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All its funds loaned out AT HOME, and among our own people. We do not send North Carolina money abroad to build up other States. It is one of the most successful companies of its age in the United States. Its assets are ample sufficient. All losses paid promptly. Eight thousand dollars paid in the last two years to families in Chatham. It will cost a man aged thirty years only five cents a day to insure for one thousand dollars. Apply for further information to H. A. LONDON, Jr., Gen. Agt. PITTSBORO', N. C.

JOHN MANNING, Attorney at Law, PITTSBORO', N. C.

Resides in the Courts of Chatham, Harnett, Wayne and Orange, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.

The Brook.

But yesterday this brook was bright And fragrant as the clear moonlight That wooed the palm on Orient shores; But now a hoarse, dark stream it pours Impetuous o'er its dark bed of rock, And almost with a thunder-shock, Darts into currents fierce and fleet, That dash white foam round our feet-- A raging whirl of waters rent As if with angry discontent.

A tempest in the night swept by, Born of a madd and fiery sky, And while the solid woodlands shook, It wreaked its fury on the brook. The evil genius of the blast Within its quills besom passed, And therefore is it that a quiet tide, Which used as lovingly to glide As thoughts through spirits sanctified, Shows now a whirl of waters rent As if with angry discontent.

I knew of late a creature bright And gentle as the clear moonlight, The tenderest and the kindest heart God ever sent a loving part To set on earth--across whose life A sudden passion swept in strife, With wild, unhalloved forces rife-- It stirred her nature's inmost deep That nevermore shall rest or sleep: Remorse its rugged bed of rock, O'er which for aye with thunder-shock, The tides of feeling, fierce and fleet, Are dashed to foam or icy sleet, A raging whirl of waters, rent By something worse than discontent. --Paul H. Haynes.

ROMANCE OF A DISH-TOWEL.

'How happens it, Tom, that you never married?' asked Harry Stanhope of his friend, Tom Meredith, as the two sauntered slowly along Broadway one fine afternoon.

'Because I could never find any woman who would have me, I suppose,' answered Tom languishingly.

'No use to tell me that, old fellow,' rejoined Harry. 'Girls are not so foolish as to decline taking a good-looking man like you, with plenty of money; yet here you are, nearly thirty years old, and no more prospect of settling than you had ten years ago. Now, if it were me, why the case is very different. A doctor, just struggling into practice, is scarcely considered 'eligible' by the match-making mamma, to say nothing of their worldly-wise daughters; but they are ready and eager to smile upon you, and you might as well make your choice.'

'Thank you,' answered Tom, still laughing. 'When I find a young lady who can come up to my grandmother's standard of domestic virtues, I will invite her to become Mrs. Thomas Meredith.'

'And what was your grandmother's peculiar doctrine on the subject?' inquired Harry.

'I presume she had more than one,' said Tom, 'but this she particularly impressed upon my mind. "Always look at a woman's dish-towels," she would remark with much solemnity. "No matter how well she plays the piano, or sings, or how many languages she can speak, never marry her, unless you see that she uses soft dry towels, and plenty of them, when she wipes dishes! Be sure that a girl who uses soiled or wet dish-towels does not know enough to be the wife of any honest man."

Harry laughed at this definition of housewifely knowledge, but presently said in a serious tone,--

'There is considerable truth in the old lady's ideas after all, but I don't quite understand how, in these days, you can apply the test; most young ladies that we know, have never seen a dish-towel. Now I think of it, I promised to introduce you to my cousins. There are three of them, all bright, pretty girls, though I think it doubtful whether they would fulfill your grandmother's requirements as a wife. Still you may find them pleasant acquaintances, and if you like I will go there with you now.'

'Agreed,' responded Tom, and the two friends found themselves in the parlor of Mrs. Renshaw, Harry's aunt.

'Mr. Meredith, let me introduce you to my cousin, Miss Violet Renshaw.'

And turning quickly he was surprised at the sight of the tiny creature, so unlike her elder sisters. There was nothing magnificent and little that could be strictly termed beautiful in the almost childish figure, but something indescribably winning in the clear, gray eyes, and in the rich chestnut curls that clustered about the broad low brow.

Tom had little time for observation, however, as Ida and Adele claimed all his attention, while Harry monopolized Violet in a frank, brotherly way, quite unlike his more formal and ceremonious manner with the elder sisters.

'What, what do you think of my three cousins?' was Harry's natural question, when he and Tom were once more in the street.

'I can only express my admiration by saying that I wish it were possible to divide myself into three separate and distinct individuals that I might offer each of the fair enslavers a hand and heart,' replied Tom with much solemnity.

'What, without even waiting to discover whether their dish-towels are in proper order?' retorted his friend. Tom laughed.

'I have a presentiment that I shall forget my revered grandmother's advice until it is too late, when the important event of meeting my fate shall arrive.'

'And then remember it for the rest of your life, I suppose,' observed Harry; 'on the principle of "marrying in haste and repenting at leisure." Well, I hope my fair cousins will not be the cause of such a catastrophe; but I must leave you here, as I have a patient in this house.'

And he ran hastily up the steps. Left to himself, Tom sauntered slowly along, thinking of the young ladies whom he had just seen. It must be confessed that little Violet occupied but a very small portion of his thoughts, which were filled with Ida and Adele. 'But I doubt if either of them ever saw a dish-towel,' was his concluding reflection, as he reached his boarding-house.

Weeks passed on. Tom was devoted in his attentions to the Misses Renshaw. Rumor had assigned him first to Ida, then to Adele, and waited with impatience for the time when the engagement should be publicly announced.

Meanwhile, almost every day brought some good and sufficient excuse for him to call at Mrs. Renshaw's pleasant house; a new poem, the latest song, an invitation for a drive, or a plan for some excursion. Of Violet he saw less than of the other sisters, though they were very friendly, and he treated her with somewhat of the same brotherly frankness as Harry.

One lovely June morning, he presented himself at Mrs. Renshaw's at quite an early hour, intending to invite the three sisters to pass the beautiful summer day in a long country drive.

He noticed that there was some delay in answering his ring, which was not usually the case with Mrs. Renshaw's well-trained servants, but at length he heard a light footstep in the hall, and in another moment the door was opened by Violet. She had a bloom in her cheek, and a dusting-cap covered her bright curls, but she bade him good-morning with as much cordiality as usual, and invited him to enter, adding--

'Please walk into the dining-room, for I am just sweeping the parlors.'

Secretly wondering, Tom obeyed. As he turned the handle of the dining-room door, there was a sudden rush, a hasty bang of a door, and a hurried exclamation of 'Oh, Violet! how could you?' and he found himself in the presence of the fair Adele, though for a moment he scarcely recognized her in the slovenly dressed girl, with disheveled hair, who stood by the breakfast-table dabbling the cups and saucers in some greasy water and wiping them on a towel which, to say the least, was very far from being spotlessly clean. She colored and with some confusion of manner said--

'Ah, good-morning, Mr. Meredith. So you have come to find us all at work this morning. It happens that we have for our three servants a brother and two sisters. They received this morning the news of their mother's dangerous illness, and mamma at once gave them all permission to go home. We supposed we could get a woman who sometimes does extra work for us, but she was engaged for the day, so we are obliged to do our best we can, ourselves. I assure you, she continued, with a little laugh which Tom before had often thought pretty and engaging, but which now sounded false and affected, 'that I am by no means accustomed to such work, nor have I any desire to become so.'

'Cannot you allow me to assist you?' asked Tom politely. 'I was brought up on a farm, and have often washed dishes and made myself generally useful about the kitchen.'

'You!' exclaimed Adele in such an astonished tone, that Tom could not forbear laughing.

'Yes, certainly, why not?' he inquired.

'Oh--I don't know--only I thought--you never did anything, stammered Adele; then endeavoring to seem at ease, she said hurriedly, 'Yes, if you will help, please take this heavy tea-kettle into the kitchen, and set it on the stove.'

Tom seized the kettle, and, throwing open the door leading to the kitchen, was crossing the room toward the stove, when his progress was arrested by the sudden appearance of Ida from a store-room beyond. If Adele looked slovenly and disheveled, what shall be said of Ida? An old dress, dirty and torn, slipped down at the heel and burst out at the sides, no collar or ruffle, very little hair instead of the magnificent tresses he had so often admired, and what there was hanging uncombed about her face, no wonder Tom stared in blank astonishment.

A heavy frown took the place of the usual smile, as she curtly bade him good morning. Tom muttered an apology for his intrusion as he deposited his burden on the stove, and turned to retrace his steps, just as Violet entered from the dining-room. She did not see him, but, addressing Ida, said--

'Run away now, Ida, dear, and dress before callers come for you. I have already sent Adele up stairs, and will finish the dishes now I have done my sweeping.'

'You have been long enough about it, I hope,' muttered Ida ungraciously, but nevertheless availing herself of her sister's offer with much alacrity. 'Here are the dish-towels, Violet,' she said, extending several greasy, blackened articles to the young girl.

Tom had been meditating an escape; not an easy affair, as the sisters stood directly in his path; but at the word

dish-towels he involuntarily stopped and glanced around. 'No wonder my grandmother cautioned me,' was his first thought as the soiled towels met his sight, and he hastily approved the look of disgust which crossed Violet's face as she quietly laid those aside, and, opening a drawer, took from it a plentiful supply, soft, dry and clean.

Ida and Adele had both disappeared, and Tom ventured to renew his offer of assistance to Violet, who started a little as she for the first time noticed his presence. But she recovered her composure at once, and quietly answered, as she deftly filled the dish-tray with clean hot suds--

'No, thank you, Mr. Meredith. I shall do very well without assistance. My sisters have not felt much for me to do. You had better walk into the parlor, and they will soon join you.'

'No, indeed,' replied Tom. 'I will take myself out of the way, with apologies for my untimely intrusion, unless you will really let me be of some service. And believe me,' he added earnestly, with an admiring glance at the neat little figure tripping so lightly about the kitchen, and mentally contrasting her with her two sisters, 'you will make me very happy by allowing me to help you.'

'Oh, very well,' said Violet, smiling and blushing a little as she met his gaze. 'If you are really so much in need of employment, I will try to provide some for you. Suppose you set these dishes on the lower shelf of the closet, as I wash them--then I can arrange them after they are all done.'

Tom obeyed, and was rewarded by being allowed to bring a hod of coal from the cellar, and do various other little errands, all the while he was noticing the neatness and dispatch with which Violet worked, and was especially observant of the clean, dry dish-towels, and the skill with which, when done using them, she washed and scalded and hung them to dry.

He declined the invitation to dinner, given by Mrs. Renshaw, when she came and found him assisting Violet, and made his way directly to Harry's office.

'I have made my choice at last, Harry!' he announced: 'it is one that would suit even my grandmother!'

'Might I inquire who is the fortunate damsel?' asked Harry, laying down his book; 'and how are you sure of your revered relative's approval?'

'Tom told his morning experience, concluding with 'if she will only accept me, I shall be the happiest man alive, and all owing to my dear old grandmother's advice.'

New Orleans Beauties.

Mr. Edward King, an accomplished journalist, who has visited all the chief cities of Europe and the East, thus writes of the women of New Orleans:--

One thing may be said of this city without danger of contradiction, and that is, that the prettiest women in the world--my feminine readers naturally excepted--reside here. Nowhere else does one see such delicate, ethereal types of beauty, nor such robust, enduring charms as some of the Creole matrons possess. The American ladies fade earlier than their French sisters; perhaps they lead more earnest and excited lives; it is not at all uncommon to see a mother who may still be called young, with six or seven children around her. The girls of New Orleans are like the roses of this strange Southern city; there is a peculiar fascination in their bloom, and one expects it to last always--when, suddenly, it is gone! At a matinee, in a theater, or at the principal churches in the American quarter, there are a great number of interesting and piquant faces usually to be seen. Christ Church, or the First Presbyterian, where the famous Dr. Palmer preaches, are the houses of worship where ladies of distinguished beauty do most congregate. And in carnival season they are to be seen at the balls and parties during those mad days just before the capital pats on the ashes and sackcloth of penitence and goes sadly and quietly through Lent. At the grand ball given by the "Mystic Krewe Comus" in the Varieties Theater, several years ago, I saw 2,500 ladies gathered together. It would not have been an exaggeration of the truth to say of any one of them that she was beautiful. The girls of French parentage do not receive so elaborate an education as is given to the American young ladies, but they are generally best with one or two accomplishments and understand the art of conversation to perfection. If they are a little narrow and prejudiced in their views, it is because they have not enjoyed great opportunities of travel, and because they have been taught by their parents to resent the loss of the old system, with its grand and irresponsible ways of spending money and making merry in elegant fashion.

Systematic vaccination has rarely had a more complete vindication than was offered by the health returns of New York city last year. Out of 27,000 deaths but two were due to smallpox. A solitary case last week was the first, or nearly the first, during the current year.

There are 6,000,000 Free Masons in the world.

A SAD STORY.

The Seduction of a Young Lady Leads to a Blood Affray Between Her Brother and Retriever--Death of the Lady--The Father is Killed while Attempting to Avenge Her.

West Baltimore, Md., has been the scene of a tragedy which was the after result of another less fatal tragedy, which occurred on Baltimore street a short time ago, in the basement of a large wholesale cloth house; the primary cause of the whole being the seduction and death of a young and interesting girl. The first act of this tragedy which has already caused two lives, occurred on the 23d day of last December. Denwood B. Hinds, a young man in the employ of Robert Moore & Co., was visited upon that day by William M. James, an intimate companion. Hinds at the time was in the basement of the building, and thither James repaired. As soon as he saw Hinds, he accused him of the seduction of his (James') sister. Her words followed, and James drew a revolver and began to discharge lead after lead in rapid succession. Hinds who was also armed, drew his revolver and returned the fire. Each man emptied his pistol, and it was ascertained that Hinds was shot in the left temple just above the eye, over the right eye and in the right hand; and James once each in the left breast and left arm; neither dangerously hurt, and both were soon going about their usual vocations.

Miss James' delicate situation first became known to her family by or about the late above given, and her lover's refusal to consummate matters and save her fame by marriage, brought about premature illness, and she breathed her last on the 15th of March. With her last breath she called upon Hinds to come to her, but he persistently refused to respond to the summons, and his heartlessness, it is said, as much as anything else, sent her to an early grave.

The fearful sequel to this tragical story, was enacted a few days since. Mr. James, the father of the unfortunate girl, came face to face with Denwood B. Hinds. Without any preliminaries James drew a revolver as soon as he caught sight of Hinds, and opened fire, and several shots were fired by both parties in rapid succession. Hinds received a wound in the fleshy part of the arm, and his brother Harry, his companion at the time, was slightly injured by a shot, also in the arm. Mr. James fell back dead, and was found to have received a bullet in the head, one in the throat, one through the lungs, and a fourth in the right chest. Hinds was put under arrest.

A Woman Lawyer.

Lavinia Goodell, who has attracted a good deal of attention in Wisconsin by drawing up a bill to the State legislature, providing that no person should be refused admission to the bar on account of sex, and securing its passage, seems to be possessed of unusual energy and of decided talent for law. She owes her success and reputation entirely to her own unaided exertion. Some time ago she was employed on a fashion journal, but conceiving that she could do something better, she resigned her position and went to Janesville, Wis., where her aged parents resided and needed her assistance. Arrived there she determined that she would not settle down to washing dishes and making over gowns, as most women do. She had long had a fancy for law, and had convinced herself that she possessed a business head. Therefore she began to study law; kept at it for three years, applied for admission to the circuit court; passed a brilliant examination, and was admitted. She gained her first cases, and one of them having been carried to the supreme court, her right to plead there was denied on account of her sex. She reviewed the supreme judge's opinion in a legal journal, and got the better of him in argument, and then went to work upon the legislature, with the result already known. Some of the ablest lawyers in the State admire her sense and learning, and declare her to be a born barrister. She is represented as entirely feminine, notwithstanding her profession, and one of the best of women in all the duties of life.

A Horrible Death in a Rolling Mill.

A terrible accident occurred at a rolling mill in Cleveland, O. William Raleigh, a waiter boy, was standing in front of one of the rolls through which a bar of red hot iron was being run.

When the iron is at the right temperature the bar is very pliable, but by becoming chilled it takes all sorts of fantastic forms, and flies and twists about in every direction. The bar wrapped itself about the boy and encircled him in its folds, literally burning his body in twain. It was several minutes before he could be extricated. Meanwhile, the iron was searing his flesh, causing the most horrible cries of agony from the helpless sufferer. In a few moments after he had been released he died in terrible agony. His clothing was completely torn and burned from his body.

The colored citizens of Baltimore desire teachers of their own people for the colored schools, and propose making a test case to compel the board of education to appoint a colored pedagogue.

Lands in the South.

A Southern paper commenting on the large migration of people from the North to the West in order to better their condition, wonders why they do not come South, and declares that "in Maryland and Virginia, abounding in all kinds of land, both rich and impoverished, we claim we can hold our own on our poorest soils, either against Europe or the West; all that is required is sufficient capital and intelligent application of means to ends. Our lands are cheaper than either in Europe or the West; our grain is worth more here than in the West, and the difference is more than sufficient to justify the expense of the improvement of our impoverished soils. Our most impoverished soils are deficient in only a few of the ingredients of fertility, and can be bought up and kept up very cheaply with judicious husbandry. It is only by such husbandry, on small farms, with mixed products and the added thrift, with the due amount of capital, that the advantages which the West has over the Atlantic States in its ability to produce and deliver grain cheaply. We can bring our land up to the full value of the best Western lands, and at the same time make the interest on all our applications. The thing has been done and is being done daily. In the agricultural sections of Maryland, Virginia, East Tennessee, North and South Carolina and Georgia, where these cheap lands exist, the climate is the best in the world; cattle thrive without stabling, there is little waste land, and labor is cheap. This country, moreover, presents advantages over the far West, as already long occupied, having churches and schools and railroads, canal and water communications--summers longer, winters shorter, temperature more moderate.'

The Duty of a Newspaper.

An attorney, in a recent speech before a jury in a libel suit, made use of the following language as showing the functions of a newspaper: "There has grown up a sort of an obligation, recognized mutually by the press and people, by which the people expect that the press, as distributors of useful intelligence, shall inform them as well what is to be avoided as what is to be sought, as well what is to be suspected as what is to be confirmed. A newspaper as a garnerer and distributor of news is a public monitor, and it is his duty to admonish the people against faults and to expose and impeach dishonesties. It is to be a beacon as well as a guide; and whenever a public newspaper, through the diversified appliances for the collection and distribution of information, discovers anywhere in public life and in public avocations--whether it be a lawyer, or a clergyman, or a physician--a man, who instead of securing the public welfare by honorable methods and practices, simply prowl about in the back yard of his profession, and uses the means and instrumentalities which honorable title gives him to pander to his own lust and avarice, or any other vice passion; and that paper fails to send out some admonitory voice and some signal warning, it is recreant to every principle of duty and responsibility, and should be stigmatized by the public it pretended to serve."

Gettysburg and Shiloh.

The late Gen. Richard Taylor, formerly of the Confederate army, in his forthcoming book of personal experiences in the late war, says: "I happen to know that one or two of our ablest and most trusted generals concurred with me in opinion that the failure at Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg in July, 1863, should have taught the Confederate government and people the necessity of estimating the chances of defeat. A recent article in the public press," General Taylor continues, "signed by General Longstreet, ascribes the failure at Gettysburg to Lee's mistakes, which he (Longstreet) in vain pointed out and remonstrated against. Upon which his comment is, "That any subject involving the possession and exercise of intellect should be clear to Longstreet and concealed from Lee, is a startling proposition to those having knowledge of the two men." Of Shiloh General Taylor says: "One short hour more of life to Johnston would have completed his (Grant's) destruction. * * * Had it been possible for one heart, one mind and one arm to save the cause of the South, who lost them when Albert Sidney Johnston fell on the field of Shiloh."

Restoring a Memorial Staff.

When the Federal troops entered South Carolina at the close of the war they took possession of a memorial shaft which the State proposed to erect to the memory of General Stonewall Jackson, and it is now in charge of the war department. In response to a letter from Representative Evans, of that State, the secretary of war writes that he will make no objection to its return to Governor Simpson.

In Missouri the lands, buildings and shops of railroad companies, under a recent law, are to be assessed by the counties in which they are situated, while a State board of equalization is to assess the road bed as to such a mile, the county courts then to certify to its correctness, and the county through which it passes to collect the tax.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Rich gold veins have been found in Wilkes county, Ga. The Maryland agricultural college is now out of debt and has sixty-six students. The New York elevated railway meets with such great success as to necessitate a third track. Baltimore's fire department has a horse which has been in active service for twenty years. New taxes, to the amount of \$150,000,000 a year, have been imposed on France since the war. One-fifth of the population of Richmond, Va., are Baptists. There are in the city nine churches of white Baptists and ten of colored ones. The adoption of American goods has caused England's export trade to depreciate alarmingly, and causes serious fears among her financiers. Although there were only twelve hundred American exhibitors at the Paris exhibition, the United States carried off 750 prizes, a larger proportion than any other country. The attendance at South Carolina's schools during the past year, was 110,219; of whom 62,121 were colored, and 54,118 were white, an increase of 13,843 over the returns of the previous year. There is now a channel twenty-seven feet deep through the Mississippi jetties, from the lighthouse to the deep water of the gulf, and a twenty-five foot channel for the same distance, with a width of two hundred and thirty feet. The Maryland fish commissioner has secured 50,000 eggs of landlocked salmon--a fine fish which grows to a weight of half a dozen pounds--and the young fish, when old enough, will be distributed in the various lakes and streams of the State. Mr. John Bright, addressing his constituents at Birmingham, England, said: "The government are imbecile at home and turbulent and wicked abroad. I leave them to the judgment of their constituents and the heavy condemnation of history."

Texas journals are making earnest appeals for farm hands. The crops promise abundantly, but in some sections the apprehension is that there will not be hands enough to gather them. Cass county alone promises work for 1,000 farm laborers, "with plenty of provisions and a good price."

The dairymen of Maryland have formed an association for the purpose of protecting the milk producers of the country from unscrupulous city dealers who do not conduct business in an honorable manner, both as regards paying the farmers for their milk and adulterating the same after it reaches the city. The Massachusetts legislature has passed an act permitting women to vote for members of school committees in the towns and cities of that State; but to become a voter it will be necessary for the women to go through such regular forms of registration as may be required for men, and to pay a poll-tax, which in Massachusetts is \$2 per annum.

On the 15th of April a heavy snow storm visited Northern New York. The spring season is a month later this year. Lake George was covered with ice 30 inches thick. People and teams crossed over Lake Champlain on the ice, and in some parts of Saratoga the country roads were impassable from snow drifts. Liverpool has suffered, and still suffers, from a terribly high rate of infant mortality. During the past nine years 222 of every 1,000 infants born within the borough have died under one year of age. This proportion declined from 239 per 1,000 in the five years, 1870-4 to 200 in the more recent four years, 1875-8.

Mr. George H. Stockslager, a well-known citizen of Punktown district, Virginia, died suddenly recently. He had been plowing in a rocky piece of land and the plow struck a rock, and rebounding, struck him in the abdomen in the vicinity of the large blood vessels, causing a paralysis of the heart and almost instant death.

As an instance of the benefits conferred by fish hatching, Dr. Wm. R. Caphart, owner of extensive fisheries in Albemarle sound, N. C., three years ago hatched in a house of his own between 400,000 and 500,000 shad, and placed them in the water near his fisheries. This year his catch has been very large, while that of others on the sound was below the average.

An eccentric German of Baltimore in his will, just offered for probate, warns his "children not to dispute among themselves concerning any article of the will or sue each other; as in doing so they would be throwing away their money foolishly, as happens so often in this country." Nevertheless some of his heirs are dissatisfied, and propose a contest.

TIME NOT TO BE RECALLED. Mark that swift arrow how it cuts the air-- How it outruns the following eye! Use all precautions now, and try If thou canst call it back, or stay it there. That way it went, but thou shalt find No track is left behind. Fool! 'Tis thy life, and the fond archer thou Of all the time thou'st shot away I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday, And it shall be too hard a task to do. Besides repentance, what canst find That it hath left behind?