

Ears for the Deaf.

WHAT THE WIZARD OF MENLO PARK WILL DO NEXT—SURPRISING EXPERIMENT BY EDISON.

The New York Graphic says: It was yesterday noon that a few of Mr. Edison's enthusiastic assistants and friends gathered around him at Menlo Park to witness the first trial, in the presence of witnesses, of the new ear-trumpet which the inventor had evolved from his inner consciousness.

Mr. Edison revealed to the Graphic some two months ago the fact that he was engaged in the construction of a highly susceptible ear-trumpet, and our readers will recall the letter in which he promised, without hesitation and without reserve, that he would make an ear-tube, by the use of which the deaf could hear. As Mr. Edison is himself so deaf that he hears only when quite near and with considerable vigilance, the utmost confidence was reposed in his promise; and his marvellous success in developing the 160 inventions which now stand in his name on the books of the Patent Office generated a wide belief that he could really do what he had set his hand to do. This confidence seems now to be justified and realized.

As Mr. Edison and his friends stepped out of the long laboratory where his wonders are born, to the open porch at its front, looking south, they bore half a dozen ear-trumpets with them. These instruments looked externally much like the ordinary ear-trumpets, only they were five or six feet long.

"I stood here the other day," said Edison, turning his eager gray eyes upon the Graphic, "and I put one of these to my ear. I heard several things very distinctly. I heard a child cry. I heard the instrument tick down at the station, 1,000 feet away; and one curious, soft grinding sound that I could not identify till I followed it up found it to be a cow biting off and chewing grass 2,000 feet distant—two fifths of a mile."

There were present on the porch, Edison, James Redpath, famous for his Kansas and war letters; Uriah Painter, a noted Washington journalist; W. K. Applebaugh, president of the Phonograph Company; Charles Bachelor, and several other gentlemen eager to see the experiments. They had waited for a pleasant day.

They speedily arranged a series of signals to express "I hear," and "I do not hear," by waving the hand in a peculiar way.

Then Mr. Bachelor and Uriah Painter took one of the ear-trumpets and went forth across the field to a store 600 feet distant.

"One of them then said: 'Do you hear me now?'"

"Yes!" shouted they in the porch, with a laughing accompaniment, for the voice was distinctly audible to all with the naked ear.

"Do you hear this?" he repeated, in a lower tone, scarcely audible.

Again he was answered in the affirmative.

The question was repeated over and over till the ear-trumpets had to be used. At last came to the ear of the listeners, "I am whispering now; do you hear me?"

Mr. Painter was 600 feet distant, yet his whispers were perfectly distinct. Bachelor walked away from him fifteen feet and signaled that he could not, with the unaided ear, hear his companion's whispers, which, which were audible to us in the porch. As 600 is to 15, so is Edison's ear-trumpet to the unaided ear—20 to 1.

But the experiments were scarcely begun. Bachelor and Painter walked off across the fields until they were a mile distant. They crossed many undulations—up hill, down dale, now vanishing, now reappearing, till they finally stood forth on a hillock in plain sight, but diminutive and boy-like in size.

Signals were exchanged, "All ready." "One at each end put the trumpet to his ear."

"Perfectly distinct," said Redpath. He says, "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave."

Then he spoke towards the figures on the distant hill, "I heard that distinctly. How loud are you talking?"

"In an ordinary tone of voice," came in response to the man with the trumpet; "scarcely louder than I would speak in a parlor."

Then we tried it all around. It seemed very strange and uncanny to hold a conversation in an ordinary voice with a man a mile off, without a speaking-trumpet and no wire or electrical assistance whatever.

"This is really telegraphing without a telegraph," exclaimed Redpath.

As we could plainly see with our opera-glasses that the man on the hill had his trumpet "in position," Mr. Edison stepped to the front of the porch and spoke to them clearly, but in a voice that could scarcely have been heard 200 feet off.

"Go a mile further off and get in range." We waited awhile and chatted about the phonograph and the telephone, and found a magnifier of the Englishman's goggles, which Edison declared a "straight deal" from the principle of his carbon telephone, when at last Mr. Redpath said: "I hear them."

But we could not see them anywhere. They had vanished.

"He says," Mr. Redpath repeated, "now is the winter of our discontent; flour \$14 a barrel, and I haven't got a cent."

There was a laugh at this, Edison announced from the other end of the stoop that he had found them. We moved twenty feet, and their white flag was just visible through the distant trees.

Salutations were exchanged over the two miles of intervening ground, and an opportunity was furnished to all present to hear the wonderful phenomena.

This ear-trumpet, or "telescophopon," as it is called, is internally a curious combination of funnels centering in a chamber and radiated by wires. Mr. Edison before Christmas hopes to complete for the use of partially deaf people a small, but somewhat complex instrument, which, when connected with a thin wire to the ear, will enable any one to hear every whisper off the stage of the largest theatre.

The Graphic asked permission to describe and sketch the ear-trumpet for the Graphic, but was refused permission at present on account of some delay of the patents. But the country and the world may be assured that our sketch does not in any way exaggerate the merits of this latest invention of this marvellous man—a device which seems likely to make the deaf hear, and which will certainly open new methods of communication to supplant the telegraph and telephone.

"You are going away for a summer rest, I hear," said the Graphic to the gray-eyed inventor.

"If I can get away from this shop," said he: "The proprietors of White Mountain Hotels have generously placed that region at my disposal," he added, laughing: "They even offer to place a locomotive at my command. If I can get there I shall talk ten miles from one peak to another with my telescophopon."

AN OLD BOY'S COMPOSITION.

WHY A GIRL CANNOT THROW A STONE.

[From The Educational Weekly.]

If a girl was to practice for fifteen years she should not learn to throw a stone with grace and accuracy. Have you ever wondered why it is? We have.

It was one of the first and most knotty physiological problems which presented itself to our youthful mind—why our big sister, when she tried to throw a snowball at us, almost invariably sent it careering over the top of the house, while we, in turn, could pop her in the ear about every time. It may be that we took a mean advantage of this discrimination of nature in our behalf and against our sister, and it may be that we improved the opportunity to take her fore and aft whenever she came within firing distance. But that is neither here nor there.

As time passed on, and we increased our stock of observation, we saw that other fellows' sisters labored under about the same disadvantages that ours did in the matter of throwing any sort of missile. As near as we could generalize their modus operandi of awkwardness—for such we are compelled to call it—we found that they swung the arm back over the head with a vertical motion, as though it were hung by a door hinge on the top of the shoulder, or much as we may imagine the old Roman catapult operated when firing stones at the enemy. When the arm had swung as far as the hinge would allow, it was brought forward with the same vertical motion, and with as much momentum as the thrower could raise, and, at some undefined point in the air thus described, the hand let go the missile. While executing this quick movement, some girls gave a little feminine whoop, or, maybe, a half whoop and a half squeal; others did not. Our sister jumped and whooped, both; but then, she was a bad thrower. As we stated at some undefined point in the air described by the forward motion of the arm, the missile flew off. Sometimes it went up, sometimes it went down, and sometimes it went sideways, but it never, by any manner of means, hit the thing it was intended to—jump or not jump, or whoop or no whoop.

Now, the point of difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's we found to be substantially this: The boy crooked his elbow, and reached back with the upper part of his arm at about right angles with his body, and the forearm at an angle of forty five degrees; the direct act of throwing was accomplished by bringing the arm back with a snap, like the tail of a snake or a whip-lash, working every joint from shoulder to wrist, and sometimes making your elbow sing as though you had got a whack on the crazy-bone. The girl threw with her whole arm rigid; the boy with his whole arm relaxed.

Why this marked and unmistakable difference existed, we never learned until at a somewhat advanced period, we dove into a book on physiology, and learned that the clavicle or collar-bone, in the anatomy of a female is some inches longer, and set some degrees lower down, than in the masculine form. This bone interferes with the free action of the shoulder, and that's the reason she can't throw. We have developed a pet theory of our own, however, and that all-wise and beneficent Providence, foreseeing

that there would be rolling-pins, stove-hooks, pot lids, and hot water in the world, set the women's clavicle down a hitch or two for the safety of the men. Its lurch for all of us that women can't throw.

OUTDOOR SPORTS.

The season has now arrived when outdoor sports are appropos. The caterpillar has left his den, the mosquito has turned over in bed and uttered a warning shriek, and big green worms are skylarking around on shade trees, and betting on their chances of dropping down behind a man's collar.

An interesting lawn game is played as follows: At the supper table the wife remarks: "James, I want \$10 to fix up my summer rest, I hear." Don't go away without leaving it."

James makes no reply, but manages to slip out of the house unseen. He is stealing softly across the lawn to jump over the fence at the corner, when his wife comes rushing out and exclaims: "James! James! see here!"

He begins to squint into a cherry tree and talk about moths. "You walk back here and hand over that cash, or I'll send for my mother to come and stay all summer!"

According to the rules of the game, he turns and looks at her, and mutters to himself: "That wits me!"

"The idea of your skulking off like that!" she continues; when he advances, hands out the "X," and, if he can convince her that he had as soon give her \$20 as \$10, he wins the game.

Another outdoor game is played between 10 o'clock in the evening and midnight, in order to avoid the heat of the sun. It is played together by married people. Nine o'clock having arrived, and the husband not having reached home, the indignant wife nails down the windows, locks all the doors, and goes to bed feeling as if she could smash her partner in a minute and a half. Along about 11 o'clock Charles Henry begins to play his part in the game. He is suddenly seen under the kitchen window. He seeks to raise it. He tries another and another, but the sash won't lift. Then he softly tries all the doors, but they are locked. The rules of the game allow him to make some remarks at this juncture, and it generally begins to rain about this moment. As he gets under the shelter of the garden rake, he muses: "Nice way to treat me, because I found a stranger on the side walk with a broken leg, and took him to the hospital."

As the rain comes harder, he boldly climbs the front steps and rings the bell. After about ten minutes the door is opened, a hand reaches out and pulls him into the hall, and the game goes on: "O you vile wretch!"

"Jarling, whaz mazzar—whaz iz it, jarling?" "Don't darling me. Here it is almost daylight and I've shivered and trembled and brought on a nervous fever which may carry me to my grave!"

Jarling, I found a leg on the side walk wix a broken man, and—!" This game is always won by the wife. —Detroit Free Press.

IN THE LAND OF THE SKIES.

[New York Sun.]

Southwestern North Carolina is aptly termed the land of the skies. Marion, McDowell county, is the centre of an amphitheatre of mountains. From twenty-five to thirty cloud-capped peaks are in sight. The most prominent is Mount Mitchell, 7,700 feet above sea level, and 1,700 feet higher than the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Clingman's Peak, twenty-five feet lower, pierces the sky like a pyramid a few miles away. Mount Linville, Grandfather Mountain, the Roan, Hickory Peak, Table-Rock, and the famous Bald Mountain stand on the horizon like grim sentinels. The scenery is magnificent, and certainly unsurpassed this side of the Rocky Mountains. From the top of the Roan the tourist catches a glimpse of nine States. The mountain ridges of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Alabama face him on the west. On the north the Peaks of Otter are reared above the tobacco fields of the Old Dominion, and the rock-ribbed Alleghanies mark the southeastern boundary of West Virginia. The mountain spurs of Georgia and of the Palmetto State stretch away to the south, and the red gold belt of North Carolina is spread to the east. Bright seams of verdure mark the fertile valleys of the Yadkin, Catawba, Broad, French Broad, Great Pedee, W. acee, and Savannah rivers. Springs gush from the ground beneath the feet of the tourist sending their waters to the Gulf of Mexico by way of the Tennessee, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, and within a stone's throw a periling brook starts for the Atlantic ocean by way of the Yadkin, Water, and Sautee. It is a country of vast water power. There are cascades at nearly every turn in the mountain roads, and crystal streams filled with speckled trout irrigate every section of land. The country is fairly settled. Grass grows luxuriantly upon the slopes, and the valleys quiver with golden grain. The piping of it is a wise proverb that he who builds solidly labors long under ground.—Raleigh Ob.

Before and After.—"Save me, doctor, and I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars."

The doctor gave him a remedy that soon eased him, and he called out: "Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for five hundred dollars."

In an hour more he was able to sit up and be calmly remarked: "Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill."

When the doctor was ready to go, the sick man was up and dressed, and he followed the physician to the door, and said: "Say, doctor, send in your bill the first of the month."

When six months had been gathered to Time's bosom, the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut it down to three, and after so doing; he sued to get it, got judgment, and the patient put in a stay of execution.

What think you would be the result if the earth should stop spinning around the sun? Were you ever near a large and intricate machine when one of its wheels became clogged or broken—near enough to hear the grating, jarring crash? Astronomers show that precisely similar effects only on an inconceivable grander scale would be produced if our earth, one of the wheels in the universe machine—should certainly cease its revolutions. In other words there would be a general crash and crash of satellites planets and systems. What we term financial crises are due to the same. One of the wheels in the finance machine becomes clogged, perhaps shattered. The terrible Wall-street "crash" which follows is communicated to every part of the financial mechanism of the country. But analogies do not stop here. There is another mechanism—the most intricate of all—sometimes called an organism because it generates its own forces—the human machine. When one of its members fails to perform its office, the whole system is thrown into disorder. Members before considered unassailable break down under the unnatural pressure. The shock comes and utter prostration is the result. Reparation can only be effected by the restoration of the impaired parts, and the readjustment of its levers—the physical forces. There is one part of the machine more liable to disorder than any other the liver, the great balance wheel of the machine.

The liver being the great deparating or blood cleansing organ of the system, set it at work and foul corruptions which gender in the blood, and rot out, as it were the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system.

GOVERN YOURSELF.

Unless you can exercise a good degree of self-government, you can hardly expect to govern others. It will not always be an easy matter for you to exhibit perfect self-control, but you must aim to do so; and if you can succeed in so governing your own feelings as never to appear angry or annoyed, you will find no difficulty in governing your pupils. I do not mean that you should be entirely regardless of the conduct of your pupils, but merely that you should not allow their errors to cause you to lose your patience, by exhibiting some sudden ebullition of passion. You know how ready some people are to take offence and show anger. A faithful servant, who had long borne the abusive words of a petulant master, finally said to him that he could no longer tolerate his capriciousness, and that he was determined to leave his service. "But, Peter," said the relenting master, "Peter, you know that I am no sooner mad than pleased again." "Very true, master," replied Peter; "but I also know that you are no sooner pleased than mad again." So it is with some teachers—they allow feelings and expressions of anger and pleasantness to follow each other in such ludicrously rapid succession, as entirely to impair their influence.—Teacher's Assistant.

Diversification of Industries.

The excellent address of Governor Colquitt, at Trinity College, printed in the Observer a few days ago, has attracted the attention among other Northern papers, of the Troy (N. Y.) Times, which is pleased to note such "a gleam of good sense" as is contained in the remark that "our pursuits must be diversified; far less than 70 per cent. of our population must be given to agriculture; the mechanical trades must be multiplied among us and our children must fill them."

The Southern newspaper press has, from time to time, since the war, urged some such policy as this. The South is probably diversifying her pursuits as fast as possible. As the Augusta Constitutionalist says, when it pays to do so, some men generally enter into that scheme which needs development. When money becomes abundant again, we feel assured that Southern enterprise will not be laggard in any particular. As it is, we hear of improvement everywhere, with the limited means at command. The diversification of Southern industry is necessarily a slow growth, but it is a sure one, and may be all the better for that fact. It is a wise proverb that he who builds solidly labors long under ground.—Raleigh Ob.

A BLUNDER.

But for Gen. Ewing of Ohio, and his implacable opposition to everything but the widest kind of financial theories, the advocates of a sensible greenback policy would by this time be in possession of all the legislation they have claimed as desirable for the country. The Senate under Mr. Voorhees' lead, passed a bill making greenbacks convertible at once with gold into the new four per cent bonds, and also receivable for duties after the 1st of October. This measure, had it become a law, would have had the effect of destroying gold as an article of merchandise, and forcing it immediately into the channels of business, swelling the volume of currency from one to two millions of dollars, giving us, with the greenbacks, National Bank notes, silver, and fractional currency, more than \$900,000,000 of circulation—as large an amount as the interests of business require and greater, measured by its purchasing power, than we have ever had. This legislation was all sensible greenback advocates desired, and all that a sound regard for the stability of our finances could have warranted. And yet, by the most extraordinary personal efforts, Gen. Ewing secured its defeat in the House, which, but for him, would have passed it. As there was no reason to apprehend opposition from Mr. Hayes, the entire responsibility for the defeat of the bill rests with Gen. Ewing. This being the case, we are not surprised that the General's friends comment on his career in Congress in terms of the reverse of complimentary, and that many of them regard it as a total failure.—Washington Post.

THE EIGHTH DISTRICT IN THE SUPREME COURT.

In the Supreme Court, Tuesday, consideration of appeals from the eighth judicial district was resumed as follows:

M. A. L. Neely et al vs J. A. Neely et al, from Rowan: argued for the plaintiffs by W. H. Bailey and John S. Henderson, and for the defendants by Kerr Craige.

S. F. Lord and wife vs T. J. Meroney et al, from Rowan: argued for the plaintiffs by J. M. McCorkle and John S. Henderson, and for the defendants, W. H. Bailey.

John S. Henderson vs Lemly and Shaver, administrators, from Rowan: argued for the plaintiff by Kerr Craige, and for the defendants by J. M. McCorkle and W. H. Bailey.

North Carolina Gold Amalgamating Company vs North Carolina Ore Dressing Company et al, from Rowan: argued for the plaintiff by John S. Henderson and Kerr Craige, and for the defendants by J. M. McCorkle and W. H. Bailey (Chief Justice Smith having been of counsel in this case, did not sit at the hearing).—Char. Observer.

Elsewhere we refer to the triumphs of some of our youth as being very gratifying to us. We are equally well pleased to observe that our most gifted novitiate, "Christian Reid," as she preferred to be called, is still winning honors abroad with her pen, and we trust is also winning something more substantial than praise. She writes exceeding good English—limpid, graceful, scholarly English and we are proud that she is a true North Carolinian. The Philadelphia Times notices her last novel:

"Christian Reid always writes pleasantly, if not very profoundly, her style is fresh and easy, her characters are nicely drawn, and plots, reasonably well constructed, are worked out with a fair amount of skill. Her latest production, 'Bonny Kate,' is a good specimen of her work, and is a very pleasant bit of summer reading. It is a story of Southern life, plantation life, a trifle rose-colored, perhaps, but not the less agreeable on that account, nor the less likely to find favor with the majority of her readers."

Even Greater than the Mammoth Cave. —GLASGOW, Ky., June 22.—Another wonderful cave has been discovered near this town. In another direction called the short route the avenues are very wide, and a span of horses can easily be driven a distance of eleven miles. Three rivers, wide and very deep, are encountered on the long route. One of them is navigable for fourteen miles, until the passage becomes too narrow to admit a boat. This forms the third, or river route, which has to be explored in a boat. The cave is wonderful beyond description, and far surpasses in grandeur the Mammoth or any cave before discovered. Several mummified remains have been found in one of the large rooms. They were reposing in stone coffins, rudely constructed, and from appearances may have been in this cave for centuries. They present every appearance of the Egyptian mummy.

Bruce, the negro United States Senator from Mississippi, gives very wise counsels to the men of his race on the subject of immigration to Africa. He warns them against it and declares that the best country for the negro is the United States. He says: "We believe that, clothed with all the powers of citizenship, we are able to 'paddle our own canoe,' and, indeed, if we fail to do so successfully, under just and proper laws, I do not know but that it is about time for us to sink."

Experience is a dear school.

The Crown Prince's Son.

NEW YORK, June 28.—A special cable to the Graphic from Berlin says: "Prince Bismarck has proposed to the Emperor and to the Imperial Crown Prince that, as a stroke of wise policy, the eldest son of the latter, Prince Frederick William Victor Albert, should be sent on a visit of six months to the United States, accompanied by a numerous retinue. At the family council held at the palace the other day, Prince Bismarck was present and he strongly advocated the visit, giving as the principle reason the good effect it would have in strengthening the amicable relations of the two countries, gratifying American Germans, and promoting a hostility to socialism that would have an excellent reflex action in Germany. The visit will probably take place immediately, if the decision upon the proposition be favorable."

Disqualified as Voters.

At the last meeting of the board of magistrates of Mecklenburg county, a resolution was passed requiring that a registrar of each township be furnished with a list of those who are disqualified as voters by the recent act of the Legislature relative to this subject. The portion of the act which relates thereto, is as follows: "The following class of persons shall not be allowed to register or vote in this State to wit: * * * Third, persons who upon conviction or confession in open court, shall have been adjudged guilty of felony or other crime, infamous by the laws of the State, committed after the first day of January, 1877, unless they shall have been legally restored to the rights of citizenship in the manner prescribed by law."

The matter should be attended to at once, as the registration books will be shortly opened.—Char. Ob.

The latest sensation is the confession of Eliza Pinkston, John Sherman's special friend. She confesses she lied throughout for the promise of \$500. What will Sherman do? If the Jenks should now go back on him he would be poor indeed. Anderson and Eliza have blabbed. Agnes alone remains true.—Wfl. Star.

Eliza Sherman says that John Pinkston—no, John Pinkston says Eliza Sherman—that's not it either. Pinkston says that Sherman gave her five hundred dollars to swear to the lie that the Democrats murdered her husband, and maltreated her; that it was in fact the work of colored men. But John paid her the money, \$450 of which she loaned to a Republican "staterman" and lost it. Fifty to forty-five, Sherman managed it to get that money back in that way.—Rat. News.

A large colony of Germans has settled in Tyler county, Texas, where they are putting in a farm of 90,000 acres under one fence. The residences of the colonists are built together in a town plat as in Germany. They have with them doctors, merchants, blacksmiths, &c., and are perfectly independent.

The Camden (Ala.) Banner, of June 27th, announces the death of Rev. John Miller, D. D., of Wilcox county, that State, and contains a column and a half tribute to his memory. This gentleman was a native of York county, S. C., and a brother of our fellow townsman, Dr. J. M. Miller.—Charlotte Ob.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the farmer needs less education for his business than the merchant. Farmers must read and think more; study up the markets and crops that are suited for certain markets, giving thought and attention to preparing and marketing crop after they are raised.

A few prominent journals display a ludicrous pretentiousness in their excitement about candidates for the Presidential race of 1880. Their far-reaching solicitude is equal to that of the good mother who put a stock of soothing syrup, rattles, etc., among her daughter's wedding outfit.—Washington Post.

A Wisconsin editor illustrated the prevailing extravagance of people nowadays by calling attention to the costly baby carriages in use, while when he was a baby, they would kiss the cruel, but sweet hand. If she lodged us off to jail in her arms we would be bad again as soon as possible. Ophelia, do not snide, but be a constable. Juliet, step down from the balcony, escape the nurse and become short-stop in a base-ball club.

"All the strong-minded ladies—bless 'em—of Washington are in favor of lady constables. We have often remarked here in New York that our constables are not ladylike. We would rather be arrested by a lady than a nasty man. When arrested we would struggle. If she boxed our ears we would kiss the cruel, but sweet hand. If she lodged us off to jail in her arms we would be bad again as soon as possible. Ophelia, do not snide, but be a constable. Juliet, step down from the balcony, escape the nurse and become short-stop in a base-ball club."

The following is the official vote of the gubernatorial and Congressional election in the 7th District, for 1876:

	Robbins	Dula	Vance	Settle
Alexander,	807	337	808	352
Alleghany,	516	138	513	154
Ashe,	1 83	811	1067	875
Davie,	1018	937	1011	708
Forsyth,	1490	1446	1454	1540
Iredell,	2354	1207	2356	1239
Rowan,	2169	1201	2163	1250
Surry,	1351	979	1286	1042
Watauga,	639	236	676	301
Wilkes,	1223	1484	1284	1499
Yadkin,	900	1073	849	1112
Robbins,	13724	9649	13467	10072
Vance,	13467			

Robbins' maj. 257

The Comte de M.—, says Figaro, married not long since an African negro from the Congo district, whose head is adorned with a fine growth of wool. Her French maid, when the Countess is engaged at her toilet, now announces, "Madame is carding herself."

Did You Know It.—There are 72 national cemeteries for the Union dead, besides 320 local and post cemeteries. The largest of these are at Arlington, Va., the former home of General Robert E. Lee, with 15,547 graves; Fredericks, Va., with 15,300 graves; Salisbury, N. C., with 12,112 graves; Beaufort, S. C., with 10,000 graves; Andersonville, Ga., 13,705 graves; Marietta, Ga., 10,000 graves; New Orleans, La., 12,230 graves; Vicksburg, Miss., 17,012 graves; Chattanooga, Tenn., 12,964 graves; Nashville, Tenn., 16,529 graves; Memphis, Tenn., 13,953 graves; Jefferson Barracks, 8,601 graves. The national cemetery, near Richmond, Va., has 6,276 graves, of which no less than 5,439 are of unknown dead, mostly of prisoners.

The first bale has come and gone. It came from Southern Texas, and passed through Charlotte on its way North, Tuesday, the second instant, by the Richmond and Danville Railroad, consigned to a firm in New York, instructed to forward it to the Paris Exposition. This cotton must have been out of the boll by June twenty-fifth. First blooms will now retire. Bolls will not stand much show after this.—Rat. News.

The elevated railways of New York City, says the Scientific American, has realized all the predicted objections for the few weeks the cars have been running, and public sentiment points to lowering and putting them under the streets instead of over them. Those now under the streets give entire satisfaction.

Some people believe they can think faster on railroad trains than anywhere else, the theory being that the rapid motion quickens the action of the mind. Some influence of that kind may have affected a man and woman who met for the first time while traveling from Elmira into Pennsylvania. They sat in the same seat, fell into conversation, were irresistibly attracted toward each other, and at the end of seven hours were married.

"Is it becoming to me," asked she, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago before her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, my dear," he replied; "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

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