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1st DISTRICT—LEWIS C. LATHAM.
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7th DISTRICT—W. M. GLENN.
8th DISTRICT—A. C. AVERY.

BOMELY MAXIMS FOR HARD TIMES.
Take care of the pennies.
Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not making money, but keeping it.

Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when there are many, make great waste.
Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the ruin comes into the chamber.

A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute.
When you begin to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red line.

The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass.
Never stretch your legs farther than your blankets will reach or your will soon be cold.

In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff and tow tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks.
A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it.

Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going.
If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the saving bank.
Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

THUMBS UNDER THE FENCE.

The Constitution has itself cleared Governor Vance of the charge that he ordered, and was responsible for, the placing of a woman's thumbs under the fence, during the war, to compel her to disclose the whereabouts of her husband.

The Constitution shows that Solicitor Settle knew of the transaction before the governor did; that the solicitor communicated the facts to Major Devereux, one of the governor's aids, and that promptly on receipt of the information Governor Vance wrote to the solicitor in regard to the matter, requesting or ordering him to take the proper steps in the case.

The editor of the Constitution has access to the official letters of the war. We have not. He does not give the letter of Governor Vance to Solicitor Settle. The letter of Solicitor Settle is produced and we must give as affording the only light on the matter that the Constitution will at present allow us to have:

PITTSBORO, Sept. 21st, 1864.
His Excellency Z. B. Vance:
MY DEAR SIR:—Your note of the 13th, forwarded from Hillsboro, was received here yesterday. When I stated to Major Devereux the treatment which Owen's wife had received at the hands of Col. Pike and others, I did not design becoming an informer in the matter, but I do not regret that it has reached the ears of your excellency. I had determined to prosecute the guilty parties in Randolph, but I have just learned from Wm. Long, who is Pike's counsel in the matter, that whatever was done to Mrs. Owens occurred just over the line in Moore county. Owens' wife seems to feel that she is an outcast and has made no complaint to anyone, but the statement, as I received it from several respectable gentlemen in Randolph, is as follows: Pike and others jerked Owens' wife down by the hair, dragged her a short distance to a fence, laid her on her back and placed her thumbs under the corner of a heavy fence and tortured her for some time, in order to make her disclose the whereabouts of her husband. When I reach Randolph (next week) I will investigate the matter and write you again, giving you the names of all the parties concerned, the witnesses, &c.

I have the honor to be,
With great respect,
Your obedient servant,
THOMAS SETTLE.

BAYONETS! BAYONETS!

Attorney General Fair has published his letter of instructions to United States Marshals. It is not addressed specially to Southern Marshals, but the whole tone and tenor make manifest that such is the case. We summarize the more important points. After explaining that it is the duty of the government to take cognizance of elections for President, Vice-President and members of Congress, it continues—"and to secure voters against whatever, in general, hinders, or prevents them from the exercise of the elective franchise, extending that care alike to the registration lists, the act of voting, and the personal freedom and security of the voter, at all times as well against violence, on account of any vote that he may intend to give as against conspiracy, because of any that he may already have given. The peace of the United States, therefore, which you are to preserve and whose violation you are to suppress protects among other things the rights specified in the last paragraph, and any person who, by force or violence, breaks that peace and renders it your duty to arrest him, and to suppress any riots incident, or that threaten the integrity of the registrations in election, to the end that the will of the people in such election may be ascertained, and take effect, and that the offenders may be brought before the court for punishment. Notorious events in several States, which recently and in an unusual manner have been publicly reprobated, make it a grave duty of all marshals who have cause to apprehend a violation of the peace of the United States, connected as above with the elections to be had upon the Tuesday after the first Monday in November next, to be prepared to preserve and restore such peace.—As the Chief Executive officer of the United States, in your district you will be held responsible for all breaches of the peace of the United States, which diligence on your part might have prevented, and for the arrest and securing of all persons who violate that peace in any of the points above enumerated.—Diligence in these matters requires of course that you be and continue in person, or by deputy at all places of registration, or election, at which you have reason to suspect that the peace is threatened, and that whenever an embodiment of the posse comitatus is required, to enforce the laws, such embodiment be effected."

Taft goes on to suggest to the marshals that they have power (and ought to use it) of appointing any number of deputies to be present at polling places if "in their discretion" such precaution is necessary. He continues: "I advise that you and each of your deputies general and special" have a right to summon to your assistance, in preventing and quelling disorder, every person in the district above 15 years of age whatever may be their occupation, whether civilians, or not, and including the military of all denominations, militia soldiers, marines, all of whom are alike bound to obey you.—The fact that they are organized as military bodies, whether of state or of the United States under the immediate command of their own officers, does not in any wise affect their legal character. I need hardly add that there can be no State law, or State official in this country who has jurisdiction to oppose you in discharging your official duties under the laws of the United States. If such interference shall take place, a thing not anticipated, you are to disregard it entirely.

A MINNESOTA BANK ENTERED.

The Cashier Shot Dead for Refusing to Open the Vault—Three Robbers Killed.
NORTHFIELD, Minn., Sept. 7.—About two o'clock this afternoon eight men, well mounted, entered the town and went to the bank. Three of them entered it and sprang over the counter and ordered the cashier, Mr. J. L. Haywood, with a knife held to his throat, to open the vault. At the same time all the persons in the bank—A. E. Banker, assistant cashier, and Frank Wilson, clerk—were ordered to hold up their hands.

Mr. Haywood refused to obey their orders and open the money vault. His neck was slightly scratched with the knife, and still persisting, one of the robbers put the muzzle of a pistol to his right temple and fired. Haywood fell dead.

They then turned to Mr. Banker and ordered him to open the vault. He said he did not know the combination, and, as the robbers made demonstrations toward him, he ran out of the back door. The robbers fired, shooting him through the shoulder. Mr. Wilson was not interfered with.

While this was going on within, the people of the city without were doing good work. Two of the robbers were killed outright, and one wounded man was taken away by his confederates, one of whom was also killed and one captured. The citizens behaved like old veterans, as many of them are.

The robbers did not get into the vault, nor did they find the cashier's drawer, except the nickel drawer, and a handful of nickels taken from it was thrown to the floor.

Four of the eight men came to the town before midday and waited on the north side of the bridge until the other four came into the town from Daudas. The men were well mounted and armed with navy revolvers and had cartridges in belts around their bodies.

When the robbers crossed the bridge entering the town, they drew revolvers, and, putting their horses into a full gallop, dashed through the streets, shouting to the people on the walks to get inside, and ornamenting their shouts with the most fiendish curses and imprecations.

While three of the gang were engaged in the bank, the others stood on the street threatening to shoot any one who interfered, and fired some harmless shots. Pistols and guns were quickly secured by the citizens, and a young man named Wheeler, from a window of an opposite building, picked off one of the villains, shooting him dead.

Another shot, thought to be from Wheeler, immediately afterward prostrated another. Then the robbers mounted their horses and beat a retreat.—A third robber was hit but escaped.

A band of fifty citizens was organized, and, headed by Wheeler, they started in pursuit, and at last accounts the robbers were only twenty-five minutes ahead of them, and are almost sure to be overtaken.

There are all sorts of rumors as to who the robbers are, and many believe they are part of a gang heretofore operating in Missouri and Kansas.

A CHAPTER ON DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia means difficult indigestion. It is a very common disease, but those who suffer from it can aid themselves greatly, if they will only study a little into its causes, and deny themselves food which will surely distress and oppress them.

If one partakes of proper food, and the stomach is in a healthy condition, no distress is felt. If it be liquid like soup, the coats and veins of the stomach absorb it, and if it be solid, the gastric juice is brought into play and it dissolves. This is a clear, colorless, acid fluid, which flows into the stomach whenever food is received into it; but it will not dissolve all kinds of food—particularly such as contains fat and starch. Its duty seems to be to help to digest meat, gluten (the most nutritious part of bread), caseine (in milk), albumen, &c.

In a healthy system, the processes are repeated without any discomfort. It is when the organs are diseased that dyspepsia occurs. And if you weaken their strength by eating too often, and thus over-working them; or if you take very little exercise, and do not keep your blood well toned up with fresh air; or if you worry and imagine all sorts of ills, "some which are still far in the distance, and some that may never be near"—you will make the nerves of the stomach weak and then neither your appetite nor your digestion will be natural.

Let us look about us and see who are the persons who are always complaining of dyspepsia. We do not often hear of such a disease among farmers or mechanics, nor among boys and girls. Indeed one rarely hears of it among those who live much in the open air, and use the limbs and muscles which are given to them to exercise. Not pure air and long walks, or constant use of muscular power, will always give in return a healthy stomach and a clear head. But it is the indoor-people—the literary men, clergy men, shop-keepers, milliners, dress-makers, tailors and shoe-makers, and the ladies who have nothing to do—the nervous, fidgety folks—who are always complaining of dyspepsia and neuralgia, and all their commingled ills.

Then there are those who spoil their stomachs by spirituous liquors, tobacco and strong tea. For all these things are most injurious to a healthy and vigorous digestion.

Dyspepsia is not an acute disease, but it is a discomfort, and it produces depression of the spirits, want of energy and interest in one's occupation, while the appetite is variable and capricious, and the head suffers with the rest of the body, and in this disordered condition it is not pleasant to eat, while its consequences are decidedly disagreeable, for it produces a feeling of distention which is exceedingly oppressive; or there is a regurgitation from the stomach, or decided nausea, or the food lies like a heavy weight upon the stomach, thereby causing great distress. These are some of the general symptoms of a disordered digestion, but there are various forms of it, each person, thus afflicted will give you a long detail of minor ills.

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RUSSIAN RULE IN WARSAW.

There has been no disposition, at least not until the last few years, to conceal the character of the claim by right of which Russia rules in Warsaw. The insolence of conquest could not look more grim than in the ugly stunted obelisk, supported on lions, which was erected in 1841 upon the Saska place in memory of the "loyal" Poles who fell victims to "their fidelity to their Sovereign."

There are many remedies for dyspepsia but few of them will cure all its varieties. Yet a continued rubbing or a gentle pounding of the stomach seems to be a relief in almost every case. The substitution of milk for coffee and tea will also prove of great benefit when the sufferer is of a thin habit.

Animal food, well cooked, will usually be the best diet, if the right kinds are chosen; but sausages, fat pork, &c., should be utterly discarded. Oat meal is an excellent food, and can be eaten freely two or three times a day. Eggs are also healthful for nearly every one, as they contain highly concentrated food; chickens, turkeys, and all white-meated fowls are preferable to those of dark meat.

Claret and cider—acid liquors—are the only drinks which should be partaken of, and pure water, good old Adam's ale, is, after all, the best beverage this world affords.

One of the best rules a dyspeptic can observe is "to eat to live, and not live to eat." "Men dig their graves with their teeth," is an old maxim which we see daily illustrated in our midst. But while a man's stomach should not be made his master, it should be a well treated servant, and not made to work at odd hours, but be allowed to have due rest, and never be overburdened.—Country Gentleman.

HORSE VS. OX LABOR.

This subject has been treated often by agricultural writers, but, like all other agricultural subjects, it cannot be written upon too often. The question is often asked, which pays the farmer best for all kinds of farm work, the horse or ox? Some hold for the ox and some for the horse. Let us examine the relative merits of each: A pair of good horses will cost \$280; harness double, truss, &c., will cost for them, say \$25, making in all \$305 for the horses. The price generally paid for a good yoke of oxen is about \$80; yoke and chain \$5, making \$85. Now let us see what it will cost to keep ten years, or the working life of each.

The horses cost \$305, the interest on that amount at 6 per cent. for ten years will be \$183; the shoeing will cost \$10 a year or \$100 for ten years; the feed will cost \$130 a year or \$1,300 for the ten years, amounting in all, the first cost, interest, shoeing and feed of horses, to \$1,788.

Now let us examine the other side of the question, or the oxen: Eighty six dollars for the first cost of the oxen; interest at six per cent. for ten years amounts to \$51.60; the feed will cost one-half that of the horses, say \$65 per year; for ten years \$650. For the oxen, the interest and feed of the cost, interest and feed is \$737.50, against \$1,788 on the horse side. Besides this, the oxen are constantly increasing in value until they are twelve years old. On the other hand the horses are decreasing in value from the time they are nine years old. A yoke of oxen at 12 years old are worth their first cost for beef. Yet, on the other hand, what is a pair of stiff worn out horses worth? But very little. Suppose one of your horses gets his leg broken, the only thing that would likely be done with him would be to shoot him, or pay a large bill for his cure. But let one of your oxen break his leg, and you will get as much for him as you originally gave.

Why is it that there is so small an amount of ox labor used, as compared with horses? It is simply this, that we don't know what to do with them.

When travelling on public roads, horses are superior to oxen, but for work on the farm, such as hauling manure and grain, plowing, &c., oxen will do as much as horses. They will plow as many acres in a day as a horse, and will haul as many loads of manure or grain, and haul larger loads. Oxen are harder than horses, or they could not stand the treatment they receive. They do not know what curry-comb and brush are; they are freer from disease than horses. One of the great objections urged against oxen is that they cannot stand the heat. True, they cannot stand it at noon day in mid-summer, neither can any other farm stock stand it well. Some urge that they are too slow. Cattle that are well broken, and made to step quick, are as rapid as horses. In many trials in England, the oxen proved to be equal to the horse in them, and in some the ox was pronounced superior.

Ex Governor Hill, of New Hampshire, says of them: "I have at this time cattle of my own raising, which have been taught to step quickly, and having been worked in the same team with horses, will travel as fast, and plow as much in a day as the same number of horses. A pair of these oxen will plow from one and a half to two acres a day, working eight hours." I once knew a pair of Devon oxen that did more work in a day than three ordinary horses, and there were few horses, indeed that could travel with them on the road. F. W. Childs, Louisiana, *Ca., in the Southern Planter and Farmer.*

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DEATH OF JOHN A. STEPHENSON.

It is with feelings of deep and unfeigned sorrow that we chronicle the death of John A. Stephenson, Esq. The sad event took place last Thursday evening at the residence of Romulus L. Linney, Esq., in Alexander county. The deceased was in the prime of a vigorous manhood, having a few months ago attained his 29th year. He was a native of Alexander county. Upon his admission to the Bar three years ago, he removed to Yadkin county, where he resided until the beginning of the present year, when he removed to this place and formed a law partnership with J. M. Clement of Mocksville. Though a resident of Yadkin county only two years he was selected by the people of that county as their candidate for the recent constitutional convention. He was defeated by a small majority, reducing, however, the Radical majority in that county very largely. At the Bar he was unusually successful for a young practitioner. Endowed with fine natural sense, popular manners and rare oratorical gifts his professional career pointed to a brilliant destiny. The deceased left this place three weeks ago, in the enjoyment of robust health, to attend the pending session of Alexander court. On Monday night of the second week of the term he was taken ill with fever. Under the advice of physicians he was at once removed to the residence of his brother-in-law, Romulus L. Linney, Esq. On Wednesday, to the astonishment of his friends, he expressed a serious conviction of death. He continued to grow worse, from day to day, until the 9th day of his illness, when on Thursday evening, as the sun was sinking behind the Western horizon his noble spirit was wafted into eternity. A gleam of sunshine shot athwart the chamber of death and lingered, as if to guide the spirit through the valley and shadow of death. His last words on earth was in recognition of this act of Nature. His end was peaceful. He died with a full hope of the Resurrection.—Statesville Landmark.

HOME.

Best of all things to us is home. In hours of ambition and pleasure we may sometimes forget its exquisite sweetness; but let sickness or sadness come, and we return to it at once. Let the hollow haunts that feign which they do not feel stand revealed before us—let us know, as we all must, at moments, that, however important we may be in our own estimation, our places would be filled at an hour's notice, should we die to-morrow—then we whisper to ourselves the magic word Home, and are comforted.

"Home, sweet home!" It does not matter how "humble" it is; nor is it less a home for being a palace. It is where those we love dwell, wherever that may be; where we are valued for ourselves, and are held in high esteem because of what we are in ourselves, and not because of power, or wealth, or what we can do for other people.

Who would be without a home?—who would take the world's applause and honor in place of the tenderness of a few true hearts, and the cozy fireside meetings where the truth may be spoken without disguise, and envious carplings are unknown? In life's battle even the hero finds many enemies, and much abuse, and slander, and detraction; but into home, if it is what it ought to be, these things never find their way. There, to his wife, the plainest man becomes a wonderful being—a sage, a man who ought to be great, successful, and honored; and would be, were his worth known.

And if "pa" says a thing is so, it is so, as by revelation, to his children. At home the memory of vanished charms clings to the wife, who—ah, if coquettes only knew it!—remains a fresh, young beauty there, long after she is a plain, middle-aged woman everywhere else. There grandpa's stories are never found tedious, and grandmamma's receipt for cake is always appreciated, and the gawky girls are all beauties, and the all ill-used beings elsewhere, are all embryo heroes.

As for the baby—oh, blessed baby!—it may be nuisance to the people next door, but it is a gift from Paradise at home; though it does scream half the night, and requires one of the family to be under marching orders for the rest of the time. Providence gives us no greater worldly gift of home; for Providence knows how sorely we need its rest, its peace, its glimmer which love casts over us within it. And if there is a being to be pitied, it is one who has no home, though the enchanted purse of fairy-hand, and all that it can buy, are his or hers.

Home, dear home! If it only holds a venerable mother, a little child, or any being who is dear, and fond, and true, thank God for it, and cling to it to very life.

GOOD YIELD OF SORGHUM.

The cultivation of sugar cane is meeting with unusual success this year, and the experiments thus far show that it is highly profitable to cultivate. On three-fourths of an acre of ground, on Mr. J. S. Fisher's plantation, near town, a patch of this cane was planted and last week it was cut and hauled to a factory and produced ninety gallons of sorghum of the finest quality. Five gallons of it was sold at the factory for seventy five cents per gallon. The whole expense incurred by this crop, including cultivation, cutting and hauling, was \$7.50, and take into consideration the good price the molasses command, it will be seen that the cultivation of sugar cane will prove a profitable industry for our farmers to engage in.—Concord S.

The Land of Mecklenburg county is valued by assessment at \$1,552,635, and the property in Charlotte is valued at \$1,517,032; nearly as much as the land of the county.—Democrat.