

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XII.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., MAY 12, 1861.

NO 30

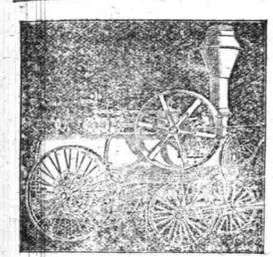
The Carolina Watchman,
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1832.
PRICE, \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES.
FEBRUARY 29, 1860.

Number of Lines	1 month	3 months	6 months	12 months
One	\$1.00	\$2.50	\$4.00	\$7.00
Two	2.00	5.00	8.00	14.00
Three	3.00	7.50	12.00	21.00
Four	4.00	10.00	16.00	28.00
Five	5.00	12.50	20.00	35.00
Six	6.00	15.00	24.00	42.00
Seven	7.00	17.50	28.00	49.00
Eight	8.00	20.00	32.00	56.00
Nine	9.00	22.50	36.00	63.00
Ten	10.00	25.00	40.00	70.00

REMEMBER THE DEAD!
JOHN S. HUTCHINSON,
DEALER IN

Italian and American Marble
Monuments, Tombs and Gravestones,
Being a practical marble-worker, I enable me
of executing any piece of work from the
plainest to the most elaborate in an artistic
style, and is a guaranty that perfect satisfaction
will be given to the most exacting patrons.
Call and examine my Stock and prices before
purchasing, as I will sell at the very lowest
prices.
Designs and estimates for any desired work
will be furnished on application, at next door
to J. D. McNeely's Store.
Salisbury, N. C., March 9, 1861.



R. R. CRAWFORD & CO.
ARE SELLING
PORTABLE
FARM AND FACTORY
STEAM ENGINES.

Blasting Powder Cartridges
and Caps.

The Finest RIFLE POWDER made.
Wagons, Wagons, Wagons.

BUGGIES,
From the Finest to the Cheapest.
Rubber Belting, Champion Mowers,
Horse Rakes, &c.



BOSTWICK'S
GIANT
RIDING SAW
MACHINE

KEER CRAIG, J. H. CLEMENT,
CRAIG & CLEMENT,
Attorneys at Law,
SALISBURY, N. C.

LEE S. OVERMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SALISBURY, N. C.

LANDRETHS'
1784 SEEDS
are the BEST 100!

Blackmer and Henderson,
Attorneys, Counselors
and Solicitors.
SALISBURY, N. C.

POETRY.

Moist or Arid?
Wet or dry,
Is now the cry,
From sea to mountain peak;
Shall th' jolly red nose
Be cast to the crows?
The nasal bloom grow bleak?

The tippler's grog,
And sweet egg nog,
Rum punches and mint juleps—
Must they all go,
Down, down below,
Buried under the tulips?

Farewell, old flask—
You've wrought your task—
We'll all now quaff cold water;
Our stomachs 'll say,
The throat's gone away—
"My daughter, O, my daughter."
—Turboro Southerner.

The Old Rail Fence.
How well I remember the old rail fence
At the foot of the narrow lane,
Where we never stopped to let down the
bars,
Or to put them in place again.

But scrambled through, though the space
between
Was hardly an inch too wide;
And laughed if we happened to lose our
hold,
And go plump on the other side!

And oh, how jolly it was when we
Those barriers high could scale,
And perch like roosters, and flap our wings,
And crow on the topmost rail!

And the smallest one of the merry group,
A gay little girlish elf,
Would cry if the bars were let down for
her,
For she wanted to help herself.

In all the frolics, the games and plays,
So dear to the children's heart,
They are learning lessons that serve them
well,
When the days of youth depart.

And those who fearlessly climb'd the fence
At the risk of seeing stars,
Will never delay a task, nor wait
Till some one lets down the bars.

POLITICAL.

Current Comment.
—Ex Senator Dorsey has not fallen
in character, but he certainly has
in reputation, since the official expo-
sure of the Star route rascality. It is
to the credit of the country that it is
not often that an ex-Senator of the
United States is shown to be a vulgar
thief. It would be still more to
its credit if the government punished
its thieves whenever they were appreh-
ended in the commission of their of-
fenses. To the country at large
Stephen W. Dorsey has been known
as a Senator of the United States and
as one of the leaders of the Republi-
can party. He is now the Secretary
of the National Committee of that
party, and after the election of Gar-
field and Arthur the party posed be-
fore him in almost suppliant attitude
to know what high office he would
deign to accept in return for his emi-
nent services in securing a Republic-
an triumph. He put the crown from
him. He would have none of the
honors; he was content to serve in the
ranks as a private soldier. He did,
however, ask one favor, one single,
paltry favor—he asked that he name
the Second Assistant Postmaster Gen-
eral. It was a trifling request for a
virtuous man to make; it was a mon-
strous demand when made by Dorsey,
for Dorsey was interested in the Star
service, and it was, therefore, necessary
for his pecuniary welfare that he
should control the Second Assistant
Postmaster General.—*Phila. Times,*
Ind.

The Senate Goes to Work at Last.

**Foreign Treaties, and Confirmation of
the President's Appointees
Disposed of.**
WASHINGTON, May 5.—Immedi-
ately after the reading of yesterday's
journal the Senate, on motion of
Dawes, at 12.05 went into execu-
tive session.

The Senate in executive session
this afternoon confirmed several nomi-
nations, including that of Wm. Wal-
ter Phelps, of New Jersey, to be
minister to Austria.

The consideration of the Chinese
immigration treaty was then resumed,
Senator Miller taking the floor in
continuance of this argument in
favor of ratification.

The Senate transacted a remark-
ably large amount of business in its
executive session to-day, clearing the
calendar of the treaties, and also
taking final action on eighty-eight
nominations.

The first matter disposed of was the
Chinese immigration treaty which,
after nearly three hour's debate, was
ratified without amendment by a
practically unanimous vote, there be-
ing only two Senators recorded in the
negative.

The Chinese commercial treaty was
then taken up, and after a brief dis-
cussion was also ratified without
amendment, and substantially with-
out opposition.

The Senate next ratified in quick
succession the extradition treaty with
the United States of Columbia, the
consular convention with Italy, the
convention with Morocco, and the
treaty with Japan relative to reciproc-
al duties of the United States and
Japan in cases of shipwrecks upon
their respective coasts.

The following Southern nomi-
nations were confirmed during the day's
session: Joseph L. Gaston, surveyor
for the port of Chattanooga; Geo. B.
Everitt, collector of customs for the
fifth district of North Carolina and
Wm. Umblestock for the fourth
district of Mississippi. Postmasters—
Geo. E. Matthews, Hazlehurst, Miss.;
Thos. Richardson, Port Gibson, Miss.;
Alex. G. Pearce, Greenville, Miss.,
and Wm. S. Tipton, Cleveland Tenn.

**The President Sends a Message to
the Senate.**
WASHINGTON, May 6.—The Presi-
dent sent a message to the Senate this
afternoon withdrawing all of the prin-
cipal New York nominations except
that of Judge Robertson. The mes-
sage was simply a formal message of
withdrawal, containing no explanation
or comment. The nominations with-
drawn are Stewart L. Woodford, United
States Attorney for the southern
district; Asa W. Tenny, United States
Attorney for the eastern district; and
Lewis F. Payne, United States marshal
for the southern district; Clinton D.
McDougall, United States marshal for
the northern district; John Tyler, Col-
lector of customs for the district of
Buffalo, N. Y.

Caswell Memorial Association.
To All North Carolinians at Home or
Abroad:
The General Assembly of North
Carolina at its late session passed an
act appropriating five hundred dollars
to build a monument to the memory
of our first constitutional Governor,
Richard Caswell. This sum is entire-
ly inadequate for the purpose, and is
not only intended to assist the patri-
otic citizens of the State in their ef-
forts to build a monument commensu-
rate with the great deed done by him
whose memory it is intended to perpetuate.

Blowing up the Signal Service man.

It is well for his peace of mind that our
local signal corps observer is located
about half a mile above the ordinary
walks of life. Were he down on the first
floor he would be shot at three or four
times per week until he was gradually
killed and buried. Yesterday furnished a
fair sample of the way most people would
talk to him if they could get at him. He
was busy with the temperature of the
lower lake region when a citizen, puffing
like a whale on a lee shore, gained the
tower and began:
"It's snowing."
"Yes," was the quiet reply.
"It's snowing like Texas!"
"Yes," again.
"Yesterday we had dust two inches
deep, and now we have snow enough for
sleighing!"
"Guess we have."
"And it's going to snow all day I sup-
pose?"
"I think so."
"And we'll have mud and slush and
slosh for the next week!"
"Very likely."
"Very likely! Why, sir, I—I—why
—!"
"He was so mad he couldn't finish ex-
cept by pounding on the table."
"I don't make the weather, you know,"
humbly observed the signal man.
"You don't, eh! Then who does?"
"Nature."
"Where is she, or he, or whatever its
blasted sex is? Just tell me who to hit
and I'll knock him higher'n a kite!"
"Well, don't blame me!"
"I will! Young man I feel like whack-
ing you!"
"Oh, don't!"
"Snow! What business has it to snow
this time of year? Why, sir, it's the big-
gest nonsense I ever heard of! But let 'er
snow, and hail, and rain, and slush and
slop over! Hang me, but I can stand it
if the rest can, and I'll be darned if I
don't stand it! Yes, sir, I'll wade through
your old slush and grow fat on it! I'll
sing—yes, I'll sing as I wade through
your infernal snow, and the sorer my
throat is the harder I'll sing! Go right
ahead with your old weather, sir—keep
right on—good day, sir!"—*Exchange.*

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Useful Rules.
To find the Capitalized Value of a
Ground Rent.—*Rule*—To the amount of
the yearly rent in dollars annex two ci-
phers and divide by the rate per cent.,
the result will be the capitalized value.
To Calculate Interest at any rate per
cent. for any length of time. *Rule:*
1st—Reduce the time to days.
2nd—Multiply the principal by the
number of days.
3rd—Multiply this product by the rate
of interest.
4th—Divide this product thus obtained
by 36, or 366 and the quotient will be the
interest.
Note.—If cents appear in the principal,
point off five figures from the right of the
quotient; if only dollars, point off but
three figures.
Short six per cent Method.—*Rule*—Re-
duce the time to days—multiply the
principal by the number of days, and di-
vide the product by 6.
Note.—Point off as in the above.

The other day we copied from the
Examiner an item that Colonel Whar-
ton J. Green had an application for
eight thousand gallons of wine made
at his celebrated Tokay Vineyard,
and now we understand that the Mon-
tello Wine Company, of Charlotte-
ville, Virginia, has received an order
for ten thousand gallons, nine thou-
sand gallons of claret and one thou-
sand gallons made from the Ives
grape. It looks indeed as if our
Southern wines were finding market.
The truth is, France no longer ex-
ports wine in the quantities she for-
merly did, and the wine drinkers are
looking elsewhere for a good article.
This Colonel Green and our other
North Carolina wine makers can fur-
nish.—*New & Observer.*

Several specimens of fossil woods
and lignites have been found at a
depth of 191 feet below the surface in
boring an artesian well at Galveston,
Texas. Above these were 55 feet of
quick sand and 135 feet of solid blue
clay. The contractor also asserts that
a considerable quantity of bones and
shell have been drawn out of the well;
from what depth is not stated.
Official returns published by the
War Department show that in 1862,
47,300 Confederate soldiers kept at
bay and defeated 185,500 Union
troops. We don't propose to boast
about this at this late day, but it is
pleasant to see the facts about the war
gradually coming out.

When an agitator announces that
he will speak to 5,000 workmen
and he stands up to find himself sur-
rounded by 150 men, five policemen
and twenty-five boys, it must be tough
business to grab hold of the right end
of his peroration.—*Detroit Free Press.*
A Maine woman has made a contract
with a Boston firm to supply 15,000 pairs
of mittens.

MISCELLANEOUS
Bread-Making and Philosophy.
From the *Hiram* (Ohio) Student.
We quote an extract from a letter writ-
ten by President Garfield's wife to her
husband ten years ago. The letter acci-
dentally fell into President Hinckley's
hands. Mrs. G. wrote: "I am glad to
tell that, out of all the toil and disap-
pointments of the summer just ended, I
have risen up to a victory; that the si-
lence of thought since you have been
away has brought me a triumph. I
read something like this the other day.
"There is no healthy thought without
labor, and thought makes the laborer
happy." Perhaps this is the way I have
been able to climb up higher. It came to
me one morning when I was making bread.
I said to myself: "Here I am compelled
by an inevitable necessity to make our
bread this summer. Why not consider it
a pleasant occupation and make it so by
trying to see what perfect bread I can
make?" It seemed like an inspiration and
the whole of life made brighter. The
very sunshine seemed flowing down thro'
my spirit into the white loaves, and now
I believe my table is furnished with bet-
ter bread than ever before."

**Redmond in Asheville Jail—He tells
the story of his capture.**
Cor. of the News and Observer.
ASHEVILLE, N. C., April 25, 1861.
Redmond, the notorious outlaw, who,
about four years ago, killed in Transyl-
vania county, a deputy marshal by the
name Duckworth, and who has been, in
defiance of the law, running at large ever
since, was brought to Asheville on Sunday
last and committed to jail. He was, at
the time of his commitment and is yet,
suffering considerably from the effect of
wounds which he received in the endeav-
or to capture him. He is unable to
walk, and seven balls are yet in his flesh,
and were it not for his iron will I have
no doubt they would prove fatal. In ap-
pearance the man is quite a different
thing from what one would expect to see
in an outlaw. In figure he is small and
his face, which is that of a boyish-look-
ing man twenty-seven years of age, is
pleasant more than otherwise. There is
nothing repulsive about him that I can
discover except his name, and his crime
and bloodshed is exaggerated beyond
bounds. The truth, so far as I have been
able to gather it, is that Duckworth is
the only man he has ever slain, and that
for the last two years he has been living on
the Tennessee River, in Swain county,
the life of a quiet farmer, harming no one
and no one molesting him.

The story of his capture, as he gives it
himself, is about this: Being at home
one morning nursing his wife who was
sick, he heard his little dog bark up in
the woods above his house, and thinking
that he had found a squirrel, he (Red-
mond) got his gun and started in pursuit.
Going to where the dog was, and being
perfectly unconscious and unsuspecting
of any one lying in ambush for him he
was suddenly halted by a party of seven
men not more than ten steps away.
Being a little startled and not taking
time for deliberation he turned and
fled, when the whole party commenced
to fire on him, sometimes hitting him
and sometimes missing him. Running
two or three hundred yards, he stumbled
and fell, and being unable to rise, the
party went up and took possession of
him. They carried him to the Charle-
ston jail, where he remained to the date
of his removal here. What the
charge in the warrant under which he
was arrested was, I have not been able
to learn, but whether it is of any moment
or not, matters but little, for we know
there is a charge against him which is a
grave one, and which the poor fellow
will now have to answer for the charge of
murder.

DISTRESSING PATRICIDE.

**A Family Difficulty Ending in
Blood.**
Wm. H. Priester, Formerly a Cadet at
the Carolina Military Institute Shoots
His Own Father—Review of a
Former Tragedy.
From the Charlotte Observer.

During the session of the Carolina
Military Institute for the year 1878,
a young man named W. H. Priester,
of Barwell county, S. C., was a stu-
dent at that institution, and as such
will be remembered by many of the
citizens of Charlotte. If for no other
reason than that on the morning of
the 17th of October of that year, he
killed a colored man named Tom Har-
ley, at the Mozart Saloon, on Tryon
street, in this city. The killing of
Harley was for a time wrapped in
mystery, but under the searching in-
vestigation of a coroner's jury, facts
were developed which fastened the
deed upon the individual whose name
is given above. The young man dis-
appeared, but at the end of about
three weeks voluntarily returned, ac-
knowledging the killing and surren-
dered himself. With his father he
went to Shelby, where Judge Schenck
was holding the Superior Court of
Cleveland county, and to avoid im-
prisonment he was at once carried be-
fore the Judge on a writ of *habeas*
corpus. Between the arrival of the
train at Shelby and its departure for
Charlotte, the Judge adjourned the
court for the term, and brought young
Priester, with the witnesses and the
attorneys in the case, to Lincolnton,
where he was given a hearing. Judge
Schenck, sitting as a committing mag-
istrate, considering the motive of self-
defense, which had been set up as a
plea, fully made out, discharged the
prisoner from custody, and having al-
ready been expelled from the Insti-
tute, he went back to his home in
South Carolina.

And now comes the saddest
part of our story. Young Priester
married a lady who is said to be a
"most estimable woman," but with
whom, from some cause, he had lived
unhappily. A correspondent of the
Augusta Constitutionalist, writing from
Barwell, under date of May 24, says
that for this reason "she had resolved
two or three times to leave young
Priester and return to the house of her
father, but Capt. Billie, the father, pre-
vailed upon her not to leave his son,
as it would no doubt be his ruin. She
remained only in the hope she might,
by enduring everything, work some
improvement in the young man. His
reckless ingratitude reached its high-
est point, and she resolved to stand it
no further, and on Thursday morn-
ing, at the breakfast table, she re-
quested the Captain to remain a mo-
ment as she desired to see him.
Young William Henry Priester, the
husband, was at the head of the table
opposite his father, and on hearing
the remark said: "I propose to hear
that conversation." Captain Priester
replied, "Certainly, my son, I have
no objection." Young Priester went
up stairs to his room and came down
to where the Captain and Mrs. Pries-
ter were standing, and when within
five or ten feet said: "Father, I'm
going to kill you." "O no, my son,"
said Capt. Billie. "What for?" He
got no reply further than a ball,
which the Captain said is the one he
thought passed through his stomach,
entering two inches to the left of the
navel and coming out about the same
distance from the spinal column. The
Captain said he closed in on his son
after the first shot and caught the pis-
tol, but found that the shock from the
first ball was such that he could not
control the unnatural arm of his son.
The next ball he thought was the one
that entered the left side and pen-
etrated into the region of the spleen.
(This ball went through the spleen.)
A third ball lodged in the left wrist,
and a fourth in the left thigh, and
the fifth struck a buck-horn handle
knife in his pants pocket, tearing it
up and lodging in the iron sides.
Captain Priester said that he was shot
so rapidly that he could not save him-
self, and the only thing he did was to
hold on to the pistol and change the
rod until it was exhausted by the
creech man, and then he thought he
struck his son with a stick. Peter, a
twin brother, who had left the table
for the store, hearing the shooting and
the screams of Mrs. Priester, reached
the house too late to render his father
any assistance in the struggle. Capt.
Priester went to his store, some two
hundred yards off, and addressed him-
self, got in bed and sent for Dr. H. W.
Kearse. Dr. Kearse, arriving as
soon as possible, made an examina-
tion and reported to Capt. P. that he
would be frank with him and state
his precarious condition. He told
him he had but a short time to live,
and that he had better arrange his
worldly affairs and prepare to meet
his God. Capt. P. did not seem the
least alarmed, but thanked the doctor
for his candor, and stated that his own
opinion was that he could not live.

An Act of Heroism.
*The Confederate Sharpshooters Cheering a
Brave Federal at Fredericksburg.*
Frank H. Foote in *Phila. Weekly Times*.
The following incident of the battle of
Fredericksburg is well authenticated. It
may prove that, though the North and
South were at war, a spirit of chivalry
did exist among the Southern soldiers.
On the 15th day of December, 1862, the
Sixteenth Regiment and three companies
of the Second Battalion of Featherstone's
Mississippi Brigade were sent to the front
to relieve a brigade posted at the foot
of Marye's Heights, to the left of the
plank road leading from the city towards
Orange Court House. Between them and
the city was a tan-yard and many out-
buildings. Much sharpshooting was en-
gaged in on both sides, opportunities
being afforded us by squads of Federals,
him in twos and threes kept moving
rapidly from behind extended shel-
ters to their rear, posted in the city limits
proper. While a squad of these were
braving our shots, one of them was seen
to drop, while all his companions, but
one, taking advantage of our empty rifles,
soon got to cover behind the houses.
This brave fellow, seeing his comrade
fall, deliberately faced about, and, drop-
ping his rifle, assisted his friend to arise
and together they slowly sought the rear.
As they moved off a score or more of rifles,
in the excitement of the moment, were
levelled with deadly intent, but before a
single one could be discharged our colonel,
Carnot Posey, commanded "cease firing;
that man is too brave to be killed," and
then, with characteristic admiration for
the brave fellow, we gave him a hearty
cheer, to which he replied by a graceful
wave of his cap as he and his comrade
passed behind the protection of an out-
building. I have often thought of this
brave act and wondered if he escaped—
a soldier's death and lived to become an
acknowledged leader among men.

GOLD MINE SOLD FOR \$100,000.—Mes-
srs. Carpenter and Russell, northern capi-
talists, have been in town this week ne-
gotiating for the purchase of the Chris-
tian Mine, in Montgomery county. Yes-
terday we learned that they had closed
the contract, paying \$100,000 for the
mine.—*Concord Sun.*

**An Arkansas girl refused to marry her
admirer unless he performed some heroic
deed, and he eloped with her mother.**

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don't stand it! Yes, sir, I'll wade through
your old slush and grow fat on it! I'll
sing—yes, I'll sing as I wade through
your infernal snow, and the sorer my
throat is the harder I'll sing! Go right
ahead with your old weather, sir—keep
right on—good day, sir!"—*Exchange.*

Useful Rules.
To find the Capitalized Value of a
Ground Rent.—*Rule*—To the amount of
the yearly rent in dollars annex two ci-
phers and divide by the rate per cent.,
the result will be the capitalized value.
To Calculate Interest at any rate per
cent. for any length of time. *Rule:*
1st—Reduce the time to days.
2nd—Multiply the principal by the
number of days.
3rd—Multiply this product by the rate
of interest.
4th—Divide this product thus obtained
by 36, or 366 and the quotient will be the
interest.
Note.—If cents appear in the principal,
point off five figures from the right of the
quotient; if only dollars, point off but
three figures.
Short six per cent Method.—*Rule*—Re-
duce the time to days—multiply the
principal by the number of days, and di-
vide the product by 6.
Note.—Point off as in the above.

The other day we copied from the
Examiner an item that Colonel Whar-
ton J. Green had an application for
eight thousand gallons of wine made
at his celebrated Tokay Vineyard,
and now we understand that the Mon-
tello Wine Company, of Charlotte-
ville, Virginia, has received an order
for ten thousand gallons, nine thou-
sand gallons of claret and one thou-
sand gallons made from the Ives
grape. It looks indeed as if our
Southern wines were finding market.
The truth is, France no longer ex-
ports wine in the quantities she for-
merly did, and the wine drinkers are
looking elsewhere for a good article.
This Colonel Green and our other
North Carolina wine makers can fur-
nish.—*New & Observer.*

Several specimens of fossil woods
and lignites have been found at a
depth of 191 feet below the surface in
boring an artesian well at Galveston,
Texas. Above these were 55 feet of
quick sand and 135 feet of solid blue
clay. The contractor also asserts that
a considerable quantity of bones and
shell have been drawn out of the well;
from what depth is not stated.
Official returns published by the
War Department show that in 1862,
47,300 Confederate soldiers kept at
bay and defeated 185,500 Union
troops. We don't propose to boast
about this at this late day, but it is
pleasant to see the facts about the war
gradually coming out.

When an agitator announces that
he will speak to 5,000 workmen
and he stands up to find himself sur-
rounded by 150 men, five policemen
and twenty-five boys, it must be tough
business to grab hold of the right end
of his peroration.—*Detroit Free Press.*
A Maine woman has made a contract
with a Boston firm to supply 15,000 pairs
of mittens.