

L. V. BLUM, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—THREE DOLLARS a year in advance. One Dollar and a half for six months. Ten copies for one Post Office \$20.00.

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Select Tales.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

"What do you mean by such carelessness?" exclaimed John Doring to his son William, a young lad of twelve years.—"Take that!" he added, striking the boy a heavy blow on the side of the head; and that, and that!" repeating the blows as he spoke, the last of which knocked the boy over a plow that was standing by his side. "Get up now and go into the house," continued the father, "and see if you can't keep out of mischief for a while, and stop that crying, or I'll give you something to cry for!"

The boy started for the house, struggling to suppress his sobs as he went. "It is astonishing," said Doring addressing a neighbor named Hanford, who was near in a barn, and of course had seen and heard all that had passed, "how troublesome boys are. Just see those oats, now, that I've got to pick up for that boy's carelessness," and he pointed to the measure of oats which William had accidentally overturned.

"And it was for that trifling that you assaulted your child and knocked him down?" replied Mr. Hanford, in a sorrowful tone.

Doring looked up from the oats in surprise, and repeated: "Assaulted my child and knocked him down! Why, what do you mean, neighbor Hanford?"

"Just what I say. Did you not knock the child over the plow?"

"Why—well—no. He kind of stumbled and fell over it," doggedly replied Doring. "Do you go against parental authority? Haven't I a right to punish my own children?"

"Certainly you have," responded Mr. Hanford, "in a proper spirit, but not otherwise. Do you think that a father has a right to revenge himself upon his child?"

"Of course not; but who's talking about revenge?"

"Well, my friend Doring, let me ask you another question; for what purpose should a child be punished?"

"Why to make it better, and to do it good, of course," quickly replied Doring. "For any other?" quietly asked Hanford.

"Well, no; not that I can think of, just now," replied Doring, thoughtfully.

"And now, my friend," kindly continued Mr. Hanford, "do you suppose your treatment to your son a few moments ago did him any good, or has increased his respect and affection for you? The boy, I venture to say, is utterly unconscious of having done any wrong, and yet you suddenly assaulted him with anger and violence, and gave him a beating which no penitentiary convict can be subject to without having the outrage inquired into by a legislative committee. But let me tell you a long story. You know my son Charles?"

"The one that is preaching in Charleston?"

"Yes. You have probably noticed that he is lame?"

"I am afraid that I am not," he replied, "clinging to my arm for support." "Where?" I asked in great alarm, for notwithstanding my blindness, I faintly identified the boy. "Here," he replied, laying his hand upon his hip. "In silence I took him in my arms and carried him to his bed, from which he never again arose, bright, active, glorious boy that I had so cruelly struck down on that pile of stones. But after many months he came forth, a pale, emaciated little fellow, hobbling on a crutch!"

"Here Hanford broke down and wept like a child, and the tears also rolled down Doring's cheeks. When he resumed, Mr. Hanford said: "This is a humiliating narrative, neighbor Doring, and I would not have related it to you had I not supposed that you needed the lesson which it contains. It is impossible for me to give you an adequate notion of the suffering that I have undergone on account of my brutal rashness to my boy. But fortunately it has been overruled to my own good and to that of my family also. The remedy, though terrible, was complete, and no other child of mine has ever been punished by me except when I was in the full possession and exercise of my best faculties, and when my sense of duty has been chastened and softened by reason and affection."

"I devoted myself to poor Charley from the time he left his bed, and we came to understand one another as I think but few fathers and sons ever do. The poor boy never blamed me for blighting so much happiness for him, and I have sometimes tried to think that his life has been made happier, on the whole, than it would have been, had I not been taught my duty through this sacrifice. Still, neighbor Doring, I should be sorry to have you and your son William pass through a similar ordeal."

"I trust that we shall not," emphatically and gravely responded Doring. "I thank you for your story, friend Hanford, and I shall try and profit by it."

And he did profit by it; and we hope that every parent who is capable of striking his child in anger or petulance, that reads this sketch from life, will profit by it.

DANIEL BRYAN'S OATH.

Daniel Bryan had been a lawyer of eminence, but had fallen, through intoxication, to beggary and a dying condition.

Bryan had married, in his better days, the sister of Moses Felton. At length all hopes were given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was known. He was too low for conviviality, and those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him.

All alone, in his office and chamber, he still continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the offspring of his jug.

In the early spring Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are fading away, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush, Moses," answered the wife, trying to keep back her tears. "I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. His hat was slouched over his eyes, his hair was matted, and his hands hung loosely by his side. "Ah, Moses, how—how are you?" he stammered, for he could not speak plainly.

Moses looked at him a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cold, stern expression, he said, in a strongly emphasized tone:

"Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend but one. My sister is an angel, though wedded to a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before; you were generous, noble and kind; and I hate you now, for you are a perfect devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister; she might now live with me in comfort, only that she will not do it while you are alive; when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligence that reaches me from my native place, after I shall have reached my home, may be that You Are Dead."

In a kind of bewildered consciousness of his own dreadful guilt, and of what Moses had said, Daniel replied:

Go and watch the post. I will go when you take back your words.

"Never, Daniel Bryan, never!" "You shall!" I answered him.

With these words Daniel approached a side-board, and drawing forth a jug, he poured it into the fire-pan, and while the flames were yet flying over the door strode from the house.

Mary sank fainting to the floor. When she bore her to the bed, and then having called in a neighbor, he pressed a lavender flag upon his sister's lips, and hurried away. For a month Daniel hovered over the brink of the grave; but he did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the almost insupportable weight of stimulants from a certain class of long years, had almost subsided on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and have the firmness to refuse further temptation."

"Aye," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath! No! Moses Felton shall never hear that another drop has gone down my throat. If the want of it can kill me, then let me die; but I will not die—I'll live to make Moses retract his angry prediction."

He did live. An iron will conquered the messenger death sent. Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not even walk without help.

Mary held him. A year passed away and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the court-house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started in surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth acquitted. Soon after the successful counsel met Moses Felton. They shook hands but did not speak. When they reached a spot where none others could hear them, Bryan suddenly stopped.

"Moses," he said, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?" "I do, Daniel."

"Will you now take them back—unsay them—now and forever?" "Yes, with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest, unperjured man! The oath that has bound me thus far was for life."

That night, as Mary, the faithful wife and nurse, sat in the starlight, with her fond husband and her loving brother, she silently looked to heaven and prayed a prayer of thankfulness for the deep happiness which God had given her once sorrowful and bleeding heart.

Miscellaneous.

The Silk Spider of South Carolina. D. B. G. Wilder, late surgeon of the 56th Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, gave the first of four lectures upon the above subject in Boston. The "Journal" gives the following brief but interesting synopsis:

The first of this species of spider was discovered by the lecturer on the north end of Folly Island, in Charleston harbor, while in camp there in August, 1863. He wound from its body, in one hour and a quarter, one hundred and fifty yards of yellow silk. The next year another officer wound from thirty spiders three thousand four hundred and eighty-four yards, or nearly two miles of the silk. A single thread of this was strong enough to sustain a weight of from fifty-four to one hundred and seven grains. In 1865 Dr. Wilder showed his specimen to Professor Agassiz and others, to whom the species was new. Returning to Charleston he resumed his researches, and after a variety of adventures and disappointments, succeeded in getting a number of the spiders.

In the course of the season, these all died, from lack of knowledge as to their habits, mode of living, etc. From the eggs deposited, however, many others were produced. It is the habit of the stronger to devour the weaker, so that out of several thousand, only a few hundred were raised. The fact, however, was clearly demonstrated that they could be raised and live through a Northern winter.

Specimens of the silk were exhibited, which was of a golden yellow and a silver white, and as brilliant as the metals in appearance.

LIFE ON THE MEXICAN BORDER.—A correspondent of a West-tn Journal, who lives on the line dividing Mexico from the United States, has endured the following calamities: "I have had a plantation in the harbor of Mazatlan (on an island); received 20-pound shells thrown by my house, and 42-pound shot alongside, have been annoyed in every conceivable manner possible. My peons ran off, my cotton crop and sugar cane destroyed, some six thousand tomato plants eaten up by worms; (I was shipping tomatoes to California at 50 cents per pound—\$10,000 loss of plants); and finally three different attempts to assassinate me in one week. The current French had me prisoner in Mazatlan five days at a time, and the other side robbed me of all my arms—two revolvers, one rifle and double-barrelled shot gun. I have, through all this, had the coast fever (or cholera) for six months; most of the time delirious; and altogether have passed through more during the year past than in all my life combined."

Important Decision Under the Civil Rights Bill. BALTIMORE, July 6.—Judge Bowie, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, has rendered an important decision under the Civil Rights Bill, in the case of 'The Commonwealth vs. Somers, for beating a negro.' It was contended by counsel that, according to the laws of Maryland, the negro was not a competent witness against a white man. The magistrate decided that said law was null and void, having been abrogated and superseded by the Civil Rights Bill, and required bail, which Somers refused to give, and was committed.—Application was made to Judge Bowie for a writ of habeas corpus, which he declined to grant, giving a written opinion sustaining the magistrate.

He admits there are doubts as to the constitutionality of the Civil Rights bill on other points—yet, not seeing clearly a breach of the Federal Constitution in the particular point bearing on this case, and following the usage and decisions of the highest courts, he was bound to assume that Congress had not violated its constitutional obligations, and passed an unconstitutional act. The prisoner was therefore remanded to the custody of the officers.

How They Conduct War in Europe. It will be interesting, if they are to have a war in Europe, to watch its progress, and see whether it is conducted on the principles of plunder and arson such as Grant and Sherman so extensively introduced in this country. It would seem from the commencement that thus far Prussia, at least, has not followed the example of "the great heroes" of America. We quote the following from a correspondent of the London Times, describing the entrance of the Prussian army into Saxony:—"As soon as the Prussian vanguard crossed the frontier, Prince Frederick Charles issued a most stringent order in which he insisted upon the troops showing every respect for private property and for the comfort of the inhabitants. This order has been strictly observed both by officers and men, but not from fear of the military punishment which would be the consequence of its transgression. The kind-hearted soldiers have brought with them none of those horrors which often follow in the train of an army which occupies a strange country. On the contrary, were it not for the swords and bayonets of patrols which glitter in the sun along every road, the scene is one of perfect peace. In some places the men are helping the peasantry to carry the hay harvest, in others they may be seen working in the cottage gardens, and nearly always are spending money in the village shops; the bare-legged country wretches get taken up for rides on the cavalry or artillery horses as they go to be watered, or are invited, half afraid, to peep into the muzzle of a rifled gun, and only when, with the contempt bred by familiarity, some too adventurous youngster tries to introduce a hand full of corn flowers into the mouth of a piece of ordnance, is he warned off the precinct of the battery by the reluctant sentry."

A man living at a village near Mobile, one night last week, attempted to frighten some girls by wrapping a white cloth around his body and personating a ghost. All ran but one, who pulled out a revolver and deliberately fired six balls into the head and body. She then went home and related the circumstances, and parties returning to the spot found the woman's ghost, two balls having penetrated the forehead, and the other four the region of the heart.

THE GREAT WAR DANCE.

Performance and Description of the Dance.

THE GREAT WAR DANCE. The dance which is now being performed in the city of New York, is one of the most interesting and novel of the kind. It is a dance of war, and is performed in a hall which is decorated with flags and banners. The dancers are dressed in military uniforms, and the music is a martial strain. The dance is performed in a hall which is decorated with flags and banners. The dancers are dressed in military uniforms, and the music is a martial strain.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.—A Washington writer thus sketches the personal appearance of President Johnson as seen by him upon the delivery of his great speech on the 23d of February: "Mr. Johnson is a man of very stalwart mould. Just above middle stature, he is so broad-shouldered, firm set, and deep-chested, as almost to seem below it. He has a large head. It is a compact head for his fiery will and brain. His face is marked; strong oval outline; long powerful jaw; well defined, but rather sharp chin; a wide, straight mouth; full, flexible lips; skin coarse in texture but firm; complexion swarthy; hair coarse black, streaked with grey; a nose small at the root, but full and large at the nostrils, which expand and lift as he speaks; broad forehead; beetling, bushy eye-brows, beneath which are a pair of the coldest hazel-grey eyes I ever saw in human head. These are the outlines of Andrew Johnson. His voice is clear, harsh, powerful and penetrating. When he begins speaking with most excitement, he is evidently the coolest man in the world."

PRUSSIAN SECRETS.—A foreign letter, speaking of matters connected with the impending war, says: "These Prussian guns are well known in America; that is, as well known as anything can be which is kept so profound a secret. The explosive material which is used in manufacturing the cartridge is a compound of ingredients known only to one man—the inventor; and so determined is the Government that the secret shall not escape, that the man is guarded night and day by a squad of twelve soldiers; every letter which he writes is inspected, and he is not allowed to communicate orally with any person except in the presence of his guard. The same man has applied his invention to a different purpose than that of a cartridge, infamously at the touch of a needle. He makes a kind of shell, not much larger than a bullet, which, explodes after it enters the body of a man, tearing the limbs to pieces with resistless force. These two secrets are supposed to make the Prussian army invincible.

THE GARDNER COPPER MINE, GUILFORD COUNTY, N. C.—The Copper Mines of North Carolina are now again being worked profitably, the ores, however, are still smelted out of the State; we hope soon to see the whole process carried on successfully at the mine. We copy the following from the Greensboro Patriot: "The Gardner" has long been famous as the most productive of any copper mine in North Carolina. For a long period previous to the war, it was successfully worked, giving employment to as many as five hundred operatives. We are pleased to know that operations have been renewed, and with far better prospects than was anticipated at any previous period in the history of the mine. Entering the engine shaft, with a candle fastened to our hat, and following Captain Stafford, we descended the mine by means of perpendicular ladders. The pump is in this shaft, the trunk of which nearly fills it, allowing but bare enough room to descend with ease. The pump is capable of throwing off seventy gallons of water per second, and works with the utmost perfection, being driven by the finest engine we ever saw in operation. The depth of the engine shaft is one hundred and seventy-five feet, which brings us to the level (designated by the depth of the shaft) as the one hundred and seventy feet level. This level is seven hundred feet in length, and connects with three shafts. The length of the vein is about three hundred feet, and is from two to four feet in width. It presents to the miners a favorable appearance, the ledge being mixed to a certain degree with "matrix," which is regarded as a good indication. In this level there is one excavation known as the "big place." This is forty feet in length, and about twenty in breadth. It yields solid ore, and the deposit seems inexhaustible.

There are other veins branching from the main level, all of which give promise of yielding inexhaustible supplies of ore. Indeed, this mine is a "fine fact." There is nothing better about it, or about the management of it. It is being worked for its legitimate earnings, and when fairly in operation, will, we are assured, pay a handsome yield of metal.

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