

The Columbia Bicycle Calendar for 1887. The Columbia Bicycle Calendar for '87, just issued by the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Boston, is in many respects a more truly artistic and elegant work in chromo-lithography and the letterpress than the Columbia Calendar of '86, which calendar, it will be remembered, was the most convenient and artistic similar work of the year. A portion of the board is devoted to a picture of a mounted lady tricyclist, speeding along over a pleasant country road. The new calendar, as a work of convenient art, is worthy of a place in office, library or parlor.

As a remedy for coughs and colds, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has never been equalled. Its name is a household word throughout the world.

The valuable contents of the Stewart palace on Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, in N. York, are to be sold at auction next March. About two hundred and fifty paintings and collection of sculptures, porcelains, bronzes, silver ware, and bric-a-brac are listed for sale.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR PURELY VEGETABLE. It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS. AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic.

A CAR LOAD OF VICTOR Grain DRILLS -KELLERS PATENT. for sale to the Farmers of Rowan. Cheap for cash or well SECURED TIME NOTES.

This Drill stands at the very front and is unsurpassed by any other in America. It sows wheat and clover seed and bearded oats together with fertilizers most admirably. The quantity per acre can be changed in an instant—by a single motion of the hand. Read what people who have used it say about it.

Mr. VERNON, ROWAN CO. N. C. Sept. 15th, 1886. I have used the Victor—Kellers patent—Grain Drill for several years and I consider it a perfect machine. One can set it in an instant, to sow any quantity of wheat or oats per acre, from one peck to four bushels. It sows bearded oats as well as it does wheat or clover seed and fertilizers to perfection. I know it to be strictly a No. 1 Drill and combines great strength, with its other good qualities. W. A. LUCKEY.

Salisbury, N. C. Sept. 15th, 1886. Last Spring I borrowed Mr. White Fraley's Victor (Kellers patent) Grain Drill and put in my oats with it. It sowed bearded and non-bearded oats to perfection. I believe it to be the best Grain Drill I ever saw. It sows wheat or oats and clover seed and fertilizer all O. K., and I have bought one for this fall's seeding of the Agent, John A. Boyden. RICHARD H. COWAN.

Salisbury, N. C. Sept. 17th, 1886. I have used the Victor—Kellers patent—Grain Drill for the past ten years and consider it by far the best Drill made. I have also used the Bechford & Huffman Drill, but greatly prefer the Victor, because it is much the most convenient and I believe one Victor will last as long as two Bechford & Huffman Drills. The Victor sows all kinds of grain satisfactorily. FRANK BLEATHED.

Tennyson's New Poem. A FEW SAMPLE LINES FROM "LOCKLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER." Hope the best, but hold the present, fatal daughter of the past, Shape your heart to front the hour, but dream not that the hour will last; Aye, if dynamic and revolver leave you courage sober fact to score, When was age so crammed with menace, madness written, spoken lies. Envy wears the mask of love, and, laughing sober fact to score, Cries to weakest as to strongest, "Ye are equals, equal born." Equal-born! Oh yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat. Charm us orator, till the lion look no larger than the cat; Till the chest, through that mirage of overheated language, loom Larger than the lion Demosid in working its own doom. Tumble nature's heel over head, and yelling with the yelling street, Set the feet above the brain and swear the brain is in the feet. Bring the old Dark Ages back, without the Beneath the State, the Church, the throne, and roll their ruins down the slope. Authors, atheists, essayist, novelist, realist, rhymer, play your part, Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of art. Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage of your sewer. Send the drain into the fountain lest the stream should issue pure. Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the trough of Zoluzim; Forward, forward, aye, and backward, downward, too, into the abyss. Finally the poet asks: Shall we find a changeless May, After madness—after madness, Jacobinism, and Jaquerie Some diviner force to guide us through the days I shall not see?

Two Grand Days at Trieste. THE GREAT NAVAL REVIEW—WHAT TAKES PLACE AT A FUNERAL—AN AMAZING PROCESSION—HIERED AND VOLUNTEER HOWLERS—MAGNIFICENT MARCHING OF THE WAX CANDLEMEN—AT A FRIULIAN FARM HOUSE—DISSEMINATION IN THE GARDEN AND LAMENTATION AT THE HOME.

Trieste, Austria.—Well, where shall I begin? At the wrong end, I suppose, and advance like the Hibernian general, hastily, with measured tread towards the rear. We have had the greatest display ever witnessed in Trieste. Nine frigates and six torpedo boats took part—one of the latter took rather too much part—it took the larger part of an officer's head off. Happily it did not spoil his uniform, which, to my mind, was the most valuable part of the gentleman. In some respects OUR GREAT DAY WAS A FAILURE.

The Emperor of Austria was to have been here and wasn't, the King of Serbia was coming and didn't, and the great Nihilist explosion gotten up in honor of the occasion didn't go off, though some of the promoters did. I, however, enjoyed myself immensely, and saw many interesting and instructive sights—three fights, a dog run over by the tramway and a sailor with the top of his head blown off by the premature explosion of a torpedo—and returned home at night quite exhausted by pleased excitements and a sixteen mile walk.

SEEN FROM THE PIAZZA GRANDE. I have been Micawberishly waiting for a few days for something to turn up. At length something has turned up—Cavalieri di Dwoar turned up his pedal digits to the chrysanthema cucurbita yesterday, and to-day was carried by a host of grief-stricken and inebriated friends to his shelf in the Campo Santo. I wish some of my readers could be present at a Slavofuneral—not necessarily at the head of the procession. It is one of the grandest spectacles you can imagine. Barnum's circus would have to take a rear pew when a defunct Trieste is to be tucked away. First comes a string of hired howlers, tearing out handfuls of raw wig, wringing their hands in transports of twenty-five cent grief, while floods of bitter tears course down their dirty and dilapidated cheeks at five soldi per tear. Then comes a troop of outriders dressed like jockeys, but all in black velvet and crepe masks. These skinn-hers are mounted on superb coal black Lombardy horses, covered with black velvet housings which drag in the dust and are sown all over with silver spangles. Then comes the hearse, really a gorgeous affair, as high as a two-story house and entirely covered with flowers. If bouquets were as costly here as in America, a man couldn't afford to die more than once in a lifetime—the floral decorations alone would cost a fortune. As it is, you can get a wreath, which it takes two men to carry, for two florins, and for two more, a cross which makes the pair who lug it along perspire and profane the deceased.

THE FUNERAL CAR. Is usually drawn by six or eight horses, each mounted by a jockey in mourning. On each corner of the hearse is a life-sized brass angel with a horn in his mouth. At each side of this circus chariot march a corps of undertakers. And very imposing looking personages they are, in their three-cornered hats, black velvet knee-breeches and white silk stockings. Each one carries a sort of brass saint with a gilt figure around his head on the end. Behind the hearse come a squad of volunteer howlers, whose tears are scarcer and demonstrations of mingled grief and inebrity less energetic than those of the mercenaries. After the volunteer howlers

comes a procession, varying according to the rank and cash assets of the defunct, from a quarter of a mile to a mile in length.

THE CANDLE BEARERS. Each person bears a monstrous candle, generally five or six feet long. Literally, they have their hands full. If it is a windy day—and it is nearly always windy here—the harassed mourners expend all their matches and verily in trying to keep their candles lit. You will see a man break ranks, go into a sheltered corner and waste a whole box of matches trying to light up. By that time he has fallen in the rear, and has to run to catch up with the parade. In order to keep his candle from going out during the race he puts his hat over it, and by the time he regains his place in the line of march either his hat is on fire and half full of tallow, or his glim is doused again. Two women will get busily engaged in an exchange of confidences, and thoughtlessly tilt their candles over their shoulders; suddenly flop comes a big dab of red hot tallow down on somebody's neck; then there is an agonized Himmelfahrt stern element! from the sufferer, and a feminine shriek of surprise from the culprit.

And so the fun goes on, and it is a greasy, bespattered gang that comes trailing back from the Campo Santo. The tallow chandlers enjoy it, however, and every time a prominent citizen paddles over Jordan there is an appreciable advance in the price of candles.

AN ENRAPTURING SPECTACLE. Taken altogether, it is expensive to die in Trieste, and from an economical standpoint, inadvisable; it is cheaper to live, and poverty compels me to pursue that course. But I am glad that there are people here who can afford to die, and are public spirited enough to do so. There is nothing affords so much unadulterated, homespun, full weight amusement as the planting of a deceased Trieste. Kings, emperors, field-marshal and circeus may come and show as much as they like, but I do not deign to stir out of my lair. All the fleets of Austria, Greece and even Amer—but I forgot, I am speaking of fleets—may sail into the harbor and shoot all the gans and sailors they wish to, but I won't budge an inch or a foot. They can publicly execute all the Nihilists, dramatists and other enemies of law and order between here and St. Petersburg, but I refrain from sticking my head out of the window to see them drop. But just let a paper, looking like a ball card in mourning, come around announcing that: "Il pregiatissimo, onarattissimo, shimatissimo, Signor Ratzetzy" has jumped the bounty, and will accordingly be laid away to mello, "alle quatro pomeridiane," or that "Sua Eccellenza, il Baron Morpurgo" has found the climate too frigid and gone on a chronic search for torrid weather, accompanied as far as the Campo Santo by a mob of intoxicated and disconsolate friends and relatives—why then I drop every thing and skip gleefully to my post of observation on the Piazza Grande. I am getting quite spoiled in the matter of interments, and do not condescend to stir out of the house for a post mortem torchlight procession headed by anything less than a baronial corpse.

CALLING AT SAN GIOVANNI. Yesterday being an off day for funerals, I made a pleasant little excursion into the Campagna in company with Signor Verhavac, my landlord, and an Italian family which lives on the same "piano" (floor) with us. We went out to a little "poderetto," or farm, which lies on the underskirts (outskirts has attained the dignity of a "maroon place") of the suburbian Village of San Giovanni. It was a dairy farm kept by a fat, jolly Friulian peasant, whose bannum sun-browned face and broad dimples were quite refreshing after two months close confinement in the heart of the stifling city. Here we drank butterfrik or goat's milk, I don't remember which (however, it's all the same), ate five or six yards of bread, consumed the entire stock of Friulian cheese, and washed it down with some homespun wine which tasted like dirty feet, and induced us to suspect that the "contadina's" daughters had not performed their pedal ablutions before treating out the grapes.

The children of the respective families got loose in the gardenetto and played havoc with the cherries, apricots, figs and macaroni sprouts, with the result that our "piano" tuned up last night to infantile howls of woe and maternal demands for paregoric and soothing syrup. W. M. WILEY.

A Large Number of Strikes. The number of strikes during the past year, both great and small, number three thousand five hundred. Of this number about two thousand have resulted in the granting of the demands, to a large degree, made by the strikers. In the remaining fifteen hundred cases the strikers have met with ignominious defeat. The New York Journal has carefully investigated the matter, and during the past twelve months, that paper summed it up that in all about 1,000,000 persons have been on a strike or lock out, and it is estimated that the loss in wages sustained by them aggregated about \$15,000,000. The employers affected by the strikes and lock outs are said to have lost about \$10,000,000, making about \$25,000,000 in all.

Latest News From the White House. Washington, Dec. 30.—President Cleveland continues to improve. He was able to sit up nearly all day yesterday, and this morning Dr. O'Rielly permitted him to resume work. At noon he held a Cabinet meeting in his private room, the President occupying an easy chair. Mr. Cleveland has not yet decided whether he will attend the funeral services of Senator Logan tomorrow. Whether he will go or not, will depend upon the state of the weather, and his feelings in the morning. He is extremely desirous of attending and expects to do so if everything is favorable. Some of the Cabinet officers and other friends advised him to day not to go but to save his strength for the New Year's ordeal when he will be expected to stand up three or four hours during the reception at the mansion.

The Grim Reaper. Philadelphia Bulletin. Death has indeed been remarkably busy in the work of cutting down the great men of the United States. We doubt whether there has ever been so much mortality in the same period of time among the eminent public men as there has been during the past twenty months. In that time one half of the men who have been conspicuously brought forward as candidates for the Presidential office during the past ten or twelve years have passed away. The list includes: Ulysses S. Grant, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Thomas A. Hendricks, Samuel J. Tilden, George B. McClellan, Winfield S. Hancock, Horatio Seymour, David Davis, B. Gratz Brown, Charles Francis Adams, Chester A. Arthur, John A. Logan.

Admitting that taxation should be reduced and there is no dispute as to the fact, there can scarcely be any question, at least among Democrats, as to the method by which the reduction should be accomplished. What is to be sought is the greatest possible alleviation of the burdens of the people, and the tax upon imports is the greatest burden that they bear. Either directly or indirectly it increases the cost of everything that the poor man eats or wears or uses for his amusement. The internal revenue tax bears almost exclusively upon luxuries and its burdens need not be borne if the poor man desire to evade them. If it interfere at all with the course of production, the interference is of such a character that it does not affect the welfare of the great body of the people. The grievances which are entertained against the system are really against some of its details and not against the tax itself.—Shelby News Era.

The Murderer Bingham. Morning Star. No tidings of Walter L. Bingham have been received yet. A Raleigh correspondent says that every hour he hears the question, "Will Bingham plead insanity if he is captured and tried for the murder of Miss Turlington?" It goes to prove how much the public mind is set against what is known as the "insanity dodge." The following correspondence in this connection will be read with interest. Rev. C. T. Bailey, one of the best known editors in the State and a leading member of the Baptist church, a few days since wrote Dr. Eugene Grissom, Superintendent of the North Carolina Asylum, the following letter: "I see in the secular press the manifestation of a disposition on the part of certain persons of influence to manufacture a public sentiment in favor of Bingham, the murderer of Miss Turlington, on a plea of insanity. This is to be regretted, both for the cause of justice and on account of the recent experience the State has had in the escape of a number of the vilest criminals who ever disgraced the State. The people of North Carolina are tired of this, and are watching with special interest the steps taken by their officers in the present case. Unless our courts are more prompt and certain in the punishment of criminals the people, now to some extent having lost confidence in the execution of the laws, will take matters of this sort into their own hands, nor can I (as one who holds dear the best interests of his fellow-men) blame them. I trust that you, our highest authority on questions of insanity, will not in any way lend your influence to such a plea on the part of Bingham." Dr. Grissom, in his reply to this letter, says: "I fully appreciate and sympathize with your general views about crime and the evasion of its penalties by all sorts of subterfuges. While I think we should throw the mantle of charity and protection around those whose reason is really deluded, we should guard against that false sympathy which embraces the criminal and forgets the victim. The hearts of the virtuous are every day wrung at the exhibition in our midst of that sad but sinful philosophy which seems to have been transferred from the stage to real life."

Prof. Baker for January. Prof. J. C. Baker, our local weather prophet, has the following forecast of January weather, which was written out last November: 1 cloudy and cold; 2, little rain and cold; 3, fair and cold; 4, fog, then fair and cold; 5 to 7, partly cloudy; 8 to 9, fair and warmer; 10, rain; 11, rain and heavy wind storm; 12, nearly fair and cold; 13, nearly fair and cold wind; 14, rain or snow, wind; 15, rain and cold; 16, little cloudy, cool; 17, cool and cloudy; 18 to 19, rain; 20 to 21, nearly fair and cold; 22, fair and cold; 23, fair and very cold; 24, nearly fair and cold; 25, rain and wind; 26, rain and warmer; 27, fair and mild; 28, little cloudy and mild; 29, rain, wind and warm; 30, little cloudy and cold wind; 31, fair and cold wind.—Charlotte Observer.

Preservation for the Dead. In speaking of the preservation of dead bodies, Gaillard's Medical Monthly says that Edward I., who died in 1307, was found not decayed 43 years subsequently. The flesh on the face was a little wasted, but not putrid. The body of Danute, who died in 1017 was found fresh in 1768. Those of William the Conqueror and his wife were perfect in 1528. In 1569 three Roman soldiers, in the dress of their country, fully equipped with arms, were dug out of a peat mass near Aberdeen. They were quite fresh and plump after a lapse of about 1,500 years. In 1717 the bodies of Lady Kilsyth and her infant were embalmed. In 1796 they were found as perfect as in the hour they were embalmed. Every feature and limb was full. The infant's features were as composed as if he had only been asleep for eighty years. His color was as fresh his flesh as plump and full as in the perfect glow of health. The smile of infancy and innocence was on his lips. At a little distance it was difficult to distinguish whether Lady Kilsyth was alive or dead. The question is, What preservation was used, and how applied?

Terrible Fate of a Girl. New York, Dec. 30.—A young Italian girl named Latorre met with a horrible death on the elevated railroad this morning. She was upon a station platform accompanied by a sister, waiting for a train. The girls were engaged in lively conversation when one, turning around, suddenly slipped off the platform to the track in front of the train which was but fifteen feet away. The engineer did not see her, but heard her scream and reversed his engine instantly, but the tracks were slippery with ice and the front wheels and one driving wheel had passed over the body before the train stopped. The girl was crushed into a shapeless mass and wedged between the driving wheels. The body could not be recovered without raising the engine. After half an hour's work, the engine was raised enough to draw out the body. The track in the meantime was blocked with trains for over two miles to the terminus.

Charlotte Observer: Parties who arrived in the city yesterday from Morganton brought news of the killing, at that place, last Saturday, of Sam Pearson, by deputy Luther Ward and posse. Pearson resisted arrest and was fired upon and instantly killed. Pearson, we are told, about ten years ago committed a murder at Morganton, for which he was tried, convicted and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. He afterwards secured his release by pardon and returned to his old home, where he remained until his life was terminated in the tragic manner above related.

Coffee, if taken in the morning on an empty stomach, is said to act as a preventive against infectious diseases.

INFORMATION MANY PERSONS at this season suffer from either Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Sides, Bad Blood, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Constipation & Kidney Troubles. VOLINA CORDIAL CURES RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Sides, by soothing the nerves and strengthening the muscles. VOLINA CORDIAL CURES HEADACHE, Headache, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Sides, by soothing the nerves and strengthening the muscles. VOLINA CORDIAL CURES DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion and Constipation, by aiding the stimulation of the Food through the proper action of the stomach; it creates a healthy appetite. VOLINA CORDIAL CURES NERVOUSNESS, Depression of spirits and Weakness, by enlivening and toning the system. VOLINA CORDIAL CURES OVERWORKED and Delicate Women, Furry and Sickly Children. It is delightful and nutritious as a general Tonic. Volina Almanac and Diary for 1887. A handsome, complete and useful book, telling how to CURE DISEASES AT HOME in a pleasant, natural way. Mailed on receipt of a 25-cent postage stamp. Address VOLINA DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

The art of Courting. The New York Mail and Express has some practical suggestions on the art of courting: Select the girl. Agree with the girl's father in politics and the mother in religion. If you have a rival keep an eye on him; if he is a widower keep two eyes on him. Don't swear to the girl that you have no bad habits. It will be enough for you to say that you never heard yourself swear in your sleep. Don't put much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to a married man. Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Don't wait until the girl has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that might cause a coolness at the very beginning of the game. In cold weather finish saying good-night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia, and chronic catarrh, to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you. Don't lie about your financial condition. It is very annoying to a bride who has pictured for herself a life of luxury in her ancestral halls to learn too late that you expect her to ask a bald-headed parent who has been uniformly kind to her to take you in out of the cold. Don't be too soft. Don't say: "These little hands shall never do a stroke of work when they are mine," and "you shall have nothing to do in our home but to sit all day long and chirp to the canaries," as if any sensible woman could be happy fooling away time in that sort of style, and a girl has a fine, retentive memory for the soft things and silly promises of courtship, and occasionally in after years, when she is washing the dinner dishes or patching the west end of your trousers, she will remind you of them in a cold, sarcastic tone.

Mr. Anthony Comstock, the indefatigable agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, is preparing a memorial to the Legislature, backed by a petition, to which he expects to get at least ten thousand signatures, praying that some restraint be placed upon the publication of such details of divorce and other criminal cases as tend to the prejudice of public morals. He reasons that if the Government has deemed it worth while to prohibit the importation of immoral pictures and publications, it is not less incumbent upon the State to legislate against similar indecencies at home.—N. Y. Observer.

A bottle of iodine and a dozen of lemons will generally ward off an attack of rheumatism. Paint the affected part thoroughly with iodine, give the patient plenty of good lemonade, and upon the State to legislate against similar indecencies at home.—N. Y. Observer.

Chronic Catarrh. Chronic Catarrh destroys the sense of smell and taste, consumes the cartilages of the nose, and, unless properly treated, hastens its victim into Consumption. It usually indicates a serious condition of the system, and should be treated, like chronic ulcers and eruptions, through the blood. The most obstinate and dangerous forms of this disagreeable disease Can be Cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will restore health and vigor to decaying and diseased tissues, and every thing else fails. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

TRADE MARK. FOR THE BLOOD. ECZEMA ERADICATED. Sarsaparilla. It is the safest and most reliable of all blood purifiers. No other remedy is so effective in cases of chronic Catarrh. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Hot lemonade, with flaxseed simmered in it for half an hour, then strained and sweetened, is excellent for a cold, but, as it produces perspiration it should be taken only upon retiring. The white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and whipped up with the juice of a lemon, relieves hoarseness and soreness of the chest at once, taken by the teaspoonful half hourly.

According to some recently published statistics, there have been fought in France since 1870 no fewer than 847 duels, besides many between officers and between private soldiers, which are scarcely ever mentioned in the papers. Out of these 847 duels only nine resulted in one of the parties being disabled. In 98 per cent. of the cases the combatants left the field unscathed, though rehabilitated.

Some idea of the immense resources of this country may be gained from the fact that since 1855 the government has paid in pensions, in round numbers, \$835,000,000, and of this enormous sum all except \$25,000,000 was paid since the civil war. In 1867 the interest on the national debt was \$144,000,000, and in those thirty-one years \$1,315,000,000 have been paid to the holders of Government bonds. Whatever a man does on rented property is labor lost. What he does on his own house is an investment which is sure to bring year after its ample reward.