NOT DEAD BUT PROCRASTINATED.—The reporter of the *Observer* yesterday, in a desperate mood, encountered Mr. Vernon Ashbury.

"When does the doctor's ship sail, bird fly, or his machine start, Mr. Ashbury?" the pencil inquired.

"Just as soon as he can get time from his business."

"You think it will fly?"

"O yes, there can be no doubt of it. It is merely a question of time. Man was not made to stay here and crawl about the surface. He's bound to soar. Some people say that because a man was made with legs to walk with that he wasn't intended to fly. No man with brains would ever say such a thing. God Almighty didn't make a railroad man, but they are as thick as teeth in a fine tooth comb. He didn't make men amphibious animals and yet they will go in swimming, or at least some of them will. He sent us into the world naked, but we will wear clothes, though for my part, I'm ready to give up the habit just as soon as anybody thinks it advisable. You might as well say because a man's eyes were in front he ought never to turn round."—Char. *Observer*.

Winter Oats.

August and September are the months for seeding winter oats. If seeded now, in the standing corn as formerly recommended, they have time to get well rooted and to tiller, and there is little chance of their being winter killed. Sow about one and a half bushels per acre. This is a very certain crop, if seeded at the proper time, and even on tolerably good land. If there is any doubt about the land being strong enough to produce wheat then put it in oats. They may be seeded up to the fifteenth of October, if the land is good, but August and September are the best months. Spring seeding of oats, as far as practicable, should be abandoned. One year with another it is very probable that winter oats will be as profitable as wheat. There is always a good local demand for oats, particularly in the spring when provender begins to get scarce. The wheat production of the world is increasing. India exported last year more than 11,000,000 bushels of wheat; and the crops of Australia and the United States and particularly California are steadily increasing. We would remark, where there is a doubt whether the land is good enough for wheat put it in winter oats. Grain crops will probably not command hereafter anything but a very moderate price, and farmers will do well to look to raising more forage crops and stock. —*Ex.*

Ex-Confederate Re-Union.

GALVESTON, August 11.—A *News* special from Dallas says the reunion of ex-Confederates living in Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and Texas was held yesterday and to extend through to-day. About 500 arrived in the city during the day and a large number at night. A procession headed by local military companies the fire department and brass bands, paraded the streets. Craddock's opera house was thrown open as a place of rendezvous, and hearty hand shakings were indulged in by many who had never met since the surrender. Speeches were made at the park by Gen. Lewis, Frank Mitchell, Col. Pearson Pierce, Generals Cabell and Gillman of 3rd Louisiana.

DEATH OF AN ESTIMABLE CITIZEN.—Mr. T. H. McRorie, who, for the past year or so has been the bookkeeper of T. L. Seigle & Co., died at his residence on Poplar street, last evening, about 8 o'clock, in the 37th year of his age. His remains will be taken to Statesville to-night to be interred in the cemetery there.

Mr. McRorie was a native of Iredell, where he was almost Universally popular, and had lived in Charlotte but a few years, but during that he had made many friends. He leaves a young wife and child, with many sympathizing friends to mourn his loss.

ALABAMA TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—Montgomery, August 11.—The Alabama Temperance convention after a session of two days, adjourned. An organization was perfected with an executive committee for the State and one for each county. All attempts to make the question a party one were deprecated and voted down. Among the resolutions adopted was one of regret for the wounding of the President and expressing sympathy with him and hopes for his speedy recovery.

Nathan Prettyman, of St. Louis, Mo., had a daughter to whom Chas. W. Curry was paying attention, to which her father objected. An altercation in consequence occurred between the father and lover, the latter knocking the former down and beat him so badly that he died Tuesday from injuries inflicted. Both were intoxicated.—Charlotte *Observer*.

While John Reagan and Newlin Martin were engaged in a fight at Binghampton, N. Y., Monday, the son of Reagan, about thirteen years old, struck Martin who had his father down, with a base ball club on the back of the head, killing him instantly.

The German Carp in Georgia.

The Atlanta *Constitution* publishing an inserview as to the merits of the much discussad German Carp as a food fish for Southern waters, says:

"There are not strong enough words in the English language to tell how well they have done in Georgia," says the doctor, and in answer to the assertion that the flesh of the fish is insipid and stringy. "I am able to say, from actual and careful experience, that there is no truth whatever in the statement. I have tried the carp frequently, have had it cooked in different ways, and I state positively that it as is fine as our trout, which you know is simply the bass, and is esteemed the best table fish that we have and a great luxury even on the tables of the rich." It has increased so rapidly and the demand for it is so great in the State that he further says that he is satisfied "it is the most important animal industry in the State and that it will furnish millions of pounds of the healthiest and most delightful food at a nominal cost."

There is no fool like an old fool. In 1878 a Mrs. Campbell, aged 77, married her husband, aged 64. She promised to settle on him $55,000, and did deposit with a company bonds to that amount in an envelope marked with his name. They went on a bridal trip to Europe. He sneaked off on some pretext, leaving the old lady in Europe, returned, sold his bonds and deserted her. She now sues him to recover their proceeds and has attached all of his goods. Her age is 80, and before her suit can be decided she will probaby be where bonds matrimonial and otherwise will not disturb her rest.

A Woman Speaks Womanly to the Women of North Carolina.

Correspondence of the News & Observer.

The conflict on the great question "Shall our neighbor drink, or shall he not drink?" is over, and while the anti-prohibitionists are gloryfying in—shall I say their shame? and the prohibtionists are gathering up their shattered force before renewing the fight, I have concluded to show you some extracts on the subject written more than a month ago by a lady who is—a rare thing among women—a real thinker. I follow St. Paul in the idea that it is not well for women to speak as a general thing, but there is real wisdom in these extracts, and though nothing was further from her thought than appearing in print, I think I must act the "chiel" and "take notes" from a woman's letter to a woman:

"Local prohibition has been established in —— for several years; but liquor can be bought by the quantity and kept on hand, and that is the way the men who have money will continue to do. Consequently there is considerable feeling among the 'horny-handed sons of toil' that the new law will prevent none but the poor from drinking, which may be true. At the same time, the poor are the very ones who can least afford to drink.

"I am not at all sure myself that this prohibition is a wise measure, but it is impossible for one in my place to judge. The unsupported asssertions of nobody will make me believe in a thing as law and gospel. There is a great deal of nonsense talked on both sides. I think myself that the good men who don't believe in the movement are very wrong and show a great want of patriotism in not coming out and giving their reasons for what they believe, and for leaving the anti-prohibition canvass to be carried on by such men as —— and —— and the liquor dealers.

"The *Nation* speaks of their course with the utmost contempt and ridicules their address unmercifully. Yet I believe they doubt the wisdom of the ultra-prohibition laws. Mr. —— said at first he would not vote at all, but he has determined to vote for prohibition. I believe myself, that the true temperance movement begins in the cradle of every child that is born. When boys are brought up to learn self-control and self-denial, then drinking will cease on the earth, and no sooner. For example, infants are allowed to suck to repletion, till it would kill them, I suppose, if nature did not relieve them by throwing it off. Then they are allowed full swing to their appetites as they grow up; to eat bread and jelly all the morning; can't eat a substantial dinner; eat what dainties they like and reject plain food; can't eat cold bread; must have the top waffile, &c. If they choose to make their supper of cake, it is all right; not to mention to be allowed to do as they please generally. A boy brought up in this way, if he never saw or smelt liquor till he was twenty-one, is trained up to be a drunkard. If temptation comes to him he has no self-control to meet it; he has never formed the habit of denying himself anything he wanted. He falls an easy prey to bad habits of any kind. The temperance battle has to be fought by every mother of sons on this line before it is won."

Now there is truth and sense in this. It is offered as a woman's temperance lecture to women, unconsciously delivered, but I hope it will set at least one mother to thinking where the next campaign must begin—at least it is all included in wise old Solomon's "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Some citizens of Cambridge City, Ind., who were enraged at Thomas Hibbs, a saloon keeper, for having sold liquor to their children, exploded a dynamite torpedo in the basement of his saloon Friday evening, and partially demolished the building. He escaped unhurt.—*American Sentry*.