Leisure and Labor.

Luxury and leisure are more fatal to human life than downright hard work, whether of muscle or of brain. Steady labor of the body hardens the muscles, invigorates the nerves, and gives the deep rhythmic movement of health to the breathing. Steady labor of the mind purifies, invigorates, and feeds, both mind and brain. Lack of bodily labor results in bodily atrophy and wasting; lack of toil of the brain means the gradual death of the mind. Overwork sometimes kills; complete cessation of activity always kills. There are twenty men who are in danger of mental or spiritual deterioration through unemployed leisure, for every one man who is in the same danger through overwork. You need more rest, do you? and every day you feel as if you would need still longer rest? See to it that it is not inactivity that is weakening you rather than overwork; see to it that your faculties are not dying because they have too little rather than too much, to do.

WADE HAMPTON'S FORAY.

A Reminiscence of War Times in Virginia.

The Confederate Attack Upon Grant's Meat Supplies—A Wild Dash Upon the Sleeping Federals.

The foray of General Wade Hampton's cavalry upon General Grant's meat supplies in 1864 in Virginia is one which will linger long in the recollection of the half-starved men who fought in trenches around Petersburg. If a straw thrown to a drowning man will cause his heart to throb with new vigor and awaken fresh hope, how greatly delirious must have been the joy of those hungry men when Sergeant Shadbourne, Hampton's chief of scouts, brought into camp the cheering news that Grant's beef pens were within easy marching distance. He had made a daring reconnaissance into the enemy's lines and ascertained their exact position and assured his general that he could guide the command within a mile of the place. The animals were being grazed near Sycamore church, and the sergeant, who was familiar with all of the by-paths leading in that direction piloted "the boys." A halt was made about ten miles from the church, pickets posted and scouts sent out to reconnoiter the situation, after which the command retired for the night with blissful expectations for the morrow. Some hours before daylight the bugle sounded "to horse," and the troops knew that something was up. Just as day dawned the charge was sounded, and the front regiment dashed ahead upon the enemy's vidette and into the camp of the sleeping Federals, Shadbourne and his band of scouts at the head.

The vidette fired his piece, awakened his comrades, and a wild scene ensued—shots flew thick and fast and many gallent men and officers fell on both sides; but there was not time to parley with death or sentiment, and with a passing sign for the brave fellows who had fallen all around them, the remainder of the troops dashed on to the desired goal. The bewildered cattle thus suddenly deserted by their Federal protectors, looked wildly at the hungry "grey coats," by whom they were sorrounded, and for whose rapid consumption they were destined. Soon the commissary and sutler stores were invaded, and men who for months had contented themselves with corn-cob pipes now indulged in choice cigars and drank toasts in fine liquors, congratulating each other that their tastes had not been vitiated by "apple jack" and "corn whisky." Blankets, butter, cheese, boots, shoes, coffee, tea, sugar and everything that could be transported were laid seige to by the half famished soldiers, who religiously prayed for more capacity.

After the camp had been thoroughly ransacked, Hampton ordered Generals Rosser, Dearing and W. F. H. Lee to collect the men and return. The battallion of Virginia cavalry was in advance, commanded by Colonel White. Then followed Dearing and Rosser, while far in the rear as a guard of honor to the 2,300 bovine prisoners, came W. F. H. Lee with his division. They were jogging leisurely along with visions of roast beef, tender loin and porter house steaks dancing through their brains, when suddenly a courier, covered with dust dashed into their lines and announced that the Virginians had met the enemy on the Jerusalem turnpike road; needed reinforcements, as the Federals outnumbered them considerably. Spurs were dashed into the horses' sides, and soon the wild yell announced that the troops commanded by general Rosser had made a charge. Before the echo of the yell died out another courier, with foam-covered steed, met General Hampton, who was spurring with all speed to the scene of action, and informed him that General Rosser had dismounted his troops, who were fighting on foot, and that not ten rounds of ammunition remained to the man. Urging his troops forward with the utmost speed, Hampton soon joined the contestants, while courier after courier was sent to hurry up General Lee. The cattle, for which there was much solicitude, were turned off into another road in order to protect them from recapture.

The scene can never be forgotten. The cannon belching forth their fiery edicts, and carrying death and destruction among men and horses; the waving of battle flags, the galloping of staff officers and couriers over the field, the groans of the dying drowned by the yells of the victors, the slanting rays of the sun gilding the russet foliage of the forest, the defiant shouts of the "gray coats" calling on the Federals to "Come over and get some beef for supper"—all made up a scene in which the sublime and the ridiculous were strangely mingled. Just at sunset the command returned to camp, and the hungry infantry in the trenches received the news of the captured bovines with shouts of joy far greater than they would have accorded to captured prisoners.—*New York News.*

A Good Humored Fellow.

Statesville Letter.

From the Winston Republican.

MR. EDITOR:—The following appointments have been made by the President, upon the recommendation of Major Dowd—collector of internal revenues for the sixth district of North Carolina—to take effect June 1st 1885:

Col. Thomas N. Cooper to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, to Brevard Transylvania county, N. C.

George H. Brown to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, to Wilkesboro, N. C.

Tyre Glenn to be minister resident and counsel General, to Yadkin county, N. C.

A. B. Glenn to be register of the land office, at Statesville, N. C.

John M. Furches to be register of land office, at Farmington, Davie county, N. C.

The term for which these gentlemen have been appointed, is four years, with a possibility of holding for life, and under no circumstances can the salaries be reduced.

"Retrenchment and Reform" being the order of the day, each appointee has been notified, that he will be expected to reach his destination, with as little expense to the government as possible.

They have been ordered to sell, at once, all old cows, poor sheep and hogs, and chickens, they may find on hand, held by their predecessors, and put the money in their pockets.

Col. T. N. Cooper will leave for his future field of labor, about the 10th of June, by way of the Western N. C. R. R. At Asheville he will take passage for Brevard, on the beautiful side-wheel steamer, "Prohibition;" the property of Gen. R. B. Vance, and recently fitted up at great cost to the government.

Mr. Brown has engaged a seat in the Taylorsville mail hack—and, unless Mark Lippard swaps away his horses to old man Tom Anderson—will leave Statesville June 15th.

Mr. Gleen will go from this city to Hamptonville with the mail carrier, driving a mule to a sulky. He has obtained permission from the county commissioners of Yadkin, to walk over the road from Hamptonville, to his place of business, at half fare. This it is thought, will be the most expensive trip of all. It is estimated to cost at least a quarter of a dollar.

John M. Furches is expected to "want for a wagon" going in the direction of Farmington.

These appointments are endorsed by the entire North Carolina delegation, and will cause no split in the party. J.

LUCK? LYING? PLUCK?

Better than Getting an Office.

New York Sun.

Washington, May 9.—One man who came for an office has succeeded so much better than he expected that his case is worth recording in the Sun. He came from Georgia, and relates his experience thus: "Being a Democrat and not having much luck at getting ahead at home, I thought I would get an office in Washington if I could. Letting no one but my wife and a friend know what I was up to, I started. After landing here I saw just as plain as day that the water was too deep for me; besides hundreds of others a great deal smarter at the business were ahead of me. I had no money, and so instead, of paying much attention to the office, I began to look around for work or something to make a living while I stayed. To tell you the truth, I had not been much away from home, and never in so large a place before. Somehow I kinder felt I could make it go if only I got a chance; and after I looked around some and clapped my eye over things I thought I saw chances, if only they were worked right. I have a fancy I have a natural gift for knowing a chance when I see it. I got this idea all at once when I saw so many ways and things; so many persons selling everything and so many buying. I had about $15, and with it I concluded to start. I looked around the market, where more money is spent in a day than in my town in a whole year. Why can't I have some of it? thought I. Well, I launched out $4 for Florida oranges and 50 cents more for a basket. That day I sold half the oranges and had my money back. How I did work, though—went everywhere, into the houses and stores, and somehow people bought willingly. May-be it was because I was so earnest about it. The third day I had all the oranges sold, with nearly $5 profit in my pockets. Better'n office, I began to think. While I was looking around for another chance the dealer from whom I had bought offered me two other boxes, the last of a lot for $5.50; nice oranges, too. I knew at once what I could do with them. The next morning I sold them for $4 a box, $2.50 profit without breaking bulk. I had never before made money so fast in all my life. I went on for two weeks, and I couldn't be hired to take the office I was after. I began to think well, I could fix myself right here in Washington, with my little wife and baby and the boy, who by rights ought to be going to school. You don't want to hear it all. It's but two months and two days since I came, and I have got $80 and everything paid up. What's better, there are a couple of dealers in the market who say they will back me for anything in reason I want to do. I'm thinking I'll keep on the line I've been going for the present. I see so many chances that sometimes I don't know which to take. I wonder anybody that can work wants an office here. Some of the Georgia fellows hanging around here have come to me for money, but I tell 'em to go to work, for there is heap more money in it than in any office I know of."

Why Doctor's Don't Catch Disease.

"Some men," remarked Captain Horton, "can move in the midst of pestilence and miasmata, and never seem any the worse." "How, for instance, do you doctors defend your fortress?"

"I'm glad you asked the question. We defend the fortress first by using ordinary precautions. We will not if possible, breathe more infected air than we can help. We will not be stupidly rash. Depend upon it, my friend, that when Dr. Abernethy kicked his foot through the pane of glass in his patient's room because he couldn't get him to have his window down, the excellent physician was thinking as much about his own safety as that of his patient. Secondly physicians know that they must live by rule when attending cases during a pestilence. The body must be kept up to the health standard. In times of epidemic let every one see to himself, attend to every rule of health, live regularly, and keep the stomach most carefully in order, and be abstinent. There is no other way of defending the fortress of life against invisible foes."

"This living according to rule," said my friend musingly, "is a terribly hard thing to have to do. At least, I am sure most people find it so."

"Few people," I replied, "think of doing anything of the kind until actual danger to life stares them in the face. Some one else, I believe, has made a remark similar to this before now, but it is worthy of being repeated."

"And it is true," added Horton. "I have been thinking a good deal lately—"

"Most people who are laid low do think," I said.

"I have been thinking," said my friend, "that most of us err by eating more than is necessary."

"How very true that is, Horton! Why, in careful regulation of diet—a diet that should incline to abstemious ness—we have one of the best defences against invisible foes of all kinds. This is one of our posts, and should be held at all risks, if we care for life at all—and not for life only, but comfort while we do exist. It is a fact which all should bear in mind, that overeating not only corrupts the blood, but destroys nervous energy."—*A Family Doctor, in Cassill.*

One of the best manures for the garden is made by mixing two bushels of fine bone with a wagon load of stable manure. The bone makes the manure heat more quickly, and the manure softens or dissolves the particles of bone. If water with which sulphuric acid has been mixed is poured on the heap, it will prevent loss of ammonia. Most stable manures are deficient in phosphate, which the bone supplies.

Divine confidence can swim upon those seas which feeble reason cannot fathom.

Another Florida Enterprise.

A large syndicate, representing a capital stock of over $200,000, and including ex Governor Chamberlain of Maine, W. W. Pennigton, of Philadelphia, and J. C. Holman, of Boston, has purchased the beautiful tract of 7,000 acres of land on the Gulf coast about forty miles south of Cedar Keys, Fla., known as Homosassa, the former home and estate of ex-Senator David L. Yulee. This is said to be one of the most fertile as well as picturesque tracts of land in Florida, is easy of access, and has passing through it the Homosassa river a large navigable stream of clear, fresh water. The company is now arranging to cut the entire tract up into lots, and open and build broad avenues and drives in every direction, and a large hotel will be constructed there this summer.

Roasted Alive.

Large Printing Works Burned and Seventeen Lives Lost.

CINCINNATI, May 21.—The fire in Sullivan's printing establishment, at No. 19 Sixth street, this afternoon, caused the death of seventeen persons. It was at first thought that only the five women who jumped from the fifth story window were killed, but when the fire was subdued so that when the firemen could enter the building, it was found that ten bodies lay in heaps on the fifth floor and one lay on the fourth. Six jumped from the windows and were killed, and one man, after saving the lives of two women by letting down a rope from the roof, was himself killed by the burning in two of the same rope before he reached the ground. This was John Sullivan, the brother of the proprietor of the printing works.

The fire originated by the explosion of a gasoline stove on the second floor. The flames entered the elevator chute, which is next to the stairway, and all chances of escape were then cut off. The killed are mostly employees of the dye works, which occupied a portion of the building.

The fifth story was completely burned out, but the walls still stand and the other floors are not much damaged. The building was occupied by Sullivan & Co.'s printing works, O. T. Wisely & Co.'s dye house, the Ledger Postal News Company, the Parisian Dying and Scouring Company, J. R. Kingsley's gold, silver and nickle plating works.

The fire was soon under control. The mass of telegraph and telephone wires prevented the firemen from putting up ladders promptly for the relief of the inmates.

A Big Shake.

A Number of Houses Blown to the Winds, and a Man Blown to Atoms.

SOMERSET, PA., May 15.—About 6:30 p. m. the town of Somerset was shaken from centre to circumference by an explosion of nitro-glycerine and dynamite at the Somerset chemical works, located one mile east of town, on the farm of John Lane. The explosion occurred in the nitro-glycerine agitating house, where one of the proprietors, W. L. Beach, of New York city was at work. He was blown into atoms. The largest piece of bone, flesh or clothes that could be found was not larger than a silver dollar. The nitro-glycerine building and eight other buildings were strewn to the winds, portions of them being found miles away. The works are situated in an opening in a dense wood. the large trees of which were uprooted and blown down for rods around by the force of the explosion. From 12 to 15 men are employed at the works, but owing to its being Ascension day, none of them were at work. Where the building in which the explosion occurred stood there is a hole large enough to bury the building in. There was 800 pounds of nitro glycerine and 3,000 pounds of dynamite in the different buildings. The loss is very heavy An explosion occurred at the same place about the middle of January, when two men were killed.

A SOUTH CAROLINA citizen thus looks the problem in the face when he asks: What is to become of us? With the morphine habit making a host of liars; the quinine habit a ghostly band of nerveless, would-be suicides; the tobacco habit giving us a tendency to cancer and what not; the whisky habit taking people by crooked ways to early graves; the money habit filling the country with avaricious speculators, thieves, and bank robbers; the office-seeking habit turning honest people away from honest work to getting an office, it does seem we are generally in a bad way.

LITTLE SINS.—You make light of them now, but they are not to be trifled with; they creep on so stealthily that you scarce notice them; by and by you will find it impossible to turn them out. I think of the Indian story of the tiny dwarf, who asked the king to give him all the ground he could cover with three strides. The king seeing him so small, said "certainly." Whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a large giant, covered all the land with the first stride, and the water with the second, and the third knocked the king down and then took his throne.

MILL STONES.

THE UNDERSIGNED has bought the well known ROWAN COUNTY MILL STONE QUARRY of E. E. Phillips, deceased, and will continue to supply the public demand for Mill Stones from this CELEBRATED GRIT—so well known throughout this country for its superiority for Mill Stones. Granite blocks for Ornamental purposes, Monuments, &c., &c., can also be had at this quarry. Address,

J. T. WYATT, Salisbury, N. C.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Jesse Sechler, decd., to present the same to the undersigned on or before the 20th day of March, 1886; and all persons indebted to the estate of said dec'd are notified to call on us and pay the same without delay.

B. C. SECHLER, } Ex'rs of Jesse
A. W. SECHLER, } Sechler, dec'd.

March 19th, 1885. 22:6t:pd.