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## THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

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She opened the window and stood there a moment, dusting the sashes, and looking out on the bits of grassy slope beneath the road beyond. A face just about to slip into its twenties, with its fine bloom of youth, its hint of some perfected charm of refinement and womanhood which the years to come would bring out there; a delicate face, with soft, bright coloring of cheeks and lips, and wide blue eyes, which had seen little of life, and that little not its brightest side. As Ruth Aldrich stood there, she caught the sound of rolling wheels coming down the road in the crisp air of the pleasant May morning, and a moment after the carriage rolled past—a handsome carriage, with its slender grays, and its coachman in livery, and the lady sitting inside, wrapped in her India shawl and costly lace hat, which saw the light this morning for the first time since it was boxed a couple of weeks ago in Paris, looked out and saw the pleasant picture of the girl standing in the window, and their eyes met a moment, and both had their thoughts.

Ruth Aldrich drew a long sigh as the carriage rolled out of sight. "What did it mean that some people had to have a long struggle with poverty all their lives?" she wondered. "What did God mean by lavishing his gifts so bountifully on one, and denying everything to others? It seemed very hard, very cruel."

The girl's heart was swelled up a moment with a hard, bitter sense of injustice. Why did he close up her youth in these thick walls, and set this house of poverty at all the gates of her life? It was making her old before her time, but then she did not see as that mattered much. A little smile, full of bitterness and pain, creeping now across the red sweetness of her youth. She was sick of this life, with that dreadful sickness of heart and soul which came over her at times. Such a beautiful world as it was, too! full of light and grace, warmth and beauty. Her youth stung with passionate longings, for all these things. What had she done, that they should be denied her from the beginning? Her soul was hungry; she was greedy for knowledge, life, change; and money would bring all these. It brought them to the woman who had gone by in her luxurious carriage, with her liveried footman. Ah, if only a few crumbs from the heaped banquet of that fair woman's life would only fall to her own lot! What did one know of care and denial, and the brooding dread hanging over and darkening every moment of the other's life, the one sitting there in her pampered ease, and looking out with an idle curiosity at the strange faces which met her as she rolled past?

And yet, if Ruth Aldrich had been born in an atmosphere of ease and comfort; if the books she craved, the pictures she loved so, the life, grace, color, had surrounded her from her birth, she would have been a lady, too—gracious, and sweet, and beautiful. But the wolf was at the door, with its dark, fierce, hungry face; it had always been since she could remember. There seemed no chance but it always would be.

So you see that this poverty had been intertwined with all the childhood of Ruth Aldrich; it had been at the bottom of all the sordid shifts, the constant denial, the long misery of her life, that she had grown to regard it as the one evil in the world, just as riches seemed to hold all its happiness, and light, and joy. Wealth was the one thing that brought with it all freedom, peace, gladness; through whose channels flowed strength, and full, and sweet, the wine and the juices of human life.

Poor girl! It was not strange, when you came to think of it, that Ruth Aldrich had arrived at this conclusion. She was the eldest of the three children, two of them having been invalids from their birth. Her father was one of that class of men who seem to have been born for no earthly purpose in the world, unless it be to serve as a victim for all sorts of shrewd impositions. Many men tried their hands at plucking John Aldrich, until he was too bare to tempt further effort. In fact, had the man owned the Indies at the start, it would have fallen through his hands like water through a sieve. Few men have started in life with fairer prospects of success; no man could make a more disastrous failure, in whatever he set his hands to do. The truth was John Aldrich fancied himself a genius, than which he could not have made a greater mistake. His head was always full of inventions that were to revolutionize society, and confer inestimable benefit on mankind. But all his schemes lacked practicability, his only merit being that he believed in them with absolute faith himself, and could talk well about them when he found an listener.

One after another of his inventions in mechanics had fallen to the ground, but the man's enthusiasm had not waned with his years. He was now in his sixties, dry, wizened, old, feeble. His fortune—and he came of good stock, and had a fair one at the beginning—was all wasted away. As he was a fine penman, he had for years managed to keep the souls and bodies of his family together by getting one situation and other as copyists and book-keepers;

but the salary had always been small, and the work intermittent.

The wife of Aldrich was just the woman such a sort of man ought never to have taken. Energy, shrewdness, force might to some degree have compensated for his short-comings; but these were not in her. She had been a beauty in her youth. Care and disappointment, cruel enough to have tried the finest and strongest nature, shriveled hers into a narrow, fretful, nervous, broken-spirited woman. Mrs. Aldrich still clung to the memories of "better days;" gathered their faded remnants around the forlorn present, and brought up her family on a handful of accents of gentility, which had proven current in the social circle where she had moved once, admired and petted. But this was starving nourishment for the young, bright, vigorous souls given her of God. Still, Mrs. Aldrich tried to live up to her light, only pity being that it was such a farthing candle to guide her through the mists and murk of the world, where the poor tired feet stumbled so often.

You can imagine, with the data I have given you, all the strains and sordid shifts to which the family were reduced to make both ends meet; or, if they could not do that, to keep their foothold in the world together. It is the old story, always pathetic and pitiful, in its countless repetitions of pride and poverty. These twain always lay down with the poor little forlorn family at night, and rose up with them in the morning, and followed and hunted them through all the day, and crept a dark boding spectre through all their dreams. If you smile or sneer over this, then be sure neither your mind nor heart is to be envied.

But I come to Ruth Aldrich, who is the figure in the foreground of my story. Standing there in the little front parlor, she hears a shout of small, rough voices at the gate. It is almost nine o'clock then, and she must go to the treadmill again. She does not always look at the work in just that light, but at the best it is hard enough steering those dozen coarse boys through the alphabet and the rudiments of geography and arithmetic. For several years ago this girl found out there was something for her to do in the world, and, without any friends or any opportunities, she set herself at that which presented itself in the quiet old inland town, whose life-pulse beat steadiest and strongest in its manufactures. Of course, Ruth could not go into the factories to work, so she set about teaching a boys' infant school, and managed to bring together in the dark little front basement of their cottage a dozen small, clumsy, tow-headed urchins.

In this display of energy, Ruth Aldrich certainly showed her grain. She had a fine, strong soul, alert and hungry for knowledge and opportunities; but the cold iron grasp of the spectre lay heavily upon her. The family would have disintegrated long ago, if that little school of Ruth's had not formed the attractive force which held it together. Yet it was miserably insufficient to meet the demands of each day, for clothes would wear out, and grocers' bills would fall due; and, as the years gathered upon him, the eyes and hands of John Aldrich grew feeble, and work grew less. Then there was the quarter's rent. The thought of that was the terror of Ruth's life. She reflected sometimes, with a smile that was pathetically at strife with the youth of her face, that there would be some day a roof to cover them all, for which no landlord would ever come to demand the rent.

Of late, things had been growing from bad to worse. Quarter day was drawing near, and, strain every nerve and dollar as they might, the money would not be ready at the time. Then the grocer's boy was surly for the month's bill hung due. If it were not for the rent, they might weather the storm; but there it was, and there was Rob, with his delicate, intellectual face. Ah, if that boy could only have training and a chance, what latent power there was in him! And there was Grace, with her dozen years, and only two behind Rob; a fair young child, that only constant watchfulness and care had brought over so many birthdays. And there were the old father and the worn and faded mother.

Yet the sunshine of that May morning came through the open window, with its overflowing warmth and beauty. It showed the little parlor to the very best advantage, with all its shabbiness, and its air of faded gentility. Ruth looked around it, with some sadness working and working in her face. Then the great tears swelled in her eyes, and she felt their warm, salt splash upon her lips. Was there no end to all this? Must the trouble which began at her cradle go on to her grave? If she could only see her way out of it somewhere! If the prince, brave, and strong, and noble, who stood in her thoughts, the knight without fear and without reproach, as he does in the dreams of every maiden among her twenties—if he would only come and say, with his strong, tender voice, "Dearly beloved, I will lift you out of this! come to me!"

But then there were the others. She could not leave them, each face coming before her, a sad, pathetic reproach in it—the old worn face of the father; the pale one of the mother, with the hunted look in its eyes; Rob and Grace, with their

delicate, bright, childish faces. No, there was no such happiness for her in the world. If her hero came, she should have to shut him out also. And there was nothing lying before her but the same narrow, contracted, hopeless life, draining slowly the springs of her life, its dew, and its honey; the same dull routine, teaching the neighbors' big, slow, lubberly boy, and meanwhile Rob wanted a pair of shoes, and Grace could not go outside of the garden gate in her shabby winter dress. Just then the town clock rang. Ruth Aldrich wiped her cheeks, and carried her heart down stairs to her work once more.

Mrs. Richmond leaned back in her carriage with something in her eyes which had not been there before she caught sight of that girl's face in the window, with the sunshine in the soft hair all about it. It was strange how that face, seen as in a vision, had gone down into the very quick of Mrs. Richmond's soul, and stirred up the memories which had lain long in the mould of the years.

They came back thick upon her soul now—the old, warm, juicy, vital days of her youth, the old light and color, the old scent clinging to them. She drew off her gloves from her delicate white hands and look at them with her mouth in a kind of a quiver, and a light growing all over her face, that brought back again its vanishing girlish youth. Not that there was any sign of decay in Mrs. Walden Richmond's face, only the full ripeness of youth. She was far up in her thirties now; but nobody would have believed that, looking into her face as the strong light fell upon it like something it loved. A rare face, with eyes that were, perhaps, its highest beauty, eyes of a dark, brilliant hazel, a clear, chief-tinted complexion, and a delicate, high-bred moulding of features.

The light now, which gave that rare, subtle softness and tenderness to her face, did not come from outside; it had its springs down deep in the woman's nature. All the little peevishness and weariness which at times settled about the mouth were gone now. Her first youth, her old, careless, dreaming, golden girlhood had come back, and filled the proud woman's soul, as the waves fill the sands when the tides come in.

She was sitting in her carriage no longer, among the rich dark blue cushions with the crimson grays and the liveried coachman; she was wandering among the roses and currant bushes of the dear old home; she was in the wide, pleasant rooms of the old house, with its ample chambers and its wide passages; she was singing with the birds; she was out in the quivering and flashing of the sunshine: those long, sweet, lazy, happy days that came now, with their still feet and smiling faces, slipping across all the years, and took her once more straight into their hearts, into the very home-throb and heat of the dear old times.

There are old faces, gay and wizened, there are old, dried withered lives to whom this youth comes back, sometimes stirring the whole soul with the old heat and fire; and the light comes back wide and strong into the dull eyes and among the thick wrinkles, and the faded, sunken mouth will quiver and melt, and for awhile the old heart will be revived with the juices of its youth.

Everything that heart could desire seemed to have fallen to the lot of Mrs. Walden Richmond. She was the wife of one of the richest and most influential men in the part of the State where they resided. Walden Richmond had inherited a fortune, and had added to this an hundred-fold by his business sagacity and foresight. He was not an ordinary man in any sense. He had that kind of personal influence which belongs frequently to a strong will and a certain magnetic power of manner. People who were brought in contact with him liked the man, and he had some native generosity of character which always made him kindly and thoughtful with inferiors. He had been sent to Congress from his own district several times, and every office which it had to confer of influence and position was at the disposal of Walden Richmond. Not an old man yet, but well in his forties. Like his wife, he did not look his years; a handsome man, everybody said, with his brown beard and hair, and his bright, keen, pleasant face. The Richmonds had no children. If they ever regretted this, neither admitted it to the other. Both husband and wife had costly tastes, and their means warranted the indulgence of them to their heart's content.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Normal School Debating Society to Have a Celebration.**—At the commencement of the session a Normal School Debating Society was instituted. Its officers are: A. D. Brooks, President; Dr. R. H. Lewis, Vice-President; F. D. Winston, Secretary; W. G. Burkhead, Critic; and J. D. McIver, Censor. The society meets twice each week, and has an interesting debate on some educational topic. At the end of the session there will be a society celebration, when the following programme will be carried out: Oration, Salutatory—Will. G. Burkhead. Essay—W. G. Bradshaw. Debate—W. S. Temple, C. W. Corriber, J. M. Weatherly, and R. D. Kerner. Essay—George R. McNeill. Valedictory Oration—F. D. Winston.

**"STICK TO DAD."**  
"A farmer's boy" writes us: "I am tired of farming and want to come to town to make a living for myself. What do you think of it?"

Well, we think you are a fool if you don't stay on the farm. The city is overrun now with "dead beats" and tramps, and if you've got a dead sure thing on making "bread and meat" on a farm, you'd better stay right where you are, and dig potatoes, than come here and go to the work-house and pick rock. Stick to dad. Stay on the farm, you are worth more to the State and country at large than all the one-horse, mutton-head "professional gentlemen" that are living from hand to mouth in this city or State. You stick to the plow, the mower, the reaper; and freeze to that farm like a fly-bifter to a negro's lips; raise corn, wheat, hay, rye, barley, oats, potatoes; chop wood, maul rails, burn brush, curry mules, feed oxen, raise stock, and instead of hanging around the street corners, dependent upon lunch-houses to keep sand out of your craw, you'll be at home on your farm living a life of "independent happiness," while thousands of "nice young men," too pretty and proud to work and too lazy to steal, will be lighting out "over the hill to the poor-house," merciless beats and lazy subjects of utter dependence upon public charity. Young man, if you know which side of life the butter is on, you give up the foolish idea of coming to Louisville to "make a living for yourself." Twenty-five acres of ground and a chap like you to till it is worth more to the country than the biggest bank in the city and the smartest capitalist we know of to run it. You stay where you are. Follow the plow, and engineer the docile, willing mule that pulls it. Our word for it, any young, healthy, stout farmer's boy who will give up his chances of "a dead sure thing in life" and come to town on an uncertainty is not smart enough to take care of himself, and should be arrested and sent to a lunatic asylum for a durned fool. Stay where you are.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

**LABOR.**  
The man or woman who is above labor, and despises the laborer, shows a want of common sense and forgets that every article that is used is the product of more or less labor and that the air they breathe and the circulation of blood in the veins, is the result of the labor of the God of nature. Washington and his lady were examples of industry, plainness, frugality and economy; and thousands of others of the wealthy labored in the field and kitchen, in olden times, before folly superseded wisdom, and fashion drove economy and common sense off the track. The necessity imposed on man to labor is unquestionably a great blessing, as much as many are opposed to it, and others flee from it. In those countries and districts of country where the greatest amount of labor is required to obtain the necessities of life, we find the most vigorous, healthy and athletic inhabitants.—Where nature has done most for man, in providing for his bodily wants, we find him most destitute of the solid comforts of life. In the high lands of Scotland, on the mountains of Circassia, amidst the hills of Norway, the people are happier, by far more robust, and more energetic than in effeminate Spain or impoverished Italy. In our own country, rock-bound New England, the long range of the Alleghany Mountains, and their numerous spurs and valleys, support a hardly race of men.

**A HARD TIMES NOTE.** A curious illustration of the effect of the hard times have had on Wilmington, Del., says the *Commercial* of that place, "is found in the business done in money order department at our postoffice. In good times, when the shops here were generally busy, the postoffice received more money to be sent away than came to it, a great many men from other places having work here and sending a portion of their earnings home to their families. Now the balance is the other way, the office receiving about \$100,000 annually to send away and paying out about \$118,000. Some Wilmington mechanics have obtained work elsewhere, and are sending home money to their families here, while money is actually reaching here from England and Scotland to maintain natives of those countries here, or to enable them to return to the old country. This is certainly a condition of affairs we are not likely to be proud of nor to take comfort in."

**Don't Box Your Children's Ears.**—The drum of the ear is as thin as paper, and is stretched like a curtain between the air outside and that within; and thus having nothing to support it, and being extremely delicate, a slap with the hand on the side of the face, made with the force which sudden and violent anger gives it, has in multitudes of cases ruptured this delicate membrane. As the right hand is almost always used, it is the left ear which is stricken; this aids in accounting for the fact that the left ear is more frequently affected with deafness than the right.

**Gen. Howard does not get away with the Indians as fast as he did with the funds of the Freedman's Bank.** With four hundred Indians, it required seven hours to capture a squaw.

**WORK OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.**

The following is from a special dispatch of the 30th ult. from Columbia to the *Charleston News and Courier*:  
The report that Collector Worthington has been arrested cannot be verified here, as all the members of the committee deny and disclaim any knowledge of such an arrest having been effected or contemplated. The truth apparently is that Worthington has been subpoenaed as a witness by the committee, and will arrive here to-morrow morning.

Ex-Governor Moses was before the committee again to-day, and it has leaked out that the budget of papers referred to last night, as having been recovered through his agency, are even more valuable than was at first supposed. They concerned certain thieves who have hitherto escaped the hands of the law, but whose footprints hitherto supposed to have been deftly concealed, are here given as plainly as that which Robinson Crusoe saw in the sand. Names may not yet be given to the public, but the committee are elated over the acquisition of the treasure which has thus been washed to their feet, and they will certainly give a good account of its use before, perhaps, another week be past. The language of the great head-quarters of carpet-bagism was "ad no guilty man escape," and this good advice is likely to be followed out by the committee to the everlasting confusion of both himself and his many friends of other years in this State.

The cry, this morning is, still they come, the probably being ex-Senator V. J. P. Owens, who is reported in the streets to have been captured near the Canada line while trying to make his way over the border, and who is now said to be en route for Columbia, in company with a friend. The rumor of his arrest, however, lacks confirmation, though it is said to have originated in the State-House.

**TO DISTILLERS OF BRANDY FROM APPLES OR PEACHES.**—The following information is official: 1. The distillers must register their stills with the Deputy Collector. 2. He must give notice of his intention to commence work. 3. He must have his stills surveyed by the Deputy. 4. He must give a bond, in amount equal to double the tax on the amount he can distill in fifteen days. 5. He must keep a record of the hours he works, and amount of material used. 6. He must have the brandy he makes gaged monthly, and must pay the tax on what he makes. 7. The tax is 90 cents per gallon; no other expense.

**Payment of Tax.**—To be made on or before the tenth day of each month, and at the time of making return for the preceding month, or on all brandy gauged during the period for which such return is or should have been made, and in default of payment within twenty days from such tenth day of the month, the amount of such tax is to be reported for assessment.—*Statesville American.*

**"ITS UPFEIGNED THANKS."**  
In the Postal Convention, recently held, Col. Jones, of the *Charlotte Observer*, offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That this Convention has received with pleasure a communication from His Excellency, Hon. R. B. Hayes, President of the United States, and regrets that the unfortunate condition of the country prevents his being with us, and Convention tenders to him its unfeigned thanks for his efforts to restore peace and quietude to the country."  
And what was the result? Why, the resolution was unanimously adopted. Yes, a convention composed largely of delegates fairly representing the highest type of Southern manhood, unanimously thanks to President Hayes "its unfeigned thanks for his efforts to restore peace and quietude to the country." Extreme Democratic organs will please crowd on a little more steam.—*Wil. Star.*

**Big Sale of Prints.**

NEW YORK, August 2.—The announcement that Townsend, Mowbray & Co., auctioneers, would sell seventeen hundred and seventy-five cases of Richmond prints, calicoes at trade sale at their salesroom, 79 and 81 Leonard street, to-day, by order of the agents of the manufacturers, attracted a large number of dry goods merchants from all the principal cities of the Union, to the sale. The auctioneer stated that instead of seventeen hundred and seventy-five cases as advertised, he would sell about twenty-two hundred cases of goods. The sale was then begun, and the bidding was lively and spirited. About twenty-two hundred cases of gray and fancy prints known to the trade as "firsts," averaging about twenty-nine hundred yards to a case, were disposed of for six to six and a half cents per yard, the average price being six and three-eighths cents. One hundred and sixty-eight cases of "seconds," about twenty-nine hundred yards of each, were sold at five and three-fourths, and five and seven-eighths cents. The demand was so great that two thousand more could have easily been sold.

*Harper's Weekly* says there are "unmistakable signs of wide and deep dissatisfaction in the Republican ranks," and that "it is undeniable that discontent and indignation may lead to sullen inactivity, which may defeat the Republicans in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York."

JACKSON, Miss., August 1.—Gov. Stone was to-day re-nominated.

PORTLAND, OREGON, August 1.—The grand jury indicted Stiles for perjury. Stiles was the swift witness against Senator Grover before the Senate investigation committee.

Two thousand troops are at Scranton. There have been ninety arrests. Business has been resumed with comparative quiet.

Dispatches about the strike have closed. They come to the War Department direct. As a national affair, it may be regarded as over.

The South is the peaceful section; the North the turbulent one. Troops are leaving the south—to garrison the North—just as the Republican party disbands in South Carolina and Mississippi. The New England idea of overthrowing the Southern system of labor, by armed conflict and unfriendly legislation, has resulted in such an upheaval of Northern labor that it amounts to a revolution, hints of anarchy, and has banished peace and confidence from many homes and counting houses. Even in Europe, the foreign bondholder, who gets twice as much interest on our Government securities as he can from the monarchies of the Old World, trembles in his boots. The profits of the war, in and out of Congress, are rapidly perishing. Here and there a man can be found who enriched himself at the expense of the people; but the bulk of shoddy fortunes has withered like Jonah's gourd. The bondholder, here and abroad, who bought his securities at par from thirty to sixty per cent on the paper dollar, and who insists upon payment at par in gold, still soars aloft in fancied pride of place; but even he may have to share in the common calamity, since it has been demonstrated that the whole fabric of the East and West is corrupt and rotten; and if such masses should organize, under universal suffrage, there is no telling what the consequences may be.—*Augusta Chronicle, Dec.*

**INQUIRIES FROM ABROAD.**—His Excellency, Gov. Vance, received a letter recently from a prominent minister of the Baptist Church at Still River, Massachusetts, making inquiry in regard to land and many other things in this State, such as persons would naturally desire to be informed of who contemplate emigrating to a new State or territory. The letter states that a number of farmers and mechanics of good moral habits, and with means to purchase and improve lands, desire to seek homes in some portion of country where they can enjoy a more equable climate than that of New England. That they had had their attention directed to Florida, but the writer is of opinion that North Carolina would be preferable, provided they can be satisfied on the points in regard to which he writes for information. The writer, Rev. Daniel Round, intimates an intention of visiting the State if he can make arrangements to do so, for personal inspection.—*Raleigh News.*

We have recently had a similar letter from New York. Persons having lands for sale, or knowing where large bodies of lands can be obtained, are advised to report them to us.

**DOES FARMING PAY?**—In conversation with a distinguished citizen of this State yesterday, this thought was suggested by him. He said many people think farming does not pay, but when you consider the enormous interest our farmers pay in one way and another, it is astonishing that they have anything. When a man fails at everything else he goes to farming, and buys everything on a credit, and borrows money at a high rate of interest, and because he does not make money he thinks there is no money in farming.

This is true, and when we think of the matter we can at once see that those who fail to make money farming are the men who borrow money at from 12 to 18 and sometimes 20 per cent, or purchase guano that sells for \$40 per ton, at \$100 on a credit, and other articles in like proportion. There is no business that a man can engage in that can stand this pressure, and it is just as certain as fate that he who undertakes it will meet in the end, the sheriff—or bankruptcy. There is not in our knowledge a farmer who attends to his business, who pays cash for what he buys, without paying interest for it, that has failed since the war. Men who borrow money break in almost any kind of business. The men who lend it get rich. "Pay as you go" is a good maxim, and applies to farmers as well as other men.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

**A Case of Sunstroke.**

Mr. Samuel R. Bell, who was engaged at work on a new building being erected on Fourth, in the neighborhood of Nixon street, was overcome by heat yesterday, about 12 o'clock, and fell to the ground, upon which he was standing at the time. He was taken to his home, near by, and a physician sent for, who, after some difficulty, succeeded in restoring him to consciousness, and at last accounts he was reported to be improving. We understand that it was a very severe case, and that Mr. Bell made a narrow escape.—*Wil. Star.*

A little negro girl had a stroke here last Saturday.

A check mate—A liberal husband.

The Easter prayer of the hen—"Now I lay me."

A figure of speech—an exhortation to forty-tude.

The army worm is in the cotton fields of Mississippi.

Pretty nearly all men are benevolent when it don't cost much. Tom Jones never has seen poor John Smith suffer but he thinks Sam Rogers ought to help him.

The brick menders are on a strike in Memphis, for twenty-five cents advance on the price paid during the past five years.

The board of directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad, yesterday, decided to pass the usual quarterly dividend on the stock of the company. The board considers it advisable to use its available cash in repairing the recent damages to its property.

**MUNIFICENT GIFT.**—*Saratoga, July 31.* President Vanderbilt has presented the employees of the New York Central and Hudson River railroads one hundred thousand dollars, to be distributed ratably according to their positions on the pay-rolls, in recognition of their forbearance during the late railroad troubles.

During the month of June there were exported from the United States 2,832,116 yards of colored and 7,855,309 yards of uncolored cotton goods, which, with other cotton goods exported, are valued at \$989,831. During the past fiscal year the total value of cotton goods exported was \$10,180,984. During the preceding year the total amounted to \$7,722,978.

The *Raleigh Observer*, a reporter of which paper has conversed with a gentleman who is just from Washington-City, states upon the authority of this gentleman that Col. John H. Wheeler has made his will, bequeathing all his library, manuscripts, &c., to the North Carolina State Library. It is stated also that Colonel Wheeler's forthcoming history of North Carolina, bringing it up to the present time, is now ready for the press.

A Washington doctor who knows the President well, says he will not be bulldozed, and will let his party break up if that will pacify the country. Only a little while ago he said to a gentleman who was intimating that he was too friendly towards the Democrats: "Don't you know that if it had not been for the action of thirty or forty conservative Democrats the country might now be in the midst of a revolution, and I should certainly not be here. Do you suppose I can forget that fact?"

**Gets a Good Office.**—Mr. Jno. L. Bailey, of this city, who has been in Washington for the last two months, looking around for some vacant chair, has at last a good, comfortable seat in the agricultural department under Gen. Le Duc, with a salary of \$1200 a year. He thinks it is far better to sit there and distribute turnip and cabbage seed to the constituents of the members of Congress than to waste his energies in Guinea, the consuls to which country was offered to him a month ago. He is to be congratulated upon his success.—*Char. Observer.*

Ever since 1873, railroads in this country have been going into bankruptcy; and this is going on at a rate which few people suspect. The *New York Herald* states that during the six months ending the 1st July, foreclosure sales have been ordered of fifteen roads, with a capital stock of over forty-seven millions. During that time thirty-two roads, representing nearly fifty millions of stock and over seventy-five millions of debt, have been sold; and receivers have been appointed for sixteen roads, with stock and debt amounting to over one hundred and fifty millions.

Hints to young journalists from the *Philadelphia Ledger*: "Style in writing is a medium for imparting knowledge, for expressing thought and opinion, for communicating information; but of what use is style to the writer who has no knowledge to impart, no information to communicate, and, of consequence, no foundation on which to base suggestive thought or authoritative opinion? His style is mere sound, signifying nothing."

Mr. Beecher, says the *Augusta Chronicle* is always clever, bright, smart and eloquent. His latest sermon amounts to this: The workingman has my profoundest sympathy, but he must not disturb the dividends of the rich; he is an interesting animal, but preferable at a distance; he must eat bread and drink water in order that Brooklyn millionaires and their oily Gammon preacher may fare sumptuously and laugh and grow fat.

"You couldn't," shouted an irrefragable, as a batchelor visitor finished a eulogium on a creation by an expressed wish that, rather than be "confined, cribbed, confined, he might become the subject of a Hindoo suttee;" "you couldn't, you haven't got any wife!" "That's no matter," growled the colonel as he beat a hasty retreat (the colonel is also not conubial), "that's no matter, plenty of men would be glad to end me theirs for the occasion." The colonel has no card for our suburban kettle-drum next week.—*Boston Advertiser.*