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l'he Carolina

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AUGUST, 16, 1877. SALISBURY, N. C.,

AT THE WINDOW THE FACE

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

They had an elegant home in the midst of beautiful grounds which commanded land-scape that artists went far to see ; and one gathered on canvass the brown. twisted belt of river between slopes of green banks, and another eaught the very glow and warmth of the eluster of lakes among the hills, and even still another the heaps of dun-colored rocks with a hot glitter of sunlight upon them. Here, in the midst of beauty and grandeur, the Richmonds dispensed a lavish hospitality Occassionally, when fancy seized them. they went abroad, though business never allowed the head of the household long absences; and his wife never would remain without him. Then they had winters in Washington, as circumstances might favor ; a life, you see, crowded with grace, luxury, variety, following the desires of their heart and their eyes.

This morning, however, Mrs. Richmond looked straight past it, down into the girlhood which came back upon her and breathed a new life into her soul. And the old one, with all its grace and splendor, seemed to be incomplete, fictitious. unreal; like some evening pageant, all gliding and gaslight and heavy, oppressive fragrance, beside some clear, fresh June morning, full of sunlight and dew and life of violets and roses, and the slip-

ping of cool springs over mossy rocks. "But what made the change? That is "What had she been doing with all with which she had waked up in the home, and for the last half hour she had thoughtless, impatient, foolish many times what I want to know." morning, a kind of exultant joy in all her taken no thought of where she was going. these years ?" the beautiful, gracious woin these years; but it is the Margaret of The lady mused a moment, the smile veins that made her very heart throb and "No. John ; drive on, please, to the ofman asked herself, sitting there. "What that day who comes to you now, with the have they done for her ?" And far off, like | tremble with its sense of blissful happifice." Mrs. Richmond was a lady, and love and faith and happiness of that time her lips. was always polite to her subordinates. echoes that die mournfully among the ness, alive in her. Let us forgive and forget, "I think, Walden," she said at last, "it How all the looks and words of that Walden Richmond sat at his desk writ- and be lovers again to-day." distant hills, she seemed to hear a voice was the face of that young girl I saw in time flowed back to her! They made the ing busily, while a pile of letters lay at his "Ah, Margaret, it is I who ought to say the window, in that little white cottage, answering, "Vanity, all is vanity." gracious lady sitting there in her carriage right hand. It was a pleasant office, at that." crushing up the soft, warm hand in behind the clumps of syringas in the bit She moved uneasily and looked out. Then, for the first time, Mrs. Richmond thrill and blush with the lost girlhood the side of a great, dark heap of wareboth his own. realized what the morning was-its life which had come to her again ; and she Mrs. Richmond drew a long breath, and bloom and color, brought back my old ed Judge of the Superior Courts, January houses, and in the bit of yard behind, heard Walden Richmond asking, as he there was a young maple, cool and glad glanced about the narrow, dingy office. It youth to me in a moment, and the rest 3d, 1837. On the 11th of December, 1848, entered suddenly into her heart. A warm, late May morning, earth and air in one asked while they walked together in the was true, May sunshine was scattered followed-the old home, the thought of he was elected Judge of the Supreme with fresh leaves, and under its wide, wide sparkle of sunshine, On the distant garden, and the afternoon wore toward green roof a robin's hidden nest, out of everywhere; and the winds astir among you; and then I remembered that day, hills hung the lilac mists with soft winds the warm splendors of sunset; Margaret, which overflowed every morning a very young maple leaves, and the singing of the and that this was its anniversary ; and so death of Judge Joseph J. Daniel. In 1858 robins came in pleasantly at the open the flood came over my soul like the heav- he was elected Chief Justice of the Sushall we have a little ride together before rapture of sweet song. floating among them; orchards of appleblossoms like great pink lakes stretching sunset ?" It was the first time he had The gentleman looked up hastily as his window. away to the horizon, and sweetening the called her that, and the name seemed to "Let us keep the anniversary of this young girl's face in the window was the Nash, deceased. His service runs through wife came in at the door, with the bright take on new grace when he spoke it. light in hereyes and the warmth in her | day with the sunshine and grass and trees. golden air. Mingling with this, too, was first thing that roused me." "I shall be that girl's debtor as long as period in the history of the State than They_went to ride together, down cheeks. He thought her new hat was It is sacred to you and me. Walden." the strong, subtle fragance of the young He could not refuse any fancy of hers I live. I feel as though I wanted to do any other has held office, except the late through quiet lanes, into roads windwonderfully becoming; but he could not grass clothing the hills and the roadsides ing through the fresh, green woods, attirstop just then to admire his wife. to-day; and so, though his business still her same good thing," said Richmond, with that garment as fresh and new now "Margaret," he asked, "what has brought summoned him loudly, Walden Richmond with a smile. ed and waiting for the summer, and there as when it was worn in the first new morn-Walden Richmond laid his strong, soft you down here this morning?" The went out and gave a few orders, and then, In a little while they drove past the ing of the world; and the stars, looking down upon it, broke out into a choral of hand on hers and told her the words that voice was hardly a welcome one, for he coming back, put all farther thought of small house where the Aldrich family filled her life with a great, solemn joy; was in a great hurry, and then Walden that aside for the day. lived. The sunset gleamed brightly on joy. such a joy that the old tides sweep in upon Richmond had not just forgotten the talk So they went out together to the old the front and among the syringa bushes. The world was making ready for the summer, Mrs. Richmond thought ; she had her now, her face trembles and breaks up at the breakfast-table. Fifteen years ago home, where Walden Richmond had first "There, Walden, that is the place," rolled off the fine linen of her snows and drops into her hands, and she cries that day, the man had thought he was seen and wooed his wife. It was a wide. looking at the small house wistfully, as with the happiness of that time. How wooing an angel to his wife, and Margaret old, gray stone house in the midst of a through which she had slumbered all the proud she was of him, how dearly she was not always quite that; he had the great, rambling garden, crowded with the blinds were closed, and no sweet face seems to have been well acquainted with winter, and arrayed herself in splendors loved him, that noble, tender, handsome grace to think, though, "Perhaps it was shrubs and ancient fruit-trees. The place shone at the windows. of gold and purple ; and, with the glanclover of hers! How wonderful it seemed, partly his fault." was silent now, as though the sunshine ing streams and the singing of birds, and that of all the fair and beautiful women "I-I had an errand with you, Walden. and the birds and quivering leaves had it the air swinging its vast censer of frain the world, where he was flattered and If he had had time to observe, he would all their own way. Mrs. Richmond's fathfell into my hands. I have been buying grance, the queen would come in to possess her own ; and for three long months honored, he should have selected her as have noticed some change in his wife's er and mother slept a little way off, under a large tract of land, which included that fills the world. There is one strong of glory and beauty, the summer would the wife of his heart and home ! How voice. a lower roof than the wide one which had place. I had been debating the matter strange and delightful it seemed that they "Well, I shall be in a desperate hurry sheltered them for so many peaceful years; some time with a business friend, but this hold her court in the land. She would be morning he made me an offer which closmust always dwell together, and how the for the next ten minutes; on a race to finish and an old man and woman kept the here in a couple of days now, for it was the thirtieth of May. Mrs. Richmond had future years seemed then to lean out and these before the mail closes." He point- house now and the garden from falling ed the bargain." smile down upon her, and how happy she ed to the office chair. "Will you wait and into utter decay, and that was the most not thought of that before ; there was a resolved to make him. They should nev- sit down here ? There are the papers, and you could say of it. For the old air of Walden ?" little indrawn breath, as she recalled the day of the month, and then her memory er love each other less than at that hour. as soon as I can get these off, I'll be at thrift and painstaking had departed from "Improve the land, and put up new Then the ride home in the early even- | your service." house and grounds. Yet everywhere there buildings when the new railroad is openslid down the years to another May day, ing, with the light going slowly from the She sat down, and he resumed his writ- was a wild affluence of life and growth; ed, which it will be next fall; and then whereof this was the anniversary. It was just such a thirtieth of May as hills, and the content, that was too bliss- ing. Mrs. Richmond did not take up the the green climbing vines, the shaking the talk slipped away to other matters, ful for words on either side; and the sup- papers, however; she sat still, looking at snows of the apple blossoms, the pink and the little white cottage was forgotten. this; the same floating of purple mists per at home, and the joy and pride of the her husband, her thoughts very busy. flushing of peach-trees, dark purple veins upon the mountain tops, the same splen-[TO BE CONTINUED.] dors of sunshine and delight of leaves and old parents when they came to know the She noticed, with a kind of sorrowful along the ground, where the violets ran truth ;-and again the tears came thick tenderness, the small frosts which had riot, and blessed the warm, golden air blossoms, the same sweetness, like the crept into the brown hair and handsome with the sweetness of their breath. through the white fingers. breath of heaven floating in the air. She Loved. They rambled together everywhere, beard, and that the lines had gathered Fifteen years ago this thirtieth of May. was a young girl then in the old family deeper in the forehead since that May day among the green slopes of the terraces. Statesville Correspondence of the Raleigh Obserhome, with its broad rooms, its quaint, They had alipped and slipped like the when they rode together in the sunset. He through the walks and by-paths, and dark passages, and its wide, old garden, tides of the sea, and what have they done was something more to her now than the down among the thick bushes, for the Mr. T. S. Tucker in his eloquent rein whose mould her childhood had had its for her and him ? Margaret Richmond every day husband to whom she was quite life of their youth had come back to this marks at the recent meeting of the bar roots as well as the old trees and vines. feels somehow that they have not fulfilled used. She remembered all his tenderness, man and woman, and seemed to fill their at Statesville to express regret and pass the promise of that spring day. Yet she A sudden heat came into the soft cheeks his care, the love and indulgence with veins with the old wine, the hope and the resolutions upon the death of the late Judge of Mrs, Richmond ; a tender light steadied has been a wife, tenderly indulged and bewhich these had sheltered her life, and it gladness. They sat under the trees, and Mitchel, spoke to this effect : "Judge itself in the brown, beautiful eyes, her loved by her husband. She has never for seemed new and precious to her now, as and Mrs. Richmond took off her elegant Mitchel was his preceptior. After he was one moment doubted the faith of Walden lips quivered with some feeling astir in Richmond during these years, But the it did in the old days of the honeymoon. Paris hat, with its flowers and ribadmitted to the bar he generously invited her heart, as the hours of that day, the dearest, happiest, proudest of her life, tender bloom of that early love seems to Her heart overflowed in a great tender- bons, and laid it away in her handker- him to occupy his library and make that ness as she gazed, not unmingled with chief, and twined a wreath of the fruit his office. He was thus intimately assocame before her. It was strange how have faded from the hearts of both. The some sharp pangs of self-reproach, though | blossoms and soft, pink maple-buds and | ciated with him for nearly ten years. One every little occurrence came back to her ; years, the soft, treacherous, slipping years, Walden and Margaret Richmond had less violets, and set these on head; and ber Sunday morning while writing a letter the walk in the garden in the early morn- have chafed them both. Their moods to forgive, than I verily believe most hushusband told her she was fairer now than the Judge walked into his room and ining, with some strange falness and light- have fretted and rasped each other at ness at her heart, as though she had a times, and, although the man and woman bands and wives have after fifteen years she was even on that day when he first quired if he was at work on Sunday. Mr. asked her to be to him what she had been Tucker told him that he was writing to prescience that some great good was com- were too well bred, too really fine and of married life, his sweetheart. 'Well,' replied the Judge, low these fifteen years. At last the letters were finished. Mr. ing to her that day. She remembered go- generous at heart ever to indulge in coarse A soft blush fluttered into the lady's 'that is no harm. Read me a page or two ing down among the currant bushes and Richmond gathered them into a heap, rang recrimination, still there had been occascheeks; the tears clouded the light in her of it.' After listening attentively a few a bell, and placed them in the hands of the the strawberry vines, and gathering handsionally coldness and irritability betwixt beautiful eyes. "Ah, Walden, not all, minutes, he said: 'there, that will do. office boy, who appeared promptly; then fuls of damp, purple violets and yellow them, which made Mrs. Richmond wince After a pause he said : 'I never loved. I God forgive me. I have not been these tulips with a fiery glitter down deep in now to remember. Even that very mornhe turned to his wife. thought I would wait until I could comfifteen years all you asked me to be that the golden bells. She remembered, too, ing she had parted with her husband in a "Well, Margaret, what is it? do you pleted my education. After completing want some money ? I cannot conceive of day." a robin, that tilted a moment on a young pet. Mrs. Richmond had set her heart on my education I determined to become a joining a party who were going to spend plum-tree in her path, and dashed ont a "It is my fault then Margaret. You anything less which could bring you lawyer. I then thought I would estabsudden sweetness through the air, and the the summer in Switzerland. She wanted, should not reproach yourself," kissing down here to-day !" He did not intend to be lish a reputation at the bar before I maraway the sudden quiver upon the sweet red blaze on his breast. She was so hap- to use her own thought about it, to get unkind-spoke half in jest, but, in her ried, and the truth is I have never found Py that day, with a strange, exultant sense close to the "soul of the Alps." mood, the words hurt her. lips. time to think about it.' This was the of life and youth bounding through every "No. Walden." she answered. "I did Her husband had not talked hopefully Some of the time they were merry, too first and only allusion to the subject dupulse, that she could not stay in the house, about this from the beginning, and when not come for money this time; I came for laughing over pretty jests, telling storles ring the long and intimate association of and she remembered mounting her little the subject was brought up at the breaksomething better than that." of the past, chasping each other through Mr. Tucker with him. black pony and riding off among the hills. | fast table for final settlement he had dis-Something in her tones struck him now. the overgrown walks, and sometimes they What a wild scampering time they had of posed of the matter by saying, "Margaret, He looked at her. There were tears shinwere sad, talking of the dear old father it, up among the rough hill roads or down it is quite impossible for me to go abroad ing in her eyes. They touched him at and mother, who slept through all the An Enormous Amount of Mail Matter .among the dark level meadows! She did this summer. I should like to gratify once. "Why, Margaret, what is the mathappiness of their children, as pretty The last few days have been signalized at not get back until noon, and when she your pretty fascies about the Alps, but ter? Has anything been troubling you ?' soon we are all to sleep-you and I also, rode through the gate there was Walden for the next three months my business She leaned forward; the flush deepenreader, under the grass and the daisies. Richmond come out from the city with will require almost daily presence on my ing on her cheeks and lips. "Do you "It grieves me to see the old grounds the history of the institution. The one of with his father to dine. He had often part." have this unkempt, neglected look," said Friday last embraced over three hundred know what day it is to-day, Walden, and told her how she looked in his eyes as, what it means to you and me ?" Mrs. Richmond, gazing all around her. thousand letters and papers, the accumu-It was a keen disappointment to the she came up the walk that day, with the He looked at her in a blank surprise. "What would dear papa have said ?" lations of more than four days, caused by indulged and a little self-willed woman. color in her cheeks and eyes, and the hair "I don't understand you, Margaret," he "If we could find somebody of the right the stoppage of railway and mail traffic In her first heat and vexation she had replied blowing about them under her little brown sort to put in here," answered her husband; on the principal trunk lines. When desaid, for answer. with a good deal of bitterness about her riding hat, the sweetest, most beautiful posited in the postoffice it filled ten and husband's absorption of life and soul in She came closer now. "It is the thir-"but that is very difficult to compass." thing he thought, that his eyes had ever At last they went into the house. The a half great baskets, each weighing, with business, and Walden Richmond had antieth of May. It was just such a day as rested on. old man and woman, with their withered its contents, two hundred and twenty-five ments. The Federal army and the car- cash and never pretended to have seen or swered, with plenty of spirit, "Margaret, this, Walden, fifteen years ago, that you There was nobody in the world she you are the most unreasonable of woman- told me that you leved me !" faces and snowy heads, who met them at pounds.

time as she was this Walden Richmond, leave his business any moment lying at moment; his face stirred a little. "Why, whom she had known for less than a half loose ends to follow some fancy of yours Margaret, is it possible the memory of their roof. They had been old neighbors a year : and with whom her father had about the world." some business, which brought him out

would have been quite so glad to see at that kind. You expect, for instance, a man to

This answer had certainly not mended frequently to the old, gray homestead. the lady's temper. It was true, that Of late she began to think it was not al; together his business with her father the sharpness of her disappointment. anda, and I came up through the gate on which drew the young man there so fre-Husbands are not apt to in such matters, my pony, and you lifted me off ?" quently, for he always planned a ride or and the man was not just that angel which a walk with the daughter before he left, she had fancied the lover of her youth. and there were some looks and words-But to Margaret Richmond's eyes, the her heart always fluttered and her cheeks old glamour had come back to him now. grew hot when she thought of them. She The fifteen years slid away and buried remembered just how handsome he looktheir faces behind the horizon of her ed. standing on the veranda as she rode thought, and she stood now in all the up, with the pleased look in his eyes and warm lights and colors of her girlhood, of about his mouth; he seemed to her the the first hours of their betrothal, the sweet very embodied ideal of her young dream face trembling and flushing like a girl's, of knighthood, tender, noble, and brave, and if the years had stolen somewhat of She remembered the dinner that followed, its youth, they had cut and polished every with the windows open, and the winds feature, and Margaret Richmond in her and the sunshine coming in upon them, and ripened womanhood was not less, but rather more beautiful than when her husher fond old father and mother, who had made a spoiled idol of their only child, band had wooed her for his wife.

and the jests and light talk, and the sil-"Will you turn back, Mrs. Richmond ?" ences slipping in between. How happy asked the coachman, as he drew up the they all were, and the lady's mouth tremhorses : for they had reached the road now bles, and the great tears shine in her eyes which led down among the warehouses thinking of that time. Then the afterand factories of the town ; a place that his noon that followed; in the mild, cool old mistress did not much affect, unless some parlors, or out on the sunny verandas. errand took her down to her husband's and in the rambling old garden. that was office, where he frequently passed his her father's delight, with its thick fruit, mornings.

its vines, its shrubs and blossoms; and Mrs. Richmond had come out without through it all, that strange prescience of any especial object that morning. The beauty of the day had allured her from some mighty blessing hovering near her,

that day is so much to you ?

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"So much to me, Walden! Do you re- had trotted the little girl on their knees, member that day, fifteen years ago this and tossed the bright curly head and sweet Walden Richmond did not clearly realize very one, and how you stood on the verface to the ceiling, and held it there to the walls. The man's face stirring more and more;

a light coming into his gray eyes. "Ah, yes, Margaret, I remembered it; and what a picture you were, with your face bushing and smilling under that little brown hat perched on one side of your head. Ah. Margaret, how beautiful you were in my up so thick and fast upon them that the eves at that time-an angel coming from day waned before they thought of startheaven to meet me, it seemed, could have no fairer face than yours," and he looked out, the old man and woman standing on at it now, with the pleased tenderness of the yeranda and watching them leave. that old time in his eyes, and it flashed while the sunshine came down with a tenand smiled again beneath him. der light shining upon the old faces. As

"And the dinner in the wide, old din- they drove home, Mrs. Richmond turned ing-room, with dear papa and mamma and the walks in the garden, and at sunknown for years."

set that ride down the lanes and up into the still woods, where you said to me-ah, Walden do you remember it all ?" "Yes, Margaret." and he took the hand

which had dropped on his shoulder, and looked at the soft tender palm, and the old life and bliss flowed back upon the man's though I might never have had the grace memory. "Was it so long ago-fifteen to own it if all this had not followed."

vears ?" he said, sadly. "Ah, Walden! my thoughts smote me, "No." she answered. "This May day is as | too, before all the rest came suddenly up-

fresh and young as that one was. Let our on me." hearts be also. Ah, Walden, I have been

steadying itself slowly in the gravity about

Walden Richmond stared at his wife a the door were delighted as children to find FASHION IN FIJL Mr. and Mrs. Richmond once more under Moralists are prone to talk about the slavery of fashion to which civilization and friends of the latter's parents, and subjects men and women : But the slave- Times, ry is due to vanity rather to civilization. Savages live in that state of nature which

see the picture that it made shining against is said to be one of ease and fredom. But their vanity is strong, and to gratify it. they put themselves to as many incon-

the fact of the second of the

Walden Richmond and his wife roamed veniences as does a fashionable women or over the old rooms, and through dark a city dandy. Fashion in the Fiji Islands ways, and wide, sunny passages, and commands that the women shall be tat took dinner with the proud and happy old tooed at the corners of the mouths and in people in the dining-room, and talked other parts of the body. It is a painful over the old days, the memories crowding and tedious process. The skin is punct-

ured by an instrument made of bone, and ing for home. At last, however, they set a vegetable dye injected into the puncture. The women do not like to be tattooed: but it is the fashion, and they might as well be out of Fiji as out of the fashion. So they endure agony in order to be fashionable.

When a festival approaches, all the to her husband, saying, "Ah, Walden ! it has been the happiest day that I have natives who belong to fashionable society

have their hair dressed. It is washed in "It has been this to me also. Margaret. How long it seems since we parted this morning in the breakfast-room, and I me going down to the office afterwards. the hair is "fixed up;" the native, for fear of disarranging it, sleeps on a pillow or

> head rest made of a length of bamboo. resting on short cross-legs. A European would have a violent headache if he rested five minutes on such a pillow. the Fijian is put to quite as much incon- the first.

venience to appear stylish as the Par-

BRIEFS.

The strikers nearly scared to death the goose that lays the golden eggs."-Chicago

NO 43

No innocent man ever gets killed in a riot. He doesn't go there,-Burlington Hawkeye.

The loss thus far ascertained from the strikers and communists is put down at twenty-six million five hundred thousand dollars. What they destroyed would have fed the poor of the North an entire year,

Inventors are hard at work on 'electric lights, and the Scientific American says that undoubtedly electricity will supersede all other artificial substances for illumination.

The brick moulders and street force of the gas company at Memohis have struck for an advance of wages. The latter have all been discharged by the company.

THE TOBACCO CROP.-Tobacco growers lime-water to make it frizzed and then tell us that the crop is not promising this dyed in several colors, and arranged in year. That which was plauted early grew various ways. Several days are required slowly, while that which was planted lacalled you-ah, Margaret ! my heart smote to get the head-dresses in shape. When ter is in danger of being caught by the frost.-Greensboro Patriot.

> Mr. J. D. Whitaker, of Raleigh, writes to the News that his name was used in connection with the Southern Underwriters' Association of that city without his Fashion may not wear out in Fiji, as authority. That Association was a great much apparel as it does in Paris. But fraud, as nearly everybody believed from

> > The Georgia State Treasurer has made a statement showing that the State debt is \$10,645,897. The State is also liable for the first mortgage bonds of the South Georgia & Florida Railroad to the amount of \$464,000, and has a floating debt of \$100,000.

sian.

A Long Service .- 'The official career of Chie Justice Pearson, of our Supreme Court. as to length of service, is almost without of front yard ; a young, sweet face, full of parellel in the country. He was first elect-

Court to supply the vacancy caused by the ing of spring tides. But the sight of that preme Court, succeeding Chief Justice fight somebody, if he had to walk one more than forty successive years, a longer

Wm. Hill, who was Secretary of State

News.

J. R. B. ADAMS, Esq., of Oak Forest, ton, and Judge Abbott. Iredell county, fully endorses the account given of Peter Stnart Ney by Col. T. F. Houston, of Houstonia, Missouri, recently though it was the face of a friend; but published in the NEWS. Mr. Adams, who

"It is rather singular," said Mr. Rich- from his own original observations of the and that he proposes to put the account mond, "that this very morning that house | man, that he was none other than the veritable Marshal, the fame of whose bravery point against the truth of this story. Peter Stuart Ney was a learned man; a

fine mathematician; "The best linguist in the western part of North Carolina" in his "What are you going to do with it all, day; a noted educator; a devotee to the profession of teaching; a fine scholar and courtly gentleman. Michael Ney was never a scholar; he had little classical ed-

ucation; and it is hardly possible he could have acquired the learning attributed to Peter Stuart Ney after his military

career ended. However the story possesses interest, and we wish to see all the light thrown upon it possible .- Raleigh News.

THE COLORED INSANE ASYLUM,-The commissioners charged with the establishment and location of an asylum for the colored insane of the State met. according to agreement, in Wilmington last Tuesday. The only business transacted was the selection of Goldsboro as the place of location. The female college in

this last mentioned town is one of the places offered for the purpose, but no definite arrangement has yet been made. -Ral. News.

BITTEN BY A RATTLESNAKE .-- Last Monerate 10 cent stamp passed the inspection day a colored girl about 13 years of age, of two Virginia Postmasters recently, and daughter of Richard Dunn, colored, who reached its destination unchallenged. The lives on the premises of Mr. Walter Jeff- postmark was written with a pen directly reys, near Neuse depot, this county, was under the stamp, and the likeness of Jeff. bitten by a rattlesnake. The snake was Davis must have stared the Postmaster soon killed and found to have four rattles. full in the face.

The Russian army is very scantily supplied with bands, the men marching to the music of their own song. We should think that when a man had been compelled to listen to a Russian song he would want to hundred miles to find the man,-Exchange.

As usual the gubernatorial contest in Massachusetts this fall will be a triangular one. The Democrats, it is believed nealy forty-six years consecutively .- Ral. will select their caudidate from a list of four names, Charles Francis Adams, ex-Governor Gaston, Mayor Prince, of Bos-

Jubal Early is facetitious. He recently told a Pennsylvanian at Sulphur Springs that the city of York, Pa., still owes him \$71,400, with interest, on the assessment this mysterious personage, is satisfied of \$100,000 made during his war raid, in the hands of a collector.

> It is soothing and healing, in the midst of all this craze and excitement, to turn to the agricultural column. The good old receipt, headed "Death to cabbage worms," is there, looking as practicable and emotional as ever.-Courier-Journal.

Above the clangor of the bell, Above the bang of door, Above the din of rumbling train, Above the sleeper's snore-"It's coming," thunders Vanderbilt. "One hundred thousand more!" -Richmond Enquirer.

Yesterday Justice of the Peace Magnin ssued a snpœna duces tecum upon R. W. Best, Armstead Jones and Dr. G. W. Blacknall, officers of the late Southern Underwriters Association, to appear before him this morning with the books. papers &c., of the defunct Association .--Ral, News.

A NICE POINT .- As the new magistrates go in next month, but not to fill the vacancies, the number of magistrates being increased, the question arises who is to issue execution on judgments taken before magistrates now and stayed. It looks like another casus omissus.

OLD TIMES .- A letter bearing a Confed-

The late Judge Mitchel-A Man who Never

The girl lingered till yesterday, when she

died in great agony. The rattlesnake is very rare in this section, and its appearance excites general consternation in the neighborhood where it is discovered .-Ral. News.

The strikers in the coal regions of Pennsylvania number 200,000. This includes the miners and the employees of the railroads running among the mines. The miners are desperate in their demand for

a restoration of their old wages. They have been cut from \$60 a month to \$30. and from \$80 to \$50. The State militia the New York postoffice by the receipt of can do nothing with them, and the Fedtwo of the largest mails ever known in eral troops are to be sent to the mining district.-Ral. News.

LOUISIANA .- Louisiana is picking up.

The New Orleans Times says that plantations that a year ago could have been bought at \$15 per acre are now worth \$25. Sugar lands are now justly regarded as among the safest and most reliable invest- | clothes, abuses "lazy niggers," has \$300 pet-baggers went out together.

A wife whipping was a sight in Congress Park, Saratoga. The couple were fashionably dressed, and were guests at one of the best hotels. The husband used a cane energetically on his wife's back, and was arrested. He gave his name as Benton. which is said not to be the truth, and at once quit the village accompanied by his wife.

CONUNDRUMS .- Mrs. Brown has been accustomed every summer for the past thirty years to tell Mr. Brown not to sit in his shirt-sleeves, and for the first time that amiable man has retorted: "How can a man sit in his shirt-sleeves ?"

If the strikers couldn't live on the wages they received before the strike, how do they manage to live now when they are not receiving anything?

There is a negro in Iberville parish. La., 116 years old, who attends to a corn crop, catches drift wood, patches his waited upon General Washington.