

The Carolina Watchman.

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6	9.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	45.00	50.00	55.00	60.00
7	10.50	17.50	23.50	29.50	35.50	41.50	47.50	53.50	59.50	65.50	71.50
8	12.00	20.00	27.00	34.00	41.00	48.00	55.00	62.00	69.00	76.00	83.00
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POETRY.

My Lost Self.

BY MARY ANGE VERE.

You wonder why my eyes are dim with tears
Then, shall I tell you? Long and long ago—
So long ago! years piled on years—
There was a little child I used to know—
And every day and night and every hour
We took life's gift together, sun and shade,
And saw the rainbow shining through the shower
And heard the talk that building robins made.
We thought the world was ours, to come and go
About its highways, finding treasures rare;
We thought all heaven was ours, and fashioned so
Grand castle after castle high in air!
Ah! now I find the world a desert wild;
No room in all the sky for tower of mine
But most of all I miss my comrade child,
Her brave, true courage and her faith divine.
Dead? Changed? I know not, sweet
I only know
That sometimes from the mirror's shining space
In my own features, worn and faded so
I catch a glimmer of the bright lost face.
You will no longer wonder that I weep,
My little girl with eyes so grave and clear.
Whatever treasure we may hold or keep,
To lose one's happy self is saddest deed!
—Christian Union.

The Books of the Bible.

In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand;
In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the promised land;
Leviticus contains the Law, holy and just and good;
Numbers records the tribes enrolled—all sons of Abraham's blood.
Moses in Deuteronomy records God's mighty deeds.
Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads.
In Judges their rebellion oft provoked the Lord to smite;
But Ruth records the faith of one well pleasing in his sight.
In First and Second Samuel of Jesse's son we read,
Ten tribes in First and Second Kings revolted from his seed.
The First and Second Chronicles, see Judah captive made;
But Ezra leads a remnant back by prince;
The City walls of Zion Nehemiah builds again,
Whilst Esther saves her people from plots of wicked men.
In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod,
And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God.
The Prophet like a goodly strings of choicest pearls appear,
Ezekiel's teach man how vain are all things here,
The Mystic Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's Rose;
Whilst Christ the Saviour and the King the "rapt Isaiah" shows.
The warning Jeremiah, apostate Israel
His plaintive Lamentations their awful downfall mourns,
Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries:
Whilst kings and empires yet to come, Daniel in vision sees,
Of judgment and of mercy, Hosea loves to tell.
Joel describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell,
Among Tekon's herdsmen Amos received his call:
Whilst Obadiah prophesies of Edom's final fall.
Jonah's ensnare a wondrous type of Christ our risen Lord,
Micah pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored,
Nahum declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured.
A view of Chaldea's coming doom Habakkuk's visions give;
Next Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn repent and live.
Haggai wrote to those who saw the Temple built again,
And Zechariah prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.
Malachi was the last who touched the high prophetic chord:
Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.
Matthew and Mark and Luke and John the Holy Gospel wrote,
Describing how the Saviour died—His life—and all He taught.
Acts prove how God the Apostles owned with signs in every place.
St. Paul, in Romans, teaches us how man is saved by grace.
The Apostle, in Corinthians, instructs, exhorts, reproves,
Galatians shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves,
Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be:
Colossians bids us live to God for eternity.
In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from Heaven:
In Timothy and Titus a Bishop's rule is given,
Philemon marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know.
Hebrews reveals the Gospel prefigured by the Law.
James teaches without holiness faith is but vain and dead:
St. Peter points the narrow way in which the saints are led,
John, in his three Epistles, on love delights to dwell,
St. Jude gives awful warning of judgment wrath and hell.
The Revelation prophesies of that tremendous day,
When Christ and His Church alone, shall be the trembling sinner's stay.
M. R.

COMMUNICATED.

Church Choirs—Their Rehearsals, &c.

For the Watchman.

In continuation of what I had to say last week in regard to the components of church choir organization and their position and behavior in church; I will as was promised, say something of the eccentricities, peculiarities, &c. of choral singers.

Now let us quietly steal into a church and hear a rehearsal. It is a rainy, bad night. The sexton has lighted the church, but failed to make a fire. The Bass, who is in love with the Soprano, arrives first with that important individual on his arm. They throw off their wraps and proceed to the stove. Discovering it cold, they seat themselves near it and begin a charitable conversation. These two parts are always most charitable—in fact they carry the charity of the choir, and display it on such occasions as the present to all conceivable advantage. In the midst of this delightful conversation, (confined wholly to the weather and the sexton) the Tenor arrives, and to the surprise of the other two, the Alto is not with him. Upon enquiry it is discovered that "the Tenor has a headache, and does not feel inclined to ladies company this evening." Privately he whispers to the Bass: "the Alto spoke with a sneer on her face to the Soprano while I was singing my solo last Sunday, and I'm sure she was laughing at me, and you know what a cold I was suffering with at the time." The Alto and the Organist must come, or there can be no practice. The Bass compromises; he will bring the Alto if the Tenor will escort the Organist, and with this arrangement, in the course of half an hour, the quartette and organist are ready. The Organist who is always a meek and good natured individual, and who always attends to business, selects such music as will suit the sentiment of the hymns marked. All is ready, now for the practice. The organist begins—"the Bass hopes that that old worn-out tune is not to be sung again." The Tenor speaks up, "find something else." After so long a time something else is found, and while it is a good, well composed piece of music, it does not suit the sentiment of the hymn, in fact is so inappropriate as to destroy the effect designed by the pastor; yet they have all had a hand in its selection and it must go through. They try to the next, when the Soprano exclaims: "I'll not sing that, its awful low, and old Mrs. Singdollar, who always sits close up to the pulpit, and sings with her cracked voice knows that tune, and she'll drown out everything." And so it goes all through the selections, until the organist, who has hitherto been acting as would become Job's daughter, suddenly loses equilibrium, and that calm and tranquil patience so noticeable a moment since, has vanished. Tunes are now played with a recklessness as regards "time and expression" that would shock the musical taste of a barbershop guitar player, or bring to the cheek of the conventional hand-organ tramp the crimson blush of mortification. There was nothing said at which offence could be taken, and the choir meeting adjourns. Each one, however, feels that it would have been as well had they remained at home.

They meet Sunday morning and in consequence of the no-management the night before, the music is not good. This may not be because the choir cannot render it, but because they will not fit themselves for its rendition by patient study and concerted action as to the proper expression.

Such choir meetings as the one just described—and they occur frequently—crush out the music of the sanctuary. The situation is deplorable—a choir, and yet not a choir—even Deacon Jones, or good brother Brown, who used to "raise the tunes" are debarred that pleasure, (?) and instead of either choral or congregational singing to the praise of God, there is a vain-glorious display of poor singing. But this is wholly in keeping with the usual style of choirs. To recapitulate: they pay no attention to sermons, they whisper, write notes and giggle during prayers, and are above reproach. Is it any wonder then, that they furnish with evident satisfaction, meagre music for the praise of the most High! Humanity has been endowed with vocal organs, and we are commanded: "Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely." Is it right? Is it comely, to offer meagre praise to our Creator? He has bestowed on us so abundantly the gifts which enable us to praise Him acceptably, that it must be displeasing, if not sinful, to offer poor vocal praise.

How can this evil be remedied? That is a question that must have a chapter to itself. In my next, I shall endeavor to throw some light in that direction. I promised to say something of the good in choirs, but as yet have not reached a point where a good thing might be said of a poor choir. If there were any reasonable excuse for a poor one—and in this country there can hardly be; for every town of any size or pretensions has its professional Music Teachers—I should be glad to note it. There are but one of two excuses: mental laziness or want of men-

tal capacity. The former is a drawback and hindrance, not only to the music, but to the church itself. The latter may be improved by the most rigid application; but even in that case, there is little hope.

The thoughtless may presume from what has been said, that I am one of your leather-headed, sour-faced, parsimonious "old coons" who are opposed to vocal and instrumental music of a fine order in church, or any where else, because, perchance, it may cost a trifle to have cultivated church music. If the bare shadow of such an idea has flown athwart your imaginative brain, dispel it at once; for I am a true lover of the "affectation art" wherever found, and especially do I love artistic choral music, when expressively rendered.

Instrumental Music in Churches; Congregational Singing.

EDITOR OF WATCHMAN: While your able correspondent, Serenade, is drubbing church choirs, in general, rather severely, I think, permit me to pay my respects to a musical, or rather, unmusical, element, of more or less force, in the composition of every congregation, whose besetting "piety" is a palpable and pronounced opposition to the fine music of cultivation being used in the service and worship of God.

As my remarks are suggested by long and wide-spread observation and considerable experience in different fields, and are designed for general application and entirely without reference to any place or persons, it is hoped that none will take umbrage from them. But, in order to preclude all possibility of such a deplorable fallacy, just let the mind's-eye penetrate the corridors of some remote church—say, in Nova Scotia—and let us designate the discordant, or militant element found therein, by pseudonyms, such as, Mr. Suort Bray, Mr. Vociferato Shout-howl, Mr. Smales Grumblegrowl, Mr. Nasal Nosovoice, also Miss Squaque Squall, Miss Whinnie Treble, Miss Whoopie Yell and Miss Purrie Feline, all under the effective direction of Mrs. Dictatoria Austere and Mr. Monotone Balladize, in favor of untuned, unaided congregational singing, *rien voce, ad naturam*, and against those glaring vanities and rank impieties, trained choirs and organs.

Dr. Ruskin said, "Music is the only un-fallen angel, among the mere humanities." Meaning that good music, in itself, is pure and purifying; and although, in general, its influence is emotional, it reduces the minds and feelings of those under its control, to a plastic condition, susceptible of the deepest impressions. To insure this, however, the music must be of such an order as to wholly occupy the mind during its reign. But if the whole musical composition is exhausted in quantity, diversified in quality and varied in value from most worthy to most worthless: And in the mere vocal performance of it, although we are all gifted by the Creator with voices, fine and correct singing is only attainable by art, study and practice. This truth is rarely understood in theory or recognized in practice: for any one, gifted by nature with a fair voice, is generally considered capable of singing well without any special study of music or the vocal organs: Yet in that, as in all knowledge, excellence implies hard grinding, continued work, and even the finest talents and best opportunities are nothing without it. And the pretence of

PRaise WORSHIP of the Creator with a minimum mass of the most threadbare insipidities of Music,—his highest gift to humanity—from sheer mental laziness, culpable indifference and self-righteous egotism—can only be received by him as the ungodly mockery that it really is.

If then music is such a good thing, all churches ought to have the very best of it. We have ample testimony that the musical efforts of the angelic hosts will not be confined to mere vocal exercises. The Ser of the Apocalypse says: "And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps." Certainly these are grand orchestral effects. So also, all through the Bible, we read of instrumental and vocal music combining in the praise of God: As, for instance, when, "David and all Israel played before God with all their might, and with singing, and with harps, and with psalteries, and with timbrels, and with cymbals, and with trumpets." Such a combination of musical instruments, in most of modern churches, would fill nine-tenths of the worshippers with holy horror. The pious heart of

SISTER STIFFNECK would be wrung with anguish, and she would sweat great drops of the sourest kind of vinegar. Why? Is there not fully as much of the divine essence of praise to the Creator in the thrilling themes and chords of a grand Symphony as in the chorals of Sister Stiffneck? There is nothing so bigoted as ignorance. Brother Bray cannot distinguish

between the solemn grandeur of the church organ and the asthmatic grinding of the street concern. The admirable prelude by the organist, on a Sunday morning, suggests to the unhappy Bray thoughts of importunate monkeys going about with dirty little caps begging for nickels. He cannot understand how the hearts of some may be tranquilized by the sweet and solemn tones. He obstinately repels the mere approach of such an emotion in his own breast. So he attacks the organ as a base and carnal device for distracting the mind from holy things. He will have no instrumental music in the church, because his own knowledge of the tone language is in the dawning state, where he is just beginning to have a dim perception of the sentiments of jigs and the simpler melodies; and is just able to spell out the meaning of thin-bellied music, with the aid of distinctly enunciated words accompanying it!

If you are a true musician and confess to Bray that instead of having the words interpret the music, it is the music that gives new meaning to the words—and that the music would have the same meaning to and effect on you, with or without words,—he will not comprehend you and will undoubtedly suspect you of the impiety of preferring Mendelssohn to Sandy Auld, the inventor and patentee of the hickwhent notes. There can be no controversy that, in a whole

CONGREGATION OF BRAYS, it would be a great mistake to introduce music of a high and heavenly order. Therefore, if the strong meat of good music causes Bro. Bray to offend, let him and his kind, feed on musical pap till time shall end—when, if perchance he gets to heaven, he will take a backseat. But it is unwise to give up Bray in despair; by persistent well directed efforts for his improvement, he may sometime reach a mitigated state of semi-savage musical existence, when the knowledge will dawn upon him that music and words have separate and distinct significance, and that praise by music may be a "dulcet potency," distinct but as legitimate as praise by articulate language. Then he will astonish his own mind by discovering that there is actually such a thing as praising God by the sounds of the Organ,—the flute, the violin, the cornet,—in fact, every instrument capable of adding volume to euphonic harmony.

It may even be possible for the Bray brethren to see, in the course of time, the unutterable silliness and ignorance which crop out of the sarcastic quips about "fiddling to the praise of God!" I have no room left at present to advert to the many evils flowing out of the lack of proper culture, regulation and direction of church music; but I can finish this letter by relating an incident illustrative of one absurd phase of it.

In a small town in Iowa, there is a church in which the singing had,—to use their own words,—"run completely down." It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually giving out. One evening, on an occasion of interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was sung even worse than usual,—the deacon, of course, leading off. Upon its conclusion, the minister arose and requested brother S—to repeat the hymn, and try to do better, as he could not conscientiously pray after such singing. Deacon S—very composedly "pitched it to another tune," and it was sung again with a manifest improvement upon the first time. The clergyman then proceeded with his prayer. He had finished, and taken the book to give out a second hymn, when he was interrupted by deacon S—gravelly getting up, and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation:—"Will Mr. L— please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHOCKING RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Columbia, Nov. 25.—J. W. Johnson, conductor of freight train No 19 on the Greenville road, while on the roof of one of the cars of his train, which was coming down, about 200 yards south of Newberry, at 3:55 p. m. to-day, fell to the ground and was instantly killed. He was not missed from the train until it had gone a number of miles. The agent at Newberry found the body and took it in charge. It is supposed that he was knocked off by a bridge under which the train was passing. The body was terribly mangled, every bone being broken and the head badly crushed and severed from the body.

CAUSE OF FAILURE.—The sudden fall in the stock of the Copper Knob Mining Company in Ashe county, in which a gentleman of this city was interested, from 72 to 10 cents has already been referred to. A New York despatch says: "The failure of Mr. William Brandreth, of Copper Knob Mining Company, caused a stampede in that stock to-day. It went from 72 to 10 cents a share, and demoralized the entire mining stock market by destroying a good tone it seemed to be gathering. This stock was the nearest par of any on the list and there is no change in the mine. But Mr. Brandreth was too heavily loaded with it."—Charlotte Observer.

Fraudulent "American" Cottons.

During a recent tour through Lower Egypt an American correspondent was astonished to find at Rosetta, Damahour, Zagazig, and especially at the great fair at Tanta, a great quantity of cotton goods offered for sale purporting to be of American manufacture. These goods consisted of a wretched flimsy fabric, filled up with "sizing." A large portion of them bore the word "Mexican" in large English letters and underneath the word "American" in large Arabic letters. The traveler found on consulting the official report of the Director of the Egyptian Statistical Bureau, M. Amiel Bey, that no American cotton goods have been entered at the regular Egyptian custom house during the past five years. A small quantity of American cotton goods have entered Egypt by way of Smyrna, where the greater part of the duty was paid; but all such goods were found upon inquiry to have been of uniform excellent quality. The presence of the fraudulent "American" goods is explainable only on the theory that the English manufacturers, who now monopolize the Egyptian market, have found a new way of "spoiling the Egyptian," by palming off upon them their "cheapened" goods as American, and thus momentarily avoiding the consequences of their cheating in the fabric and at the same time doing untold harm to American manufacturers.

Morehead City Hotel.

We are glad to learn that Dr. Black-nall, proprietor of the Yarbrough House, has leased the mammoth Morehead City Hotel for a term of years, and will open the same on May 15th, as one of the leading seaside resorts on the Atlantic coast. The Morehead Hotel has the capacity for entertaining five hundred guests, and the company owning the house has given out contracts for thoroughly completing the building, ten pin alleys, billiard saloons, kitchen, laundry, bath and boat houses, wharfage, and such other improvements and modifications as the new lessee deems necessary and desirable for making this one of the first summer resorts in the country.—News & Observer.

GOOD WORK.—Mr. J. H. Pike, who moved from Guilford county to about a mile of this place some time ago, has done a good business with tobacco since he came into our midst. With the assistance of two hands, the past summer, he raised eight splendid tobacco barns, cleared ten acres of land and made about 8,000 pounds of tobacco. He says that his entire crop is cared very nicely and thinks that he can realize an average of \$10 per hundred, at the present price tobacco is bringing on this market. Mr. A. S. Abernathy had one-half interest in this farm, but it was entirely under the management of Mr. Pike. There are a number of farmers who have recently moved into this section, taking a great deal of interest in this line of business.—Piedmont Press.

The fast, indifferent and careless mode of life which we Americans pursue is well illustrated by the small number who live on their incomes from accumulated capital, or who have investments in securities. Of the former the number is estimated at a million, while of the latter it is thought that 2,500,000 is about the figure. France, with 37,000,000 population, has two millions, who rest content to draw their dividends and rents, and 7,500,000 who have money in bank and "securities." But then the French are a saving, frugal people, always with an eye to the main chance, and have reduced the cost of living down to a mathematical point. They talk politics, and live on nothing. We talk politics, and spend all we can get.—News & Observer.

A SNAKE CHARMER'S FRIGHTFUL DEATH.—A tragical story comes up from Rock Hill, Mr. John M. Howe, a citizen of that place and a liquor dealer, was known as a snake charmer. He had no fear of the most venomous snakes, and indeed had a rattlesnake for a pet. Yesterday he took the snake out of its cage, and was amusing himself by allowing it to coil about his arm as he had been in the habit of doing, when suddenly it became vicious and sank its fangs into his finger. In thirty minutes Howe was dead despite the most persistent efforts to save him.—Charlotte Observer.

Henry Lemon, a young man of Reading, Pa., who was arrested for larceny, declared his innocence, saying that he hoped the Almighty would strike him dumb and paralyze him if he was guilty. In a little while he was so stricken.

Wilson Advance: We learn from a private letter that the man Parker who is in jail at Washington, charged with the murder of General Grimes, has confessed his guilt, and W. B. Paramour, who was suspected of having instigated the crime, has since fled to parts unknown.

Fast Mail Trains.

The fast mail arrived Sunday from both directions—Richmond and Atlanta. It stops only ten times between Charlotte and Richmond as follows: Junction, Salisbury, Greensboro, Benola, Danville, Barksdale, Drake's Branch, Jetersville, Belle Isle, making the whole distance in nine hours and fifty minutes, the fifty minutes being consumed in the stoppages. The trip to Atlanta is made in 9 hours exactly; or rather in 8.56 coming up and 9.04 going to Atlanta, including a loss of thirty-one minutes in stoppages, which are made at the following places: Gastonia, Spartanburg, Greenville, Seneca City, Toccoa City, Lulu Junction, Cowpens, Westminster and Belton.

Conductors Savage and Ransom will have charge of the train on the Air-Line and Capt. Spraggins will conduct it through to Greensboro on the Richmond & Danville.

The running time is not much, if any faster, than other schedules which have been operated on the road, provided the trains have a clear sweep; four times out of five they do not, having to wait on other trains that may be delayed, and meeting with other delays resulting from unavoidable accidents, which will necessitate still faster running to make up for lost time.—Charlotte Observer.

MEMORIAL TO REV. DR. PLUMER.—It has been determined that some tribute of the most substantial character should be made to the memory of Rev. William S. Plumer, who died recently in this city. Revs. John Lyburn, W. U. Markland, John C. Backus and J. A. Lefevre, of Baltimore, have issued a circular suggesting that, as Dr. Plumer left but little money for his surviving family, "it is believed to be the most proper and worthy recognition of his eminent services to raise a sum of money as a 'Plumer Memorial Fund,' to be invested for the benefit of his two surviving daughters, who shall share equally in the interest thereof during their life, the survivor to receive the whole proceeds after the death of one and the fund itself to be given, after the death of the last beneficiary, to the heirs-at-law of the two daughters per capita."

There are 267 tobacco factories in North Carolina. Of these Granville has 42, Rockingham 31, Forsyth 30 and Stokes 28. There are twenty-five counties represented.—News & Observer.

NO EXODUS.—The Southern papers are unable to ascertain anything about the reported colored exodus movement, which, it appears, was based on information furnished by a Philadelphian, who claimed to have just returned from Alabama and Louisiana. The Alabama papers do not seem to know of anything of the kind going on in that State, and the New Orleans Democrat says: "If there is any basis for the statement as far as it concerns Louisiana it is not visible to the naked eye. The colored people who went to Kansas eighteen months ago have reported their experiences to their friends at home, and there is little likelihood of another movement of the kind, even if it was less pleasant and profitable to live here than it is." The Democrat says ordinary plantation hands are not to be expected to flee from \$2.50 a day. That is the price they now command in the sugar fields of St. James, and, perhaps, other parishes.

The Standard Silver Dollar.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—It is understood that the Secretary of the Treasury will recommend that the silver dollar be increased in weight from 412 1/2 grains to 450 grains of silver and that existing laws be repealed or modified so as to allow the recognition of the silver dollars stored in the vaults, the increase of value and cost of coinage, to be paid out of the seigniorage which, on the silver already coined, amounts to over \$3,350,000 and which amount would pay for the increased value of the silver dollar. The Secretary urges this as the most honest way of making the silver dollar a part of our currency.

A step in the right direction has been taken by the directors of the Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles Railway, who have brought under consideration a proposal to enable every servant of the company to have a half or a whole day of rest every week, and, if possible, that it shall be on Sunday.