

All the children but one, Alice, have gone to Mr. Tilton.

Either trouble or happiness borrowed from the future is apt to prove fallacious.

It is said that when a girl is born in Indiana the unhappy father begins to save money to buy a piano.

A young lady asked a book-store clerk the other day if he had "Festus." "No," replied the clerk, "but I'm afraid a bill is coming on the back of my neck."

Grant kissed the whole Mormon Sunday School the other day, and Mrs. Grant played Juliet to old Brigham's Romeo. Though not generally known, it is a fact that Ulysses once played Mormon in that same region, far more shamelessly than Brigham ever has. If any one wishes the particulars, we'll furnish them by letter.

"Father," asked a Vicksburg boy at the dining table the other day, "are you a big man?" "Well I dunno," amusingly answered the father. "Why?" "Cause I heard some men talking over at the hotel, and they said you were one of the biggest men in town." "Well, I suppose I do stand pretty high," replied the parent, looking pleased and consequential. There was half a minute of silence, and then the boy added: "You said it was wonder how you carried your feet around?" The boy can't understand yet why he should have received a box on the ear which made his head roar for two long hours.

CROPS IN VIRGINIA.—The Richmond *Whig* of October 2 says the dry weather during the last three weeks has been very beneficial to the tobacco. Much of it was beginning to ripen before the rain ceased and when saturated with water was seriously damaged by the blight called "fire" and had to be cut green. That which was still growing when the rain ceased, and has since matured, makes a very fair article. The crop will be full average in quantity and of mixed quality. As to corn, that is everywhere stated to be the largest yield known in the State for many years.

A Detroit Financial Argument. "Well, but," replied Bijah, as he finished hanging up the broom, "this currency question bothers many besides you, though it's clear enough to me. You see that twenty-five cent scrip, don't you?"

The boy remarked that he did, and Bijah placed it on the window sill, weighed it down with a peach-stone and continued:

"That bit of paper is marked 25 cents, but it is 25 cents? Is it anything more than a piece of paper?"

"I dunno," solemnly replied the boy.

"Has that bit of paper any real value beyond its being a promise to pay?" demanded Bijah.

"That ere 25—"

He stopped there. Some one had sneaked up the alley and slyly stolen both scrip and peach-stone.

"Never mind," consoled the boy, "it hadn't any intrinsic value."

"It hadn't, eh?" growled the old janitor; "I just want to catch the wolf who absorbed it!"

SUSAN.

If Susan B. Anthony had lived in Babylon about the time Cyrus led his Persian troops into the city, one of the customs of the Babylonians which Herodotus records as the wisest he ever heard of, would have been broken up.

This was their wife auction, by which they managed to find husbands for all their women. The greatest beauty was put up first, and knocked off to the highest bidder, then the next in order of comeliness—and so on to the damsel who was equidistant between beauty and plainness, who was given away gratis. Then the least plain was put up, and knocked down to the gallant who would marry her for the smallest consideration,—and so on till even the plainest was got rid of to some cynical worthy who decidedly preferred lucre to looks. By transferring to the scale of the ill favored the prices paid for the fair, beauty was made to endow ugliness, and the rich man's taste was the poor man's gain.

There never lived a woman in or out of Babylon whose beauty would command money enough to compensate a man for marrying Susan.

The Human Hand as a Machine. The human hand has been often examined as a curious and wonderful exhibition of skill and ingenuity, adopting it to its position upon the body, and enabling it to supply the wants of the body. We propose to leave all such things to philosophy, where properly belongs, and examine the human hand merely as an implement for generating, conveying, or transmitting power.

Look at the almost infinite variety and perfection of the work done by the human hand. All other machines do but one thing—a sewing-machine does nothing but sew; it does not knit, or spin, or weave; a printing-press only prints; it does not fold, or bind the papers or books; a plough does not plant, or reap, or thresh out, or transport, the grain. And the same is true of every other machine, except one. They never do but one thing unless two distinct machines are joined for a double purpose, and then they are really two machines. But the human hand does many things, and does all equally well. It cuts, it hammers, it saws, it planes, it polishes, it paints, it grinds, it bores, it drills, mortises, it carves, it engraves, it pulls, it pushes, it rows, it drives, it digs, it prints, and thrashes, and winnows, and grinds, and carries, and molds, and bakes; it sews, and knits, and weaves, and sweeps, and washes—indeed, will not some one render this long and enumeration unnecessary by just naming some one thing which has not done in all lists of human industries—and done well? And when it has done all this, and more, it goes to work and constructs separate machines for doing each piece of its own work, and for doing it more rapidly, and, perhaps, more accurately, and then rest while its own work goes on endlessly onward. Here, then, is a little machine, minute in all its parts, and yet in which no "patent" was ever granted—the oldest, the simplest, the most effective of all—showing more skill in adaptation and construction than any others, and, yet, among all the catalogues of the great mechanical forces, it is scarcely regarded as worth of notice.

Checking an Innocent Old Man. One day last month, when trade was dull, a Vicksburg grocery clerk procured a piece of sole leather from a shoemaker, painted it black and hid it aside for future use. In a few days an old chap from back in the country came in and inquired for a plug of chewing tobacco. The piece of sole leather was hid up, paid for, and the purchaser started for home. At the end of the sixth day he returned, looking downcast and dejected, and walking into the store he inquired of the clerk:

"Member that tobacco I got here the other day?"

"Yes."

"Well, was that a new brand?"

"No—same old brand."

"Regular plug tobacco, was it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then it's me; it's right here in my jaws," sadly replied the old man. "I knowed I was getting party old, but I was allus handy on bittin' plug. I never seen a plug afore this one that I couldn't tear to pieces at one chaw. I sot my teeth into this one and bit and pulled and twisted like a dog at a root, and I've kept biting and pulling for six days, and that's the same now, the same as the day I sot her to me."

"Seems to be good plug," remarked the clerk, as he smelled of the counter.

"She's all right; it's falling!" exclaimed the old man. "Pass me out some fine-cut, and I'll go home and deed the farm to the boys, and git ready for the grave!"

The Control of County Government.

In the Convention, Saturday, the ordinance reported by Mr. Shepherd, Chairman of the Committee on Municipal Corporations, passed its third reading. This is a most excellent ordinance and as adopted reads as follows:

"The General Assembly shall have full power by statute to modify, change or abrogate any and all of the provisions of this article, (that is article seven), and substitute others in their place except sections seven, nine and thirteen."

This ordinance will in effect enable the General Assembly to have full control over county, city and town governments, and to provide, if it may deem proper, for the election of Justices of the Peace by the Legislature. The Raleigh *News* says of it:

"The great want of 50,000 white voters of the negro section of the State has been obtained in this provision, and this the Conservative of the party of the State has only to endorse this Constitution and elect a Democratic Legislature to give to the people of North Carolina a relief from the grievous ills under which they have been groaning since the adoption of the Canby bayonet Constitution."—Charlotte *Observer*.

There is a funny side to even so sad a case as the abduction of Charley Ross. The father of the lost boy tells the story to a reporter of the Philadelphia *Times*. While in Canada, recently, he saw a circular of a circus manager, announcing wax figures of the Ross family, together with an offer from him of a reward of \$2,000 for the recovery of the boy. Mr. Ross went to the circus and saw figures of himself and wife, and Charley, none of which bore the least resemblance to the originals. Without making himself known he talked with the exhibitor, who told him he was a frequent visitor to the Ross household, and that all the figures were strikingly accurate likenesses. When Mr. Ross made himself known the man was dumfounded for a moment, but immediately expressed his deep sympathy, declaring his willingness to pay the \$2,000 reward, and offered, in case the boy was found, to give the father \$1,000 a week, for 30 weeks, for the privilege of exhibiting him.

WHAT SAVAGES THINK OF TWINS.—In Africa according to Dr. Robert Brown, ("Races of Mankind") the birth of twins is commonly regarded as an evil omen. No one, except the twins themselves and their nearest relatives is allowed to enter the hut in which they first saw the light. The children, and even the utensils of the hut are not permitted to be used by any one else. The mother is not allowed to talk to any one not belonging to her own family. If the children live till the end of the sixth year, it is supposed that Nature has accommodated herself to their existence, and they are thenceforth admitted to association with their fellows. Nor is this abomination of twin births restricted to Africa. In Island of Bali, near Java, a woman who is so unfortunate as to bear twins is obliged, along with her husband, to live for a month at the seashore or among the tombs until she is purified. The Khasias of Hindostan consider that to have twins assimilates the mother to the lower animals, and one of them is frequently put to death. An exactly similar belief prevails among some of the native tribes of Vancouver Island. Among the Ainos one of the twins is always killed, and in Arcto, in Guinea, both the twins and the mother are put to death.

A divorced couple remarried lately in Maine. But meanwhile the wife had been married twice, and her second husband had died, and the third been divorced. Thus No. 1 becomes No. 4.

A Mother's Last Kiss. On the 3rd of September last, Samuel McMurray was confined on the charge of murdering Thomas Doyle, and twenty days later his wife Anna Jane was locked up in the Tombs as his accomplice. She took to the prison her little child, a puny two year old, so small and delicate that it seemed hardly a year old. The father was confined in the prison for men, and the mother and child in what is known as the "Magdalen," place set apart for mothers and their children and young girls. The little family living under the same roof saw no more of each other than through an ocean divided them. Day by day she was plain that it must die. Then the father was taken to see his boy, and the little family were for a few minutes united. On Wednesday the father saw the boy again. He was alive, but

very weak. After the father was again locked up in his cell the little one died in his mother's arms. "He's better off now," she said, but she wept, and when her husband was brought to her cell both sobbed over their dead child. They said they could not bury it, they were too poor, but asked the Warden to send word to a friend. The friend declined to bury their dead body, and so the body was sent to the Morgue. The mother, still weeping, made the little corpse as decent as she could, and then kissed the cold lips, and strangers buried her boy in the Potter's Field.—New York *Sun*.

Southern Young Men.

In speaking of the young men of the South, the Richmond *Whig* utters these truthful words:

"But what shall we say of the young men? Some of them are talented, mettlesome, highspirited lads, who feel that they cannot work, and beg, it is a shame, and so they sit down and do nothing. They dream away the active period of life. Fortunately, there are others who have a more practical turn, and not rest until they find something to do. They start out with a determination to find some occupation, and every youth who does that will succeed sooner or later."

One thing is certain, if the broken down families of Virginia, and indeed of the whole South are ever to be recruited and restored, that result is to be brought about by the industry of the young—those from fifteen to thirty. They can do this if they will, and most surely they could be no higher duty.

To which the Chronicle adds: Never were truer words uttered by tongue or pen. They should be read by every young man in the land. They should be clipped out and posted up where they could be read daily. What the South needs to-day is an industrial revolution among its young men. It may be difficult for the old, or those advanced in years, whose lives have been moulded in the school of slavery, to change their habits of dependence (one of personal industry—to hold the plow, drive the team, swing the axe, push the plane, handle the trowel, enter the workshop and store—in a word, to depend upon their own labors when unable to employ the efforts of others. They can, however, do something in this direction, all though the change requires a degree of will and moral courage possessed by a few in the declining years of life.

A Sandy Hook Love Story.

The *Commercial Advertiser* tells an interesting story in relation to the old Water Witch house on the highlands of Navesick, near Sandy Hook, which was burned on Saturday last—a mansion that is mentioned by Fenimore Cooper in the well known novel, "The Water Witch." The *Commercial* says:

The site was on the bluff that faces the Raritan bay and at the entrance to the Shrewsbury river. It was originally purchased by Hartshorne from the Indians and many years after was sold to Nurood Woodward, at whose death it passed to his son Edward. It was then purchased by a Dr. Stewart, a bachelor, who lived there in seclusion. A stange story is told of this hermit. After he left college he fell in love with a beautiful young lady, and as a consequence was engaged to be married to her. She was stricken down and died, which so overcame his nature that the world and society had no further charm, and being a man of wealth he buried himself in this lonely retreat to brood over his irreparable loss. His mind wandered and he was frequently seen carrying an anatomical skeleton which he seemed to believe was the image of his lost one. Death soon came, leaving only a surviving brother and sister, whereupon his effects were sold. A physician bought the skeleton he had so long cherished, and upon examining the bones there was found stuffed into the hollow sockets and interstices of the skull a large amount in bank notes, which were returned to the family.

Plain Figures.

Beast Butler who, with all his infamies, is certainly no fool, denounces the cut-throat, gold-dabbling, contraction policy which has just triumphed in Ohio, as the last stretch of financial folly; and swears it won't bring resumption of specie payments in a hundred years. Nobly but bigoted candidates for admission into the largest-eared rings of our agricultural shows, ever supposed it would. In the last ten years, the usurers and plunderers of a gold-gambing, pirate government have ground out of a crushed and slavish people, according to their own official figures, always under the truth, nearly \$4,000,000,000—about \$400,000,000 a year. And out of this vast, common mounds innumerable sum, they have reduced the monstrous national debt about \$500,000,000; while they have increased the aggregate of highwayman-created state, county and municipal indebtedness over \$1,000,000,000. At this rate, will some of the charming little misses of our numerous flourishing female colleges figure out and tell us how many scores of years, and how many thousands of millions of dollars, will be required to pay off the whole gigantic incubus—\$2,500,000,000—the hideous price of our own enslavement and perpetual corruption and ruin? The sunshine and storm, the rains and dews of half a century, will have fallen upon our graves. Our very tombstones will have crumbled to dust. Two generations will have come and gone. A new race, knowing nothing and caring nothing about us or the things that concern us; utterly indifferent to our struggles, our hopes, fears, loyalty and disloyalty, our honor or dishonor; will have risen in our place. And as things have accumulated—taxed to pay a debt, with the contraction of which they had nothing to do—a debt, incurred in the prosecution of cruades and schemes, upon which they will have learned to look with abhorrence—a debt, piled upon us and them for the achievement of objects and purposes which all christendom will then regard with loathing and horror. How long, suppose you, will they endure the galling penalty of follies and crimes not their own? How long till, as one man, they would rise and

hurl the whole vile, pocket-picking legacy of shame and crime back to the pandemoniac originator of it and the party that imposed it? Old William Allen may be defeated. The anti-contraction, anti-people movement may have received a fatal check. The black banner of corruption and plunder, of usurpation and people-ruin may float in triumph. But, as surely as there is a bottom to a byzance of national degradation and woe, just so surely will the day come when Americans will rise against their oppressors and despoilers and, in the name of a God of justice, swear that none but honest men, true men, shall bear rule; just so surely they will demand and obtain relief from burdens already insupportable.—Sentinel.

Two Sides of the Same Subject.

A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord, "you have had the delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for two young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by sullen and silent, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are. I was a man of his prospects now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the bad habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few more glasses, and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can say that they never led me to drink, and I will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake will no more to them!" The landlord listened pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God helping me, this is the last drop I will ever sell any one." And he kept his own word sacred.

CHURCH DEBTS.

The way in which church edifices are built now-a-days, says Dr. Hollis of *Sentinel*, Monthly, really necessitates a new formula of dedication. How would this read? "We dedicate this edifice to Thee, our Lord and Master; we give it to Thee and Thy cause and kingdom, subject to a mortgage of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$150,000). We bequeath it to our children and our children's children, as the greatest boon we can confer on them (subject to the mortgage aforesaid), and we trust that they will have the grace and the wisdom to pay the interest and the mortgage. Prescure from fire and foreclosure, we pray Thee, and make it abundantly useful to Thyself—subject, of course, to the aforesaid mortgage."

The offering of a structure to the Almighty, as the gift of an organization of devotees who have not paid for it, and do not own it, strikes the ordinary mind as a very strange thing, yet it is safe to say that not one church in twenty is built in America without incurring a debt, large or small, to some one.

It is not a light subject, it is a very grave one, and one which demands the immediate and persistent attention of all the churches until it shall be properly disposed of. In the first place, it is not exactly a Christian act for a body of men to contract a debt which they are not able to pay. It is hardly more Christian to refuse to pay a debt which they know they are able to discharge. It can hardly be regarded as a generous deed to bequeath a debt to succeeding generations. The very foundations of the ordinary church debt are rotten. They are rotten with poor morality, poor financial policy, and personal and sectarian vanity. Does not one suppose that the expensive and debt-laden churches were erected simply for the honor of the Master, and given to Him, subject to mortgage? The results of building churches upon such an unsound basis are bad enough. The first result, perhaps, is the extinguishment of all church benevolence. The church debt is the apology for denying all appeals for aid, from all the greater and smaller charities. A church sitting in the shadow of a great debt, is "not at home" to callers. They do not pay the debt, but they own it, and they are not afraid they shall be obliged to pay it. The heathen must take care of themselves, the starving must look to the God of the widow and the fatherless, the sick must die, the poor children must grow up in vagabondage, because of this awful church debt. All the means in a church skulks behind the debt, of which it intends to pay very little, while all the noble and really poor, because it is conscious that the debt is to be paid, if paid at all, by itself.

Chesapeake and Ohio R R.

Passenger Trains Run as Follows.

MAIL	EXPRESS.
Leave Richmond 9:30 a.m.	9:10 a.m.
Arrive Charlottesville 2:05 a.m.	1:30 p.m.
Arrive White Sulphur 9:25 a.m.	8:37 a.m.
Arrive Washington 6:30 a.m.	5:45 a.m.
Arrive Cincinnati 6:00 a.m.	5:00 a.m.

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Change of Schedule.

On and after Friday, April 16th, 1875, the trains will run over this Railway as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS.

Leave Wilmington at 7:15 A. M. Arrive Charlotte at 7:15 P. M. Leave Charlotte at 7:00 A. M. Arrive in Wilmington at 7:00 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS

Leave Wilmington at 6:00 P. M. Arrive Charlotte at 6:00 P. M. Leave Charlotte at 6:00 A. M. Arrive in Wilmington at 6:00 A. M.

MIXED TRAINS

Leave Charlotte at 8:00 A. M. Arrive at Buffalo at 12:30 P. M. Leave Buffalo at 12:30 P. M. Arrive in Charlotte at 4:30 P. M.

No Trains on Sunday except one freight train that leaves Wilmington at 6 P. M., instead of on Saturday night.

Connections.

Connects at Wilmington with Wilmington & Weldon, and Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta Railroads. Semi-weekly New York and Tri-weekly Baltimore and weekly Philadelphia Steamers, and the River Boats to Fayetteville.

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S. L. FREMONT, Chief Engineer and Superintendent. May 6, 1875.—14.

Piedmont Air Line Railway

Richmond & Danville, Richmond & Danville R. W. N. C. Division, and North Western N. C. R. R.

CONDENSED TIME-TABLE

In Effect on and after Sunday, Sept. 16th 1875

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Charlotte	9:15 P. M.	8:45 A. M.
" Air-Line Jct'n	9:33 "	6:20 "
" Salisbury	11:08 "	8:34 "
" Greensboro	3:15 A. M.	10:55 "
" Danville	6:18 "	1:19 P. M.
" Burkeville	11:35 "	6:07 "
Arrive at Richmond	2:22 P. M.	8:48 "

GOING SOUTH.

STATION.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Richmond	1:25 P. M.	5:08 A. M.
" Burkeville	4:52 "	8:36 "
" Danville	10:39 "	1:14 P. M.
" Greensboro	10:39 "	1:17 "
" Salisbury	3:00 A. M.	3:04 "
" Air-Line Jct'n	5:32 "	6:15 "
Arrive at Charlotte	8:03 "	8:25 "
Arrive at Richmond	8:22 A. M.	8:48 "

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.
Leave Greensboro	3:00 A. M.
" Co Shops	4:30 "
" Raleigh	8:30 "
Arr. at Goldsboro	11:53 A. M.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.
Leave Greensboro	4:30 P. M.
Arrive at Salem	6:18 "
Arrive at Greensboro	10:33 "

NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. R.

(SALEM BRANCH.)

Leave Greensboro 4:30 P. M. Arrive at Salem 6:18 P. M. Arrive at Greensboro 10:33 P. M.

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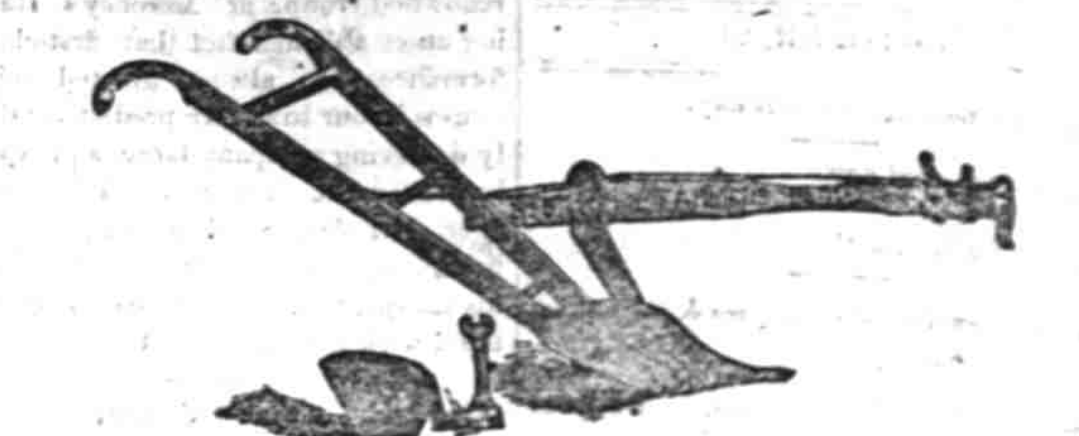
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