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Now again for a native of the old North State, or rather we should say natives. Our sketches have ranged from the cold, barren hills on Canada's frontier on the north, and to the land of the Palmetto and the Orange on the south; and yet we are not done. We have some other lands and other nations yet to hunt up and jot down. It is a labor, yet it is also a pleasure, to note down the incidents of the old pioneers of this country. We care not when they came here. If they came when they were infants, or yet if they were born here, or perchance came in the noon of life, they are all of the country, and whatever we can cull from the incidents of their lives, that we think will interest our readers now, or those who may in after years peruse them, we shall endeavor faithfully to give. In short we are writing history, we are making history, not only for to-day but we trust for many years hence.

In Rowan county, in the State of North Carolina, lived a man by name of Christian Prow, who had, on many a battle field of the revolution, fought to the best of his ability the British and Tories; who had for long and weary years fought the battle of freedom. Peace had now been declared, and he had sought his rural home, had returned to the bosom of his family, to live in peace and quiet the remainder of his days. Of this old hero we can learn but little. His history is mostly forgotten by his descendants. But in 1783 or 84 there was born to him in that county a son, whom he gave also the name of Christian. There was also an older son, called John. The young Christian, when he arrived at the proper age was apprenticed to a hatter by name of Juno Fly, at Salem, in the old North State. It is remarkable how many of the old North Carolinians were induced to apprentice their sons to the hatter's trade. Yet it was no mean trade, and one in which a workman can always find a job.

After young Christian became twenty-one, a man by name of Peter Clement agreed to, and did convey to him two lots in Clementsville, in Rowan (now Davidson) county, upon condition that Prow should start a hatter shop. This offer he accepted, being well satisfied he had started the business of wagoning to Wilmington, North Carolina, and to Charlotte, in South Carolina. This was also very profitable, so much so, that he started a little store in connection with his shop. He was prospering very well when his whole stock of goods were consumed by fire. There was an apprentice sleeping in the upstairs part of the building by name of James Brown, whose interest was cut off by the fire from the ladder. The fire, however, had burned a hole in the floor large enough to let his body through, and shutting his eyes and mouth he jumped through the fire and escaped with his life, although seriously burned. Christian Prow had been married some time at the date of this occurrence. He had married a girl by name of Martha Downs.

In 1813 Christian Prow Sr., and his sons John and Christian, and their families concluded to leave the old North State, and seek a new home in the fertile Northwest. Young Christian at that time was the father of three children, John, and William, and James W., the latter of whom now lives in Salem, and holds the office of Justice of the Peace. Getting together their goods and chattels and started for their distant home. They finally located on a creek about two miles south of where Greenville in Floyd county now stands. There was too much "milk sick" there for them, and selling out their possessions there, they moved out into what is now Jefferson township, in Washington county, at what is still to day known as the old Prow place. This was in the fall of 1814. John Graham was living in that country about two miles west, and was the only white man about there. When Christian Jr. was in search of a location, he found this man Graham, who upon finding that Prow desired to settle in that section, took him over to the place he afterward settled upon, where there was a splendid spring of water. Graham had cut bark and covered the spring, in order that no one should find it and settle there unless he liked the looks of them. That spring, although for years one of the best, now goes almost if not quite dry.

The next spring or summer, William Williams came, and then John Stager, who soon sold out to John Holler, which place was adjoining that of Prow's. We will say here by way of parenthesis, that at this writing we have no data as to when Christian Prow Sr. died or where, but have the promise that if it can be found out that we shall have it. After Holler came Spencer and two of the Diskills. Before any of these settlers were in that country, a man by name of Head had located on what is known as the Jacob Banta place. He must have settled there in 1809 or 10. When these few neighbors spoken of had settled there, Head sold out his claim, saying that it was getting too thickly settled for him, and put out farther west. The first still house in that section was erected by Christian Prow, the second, we will call him, then John Holler started one next, adjoining the Prow place. Then Isaac and Wesley Denny started one up east of Prow's; in fact

they were all over the country, and it would seem were the pioneers of churches and school houses, and of a better civilization. James W. Prow was placed at the distillery by his father when about fifteen to learn the art. He had strict orders neither to sell or give away the least quantity to any one, but to send all such to the house. One day, a large, powerful, giant of a man, a German or of German descent, named Baker, came there for a quart, when James told him that he would be compelled to go to the house for it, as he could not sell it. Baker took him the second time to fill it, and looked right at him, and as James did not move, commenced to open his hand, preparatory to laying hold of him. James says that at the time that hand opened, it seemed as large as the head of a pork barrel, and that he filled that bottle in a hurry. This same James W. Prow was a Justice of the Peace in Lawrence county for nine years, and also a commissioner there for six years. As before remarked he is a Justice now in Salem.

Soon the tide of emigration set in after Christian the second settled there. Wm. Cornett, Robert and Wm. McNeely, Christian the second died March 1, 1846, and his wife three days later. Their children nearly all of whom survived them, were John, William, James W., Eliza, who married Jeremiah Kendall, and died in 1833 of cholera, Serelda, who married Samuel Loudon, Christian, now of Campbellsburg, Levi and Charles. The Indians came through the settlement only once, but done no damage. The wolves were very bad, and the sheep had to be penned up every night. Often the settlers would go out and shoot the wolves by moonlight, as they prowled around the sheep pens. In 1814-15 corn and provision was very scarce in that settlement, and Christian the second and another settler took a five horse team and started for Beargrass, in Kentucky, to buy corn. On arriving there they found that the owner asked fifty cents a bushel, but he unfortunately for them, was on a big spree, and they could do nothing with him. This detained them a day, and then they were compelled to go up twenty-two miles in Kentucky to obtain a supply. This delayed them two days more. They then came back to Workman's mill in Clark county, and were detained two days there before they could get their meal. The settlers were at the point of starvation, and gathered at Prow's, waiting anxiously for the return of the team and wagon loaded with the meal. The delay had been so great, that the settlers supposed the Indians had captured their meal. But after a while the long-suffered load came in sight, and the meal was soon distributed, and many a hungry person made happy.

A CAPTIVE FREE.

Opening of the Prison Doors to W. H. Houston.

His Excellency Gov. Brogden, on yesterday, issued a pardon to the most prominent man who has ever been confined in the State's prison—W. H. Houston, of Charlotte. The facts in this case became notorious at the time and are doubtless still remembered by many of the readers of the NEWS. Four years ago Houston was the leading grocery merchant in Charlotte. His establishment was the largest in the city and his business was immense. He was a man of wealth and went in style. He was a man of the kindest heart and was noted for his liberality. No beggar was ever turned empty-handed from his door, and his generosity and gentility made him as popular as he was prosperous.

But his vaulting ambition overleaped itself, and in his haste to get richer still, he made ventures which involved him hopelessly. With a frantic hope of extricating himself from the dilemma in which he found himself placed, he forged papers to a large amount on the banks of Charlotte, and failing to meet the notes when they fell due, found ruin staring him in the face, and fled the State. He was arrested in Canada and brought back. (Giving bail, he fled again and was arrested last spring in Florida. He was convicted in Mecklenburg court at May term, 1875, of the crime of forgery, and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of years. He has been in confinement there ever since, until yesterday.

Day before yesterday ex-Sheriff W. W. Grier, of Mecklenburg, came to this city, bearing petitions numerous signed by the people of Union and Mecklenburg, praying for the pardon of Houston, upon the ground of severe afflictions in his family. One of his children has just died, and his mother is lying at the point of death. The Governor heard the prayer of the petitioners, and on yesterday morning issued the pardon. Mr. Grier, accompanied by ex-Governor Holden, went out to the penitentiary yesterday afternoon, and broke the joyful news to the criminal. He could not believe it at first, and later, when he began to realize that it was true, he trembled like an aspen leaf, and gave marked evidence of the contending emotions within him. He was speedily dressed in citizen's clothing, and bidding farewell to the officers of the institution, all of whom he had made his friends, he walked forth from the shadow of the penitentiary once more a free man.

We think that Gov. Brogden has done well in exercising executive clemency in this case. The people who are most interested will sustain him *en masse*—Houston has been punished sufficiently. "It was a grievous crime, and grievously hath he atoned for it." It can do no harm to turn loose this now thoroughly broken-spirited and penitent man, and let him go home to his severely stricken family. —*Kat News.*

AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF GEN. WADE HAMPTON.

The tidings of Gen. Hampton's election as Governor of South Carolina has elicited from the London *Daily Telegraph* a pronounced Liberal newspaper, words of hearty praise of the Governor-elect, and of those who helped to elect him. The *Telegraph* says: "It is much to the credit of the negro that in South Carolina—State where the blacks far outnumber the whites—such a man as Gen. Wade Hampton should have been just elected Governor. Prior to the war Gen. Hampton was a typical slaveholder, possessed of estates in South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana—the owner, in short, of property the capital value of which was appraised at one million pounds sterling. Throughout the war he fought with admirable courage and constancy, displaying a military aptitude which won him the warm regard of Gen. Lee and Johnston. He was severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, and carried away from the terrible field of Gettysburg in such a lacerated condition that none who beheld him dared to hope that he would live through the coming night. Though stripped of his property and ruined, he has survived to set an useful and active example to his compatriots in peace as he did in war, nor in his darkest hour of agony did he ever desert his native State. She has rewarded him by appointing him to be her Governor, and it is to be hoped that the long lane of poor South Carolina's adversity will at last have a turning, for it is certain that Gen. Wade Hampton will show himself to be as true and incorruptible in office as he was brave upon the battlefield. When the hour shall arrive for the South to gather up her jewels, it will be found that such men as Wade Hampton of South Carolina, Kemper of Virginia and Gordon of Georgia, who for four years faced fearful odds upon many a bloody battle-field, will like the greatest of American rebels, George Washington, show themselves to be first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of their countrymen."

GOOD FOR THE OLD NORTH STATE.

There is quite an emigration movement in the direction of North Carolina, reported from the Western part of the State, and it is so honest in its character, and enterprising in its object that it deserves the fullest encouragement. The parties engaged in this movement do not go with carpet bags in their hands to capture the political offices of the State, but they take their families and their household goods with them, with the intention of settling in the Old North State, buying or leasing land and helping to build up the industrial prosperity of the commonwealth while improving their own fortunes. Twelve families will leave Western Massachusetts for North Carolina early next month, and one hundred more are expected to follow. It is not entirely an experiment upon which they are entering. Already Massachusetts men have reaped large tracts of land from the planters there, and have found their ventures profitable and their surroundings pleasant. Instead of encountering social repulsion, the Yankee secessionists, who welcome them to an honest citizenship and a cordial neighborhood intercourse. There is an excellent opportunity to buy good land on easy terms in North Carolina, and active men can do a good thing for themselves by taking advantage of it. —*Boston Post.*

THE MILLIONAIRE MURDERER.

Escaping the Hangman and Going into Prison to Stay for Life.

PETERBORO, Ont., Nov. 23.—Think of a millionaire leaving his rich possessions and, accompanied by the officers of the law, boarding the train for the penitentiary there to remain for the term of his life! This morning James Ryan was taken from the jail here, put on board the early train by the sheriff and his constables, and conveyed to the provincial penitentiary in Kingston. He was found guilty of wife murder at the Peterboro' assizes on the 18th of October last and sentenced for death to-day. The Executive at Ottawa, however, heard the prayer of almost the Province, as expressed through a petition asking for the merciful exercise of the Executive power, and the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

Ryan in personal and real estate is worth, so it is estimated, 1,200,000. Twenty years ago when he was of age, his father, Patrick Ryan, now a millionaire of 70, gave him half a million in gold with which to start in business. James bought a large tannery, and by energy in business and the wise and profitable investment of his surplus capital soon doubled his father's gift to him. Eight years ago he married a highly accomplished young lady of Montreal, the daughter of a wealthy French firm of clothiers there. Everything he handled prospered, and he was regarded as the coming Dives of the Dominion. In 1857, when, owing to the panic, real estate was selling dirt cheap, he purchased largely in Chicago, St. Louis, New York, and elsewhere, and obtained an interest in some property in Birkenhead, the chief ship building centre in the north of England, which brought him a handsome yearly income. He sold out his Chicago property in 1869, just before the great fire.

In the early part of this year, Mr. Ryan took to drinking. On the 8th of May he had an attack of delirium tremens. He fled from his house in the forenoon and took refuge from his imaginary pursuers in the tannery, hard by. Toward evening he sent a workman for a bottle of whisky, and having drunk it felt revived

again, and returned home. He sat down in his parlor and called his young wife to him. She walked up to him and put her arm around his neck. Their two children, one seven and the other five years old, were in the room. Suddenly Ryan arose from his chair and stabbed his wife in the side. She staggered from the room into the hall and down the steps and with a piercing cry fell dead on the lawn outside of the front door.

The town constables arrested Ryan, sitting motionless in his chair. On being accused of killing his wife, he wept bitterly, but made no answer. A long, thin-bladed knife, tinged at the sharp point with blood, was found on the carpet by his chair, and was recognized as a knife used by the tanners for preparing peltries.

The prisoner was duly committed for trial at the fall assizes, and on his trial was defended by three of the ablest nisi prius advocates at the Canadian bar. The defence was temporary insanity—in plain words, delirium tremens—and when that failed, the learned counsel made an effort to show that the deceased wife committed suicide in distraction at her husband's drunkenness. The suicide theory was abandoned before the close of the trial, however, and the prisoner was found guilty, after a trial extending over eight hours, and sentenced to be hanged to day.

The jury recommended Ryan to mercy, and this recommendation being backed by a petition by this town at large, and by some of the most reputable physicians in the country, Mr. Blake, the Minister of Justice, advised the Governor-General to commute the sentence, as already stated.

Under the old English law a felon condemned to death became "tainted by the Crown" and his property, like his body, was forfeited to the Crown. But that practice has been dropped, and Ryan's million and a quarter is invested with trustees, of whom his father is one, for the benefit of the two children.

A DOG LAW.

Farmers in many sections of the State are calling for a dog law.—*Ec.*

We place ourselves in that great army of honest, right thinking farmers and clamor for a law that dogs of this country will be bound to obey. Dogs today have more privileges than anybody else in the State of North Carolina and no man can possess a right they feel under any obligation to respect. If a dog steals a sheep, nothing is ever said about the matter and he is never held amenable to the laws of the land—if a white man or a dakey should steal the same sheep, he would be immediately arrested tried and sent to work on some of the railroads of the State. If a dog howls and hollers and keeps you awake at night, nothing is ever done with him for it; if a man is caught in disturbing the public peace in the same rude and boisterous way he is thrown into the calaboose and heavily-fined. If a dog slips up and nips a piece out of your leg when you ain't troubling him, you will have to grin and bear it—if a man assaults you, an action for damages will lay against him. A dog never wags a lick the live long day and he makes his living off other men—a man has to make his living by the sweat of his brow. Dogs are lawless usurpers and we are unalterably opposed to the whole race. We have very little hopes however that our Legislators will make a move in the matter.

According to the *Memphis Avalanche* only two members of the last Tennessee Legislature are re-elected to the present. The last Legislature passed a dog law.—*Char. Observer.*

HUGH L. BOND.

The *Baltimore Gazette* of November 5, 1876, spoke of the lawless acts of Judge Bond in these words: "The conservatism of the peace are imprisoned and the executive power of the State is paralyzed by judicial insolence and usurpation." And again: "The fact that no conduct Judge Bond can reduce him to a lower level than that to which the disgust of all decent people has long since consigned him may happily lessen the demoralizing effect of his action, but of course is no palliation or diminution of his guilt."

It says of him now—in 1876: "The sequel to Bond's Baltimore judicial infamy is interesting in the present connection."

It seems to be the function of Judge Bond to turn the stomach of justice and bring about a reaction in favor of cleanliness. He is the dark hour that comes before dawn and out of the abyss of degradation into which the United States judicial office is sunk in him, it may rise to higher things. Judge Durell, of Louisiana, who was used for the self same work that Judge Bond is now performing, was a poor drunken wretch, who was used and then cast contemptuously aside. We believe that he died in obscurity and disgrace, shunned by even the men who had made a ladder of his infamy to climb into their present eminences. Judge Bond should heed the warning."

THE WAY OF IT.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

The active military preparations of Grant, Taft and Cameron are now attributed to these members of the military party to their tremendous fear of the "democratic rongs of Baltimore and New York." Conspirator Taft, of the department of justice, (I) has discovered by means of his secret agents that there is a plot of these "roughs" to proceed in a body to Washington to bull doze Grant and his cabinet, and deprive Mr. Hayes of the seat to which those leaders say he is "honestly" entitled.

WHO IS THE NEGROE'S FRIEND?

We have already made the prediction that in the not distant future the warmest friend of the negro's right to suffrage would be found in the South, and its bitterest foes in the North. The additional power given to the South by the extension of the right of suffrage to negro voters has been made especially conspicuous to the disgust of the Radical party, for it was no part of the purpose of that party in giving suffrage to the negro to give strength to the South.

Such, however, as we have already pointed out, has been the unmistakable effect, and now the average Radical is seeking how to do away with it. "Should this state of things be allowed to exist?" is a question that is being now asked without their being able to have any one give the desired answer.

A correspondent of the *New York Times*, one of the most unscrupulous Radical sheets now printed in America, writing to that paper from Louisiana, is especially exercised on the subject and conjures up dire spectres about the future under the dominion of the "solid South," and this very naturally leads him into an inquiry into the sources of strength of that "solid South," and he, of course, finds it in the negro vote. He says:

"And just here is one fact which must not be lost sight of. The Southern States have 138 votes in the Electoral College. Were it not for negro suffrage, those same States would have only about ninety votes in the Electoral College. Louisiana has eight Electoral votes, but if the law did not allow the black men to vote, if the negroes were legally disfranchised, the State would have only four votes in the College. As it is, the black citizens who give the State this increased influence in the nation are illegally and by violence kept away from the polls and virtually every white man, every Democrat, casts two votes. So in nearly in all the cotton States, the white Democrats have double representation in the Electoral College, and twice as much voice in the election of a President as have the citizens of New York or California. Should this state of things be allowed to exist?"

Our colored friends need have no fear that the white people of the South will be favorable to any project looking to depriving them of the right of suffrage. Trouble in that regard will come from the North and not from the South, but it will never be greater than the white men of the South will be able to meet and overcome.—*Raleigh Observer.*

NOBLE WORDS OF A NOBLE MAN.

When Hampton was told that all opposition to his claims as Governor would be removed if he and several other prominent citizens of the State would declare that they believed South Carolina had gone for Hayes, the pure and noble Hampton rejected the infamous proposition in these manly words, "Tell them I would not say it, even to be President." They can deprive him of the office to which he has been chosen by the suffrages of his people, and the hired incendiaries of the conspirators may destroy the home that gives him shelter, but all the gold and promises of power they can command, will not buy from him his honor, a gem far more precious to him than all the gold and rubies this earth can afford. The sun in his whole course does not shine upon a braver hero, a nobler man, and a truer patriot than Wade Hampton, and his character stands out to-day like an island of earth in the midst of the ocean, whose form grows whiter and purer as the dark waves of corruption and demoralization beat against its unyielding sides.—*Charlotte Observer.*

WHO DENNIS IS.

[Springfield Republican.]

HARTFORD, Nov. 25.—It is singular how many Connecticut yankees "bummers" turn up in the Southern troubles. A few days ago I sent you a sketch of J. R. G. Pitkin, the Louisiana United States marshal. I notice now that "General" B. Dennis turns up as United States marshal in South Carolina, charged with the duty of "seeing that none but republicans stand guard to-night." This Dennis is another carpet-bagger from Connecticut, who has gotten rich by plundering the "prostrate State." He was a Norwich boy, who went out in the Seventh Connecticut regiment as captain, and when the real work of the war began, resigned and turned sufferer. Having made money out of the soldiers during the war, he got a brevet as general (for what the Lord only knows, but brevets were very cheap at the close of the war), and since has been a prominent member of the republican ring in South Carolina. If Bob Pitkin and John Dennis are to elect our President, we might as well give up any Presidents.

THE COUNTRY'S DANGER.

[New York Herald.]

The recent political canvass has proved conclusively that a serious danger menaces us, unless we receive our political struggles from the pressure of office seekers and officeholders. It is these two classes—small in numbers, but virulent in temper—who infuse such bitterness into our political contests. Eliminate their zeal, their intrigues, their unscrupulous efforts, and a presidential election would be quiet, almost a tame affair; for neither could maladministration proceed to such lengths, nor would the party in power be tempted, or be able if it wished, to compel the whole force of its officeholders to its defence.

It is Not Safe.

All men ought to have found out by this time that it is never safe, either for a public functionary or a private individual, to do wrong. It is never safe to indulge in swindling, cheating, or bribetaking. It is never safe to practice corruption—any kind or degree of it. It is never safe to indulge in falsehood—any sort of it. It is never safe to do anything which would bring shame to the doer by being revealed. One may fancy his misdeeds can't be found out, or have been covered up, or can be so covered; or they can be so denied or explained away so the people will be deceived about them; but yet it remains true that there can be no safety for the wrong doers, and no security against his exposure. Though this looks hard to some people, it is, nevertheless, in accordance with the fixed and irreversible moral law of things and of being. The only safety for a man, or for a woman is in refraining from wrong and doing right.—*American Manufacturer.*

HARD TIMES.

The *New York Tribune* amused itself a few days since over the hard times in Louisiana, as developed in the matter of freight charges on election returns. The *Tribune's* idea was that money was scarce with the Board only because the returns were Democratic, and to get them out of the Express office Democrats were forced to furnish the money. True; but there is a more serious view of the matter, which escaped the *Tribune*. Gov. Wells declined to pay the 75 cents of freight because, as he stated, the Board would be paid in warrants, and the State's warrants bring worth only 30 cents in the dollar, he did not care to pay out 75 cents, and receive in return scrip worth 22½ cents. That is what the *Tribune* and Wells and their party have done for Louisiana credit. How they have done it may be gathered from the facts that in the last ten years the tax payers of New Orleans have paid \$109,000,000 in taxes on a total property, real and personal, worth less than \$100,000,000, and now find themselves confronted by a co-called indebtedness, principal and interest, exceeding \$100,000,000 more.—*Raleigh Observer.*

THE COLOR LINE BROKEN.

[Boston Herald.]

But there is one compensation. We rejoice to see the color line in politics broken in the south, and we believe that it cannot fail to be for the benefit of the colored men, whose votes hereafter are to be sought by both parties, and given to the one which offers the larger inducement, in the way of promise and performance, to the race. The colored vote being divided, we shall look next to see the whites divided, and then will come the natural end of that conflict of races, which, if continued, would be sure to be disastrous to the weaker race.

BEEET ROOT SUGAR.

One hundred millions of dollars, (gold) are annually exported from the United States to pay for the sugar imported and consumed. Can it be kept here? If we lived under an arbitrary government in name, as in fact, the question would soon find an affirmative answer. As it is, if saved at all the money must be saved by the production of the sugar. An attempt is now making to do this by the introduction of the manufacture of beet root sugar. For fifty years it has paid a fair profit in France and Belgium, and there would seem to be no reason why it should not be profitable here, where new industries are so much needed for the employment of idle hands and for profitable employment of those already at work. The experiment has never been fairly tried in this country, owing to the cost and heavy duty upon the machinery (\$80,000) necessary. Now there seems to be some prospect of ascertaining what can be done. A meeting of California and Northern men who propose to move in the matter was held in Philadelphia last week, and the testimony of leading foreign agriculturists collected, which sets the undertaking in a most favorable light. According to Mr. George May Powell, from 12 to 20 tons of beets can be raised to the acre, which, at \$6 per ton, would pay the farmer twice as well as wheat. He also stated that "the refuse from the factory using 500 acres of beets would be equal for stock-feeding to 500 acres of hay. Such a factory should produce about 720 tons of sugar and 100 tons of sirap." Capital invested in this way should pay the manufacturer 25 per cent. The foreign commissioners present gave testimony very encouraging to the experiment. Specimens of beet sugar made in Russia and France were exhibited, and were pure, white and sparkling. The Hon. Julian Dantsfeldt from Sweden stated that the manufacture had succeeded admirably in his country; the same testimony was given by the Australian Commissioner. The Canadian Government has recently offered a bonus of \$7,000 per year for ten years to the first company which succeeds in this business, and also offers to take off 50 per cent excise duty from the product. The Commissioner from the Argentine Republic, where cane sugar is made, stated that it was more economical to import the beet sugar for home consumption. He however warned the experimenters that both the soil and beets produced should be thoroughly analyzed before money was put into factories.

Yellow fever was taken to Savannah by a Spanish vessel.

THE COAL PRODUCERS.—*Bethlehem, Pa., December, 4.*—The long-expected suspension of coal production has at length occurred. At this moment more than one half the mines in the State are stopped. The number of the working-men thrown out of work by this movement is variously estimated at between 35,000 and 40,000, this including men and boys working inside and outside the collieries. Some few operators are still producing coal, but as these contemplate stopping work soon, it is believed the suspension will be entire by the middle of the month.

Retributive Justice.

We learn that Kirk, the bloodthirsty dog, whose record for infamy is so well known in North Carolina, is now almost a beggar in the streets of Washington City. He still occupies a subordinate position about some of the departments at the Capital, and not long since begged a North Carolina Democrat, whom he met in the streets of Washington, for the loan of the pitiful sum of \$1. "An vengeance is mine, I will requite, saith the Lord," is a divine promise, which has been wonderfully fulfilled in this case.

Always Trust in God.

Worthy and dear brother, know how to carry yourself in trouble. Keep God's covenant in your trials. Hold by His blessed Word and sin not. Flee anger, wrath, grudging, envy, fretting. Forgive a hundred pence to your fellow servants, because the Lord has forgiven you ten thousand talents. For I assure you, by the Lord, that your adversaries shall gain no advantages except you sin and offend the Lord in your sufferings. But the way to overcome this is by patience, forgiving and praying for your enemies; in doing whereof you "heap coals upon their heads," and the Lord will open a door to your trouble. Wait upon Him as a night-watcher waiteth for the morning. He will not tarry; go up to your watch-tower, and come not down; but by faith and hope and prayer wait on. When the sea is full, it will ebb again; and as soon as the wicked are come to the top of their pride, and are waxed high and mighty, then is their change approaching.—*Lutherford.*

The Lee monument fund now amounts to about \$25,000.

The tobacco crop in McDowell county was almost a failure the past season.

Illinois must acknowledge the corn. Her crop this year is 270,000,000 bushels.

A fire in Louisville, Ky., Oct. 16th, destroyed property to the amount of \$600,000. The insurance was heavy.

To sit down at the table and "force" yourself to eat, when there is not only no appetite, but a decided aversion to food.

The genius who invented wooden tooth-picks for hotel use has made over \$50,000 out of the patent, and he is still "picking" up money.

To guzzle down a glass of cold water, on getting up in the morning, without any feeling of thirst, under the impression of the health-giving nature of its washing-out qualities.

Sir Walter Raleigh one day asking a favor from Queen Elizabeth, the latter said to him, "Raleigh when will you leave off begging?" To which he replied: "When your majesty leaves off giving." So let us ever be asking from God who is ever giving and who is every willing to give.

A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of a class examination, "Pray, Mr. E— how would you discover a fool?" By the questions he would ask," was the rather stunning reply.

Christians should live in the world but not be filled with it. A ship lives in the water, but if the water gets into the ship, she goes to the bottom. So Christians may live in the world; but if the world gets into them they sink.

"What," said a teacher to a pupil, "makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "My papa's big leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

Now would be a good time for the citizens of Counties to get up a petition and send to the Legislature, preventing the killing of partridges.

It is rumored that a petition will be gotten up for the purpose of extending the corporation of Salem and Winston westward.—*Salem Press.*

Our worthy citizen, J. A. F. Watts, Esq., this week, slaughtered two pigs, each about a year old, raised by his little son, weighing 340 and 262 pounds—702 in the aggregate. Who can beat that.—*Statesville American.*

To persuade yourself that you are destroying an unpleasant odor by introducing a stronger one; that is, to sweeten your unwashed garments and person by enveloping yourself in the fumes of musk, eau de cologne, or rose water; the best perfume being a clean skin and well-washed clothing.