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VOL. XIII. | WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1884. | NO. 10.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. H. KITCHIN. W. A. DUNN. COUNTY ATTORNEY.

KITCHIN & DUNN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

mar 13tf

BRANCH & BELL,

Attorneys at Law.

ENFIELD, N. C.

Practice in the counties of Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe and Wilson. Collections made in all parts of the State. jan. 12 tf.

F. H. BUSBEE. R. H. SMITH jr.
RALEIGH, N. C. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

BUSBEE & SMITH,

Mr F. H. Busbee and Mr R. H. Smith, Jr., Counsellors at Law, have formed a limited partnership for the practice of law in Halifax county. Mr. Busbee will attend the courts of Halifax, regularly, and will also visit the county whenever his services are required. oct 16 1y

GRIZZARD & HYMAN,

Attorneys at Law.

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THOMAS S. HILL,

Attorney at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining counties and Federal and Supreme courts. aug. 28 tf.

T. W. MASON,

Attorney at Law,

GARYSBURG, N. C.

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WALTER E. DANIEL,

Attorney at Law,

WELDON, N. C.

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W. W. HALL,

Attorney at Law,

WELDON, N. C.

Special attention given to collections and remittances promptly made. may 1 tf

MULLEN & MOORE,

Attorneys at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practice in the counties of Halifax, Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Martin—in the Supreme court of the State and in the Federal Courts of the Eastern District. Collections made in any part of the State. jan 1 1y

DR. J. E. SHIELDS,

Surgeon Dentist.

Having permanently located in Weldon, can be found at his office in Smith's Brick Building at all times except when absent on professional business. Careful attention given to all branches of the profession. Parties visited at their homes when desired. july 12 1y.

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june 22 tf

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LOVE'S LESSON.

Yes; Love passed by my road one day
And paused a little hour,
Laughing, he leaned beside my door
Where roses blushed in flow'r.

Two pleading hands he stretched to me
Half piteously, half play,
"Nay, give me but one blossom, dear,
And let me ride away!"

I held my heart within his palms—
A true heart, full and free—
And lifted royal lips to his,
For love meant love to me.

And I was bare of all Love's art—
I only knew to love and give—
Ah, you have taught me well, sweetheart,
The sequel is to grieve and—live!

Oh, love poured out like wasted wine,
Oh, kisses without wile or guile,
I gave the jest and still to come,
He—well, he loved me for awhile.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I would not change my wounded youth,
Nor one hour of the bleak hereafter,
For love to me means Tears and Truth,
And love to him means Lies and Laughter!

THE HAUNTED CORRIDOR.

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Aunt Rebecca.

The wine-like glow of sunset yet illumined the great bay window; but the rest of the apartment was already enshrouded in the gray shadows of twilight, in whose misty indistinctness the huge chairs of carved oak looked like gigantic monsters from some foreign shore. From the walls frowned down dark old family portraits, and the crimson hangings above the arched doors waved restlessly back and forth in the draughts of wind that swept through the vast corridor.

"I did't believe a word of it!" repeated Aunt Rebecca, with more emphasis than before. "A ghost story, indeed!"

"Tell me about it, Violet," said young Hazlewood, to whom the deep bay-window, with its far-off prospect of snowy hills, veiled in gathering twilight, to say nothing of pretty Violet Orme's close vicinage, were infinitely more attractive than the more modern regions of Alnwick Place.

"It is not much of a story," said Violet, flushing up to her very eyelashes at the sound of her own soft voice, "only years ago, long before my great-grandpapa built this house, the site was all one unbroken wood, and there was a tradition that a beautiful girl was murdered by her lover. Her grave, they said, was beneath the foundations of the house; but I scarcely credit this part of the legend."

"Of course not," interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a toss of her false curls. "I have no patience with the relics of old superstition."

"What are you looking for, aunt? Have you dropped anything? Shall I call for Harris to bring a candle?" asked Violet, a moment afterwards coming to her aunt's side.

"Nothing, nothing," said Miss Rebecca, with a little embarrassment in her voice. "Come—don't stay here any longer in the biting cold, unless you both want a week's medicine and doctor's visits."

"It is not cold, Aunt Rebecca," pleaded Violet, "and the starlight is so beautiful on the stone pavement. Just let us wait until that fiery planet mounts a little higher."

But a peremptory summons from Col. Orme himself, who had just waked from a comfortable nap beside the glowing fire in the library, to a sort of vague wonder as to "where Rebecca and the young people could possibly be," speedily settled the matter.

"Never mind, Violet," whispered Charles Hazelwood; "by and by when your father has gone to his room and Aunt Rebecca is busy with her curl-paper in her own special dormitory, we can have a starlight stroll through the ghost's territory!"

Violet gave him an arch glance as she tripped after Aunt Rebecca into the hall which led to Col. Orme's brilliantly lighted library.

"I wish Capt. Hazlewood wouldn't remain out there," said Aunt Rebecca anxiously. "He will catch his death of cold; and, besides"——

"Besides what, Aunt Rebecca?"

"Violet," said the maiden lady, "I wish you would go down and see if the housekeeper has prepared that posset for my sore throat, that's a good girl." I think I shall go to bed."

Violet went to execute her aunt's behests.

How peacefully the distant hills and valleys slept in their snowy mantles that glorious December night. It reminded one of a lovely painting executed with brushes dipped in liquid pearl, and shaded with pencils of glimmering silver!

At least, so they seemed to Charles Hazelwood as he stood in the deep recess of the gigantic bay-window, nearly hidden by the curtains, the faded splendor of whose tarnished embroidery carried the mind unconsciously a century backward on the stream of time. But then Charles Hazelwood was in love.

The tall, old-fashioned clock in the hall was striking twelve, and the colony of crickets under the warm hearth-stone were falling into a dreamy, sleepy sort of chirp, as if their small lungs were fairly wearied out, when Aunt Rebecca emerged from her door, treading on tiptoe, and carrying a dim light in her hand.

Now, Aunt Rebecca, in nodding false curls, lace coiffure, and eighteen-year-old style of dress, was a very different sort of personage from Aunt Rebecca, with her head tied up in a silk handkerchief, her false curls laid aside, and a long white dressing-robe enveloping her lank figure; and the later was by no means the more prepossessing of the two.

Probably some such consciousness swept across the good spinster's brain, for she shuffled with accelerated rapidity past the solemn eyes of the grave old family portraits on the wall.

"I am sure I dropped them somewhere here," she murmured, pausing in front of the bay-window. "How provoking! There goes my candle out! But I believe I can find them, however, the starlight is so bright. Mercy upon us! what is that? The ghost!—the ghost!"

And Aunt Rebecca fled shrieking down the corridor, her hands clapped over her eyes, before which was imprinted the appalling vision of a tall figure sweeping past, all in white, with a crimson stain at its pallid throat!

The house was aroused into instantaneous commotion, lights flashed into brightness at the various doors, and an eager circle of inquirers surrounded Aunt Rebecca, who evinced strong symptoms of an intention to go into hysterics.

"It glided past me like a gush of wind!" she shrieked, replying at hazard to the questions rained down upon her—"all in white, with that dreadful mark of blood upon its throat! It's a warning—I know it's a warning that I haven't long to live! Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?"

"But I don't understand what you were doing out in the Ghost's Corridor at this time of night," interrupted Col. Orme, staring at his sister as if not quite certain whether this were an actual occurrence in real life or merely a fragmentary part of his last dream.

"Well, if you must know," said Miss Rebecca, with a little hysteric sob, "I dropped my false teeth there, just at dusk, and I dind't like to look for them there with Violet and Capt. Hazlewood standing by, and so—and so"——

"Oh! that's it, eh?" said Col. Orme, laughing. "Upon my word, Sister Becky, you are rather over-particular for a woman fifty years old.

"Only forty-nine, James," interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a shrill accent of indignation.

"But the ghost?" inquired young Hazelwood, who had just arrived on the scene of action, with rather a flushed brow and embarrassed air.

Upon which Aunt Rebecca gave way to the combined influences of her brother's unkind remark and the fright of ghost-seeing, and fairly fainted without further notice. According to the usual custom of womankind on such occasions, Col. Orme and all the other gentlemen were hustled out into the hall, while the victim of the female officials was cologed with eau de cologne, stifled with burnt feathers, and vigorously treated with hot flannel.

"She's coming to, poor dear creature!" was the final verdict hurled at Col. Orme through a crack in the door.

"Well, I'm glad of it, I'm sure," said the Colonel dolorously, rubbing his hands, "for it's cold out here in the hall. Why, hilloa! is this you, my little Violet? What's the matter? You haven't seen a ghost, I hope?"

"No, papa," faltered Violet, "but"——

"Suppose we three adjourn into the library, Col. Orme, and I will undertake the task of explanation," interposed Charles Hazelwood, while Violet's cheeks grew like flame.

"Well, may I venture to inquire what all this means?" interrogated the bewildered Colonel when the library door was safely closed.

"It means, sir," said Charles, laughing, yet a little puzzled how to proceed, "that Violet, your daughter, and I were just looking out at the stars, in the embrasure of the great hall window, when we saw some one approaching with a light, Violet went to see what the apparition meant, when Miss Rebecca (whom it proved to be) dropped her candle and ran shrieking away."

"So Violet was the ghost, eh?" said the Colonel, repressing a very strong inclination to laugh.

"You see, papa," interposed that young lady; "I wore my long cashmere mantle, for I was afraid of taking cold, and it was tied at the throat with red ribbons, and"——

"And Aunt Rebecca took it for granted that you were the murdered heroine of our family ghost story," said the Colonel, archly. "But allow me to ask, young people, what you were so much interested in?"

"Well, sir," said Hazelwood, "I had just asked her if she wouldn't marry me—don't run away, Violet—and she said 'Yes' that is, if I could win her father's consent."

"Well?"

"And I would like to know what her father says to the proposition?" added the young officer, laughingly, detaining Violet, who was struggling to escape.

"He says," answered Col. Orme, "that your intrepidity in facing the ghost deserves some reward, and he likewise supposes that his daughter must be allowed to have her own way. Take her, Charlie, and don't spoil her! No thanks now, but let me go and see after your Aunt Rebecca."

"Papa!" whispered Violet, as he rose, with his hand on the door.

"Well; my dear?"

"Don't tell Aunt Becky that—that"——

"That you were the ghost? Just as you please."

And he went, chuckling, to inquire after his sister's health. There is no evidence that he ever did betray Violet but two things may be regarded as settled facts in the records of Alnwick Place—one is that Aunt Rebecca strenuously denies the existence of the ghosts, and abhors the very sight of her niece's white mantle with cherry trimmings; the other is, that she is particularly careful never to pass through the solemn old haunted hall alone after sunset.—*Bow Bells.*

THE HEROIC MOTHER.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We see a household brought up well. A mother who took alone the burden of life, when her husband laid it down, without much property, out of her penury, by her planning and industry, night and day, by her fullness of love, by her fidelity, bring up her children, and life has six men, all of whom are like pillars in the temple of God. And O, do not read to me of the campaigns of Cæsar, tell me nothing about Napoleon's wonderful exploits; I tell you that, as God and angels look down upon the silent history of that woman's administration, and upon those men-building processes which went on in her heart and mind through a score of years, nothing external no outward development of kingdoms, no empire building, can compare with what she done. Nothing can compare in beauty, and wonder, and admirableness, and divinity itself, to the silent work in obscure dwellings of faithful women bringing their children to honor and virtue and piety. I tell you, the inside is larger than the outside. The loom is more than the fabric. The thinker is more than the thought. The builder is more than the building.

A joy lender is seldom a trouble borrower.

UNCLE TOM AND MAMMY.

A striking article in the April *Century*, by Walter B. Hill, on "Uncle Tom without a Cabin," opens with the following reminiscences of slavery days: "In the last year of his life General 'Light Horse Harry' Lee made a visit to Dungeness, the residence of General Nathaniel Greene, on Cumberland Island, Georgia. While there he was attacked with a sickness which in the end proved fatal. His nurse was an old negro woman, the 'momma' of the household. One day, in a paroxysm of nervous pain, he became enraged at her officious benevolence and threw a slipper at the old woman's head. There was a skillful dodge of the red bandanna, and then she deliberately picked up the slipper and hurled it back at him, with the words, 'Dah, now! I ain't gwine to let no white chile sass me; I ain't.'

"This incident, which is historic, illustrates the position of the 'momma' or 'mammy' in a Southern family in the olden time. She had rocked the cradle of her young master and crooned him to sleep with those weird melodies which are unsurpassed in the Mother Goose lore of any land. As he grew to manhood he was still her 'chile,' and she became, in turn, a grandmother in affection to the children of his household. In family affairs, in determining the components of a wake, the pattern of a garment, or some nice question of a neighbor's social status, she wielded that potent wand, 'the wisdom of ancestors' and quoted 'ole marster' and 'ole missus' with oracular confidence, inspired by the impossibility of contradiction. Jealous was she for the honor of 'our family.' The authority thus assumed was always good-naturedly acquiesced in; and, when ignored, was overruled indirectly, so as not to shake the old soul's self-confidence in her infallibility or the children's veneration for her wisdom. The latter was a conservative influence too valuable to be sacrificed.

"Very similar was the position of the 'old uncle.' Even the harsh overseer, dressed in a little brief authority, took counsel of his weather wisdom and his 'sperence' in planting to suit the moon. Over the dwellers in the quarters he was wont to take a patriarchal jurisdiction. The children, white and black, revered him not only for the stories of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit, which a later Uncle Remus has told to all the world, but for the unexhausted stores of similar lore which remained locked in his venerable bosom. He always impressed the pickaninnies with the fact that he only told the half he knew. No grandsire ever had a more eager audience for his garrulity.

"What element in Cicero's charming picture, 'de Senectute' was lacking to make such an old age happy? Against all care and want these old attaches of the family were insured in the love of their owners, and, if that was not sufficient, in a legal obligation for their support. Who have had, more than they,

"That which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends"?

MODERN CHAMPAGNE.

[*From Phil. Times.*]

"Champagne is not what it used to be," said a wine merchant yesterday. "The old process produced pure, wholesome wine, but the new process does not. By the old process the juice of the grapes is allowed to ferment in the casks first. Fermentation, you know, is an action of nature that throws off impurities, and the more of it you have the better. After the cask fermentation the wine is bottled with a little syrup or perhaps a few raisins added to produce a second fermentation.

"The bottles are then put on racks in the vault with the neck down, so that the sediment falls upon the cork. Men go through the vaults every day for three years and take up the bottles and shake them, so that each bottle is handled about twelve hundred times before it is put on the market. During that time the corks are changed three times. Now, that is the way true champagne is made. The new process turns out an inferior article, containing nitrogen and sometimes albuminous matter as well. It is the second or bottled fermentation that permits the nitrogen to escape and completes the work good wine-making. The new process omits this second fermentation and puts the wine on the market in two months from the time they begin to make it. If a man drinks too much champagne nowadays he has the most beastly headache to which the flesh is heir, and it generally lasts two or three days. That is caused by the nitrogen in the champagne, left there by the new process.

"Some of the best known brands are now produced by the new process. You see, the demand is so great that the old process is too slow to supply it, and it will be a cold day when French wine-makers get left in a matter of that kind. They not only rush the champagne into the market in two months, but make it now very largely of green, scrubby grapes, and even of 'milk-sour' wines—anything to swell the profits.

"When the Germans captured Alsace and Lorraine, which were the garden spots of France, they went through every old chateau and cellar and drank all the champagne they contained. I've heard that in a few months the stock was as large as ever."

"You think, then, that pure champagne is pretty hard to get now?"

"I do. Unless you are very particular in your search the less wine of that name you drink the better for you."

GO SLOW AT FIRST.

Burdette says: Learn to walk, young man, before you try to prance. Don't hunger and thirst for a boudoir car while you are the junior clerk, and have to sweep out the store and sleep under the counter. If you are a young physician, don't expect to make it all in the first year. Your father rode four or five horses to death before he was able to put an axminister on the office floor, and lean back in his sleepy hollow chair and announce that he would answer no calls after 6 p. m. If you are practicing law, remember that the old attorney whose office you are sweeping out, wore white hair, and not much of that, before he began taking whole farms for single fees in small cases. And bear in mind, too, that they didn't spend every cent of it as fast as they got it.

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

[*From Harper's Magazine.*]

The album in which specimens of the various counterfeits discovered are preserved also contains some interesting proofs of the extraordinary durability of the notes. There are three for £25, which passed through the Chicago fire, and were sent in for redemption by Mr. R. H. Nottin, Paymaster of the Chicago and Alton Railway. Though they are burned to a crisp black ash the paper is scarcely broken, and the engraving is as clear as in a new note. There are also five £5 notes which went to the bottom of the sea in the unfortunate training ship Eurydice, and were recovered after six months' immersion. They are not even frayed. The paper is stained a light brown, and that is the only effect their long exposure to salt water has had. We are shown in a small case covered with a magnifying glass a few charred fragments of paper, for which the bank paid £1,400. They are the remains of several notes destroyed in a fire, and were redeemed at their full value, the owners being able to give their numbers and dates, and to satisfy the bank that they had actually been destroyed. There is another note in the album which was in circulation 125 years before it was returned to the bank for payment. No note is issued twice. As soon as a note is returned, even though it has been out but a few hours, it is cancelled. Very often a note issued in the morning is brought back to the bank in the afternoon of the same day, but on an average a £5 note is out about eighty days. The notes have many strange adventures. One of a large denomination was found keeping the wind away in the broken pane of a cottage window, neither the cottager nor his wife having any idea of its value. Another, also for a large sum, the disappearance of which had led to many wrongful suspicions and accusations, was discovered, after many years, inclosed in the wall of the house from which it had mysteriously disappeared. One thing the notes will not endure. They will hold together at the bottom of the sea and come out of a furnace intact, but they will not outlast the scrubbing, the bleaching and the mangling of the laundry. That trial, to which they are sometimes subjected through the inadvertence of ladies who send them to the wash in their dress pockets, usually defaces them, though even after it their genuineness is still recognizable.

SHAKESPEARIAN SLANG.

[*Herald, in Troy Times.*]

The power of Shakespeare over the public is shown by the extent to which his phrases, and even his slang has become incorporated into our language. In this point, indeed, he is unequalled. Among these is "bag and baggage," "dead as a door nail," "proud of one's humility," "tell the truth and shame the devil," "hit or miss," "love is blind," "sulling for a song," "wide world," "out upon," "fast and loose," "unmuzzled thoughts," "westward ho," "familiarity breeds contempt," "patching up excuses," "misery makes strange bed-fellows, "to boot" (in a trade,) "short and long of it," "comb your head with a three-legged stool," "dancing attendance," "getting even" (revenge,) "birds of a feather," "that's flat," "tagrag," "Greek to me" (unintelligible,) "send one packing," "as the day is long," "packing a jury," "mother wit," "kill with kindness," "mum" (for silence,) "ill-wind that blows no good," "wild-goose chase," "scare-crow," "luggage," "row of pins" (as a mark of value), "viva voce," "give and take," "sold" (in the way of joke,) "give the devil his due," "your cake is dough." These expressions have come under my own notice, and of course there must be many others of equal familiarity. The girl who playfully calls some youth "a milksop" is also unconsciously quoting Shakespeare, and even "doggerhead" is of the same origin. Extempore" is first found in Shakespeare, and so are "Almanac." The "chin and vine" (as a figure) may also be mentioned. Shakespeare is the first author that speaks of "the man in the moon," or mentions the potato, or uses the term "eyesore" for annoyance. Another often quoted utterance may be here mentioned, simply because it is generally misunderstood: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," which is supposed to express the power of sympathy, whereas it solely referred to the widespread operation of selfishness.

SHE TWIGGED.

[*Detroit Free Press.*]

He called at the house and asked if she had any carpets to beat, adding that he had been in the business for over twenty years.

"How much to beat that parlor carpet?" she asked.

"One dollar."

"Why, that's awful! There was a man here yesterday who offered to do the job for 50 cents."

"Exactly, madam, but how was he prepared?"

"He had a club in his hand."

"I presume so. He intended to take the carpet out on a vacant lot, didn' he?"

"Yes, sir. Our yard is two small, you know."

"Exactly. That is a tapestry Brussels carpet. It is badly worn. It has numerous holes in it. He would make a great show in getting it out and in here. Out on the lot he would give you away to every one who the carpet belonged to. Is that the way to do a job of this sort?"

"How do you do it?"

"I take the carpet out through the alley. I wheel it home. I beat it in a yard surrounded by a high board fence, and while I am returning it, all nicely rolled up and covered with a cloth, if any one asks me what I have I reply that it is a velvet carpet for No. 224 Blank street. If no one asks any questions I call at the houses on either side of you, ask if they have just ordered a new Wilton. They watch me and see me come in here. Madam, in the language of the Greeks, do you twig?"

He was given the job.

It many times falls out that we deem ourselves much deceived in others, because we first deceived ourselves.

MARSHAL NEY IN AMERICA

Did he Escape Death and Teach School in North Carolina?

[Special correspondent of the World.]

MOCKSVILLE, N. C., May 5.—In the year of 1822 there came to Davie County a man calling himself Peter Stewart Ney, who possessed a fine military bearing, had some means, and gave such evidences of education as to enable him to open and carry on a school for boys during a space of over twenty years.

He spoke French well, English brokenly, was accomplished and skilled in the use of the sword and all warlike weapons, and his ability as a teacher has rarely been equalled in these parts. He commanded the respect and gained the love of his pupils to an eminent degree. A long list of men noted as jurists and scholars, as soldiers and statesmen, could be given who were taught by this man, about whose life and manners there was enough mystery to justify many reports.

He lived in close intercourse with the people of the neighborhood of Mocksville for twenty-five years; only once when sober and cool did he claim to be other than what he appeared; on this occasion, overcome by the kindness of Mr. Houston, with whom he then lived, who tried to console him during his deep distress on the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne of France in 1830, he confessed that he was in truth what many firmly believed—that eminent personage, Marshal Ney. He gave as a reason for his coming to the backwoods of North Carolina that if he stayed near a city he might have been recognized and assassinated, besides bringing ruin on his friends in France, who had risked so much in assisting him to escape. It was currently reported that after the overthrow of Napoleon Ney, who was supposed to have been shot for treason on Dec. 7, 1815, really only feigned death and was saved by the collusion of his old soldiers, who had been detailed to shoot him; that they fired blank cartridges and afterwards assisted him to escape to America, where he arrived in January, 1816.

There are some papers now in the possession of a professor of note in this State, written by the veritable Ney, and others by P. S. Ney, of Davie. These have been compared by experts, who declare that the same hand penned both.

When this poor schoolmaster heard of the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, he burned a great many papers and endeavored to destroy his sword, which he had always kept with him. He did break it, and it is probable that the hilt of that sword, which added so much to the victories of Napoleon in the hands of the greatest cavalry leader the world has ever seen, is now in the possession of a North Carolina farmer.

The great Ney had received a ghastly sabre cut on his forehead and his lower limbs were wounded, having been run over by a troop of cavalry; thus Peter Stewart Ney always wended a lock of hair over an unsightly scar on his forehead and it is known from reliable witnesses that his lower limbs were terribly mashed and scarred.

Many statements, traditions and written evidences might be brought forward to prove the identity of these two persons, as well as the fact that while intoxicated he frequently declared himself to be Napoleon's Marshal. He also had miniatures of Napoleon and of his son, the Duke of Reichstadt. His correspondence was chiefly carried on through the French Consul at Norfolk. Peter Stewart Ney came to America in January, 1816, and died at the house of Mr. Osborne Ford in the latter part of 1846. He was buried in Third Creek church-yard, in Rowan County, and a neat stone placed over his grave.

VOUDOOISM IN ALABAMA.

From the Selma (Ala.) Times.

We have before us something of a curiosity in the shape of a voudoo or conjure bag. Negroes in this section, even in their most enlightened circles, have never gotten rid of that lowest order of superstition common to the race since the birth of their most ancient foro-fathers, which is a firm belief in and practice of what has been called voudoism. The little bag we have before us was picked up on Broad street, in front of the Selma furniture store a few days since. It contains a rabbit's foot, a piece of dried coon root, a bulbous plant that grows spontaneously in Southern forests, also some other herbs and roots dug from the woods, and some small particles of parched tobacco. The rabbit's foot, perhaps, possesses more powers of sorcery than any other instrument in use among the black magicians of the South. Numbers of negroes in the South carry a rabbit's foot in their pockets or concealed about their persons as constantly as the plough boy carries his knife. There is not one negro out of every hundred that will allow another person, white or black to approach them with the enchanted foot. They will almost go into spasms of terror and will fight, as for dear life, rather than come in contact with a rabbit foot in the hand of another person. What there is about the foot of an ordinary rabbit, or more properly speaking, hare that sways such a powerful influence for the negro juggler, is something we can't understand, but that it does is a settled fact. There is an old negro at labor for the city now who was arrested and tried for vagrancy several days since. He claims to be a voudoo doctor and many negroes in town actually fear him as they would a rattlesnake. Perhaps the bundle of trash before us is the property of this same old superstitious negro, and if so, according to the doctrine of voudooism, his magical powers are all lost.

HIS OFFSPRING.

[*Texas Siftings.*]

Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin, although very beautiful, is not the most intelligent young lady in Austin by any manner of means. A young gentleman who is something of a poet has been paying her considerable attention. Referring to his new poem, he asked her, a few days ago, in the presence of a room full of company, if she had seen "the latest offspring of his muse."

"Why I didn't know you were a married man! That's the very first I've heard of it. Is it a boy?"

THE PARIS OF AMERICA.

San Francisco is the Paris of America. The fondness of the people for amusements, their "fastness," love of display, disregard of the Sabbath, wild, reckless habits of speculation, all tend to justify the comparison with the French capital. Like Paris, this city is decidedly cosmopolitan in its character. Through its broad "golden gate" and over its continental highway people of all nations, creeds and language have thronged; with one idea in common, the thirst for gold. There are probably more rich men in San Francisco, in proportion to its population, than in any city in the world. There are many good and righteous people, who are fighting faithfully against evil; but there are many more with whom morality has probably lost all its significance. In proportion to the population there are probably more vile, criminal and abandoned creatures here than in any other city except Paris. Divorces and suicides are matters of little or no account here. I counted ten of the former granted by the City court last week. Three and four hundred divorces (granted by the San Francisco courts) a year is nothing unusual. Society winks at the adulterous custom, and as there is no ban of ostracism placed upon those who resort to it, it seems to have become fearfully common. The daily papers have for a month past been laying before their readers the nauseous details of a divorce case in which an ex-United States Senator figures as defendant, to his infinite but doubtless unconscious disgrace. It is an admitted fact that California buries more suicides in proportion to her population than any State in the Union. The prolific causes are dissipation, financial embarrassment and domestic trouble. Nowhere is the marriage bond, that should be the guarantee of peace and contentment, so lightly regarded; nowhere is fortune so fickle; nowhere do so many fall in a day from wealth to want. Such transitions disturb the mental balance, and destroy the power of self-control.—Rev. Dr. Eccleston.

TOO WILLING.

Burlington Hawcye.

"Do you love me as dearly as men have ever loved women?" said Mabel, finding an easy anchorage for her cheek about the latitude of his upper vest pocket and the longitude of his left suspender.

"More," said George, with waning enthusiasm, for this was about the two hundred and fourteenth encore to which he had responded since 8 o'clock. "More, far more dearly. Oh, ever so much more."

"Would you," she went on, and there was a remulous impressiveness in her voice that warned the young man that the star was going to leave her lines and spring something new on the house!—"would you be willing to work and wait for me, as Rachel waited at the well, seven long years?"

"Seven!" he cried, in a burst of genuine devotion. "Seven! Aye, Gladly! Yes, and more! Even until seventy times seven! Let's make it seventy, anyhow, and prove my devotion."

Somehow or other he was alone when he left the parlor a few minutes later, and it looks now as though he would have to wait about 700 years before he saves fuel by toasting his shins at the low-down grate in that parlor again. There are men, my son, who always overdo the thing; they want to be meeker than Moses, stronger than Samson and ten times more particular than Job, the printer, that is, he isn't, but he used to Uz.

MARRYING EARLY.

The New York Evening *Post* says observation among one's acquaintances shows the fact to be that people do not marry early nowadays, and, indeed, as a general rule, do not marry early enough. In many cases that event takes place as a result of prudence and calculation.

The New York *Ledger* rejoins: We cannot agree with our contemporary in regarding time as so important an element in marriage. A girl can afford to wait a great many years rather than marry any one but the right man; while, on the other hand, it may be wiser for a man to marry the right girl as soon as he is sure he has found her, no matter how early. As Herrick sang, so he may say to himself:

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may:
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

"Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry."

Our contemporary speaks of prudence and calculation in the same breath, as though each was equally objectionable in the selection of a wife, but we cannot go so far. Surely prudence should be an element in every matrimonial arrangement.

LONGEVITY.—Lord Bacon, generally regarded as the keenest observer and profoundest thinker who has appeared on this planet, wrote much on longevity. His signs of short life are quick growth, fair, soft, skin, soft, fine hair, early corpulence, large head, shot neck, small mouth, fat ear, brittle, separated teeth. Some of his signs for long life are slow growth, hard coarse hair, rough freckled skin, deep furrows in the forehead, firm flesh with veins lying high, wide nostrils, large mouth, hard, gristly ear, strong contiguous teeth. He adds that early gray hair is not significant, some of the longest livers have turned gray in early life.—*Dio Lewis' Monthly.*

ANKLES.

There's magic in a lady's foot,
And well the ladies know it;
And she who has a pretty one
Is pretty sure to show it.
At times you, too, are martyred by
The nicest little ankle,
That shoots an arrow through your eye,
Within your heart to rankle.

But when it trips along the street,
Through wind and mud and vapour,
By sheerest accident you see
How beautiful the taper;
And as it steps upon the walk,
Amid the crowd to mingle,
Two roguish eyes look up and say,
"I wonder if he's single."

Old Mr. Topeasy fell overboard. He was fished out and sent home and while tearfully recounting his misfortunes to his wife he said: "I swallowed about a gallon of water." "Then you know what it tastes like at last," returned Mrs. T. He wished he had been drowned.

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Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

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