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DIRECTORY.

United States Government. Phylaxes S. Grant, of Illinois, President. Henry Wilson, of Mass., V. President.

Supreme Court of the U. S. Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, Chief Justice. Nathan Clifford, of Me., Asso. Justice.

U. S. Representation in Congress. SENATE. A. S. Merrimon, of Wake. Mat. W. Ransom, of Northampton.

United States Courts. The stated terms of the U. S. Circuit and District Courts are as follows: United States Circuit Court—Eastern District North Carolina—Held in Raleigh first Monday in June and last Monday in November.

Elizabeth City, third Monday in April and October. Clerk, M. B. Culpepper; resi., Eliz. City.

Wilmington, first Monday after the fourth Monday in April and October. Clerk, Wm. Larkins; resi., Wilmington.

Greensboro, first Monday in April and October. Clerk, John W. Payne; resi., Greensboro.

Statesville, third Monday in April and October. Clerk, Henry C. Cowles; resi., Statesville.

Asheville, first Monday after the fourth Monday in April and October. Clerk, E. R. Hampton; resi., Asheville.

Government of North Carolina. EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. Curtis H. Brodgen, of Wayne, Governor.

The



Era.

DIRECTORY.

Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, Superintendent of Public Instruction and Attorney General constitute the State Board of Education.

Richmond M. Pearson, of Yadkin, Chief Justice. Edwin G. Reade, of Person, Asso. Justice.

Wm. B. Rodman, Beaufort, " " W. P. Bynum, Mecklenburg, " " Thomas Settle, Guilford, " " Tazewell L. Hargrove, of Granville, Reporter.

W. H. Bagley, of Wake, Clerk. D. A. Wicker, of Wake, Marshal.

Samuel W. Watts, Judge Sixth Judicial District; residence, Franklinton. J. C. L. Harris, Solicitor, Raleigh.

Wake County Government. Commissioners—Solomon J. Allen, Chairman; Wm. Jinks, A. G. Jones, Wm. D. Turner, J. Robert Nowell.

City Government. Mayor—J. H. Separk. Aldermen—First Ward—Jas. McKee, John Armstrong, H. J. Hamill.

Flora was straying on a day And met with cupid, in repose, His bow and quiver by him lay, And he held with care a Persian Rose;

THE VIOLET. For the Era.

Flora and Venus tried to gain The modest floweret, and disclose How Cupid, dying with his pain, Had nearly killed a Persian Rose.

MISCELLANEOUS. The Wreck of the Schiller. Detailed Account of the Disaster by Mr. Henry Stern, a Passenger.

The New York Herald received by cable the following account of the wreck of the Schiller, given by Mr. Henry Stern, one of the first cabin passengers:

For several days previous to May 7th the weather was thick and hazy, during which time it was impossible to take observations.

On the night of the 28th of April last, a very remarkable freak of nature occurred in Pass al'Outre, at the mouth of the Mississippi river.

Captain Thomas deserves the highest praise in every respect. An able seaman, courageous and skillful, he did everything he could to assist those whose lives were entrusted to him in the hour of danger.

In the meantime the sea began to break over the vessel, so that it was impossible to remain on deck. The captain was standing on the bridge and did everything within human power to establish order.

refused to take up with the passengers, but all in vain; all discipline was at an end. There was a fearful sea raging, the waves were irresistibly rolling over the whole ship, and whoever could not cling to some firm object at a sheltered spot was pitilessly swept overboard.

It's a little delicate, she said as she leaned over the gate and tried to blush, but I'm a person that knows my rights, and besides, I'm all alone in the world and no one to advise me.

Trust me, madam—repose confidence in me, he replied, swelling out his chest. Well, suppose you were a widow? Yes, madam.

Well, suppose you were a widow? Yes, madam. And suppose one of the boarders gave you a breastpin. I see, madam.

And suppose he smiled at you, and sent you poetry, and asked you to ride out on Sunday; and the neighbors whispered around that you were engaged? Proceed, madam—I congratulate you.

No, you mustn't; for suppose, after all this, he suddenly began to claw off, and didn't smile on you any more, and didn't praise your cooking, and took another woman to the minstrel show? Ah, the traitor! Perhaps he has transferred his affections to some one else.

That's what I think. I know it's a little delicate, but I'm all alone in the world, you see, and I want to know if there isn't a law to bear on him. It isn't right to go and encourage a lone woman like me and then claw off.

I don't know as I'd want him arrested, but I'd like to have you call on him and make threats. Tell him he's liable to State prison for clawing off this way. I tell you it's a pretty serious thing to go and encourage a woman of my age and skulk around behind the hencoop all of a sudden.

Less see? I hardly think there is. Well, you can call on him. Take him alone—look fierce—have your handcuffs in sight. Just tell him that you know all about it, and that I'm good-hearted, pleasant, rich, and that he had better be careful how he prances around, or he'll think a tornado struck him.

The officer promised and she rubbed a cloud of flour off her hands and ran up the path with a light heart.—Detroit Free Press.

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—On the night of the 28th of April last, a very remarkable freak of nature occurred in Pass al'Outre, at the mouth of the Mississippi river.

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occurred. They both ran on deck and jumped into a boat just being lowered, whereby she seriously injured herself in the side. The boat in which they took refuge was full of water and without oars. She drifted around in it for two hours, until she was picked up by Poleman's boat.

Clawing Off. Yesterday, as a policeman was strolling past a house on Front St. East, a woman, a year or two over forty, having her sleeves rolled up and her hands covered with flour, ran out to the gate and called to him.

Speak your mind freely, madam, replied the officer, as he tapped on the pockets with his baton. You know all about the law, don't you? she inquired.

Everything, madam. I can tell you how to go to work in an admiralty case, and bring you from that down through divorce, bankruptcy, arson, burglary, false pretences, hitching a horse to a shade tree and getting intoxicated.

Well, suppose you were a widow? Yes, madam. And suppose one of the boarders gave you a breastpin. I see, madam.

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The Attraction of Gravitation. Old Keyser found Cooley's boy the other day standing in a very suspicious position under his best apple tree, with a stick in his hand, and a certain bulgy appearance about his pockets.

Having secured him firmly by the collar, Keyser shook him up a bit, and then asked him, sternly, what he was doing there.

"Ain't a-doin' nothin'," said Cooley. "I come over yer to study." "That's entirely 'too thin'," exclaimed Keyser.

"Yes, I did. I come over yer to study about Sir Isaac." "Sir Isaac! What in the thunder do you mean, anyhow?" "Why, Sir Isaac Newton. We had it in our lesson. He was in an orchard, and saw an apple fall and that made him invent the 'traction of gravitation; and I come yer to see if it was so."

"It won't do, sonny," said Keyser. "You're too enthusiastic about Sir Isaac; and besides, what were you going to do with that stick?" "With this stick? This yer stick? What is I goin' to do with this stick? Why, a boy gave me this stick to hold for him while he went on an errand for his aunt."

"And where did that apple core come from there on the ground?" "That apple core—that one lying there? The birds is awful on apples this season. I saw a black-bird drop that there, and I says to myself, them birds are just ruinin' Mr. Keyser's apples, and won't Mr. Keyser be awful mad when—" "What makes your pockets bulge out that way?"

"Mother made them pants, and they never did set right. Oh, that bulgin' place? Well, as I couldn't find out much about Sir Isaac here, I was just takin' two or three apples home, to see if I couldn't discover somethin', and to ask father to help me—Mr. Keyser, what are you goin' to do? I'll never take another apple as long as I live! 'Pon my word, I won't!"

Then Keyser flogged him; and Mr. Cooley's boy has knocked off on Sir Isaac Newton and natural philosophy, and he is devoting himself to other branches of knowledge.

Weeping After Kissing. Mr. Punch has derived great amusement lately reading the commentaries of sages of the English press on the following passage: "And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his head and wept. Gen. xxxix, 11."

The following are the different explanations: "If Rachel was a good looking girl, and kept her face clean, we can not see what Jacob cried for."—Daily Telegraph.

"How do you know but Rachel slapped his face for kissing her and he cried in consequence."—Ladies' Treasury.

"Weeping is frequently caused by excess of pleasure, joy and over-happiness; perhaps it was so in the case of Jacob."—Harvard's Science Gossip.

"The reason why Jacob wept was Rachel's refusing to let him kiss her the second time."—Nonconformist.

"We are of the opinion that Jacob wept because he had not kissed Rachel before, and he wept because the time was lost."—City Press.

"The young man wept because the damsel kissed him."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Wonderful Operation. A child was born in a well-to-do family, in Queen Ann county, Md., with the most remarkable deformity we ever heard of, having no nose nor upper jaw, containing six rudimentary teeth, turned up and solid to the forehead bone where it should join to the nose.

The operation was horrifying in appearance to those who assembled to witness it. As the surgeon, Dr. Charles Green, of Philadelphia, was cutting the upper jawbone from the forehead, the grating noise produced was too much for their sensitive nerves to bear, so one by one left the room until but one person remained, and this a middle aged lady, deserving of much praise for her generous and heroic conduct.

The operation consisted in taking out a portion of the upper jaw six teeth; the nose was made by taking flesh from the forehead, and the upper lip was formed by taking flesh from each cheek.

The operation was done at ten o'clock on a Monday, and the dressing was removed on the Saturday following, when it was found that the new nose, &c., were perfectly united. The child now presents as pretty a little face as any one would wish to see, while the expression being changed, as it were, by magic, the children no longer running away from it, but showing particular fondness for its company.

A Startling Metamorphosis. Some one who has been viewing the Siamese jugglers says: "One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango-tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe. When the robe was lifted again a fox was in place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised, there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes and a leopard appeared; it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage looking buffalo, that was killed with an axe. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether, a lordly elephant, who, when the sword was pointed at him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capital of one of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and alighted upon the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head, until shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon his hind feet, twined his trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously. Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared, and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great boa constrictor and holding up Minhman upon his feet."

Cure for Lockjaw. A correspondent of the Scientific American recommends turpentine as a cure for lockjaw. He says: "Let any one who has an attack of the lock-jaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour on the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than one minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in very severe cases three to five drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly. Every family should have a bottle on hand." The remedy is simple and easily tested. In serious cases an application should be made under needful advice.

Statistics of Domestic Animals. An English professor has reported some curious statistics in regard to the proportion of live stock to the population in the most prominent countries in the world. It appears that Great Britain has one cow to every twelve persons, a sheep for everybody, and one pig for every six. France has a like proportion of sheep, a double share comparatively of cows and only one pig to every six persons.

Tribute to A Mother. Lord Macaulay, the great essayist and historian, wrote these words: "Children, look into those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but mothers bestow. Often do I sigh in my struggle with the hard, uncaring world for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestled in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother."

The Kangaroo. That a kangaroo should be able to traverse the branches of a tree is so extraordinary a fact that many people refused to believe its possibility until positive proof was given of the animal by a living specimen at the Zoological Gardens. Its cage was fitted with a large tree branch, such as is supplied to the leopards, and it was a very curious sight to watch the animal skipping about the boughs as lightly and securely as if it had been a squirrel. It retained many of the habits of its wild state, notably that of sitting motionless for long periods as if asleep, but, when roused to action, leaping about with astonishing quickness. I imagine that these habits tend to its preservation. The dark-brown color of the fur bears so close a resemblance to the hue of the branches that, even when the animal is in a cage, and the observer knows where to look, he will not at once discriminate between the tree and the animal. Its habit of stillness will, therefore, account for its preservation from the eyes of enemies, while its exceeding quickness and agility when in motion will enable it to escape from almost any foe except man.—Trespassers. By the Rev. F. G. Wood, M. A.

OF WHAT good is it to learn? That we may become modest; that we may occupy life with something better than those things to which our vanity prompts us; that we may make ourselves of some little use to our fellows, without exacting gratitude from them.

The fellow who asked for a lock of his girl's hair, was informed that it cost money, hair does it.

Three may keep a secret—if two of them are dead.