The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. VII.—THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 1, 1876. NO 34

PUBLISHED WEEKLY—J. J. BRUNER, Ed. and Propr.
T. K. BRUNER, Associate Ed.

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20:6mos. Salisbury, N. C.

Attention FARMERS'

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Justreceived a fresh supply of Clover Seed, Orchard Grass, Blue Grass, Red Top and Timothy, which I will sell cheap at

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THE cheapest and best place in North Carolina to buy first class Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., &c. None but the best material used, and all work done in the best style of the art. A call will satisfy you of the truth of the above. Orders solicited and promptly filled. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge made. JOHN H. BUIS, Propr.
17:6mos

SUPERIOR COURT,
Rowan County.

Jane E. Chambers, *Plaintiff,*
Against } *Summons.*
Samuel Chambers, *Defendant.*

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

To the Sheriff of Rowan County, *Greeting:*

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED in the name of the State to summon Samuel Chambers Defendant, in the above action, to appear at the next Term of the Superior Court of the County of Rowan, at the Court-House in Salisbury, on the 6th Monday after the 3d Monday in March 1876, then and there to answer the complaint of Jane E. Chambers, Plaintiff in this suit. And you are further commanded to notify the said Defendant that if he fails to answer the complaint, within the time specified by law, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint, and for all costs and charges in this suit incurred. Witness, J. M. Horah, Clerk of our said Court, at office, in Salisbury, this the 15th day of April, A. D. 1876.

J. M. HORAH,
Clerk Sup. Court Rowan County.
28:6t:p'd.

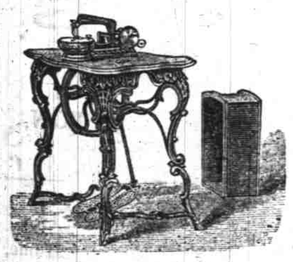
ON and OFF
Slick as Grease!

WM. A EAGLE

respectfully announces his continuance at his old stand in his old line, on Main street, opposite Bruns's Drug Store. He is always ready and anxious to accommodate customers in the Boot and Shoe business in the best manner possible. He is prepared to do first class work and can compete with any northern shop on hand made jobs. His machine, lasts, &c., are of the latest and best patterns. He keeps on hand ready made work, and stock equal to any special order. Footing Boots in best style, $7. New Boots, best quality, $11. Repairing neatly and promptly done at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge

Cash orders by mail promptly filled.

WM. A. EAGLE.
Jan. 20, 1876. 15:6mo



Long ago the world was convinced that sewing can be done by machinery—the only question now is, what machine combines in itself the greatest number of important advantages. Just here the

FLORENCE

comes in with its self-regulating tension, sewing from muslin to leather without change of thread or needle, then from right to left and left to right—while one style of the machine sews *to or from* the operator, as may be desired and with stitch alike on both sides. In elegance of finish and smoothness of operation, variety of work and reasonableness in price, the *Florence* has won the highest distinction. F. G. Cartland Greensboro, N. C., is the Agent. He is also Agent for

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upon which 30 pairs of socks have been knit per day, without seam, and with perfect heel and toe. Hoods, Shawls, Scarfs, Gloves, &c., may be knit upon this *Woman's Friend*, which costs but $30.

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Greensboro, N. C

In the absence of Salisbury agent, call on Mrs. SCHLOSS, at the National Hotel. (23:1y

WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

[Written for the Opening of the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, May 10, 1876.]

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers speak that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all it streets.
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou, who has here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

—*Atlantic for June.*

A CHILD OF ROMANCE.

A School-Girl Elopes With Her Friend's Betrothed—A Remarkable History.

[From the New York Herald.]

ELDRED, Pa., May 6, 1876.—Among the young people of the best circles of Eldred 'Blessie' Cookton, aged 16, adopted daughter of Jerome Cookton a rich farmer, was an acknowledged leader. She recently returned home from a Philadelphia boarding-school, where she had been a pupil four years, making occasional visits, home. On one of these visits about a year ago, she met Alva Evans, the son of a iron founder, of London, Canada. He was visiting this section with a party of other young men for the purpose of trout-fishing. Evans fell in love with Miss Cookton. The result was that a correspondence was opened and kept up between the two and a marriage fixed upon, to be consummated when Miss "Blessie" should have reached the age of 18.

The room-mate and "particular friend" of the young lady at school was Frances Peters, of Petersville, N. Y. She was two years the senior of "Blessie," and left school some time before the latter. Miss Peters is a blonde, exceedingly attractive, and of a dashing and reckless nature. At the house of a friend in Philadelphia she met Isaac Bell, a young man, represented to be of an old family and wealthy. The young people formed an attachment for each other—at least Miss Peters fell deeply in love with Bell. As her parents had other matrimonial prospects marked out for her at home, she kept her acquaintance with young Bell a secret from them, but, it seems, promised to marry him at some future day. Not being able to have her lover visit her at home, Miss Peters made an arrangement with Miss Cookton by which she was to pay the latter a visit, when Mr. Bell was to go also and stay a few days. To add to the completeness of the arrangement, "Blessie" wrote to her Canadian betrothed, and he was to join the visiting party.

Miss Peters came to Eldred about the middle of April, and in a few days thereafter Isaac Bell made his appearance. Miss "Blessie" liked him from the first. It was near the latter part of April before Mr. Evans came from Canada. During the two weeks that had elasped since the coming of Mr. Bell, Miss Cookton had transferred her affections to her friend's betrothed, and his love toward Miss Peters had visibly grown cold. It did not take the jealous eye of Miss Peters and the young Canadian long to notice the change, as it affected them respectively, but they had no idea that it was any thing more than a temporary flirtation. On the arrival of young Mr. Evans "Blessie" planned a May-day party for an excursion to the mountains. On Wednesday morning the party started, in accordance with previous arrangements. Miss Cookton and Mr. Evans in one carriage, and the visiting couple in another.

On reaching the woods the party strolled at random. They naturally got somewhat separated; but while Miss Peters and the Canadian were always in ballooing distance of each other it seemed that the other couple strolled further away. The occasion seemed to be one of no pleasure to Evans and Miss Peters, and they, after an hour or so, met near the edge of the woods and and sat down to await the return of the other couple. They sat there talking for an hour or more, and as there was yet no sign of either Bell or Miss Cookton, both Evans and Miss Peters betrayed evidence of uneasiness and alarm. The Canadian told his companion to remain in her seat, and he would walk back over the hill and look for "Blessie," as he was fearful she had lost her way. He was absent a long time, and finally returned, looking pale and anxious. He had seen nothing of either of the missing young folks. Miss Peters was greatly agitated over the result of his search, but neither she nor Evans at that time entertained the slightest suspicion that the prolonged absence of the two was by design or that they were together. They returned to the farm-house where the carriage had been left, in order to give an alarm and have a thorough search made. They found that the conveyance in which Evans and "Blessie" had come was gone. For the first time a terrible suspicion crossed their minds. A farmer told them that a young man and a young woman had come off the mountain about noon, and, getting into the carriage, had drivnen rapidly off in the direction of Minot Station. Evans would not believe that the conduct of "Blessie" and Bell was anything more than a girlish prank, and was confident that they would find them at home. On reaching the farm they found they were still absent. Miss Peters hastened to her room to hide her emotion. In a few minutes she sought and found Evans walking in the yard, and placed a note in his hand. It read as follows:

DEAR FRANK: So greatly do I love Mr. Bell that I have given up all for him. I hope you will be brave enough to bear up, and think of me as the most cruel creature in the world. Tell Alva I have not the courage to write to him nor to father and mother. We are going to be married, and intend to return to Eldred when the gossips are through with us. Farewell, Frank. Bid Alva farewell for me. I hope he had learned to hate me before this. B. C.

Evans cooly handed the not back to Miss Peters, and remarked quietly:

"I am glad to have found the young lady out before it was too late."

The same evening he was driven to the railroad and returned to Canada. The farmer's family took the matter very calmly. Miss Peters, however, was found lying in her bed, about 7 o'clock the same evening covered with blood. With a small penknife she had severed the large arteries of both arms, and was nearly unconscious from loss of blood. But for the timely discovery of her situation she would soon have past all aid. Her wounds were bound up, and a doctor summoned, who now has her in charge. Her parents were sent for and arrived here this morning. They will remove their unfortunate daughter to her home as soon as they can with safety.

"Blessie" Cookton has a remarkable history. She was found, in the summer of 1860, on the doorstep of Farmer Cookton's house, in a basket. Accompanying the infant was this note:

This child's father is the son of a Senator of the United States. Its mother is a Gypsy girl, who has been converted to Christ and can not bear the thought of this innocent creature growing in ignorance and vice. Is there room for it here? Its little wings are weary, and, like the Jesus, it has no place to lay its head. Turn it now away, but keep it, for the love of Christ.

The child was a bright little thing, and as the farmer had no children he and his wife concluded to adopt it as their own. It came to be such a sunshine in the house that they gave it the name of "Blessing" which was subsequently turned into "Blessie."

HON. W. M. ROBBINS.

[From the Winston Sentinel.]

We take the following extract from a private letter to a gentleman in our town:

"The North Carolina delegation in Congress stands high. We could hardly be better represented. Your immediate representative, W. M. Robbins, has made decided reputation.—I have noticed his course with considerable interest and I will give you a few points which particularly commended him to his constituents. No member has been more diligent and punctual, and I believe he has never missed a roll call, except when on Committee duty. He has done a vast amount of work in the Committee on claims, a very useful kind of work, and all the more wearisome because in its nature obscure, never bringing any notice or reputation to the members who serve on said Committee. He has been of essential service, so I learn, to the Committee of Expenditures of the War Department and was one of the three men who brought down Belknap. His counsels doing much to aid the progress of that case—he being in fact the author of the impeachment resolutions,—and has also helped to unearth Babcock's crimes, and Reynolds' and Ingalls', and all the rest of the numerous cases which that committee has exposed. It is said that when the record of its doings is published it will be found that his *pointed* and *direct* style of examining the witnesses has answered a very useful purpose in serving to concentrate in a brief space the substance of each case, which, but for that, would be left scattered through columns. Knowing that it was nearly useless to attempt to get the Senate to agree to any legislation such as we wanted he has not wasted time in introducing many bills simply for the name of it, but he has however, offered several, among them a very important amendment to the Bankrupt Law, and he has been warmly urging the diminution or abolition of the Internal Revenue Tax, making a speech on this subject which attracted attention, as did also his speeches on the Belknap case and on the Centennial. The latter was an outburst which electrified the House more than any speech of the season, and it has also done much to bring about a restoration of feelings of justice towards the South. It is noticable that no man in the House, has, since that, had the face to abuse the Southern people as they were doing before.—But though he thus offered the olive branch he is no crouching beggar for Northern favor, for he was quick to denounce Blaine's attack on us as "an infamous slander"—he takes care to observe polite and kindly relations with all persons in the House worthy of respect, and he is very popular and much liked by all, and exercises as much influence on the course of business as any man here of equal length of service."

THE Christian's armor will rust except it be furnished with the oil of prayer.

ANIMATED SHOT-GUNS.

Animated, not because they kick, like so many of the guns our readers are familiar with, but because they swim; because they shoot themselves off, not accidently, like ordinary guns, but purposely; because they shoot to kill, and to eat what they shoot; more remarkable still, because they load themselves with water, which they live in, and shoot their game in the air, which they can't live in.

They are about six inches long, and the naturalists call them *Toxotes jaculator*. They look very much like perch, only more beautiful. Their general color is greenish above, and greenish silvery gray below. Across the back are four short dark brown stripes, shaded with green. Those who have seen them flashing through the water speak with enthusiasm of their lovely and ever changing hues. No wonder they are favorites with the pet-loving Chinese who keep them in jars, as we do gold-fish, and amuse themselves by tempting the fish to display their skill by dangling a fly over the water.

The Toxotes are natives of the water of Java, but have been widely distributed throughout the East as an ornamental fish. It is said that their aim is so accurate that they can bring down an insect from the height of three or four feet above the water.

This fish has a near relative. *Chætodon rostratus* by name, which inhabits the Chinese seas and rivers, a beautifully colored fish, which may be called an animated rifle, from the fact that it shoots, not a shower of drops, like the Toxotes, but a single drop bringing down its game with wonderful certainty and precision. In this fish the jaws are prolonged into a sort of beak, which serves a rifle barrel. In other respects it resembles the scaly shot-gun above described.—*St. Nicholas for May.*

GOOD JOKE ON A MARRIED MAN.

A joke is told on a certain gentleman of this city which is too good to be lost. Our friend, who shall be nameless, purchased a pair of pants a few days ago, which, upon being tried on at home, he found to be a *leetle bit* too long. That night he remarked to his wife that he wished her to take off about an inch from each leg, which would make them of the desired length. Being fond, as a good many wives are, of teasing her husband, she told him "flat-footed" that she shouldn't do anything of the kind, and he retired finally without having obtained a promise from her that she would attend to the matter. Soon after he had left for his room, however, she, as a matter of course, clipped off the superfluous inch, as she had been requested to do. The family is comprised of six female members, in addition to the "good man," and it chanced that each one of the other five, who were in adjoining rooms, including the mother of our friend, heard the dispute between the man and wife about the pants, and after the latter had taken off the inch and retired, the old lady, desiring to "keep peace in the family," and not knowing what her daughter-in-law had done, cautiously slipped into the room and cut off another inch. In this way did each of the five ladies, unknown to the others, and all with the praiseworthy object of preventing any misunderstanding between the married couple, clipped an inch from the legs of the gentleman's trowsers. The following morning, all unconsious of what had taken place during the night, he rolled up the plants in a piece of paper and took them to his tailor to be shortened to the desired length. Upon a hasty glance the latter ventured the opinion that they were already rather short; but the owner was too well posted on that score and insisted that they were fully an inch too long. The tailor had no more to say, and our friend retired. On the following Saturday he called for the pants and took them home, and the next morning, when he come to put himself inside of them, he was supremely disgusted at finding that the legs reached only a trifle below his knees. In other words, they had been altered to the fashion of a century ago, when knee breeches were in vogue. He straightway accused his tailor of having ruined his pants, and his indgnation was expressed in language anything but mild. His wife heard him and came to the rescue of the Knight of the Shears, explaining that she had taken an inch from each of the legs; and her acknowledgment was followed by that of each five ladies, when it was discovered that, altogether, the legs had actually been shortened to the extent of *seven inches!*—*Wil. Star.*

The Way New York Helped the Southern Confederacy.

When the South was contemplating the folly of secession it was a common thing to read in the New York *Herald* and to hear upon Broadway and Wall Street such expressions as these—"The South shall never be conquered," "We will take up arms in defense of the South," "New York will send one hundred thousand men to fight in the Southern armies if the rail splitter Lincoln attempts to invade her sacred soil with his hirelings." In sorrow, in tears, in blood, in poverty, in woe unutterable have we paid for our folly in listening to the lying voice of those men who were the first to invade and the last to leave our soil. Once, and what a terrible once, we followed their counsels and were led by their voices. Then there was indeed a show, a shadow of reason about their promises. Now they propose to take us boldly by the nose and lead or kick us to the devil. If the Executive Committee of this district will give the people a chance, two men will go to St. Louis opposed to Wall street and specie resumption.—Albemarle *Times.*

A DIFFERENCE.

We believe that a distinction exists between Grantism and the best elements to be found in the Republican party at the North. We accept Grantism to be the very essence—the form and embodiment of all that is vicious, corrupt, debasing, insolent and treacherous. It has flaunted its robes rich with a nation's gold and worn upon its forehead the broad philactories of promise; but it has filched the poor man's mite and the rich man's treasure, whilst betraying every trust and dishonoring the good name of the country. Its truth is leprous, its society corrupting, its breath pestilential, its virtues a sham, its devotion to principle a mockery and a deception. Such is Grantism as we understand it.

We think better things of Republicanism as held and taught by the better class of Northern politicians. We believe there are many honest, conscientious men amongst us, who see things differently from us because of their peculiar education and surroundings. They are not all rascals, however little they may understand our people at the South. We have considerable respect for such men as Bristow, Judge Waite of the Supreme Court, Chas Francis Adams, Carl Shurtz and men of that class who dislike Grantism, and guard handsome for the Constitution, and who are guided by honest if mistaken political convictions.

In our view, there is a vast difference between roguery and honesty, between Constitutional right and arbitrary lawlessness, between justice and tyrany, sympathy and oppression. For those men who are for maintaining and upholding the Constitution, for sustaining the national honor, for driving from office venal and inefficient rulers, and for the restoration of solid peace, tranquility, good feeling among the opposing sections we have respect. But for the Mortons and Blaines and Boutwells and Townsends who would stir up strife, make bitter the waters of the nations, awaken slumbering prejudices, and passions for their own selfish ends and ambitious purposes, we have only defiance and uncompromising dislike; whilst for the vast thieving, peculating, bribe-giving and bribe-taking set—the Grants, Belknaps, Butlers, Babcocks, Robesons, we have that contempt and scorn we entertain for smaller criminals who are guilty of lesser crimes. But we cannot indorse that class of moderate Republicans who professing to uphold the Constitution and to demand statesmanship, honesty and reform, are yet found supporting men who have been the friends of Grantism. Faith without works is dead.—Oxford *Torch Light.*

The Value of the Sunflower in Several Ways.

A few stalks of this grand, rank growing plant, in the garden or near the house, are highly beneficial in many respects: they are great promoters of good health by freely absorbing malarious gases in the air and purifying it. The seed is splendid food for poultry in the winter and spring. And, best of all, the seed of sunflowers is the most healthy food that can be given to horses in winter and spring; half a pint a day keeps them in health and spirited, with sleek coats, and more animated, than any other food. It prevents "heaves" and other diseases. All places, with the least tendency to malarial difficulties, should have numbers of sunflowers growing about the residences. Then they are great favorites with little birds—yellow birds, blue birds, wrens, and many others—which will leave fruit and berries to perch upon and pick sunflower seed. It may not be generally known that the seed of the sunflower is the most infallible remedy yet discovered for the speedy cure of founder in horses. The direction which we glean from a brief article upon the subject in the Essex *Banner*, says:

"Immediately on discovering that your horse is foundered, mix about a pint of the whole seed in his food, and it will perfect a cure."

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In that most excellent book, "*The Earth as Modified by Human Action*" (MARSH), is found the following mention of sunflowers as a protection against miasmatic exhalations:

"Maury believed that a few rows of sunflowers, planted between the Washington Observatory and the marshy banks of the Potomac, had saved the inmates of that establishment from the intermittent fevers to which they had been formerly liable. Maury's experiments have been repeated in Italy. Large plantations of sufflowers have been made upon the alluvial deposits of the Oglio, above its entrance into the lake of Isco, near Pisogn, and it is said, with favorable results to the health of the neighborhood. In fact, the generally beneficial effects of a forest wall, or other vegetable screen, as a protection against noxious exhalations from marshes, or other sources of disease, situated to the windward of them, are very commonly admitted.—*Southern Planter and Farmer.*

A SAD TRAGEDY.

The many friends in this city of Col. St. Clair Dearing, where he has recently resided, will regret to learn of his tragic death, last week, at Grahamville, S. C. The news was received here in a letter from a lady, a former resident. Col Dearing, it seems, had just been married and was at Grahamville depot with his bride, ready to take the cars for the wedding journey, when he was shot down and instantly killed by a rejected suitor of the bride. No further particulars are known here.—Wilmington *Review.*

IT was pride that changed angels into devils; it is humility that makes men as angels.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

A MOUSE IN A SPIDER WEB.

The Wily Weaver Ensnaring Huge Game—A Wonderful Narative.

The wonderful little spider which captured the mouse, and is elevating it in its parlor at Mr. Michael Gross's carpenter shop, on Greatmen, between Elysian Fields and Marigny streets, of which we gave an account yesterday morning, is still busily engaged in its herculean task, and filing the numerous persons who visit it with amazement. This astonishing little insect is of the black species, and very small, a fact that renders the feat which it now performs the more marvellous. The mouse was accustomed, when on a predatory excursion, to emerge from a hole under the bench where spiders dwell, and pass into the carpenter shop where the bench stands. The enterprising spider, who had no doubt watched for a long time the movements, laid a trap for the unsuspecting young mouse, and on Monday morning when it started out on its daily rounds, the little spider, who was on the lookout, tightened the thread which she had prepared for her victim whose hind legs had been entangled in them as it passed out of the hole, and soon secured it. Immediately after the legs had been caught the spider fastened another thread to the mouse's tail, and after several hours' constant work succeeded in raising her prey's hind quarters, and continued so doing until the tip of the mouse's nose only touched the floor. Having thus rendered it helpless, the little spider industriously set to work multiplying its fastenings. After a few more hours' labor the mouse was raised one inch from the floor, the spider working as if with a pulley. In its terrible contortions to release itself the mouse managed to sever the fastenings around its hind legs, but so strong were the threads which suspended it in the air and so securely were they attached to its tail that all efforts to break them proved fruitless. Mr. Gross, taking great interest in the proceedings, left the spider undisturbed, and during almost the whole of Monday night, with several friends, watched its working attentively. The little insect, after taking her position on her victim's tail, commenced manipulating the thread and working. Gradually could the astonished witnesses of this wonderful feat see the mouse creep up, and the threads decending from their fastenings under the corner of the bench to the mouse's tail, increased in number, and during the 54 hours ending yesterday evening the threads had so increased that it became impossible to count them, and the mouse, which was still alive though quite weakened, had been raised from one to three and a half inches from the floor. The spider during the whole time of its work sat on the mouse's tail, only leaving its position at long intervals, when it would cautiously creep down the tail to its root, and there feed upon the blood of the mouse. Then resuming its position on the end of the tail, it would again begin its work. This unheard of capture of a mouse by so small an insect and its ingenious manner of elevating it has excited the wonder and admiration of thousands of visitors, among whom may be mantioned several scientific men and physicians who assembled in large crowds at Mr. Gross's carpenter shop to witness the progress of the gigantic task which the little spider has undertaken and is so successfully bringing to an issue. Mr. Gross will leave them undisturbed and carefully watch the result, as every one is anxious to see what the spider will do with its captive after it dies, and how far it will elevate it.

Low-Down Life in Egypt.

The sheik of this particular village was well dressed, in Oriental fashion, had a house of many rooms, and even glass windows. He gave me sherbet and coffee, and then took me round his village. The mud huts are all built one against another, like the cells of a beehive, save where they are divided by the little lanes that run through the village. I chose a hut at random and asked if I might go in. "Yes," said my companion, "but it is very poor, and there is nothing to see." We went to the entrance, these huts having, as a rule, no doors. An old woman—at least she looked old; but the woman was old at forty—barred the way. I offered money, but that was not enough to overcome her feelings that her house was her castle, where no Christian should enter, and the sheik had to insist. One small room—mud walls, mud roof, mud floor—was all we found. Four bricks made a small fireplace, but there was no fire. A small basin of maize, five water-jars, an earthen pot for artificial hatching of chickens, a cock and three hens, a small heap of sacking by way of bedclothes, constituted all the furniture of the house. Four yards by five was the extent of the house, and this was partly taken up by the raised dais of mud which serves as the family bed in every fellah habitation. A family of four lived in space. The head of the family was considered pretty well-to-do by the fellah world, as he is the owner of five feddans (acres) of land. I tried another house taken similarly at random. It was still smaller and more pitiful than the last. The mud bed occupied half the space. Three yards by one was my measurement of the rest. A water-jar and a reed pipe were all the signs of habitation. There were no boxes or cupboards in which other goods or chattels might be hidden. A family of three, laborers on the lands of others, lived here. I have seen pigs better housed in England.—*London Times.*

Items from the Beaufort Eagle.

A turtle was killed here on last Monday which upon examination was found to contain one thousand and fifty eggs.

Our farmers report that the crops in this County are looking well, good stand in cotton and corn having been obtained.

There will be another pony penning on Cape Banks June 8th. This pen is only a short distance from Beaufort and persons wishing to purchase ponies will find it to their advantage to be present.

Saw Fish.—Tony Chadwick caught a saw fish twelve feet long, the saw being four feet in length. He made two gallons of oil from the liver.

Large Sheephead.—Mr. L. Ives presented Col. Humphrey last week, a sheephead weighing 16 pounds. These fish are getting to be quite plentiful in our waters, and large numbers of them are being shipped West and North.

Beaufort Bar.—Mr. C. B. Stryon, branch pilot, informs us that there is 13 feet on our bar at dead low water, and 17 feet on ordinary high water. The above statement is correct, and proves what our people have claimed for years, that our bar is the very best south of Norfolk.

Governor Brogden was the only Southern Governor at the Centtennial, but his name wasn't even mentioned in the list of notable persons present. The Southern Home lifts up his voice and weeps as follows:

Alas! for poor Governor Curt'—
He to 'Philadelphia' did go,
For to see the 10c—ial show.
Oh! how his 'phelinks' they hurt—
Them big-bugs, Dom Grant and Pedro
When they treated our noble 'ex-curt'
As only a small *Po-ta-to-o!*

"A MODEL GOVERNOR."

Brogden is the Executive meant. The *Lynchburg News* reviews the cases of Carson and Cowles, at present members of the Alabama Legislature, who were, until recently, citizens of this State, where they were indicted for infamous crimes, and whence they fled to Alabama. The *News* rehearses the fact that the sheriff, solicitor and other officials preferred a request to the Governor that he should make a requisition on the Governor of Alabama for the fugitives, and the additional and shameful fact that although three months have intervened, no requisition has been made, and no notice whatever has been taken of the request. The *News* indignantly remarks:

"The miserable creature who stains the proud and pure annals of the Old North State by his miserable misdoings, refuses his aid in bringing fugitive criminals to the bar of justice, lending the sanction and authority of the Governorship to the shelter of malefactors, who happen to belong to his own corrupt party.

"If it is that the receiver is as bad as the thief, is not the protector of the criminal an equal partner in his crime?

"We are glad to believe that after the close of the year 1876, this bad man will no longer lord it over the good people of Carolina."

Heartily we echo this confidence, and express the belief that with Vance at the head of the Democratic ticket the Radical party will be buried under a tremendous majority next November.—Statesville *Landmark.*

The Mustang Race a Failure.

NEW YORK, May 18.—The mustang race at Fleetwood park commenced at 4 o'clock this morning. The conditions were that 300 miles were to be accomplished in fifteen hours, with relays of horses, the rider to use one horse as long as he liked. The stake was $25,000 that it could not be done to $15,000 that it could. The first fifty miles were made in 2 hours and 19 minutes, and the first hundred in 4 hours and 41 minutes. At 2:30 p. m. two hundred and ten miles had been made, but on the two hundred and twenty-six mile the rider gave out, and the race was over and a failure. Frank Perralto, the Mexican who had been engaged to ride in the race, and who was too nervous and weak to attempt it, gave way for "Budd" Parker, who mounted in a rough jockey dress. Parker dismounted the first horse at the end of a mile, and quickly mounted a fresh one which stood ready, and continued throughout the day to mount, ride and change, seldom compelling one horse to make more than one round at a time. When Parker gave out he was 16 minutes behind the average time necessary to accomplish the proposed feat.

Big Turtle.—We saw lying on the warf of Davis & Brother a few days ago, a tremendous turtle, measuring five feet length and four feet in width. He weighed about 400 pounds and the shell could be conviently used by one of our enterprising youth as a skiff. When we last saw him he was in the eart of Davis & Brother, completely filling it up. He was caught by Mr. Bern Congleton.

Writing of this turtle reminds us that we were told last week by Mr. Anson Lewis that he caught in a small net, in one day, 14 turtles, many of them very large, and "it was not a good day for turtles either."

Lighting by Gas.

About sixty years since London was first lighted by gas. Soon thereafter Paris and other cities in Europe were similarly lit. Baltimore has the honor of being the first city in the United States to introduce this new illuminating medium. A few years later Boston and New York followed her example, and twelve years thereafter—about 1834—Philadelphia discarded her vile-smelling, dim, but costly oil-burning lamps for the new, cheaper and better light.