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The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. V.—THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY N. C., OCTOBER, 22, 1874. NO. 52.—WHOLE NO. 56

PUBLISHED WEEKLY:
J. J. BRUNER,
Proprietor and Editor.
J. J. STEWART
Associate Editor.

RATES OF SUBCRIPTION
WEEKLY WATCHMAN.
ONE YEAR, payable in advance.....$2.50
SIX MONTHS, " " 1.50
5 Copies to any address..... 10.00
Tri-weekly Watchman.
ONE YEAR in advance.....$5.00
SIX MONTHS " " 3.00
ONE MONTH " " 50

ADVERTISING RATES:
ONE SQUARE (1 inch) One insertion $100
" " " two " 1.50
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A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge man from his manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less,
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feeling—
Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
Even flowing out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overthrown.
God who counts by souls, not dresses,
Love and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man unpraised above his fellows
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember,
That your meanest hinds are men!
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men of thought and men of fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little wood-clad rills;
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills.
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fatten on the same;
By the sweat of others' forehead,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right.
God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Links oppression with its titles
But as pebbles in the sea.

WILD HORSES.—The habits of wild horses are well worth studying, for in some particulars they possess almost human intelligence. They choose their own chief, which gives the signal for departure. When they find a field dried up, they walk through at the head of the column, and are first to throw themselves into a ravine, a river, or an unknown wood. If any extraordinary object appears, the chief commands a halt. He goes to discover what it is, and after his return gives by neigh the signal of confidence, of flight, or combat. If a fierce enemy presents itself that cannot be escaped by fleeing, the herd unite themselves into a dense circular cluster, all heads turned toward the centre, where the young animals take refuge. It is seldom that such a manœuver does not force the tigers or lions to make a precipitate retreat.

Our thoughts are epochs in our lives; all else is but as a journal of the winds that blows while we are here.—*Thoreau*

A person in Hardwick displays the following inscription on his fence: "Nobuddy hich no hosses to this fens.

The daughter of the late President Juarez' of Mexico, is teaching school in that country. She is a good little Indian girl.

One thing is clear to me, that no indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.—*George McDonald.*

It is a law of nature that faint-hearted men should be the fruit of luxurious countries, for we never find that the same soil produces delicacies and heroes.—*Herodotus.*

Honest thinkers are always stealing from each other. Our minds are full of waifs and estrays which we think are our own. Innocent plagiarism turns up everywhere.—*Holmes.*

A Vermont editor says that maple sugar is so abundant in that State this season that the girls are twenty per cent, sweeter than usual.

On the 20th instant there will be a meeting of the citizens of Anson county, N. C., for the purpose of devising ways and means for the completion of the Cheraw and Salisbury road to Wadesboro.

A negro who was arrested in Lee county Ga., a few days ago on the charge of outraging his stepdaughter, and who was being carried to Leesburg by a bailiff and guard, attempted to escape and was shot dead.

Jones, who thought he recollected reading in Longfellow's poems something about "Wives of great men all remind us," made it a point to go to a lecture to ascertain what the remind us of.

Charles J. Hedrick, of Georgetown and former graduate of Georgetown College, obtained the first scholarship of the University of the city of New York, to which is attached a purse of $300, and also received the highest mark gained by any student for the past twenty-five years.

The intellect has only one failing, which, to be sure, is a very considerable one,—it has a conscience, Napoleon is the readiest instance of this. If his heart had borne any proportion to his brain, he had been one of the greatest men in all history.—*Lowell.*

—Judge Cloud was armed with two pistols at Surry court. We suppose the Judge thought that in default of U. S. troops to keep him in position he would arm and equip himself and go it alone.—*Winston Sentinel.*

Of the four Marshals now on the French army list, one came from the Polytechnic School, two from the School of St. Cyr, and one rose from the ranks. Of the 314 Generals now in active service, 18 Generals of Division and 32 Brigadiers have risen from the ranks.

"Never bet on a horse race my son It is wrong to bet, and, besides, the horse that ought to win is likely, in nine out of ten cases, to be jockeyed to the rear. Do not bet at all, my son; but, if you bet on the horses, get acquainted with the riders before the contest, and see how the thing is coming out."

This is from the New Orleans *Times.* 'Governor Brooke, Governor Penn, Governor Kellogg. Governor McEnery, Governor Antoine—these are all the acting Governors we have had this year; but its' not our fault that we haven't had more. Times are hard, and we can't afford as much style as Costa Rica."

It is alleged in the Springfield *Republican* that some members of Plymouth Church endeavored to organize among the clergy a demonstration of welcome to Mr. Beecher on his return to Brooklyn. Several ministers were asked to join in such a movement, but they all declined, and the project had to be abandoned.

The Walls of the Second Presbyterian Church in this city are now going up. We fear that the building will be too small for a place like Charlotte. In building Churches and other public edifices the plan should be to accommodate at least fifteen hundred or two thousand people.—*Democrat.*

Give a man the necessaries of life, and he wants the conveniences. Give him the conveniences, and he craves the luxuries. Grant him the luxuries, and he sighs for the elegancies. Let him have the elegancies, and he yearns for the follies. Give him all together, and he complains that he has been cheated both in price and quality of the articles.

RAIL ROAD COLLISION.—A collision occurred on Thursday last on the Atlantic road near Stoney creek between a special train on which were Gov. Brogden and other State officials, and a freight train by which both trains were wrecked. The Engines Fisher and U. S. Grant were badly broken up, and nearly all the cars smashed. Fortunately no life was lost, and but little persqual damage sustained.

According to the *Freedman's Journal*, Gen. Sherman is not a Catholic, but when he courted Miss Ewing he was required, before Father Ryde could marry them, to promise as an officer and a gentleman that he would never interfere with his wife in the practice of her religion, and that her children should be brought up Catholics. The *Journal* adds that the pomp and fuss attending Miss Sherman's wedding belong to something besides religion.

The Lynchburg *News*, a strong Southern Democrat paper, says: The only use Nothern Democrats have for the South is to help them in power again. We trust the South will hereafter look out for itself, and let the Northern Democracy do the same.—*Ex.*

The South would have a sweet time lookink out for itself without the aid of Northern Democracy.—Whenever we hear men talking this way we can safely conclude that they are calculating the chances for a bargan and are on the way. The only chance for the redemption of the South is in the triumph of the Democratic party and the return to constitutional government which would result from that triumph.—*Greensboro Patriot.*

The dullness in trade at Toronto, Canada, has caused the discharge of quite a number of those employed in the machine shops, sewing machines factories, and other industrial establishments.

A Constantinople paper has been suppressed and its editor imprisoned on account of an article on the conquest of Byzantium by the Turks, in which Mahomet was not spoken of with sufficient reverence.

SHAMEFUL.—The self-constituted Saints of New York and Brooklyn have not only shut their eyes to the crimes of Henry Ward Beecher and his adulterous intercourse with the female members of his Church, but they have indicted Moulton and Tilton for exposing Beecher. Shame, shame!—*Democrat.*

Every fashionable woman in Paris hangs to her belt an alms-bag, a fan, a card-case, a pocket-book, an umbrella, a turnip-watch, a pin-cushion, some ivory tablets and a little mirror. And the sons of women like these are expected to knock the nonsense out of Germany some day.

Sidney Smith was once visiting the conservatory of a young lady who was proud of her flowers, and used (not very accurately) a profusion of botanical names. "Madame," said he, "have you the Septennis psoriasis!" "No," she said very innocently, "I had it last winter, and gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it came out beautifully in the spring." Septennis psoriasis is the medical name of the seven years itch.

Brother Bowen publishes a letter in the New York Tribune in reply to the statement of Miss. Catherine E. Beecher, in which he charges the maiden sister of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher with having uttered eight separate and distinct falsehoods. How this world is given to lying. If these Plymouth Church people are to be credited, there is not one of them, from the great preacher himself down to the most insignificant witness in the case, that is not an arrant liar; and the most of them are certainly adulterers and sinners.

REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.—The following is said to be a thoroughly tested and effectual remedy for diphtheria or sore throat. Gargle or wash the inside of the throat frequently with a teaspoonful of tincture of black cohosh, diluted with a little water. Commence using it on the first symptoms of soreness or inflamation. It does not burn or cauterize, but soothes and relieves the irritation. Do not swallow, as it will nauseate. Continue the use once in two hours until relieved. The tincture can be had at any drug store.

TO STOP NOSE BLEEDING.—Two small arteries branchiug up from the main arteries on each side of the neck, and passing over the outside of the jawbone, supply the face with blood. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril for example, pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw till the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it for five minutes and the bleeding will cease.

The Raleigh *News* says: The many friends of Mr. H. A. Reams, of the firm of Reams & Walker, tobacco warehousemen, Durham, will learn with deep regret the sad misfortune that has befallen him in losing his voice and all power of speech. Mr. Reams was the regular auctioneer of the house, and said to be the best auctioneer in the State. On the 22nd of September he concluded his tobocco sale for the day, ate his dinner about 2 o'clock and returned to the office, feeling as well as usual. Soon after entering his office he attempted to speak to one of his clerks when he found that he had lost all power of utterance even to a whisper. Even an attempt to do so is attended with excruciating pain. This is indeed a strange case and one that will doubtless excite much interest with professional men.

A FORTUNE.—There is a young woman in Marshall Co, Kansas, said to be heiress to an estate of $15,000,000 in England. The yarn runs that she was brought to this country by a gypsy, having been stolen from her parents—that she is a member of one of the noblest families in Great Britian—that the old hag who brought her here, confessed to these facts upon the bed of death. The young woman has received a letter from an English lawyer, which asks her to come over and take possession; she is going over—muchly to the great grief of all the marriageable young men of Kansas.

WHAT WE EAT.—So universal is the law that cruelty to the animal injuries the meat, that an eminent English physician, Dr, Carpenter, in a second letter to the London *Times*, assures us that the meats of animals which have been made fat by over-feeding will sometimes produce gastric diseases in those who eat them. In England it has been found that the flesh of hares chased and worried by dogs, becomes diseased, and soon putrefies. Old hunters tell us they do not like to eat the meat of deer which have been run and worried by dogs, and that they sometimes when hunting, shoot dogs to prevent their worrying the deer, and so spoiling the meat. The same doctrine applies to game caught and tortured in steel traps.

Home after Business Hours.

The road along which the man of business travels in pursuits of competence, or wealth is not a Mecadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary it is a rough and rugged path, beset with t o ns and full of pitfalls which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and is at thirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who finds that solace at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of a thoughtful and expectant love; the ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetr, which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men? Think of the toil, the anxiety, the mortification, the wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy at their own firesides.

A Man Sawed to Pieces.

A horrible accident occured in the Navy Yard at 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, by which Mr. Edward P. Sipler, aged thirty-five years, and a native of Bordentown, New Jersey, lost his life, and the details of the affair are as follows:

Mr. Sipler, who has a wife and three children, came here from New Jersey about four months ago, and has since been in charge of the large circular saw used for cutting heavy timber in the west shiphouse or marine railway cover, and about 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon was adjusting the guides of a four-foot circular saw, which was running at the rate of eight hundred revolutions, per minute, when he missed his stroke, and the weight of the hummer-head carried him in front of the saw.

As quick as lightening the saw took him before it as it had been a chip, and in an instance the top of his head was completely cut off Next, off went his right arm as if severed by a razor, the body, still animate, being the victim of the saw, and lying in pieces all around it, a horrible sight to look upon. The few horror stricken employes who could be gathered tried to render assistance, but another revolution cut the body in twain above the hips. In the mangling process the left arm bone was bared entirely, the flesh being torn off, and in other places hanging in shreds. Death was instantaneous, and as soon as the machinery could be stopped the mangled body was taken up.—*Washington Chronicle, Oct.* 11.

DYING.—There is nothing with which we are so familiar, and yet of which we know so little as the process of dying. The great mystery can only be fathomed in the act We sit by the side of a friend or relative in his last extremity; we watch the shadow as it steals over his face, shutting out all of earth; we suffer with him in a corresponding degree the agony of separation, but we can never know what is passing at the awful moment in his mind. "Of what does he think?" There are moments when the anguished faces bending over them would give much to solve that problem. They know that death is creeping nearer and nearer. They hear him in the restless tick of the clock, in the sobs of the children, in the desperate agony of the watching mother. They know that yet a little while, and the moving shadows on the pane, the twitter of birds, the dying sunlight, and the weird sigh of the winds, will cease to be for the sick man; that a few more hard-drawn breaths will bring him face to face with unfathomable knowledge. They know that they may never, after to-day, get one more living kiss from his lips, or gain the balm of recognition from his eyes; and as they yearn for a look or a sign, his eyes gaze beyond them to some invisible presence. His faint gestures are not addressed to them; his hands wander in search of something they cannot give him. Is the face to which he beckons that of friend or foe? Are those flowers he would fain pluck from some aerial cluster of blossoms? Does he hear the weeping? Does he guess how near is the solution of earth's mystery?

USE OF ADVERSITY.—The roots of a tree are never stronger than in winter. When it bears no fruit, when it is clad with no leaves, the sap then runs down into the roots, instead of being wasted in leaves. If it was always summer in the Church of God—if she had no trials to encounter, no troubles to endure—the hearts of its members would be luxuriant and proud, and run much into showy leaves and spacious fruit; but when the winter of adversity nips and pinches then when the blast of the terrible one is a storm against the wall, then is there a clinging close to God, then is there a feeling for refuge to Him "who hath been" and still is "a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a covert from the storm, and a shadow from the heat."—*Hawks*

According to a special telegram to the London *Standard*, the land which the Austrian exploring expedition has discovered near the North Pole consists of two parts, seperated by a sound thirty-nine miles broad. It was named Austria Sound. The most northern cape, in altitude 83 degrees, was named cape Vienna.

WE should go to God's house to worship, not simply to see or be seen, to hear or to be heard, but to worship God, in psalms, hymns spiritual songs; in prayer in preaching, in exoration, in holy meditation, in aspirations after communion with God. Never to indulge worldly or business thoughts to do business, to be light to laugh, to talk, to be listless or inattentive.

HIS CROSS.—Here is an elderly successful business man, who draws near the cross. "Any thing but that!" he exclaims as the Angel of the Covenant points to the cross which is to dash out his success, wreck his ships, break down his largest debtors. "Any thing but that!" Yet nothing but that could effect the purpose. Alas! even a child might be taken away, and that could not bow your heart and wean your ambition as the outgo of your fortune, either by your voluntary gifts or by the disastrous compulsions of an all-wise Providence.

Salt-Rising Bread.

Put 3 teacups of water, as warm as you can bear your finger in, a two-quart cup or bowl, and ¾ of a teaspoonful of salt. Stir in flour enough to make quite a stiff batter. This is for the rising, or emptying, as some call it. Set the bowl, closely covered, in a kettle, in warm water, as warm as you can bear your finger in, and keep it as near this temperature as possible. Notice the time you set your rising. In three hours stir in 2 tablespoonfuls of flour; put it back, and in five and one-half hours from the time of setting it will be within one inch of the top of your bowl, It is then light enough and will make up 8 quarts of flour Make a sponge in the center of your flour with 1 quart of the same temperature as rising, stir the rising into it, cover over with a little dry flour and put it where it will keep very warm and not scald. In three-fourths of an hour mix this into stiff dough. If water is used, be sure it is very warm and do not work as much as yeast bread Make the loaves a little larger and keep it warm for another three-quarters of an hour. It will then be ready to bake. While rising this last time, have your oven heating. It needs a hotter oven than yeast bread. If these rules are followed, you will have bread as white as snow, with a light brown crust, deliciously sweet and tender.

THE GIRL TO FIND.—The true girl has to be sought after. She does not parade herself in show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. But, oh! what a heart she has when you find her!—so large, and pure, and womanly. When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside are women. If you gain her love, your two thousands are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them if necessary, with no vulgar magnificence to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your power higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought of how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home, (if you don't you're a brute,) and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy. Now do dot, I pray you, say any more, "I cannot afford to marry." Go and find the true woman, and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.

Poisoned Milk,

Much of the sickness and mortality among infants may be attributed to impure milk. The danger attending the use of milk taken from cows while the animals are suffering from nervous prostration or excitement was forcibly illustrated recently in two cases cited by an emminent physician. He says that a gentleman bought a young cow that he might get pure milk for his child, but that the process of milking was, from the ignorance of the milkers, attended with much excitement and brutality. The child having been fed on the milk was seized with brain fever and never entirely recovered. In the other case milk was supplied to four families by a brutal, drunken dairyman, and those who used the most milk suffered during the entire season from a low tone of physical and mental health, "due, without doubt, to the changed and poisonous condition of the milk from excitement." Dr. Hale, in discussing the cases, expressed the opinion that it would be better to feed a child on the milk from a dairy of many cows than on the milk of one cow. It has been pretty clearly demonstrated that milk poisoning may result from impurities in the water which the cows habitually drink, and this fact, together with the probable poisoning resulting from physical ill-treatment of the animal, gives cows a terrible revenge for neglect and abuse. But unfortunately vengence in such cases falls upon the innocent and guilty alike.

Pisistratus, the General, walking through some of the fields, several persons implored his charity: "If you want beasts to plow your land," he said, 'I will lend you some; if you want land, I will lend; if you want seed to sow your land, I will give you some; but I will encourage none in idleness." By this conduct, in a short time there was not a beggar in all his dominions.

He that is ungrateful has no guilt but one; all other crimes may pass for virtues in him.—*Young.*

CONVENTION.

The Hillsboro' *Recorder*, in a very able article urging upon the Legislature the absolute necessity for a Constitutional convention, refers to the popular misconception as to the true idea of what a Convention is a body supposed to be entirely distinct from, and above the people, independent of them, having plenary and irresponsible powers; a body coming into existence by legislative will, let loose to prey upon laws and Constitution without restraint, and to fasten upon the people just such a frame of government as chance or caprice or hasty passion may suggest.

The *Recorder* says that the difficulties which have been thrown around this exercise of popular majesty have had much to do with the fear that now attends the call of a Convention. Obstacles almost amounting to prohibitions have been the charasteristics of all our Constitutions. The Constitution of 1776 seemed so perfect to our fathers, that there is not the slightest intimation given by which defects in that instrument, sure to be developed by time, were to be made. Therefore, when the necessity came, the means to alter the Constitution had not been provided for. The *Recorder* continues:

The legislature of 1834 took the initiative in relief, and, while disclaiming all right and power themselves to alter the fundamental law, they adopted measures to ascertain the will of the people and to carry it into effect. They ordered an election to be held to ascertain the will of the people in calling a Convention. This Convention, we all know, met in 1835, and amended the Constitution so much to their satisfaction, that they, too, like the fathers of '76, thought it perfect, and never afterward to be touched. They did go a little farther, it is true—they gave a power of legislative amendment, and a mode by which a Convention of the people might be called by the Legislature—both methods so trammeled by contingencies, as scarcely ever to be available.

The Convention of 1868 cannot be called a Convention of the people of North Carolina. It was called into existence by military power. Its work was not the work of the people of North Carolina. It was done by the ex-soldiers of the United States army; by hangers-on of that army when in a state of war, dropped when peace came or where plunder or political preferment seemed most promising; by negroes, lately liberated from the chains of slavery, ignorant of the meaning of the words they uttered and blindly unconscious of the trust they held; and lastly, by a few native whites, whose indifference to their mother State in the hour of her peril had rendered them competent to the oaths they took.

But *this* Convention, in the Constitution it framed, did not entirely cut off the means of relief, should it, too, prove oppressive. It left the methods of amendment and the mode of calling a Convention as they found it in the Constitution of 1835. They reaffirmed it *totidem verbis.*

Thus we have seen what constitutes a convention of the people; we have seen the impediments thrown in the way of calling one for light and transient causes; we have seen the forms given to call one when necessity arises; and we see the soverign power of the people interposed to guard themselves against the abuse of trust by their deputies.

Now, every Conservative, without exception, admits the need of Constitutional reform. Why then should there be longer doubt or hesitation, when necessity, right, power, opportunity all combine to invite and urge to immediate action?

Cousin Sally Dillard Outdone.

The scene reported below occurred some years ago before the circuit court of Pittsylvania county, Va., in the case of Commonwealth vs., Cassaday on a charge of malicious stabbing.

The venire being empanneled and the jury solemny charged by the clerk, the commonwealth's Attorney called, in support of the indictment, the witness, Buck Bryant, who being solmnly sworn the truth to tell, testified as follows:

Question by the Commonwealth's Attorney: Tell all you know about the cutting of the prosecutor by Cassady, the prisoner at the bar?

Answer, Well, gentlemen, it was election day—'twas a dark, cloudy, wet, sort of a drizzly day, and says I, to my old woman, I believe I'll go down to Ringgold and 'posit my vote. And says my old woman to me, well Buck, as it is a sort of dark, cloudy, wet sort of a drizzly day, says she, hadn't you better take your umbrill? Says I to the old woman I 'spect I had better take the umbrill. So I took the umbrill and advanced on down towards Ringgold, and when I got down thar, Mr. Cole comed, and says he, Uncle Buck, have you seed anything of neighbor Harris? Says I to Mr. Cole, for why? Says he, he's got my umbrill. The witness was here interrupted by the court and told to confine himself to the actual fray between the prisoner and Cole the prosecutor. In answer to this the witness remarked, in a tone of indignant remonstrance, Well, now, Mr. Judge, you hold on for I am sworn to tell the truth and I'm going to tell it in my own way—so taint worth while for you to say nothing about it. Whereupon the Commonwealth's Attorney being anxious to get rid of the witness upon any terms, told him to go on and tell his tale his own way.

Well, as I was going to say, it was election day, Buckan and Fillmo was running for the Legislature, and says I to my old woman, old woman, I believe I'll go down to Ringgold and 'posit my vote. Says my old woman to me, says she, Buck, as it is a sort of a dark, rany, drizzly sort of a day hadn't you better take your umbrill? Says I to the old woman, says I, I spect I had better take my umbrill, so I took the umbrill and advanced on down towards Ringgold until I arriv thar. Well the first thing I did when I got thar, was to take a drink of Buchanan whiskey, which was monstrous good, and says I to myself, says I, old hoss you feel better now, don't you? And while I was advancing around Mr. Cole, he came to me, and says he, to me, uncle Buck, says he, have you seen anything of old neighbor Harris? Says I, for why? Says he, the old cock has got my umbrill. After awhile I 'posited my vote, and then me and Mr. Cole advanced back towards home, and Mr. Cole was tighter than I ever see him. And so we advanced along till we got to whar the road forked and Mr. Cole and me took the path, as any other gentlemen would, and after advancing awhile we arriv to old neighbor Harris settin on a log with the umbrill on his arm, and about that time Elijah Cassaday (the prisoner,)—comed up, and we advanced on till we arriv at Elijah's house. Elijah is my nephew and likewise my son-in-law. He married my daughter Jane, which is next to my daughter Sally. Arter we had advanced to Elijah's we stood in the yard awhile a jawing, and presently two somebodys rid up on a horse, which was Johnson before and Whitfield Cassiday behind; Whitfield and Kiah Cassady being the same, Elijah and Kiah is brothers, both born in the nat'ral way like anybody else's brothers, no gals between 'em and both'em is about the Same age; especially Kiah which are the youngest. Kiah war drunk and he and Mr Cole got to cussin one another about politics and I advanced in the house whar was Elijah's wife, which is my daughter Jane, which is next to my daughter Sally. Well, after jawing awhile with 'em my little nephew, says he to me, says he, Uncle Buck, let's go home. Says I good pop, so we pegged out together, and I heard some body a callin' me but never tentioned 'em nor advanced back. Well, I got home and was eatin' my supper and Elijah, which is my son-in-law, and married my daughter, which is next to my daughter Sally, arriv and says to me, Uncle Buck, says he, I've killed a man. Says I, the hell you have. And that's all I know about the stabbing, for I warnt there!"

A CHINESE CONSPIRACY.—From China we have intelligence that sixty thousand Chinese troops being stationed at Tientsin, a conspiracy was discovered among them to seize the city and massacre all the foreigners, and that the ring-leaders have been arrested. This animosity against foreigners is deep seated and genuine in China as a similar feeling is in California against the Chinese, and probably springs from the same cause, as the introduction of American steamers on the Chinese rivers has taken away the business of thousands of male and female owners of small boats. The conduct of many Americans and Europeans who land in China is well calculated to increase the feeling, and the English war especially gave force to it. A steamer plying between Canton and Macao has been seized by pirates, the officers and crew murdered and the vessel robbed, but the triumph was brief, as the pirates were captured. Piracy seems to be a chronic evil in Chinese waters.

THE MEANING OF INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITIONS.—In speaking of international, State, county, and city industrial exhibitions as noticeable features of the present day, and in answer to the question, what good they do, or what is their meaning? President Andrew J. White, of cornell University, points out that they are intimately connected with a radical change in modern modes of thought. He says: "The greatest modern warfare is rapidly becoming an industrial warfare. Every great nation is recognizing this. But the most striking thing about it is a change in its methods. The old system of waging war by tariffs and bounties is yielding to the system of developing national taste and skill by technical education. That is the meaning of the great exposition of industry for the last twenty-five years."

A BRIDE SUFFOCATED IN A CLOSET.—Hartlepool, England, has been the scene of a sad event, very similar to that of the Mistletoe Bough. A gentleman by the name of Kerk, cashier of the building firm there, has recently got married. He gave a party at his house. "His young wife," says the paper, in her anxiety to get out of the hot air, ventured up stairs and seeing a small closet with a ventilator, she entered to fasten it, when a currant of air closed the door. In vain she called to the servants, although she could hear the door bell ring and the visitors enter, and as none suspected that the imprisoned lady was in the roof of the house all the other parts of the house and grounds were searched. When at last found Mrs. Kerk was seriously ill and hysterical. Violent epileptic fits followed, and the shock being more than the nervous system could sustain death shortly put an end to her sufferings."

A gentleman of our acquaintance found the other night, much to his surprise, that his wife knew something about draw poker. The way of it was this: The couple have two fine boy-babies. Seeing them asleep in the same bed, the admiring father wondered if anybody had a better pair than that. The wife thought not. The husband then said, speaking in parables, as he thought. "If we could draw three queens we would have a 'full' that would be hard to beat." And the lady promptly replied, "Excuse me, if you please; we'll stand pat on the pair we have.