

Table with subscription rates: One year, \$2 10; Six months, 1 05; Three months, 55.

DIRECTORY.

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

Supreme Court of the U. S.
Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, Chief Justice.

U. S. Representation in Congress.
A. S. Merrimon, of Wake, SENATE.

United States Courts.
The stated terms of the U. S. Circuit and District Courts are as follows:

Eastern District Courts.
Elizabeth City, third Monday in April and October.

United States Internal Revenue.
J. J. Young, Collector Fourth District, office, Raleigh.

Government of North Carolina.
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Governor's Council.
The Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor and Supt. of Public Instruction.

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

Supreme Court.
Richmond M. Pearson, of Yadkin, Chief Justice.

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.

The



Era.

Job Work executed at short notice and in a style unsurpassed by any similar establishment in the State.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one time, \$1 00; two times, 1 50; three times, 2 00.

\*Contract advertisements taken at proportionately low rates.

A Year of Disaster.

The year 1875 has thus far been one of unprecedented disaster to humanity. From every part of the earth we have reports of terrible devastation and loss of life.

Eggs and Financial Wisdom.

She said she'd take a dozen of eggs, but while the grocer was counting them out she asked the price.

Andrew Johnson's First Reader and a Historic Bible.

Among the numerous books to be found in his library is a small volume entitled "The American Speaker, a selection of popular, parliamentary, and forensic eloquence; particularly calculated for the seminaries in the United States."

The Model Hog.

In a discussion before the St. Louis Farmers' Club, Mr. C. W. Murtfeldt said: Since the attention of farmers has been given to developing the hog, animals eleven months old that weigh 300 or 325 pounds are often seen.

Mutual Distrust.

Old 'Bijah Lamb and his wife had lived together nigh on to forty years, but of late they had come to quarrel so often and so seriously that they thought it best to separate, and so agreed.

"Betsy Jane, why don't you jump in? Do you mean to have me drown alone, you miserable baggage?"

"Now, look here, 'Bijah,' the wife retorted, 'you're a sweet lamb, you are! I know ye! I can see. You mean to let me drown and die while you swim ashore, and live in comfort; but I won't have it so.'

If such had been 'Bijah's intention, he claimed to be innocent and indignant. But he urged his wife in vain. She would not budge.

"Well, Betsy Jane, haint ye got no fury for me 'caus I beat ye?"

"No, 'Bijah, for I had really meant to let you drown, without drowning myself."

"Just exactly what I meant for you, Betsy Jane."

"So here we are both alive."

"Yes."

"Well, 'Bijah, s'pose ye fancy that we was both drowned, and that we was goin' to begin life fresh and new. Don't ye think we could do it better?"

"By crackee, old woman, I'll try it if you will."

"I'll try, 'Bijah."

They tried it, and succeeded so well that they really came to love each other almost as in the morning of their lives.—New York Ledger.

THE BIBLE upon which he was sworn into office as President of the United States was kept in his private office at Greenville. It belonged to the Attorney-General's office, and was sent to President Johnson after the inauguration of Chief Justice Chase, who administered the oath of office.

Upon the margin of the right-hand page is written in the handwriting of the Chief Justice, the following: "Andrew Johnson kissed the book at the passage marked, when sworn as President, April 15, 1865."

The passage marked is verse 21 of the 11th chapter of Ezekiel.—Nashville Union and American.

THE MODEL HOG.—In a discussion before the St. Louis Farmers' Club, Mr. C. W. Murtfeldt said:

Since the attention of farmers has been given to developing the hog, animals eleven months old that weigh 300 or 325 pounds are often seen.

It used to be considered a good hog that reached 300 pounds in his eighteenth month.

This is the most desirable hog for packers, and the "Berkshire" fills the bill nearer than any other breed.

The "Poland China" is considered unprofitable except for the matter of lard. In this latitude, and south of it, a black hog is preferable to a white one.

If I wanted a pig to eat, drink and sleep, I should choose the "Suffolk," but the model hog is the "Berkshire."

A New Freak of Fashion.

"Better be out of the world than out of the fashion" is, and has been the ruling doctrine of the favored few to whom fortune has been lavish of her gifts.

The latest freak of the aristocratic world of London will somewhat surprise the time-honored proprietors of human life. It is coffins!

A strange fancy, no doubt, for health, wealth, and beauty, but such it is. There has been an exhibition of coffins at Stafford House, the town residence of the duke of Sutherland, and young ladies in gay bonnets, old dowagers in gorgeous silks, whiskered dandies in all patterns came to see, and to admire.

The coffin show has been the success of the season. There must be some element of cheerfulness in the trappings and the suits of woe.

Otherwise, we presume, the countenances of persons who attend funerals would not wear so cheerful and even hilarious an aspect.

At all events, society would seem to have agreed to accept the most aesthetic and pleasant view of the inevitable it possibly can.

The coffins exhibited were in accordance with Mr. Haden's views of the expedience of using wicker-work with moss and herbs in room of a closed box and screw nails.

There were about a dozen new styles, made of osiers, white or stained, plain and ornamental.

A double basket is provided where charcoal is required, the powdered dust being placed in the interval—of two and three inches—between the two baskets.

It is proposed to fill the baskets with ferns, lichens, mosses, shrubs, and evergreens. It is admitted that in some cases linings of some imperishable material are necessary, and in general the wicker coffins, when filled with foliage, will be less gloomy and repulsive than the wooden ones.

The fashionable world is discussing coffins. They are the subject of conversation in drawing-rooms, kettle-drums, and promenades.

Such remarks as the following may doubtless be wafted from the usual lounging grounds of wealthy idleness: "So nice!" "so sweet!" "so cool in Summer!" "so comfortable in Winter!" and so death would appear to have lost its terrors, and the old reverential awe which used to attend the "first dark day of nothingness" to have passed away.

Still, the world moves on, and the skeleton grins, and the Mephistophelian laugh is doubtless heard above the chatter and the din of carelessness mockery.

A Noble Wife.

During the revolution in Poland, which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, many of the trust and best of the sons of that ill-fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends.

Of those who had been most eager for the liberty of Poland and most bitter in their enmity against Russia and Prussia, was Michael Sobieski, whose ancestor had been king a hundred and fifty years before.

Sobieski had two sons in the patriot ranks, and father and sons had been of those who had persisted in what the Russians had been pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads.

The Archduke Constantine was eager to apprehend Michael Sobieski, and learned that the wife of the Polish hero was at home in Cracow, and he waited upon her.

"Madam," said he, speaking politely, for the lady was beautiful and gently, "I think you know where your husband and sons are hiding."

"I know, sir."

"If you will tell me where your husband is, your sons shall be pardoned."

"And shall be safe?"

"Yes, madam; I swear it. Tell me where your husband is concealed, and both you and your sons shall be safe and unharmed."

"Then, sir," replied the noble woman, rising with a dignity sublime, and laying her hand upon her bosom, "he lies concealed here—in the heart of his wife—and you will have to tear this heart out to find him."

Tyrant as he was, the Archduke admired the answer, and the spirit which had inspired it, and deeming the good will of such a woman worth securing he forthwith published a pardon of the father and sons.

Ladies of stay belle mind. Fashionable old maids.

A Story for the Girls.

Sit down on the porch, children, and let me tell you about Aunt Rachel, and the story she once told me. One day, when I was about twelve years old, I had planned to go after strawberries, but Aunt Rachel said, to me: "A girl of your age should begin to learn how to do housework. Take off your hat, roll up your sleeves, and help me do the baking."

I pouted and sighed and shed tears but was encouraged by the promise that I might go after the baking. Under good Aunt Rachel's direction I mixed a big loaf of bread, placed it on a tin as bright as a new dollar, and was rubbing the flour off my hands when she called out: "This will never, never do, child—you haven't scraped your bread-bowl clean."

I shall never forget the picture she made standing there, her eyes regarding me sternly, one hand resting on her hip, while in the other she held the untidy bowl.

"It will never do, child," she went on; "it is not only untidy, but it makes too much waste; to be a good housekeeper you must learn to be economical. You have heard the story of the young man who wanted an economical wife?"

"No," I answered, and I might have added that I didn't wish to hear it either.

"Well," she continued, "he was a very likely young man, and he wanted a careful wife, so he thought of a way he could find out. One morning he went to call upon the different girls of his acquaintance, and asked them each for the scrapings of their bread-bowls to feed his horses. You see they all wanted him, so they got all they could for him. Finally he found a girl who hadn't any, so he asked her to be his wife, because he thought she must be economical. Now," said Aunt Rachel, triumphantly, "suppose a young man should ask you for the scrapings of your bread-bowl, what could you say?"

"What could I say?" I repeated, scornfully, "why, I'd tell him if he couldn't afford to buy oats for his horses they might starve. I wouldn't rob the pig to feed them."

I suppose Aunt Rachel thought that lesson was all lost on me; but as true as you live, I never knead the bread to this day without thinking of her lesson in economy.—Detroit Free Press.

Gather up the Fragments.

How many lives are, so to speak, mere relics of an ended feast, fragments which may be either left to waste, or be taken up and made the most of! For we cannot die just when we wish it, and because we wish it. The fact may be very unromantic but it is a fact, that a too large dinner or a false step on the stairs kills much more easily than a great sorrow. Nature compels us to live on, even with broken hearts, as with lopped-off members. True, we are never quite the same again, never the complete human being; but we may still be a very respectable, healthy human being, capable of living out our three-score years and ten with tolerable comfort after all.

These "fragments" of lives, how they strew our daily path on every side! Not a house do we enter, not a company do we mix with, but we more than guess—we know—that these our friends, men and women, who go about the world doing their work and taking their pleasure therein, all carry about them a secret burden—of bitter disappointments, vanished hopes, unfulfilled ambitions, lost loves. Probably every one of them, when his or her smiling face vanishes from the circle, will change it into another, serious, anxious, sad—happy if it be only sad with no mingling of either bitterness or badness. That complete felicity which the young believe in, and expect almost as a matter of certainty to come, never does come. Soon or late we have to make up our minds to do without it, to take up the fragments of our blessings, thankful that we have what we have and are what we are; above all, that we have our own burden to bear, and not our neighbor's. But, whatever it is, we must bear it alone; and this gathering up of fragments, which I am so earnestly advising, is also a thing which must be done alone.—Miss Mulock.

A Cincinnati pork-dealer proposes to furnish the world with his ought-to-buy-hog-raphy.

that the bank, with a limited supply, was able to meet a demand which, under the circumstances, was necessarily slow. The clerks could serve the people as fast as the people could count the hot coins.

The ruse which had an almost instantaneous effect in allaying alarm, O'Connell maintained was perfectly justifiable.

The Log Cabin and Hard Cider of 1840.

Those only who were "alive and kicking" during the political campaign of 1840, in which

—Van, Van, Is a used up man,

was defeated by "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," can realize the excitement of that campaign. Not the ill-natured excitement that attended the Jeffersonian era—rupturing social and religious ties—but the perfect rollicking furore and effervescing of enthusiasm that made it the hard-cider, log cabin, coonskin and singing campaign. The young people of to-day hear about that campaign; how Van Buren was absolutely sung out of office and Harrison was sung in, yet many who relate those incidents that were within their personal knowledge, have forgotten why that campaign was called the log cabin campaign; why a veritable log cabin in every city or town of considerable size was the headquarters of the Whigs; why coonskins were nailed on the logs; why a barrel of hard cider stood on top, with a gourd hanging right by it; why the door fastening was a wooden latch with its string always hanging outside. In the Elyria Republican, among reminiscences of Loraine county contributed by N. B. Gates, we find the origin of the log cabin and hard cider features of that campaign, which it is worth while to reproduce, as part of the political history of this country.

The raising and dedicating of log cabins was one of the common occurrences in the Whig campaign of 1840. It may not be fully understood why the great Whig uprising of 1840 was called the "log cabin," "hard cider," "coon skin" campaign. When Gen. Harrison was first nominated, and the people began to show signs unmistakably that he was a popular candidate, those who were opposed to the Whig party began to ridicule their nominee, and an influential opposition paper in Indiana, I think, came out in a leading editorial, asking: "Who is this candidate that the Whigs have nominated for their standard bearer in the coming campaign, that they are making such a noise about? It is nobody but General Harrison, whom the great body of the people know nothing of; a man of no military fame, although the Whigs call him General; of modest pretensions, if let alone, and having no political aspirations higher than a log cabin for a dwelling, with a barrel of hard cider and a few coon skins hanging on the outside for ornament." The Whigs of the nation took the above for their text and utilized it.

It takes a great man to do a little thing sometimes. Who do you think invented that very simple thing called a wheelbarrow? Why, no less a man than Leonardo da Vinci.

And who was he? He was a musician, poet, painter, architect, sculptor, physiologist, engineer, natural historian, botanist, and inventor, all in one. He wasn't a "Jack at all trades and master of none," either. He was a real master of many arts, and a practical worker besides.

When did he live? Somewhere about the time that Columbus discovered America.

And where was he born? In the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy.

Perhaps some of you may feel a little better acquainted with him when I tell you that it was Leonardo da Vinci who painted one of the grandest pictures in the world—"The Last Supper"—a picture that has been copied many times, and engraved in several styles, so that almost every one has an idea of the arrangement and position at the table of the figures of Our Lord and his disciples; though I am told that, without seeing the painting itself, no one can form a notion of how grand and beautiful it is.

And only to think of the thousands of poor, hard-working Americans who really own, in their wheelbarrow, an original "work" of Leonardo da Vinci!—St. Nicholas.

POETRY.

Song.

I wore your roses yesterday; About this light robe's folds of white, Wherein their gathered sweetness lay, Still clings their perfume of delight.

And all in vain the warm wind sweeps These airy folds like vapor fine, Among them still the odour sleeps, And haunts me with a dream divine.

So to my heart your memory clings, So sweet, so rich, so delicate; Eternal summer-time it brings, Defying all the storms of fate;

A power to turn the darkness bright, Till life with matchless beauty glows; Each moment touched with tender light, And every thought of you a rose!

MISCELLANEOUS.

O'Connell and the Bank Crisis. In the town of L——, a run was being made, on one occasion, for gold, by the peasantry of the neighboring counties, and crowds of clamorous applicants were seen pushing and fighting at the doors of all the banks in the place. The

Bank, however, (which afterwards proved itself to be as solvent as any establishment in Ireland,) enjoyed at that time the least confidence, and was, of course, the more set upon.

At the bank door, the Babel of mixed Irish and English was terrific. Men and men, and men and women tugged and struggled together for precedence, amid such exclamations as, "There you have torn the coat off my back and making as much fuss about your dirty thirty-shilling note, as if it were a hack load of ten pounders that you had."

"Arrah, ye'll all be served," cried out a droll fellow on the verge of the crowd. "Here's the Counsellor coming, and a bag of gold on his back."

All looked in the direction the last speaker pointed to, and there, sure enough, could be seen approaching the burly figure of O'Connell, who was one of the directors of the bank, and had just arrived from Dublin. He had not exactly a bag on his back, but he carried a parcel in his hand.

"Let me pass, my good friends," said he, "and you shall be served." And he pushed shoulder foremost through the crowd, who made way for him, and gave three cheers for the "Counsellor" as he passed.

The Liberator, as he was called, might have been twenty minutes in the bank, when a hurrah was raised from those who stood nearest the bank door.

"Didn't I tell you," cried a fellow, crushing his way out and blowing with his breath to cool five hot sovereigns which he held with difficulty in his hand; "Didn't I tell you the Counsellor would settle it? There they are at it, hard and fast, as tallow chandlers on a melting day, making sovereigns like winky, and they're shoveling them out upon the counter as hot as boiled praties from a pot."

"Glory to you, Dan!" shouted out the crowd, who now readily believed that the Counsellor was making sovereigns in the back parlor to meet the run.

"What's the use of crushing; you can't break a bank when they are melting out money like that."

Sure enough, the clerks were lading out burning hot sovereigns from copper scoops to the people, who crowded to the counter, and who, snapping and blowing their fingers, were picking up the coins as you might roasted chestnuts.

They say that the ruse was not a new one, and that O'Connell only revived it in the case of the Bank; but it was not the less meritorious and successful on that account.

The clerks were really engaged in the back parlor heating the sovereigns on fire shovels over a large fire, and rushing out with red faces and in a furious hurry, they threw them "hot, all hot," to the cashiers, who counted them out with curling tongues to the customers, who believed that the work of coining was going on in the back parlor.

The plan had a double advantage, it inspired confidence, and made the process of money taking so slow on the part of the public, who were perpetually burning their fingers,