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The People's Press.

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Select Miscellany.

Schoolmaster of Russian Bar.

"When is he expected?"
"He said he was coming in to-night's stage."
"He taught in Frisco, didn't he?"
"Yes, I guess he was in the department."

The Doctor's wife was an authority on all matters in Russian Bar, and on this last session—the coming of a schoolmaster—she freely enlightened her neighbor, Mrs. Blunt, a plump widow, whose misdeeds had died a few months before. There was not much gossip about in that quiet village. The arrival and departure of the stage brought the people to their doors three times a week, and if a stranger was noticed, envoys were immediately dispatched to the hotel to learn his name and business, and the probable length of his stay. But now Russian Bar was to have a new schoolmaster, and the folks wondered much if he would have any trouble with Sam Seymour, the butcher's boy, or Ike Walker, an unruly spirit, who had knocked down and pummeled the last preceptor, who undertook to teach him school-discipline. The trustees were powerless in these matters and declared that if a schoolmaster was not able to "get away" with the boys in a square stand-up fight, he might as well pick up his traps and leave Russian Bar.

On the very evening of the expected arrival, Seymour and Walker, the leading spirits of the mutinous school-boys, met at a pool, from which both were endeavoring to coax a few speckled trout for supper. "Have you heard what the new chap is like, Sam?" said Ike, as he impaled a wriggle worm on his hook.
"No; have you?"
"Father told Jake, the barkeeper, that he was very young."
"And small?"
"Yes."
"Guess he won't stay long in town, Ike?"
"I guess not, Sam. School ain't good for us, such fine weather as this."
The worthies sat and fished in silence for some time, and then Ike produced a bunch of cigarettes and passed them to his friend. At last, finding that the fish would not bite, they shouldered their poles and struggled up towards the village, pausing for a moment to smoke a Chinaman's rooster which had strayed too far from the protecting wash house.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Philip Houghton was a schoolmaster from necessity, and not taste. Like many who have been educated as gentlemen in one sense of the word, that is, without the acquaintance with any special pursuit that might be turned to good account in the struggle for bread, he found himself adrift in California, with nothing to fall back on. Seeing an advertisement in a city paper for a competent teacher to take charge of the school at Russian Bar, he answered it, and was accepted at a venture. Putting his few movables together—a pair of old foils and a set of well-worn boxing gloves, for Houghton was an accomplished boxer and fencer—he bought his ticket for Russian Bar.

He found the stage driver a communicative, pleasant fellow, who, at his request, described the characteristics of his future home. Indeed, his descriptions of the class of boys whom Houghton was to take charge of, was not very encouraging—"You'll find them a hard lot," said he, "and they're all on the muscle, too."
"What is about the weight of my oldest?" asked Houghton, good humoredly.
"You see, if I have got to exercise something more than moral suasion, I want to get posted on the physique of my men."
"Well, Sam Seymour is about the strongest."
"But what is about the size of the redoubtable Ike?"
"Well, I guess he tops you by half a head."
"O, I expect we'll get along well enough together," said Houghton, "and I suppose this is the first glimpse of Russian Bar," he added, as a turn in the road brought them in view of that picturesque village.

The stage bowed along the smooth road, and past the great white-oak under whose friendly branches the teamsters were accustomed to make their noon-time halt.
"I'll get you down at the hotel," said the driver. "There's Perkins the proprietor; that fat man smoking on the stoop."

Houghton confessed to himself that the prospect before him was anything but a prepossessing one. He was not of a very combative nature, though he liked a little danger for the excitement; but a game of fistuff with a dirty, mutinous boy, had neither glory nor honor for a man that had been one of the hardest hitters in his college.

The folks were all at their doors when the stage clattered up the single street, and the slender, good-looking young man by the driver was measured and canvassed before that worthy had passed the mail to the doctor, who, with his medical avocations, also found time to "run" the post office.
The Doctor's wife was at her window, and after a long survey of the schoolmaster, hastened to communicate her opinions

to Mrs. Blunt. Meanwhile Houghton had washed off the red dust of the road, and took his seat at the supper table. The driver had introduced him to about a dozen of the leading citizens during the few minutes that intervened between their arrival and the evening meal.
"How do you like our town, Mr. Houghton?" asked the landlord, graciously, as he helped his new guest to a piece of steak.
"Well, it seems a pretty place."
"When you get acquainted you'll find yourself pleasantly situated; but you'll have a hard time with the boys."
"So they all tell me. Anyhow, I am not unprepared," said Houghton cheerfully.

After supper the landlord remarked confidentially to the Doctor, "that the young man had grit in him, and he thought he'd be able to 'make the riffle' with the boys."

THE FIRST DAY.

When Houghton arose next morning and opened his window to the fresh breeze, odorous with the perfume of the climbing honey-suckles, he felt that after all, a residence in a remote village, even with a parcel of rough boys to take care of, was preferable to the dusty, unfamiliar streets of San Francisco. He smiled as he unpacked his foils and boxing gloves, a little sadly, too, for they were linked with many pleasing associations of his undergraduate days.
"Well," he soliloquized, as he straightened his arm and looked at the finely developed muscles, "I ought to be able to hold my own in a stand up fight with these troublesome pupils of mine. This is my day of trial, however, and before noon we shall probably have had our battle out."

The school-house, a raw unfinished looking frame building, stood hard by the river at about half a mile from the town. When Houghton opened the rickety wooden gate that led into the school lot, he found a group of some twenty boys already assembled. Among them were Sam Seymour and Ike Walker. The latter's sister, a pretty girl of 16, was leaning against the fence with half a dozen of her friends, for the Russian Bar school-house was arranged for the accommodation of both sexes.

Houghton handed the key to the nearest boy, and asked him to open the door. With a look at the others, and a half grin on his face, he obeyed.
"Now, boys, muster in," said Houghton, cheerfully, to the boys.
They all passed in—Seymour and Walker last. The latter took a good look at the schoolmaster as he went by. When they were seated, Houghton stood at his desk and laid a heavy ruler on the books before him.
"Now, boys," he said, "I hope we shall get along pleasantly together. You treat me fairly, and you shall have no reason to complain, I promise you. Silence and obedience is what I require, and a strict attention to the matter of our instruction."

Giving them a portion of the grammar to prepare for recitation, he walked quietly up and down the room, occasionally standing at the windows, but appearing to keep no surveillance on the boys. Suddenly the crack of a match was heard, followed by a general titter.
Houghton turned quietly from the window, and saw the blue smoke from a cigarette arising from where Seymour sat.
"What is your name, boy?" he asked in a stern tone.
"My name is Seymour," replied the mutineer, insolently.
"And are you smoking?"
"I guess so."
"Leave the room."

There was a dead silence in the school-room now, and Houghton felt that the hour of trial was at hand.
"Seymour," he said again, very quietly.
"What?"
"Come here."
Seymour, putting his hands in his pockets, sauntered from his desk, stood within a yard of the schoolmaster and looked sneeringly in his face.
"Leave the room," said Houghton, again, in a lower voice.
"No."

The lithe arm straightened out like a flash of lightning, and the rebel measured his length on the floor, whilst the blood gushed from his nostrils. In a moment he sprang to his feet, and rushed furiously at the schoolmaster, but went down again like a reed before that well aimed blow. The second time he fell, Houghton stooped down and lifting him up as if he had been a cumbersome bag, he flung him outside the door. Seymour, confused and amazed, staggered down to the brook to wash his face and reflect on the wonderful force of that slight arm. And Houghton, turning to the school, without a word of comment on the scene, commenced the recitations. Walker was mum. Seymour's fate had appalled him, and in fact the entire mutinous spirit of the scholars of Russian Bar was in a fair way of being totally subdued.

When the trustees heard of the affair, they unanimously commended the schoolmaster's pluck.
"I tell you what, boys," said Perkins to crowd who were earnestly engaged in the game of old sledge in his bar-room, "that Houghton knows a thing or two about managing boys. He'll fix 'em off, or my name's not Perkins."

A NEW PURSUIT.

Houghton was hospitably treated by the folks of Russian Bar. They felt him to be a man of refinement, brought down in the world, but showing no offensive superiority in his intercourse with them. The Doctor's wife pronounced him to be the best New Yorker she had ever met, and the gossips insinuated that Mrs. Blunt, the widow, was setting her cap for him.
Gypsy Lane, the daughter of a leading man in Russian Bar, and made wealthy by a saw-mill, which all-day long groaned and screamed some distance down the river, did not express her opinion as to Houghton's merits, but in the summer evenings, when the school-master, rod in hand, wandered along the stream, and threw his line across the mill-dam, Gypsy was seldom far away. Lane, a bluff, hearty old fellow, frequently asked Houghton to spend the

evening with him, and told his adventures in early California to a patient listener, while Gypsy dutifully mended her father's socks on the veranda.

Mrs. Lane, when Gypsy was but a by was laid to rest in Lone Mountain, before Lane thought of settling at Russian Bar. Seymour and Walker were the set and most industrious pupils the young master had, and were happy when accompanying him on his fishing excursions. In fact, all agreed in declaring that the educational department in the village was a thriving success.

One pleasant evening in June, Gypsy Lane, twirling her straw hat thoughtfully, picked her way across the broad fields at lay between her house and the mill, and stream was a winding one, and as she pleased her tiny foot on the first stepping-stone, she saw a straw hat on the ground which she knew well.
"How is Miss Lane this evening?" asked Houghton, lazily, from beneath a man's hat, where he had been enjoying his book and a pipe.
"Well, thank you. How is Mr. Houghton?" replied Gypsy, shyly.
"Warm, but not uncomfortable. Are you going to the mill?"
"Yes, I have a letter that has just come for father."

"May I accompany you?"
"Certainly, if you choose."
Houghton put on his hat and helped Gypsy across the brook.
"I had a letter from New York a few days ago," said he, after they had left the first bend of the river behind.
"A pleasant one?"
"Well, although in one sense it brought good news, still I can hardly call it a pleasant letter."

They walked on, and Gypsy swung her hat pensively, longing, with a woman's curiosity, to hear more about the New York letter.
"I am going to leave Russian Bar," said Houghton, abruptly.
"Indeed? how soon?"
"I don't know, yet; possibly within a week."

The hat was swayed from side to side with increased energy.
"Do you care much, Miss Lane?"
"This question was asked with an earnest look into the hazel eyes that were kept steadily bent on the brown parched grass beneath their feet.
"Yes, of course we shall all be sorry to lose you," returned Gypsy, evasively.
"If I come back in a few months with something for my future wife, shall I see this river on her finger?" whispered Houghton, capturing the little hand that held the hat, and slipping a pearl ring on the delicate finger.

Gypsy said nothing; but her eyes turned for a moment on the schoolmaster's earnest face, and in the next breath she was resting on his shoulder.
Russian Bar, to a man turned out to wish Philip Houghton God speed on the morning he took his place by the driver who one year before had set him down at Perkins' Hotel. They knew he was on his way to New York, and that he had been left some money, and the gossips more than suspected that there was something between Gypsy Lane and her favorite. At all events, her eyes were red for a week after his departure.

Winter had come; the river was swollen and rapid, and many a lofty tree from the pine forest had found its way to the hearths at Russian Bar. One delicious morning, crisp and cold, after a night's rain, the stage passed by the large white oak, and splashed with mud, halted before Perkins' Hotel. It had been all night on the way, for the roads were very heavy.

The worthy proprietor of that excellent house was in the act of tossing his first cocktail, when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and Philip Houghton shouted—
"Perkins, old boy, how are you?"
The landlord returned the shake-hand, dived behind the bar, and had a second cocktail mixed in a moment.
"And now," said he, as he pledged the ex-schoolmaster, "when will the wedding take place?"

Six weeks afterwards the old mill was hung with evergreen wreaths, and a grand festival was held at Russian Bar. Gypsy Lane was a lovely bride, and when Houghton took charge of the mill and invested all his New York money in the village, and was admitted to practice in the courts—everything seemed to take a fresh start. Through all, his warmest and most devoted friend was Sam Seymour, once the terror of Russian Bar schoolmasters, and now the holder of that important position.

Metal Paper-Hangings.

Paper-hangings for walls are known to everybody. It is now proposed to use hangings made of metal; and an account of this new invention, which comes to us from Paris, has been read before the Society of Arts. The metal employed is tin-foil, in sheets about sixteen feet long, and from thirty to forty inches wide. The sheets are painted, and dried at a high temperature, and are then decorated with many different patterns, such as foliage, flowers, geometrical figures, imitations of wood, or landscapes. When decorated, the sheets are varnished, and again dried, and are then ready for sale. Tin-foil is in itself naturally tough; and the coats laid upon it in preparing it for the market increase the toughness. The hanging of these metallic sheets is similar to paper-hanging, except that the wall is varnished with a weak kind of varnish, and then applied thereto. Thus in this way a room or a house may be newly painted, without any smell of paint to annoy or harm the inmates. Moreover, the tin-foil keeps out the damp; and as the varnish is a damp-resister, the protection to the room is two fold. Experience has shown, also, that cornices, mouldings, and irregular surfaces may be covered with the tin-foil as readily as a flat surface; hence there is no part of a dwelling-house or public building which may not be decorated with these new sheets; and, as regards style and finish, all who saw the specimens exhibited at the reading of the paper were made aware that the highest artistic effects could be achieved at pleasure.—Every Saturday.

The Grotto at Lourdes.

All France is in excitement over the miracles said to be performed at a healing fountain at Lourdes, which is situated on the northern slope of the Pyrenean mountains, in the southwestern part of the country. As the story runs, as long ago as February, 1858, Bernadette Soubir, an invalid peasant girl, fourteen years old, with two companions, went out to gather sticks for fuel. When at the entrance of a spot known as the Grotto de Massabielle, the maiden saw a woman of angelic beauty, wearing a white dress with a blue belt. She was terrified at first, but seeing that the lady was only engaged in prayer, she imitated her. During this time the companion of the girl did not see the vision, but did notice that Bernadette's countenance changed. The vision disappeared, and the child coming to her senses, returned home and told what she had seen. No one believed her, though she had always been a truthful girl. The next day she went to the grotto again, when the vision appeared as before, and she was asked to repeat her vision for fifteen days.

In the meantime, the story of her vision was noised about and caused a great commotion. The officers of the law and the parish priest endeavored to make her own that there was no truth in the story, and being unsuccessful had her arrested as an impostor. For all this, many of the poor peasantry believed the girl's story, and great crowds followed her when she went to the grotto. As length the fifteenth day arrived, and Bernadette went to the grotto to deplore her hard fate to the beautiful lady, who thereupon bade her go upon her knees on the rock where she was till she could go no further. When she took up some of the scanty earth about the rocks, kneaded it, and carried it to her lips. Then she dug a little hole with her hands and presently water began to collect in it. She dipped up some of this in her hands, drank it and went away. From that time the stream increased in size till the water flowed with considerable violence.

It was soon discovered that the waters of the stream possessed healing powers, and many resorted to the grotto for the purpose of getting relief from their bodily infirmities. Still the spring had only a local celebrity till some of the local authorities tried to stop what they considered a great superstition. This, however, was prevented by the Emperor, who telegraphed that no coercive measures should be used to keep the peasantry from the forest. About this time M. Henri Lassere, an editor in Paris, visited the spring and professed to be cured of blindness. He wrote a book on the subject, from the profit of which \$60,000 was realized. From this time the spring became a great favorite, and invalids and cripples came to it only from all parts of France, but from distant countries, Lourdes, which was formerly only a little hamlet, has become a fashionable town. There are twelve large hotels and a great number of boarding-houses. The regular passenger receipts at the railway station amount to \$1,000 per day. A church costing 2,500,000 francs, is being erected over the grotto, and numerous convents and chapels are being built on the hills around. To protect the stones of the grotto from being carried away, a railing has been built on either side. Visitors affirm that this place is completely covered with the crutches of those who came lame, but went away with the use of their limbs.

The Catholic clergy have taken advantage of the excitement caused by the real or imaginary effects of this spring to inaugurate a revival of religion as well as a revival of patriotism. Early in October a day was set for pilgrims in all parts of France to visit Lourdes. It is estimated that 50,000 persons were present at one time, including eight Bishops and 2,000 priests. Appeals were made to the multitude to lead a better life, to observe the Sabbath more strictly, and to pay more attention to matters of religion. A part of the exercises of the occasion consists in blessing the banners of France, which were sent for that purpose from every department. Absce and Loraine sent theirs in mourning, borne by girls dressed in white. The banner of Nantes was rendered so heavy by gold and embroidery that it required six strong men to carry it. When all the banners were ranged in a circle around an altar, the eight bishops blessed them, and at a given signal 50,000 pilgrims fell on their knees to receive the first benediction from the prelates, who stretched their hands over the multitudes.

County Papers.

The following is what the Cincinnati Trade List thinks of those characters who complain of their county paper, and instead of helping to support it, send off for large city papers and thus help to support them?
"A gentleman writes us that his county paper is so poor that he has stopped taking it, therefore sends us three dollars for the Trade List. We repeat that we don't want subscribers on those terms. A man's county paper is worth more to him than any other paper in the world, or if it is not it is his own fault. If the county paper is properly encouraged, it may be relied upon for information of more value to the people in whose interest it is issued, than can be found in all the city papers in the United States. No man can afford to stop the paper that publishes the official notices of his county, the public sales, markets, court news and other local intelligence. If the paper is poor, the people are more at fault than the publishers, for liberal patronage. However poor the county paper may be, it is always worth more than it costs to those interested in the affairs of its locality."

TWO PEBBLES.—The Richmond Enquirer says that the Richmond Granite Company, about four miles from that city, has just made one of the largest blasts on record. By it the company has secured a solid piece of stone, of excellent quality, six feet wide, measuring 138,000 cubic feet, and weighing 11,500 tons, or 23,000,000 pounds.—The enormous blast, was almost equalled by the same company in 1870, when a block of granite weighing 18,000,000 pounds was obtained. We doubt if any more successful blasts are recorded.

Malleable Glass.

LOST LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF EARLY INVENTIONS—A NEW DISCOVERY.

One of the lost arts, which skill and science have for hundreds of years been making efforts to re-discover, is the production of malleable glass. It is mentioned by many ancient writers, especially by Pliny, who speaks of its having been invented, when thrown on a hard substance, and then hammered into shape again like brass. The world uses a vastly greater amount of glass now than during the early ages, but has never been able to overcome its brittleness. That accomplished, and it would enter into uses not even suspected now, and probably dispute with iron itself for supremacy as an agent of civilization. A glass spinner in Vienna has recently made a discovery that may lead to the recovery of the lost link in the chain of early invention. He is manufacturing a thread of this material finer than the fibre of the silk-worm; which is entering largely into the manufacture of a variety of new fabrics, such as cushions, carpets, table cloths, shawls, neckties, figures in broadened velvet and silk, embroidery, tapestry, laces, and a multitude of other things. It is as soft as the finest wool, stronger than silk thread, and is not changed by heat, light, moisture or acids, nor liable to fade. So important is the matter deemed, that while the process is kept a profound secret, the Austrian Minister of Commerce has already organized schools for glass spinning in various places in Bohemia, and a variety of manufactured articles are now for sale and will no doubt soon reach America. If it shall end in the final re-discovery of malleable glass, so that it can be wrought or rolled into sheets, it will revolutionize much of the world's industry. Indeed, go one could safely predict to what uses it might not be applied, as the material is plentiful in all lands. Mankind have long waited for it. Let us hope the time is near when so great a boon will be vouchsafed to them. London Times.

What is Buddhism.

At least one-third of the human race profess to be Buddhists, that is, followers or disciples of Buddha—who are divided into sects or schools, the Northern and Southern; the Buddhists of Tibet, Mongolia, Manchuria, China and Japan being classed with the former, and those of Ceylon, Barmah and Siam with the latter. Buddha left no writings, but those who followed him and committed to writing his creed, make it to consist only in the "Four Verities" as his followers call them which are: (1.) Suffering exists. (2.) It is caused by desire. (3.) It can be ended by Nirvana. (4.) Nirvana can be obtained by mortifying the passions and affections, and attaining mental repose or apathy, somewhat like what is called the meaning of this word Nirvana is calm or untroubled; and the notion attached to it is that of endless or unconscious repose. It is not exactly annihilation, but unceasing apathy. What was taught about it, however, was so much like annihilation that many leading Buddhist writers have maintained that when Buddha died he forever ceased to be as really and truly as the light of a lamp ceases to be when its flame is extinguished.

Other leading Buddhists deny this, and assert that it is not a discontinuance of individuality, but simply a freedom from all the evils of previous existence. The latter is probably the correct view, and it is certainly the one which the great mass of the Buddhists now believe in. Of this ideal state of existence, Buddha himself is said to have spoken as follows: "It is the end of successive existence; it is very subtle; it is free from decay; it is free from delay or development of events; it is pure; it is tranquil; it is stable; it is free from death; its blessedness is great; it is uncreated or supernatural; it is free from restraint; it is free from sorrow; it is free from the evils of existence." The last phrase looks like annihilation, but the meaning undoubtedly is the same as in the first phrase, "successive existence." Those who reach Nirvana are few. But if any one attains the knowledge that is proper to be acquired; if he learns the universality of sorrow; if he overcomes that which is the cause of sorrow; and if he practices that which is proper to be observed, by him the possession of Nirvana will be secured.

Louisiana.

The disorder that is brought upon this State through barbarism and carpet-bagging has kept the world in a muddle as to what is the merit or the demerit of public transactions there. Just now we have a state of things which the Federal Government has taken a part in, and in which the order is given to enforce the laws.

It appears that that prince of carpet-baggers as well as of rascals, Warmoth, who is opposed to men equally as rascally as himself, if not so smart, has contrived to form a State returning board, who have given the return of the late elections to the Liberal Republican side. The returning board, under the laws of Louisiana, is composed of the Governor and four others, on whose examination and report the vote is declared. Several persons in the original board—Lieutenant Governor Heron especially—were objectionable to Governor Warmoth, and so some pretext of other he had them removed by legal process they had themselves reinstated and were hostile to Warmoth and the faction party so called, in Louisiana, otherwise, the Liberal Republican party. This board took the name of the Lynch Board. The Governor, by a tortuous strategy, appointed a new board. The Lynch Board brought suit against Warmoth in the United States Court upon the pretext, we suppose, that voters were deprived of their right as well as that the board depriving them was not legally constituted, and the Judge issued an injunction restraining the Warmoth Board from deciding the result of the election. But in defiance of this injunction Warmoth issued his proclamation declaring the Liberal ticket triumphant by 8,000 majority. On the other hand the Lynch Board issue their proclamation giving the return to the other side.—Warmoth, having disregarded the order

of the court, the Judge makes the injunction against his act permanent, and calls on the United States Marshal to take possession of the State House and prevent the Warmoth Legislature from assembling. This body had been called in extra session by the Governor; but as legislators are powerless in opposition to bayonets, they will not be able to meet in the State House.

These affairs stood at last dates. The Republican candidate for Governor of Louisiana was William P. Kellogg, now United States Senator, and on the other side was John McEnery for the same office. In case Kellogg was elected it was understood that Collector Casey, the President's brother-in-law, was to be elected U. S. senator, and Governor Warmoth was to have the office in case the Liberal ticket triumphed. A pretty kettle of fish indeed. We suppose there is very little ground amongst sincere and honest people to take up the cause of either, and it is a matter of little importance which gains the victory. But the disgrace to the country inflicted by such scrambles over the public offices can never be effaced. The cause of it all—the source of the evil—is plain to all intelligent and ingenious minds; but there will not for years to come be any movement towards the correction of the evil. The time is too corrupt, and the politicians are too much wedded to their private ambition to give their reflections and their energies and influence to the cause of order and law and the promotion of the true dignity and power of the nation.

Bloody Work in Florida.

At Ellenville, a small hamlet near the Southern border of this county, a terrible tragedy was enacted on last Saturday evening. John Barre and James Barre, two men in the vigor of youthful manhood, were shot down in cold blood and brutally murdered. The circumstances, as we have been able to gather them, were as follows: There had been a feud for some time between a man named Charles Carroll and James Barre, from which more than once serious results had been expected. On the afternoon of the day named above, Charles Carroll, accompanied by his brother William and his brother-in-law, Daniel Wingate, visited the store at Ellenville, kept by James Barre. Charles Carroll being armed with a double-barreled gun. The other two had no visible arms. In a little while a furious quarrel sprang up between Charles Carroll and his brother-in-law, Wingate, and the party left the store apparently in great anger, for the purpose of having a settlement. The two Barres, John and James, followed almost immediately afterwards, for the purpose of preventing, if possible, what threatened to be a very serious difficulty between the two brothers-in-law, both of whom were known to be reckless and desperate men. The two Barres, unsuspecting of danger to themselves—for no word of quarrel had passed between them and the other party—went on towards the store, and the building that they were immediately shot down by means of the double-barreled gun in the hands of Charles Carroll. James Barre received a charge of steel buckshot in the upper portion of his right breast, and John Barre was wounded with an equal number of buck shot in the left breast; the charge shattering the upper portion of his arm to such an extent as to render subsequent amputation necessary near the shoulder joint. Besides these injuries, which were the fatal ones, both men received wounds in other portions of their bodies from pistol shots, which they afterwards, in their death bed testimony, declared were inflicted on them by Wm. Carroll and Daniel Wingate, who they declared, came up and shot them with pistols after they had fallen. The quarrel between Carroll and Wingate it is now believed, was only a sham, and intended as a ruse to draw the Barres out of doors away from their arms, where they might be more safely slaughtered. They lingered in such agony until the following Monday, when both died, John in the forenoon of that day and James in the evening. The two men were cousins, and John had been only about a month in the neighborhood. He was a citizen of South Carolina, and, it is said, was a fugitive from justice, having recently killed a Deputy United States Marshall in his own State. There was no cause of a quarrel between him and the Carrolls, but he was murdered probably because his name was Barre, and it was his misfortune to be in company with James Barre at the time it was determined to put him out of the way. About an hour or two before the shooting of the Barres, Wingate had shot a negro man named Jenkins, at Providence, in Bradford county, about two miles distant from Ellenville.—Lancaster Herald.

It is now commonly believed that where two persons sleep together, one abstracts from the other some amount of vital force. This is especially the case where old and young persons share the same bed. Fluctuating of air, the emanations from the lungs and skin of the sleeper poison the atmosphere for a considerable distance. In the public wards of great hospitals, never less than two and a half feet is allowed between each bed, for this reason. In the sleeping apartments of royalty and nobility single beds everywhere the rule, and nowhere the exception. The Emperor of Germany sleeps upon a narrow bed and a hard mattress. The single bed covering is a wadded silk quilt. The Emperor and Empress of Austria take their royal slumbers on similar beds, with the same description of coverlet. One of the principal advantages of these narrow beds is that the mattresses are more easily aired. Even the poorest housewife in Germany recognizes the fact that bedding requires daily airing, and on a pleasant day in winter, and nearly every day in summer, one may see stretched out of the court-yard windows for an entire half day the feather-beds and coverings so dear to the heart of a German Frau.—Galaxy.

In many sections the horses, after recovering from the horse malady, are seized with the droupy. For this the following is given as a remedy: "Take inside bark of swamp elder, (not alder) boil with water until a very strong decoction and let the horse drink, which will soon effect a cure."

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