SUNSET ON THE FARM.

BY WILLIAM LAMBIE.

The winter day was beautiful, with floods
of golden light,
The sheep came tinkling up the lane, into
the fold at night,
The cows stood in the stable, all feeding
in a row,
Paying interest twice a day, in pails that
overflow.
The horses fed and watered, and all the
chores are done,
And the sky is clothed in splendor, at the
setting of the sun.
We read of glorious sunset in cities o'er
the sea,
I could not go to Naples, but a Naples
sunset came to me.
It was the grandest picture ever seen by
me or mine—
Not by Raphael or by Reubens, but by a
light divine.
The colors were the purest, the brightest
and the best,
The purple clouds sailed grandly, like
the island of the blest.
It was not painted for a few, the wealthy
and refined,
But nature's picture-gallery, for all of
human kind.
The glories of that sunset hour revealed a
life to come,
A foretaste of serener joys when our work
on earth is done.

THE LITTLE BOUND BOYS DREAM.

A little fair haired child, laid its pale cheek against a pillow of straw.

It had toiled up three pairs of narrow dark stairs, to gain its miserable garret, for it was a little "bound child," that had neither farther nor mother; so no soft bed awaited its tired limbs, but a miserable pallet with one thin coverlet.

It had neither lamp nor candle to lighten the room, if such it might be called; still that was not so bad, for the beautiful round moon smiled in upon the poor bound boy, and almost kissed his forehead, as his sad eyes closed dreamily.

But after awhile, as he lay there, what a wonderous change came over the place.

A great light shone down, the huge black rafters turned to solid gold, and these seemed all studded with tiny precious, sparkling stones. The broken floor too, was encrusted with shining crystals, and the child raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed with half delighted look upon the glorious spectacle.

One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision to endure, but presently, as if emerging from it, came a soft white figure, that stood by the poor bound boy's bedside.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little, only a little frightened, and his heart beat quickly, but he found breath to murmur, "Tell me, who are you?"

"Look up; be not afraid," said a sweet voice, that sounded like the harps of Heaven—"look up, darling, I am your brother Willy, sent down from the angels to speak with you, and tell you to bear all your sorrow patiently, for you will soon be with us."

"What, you, my brother Willy? oh! no, no, that cannot be; my brother Willy was very pale, and his clothes were patched and torn; and there was a hump on his back, and he used to go out into the muddy streets and pick up bits of wood and chips, but your face is quite too handsome, and your clothes prettier than I ever saw before; and there is no ugly hump on your back—besides, my brother Willy is dead long ago."

"I am your brother Willy, your immortal brother, my body with the ugly hump is dead and turned to ashes; but just as that died I went up to the great heavens, and saw sights that I cannot tell you about now, they were so very beautiful. But God, who is your father, and the holy name of Eternity, gave me these bright garments that never get soiled, and I was so happy that I expect my face was changed very much, and I grew tall and stright; so it is no wonder you do not know me."

And now the little bound child's tears began to fall.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "if I, too, could go to Heaven!"

"You can go," replied the angel with a smile of ineffable sweetness; "you have learned how to read!"

"Yes, a little!"

"Well, to-morrow get your Bible, and find very reverently—for it is God's most holy book—these words of the Lord Jesus:

"But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

"Do all these, and you shall be the child of your Father which is above."

"Even if they beat me!" murmured the little bound boy, with a quivering lip.

A ray of light flashed across the angel's face as he replied, "the more you forgive, the nearer you will be to Heaven."

In another moment the vision was gone but still the room was blazing with unearthly radiance.

As the little boy fell back upon his pillow, his wan face reflected the angel's smile and he thought, "I will forgive them even though they should beat me."

Suddenly a more musical voice than the former fell upon his ear. This time he was not afraid, but sitting up in his miserable couch, he saw a figure that seemed to lift itself to the wall; a ray of intense brightness outlined all its form; its eyes blazed, yet there was a mild beauty in them every time they looked into his own.

"Little one, I am your father," said the form, in melting accents.

"I don't think you can be my father," whispered the boy, timily. "My father used to look very old, indeed; and he got hurt and wore a crutch; there were marks on his face, and all over his forehead, and his hair was short and white; not long, like yours. And my father used to stoop over, and wear a little black apron, and put patches on shoes in a little dark room."

"And what else?"

"He used to pray and sing very sweetly, but I never hear any praying and singing now," sobbed the child.

"Don't cry, dear little boy, but listen to me, I am your father, your immortal father; that poor, lame body is all gone now, mingled with the dust in the grave yard. As soon as the breath left that deformed body, I was with the shining angels; hosts and hosts of them bore me up to Heaven; and the King of that glorious place clothed me in those robes, white and stainless, and gave me this tall, beautiful body, which shall never feel corruption. And this was the reason dear little orphan; because I loved Him, and my chief delight was in praying to Him and talking about him; and although I was very poor I tried to be honest and many times went hungry rather than to do wrong.

"And you, if you never forget to say your little prayers that I taught you—if you will keep God's holy commandments, and trust in Himal ways, you shall soon be with me in my sweet Heavenly home."

Once more the child was left alone, but still the rafters were golden, the walls pearly, the old floor studded with brilliants, and the same soft mysterious light over all.

A strain of holy music fell faintly upon his enraptured senses; it grew louder and came nearer and nearer at the head of his little bed. And then a voice—oh! far sweeter than either of the others—sang—"my child, my little earth child, look upon me—I am thy mother."

In a moment, what emotions swelled the bosom of the lonely boy! He thought of her cherished tenderness to him long years ago—of her soft arms around his neck, her gentle lips pressing his forehead—then came up the cruelties of strangers who, after she had been put away in the deep ground, treated him harshly.

He turned towards her; oh what a glorious being! her eyes were like stars, her hair like the most precious gold; but there was that in her face that none might so truly know.

He had doubted—if the first risen was his brother, if the second was his father, but not once did he doubt that this beautiful being was his own dear mother.

A little while he kept down his strong feeling; but the thought of the past and the present overpowered him.

"O! mother, mother, mother," he cried, stretched forth his little hands, "let me come to you—let me come; there is no body in this world like you; no one loves me; oh! mother, let me come;" and the hot tears rained down his cheeks.

"My orphan child," she said, in low tones that thrilled him to the heart, "you cannot come to me now, but listen to me. I am very often very near you when you know it not. Every day I am by your side; and when you come to this lonely room to weep my wings encircle you. I behold you suffer, but I know that God will not give you more sorrow than you can bear. When you resist evil, I whisper calm and tender thoughts unto your soul; but when you give way to anger, when you cherish a spirit of revenge, you, drive your mother from you, and displease the great and holy God.

"Be good, be happy, even amidst all, your trials; and if that is a consolation, know that thy immortal mother often communes with thy soul. And thou shalt soon be with me."

"Oh! mother, mother, mother," murmured the boy, springing from his bed and striving to leap towards her. The keen air chilled him; he looked eagerly around—there was no light, a solumn stillness reigned, the radiance, the rafters of gold, the silvery beams, the music—the angels—all were gone. And then he knew he had been dreaming; but oh! what a dream—now strengthening, how cheering, never, never, would he forget it.

The next morning when he went down to his scant breakfast, there was such a beautiful serenity upon his face, such a sweet gladness in his eyes, that all who looked upon him forbore to taunt or chide him.

He told his dream: and the hard hearts that listened were softened; and the mother who held her own babe was so choked with tears that she could not eat; and the father said inwardly that henceforth he would be kind to the poor little orphan bound boy, and he was: The child found his way into their affection; he was so good; and at the end of a twelvemonth, when the angels did in very deed take him to Heaven, the whole family wept around the little coffin, as if he were one of their own. But they all felt that he was in the bright heavens with his brother, his father and his dear angel mother.

Death of a Prominent Citizen.—After a painful illness of two or three weeks, Major Archibald McLean died at the residence of Mr. J. C. Poe, in the vicinity of Fayetteville, last Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock.—*North Carolina Gazette.*

TAX ON TYPE.—The type founders of the United States have appeared in Congress in the shape of an amendment to the tariff bill which if it should become a law, will prohibit the introduction of foreign manufactured type, and give the twelve type-makers of this country the right to manufacture and sell at their own figures the material used by 120,000 men. This is one of the most infamous jobs ever heard of in tariff legislation, and bears upon its face the handiwork of this great "Type Ring." Let the press of this State and the entire South lift up its voice to our Senators and Representatives in Congress calling their attention to this outrage and demand at their hands a vigorous battle against the proposed amendment.

TWO HOURS IN A HOTEL IN WASHINGTON.

A LETTER FROM MR. FELIX UNTHANK.

Editor Forney's Sunday Chronicle:

Wednesday evening last this creole of Louisiana, after paying for a very poor dinner at a very fine-looking hotel in Alexandria, the State of Virginia, found fifty cents in the silver currency of these United States remaining in his pocket, with the following introductory letter addressed to James Donahoe, Esq., care of Colonel R. B. Coleman, Metropolitan hotel, Washington, D. C.:

FRIEND JAMES: My eldest born son, Felix, is about to visit the city. I pray thee to give unto him food and lodging for the brief space that he will sojourn in the capital city of his country. I beseech of thee guard his youth and inexperience from the temptation and vanities which will surround him. Thy compliance will be acceptable to thy friend,

MATHEW UNTHANK.

Armed with this powerful document the undersigned salied forth for Washington, by way of the Long Bridge, and was safely deposited at the Metropolitan, where he was welcomed by Mr. Donahoe with a smile which he always has for the world at large and for the Society of Friends in particular. It was easy to discover that there was something going on, and on entering the dining room a most brilliant scene was presented to the eye. The fairy-like forms gliding through the mazy dance was a most bewildering sight for an inexperienced youth. The old North State never sent to Washington a fairer maiden possessed of more winning manners than Miss Mary Merrimon, daughter of Senator Merrimon. Well may Raleigh be proud of her peerless belle. Miss Robbins (daughter of Hon. Wm. M. Robbins, of the same State,) is also a beautiful, graceful young lady who attracted much attention. North Carolina was finely represented by the courtly Senators, General Ransom, and Judge A. S. Merrimon, also by General A. M. Scales, whose genial face always carries a broad glint of sunshine with it, and by the dignified Judge Joseph J. Davis and the eloquent Alfred M. Waddell—noble types of cultured men whom North Carolina knows how to appreciate. The daughter of Hon. R. F. Ligon, representative from Alabama, was attired in a dress of ciel blue, which was in bewitching contrast with her soft brown eyes, and brought to mind visions of flowers and sunny skies of Southern climes. As one glanced around at the bevies of ladies, the charming Miss Davis, of North Carolina; Miss Pugh, of New Jersey; Miss Fairfax and Miss Harris, of Virginia; Miss Ford, of New York; the Misses Shannon, of Louisiana; Miss Virginia Johnston, of Virginia, and Miss Rolb, seemed to be great centers of attraction. Mrs. General Gaines was surrounded by friends who seemed to enjoy her sparkling wit and ripple of laughter. Mrs. Martin, wife of Hon. C. F. Martin, of West Virginia, looked charming. Her sweet face seemed as serene as a summer sky, and her simplicity, combined with elegance of manner, elicited many compliments. Many lovely young ladies, whose names were not known to this youth, were dancing the Lancers, and as the guests promenaded to the supper room no doubt great was their surprise at the feast spread before them. Cold turkey, ham, tongue, chicken salad, fried oysters, cold roast beef, fruit, coffee, and tea were served in the greatest profusion. After this feast and the one that preceded of the mind and soul, I was just thinking if old Mathew Unthank, my father, could only be present how profuse in thanks would he be to his friend, James Donahoe, Esq., for the great attention shown his eldest son. Noticing my oracle and finding that two hours were past and gone, and that it was now time to get to the paternal roof south of the Potomac, at some future period, Mr. Forney, I will give you the particulars of those heavenly two hours spent at the Metropolitan Hotel: In the meantime believe me to be, my dear sir, yours faithfully,

FELIX UNTHANK.

St. Louis *Journal:* "Grease the Griddle, Birdie Darling," a beautiful new song and chorus, the author of "Bang My Scalplock o'er My Forehead," will have a greater run than any piece since "Darling I am Growing Old." The melody is simple and plaintive. Price twenty-five cents. Arranged for barber-shop guitars and French harps, thirty-five cents;

Grease the griddle, Birdie Darling—
Grease it o'er with lambent lard,
Pour the buckwheat batter on it
From the bowl so brown and hard.
And in order that the buckwheats
Be not scorched and burned and sear,
Grease the griddle in profusion—
Grease the griddle, Birdie, dear.

This beautiful song may be obtained at all music stores, or by remitting the cost price to the publishers.

"Now, Johnny," says grandma, "I want you to sit still as a mouse." "Mouses don't sit still, grandma."

A politician who was kicked down a flight of stairs in a New York office the other day said he felt as though his seat had been contested.

A Sacramento woman accused her husband of attempting to kill her, and he was sent to prison for two years. Then she begged to be sentenced for the same term, because she could not bear to be parted from him, and the Judge refusing, she went away and tried to hang herself.

Modjeska must be a wonderful actress. The Boston Gazette says that while she was playing Camille she promptier threw aside his book and wept, the lover allowed tears to meander down his powdered countenance, the hard hearted father was scarcely able to go through his part, and a scene shifter joined a palace by the lake of Como to a scene from "Ten Nights in a Bar Room.

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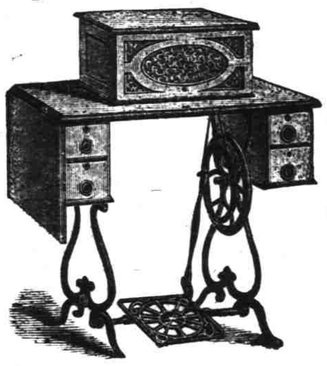

TIME TABLE WESTERN N. C. RAILROAD.

To take effect June 12d, 1877.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
Salisbury		8 55 A. M.
Third Creek	9 04 A. M.	9 45 "
Statesville	10 30 "	10 35 "
Plotts	11 07 "	11 07 "
Catawba	11 27 "	11 30 "
Newton	12 18 P. M.	12 20 P. M.
Canova	12 38 "	12 38 "
Hickory	1 05 "	1 25 "
Icard	2 05 "	2 10 "
Morganton	2 50 "	2 53 "
Bridgewater	3 37 "	3 40 P. M.
Marion	4 25 "	4 30 "
Old Fort	5 18 "	5 20 "
Henry	5 30 "	

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
Henry		6 00 A. M.
Old Fort	6 12 A. M.	6 15 "
Marion	7 07 "	7 10 "
Bridgewater	7 52 "	7 55 "
Morganton	8 22 "	8 28 "
Icard	9 05 "	9 10 "
Hickory	9 50 "	9 52 "
Canova	10 20 "	10 23 "
Newton	10 35 "	10 37 "
Catawba	11 25 "	11 35 "
Plotts	11 55 "	12 00 P. M.
Statesville	12 32 P. M.	12 52 "
Third Creek	1 40 "	1 45 "
Salisbury	2 30 "	

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All communications should be addressed to MRS. CICERO W. HARRIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

PROSPECTUS OF

The Davidson Record.

The Davidson Record, well known to the people of Davidson county as their campaign paper of 1876, is designed to meet a public want of the business men and of the interests of the county. The time has come when almost every county finds it indispensable to have a public journal of its own to represent its interests in the various affairs of business, local and general. There is no county in the State that would not be greatly benefited by a journal within its bounds especially devoted to the promotion of the local interests of the community. Such a paper appeals very strongly to the partiality and pride of the section it serves; and every citizen should give it his countenance and support it liberally, as a means of increasing its usefulness and extending its influence at home and abroad. The stronger it becomes the more beneficial it will prove; and as the money required for its support is far less than the material good it does, it is the best investment any county can make.

The Record will of necessity take part in the politics of the country. If it is the duty of every man to keep himself well informed in respect to public affairs, and to take a decided, and manly part therein, it is especially the duty of the editor of a newspaper faithfully to investigate all questions of public concern, and give to his readers the facts of the same. The undersigned pledges himself to be true in this regard. He will not knowingly deceive his readers for the sake of party or anything else; but by laying before them the facts, as he may enabled to obtain them, will endeavor to aid all to act wisely for the general good. As political matters now stand, his personal convictions are most decidedly in accord with the views and feelings of the Democratic Conservative party. He believes that the efforts of this party in 1876 wrenched from the grasp of tyrants and corruptionists in high places the civil liberty that we now enjoy. He regards that great victory as second only to that gained by the fathers of 1776. The danger was imminent, the constant tendency fatal, but the courage, wisdom and devotion of the Conservative party proved itself equal to the occasion, and gloriously rescued the imperiled liberties of the people. While that party shall continue more pure and truly patriotic than any other, he intends to be fully identified with it.

But the main design of *The Record* is to serve the county of Davidson in all the ways it may be possible to advance her interests and promote the welfare of her people. And to this end the undersigned desires such intimate relations with her citizens as shall enable him to perform his duty efficiently.

The paper will be published weekly at $1 a year *in advance.* It will be small, but neatly printed on new type; and the proprietor hopes to make up in *quality* what may be lacking in *size.* The first number will appear about the first week in January, 1878.

Very respectfully,
C. H. BRUNER.