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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. XII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1883.

NO. 13.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for SPACE, One M., Two M., Three M., Six M., One Y. and corresponding rates for One Square, Two Squares, Three Squares, Four Squares, Fourth Col'n, Half Column, and Whole Column.

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W. G. ELLIOTT, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, NORFOLK, VA. Rooms 2 and 3 Virginia Building.

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ENFIELD, N. C. Practices in the counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. Jan 12 17.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

ENFIELD, N. C. Practices in the county of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of the State. 18 17.

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HALIFAX, N. C. Office in the Court House. Strict attention given to all branches of the profession. Jan 12 17.

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HALIFAX, N. C. Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme courts. Will be at Scotland Neck, once every fortnight. Aug 29 17.

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WELDON, N. C. A very large supply of Cakes, Crackers, Candies, French and Plain, Raisins, Fruits, Nuts, &c.

THE YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

The year 1817 has been called the 'year without a summer,' for there was sharp frost in every month. The farmers used to refer to it as 'eighteen hundred and seventeen,' with the exception of a few days. The greater part of March cold and blistering. April opened warm, but grew colder as it advanced, ending with snow and ice and winter cold. In May ice formed half an inch thick, buds, and flowers were frozen and corn killed. Frost, ice and snow, were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts, and ten inches in Maine. July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the fifth ice was formed of the thickness of window glass in New York, New England and Pennsylvania, and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. In August ice formed half an inch thick. A cold northern wind prevailed nearly all summer. Corn was so frozen that a great deal was cut down and dried for fodder. Very little ripened in New England, and scarcely any even in the Middle States. Farmers were obliged to pay \$1 or \$3 a bushel for corn of 1817, for seed for the next spring's planting. The first two weeks of September were mild, the rest of the month cold, with frost, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick. October was more than usually cold, with frost and ice. November was cold and blistering, with snow enough for 'good sleighing.' December was quite mild and comfortable.

KIDNEY-WORT.

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION. No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it. It purges the bowels, and restores the system to its normal state. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists. Price 25 Cts. Use Druggists' Seal.

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Fire and Life Insurance Agent. Can be found in the Roanoke News office. WELDON, N. C. REPRESENTS, New York Underwriters, 'Agricultural' of Waterbury, N. Y., Western, of Toronto, Canada, Family, of Baltimore, N. C., Lynchburg, of Lynchburg, Va., Equitable Life Insurance Co. of N. Y.

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COME BACK.

Come back, dear heart, and love me still. For all is dark and drear and cold. I little thought my pride and chill Would lose for me thy tender fold; Come with thy blitheesome tone and ways, I loved so well those olden days.

O I have waited all these years! My life has sunk to ebb and low. And in these eyes now dead to tears Thou'lt read the anguish of my woe. Then wilt thou, dear, not come to me, And kiss my lips so tenderly?

Ah yes, dear heart, I still must pray, Though night and age are drawing nigh, Thou'lt feel for me so far away, And try to love me ere I die. And with sweet memories of the past Thou'lt come at last, thou'lt come at last.

SAVED FROM HIMSELF.

A beautiful garden full of rare flowers, and a girl as rarely beautiful as they. But to-day Eunice Ray's lovely face wears a cloud, and the calm depths of her blue eyes are troubled; for she is waiting for her lover, and she knows that the coming hour must decide for weal or woe her whole future life.

Three years before, by her dying mother's side (then only a girl of fifteen) she had promised solemnly never to wed one who was addicted to intemperate habits.

When six months ago she had met Claude Erle he had seemed everything that was noble. The more she had seen of him the more her heart had instinctively gone out to him, and at length when he had asked for the precious boon of her hand in marriage she had given him without hesitation the answer he craved.

For a while the course of their wooing had run in the smoothest, most blissful of channels but lately a shadow had come over the brilliancy of Eunice's happy love-dream. For some time reports had been brought to her ears of her lover's gradually growing dissipation. At first with an indignant scorn she had refused to believe; but too soon she had been forced to the conviction that what she had heard had some foundation in truth.

A step came up the path to where Eunice sat. "Ah, here she is! My little queen in the midst of her subjects." Claude dropped, as he spoke, a handful of fragrant blossoms in her lap, and then seated himself by her side.

Then, for the first time, he noticed the troubled expression her face wore, and attributing it to some trivial cause, which his presence would soon comfort, began lightly to question her. For a few moments the girl hesitated.

As she gazed up into his handsome, laughing eyes, she shrank from speaking words which might drive him in anger from her side, and separate her for all time from him. She loved with an intensity such as a nature like hers could feel but once. But at length she began in a low voice, which gathered firmness as she went on. First she told him of her solemnly uttered vow to her dying parent, and then of what she had heard concerning his intemperate habits.

A dark flush of anger sprang to Claude's face as he rose to his feet, exclaiming, "I will not say that what you have heard is false—I will not tell an untruth—but what matters it if in the society of jovial friends I have once in a while overstepped the bounds of sobriety? Eunice, I thought that you loved me, but I see I was mistaken.

Eunice's face grew very pale as she listened to the torrent of passionate words his wounded pride had dictated. She laid her soft hand upon his arm pleadingly. "I feared you would be angry, but I was forced to speak as I did. Oh! Claude," she went on, "only promise me that—"

He flung off her hand with a scornful laugh. "Such lukewarm love as yours will not suffice for me!" he exclaimed. Without further words he strode away.

Hidden as she was by the screening foliage, Eunice had no need to fear prying eyes. With a pathetic cry she covered her face with her slender fingers and sank upon the ground. "Oh, mother," she murmured, "I have obeyed your wishes, but I have broken my own heart!"

The following day Claude Erle left the village. Three years rolled away, years which had sadly changed the day of Eunice Ray's life. Her loving father, stricken suddenly down in the prime of his life, had died, leaving his young daughter alone in the wide world, and not only alone but poor.

Too proud to be dependent upon or pitied by her friends, Eunice had left the home where she had been born and which she had loved so well. After a time she succeeded in obtaining employment through turning to use her facility in the dainty art of designing.

Her lovely refined face and lady-like, unassuming ways soon attracted the interested notice of her employer;

and what he learned upon inquiry concerning her only increased that interest.

Mr. Grey and his worthy wife lived all alone in a stately home. They were noted for their benevolent eccentricities, and as such their step was set down to be by their friends when they asked Eunice to make her home with them.

She had been with her kind friends about a year when, one evening, Mr. Grey said, as he rose from the dinner table. "Wife, I would like you and Miss Ray to be ready in a couple of hours to accompany me to a lecture. I am acquainted with the lecturer, and in him intemperance has a strong adversary."

Eunice had expected to see a gentleman somewhat advanced in years; but instead, a tall, slight, youthful figure stood upon the platform. With an uncontrollable start, the girl recognized in the lecturer, whose rich, eloquent tones were already enchanting the attention of that large, cultivated audience, the lover who had gone from her in anger four years ago.

When it was over, Eunice found that though she had not met his glance, Claude had seen and recognized her. After a cordial hand-shake from Mr. Grey and his wife, Claude turned to their young companion, exclaiming, "This is truly a most delightful surprise! I did not expect to meet an old friend here to-night. Miss Ray, if you will permit me, I would like to accompany you home. There is no enjoyment so great as talking over bygone days.

That evening Mr. Grey's drawing-room witnessed a scene of happy reunion as, unrebuked, Claude clasped his recovered treasure to his heart. "Eunice," he said, after a while, "the anger with which I left your presence was short-lived. When it calmed I thought over your words; and though they wounded my pride, I could not help but see that they were only just and right. I determined to do as you had asked me; but until time had proved the reality of my reformation, I would not return to you. When I returned to your home to plead for my old position in your love and esteem, I found you gone—where I could not learn. But, my darling, we will think of the past no longer; but of the bright future in which we may live together!"

Eunice did not reply in words; but her little hand sought and found its refuge in his clasp.

RELIGIOUS.

The Methodist propose to locate a college at some one of the Black Hills' towns. Martin Luther's birthday, the tenth of November, will be celebrated in Philadelphia.

The Scriptures are published in 250 languages. The late archbishop of Canterbury left a personal estate of \$175,000—a little over two years' income.

Christian missionaries to India have to encounter among other dangers, 11,000,000 wind-ows.

Nearly \$1,000 has been subscribed in Brooklyn towards the proposed monument to Martin Luther.

There are in Philadelphia 522 Sunday schools, with a total membership of 169,651, and an average attendance of 112,313.

Rev. Anna Oliver, of Brooklyn, says she will not quit the ministry, although several professions in colleges have been offered her.

Queen Victoria is worshipped as a goddess by a native tribe of Orissa Indians. The conversion of the tribe is considered complete.

Two hundred and thirty-two steers have been brought in the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches of Rockport, N. Y., as the result of a recent extensive work of grace at that place.

The question of inter-communion between the Russian (Greek) church and the American Episcopal church, proposed by the latter, is pronounced impracticable by the former.

Rev. August F. Brunske, pastor of the Church of Saginaw City, Michigan, has received a call to the superintendency of the German churches in the United States under the charge of the American Home Missionary Society.

The Church of England is opposed to the Salvation Army. The Bishop of Oxford charges, in a public address, that the ratio of illegitimate births has increased in proportion to the number of the Army's meetings in different parts of the country.

THE NEW BOY.

He was a brand new office boy; young, pretty-faced, with golden ringlets and blue eyes. Just such a boy as one would imagine would be taken out of the little trouble-bed in the night, and transplanted beyond the stars.

The first day he glanced over the library in the editorial room, he became acquainted with everybody, knew all the printers, and went home in the evening as happy and cheery as a sunbeam. The next day he appeared, leaning out of the back window, exasperated on a printer's pate, tied up east by the tail in the hallway, had four fights with another boy, borrowed \$2 from an occupant of the building, saying his mother was dead, collected his two day's pay from the cashier, hit the janitor with a broomstick, pawned a coat belonged to a member of the editorial staff, wrenched the knobs of the door, upset the ice-crenel, pried three gallons of type, and mashed his finger in the small press. On the third day, a note was received, saying: "My Mother do not want me to work in such a dull place. She says I would make a good preacher. So do I. My finger's better—good-bye!" Yours T. H. Deth do Yank us."—Boston Journal.

If any young man expects without faith, without thought, and without study, without patient, persevering labor, in the midst of and despite of the discouragement, to attain anything in this world that is worth attaining, he will simply wake up by-and-by, and find that he has been playing the part of a fool.

THAT BAD BOY.

HE EMPLOYED THE BOHEMIAN HAND TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST OF HIS DEAR "PAP."

"There! you drop that!" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came limping in the store and began to fumble around a box of strawberries. "I never have kicked at your eating my codfish, and cheese, herring and apples, but there has got to be a dividing line, somewhere, and I make it at strawberries at six shilling a box, and only two layers in a box. I only bought one box, hoping a plumber or gas man would come along and buy it; and by gum! every body that has been in sampled a strawberry out of that box, shivered as though it was sour, and gone off without asking the price." And the grocery man looked mad, took a hatchet, and knocked in the head of a barrel of apples, and said: "There help yourself to dried apples."

"O, I don't want your strawberries or dried apples," said the boy, as he leaned against a show-case, and looked at a bar of red, transparent soap. "I was only trying to fool you. Say that bar of soap is old enough to vote. I remember seeing it in the show-case when I was about a year old, and came in here with me and held me up to the show-case to look at a tin tobacco box and that round zinc looking glass and the yellow wooden pocket comb; and the soap looks just the same, only a little faded. If you wash yourself once in a while, your soap wouldn't dry up on your hands." And the boy sat down in the chair without any back, feeling that he was even with the grocery man.

"You never mind the soap. It is paid for, and that is more than your father can say for the soap he has used in his house for the past month, and the grocery man, as he split up a box to kindle the fire. "But we won't quarrel. What was it I heard about a band serenading your father and his inviting them to lunch."

"Don't let that get out, or pa will kill me dead. It was a joke. One of these Bohemian bands that goes about town playing tunes for pennies, was over on the next street, and I told pa I guessed some of his friends who had heard that we had a baby at the house, had hired a band and was coming in a few minutes to serenade him. Pa is proud of being a father at his age, and he thought it was no more than right for the neighbors to serenade him, and he went to leading himself for a speech, in the library, and me and my chum went out and told the leader of the band there was a family up there that wanted to have some music, and they didn't care for expenses, so they quit blowing when they were and came along. None of them could understand English except the leader, and he only understood enough to take a drink when invited. My chum steered the band up to our house and I got them to play 'Babies on our block,' and I stopped all the men who were going home and told them to wait a minute and they would see some fun, so when the band got through the second tune, and the Prussian were employing their beer out of their horns, and pa stepped out on the porch, there was a hundred people in front of the house. You'd a dille to see pa when he put his hand in the breast of his coat, and struck an attitude. He looked like a congressman, or a tramp. The band was scared, cause they thought he was mad, and some of them was going to run, thinking he was going to throw brick houses at them but me and the leader stopped 'em. Then pa called in. He commended 'em, and then he went away back to Adam and Eve, and worked up to the present day, giving a history of the notable people who had acquired children, and kept the crowd interested. I felt sorry for pa, cause I knew how he would feel when he came to find out he had been sold. The Bohemians in the band that couldn't understand English, they looked at each other, and wondered what it was all about, and finally wound up by stating that it was every citizen's duty to own children of his own, and then he invited the crowd in to take some refreshments. Well, you ought to have seen that band come in the house. They fell over each other getting in, and the crowd went home, leaving pa and my chum and me and the band. Eat? Well, I should smile! They just roared for things, and talked Bohemian. Drink? O, no! I guess they didn't pour it down. Pa opened a dozen bottles of champagne, and they fairly bathed in it, as though they had a fire. Pa tried to talk to them about the baby, but they couldn't understand English, and finally they got full, and started out, and the leader asked pa for ten dollars, and that broke him up. Pa told the leader he supposed the gentlemen who had got up the serenade paid for the music; and the leader pointed to me and said I was the gentleman that got it up. Pa paid him, but he had a wicked look in his eyes, and me and my chum lit off, and the Bohemians came down the street, billow full, with their horns on their arms, and they were talking Bohemian for all that was out. They stopped in front of a vacant house and began to play, but pa couldn't tell what time it was; and then a policeman came along and drove them home. I guess I am sleep in the lively stable to night, cause pa is off unreasonable when anything costs him three dollars besides the champagne."

"Well, you have made a pretty mess of it!" said the grocery man. "It's a wonder your pa does not kill you."

ADMINISTER'S VIEWS OF LIFE.

The following was taken down verbatim in short-hand as the words fell from the lips of a broad-faced, well-fed-looking Methodist minister, who was preaching in a country school house: "Brethren, much has been said concerning preachers who take delight in the good things of this world. I am one who thinks it very right and proper for a minister to eat heartily and enjoy himself generally. Life is short, and the whole earth is man's. Man can not live on bread alone, nor religion alone. While it is true that Christian faith gives a glorious comfort not to be found elsewhere, it is also true that a yellow-legged chicken, when properly cooked, furnishes an essential joy not especially antagonistic to orthodox religion. Act justly, be charitable, pray fervently, eat heartily, and, my word for it, you will be happy."

A little girl on North Stricker street has succeeded in taming a mouse. It comes from its hole when she sings a verse of Joe Emmet's "Lullaby" song; eats cheese from her hand, and when she taps a small gong, rears on its hind legs and waltzes around the room. How wonderful is the human intellect—taming the brute, from Jumbo to the thymouse!

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk. That cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics. That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping them into boiling water for a minute. That fresh meat beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool air over night. That milk that has changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by straining in a little soda. That a tablespoonful of turpentine, boiled with your white clothes, will greatly aid in the whitening process. That boiling starch is much improved by the addition of sperm or glycerine, or both, or a little gum arabic, dissolved. That kerosene will often soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and will render them pliable as new. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric. That salt will curdle new milk, hence, in preparing milk porridge, for gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared. That kerosene will make your kettle as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will remove the stain from the clear varnished furniture. That blue ointment and kerosene, mixed in equal proportions and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing remedy, and that a coat of white wash is ditto for a log house.

BEYOND OUR PHILOSOPHY.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES RELATED BY BISHOP BOWMAN.

From the Missouri Republican. In conversation with a Republican reporter yesterday afternoon Bishop Bowman said: "I am not a believer in modern spiritualism and do not believe that spirits appear and move tables, but I can say I have never been able to account for many remarkable experiences I had during my life under different circumstances. We are much nearer the spirit world than we think, perhaps, and the spirits of the departed dead, I believe, have a certain influence over our minds.

"When voyaging on the Red Sea I made it a practice to pray every night and morning for my wife, from whom I was absent, and who at the time was an invalid. One evening I knelt down as usual and tried to pray for her, but found I could not do it. This worried me very much, but I attributed my incapacity to prayer for her to nervousness, as I had preached a sermon to the passengers on board that afternoon. On the following morning I again tried to pray for Mrs. Bowman, experiencing the same difficulty that prevented me from accomplishing my purpose on the evening previous. I wondered what had happened. Was I losing my senses? At length the thought occurred to me, 'Your wife may be dead.' But this I considered improbable, as I had received a letter a few days before, stating that she was much better than she had been for a long time. However, I was anxious to reach a point where I could expect to receive additional findings relative to her condition. Finally, on my arrival at Rome, I found a letter awaiting me, conveying the news that Mrs. Bowman was dead and buried. She had died on the same evening that I found myself unable to pray for her while voyaging over the Red Sea. This experience I was never able to account for, yet I shall never forget it.

"About the same time my daughter had another extraordinary experience, but it was not similar to mine.

"When in Paris she would shut her eyes and could then see her mother's face distinctly. On the evening of her mother's death she attempted to do this and was terrified at not seeing the face as usual that she ran out of the room into another apartment. She felt that something had happened, but her friends told her that her fears were all imaginary. Subsequently she received news that her mother had died about the time she found it impossible to see her face with her eyes closed. In this house, (referring to his residence, where the conversation took place,) about this time last year, I was lying sick, at the point of death, the physicians being unable to predict whether I would live or die. Then I had some very happy visions, as I stated in a sermon delivered recently in the Music Hall at Boston.

These visions were published a short time ago in the Republican. In them the bishop was transported to the threshold of the spirit world, where he saw and conversed with the spirit of the deceased daughter, who told him his wife was waiting for him in heaven.

A BOY BORN MAD.

There is a clever worthy family living in Guilford county, near to Gibsonville, who are afflicted with a son mad from his birth. And yet as if the most beautiful feature with which the God Parent bestows his creature man, the family are devoted to that unfortunate son, they keep him shut up but treat him as kindly and tenderly as if he was a blessing in their midst. The lad is now twelve years old and well grown and developed, and nearly as strong as a man. He sees a stranger he stretches out his neck and approaches, wringing his hands and running his tongue out like a snake. He will shine his eye at you and take it off as quick as a bird. He has a great desire to play with horses, and would have run frantic with delight to the reporter's horse at the door but was held back by the family. His rage is almost unmanageable, but the home people seem to have control of him. Any thing pretty shaken before his eyes will check him in his wildest rage. And this boy is growing and strengthening into manhood, and the dark cloud before his eyes getting blacker and blacker. How little do we know of the inside history of the best people of this life. The ways of Providence are past finding out.—Reidsville Times.

There is the shadow of immortality and in it a shadow. Soon as caught contemned, it shrinks to nothing in the grasp. Consult the ambitions, 'tis ambition's cure.

CRAWLING LEAVES.

From Harper's Young People. When Australia was first discovered by the English, as many strange stories were told about the wonderful things to be found there as we used to hear in the early days of California. Among other things it was said that the leaves on a certain tree had a habit of descending from their proper place and walking along the ground.

A party of English sailors had left their ship to roam along the coast and "see what they could see." They were resting under a tree, lying on their backs, probably, and naturally gaining upward, when a sudden breeze shook down a number of leaves, which turned some-erupts in the air after the manner of leaves generally, and then floated to the ground. The sailors were surprised at this shower, because it was not the fall of the year, but midsummer, and these falling leaves looked fresh and green. It was strange to see leaves deserting the tree without any sort of season; but this was nothing to what followed.

After a short rest these able bodied fellows began crawling along on the ground toward the trunk of the tree from which they came, and the amazed sailors started up in terror. They probably knew from experience that people who come in contact with the ground may also expect to come in contact with various crawling insects, but walking leaves were something altogether out of the common way and they took to their heels at once, and lost no time in getting on board the vessel. The land was certainly bewitched, and one of the men said, in relating the adventure, that he expected every minute to see the trees step out and dance a regular jig.

Fortunately this singular phenomenon has been fully explained by later travelers who were not too much frightened to stop and explain the matter. It was discovered that these queer leaves are really insects that live upon the trees, and are of the same color as the foliage. They have very thin, flat bodies, and their wings are like large leaves. When anything disturbs them—like a breeze, for instance—they fold their legs away under their bodies, and then their legs like shape, with stem and all, is complete.

Not only are they of a bright green in the summer, like the foliage of the trees at that time, but they actually change when the leaves do to the dull brown produced by frost. Another peculiarity of these leaf insects is that, although they have a generous supply of wings, they seldom use them, but when they have been shaken to the ground, after living there for a few moments, as if they were really leaves, they crawl toward the tree, and ascend the trunk without seeming to know that they have the power of getting back to their quarters in a much quicker and easier way.

ALL SORTS.

President Arthur wrote poetry in his youth. Since January two lines of ocean steamers have carried 19,800 immigrants to Oregon. Cotton seed oil is being extensively used in Mexico as a substitute for lard. It is proposed to tunnel under Niagara Falls. There are four colored homoeopathic doctors in Louisville, Ky. The military guard of the Bank of France has been re-established. A Florida couple, aged sixty years each, rode