

# The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 20, 1876.

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### HAD SHE BUT KNOWN.

A still, quiet day in February, the air mild and soft, and filled with a faint, pearly haze, through which the sun shone with the shy sweetness of a bride half shrouded in her misty veil. Crocuses thrusting their white and lilac heads out of the mold in London square and gardens. A faint, rosy flush dimpling the tips of the almonds in the park. The mounted policeman in the Row looking very like an ill-stuffed clothed figure of Patience on a monument, smiling at emptiness. A small dog barking at the fleets of ducks dimly showing through the mist on the gray silver of the Serpentine. A girl sitting on a bench near the boat-house waiting—that was all.

Waiting! Yes, does not every one know the unmistakable something which stamps a person as being in a state of expectancy, be it of a passing cab, a sister in the nearest shop, or a lover, always too late? Don't ask me to explain what it is; not restless; this girl sat as still as if carved out of stone, her hands folded on her knee in perfect motionless quiet; not an impatient expression; her face, a pretty, neat-featured little face too, was pale and a trifle sad, but no shade of impatience ruffled the set, firm lips of the steady, far away gaze of the large, gray, misty eyes. No! I don't know what it is, and I give it up; but every man or woman of common discernment knows what I mean, and would have agreed with me that Mazie (pet name for Margaret) Jerningham was waiting, and had been waiting for some one for the last ten minutes—getting tired of waiting too, for the eyes had acquired a deeper shade of pain, and the "perfect lips" were folded more closely as if, "But here he was!

A tall, broad-shouldered man, of eight or nine and twenty, brown eyes, brown curly hair, cropped in that peculiar close convict-cut which our lads assume nowadays; a handsome, haughty face, browned, too, by freckles and sun and out-door life—a face the expression of which could be sweet and winning as a woman's, but clouded now by a troubled look, mixed up of annoyance, shame, and defiance—an unpleasant combination, expressed oddly enough in his very walk, expressed not at all (as he said it, this being the nineteenth century)?" in his greeting.

"Here before me, Mazie! I am so sorry, dear, but I could not get away sooner; an old friend of mine, Bausaire, of the Tenth Hussars, delayed me at the club."  
"I always come here early, that Jack may enjoy his swim without the risk of spoiling anybody's fine dress afterward," she answered, hardly waiting for his explanation, and taking away the hand he was still holding. Will Travers looked at her narrowly, and as if glad to find a reason for the pallor on check and brow, burst out:  
"You are vexed with me for being late, Mazie, and it was so good of you to come; but indeed—"  
"I am not vexed at all, and I come here on Jack's account; I told you so last night," she said shortly, and turned away with a slight shrug of her shoulders as Will Travers cried out:  
"Hang that Jack! you think of nothing else. I asked you if I might come and meet you."  
"And I told you the path by the Serpentine was not my property."  
"When men are excited their grammar is generally at fault." "You knew I would come; that I would not break an appointment with you."  
"Mr. Travers," said the girl proudly, "I would not make an appointment with you, or any other man." Then her voice changing as she met his look of surprise: "But, after all, you are right, it comes to the same thing. What humbugs we all are!"

"Don't speak in that way, Mazie," pleaded Will Travers. "What makes you so different this morning? Why are you so cold and bitter?"  
"Because—because, Will, I am getting very tired of all this," she answered, looking up at him suddenly. They were standing by the water's edge now, with Jack describing wet and frozied circles round them; and both faces looked very pale in the misty light.  
"Tired, Mazie! Tired of me?"  
"No, not tired of you, but of your ways—of the life you lead, and of the life you are making me lead."  
"I don't understand you," he said, flushing up half in anger, half in mortification. "You are complimentary this morning, Mazie."  
"No, I am not complimentary, only honest," Mazie replied sadly. "Look here, Will? For he was going to speak; "listen to me a few minutes, for I am going to be very plain. You saw I was annoyed at the ball last night, and you asked me to come here to-day. I was annoyed, and I've come—something choked her for a moment, and she paused—"come to tell you that I am tired of this secrecy, which I hate; of this half-and-half engagement, which is everything or nothing, according to your pleasure, and which simply gives you the right to make me wretched by your jealousy, your flirtations, your temper, and your love—yes, your love; for, if you did not love me a little, or pretend to do so, I would never have let you have your way over me."  
"Have done, Mazie! Don't you care for me?"  
"That is not the question," she said, coldly. "What I was saying comes simply to this, I am weary of it all, weary and disgusted, and I want to end it."  
"In fact, to break your engagement, and leave me! Oh! Mazie, you don't—you can't mean that!"  
His voice, his eyes, those bright brown beautiful eyes, so terribly fascinating when

they were full of passionate reproach, but she never looked at him; the small, gray-gloved hands never trembled as she played with Jack's silky ears; the dull lustre of her dress, gray also, lay smooth and untroubled over the shapely bloom; only she said in the same quiet tones:  
"You told me it was not an engagement when we began it; that we were both free to decide as we pleased."  
"And you have decided to fling me away because you are tired of even the shadow of a bond to a poor devil with nothing but his love to give you. My God! Mazie, you cannot be so base, so heartless, or, if you are—"

"If I am you would be much better off without me," she answered steadily, though the gray silk was heaving stormily enough now, and Will Travers saw it, for he caught her hands in his, and cried out:  
"Mazie, you are not; I don't believe it; you are too noble, too true. Oh! Mazie, if you knew how I love and worship you. I know I did flit with that little bit of a girl last night; but what will you have? A man isn't a saint; and when a girl throws herself at his head—"

"That's right, Will! It is so gentlemanly, so honorable, to excuse yourself to one woman at the expense of another. There, I beg your pardon. I had no right to comment on your words. What is the use of going on talking when there is really nothing to be said but goodbye."  
"Mazie, Mazie, what would you have me do?"  
"I? Nothing."  
"What have I then done then? At least tell me that. You won't make me believe (I know you too well) that you would cast me off for one idle flirtation."  
"No, not for one," she said, sadly, "nor yet for ten. In themselves they are nothing; but because if you cannot keep true to me before marriage, you would never do so afterward. If the pleasure of an idle flirtation, of whispering pretty compliments, and calling blouses to pretty cheeks, is greater to you now than the preservation of my peace of mind or your honor, we are better apart. What would you say, what would you think, if I were to act as you do?"  
"Women are different to men," he muttered half apologetically.  
"Yes, I suppose they are. At any rate, you and I are so different that we could never be happy together. No, Will, it is not the flirtations only; it is the want of firmness, the want of energy, the selfish—for it is selfish—weakness which ruins your whole life, and lets you put aside ambition, duty, even honor, for an hour's pleasure."  
"You are plain enough, God knows, and devilish hard on me, too," her lover replied, haughtily in his turn. "Another woman might have hesitated before blaming me for not exiling myself on a three years' cruise half across the world, when it was my love for her which held me here. But you are so comely rigid. One might as well have a stone for a wife as you. Fool that I am to have ever thought you had any softness or womanly tenderness in you!"  
"It was a short-lived folly," she answered, the utter deadness of her tone freezing his wrath even as it aroused it; "and it is ended now. Goodbye."  
She held out her hand, and he took it; but only to half crush it in both his, as he cried:  
"Mazie, forgive me. I think I am half mad to talk so; but I will do better if you will only stay with me. I'll speak to you to your stepmother, though I know she will say 'No,' and so do you, don't you, Mazie?"  
"I think so, yes." The girl's face had grown even whiter than before, and her breathing came hard and quick.  
"Then where is the use? I wish to God I were a rich man for your sake; but at least I'll apply for a ship to-morrow. I'll never rest till I get my promotion. I—Mazie, darling, don't look like that. I know I've said the same before; but I do mean it now. Dear, won't you believe me? Won't you say you are mine still?"

White and whiter yet, and the bosom rising and falling in slow, heavy throbs; but the answer came steady as a rock:  
"No, Will, no; not yours any more. I do believe you, that you mean what you say now, but would you mean it a week hence? Could you keep true to me—true in any sense of the word—not only for a few months, but during the years we might be parted? You know you could not; and I should be wrong—I should be guilty of making you sin—by binding you to what you could not do, unsetting your life, and deceiving my kind stepmother, for silence is a sort of deceit, say what you will; and all for what?—a fancy which would never last, which never does last beyond its own gratification. No, Will, a thousand times no. It cannot be. If we can love each other at all, we can do it as well free as bound. And now forgive me if I've hurt you, and God bless you Good-bye."  
"God forgive you, Mazie," cried the man, for you have cursed me indeed. I shall go to the devil now fast enough—the faster the better. Who cares? Not you, hard and calculating as you are; and yet—yet—though you don't care enough for me to save me from ruin, I love you; I always shall love you better than any living woman; and I'll win you yet some day, my own dear's darling; and then—they were under the arch of the bridge, with the deep shadow round them, and only the gray, trembling water for a witness—Travers caught the girl in his arms as she was turning from him, caught and nearly crushed her to his heart in a sort of frenzy, kissing brow, lips, and cheek, not once, but a hundred times as he did so. The next moment he was gone, passing

ed away in the mist, and Mazie Jerningham was left alone.

Two years—a short space in a long life, a mere nothing to look back upon in general, though a very eternity in prospect—two years had passed, and Mazie Jerningham, still alone. It was evening now—a calm, bright evening after one of the hottest days of an unusually hot July—and she was sitting on the pier at Southsea, looking across the sheet of deep, molten blue to where the isle of Wight rose greenly purple against a pre-Raphaelite background of violet and crimson sky. Behind the dark fringe of trees crowning the summit of the island the sun was just sinking like a huge globe of lambent flame, and as it touched the top-most boughs it flung a broad bar of liquid gold across the dimpled waters of the harbor to Mazie's feet as she leaned over the railings, the only solitary, the only sad-looking person among the gayly dressed, gayly-talking groups of the people who sprinkled the pier.

She had been rather a pretty girl two years ago, more noticeable, perhaps, for a certain refinement, an air of unmistakable good style which clung about her, than for actual good looks. Now, at four-and-twenty, she was simply a beautiful woman—beautiful even without the added charm of birth and cultivation; and she knew it, knew it as well as did any of the idle gazers on that fashionable lounge, and valued it—well, valued it rather less than she did the greenish-white pebbles glimmering through the cool water under her feet, or the fragment of seaweed flapping idly to and fro at the will of that water. What was beauty or grace to her when she was all alone!

Two years ago—even now, looking back, it seemed like ten to her—she had been wont rather to fret because her hair was not so curly, her cheeks as pink, and her eyes as blue as other girls'—girls Will used to admire at the theatre or in the Row. She wanted to be pretty then for Will's sake, just as she wanted to be rich, just as she thanked God for her talents, her good old name, and the capabilities for good she felt within her. They were just so much to give Will, and for that reason they were precious to her, not for any other. An orphan, with neither brother or sister, living with a wealthy stepmother, and while enjoying every comfort and even luxury in that lady's house, fully aware that of her own she had only the prospect of a modest hundred a year, and that contingent on her not marrying without Mrs. Jerningham's permission before her twenty-fifth year, perhaps no human being felt more solitary than did Mazie at the hour we are contemplating her.

There she sat thinking, as she did often—much too often—of that parting in Hyde Park under the old archway. She never could quite recollect how she had got home afterward and what came next, though she could remember well that, just after Will had sprung up the bank Master Jack had leaped on the forehead of an approaching girl's school, splashing her with water from his tail, and she (Mazie) had to go forward and apologize in her pretty, lady-like manner for the accident. She could remember that trifle, and also a very red pimple on the very large nose of a bald-headed old gentleman who sat opposite to her at dinner that day; but everything else, thought, feeling, and surroundings, seemed like one dark blank to her until she found herself lying face downward on the floor of her room, with the door bolted, and the moon looking curiously in on the tempest of sobs and tears which was tearing her slight frame with the violence of its anguish.

He was all she had, her own, her love, her husband in all but name, the very heartspring of her existence, and she had torn herself away from him. No one, not even herself, could have told how deeply and passionately she had loved that idle, good-for-nothing young sailor, with his handsome face and winning manners. She only learned it now when he was gone from her for ever; learned it, as we learn most things in this world, too late.  
Are all women such contradictions, I wonder? Do all of them know their minds, or rather their hearts—for when do mind and heart go together in a woman—as little as Mazie Jerningham? No girl could have appeared more cold, more passionless, more unsympathizingly hard than Miss Jerningham when reasoning coolly with, and as coolly dismissing her loving, passionate, half-desperate suitor. Now, that prudent, sensible woman of the world was rocking herself to and fro, her eyes blinded with tears, her face, her hair soaked in the same scalding rain, her hands twisted together, her breath coming in fast, strangling sobs, her white parted lips quivering with hopeless gasps of sheer heart-broken misery. And Lieutenant Travers, where was he?

His bonny brown eyes had been full of tears—tears which were no disgrace to his manhood—when he held his heart-beating love on his breast, and as he strode away his brain seemed almost on fire with wrath and despair; but ere he got into Pica-dilly he met a naval friend, who greeted him with warmth, told him he looked awfully seedy, and asked him to have a glass of something at the club; and Travers assented, and had not one glass, but several of something which cleared his head for the moment and gave him artificial spirits, and afterward he dined and went to the French play with the same friend; and after that—Well, I don't think we need follow him any further. He had told Mazie that she would send him to the devil, and, therefore, it was probably her fault if he took a long step in that direction the same night; or if, while she was praying and wrestling with sorrow and love and remorse for her lost lover, that lover was making a fool, and worse than a fool, of himself somewhere

in the neighborhood of the Haymarket.

"Telle est la vie!" and, my dear me!—secours and mesdames, you and I were both young once, was it so very different in our day! A good old Frenchman once said, "Il y a toujours un qui aime; et un qui est aimé." Will had been eager enough to "baiser," but Mazie had not even "tendu la joue; it was his turn now." She had never seen him since; and she had never told any one of her trouble. It was a very short-lived folly, as she had said, that sad little romance; and it was ended now. If everything else in life seemed ended too, that could not be helped. It is not the fashion to die of a broken heart nowadays, and she could live it down. People had lived down worse things. Yes, Mazie, so they have; but that same process of "living down" is a worse martyrdom than many a death; and all the more that to weep over the victim is the cruelest aggravation of her sufferings that we can offer. Mazie gave no one a chance of weeping over her; let fall no word which could give a clue to her sorrow. She had a heavy cold, she said, and so she kept her room for a couple of days, and the blinds were drawn down, and a white face and swollen eyes were quite admissible even in Mrs. Jerningham's opinion. But after that she came down stairs, and took up her usual role of home and social duties, and was the same graceful, dignified, intelligent Miss Jerningham as of old; the same clear-eyed, courtly, cheerfully smiling to all outward appearance as she had ever been; how changed within none but herself and God knew.

People talked a little at first, and wondered why that charming Lieutenant Travers was never to be met at the Jerninghams' now. There had certainly been a strong flirtation between him and Miss Jerningham—though she seemed so proud and unimpressible in the usual way—but, after all, every one knew he had no money, and was always flirting with some one; those sailors were so proverbially fickle. And then some one said he had gone to sea again; and it was suggested that Miss Jerningham had refused him. Mrs. Jerningham, of course, would not dream of such a miserable parti for her elegant step-daughter, and every one knew how devoted Sir Edward Bartlett had been in that quarter of late. So wagged the tongue for a few days; and then the subject was forgotten for some more interesting piece of gossip, and Mazie was left to herself.

Not utterly heartbroken after the last few weeks. There was a great element of justice in this girl's character; and before that stern goddess Will's wrathful speeches and despairing threats melted away, and were condoned on the score of the provocation which had evoked them. "If he had not loved me, he would not have been so angry," said Mazie to herself, and the thought brought a sudden warm pulse to the poor bruised heart, a soft mist over the painful brightness of the brave gray eyes. His last words, too, how could she forget them—she, a woman, and a woman so passionately in love? Common sense and logic would have told her at once that it was absurd to lay stress on one word more than another, when both are uttered in a moment of great excitement; but then girls are seldom noted for either extra common sense or logic; and well for us they are not for on the strength of that one sentence, "I love you better than any living woman, and I'll win you yet some day," Mazie quietly consecrated her whole life, heart, and soul, present and future, to waiting for that day. Sir Edward Bartlett was sent away discontented, and so were one or two other men of good means and high standing, whom most girls would have been only too willing to accept; and still Mazie Jerningham kept Will's angry kiss sacred on her lips against the wonder of the world, and the grumbling of her stepmother, who, being a kindly, managing woman, was anxious to see her daughter well established in life.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

### The True Meaning of the St. Louis Ticket.

The St. Louis platform and nominations are very satisfactory to us on the financial question, with the interpretations which we put upon them. The platform is an elastic platform, suited to any colored spectacles that a man wants to look through at it. It is intended to be like the suspenders which the auctioneer cried in these words: "Long enough for any man and short enough for any body." It was intended to suit Democrats of different States holding diametrically opposite doctrines. For such a purpose we do not see how it could have been better devised. It is like the restaurant in California, where you could have beefsteaks, veal, or venison, whichever you ordered, but cut from the round of a yearling bull.

What reconciles the platform to us, however, is the candidates. We have Hendricks, a very soft paper-money man, and Tilden, a very hard hard-money man. Now, we take the meaning of the names combined to be: A paper currency redeemable in gold; and such a currency ought to satisfy the most fastidious.

### Important Decision by the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court has decided in the Building and Loan Association cases that the Association is entitled to receive the money advanced with six per cent interest thereon, giving to the borrower or redeemed share-holder credit for all sums he has paid either as interest, dues, fines or otherwise.

### THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THEM.

Among the candidates before the Cincinnati Convention, Benjamin H. Brewster alone had any claim to be considered a practical reformer. He had illustrated his faith in reform by good works, instead of loud professions. His acts were familiar to the whole country, and they extorted the highest praise. The Convention supported him with far less than half the vote given to Blaine, then under charges of corruption in Congress, which his own letters established.

At St. Louis Gov. Tilden was pressed for the nomination, upon the strength of his services in smashing the Tweed and Canal Rings and in reducing the taxes. The Convention recognized him as a reformer in the broadest sense, and nominated him for that reason. Reform is the text of the platform, and the candidate who stands upon it personifies the principle.

The two Conventions stand as wide apart on this issue as do the House of Representatives and the Senate in regard to retrenchment of the public expenditures. Hays represents nothing but the negative compromise of hostile factions. At a great crisis, when statesmanship, experience, and wisdom are demanded, to rescue the country from the ruinous results of Grantism, he is a passive instrument in the hands of corrupt leaders, without capacity or power of self-assertion to do right, even if disposed to act in that direction. On the other hand, Gov. Tilden is a positive force in reform, a leader able to inaugurate and to execute it on the grandest scale, independent, courageous, clear-headed, cool and determined upon a line of policy which must not only bring relief to the suffering interests, but will restore the Government to its ancient purity and simplicity. Were he President to-day, and only for the rest of Grant's expiring term, he would economize sixty or seventy millions of dollars, raise the public credit, revive confidence, and make every citizen once more proud of his country.

The people will see in the action of the two Conventions the points of contrast between the two parties. Under Hayes, the present system of plunder would be inevitably perpetuated, because it is the life of the party and the nourishment of its leaders. Under Tilden, the Rings would be crushed, public stealing would be stopped, and reform would be a reality.

### WATCH THEM.

At the Republican meeting here last Saturday, Stephen Douglas in his speech asserted that "Tilden had been hand in hand with Tweed in the great swindle in the city of New York." We are surprised that Mr. Douglas should have made such a bold and reckless assertion. Why, it is a notorious fact—a matter of undoubted history—that Tilden, with the help of O'Connor and a few others, broke up the Tweed Ring and pursued Tweed, backed up as he was with millions of money stolen from the City of New York, through all the Courts until they landed him in the penitentiary where he belonged. Tilden was at the head of this great reform in the City of New York; and every body including Mr. Douglas, knows it. Men must be hard run who have nothing better to give the people than wild and unfounded assertions. Let the people beware of such leaders. Watch them.—Davidson Record.

\$500,000  
The Radical leaders said the Convention would cost \$500,000.—If they actually thought so, their judgment could not be trusted; and if they knew better, they were guilty of falsehoods. So taking either horn of the dilemma they cannot be trusted.—Jb.

\$7,500.  
The tax-payer who votes against the amendments, votes against saving \$7,500 annually on the Supreme Court Judges.—Jb.

PUBLISH THEM.—Why don't the Radical journals publish the Constitutional amendments, so that the people may determine for themselves whether they are good or bad!—Jb.

### THE SAME SHOP WITH ANOTHER NAME OVER THE DOOR.

Of what avail will it be to elect Hayes instead of Grant? It will continue the same old shop, in which the same business will be carried on in the same way, by the same gang of hands; only there will be another name painted over the door; that's all.

Would Grant's eighty thousand office-holders be so active in their efforts to elect Mr. Hayes if they did not expect to retain their offices under him? What do they care whose name is over the shop door, whether it be Grant or Hayes, so long as they retain the same situation, with the same emoluments.

The change would be mostly a matter of paint and putty—Grant erased and the new letters, which spell Hayes, substituted.

### DEATH OF WILLIAM CRAWFORD ERWIN.

The citizens of Morganton were greatly shocked at the death of Mr. W. C. Erwin, which occurred at 2 o'clock p. m., on Wednesday, the 28th ult. Mr. Erwin had been complaining, and confined to his house with some constitutional derangement for some ten days, but on Wednesday morning he appeared better, sat up and conversed with friends. He had eaten a hearty dinner, and, after dinner, while sitting up with only Mrs. Erwin in the room, he uttered a sharp cry, put his hand to his breast, fell over and never spoke afterwards. The physicians inform us that he died from a spasm of the heart, and that the constitutional affection from which he had been suffering, had nothing to do with his death.

The funeral services took place at Grace church, at 4 p. m., Thursday, the Rev. N. Falls officiating. His remains were interred in the Episcopal graveyard. A large concourse of citizens from the town and country attended the funeral—in fact, we have seldom, if ever, known a death to produce more profound sorrow in our community.

### THE FUNNY MEN AT CINCINNATI.

Who ever suspected Joe Hawley of humor? Who ever dreamed that rollicking fun lurked in the bosom of worthy McPherson of Pennsylvania? Who would have thought that Axtell of New Mexico, and the saturnine Dingley of Maine, and that eminent reformer Chamberlain of South Carolina, and the other gentlemen of the committee on Republican good resolutions were all of them mad wags at heart, only waiting their opportunity to conceit and perpetrate a stupendous joke.

The opportunity came last Wednesday. As the sly fellows met around the committee room table and recognized each the kindred spirit of fun in the others' eyes, how they must have held their sides and struggled hard against the laughter that would have prematurely communicated their purpose to the Convention outside.

The extraordinary piece of literary composition, beginning with divine Providence, and ending with President Grant, which Gen. Hawley, as a full outward appearance as sober as a judge brought forth and calmly read to the Convention as its platform, is the result of the innocent conspirings of those amiable humorists. Look at the rare humor in every paragraph, the delicate of the wit, the demure but irresistible playfulness of the preamble, how exquisite it all is in construction, how powerful the satire, how absurd the sudden contrast, how judicious the employment of irony, and how the interest is so skillfully sustained that it amuses to the very last clause.

Who but these merry dogs could have originated that fifth plank, which puts the Republican party on record as believing that "invariable rule for appointments to office should have reference to the honesty, fidelity, and capacity of the appointees?"

Who but thorough humorists would have congratulated the Republican party on the "speedy thorough, and unsparring prosecution and punishment of all who betray official trusts?" Some of the funny men on the committee had undoubtedly read of the ingenious policeman of St. Petersburg, who kept a private thief of his own. On dark nights the policeman would take out his thief, attached to a long rope which gave him tether enough to commit burglaries. If caught at the game, which occasionally happened, the policeman claimed great credit for having captured and tied up a rascal dangerous to society; while if not caught, which happened much oftener, the policeman took the lion's share of booty.

What convulsions of half-suppressed laughter must have shaken the table on which the funniest of men wrote words that committed the Republican party to continued opposition to land grants and railroad subsidies. How they must have chuckled as they endowed all men with "certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and then proceeded to push out the plank on which the intrusive Mongolian will be invited to walk overboard. How they must have roared when they "sincerely deprecated all sectional feeling and tendencies."

### A WONDERFUL PAINTING.

There is now on exhibition in New York a most curious picture. It is painted by Franz Perl, an Austrian artist, and titled "The Head of Jesus Christ upon the handkerchief of Saint Veronica." The subject has been frequently used by the old painters, and the legend is too well known to need repetition here; this picture, however, has a striking feature not found in the ancient pictures—the almost miraculous manner in which the eyes are painted. Standing directly before the picture one sees the thorn-crowned head in all its ghastly misery; the eyes closed, and the darkened shadow of death above the pallid lids. Retreating step by step one sees that the eyes are open and look toward heaven with a void expression of love and sadness. The effect becomes more and more startling; the face seems to grow less pallid, the expression of the eyes more wonderful.

Schuyler Colefax follows Boss Shephard, Ben Butler and Brother Blaine in commending the nomination of Hayes. Hayes may not be a rogue, but he is the candidate of the rogues. Voters should remember this.—N. Y. Sun.

### FROM THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

The citizens of Morganton were greatly shocked at the death of Mr. W. C. Erwin, which occurred at 2 o'clock p. m., on Wednesday, the 28th ult. Mr. Erwin had been complaining, and confined to his house with some constitutional derangement for some ten days, but on Wednesday morning he appeared better, sat up and conversed with friends. He had eaten a hearty dinner, and, after dinner, while sitting up with only Mrs. Erwin in the room, he uttered a sharp cry, put his hand to his breast, fell over and never spoke afterwards. The physicians inform us that he died from a spasm of the heart, and that the constitutional affection from which he had been suffering, had nothing to do with his death.

The funeral services took place at Grace church, at 4 p. m., Thursday, the Rev. N. Falls officiating. His remains were interred in the Episcopal graveyard. A large concourse of citizens from the town and country attended the funeral—in fact, we have seldom, if ever, known a death to produce more profound sorrow in our community.

### THE FUNNY MEN AT CINCINNATI.

Who ever suspected Joe Hawley of humor? Who ever dreamed that rollicking fun lurked in the bosom of worthy McPherson of Pennsylvania? Who would have thought that Axtell of New Mexico, and the saturnine Dingley of Maine, and that eminent reformer Chamberlain of South Carolina, and the other gentlemen of the committee on Republican good resolutions were all of them mad wags at heart, only waiting their opportunity to conceit and perpetrate a stupendous joke.

The opportunity came last Wednesday. As the sly fellows met around the committee room table and recognized each the kindred spirit of fun in the others' eyes, how they must have held their sides and struggled hard against the laughter that would have prematurely communicated their purpose to the Convention outside.

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