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The Carolina Watchman.

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Jas. A. McCONNAUGHEY,
Agent,
Salisbury, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA, } In the Superior Court.
DAVIE COUNTY.

Ebenezer Frost, Admr. *de benis non* of John B. Allen, deceased.—*Plaintiffs.*
Against.
Giles Livengood, and Mary A. Livengood, his wife, William Allen, William Cranfill and his wife, Sarah J. Cranfill, Martha Allen, and Susan Allen.—*Defendants.*

Petition to sell Land for Payment of debts.

It appearing, that the defendants, above named, are all non-residents of the State of North Carolina, and their place of residence unknown.

It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the "Carolina Watdman," a newspaper published in Salisbury, N. C. for six weeks successively for the said Giles Livengood, Mary A. Livengood, William Allen, William Cranfill, Sarah J. Cranfill, Martha Allen and Susan Allen, the above named defendants to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, at the Court House in Mocksville, on the 29th day of April A. D., 1875, and answer the complaint of the Plaintiff, or the same will be heard exparte as to them.

Witness H. B. Howard, Clerk Superior Court, at office in Mocksville, this second day of March 1875.

H. B. HOWARD.
C. S. C.

March 4th.—6ws.

MORE STOVES.
and better ones than ever.

Come now and get the BEST. Get the stove called the

ACORN COOK

f you want one that will outlast any other, and hat is made of all NEW IRON, and warranted o give satisfaction &c. Various styles, of cooking stoves at a small profit.

TIN WARE,

SHEET IRON & COPPER WARE made of the BEST MATERIAL, on hand or made to order.
Merchants supplied at LOW PRICES. CASH PAID for all kinds of Copper, Brass &c. Ask for BROWN'S Tin shop Main Street. Salisbury, N. C. L. V. Brown.
I am well prepared to cut good

STENCIL PLATES

for marking Tobacco, Flour Patent articles &c. Every person doing any kind of work or business should have a stencil to advertise his business, as it is acknowledged to be the best and cheapest way to let people know what you are doing.
One mark with stencil may get a customer, for you, that will put HUNDREDS of DOLLARS in your hands. Try it and you will get a customer you never thought of.
MY PRICES ARE LOW, AS FOLLOWS,
One-fourth inch letters 5 cents per letter
One-half and five-eights 6 " " "
Three-fourth & One inch letters 7 " " "
They may be sent to any part of the U. S. by mail at a small cost.
Send in your orders stating size of letters you prefer, and the Stencil will be made neatly cut and promptly forwarded.
Fisher street Salisbury, N. C.
L. V. BROWN.
April 23, 1874—tf.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS | NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

GUANAHANI!

AN IMPORTED NATURAL GUANO.

A GENUINE ANIMAL DEPOSIT.

A MONOPOLY OF THIS VALUABLE DEPOSIT HAS BEEN CREATED in favor of this Company by the Crown officers. The name "GUANAHANI!" is a Registered TRADE MARK at the United States PATENT OFFICE, and all persons are warned from making use of the same in connection with fertilizers of any kind.

THE COMPANY GUARANTEE THAT

EVERY CARGO will be ANALYZED BEFORE IT IS OFFERED FOR SALE.

Examine the Analyses and Letters of Prof. P. B. WILSON, Balitimore; Prof. H. C. WHITE, Professor of Chemistry, University of Georgia; Prof. F. A. GENTH, Philadelphia, Professor of Applied Chemistry, University of Pennsylvania.

IMPORTED ONLY BY THE

GUANAHANI GUANO COMPANY,
PETERSBURG, VA.

In offering this FERTILIZER to the Agricultural Community a Second Season we do so with the utmost Confidence, feeling satisfied that the high opinion, we formed, and expressed last season based on its Chemical Constituents have been most satisfactorily borne out by the test, by which all Fertillizers must be judged, that of the Plantation.

Last season, owing to the lateness at which we commenced importing we were forced to put our Guano on the market at once, but now having continued our importations during the summer and fall, and having large and well ventilated Warehouses in this City and City Point, we are enabled to put our Guano on the market, in a condition as to dryness, and freedom from lumps, equal to any Manufactured Fertilizer.

We solicit a careful persual of our Circular containing the certificates sent us, and which can be had on application at this OFFICE, or from any of our AGENTS. Having nothing to conceal, we made an innovation on established usage, by publishing those letters received unfavorable to our Guano, but careful inquiry in many cases proves that the cause of its failure was not owing to any fault in the Guano, but to those far beyond our control We have frequently heard the same complaints of its kindred Fertilizer, Peruvian Guano, but the concurrent testimony of well known Farmers and Planters from Maryland to the extreme Western counties of North Carolina, justify us in claiming a place for our Fertilizer Superior to many, and Second to None.

We confidently expect the continued patronage of the Agricultural Community and no exertion shall be spared on our part to make

GUANAHANI
THE STANDARD FERTILIZER
FOR THE
COTTON, TOBACCO & GRAIN CROPS
OF THE SOUTH.

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FOR SALE BY
MERONEY & BRO.,
SALISBYRY, N. C.
BURROUGHS & SPRINGS.
CHORLOTTE, N. C.

In offering this Feltiliser to the people of Rowan, and surrounding counties we are satisfied that we offer them the best Guano for the least money now on the market. It has been throughly tried during the past season and the results have been even better than we hoped for. Below we append two of the numerous certificates we have received.

AN IMPORTANT TEST, PAID OVER 600 PER CENT.

SALISBURY, N. C., October 10th, 1874.

Messrs Meroney & Bro.

Gentlemen: In reply to your inquiry as to the merits of the Guanahani Guano, I will state that I have given it a fair, and, as I think, a thorough test, and believe it to be one of the best fertilizers now in use in our country. In the month of February I bought two tons and applied it over my farm at the rate of 200 pounds to the acre under Cotton, and 100 poundsto the acre on Corn. On the 8th of October I picked from one row of Cotton 14 rods long, which had been fertilized at the above rate, 8 pounds of seed cotton; from another immediately by the side of this one, of the same length, to which I had applied no fertilizer, I picked 1½ ounces the same day—showing a difference of over 8500 per cent. between land fertilized and not. I counted the number of unopened bolls in each, and making calculation on this basis, I find that the land without the Guanahani would yield 30 ounces to the row, 80 rows or 150 pounds to the acre; with Guanahani it will yield 12 pounds to the row, 80 rows or 960 pounds to the acre—showing a difference of over 600 per cent.

I have not had an opportunity to test the Corn yet, but from general observation, I feel warranted in making the statement that Guanahani has benefited my Corn at least 100 per cent.

On one acre of ground, as a test, I sowed 400 pounds of Guanahani broadcast, subsoiling at the same time 15 inches deep. This acre, under ordinary circumstances, has average 700 pounds of seed cotton; this year the yield will be at least 1800 pounds. E. A. PROPST.

DAVIE CO., N. C.

Messrs Meroney & Bro.

GENTLEMEN:—In reply to your inquiry as to the merits of Guanahani Guano, I would say that I used it last Summer on an old field which would have produced very poorly under ordinary circumstances but which under the application of Guanahani yielded me a very good crop. I had one test row and this showed a difference of over three hundred per cent. in favor of the Guano.

I am satisfied that it is a good Fertilizer and take pleasure in recommending it to every farmer who wishes to increasehis crops as being fully equal if not superior to any Guano on the market.

MATTHIAS MILLER.

WE SELL GUANAHANI AT $38 PER TON.
Freight added.
CALL AND SEE US.
MERONEY & BRO.

Feb. 13th. 1875.—3mos.

Senator Ransom in his great speech on Louisiana and the South, delivered in the United State Senate, paid the following eloquent tribute to Southern patriotism and valor.

But, sir, other, imputations are brought here against the South, all calculated to create prejudice against her people. Frequent allusions have been made in this debate to what Senators are pleased to call "southern chivalry," in terms of derision and reproach. I shall not discuss with Senators the propriety of their criticisms. That is a question of taste, about which we may well differ. Itrust sincerely that the day is not far distant when a just corrective of a custom I do not defend, and which has been greatly abused, shall be found in an enlightened Christian public sentiment. To that humane arbitrament I hope always to be able to defer. But, sir, to whatever tribunal I shall feel called upon to refer that responsibility, which seems in some quarters to give so much offense, I trust I shall be scrupulously careful to observe, in all controversies, every law of courtesy and kindness, and never so far to forget what is due to myself and equally due to others as to substitute in intellectual combat for the parliamentary weapons of reason and argument the use of opprobrious epithets, harsh aspersions, violent crimination and recrimination. I shall leave such means of warfare to be employed by those to whose tastes and sentiments they are more compatible. While I should regard them as the feeblest instruments of assault upon the position of others. I should certainly feel that they were the weakest armor for my own character or honor. Holding myself strictly accountable for all that I may utter in this Chamber or elsewhere, I shall not dispute with any champion the laurels that are to be won on the field of personal or partisan abuse. Those who are ambitious of that palm may wear it.

But if by these references to "southern chivalry" Senators intend to impute to the people of the South any want of those high qualities of honor, virtue, truth, courage and dignity of character which have been asserted to belong to them, or the absence of those gentler humanities of charity, courtesy, generosity, and all the graces of Christian life, I meet the Senators on the threshold of their accusation, and I tell them before the world that this impeachment of the character of our people is groundless and injurious; as unjust to those who make it as it is to the brave, honest, noble people who are thus misunderstood, misrepresented, and defamed. I repel the aspersion with the indignant scorn of an injured and outraged people. I repel it in the name of eight millions of living, virtuous freemen; I repel it in the name of twelve generations of gallant patriots; I protest against it by the solemn judgment of history; I refute it by the character of the living and the dead; I appeal from it in its error and madness to the universal and concurrent testimony of mankind. I hurl it to the ground; I trample it in the dust. There is not an event in the nation's annals connected with the South that does not condemn and rebuke the odious sentiment. It can find no hibitation or sympathy in the heart of the civilized world; it can find no logdment in one solitary, isolated spot of authentic tradition; it will be banished and driven away from the face of men in despair of finding a home where truth and justice reside. Branded with infamy all over, it must seek a resting place only in bosoms from which the dark passions of hate and fury have forever excluded the light.

Before the Republic has attained little more than man's life have we reached a development of passion that France did not mature for nearly a thousand years? Are we in the early youth of the nation about to discover the worst symptom of the insane maladies that assailed France in the revolution? Have we so soon fallen on the dark scene in the drama of nations which marked the declining days of the Roman Empire? Is all truth confounded before our eyes, and are the very vestiges of justice obliterated from our hearts? What unheard-of madness has destroyed the consciousness of fact in our minds and the sensibility of conscience within us? Has the storm of sectional strife drowned the voice of history? Are the living records of the age erased by the intensity of party heat? Has memory been dethroned from the human mind and her proud scepter surrendered to prejudice? For such must be our melancholy condition when we can believe that the "South is degenerate." Rise from your graves, immortal founders of the Republic, and rebuke the impious calumny! Great Father of our country, I invoke your hallowed name to silence it forever. Illustrious author of the "Declaration," has thy glory been so soon extinguished? Father of the Constitution, has thy honored name perished amid the blows inflicted on thy great work? Hero of New Orleans, has the bright fame of your victory over a foreign foe been eclipsed by a more recent victory over the liberties of the State you defended? Has the 8th of January, 1815, been blotted out by the 4th of January, 1875?

When did the South become degenerate? When her sons unaided and alone bore the "Lone star" westward and carved an empire State from the heritage of the Montezumas? Or did her courage expire on the blazing heights of Buena Vista, and did Taylor and Bragg and Crittenden dim its luster? Was her honor lost by Scott or Lee in the valleys, on the hills, or before the walls of Mexico, or was her bright sword tarnished when Butler and the Palmetto Regiment left on the field of Churubusco the example that was to be no more gloriously followed by the six hundred at Balaklava? Are we to be told of southern degeneracy in the Halls of this Capitol, where the echoes of the mighty words of Clay and Calhoun still ring in our ears and the proud images of Marshall and Taney stand guard at the altars of justice; where ten Presidents of the United States rise before our eyes to attest its falsehood, and a train of heroes, statemen, jurists, with an endless line of patriots, proclaim its injustice? Senators, before you can believe it, you must tear from American history its brightest pages; you must pull down the Capitol, remove its monuments, and obliterate its name. Go to the uttermost limits of the earth, the remotest waves of the sea, stand on any spot in the vast breadth of your country, and look up and behold the flag of the Republic, and the starry banner that blazes over your head will recall at the "dawn's early light and the twilight's last gleaming" the genius and soul of the southern patriot from whom it derived its dearest inspiration. But Senators will exclaim this is the South as she was, not as she is; the South years ago when she stood with the North in the Union, not the South during and since the war, shorn of her strength and beauty.

I am admonished not to tread on ground on which the smothered fires are not yet extinguished; but though I walked barefooted and blindfolded over burning plowshares, in this I ought not to hesitate; for he who with a right heart bravely treads the path of truth and duty has nothing to fear. Yes, Senators, duty more sacred than life commands me to ask on what field in the late ever-to-be-deplored war did the South betray anything but the highest qualities of the best of men? Where were the evidences of her decline and degeneracy? Ask your noble patriots who met her no less noble sons on a hundred ensanguined fields? Read the reports of your generals and all contemporaneous history and you will look in vain for but one response. I will draw no contrasts between those brave armies, those true, devoted men on either side. I only wish their great struggle had been a united effort to expand the area of free institutions, to extend the light of American civilization, to enlarge and magnify all the beneficent influences of American liberty. While I shed tears over the loss of the gallant men of both armies I rejoice in their common bravery, truth, fortitude, and splendid achievements, and still more in the fact that no one but Americans could have resisted as we did and that none but Americans could have presevered as you did; yet I but speak the simple truth before the world and before Heaven when I declare that human history from the begining has failed to furnish a brighter example of all the devoted qualities of soldiers' duty than was daily exhibited in the army of the South. I need not recall those who formed that glittering line of bayonets on Marye's burning hill; who met the read storm of blood and fire at Chancellorsville; who stepped like bridegrooms to a marriage feast up the stony ridge at Gettysburgh, and meeting death from foemen worthy of their steel, fell back like the sullen roar of broken waters. I need not recall those noble spirits who drew their expiring breath in the mortal trenches at Petersburgh or who bore their wasted forms and looked for the last time upon the bleak hills of Appomattox.

No, Senators, we are worthy to be your countrymen, worthy to be the patriot-brothers of your own ever-glorious and honored men who prevailed against us. Instead of carping and criminating and taunting, let us bury deep and forever recollection of that war that does not revive the common honor and courage and Christian humanity of the North, and the South, and the whole American people. If there be any cloud upon the arms of either, thank God there is glory enough for the arms of both, and that glory belongs to the American people. Are not the victories of Pompey and Cæsar the common renown of Rome? Are not the "red rose' and the white rose' now intertwined in the crown of England's history? Is it indelicate for me to remind you that the noble Greeks, the Athenians and the Spartans, erected monuments of perishable wood to celebrate victories over their countrymen? They built them for their triumphs over foreign foes of enduring marble and brass. The brave Romans, whose conquering legions made the world their empire, never permitted a triumph to any victor in their civil wars. Those nations of antiquity would not perpetuate their own strifes. Shall this Christian Union be less magnanimous than the republics of the idolatrous ages?

NO MORE.

This is the burden of the heart.
The burden that it always bore;
We live to love; we meet to part;
And part to meet on earth no more;
We clasp each other to the heart,
And part to meet on earth no more.

There is a time for tears to start—
For dews to fall and larks to soar;
The time for tears is when we part
To meet upon the earth no more;
The time for tears is when we part
To meet on this wide earth—no more.

Her Triumph at Last.

With flush of lip and shine of hair
I wooed your love—and never won.
I see: you think the flower more fair
When it is smitten by the sun.

With spells of song I tried to keep
About your mouth the flitting smile.
My helpless silence makes you weep;
My voice were music now—a while?

You kiss the pallor of my face
As bloom was never kissed on earth.
My tears can hold you in your place—
You, who were restless at my mirth.

And yet—for all of this—good-bye.
If, dying, I grow sweet to you,
It shall be sweet for me to die.
When life was false shall death be true.

I, who as a mortal found no grace,
For all my beauty, in your eyes,
I, as a phantom, through all space,
Shall hear from you forlornest cries.

The following conversation, at a revival meeting in San Francisco, is reported by the Chronicle of that city:

"How old are you, my boy?"
"Six, sir."
"Have you signed the covenant card?"
"Yes, sir."
"Do you love Jesus?"
"Yes, sir."
"Why do you love him, dear?"
"Because he first loved me."
"Were you a great sinner, pet?"
"Yes, sir."
"And you felt very sorry for your sins?"
"Yes, sir."
"What sin did you commit?"
"Sir?"
"What did you do that was wicked?"
"I forget, sir!"

A Thousand Skeletons.

A Chattanooga correspondent tells a singular story of several acres of skeletons laid bare by the recent floods in the Tennessee river.

The high water of the recent flood washed about four feet of earth from ten or fifteen acres of land lying along the Tennessee river on the farm of Mr. James Prater, near Louisville, in Blount county. About two feet of soil was removed from the same ground by the high tide of 1861.

When the waters subsided after the last flood, a strange spectacle was presented. The whole of the denuded area was covered with skeletons. Some were straight, some reclining, some doubled up, and some in a sitting posture. There were the osseous forms of infants, of children, and of full grown persons. Mr. Prater has counted over a thousand forms.

Persons who have lived in the vicinity of this mysterious cemetery for sixty five years never heard of any human bones being discovered there before.

The skeletons, we understand, are not found in a mound nor in what appears to be an artificial formation of the earth.

We understand one or more mounds were partially washed away in Meigs county, disclosing skeletons, some hatchets, and pipes, and implements common among the Indians.

The skeletons in Blount county probably occupy a burying ground, which, perhaps centuries ago, was covered up by the same agency which has now exposed its occupants to view.

WHAT TWO OF THE WORST BOYS IN THE WORLD DID.

Mr. Brasser, who lives on Ninth Avenue, has a son about twelve years old named Claudius, and the other evening his boy received permission to allow a neighbor's boy to stay all night with him. The old people sleep down stairs in the sitting-room, and the boys were put in a room directly above. When they went up to bed Claudius had the clothes-line under his coat, and the neighbor's boy had a mask in his pocket. They did not kneel down and say their prayers like good boys, and then jump in bed and tell bear stories, but as soon as the door was locked the Brasser boy remarked:

"You'll see more fun aroun' here to-night than would lie on a ten-acre lot!"

From a closet they brought out a castoff suit of Brasser's clothes, stuffed it with whatever came handy, tied the mask and an old straw hat on for a head, and while one boy was carefully raising the window the other was tying the clothes-line around the "man." The image was lowered down in front of the sitting-room window, lifted up and down once or twice, and old Brasser was heard to leap out of bed, with a great jar. He was just beginning to doze when he heard sounds under his window, and his wife suggested that it was a cow in the yard. He got up, pulled the curtain away, and, as he beheld a man standing there, he shouted out:

"Great bottles! but it's a robber!"—and he jumped into bed.

"Theodorius Brasser, are you a fool?" screamed the wife, as he monopolized all the bed-clothes to cover up his head.

"Be quiet, you old jade, you!" he whispered: "probably he'll go away!"

"Git up, you old coward!" she snapped. "I'll never live with you another day if you don't do it!"

Brasser turned up the lamp, sat up in bed, and cried out:

"Is that you, boys?"

"Mercy on me! git up!" yelled the wife as the straw man was knocked against the window.

"I'll blow his head off clean as milk!" said Brasser in a loud voice as he got up. He struck the stove three or four times, upset a chair, and reached behind the bed and drew out an old army musket.

"Now, then, for blood!" he continued as he advanced to the window and lifted the curtain.

The man was there, face close to the glass, and he had such a malignant expression of countenance that Brasser jumped back with a cry of alarm.

"Kill him! Shoot him down, you old noddle-head!" screamed Mrs. Brasser.

"I will—by thunder! I will!" replied Brasser, and he blazed away and tore out nearly all the under sash.

The boys up stairs uttered a yell and a groan, and Brasser jumped for the window to see if the man was down. He wasn't. He stood right there, and he made a leap at Brasser.

"He's comin' in! Per-lice!—boys!—bo! p-e-r-l-i-c-e!" roared the old man.

The tattered curtain permitted Mrs. Brasser to catch sight of a man jumping up and down, and she yelled:

"Theodorius, I'm goin' to faint!"

"Faint and be darned!—boys!—per-lice!" he replied, walloping the sheet-iron stove with the poker.

"Don't you dare talk that way to me!" shrieked the old woman, recovering from her desire to faint.

"Po-leece!—po-leece!" now came from the boys up stairs, and while one continued to shout, the other drew the "man" up, tore him limb, from limb, and secreted the pieces.

Several neighbors were aroused, an officer came up from the station, and a search of premises was made. Not so much as a track in the snow was found, and the officer put on an injured look and said to Mr. Brasser:

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

"That's so!" chorused the indignant neighbors as they departed.

As Mr. Brasser hung a quilt before the shattered window, he remarked to his wife:

"Now, see what an old condurango you've made of yourself!"

"Don't fling any insults at me—don't do it—or I'll choke the attenuated life out'n you!" she replied.

And the boys kicked around on the bed, chucking each other in the ribs, and said:

"I'd ruther be a boy'n be President."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Curiosities of Beecher's Defense.

[N. Y. Sun, 22d.]

It is four weeks to-morrow since the prosecution rested in the scandal case, and Mr. Beecher's defense began.

During this long period many witnesses have been examined, and what is remarkable about them is that their testimony has seemed to be addressed not to the defense of Mr. Beecher against the charges brought by Mr. Tilton, but solely to the overthrow of Tilton.

If Mr. Beecher is innocent, this sort of thing is altogther unnecessary. Theodore Tilton's character was badly damaged before, and it is not worth while for Mr. Beecher to employ the court, and jury, and lawyers for a month in destroying it over again. If Mr. Beecher is guilty, his crimes will not be palliated by blackening Tilton—at least not in the opinion of intelligent men.

This evidence, however, though entirely needless and useless, on the hypothesis of Mr. Beecher's innocence, may yet be very proper as tending to mitigate the damages to be awarded by the jury on the hypothesis of his guilt; and it is indeed a very striking circumstance that so great a period of time should be occupied by the defense in bringing out such a mass of such testimony.

This course of defense produces a very painful impression upon the public mind. If Mr. Beecher is innocent, one witness was necessary above all to prove it, and that is Mr. Beecher himself. He should have been the first if not the only person sworn for the defense, and when he had done, they might have gone to the jury. This long delay in producing him, and the manner in which the time is occupied, strengthens the suspicion that he is unwilling to appear upon the stand. We even heard it said that he will not come forward to testify to his own innocence, and challenge the unspairing cross examination which awaits him. And when the question is asked: Why not? the answer is: He does not dare!

Execution of an Innocent Girl.

The French Minister of Justice has just received a report of a very sad and extraordinary affair, which is not unlikely to create some sensation. Thirty years ago a young girl named Marie Guernie was found poisoned in her bed. She had been betrothed a short time before to a young man, with whom her younger sister Madeline was said to be desperately in love. The latter was at once arrested, tried, and finally condemned to death, which she suffered calmly and valiantly, without uttering a word of complaint or of justification. Every body felt the greatest sympathy for the poor old father of the two girls, who was giving signs of the most violent grief. He had come into possession of some money which the girls had inherited from their mother, but his grief did not seem to be lessened thereby. A fortnight ago the old man died, and before his death confessed to his parish priest, Rev. Abbe Barrean, that he was himself the murderer of his eldest daughter. He had, moreover, allowed suspicion to rest on the younger in order to inherit the money of both. The poor victim had died innocent without uttering a word in her defense, because she knew who was the murderer, and rather chose to die than to denounce him to justice.

THE MAN WHO FELT SAD.

He entered a hardware store on Woodward avenue about ten o'clock Saturday morning, and taking a seat by the stove he beckoned to the proprietor and said:

"Sit down here; I want to speak with you."

He was a man who looked sad from the crown of his hat to the toes of his boots. There were deep care lines on his face, his eyes were red and anxious looking, and his tattered overcoat was drawn in at the waist by a wide leather belt.

"Can we do anything for you to-day?" asked the merchant, as he sat down.

The sad man slowly wiped his nose, slowly turned around, and slowly replied:

"Sir, it makes me feel sad when I reflect that we have all got to die."

"Yes—um," replied the merchant.

Christopher, Columbus is dead!" continued the sad man, "and who feels sad about it—who sheds a tear over his loss? He is gone and we shall never see him more! You and I must sooner or later follow him, and the world will go on just the same."

"Then you don't want anything to-day!" queried the merchant after a painful pause.

"And King James is dead!" exclaimed, the sad man, wiping his nose again. "Is anybody weeping over his loss?—Don't folks laf and lat and laf, and don't the world go on just the same? Sir, it may not be a week before you and I will be called upon to rest from the labors of this life. Doesn't it make you feel sad when you think of it?"

"Of course, we've all got to die," replied the merchant, as he tossed a stray nail over among the eight pennies.

"Andrew Jackson is dead," continued the sad man, a tear falling on his hand. Yes, Andrew has been gathered and a good man has gone from among us. Were you acquainted with him?"

"I believe not," was the answer.

"Well, he was a fine man, and many a night I have laid awake and cried to think that he would be seen among us no more forever. Yet, do you hear any wailing and sobbing? Does anybody seem to care a cent, whether Andrew Jackson is dead or living? You or I may be the next to go, and the world will move on just the same as if we had never lived."

The world can't of course stop for the death of one man, no matter how great," said the merchant.

"That's what makes me sad—that's why I weep these tears!" answered the man, wringing his long, peaked nose with vigorous grief. "William Penn is dead. Once in a great while I hear some one express sorrow, but as a general thing the world has forgotten William with the rest. Don't it make you feel sad when you reflect that you will never see him again? Don't you feel like crying when you think he has gone from among us?"

"I never have time to think of these things," answered the merchant, fondling the coal stove shaker.

"And Shakspeare is gone, too!" exclaimed the man, his chin quivering with agitation; "we may sigh, and sigh, and sigh, and wish, and wish, and wish, but poor Shaky will never be seen moving with us again! They have laid him away to sleep his long sleep and a bright lamp has been extinguished forever."

"Well, did you want anything in the line of hardware?" asked the merchant, as he rose up.

"Can you speak hardware to me at such a time as this?" exclaimed the sad man. "Knowing my sad feelings, seeing these tears and listening to my broken voice, can you have the heart to try and force hardware upon me?"

The merchant went over to his desk, and the sad man wrung his nose again and went out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

EDITORS' MISHAPS.—A sort of March madness seems to possess editors this years. A Virginia journalist has been thrashed. In New Jersey one has had an ounce of lead put into his brain. A Mississippi brother was killed in a duel with an actor last week, and at West Point, in the same State, two rival editors made targets of one another, until one was perforated by four bullets. Last of all, the editor of the Chicago *Times* has been sent to jail for contempt of court. And yet there are fond parents who encourage their sons to become editors.