt the bar where breakers rear and rocks hide their rugged heads without taking our pilot on board. If, from a sense of weakness Moses on Sinai's thundering, flashing, smoking mount, exclaimed, "If Thy presence go not with me, let us not go, up." Well may we say of the world, with its daily trials and temptations, works and wars, unless Thy presence go with us let us not go down. Therefore ought men, unless in very rare circumstances, always, morning and even, to pray. Thus, like soldiers on the morning of the conflict, we grind our swords for battle with the world, the devil and the flesh; and thus, when the day's combat is over, retiring to pray, we apply a healing ointment, the balm of Gilead, to the wounds of conscience, and thus, as a begrimed workman on coming home repairs at eventide to bathe in a flowing river or swelling sea, we resort to pray to wash a way sin's daily guilty stains in the fountain of Jesus' blood.

EX-GOV.—GRAHAM.
[Petersburg Index-Appal.]
The selection of Ex-Gov. Wm. A. Graham, of North Carolina, as the arbiter on the part of Virginia of the boundary line question between our State and the State of Maryland, was a judicious and commendable act of the General Assembly. Gov. Graham possesses every qualification of discretion, knowledge and dignity and firmness of character for the very important service; and we may be sure our interests will suffer detriment in his hands. It was right, too, that so much courtesy should be paid our sister Commonwealth of North Carolina. The preference shown for one of her distinguished and justly popular and honored citizens, evinces the friendly feeling existing between our people and those of the old North State. May it be eternal.

IMPORTANT OPINIONS OF THE STATE TREASURER.
In response to letters of inquiry, State Treasurer Jenkins has given the following opinions for the guidance of those interested:

Peddlers of liquor, if the liquor is manufactured in the State, or if the peddler is the manufacturer or agent of the manufacturer, will not be required to take out a peddler's license, but must pay the tax imposed upon all persons dealing in the same species of merchandise, the same to be paid to the Sheriff of the County in which the liquor is manufactured.

Parties purchasing liquor in the State to sell again must pay five per cent. tax on all purchases, provided the tax on the said liquor has not already been paid by some wholesale dealer in liquor in the State. Those interested are referred to section 10, schedule B of the Revenue Act for 1873-74.

The form of license to be given by Sheriffs to all classes of business men designated in this law, is provided for on page 38 of the Revenue Act.

FATAL PRACTICAL JOKE.—An Ohio paper gives the details of what is called a lamentable accident that occurred in Pike township, Fulton county, that State, a few days ago. The circumstances are substantially as follows: William Mullen, Jr. who lives within a short distance of Winameg, had been in the habit of going in the evening for his mail, and had on more than one occasion, been annoyed by a certain dog howling near his house, and, on leaving the house Saturday night, he made the remark in the presence of a young man by the name of Bird R. Flemming, who was living there, that he was going to the store, and if that dog made that noise again he was going to shoot him. This young man got in advance of Mullen some way, and, for the purpose of scaring him, imitated a dog, when Mullen drew his revolver and fired, killing the boy almost instantly.

Says the Winston Sentinel: "A Davidson county correspondent informs us that there is a lot of land in that county on which stands a church belonging to the Primitive Baptists. It was built about sixty-five years ago, and there has been no preaching in it by the Primitive Baptists for about thirty-five years from the fact that there are no Primitive Baptists in that part of the country—they having all died out, and that it is probable that there is not a Primitive Baptist living that knows of this church."