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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.

H. A. LONDON, Jr., Gen. Agt. PITTSBORO, N. C.

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

Practises in the Courts of Chatham, Barnwell, Moore and Orange, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.

The Maid and the Leaf. A dead leaf drifted along the snow. A poor brown leaf with edges torn. Now here, now there, blown high and low. An outcast and a thing of scorn. Alas! Alas! So life drifts on to hearts forlorn. Once in a tower, fresh and bright, Kissed by the sun-rays and the dew. A maid to see the hot sun's might. Prone on the ground her fair limbs threw. To sleep, to sleep, And dream of some one that she knew. She slept and dreamed a horrid thing— That she should love her would stray; And starting up, deep sorrowing, Resolved to seek him out that day. Alas! Alas! 'Twas all too true—he'd fled away. Her lot love taken—just a leaf Of cyamora—love's emblem bright. She threw away, then prayed that grief Might bear her off from mortal sight. Alas! Alas! While the dead leaf drifted through the night.

A Pleasant Surprise Spoiled. There is scarcely anything more unfortunate for a man than the absence of loving women around his childhood and youth. Mark Ripon had never known such women, and I offer this fact as some palliation for his want of faith in them. He was ignorant of his parentage; he had been found one summer morning on the steps of the Foundation School in Baxtergate, Ripon; and as it was on the festival of St. Mark, he had received the name of the saint and the name of his native city, and been adopted by the institution. Wholesome food, stont clothing and a decent trade had been given him by the Foundation, and in many respects he was felt to have done it honor, for, after fifty years of creditable citizenship, he was one of the cathedral vestry, sat in the common council of the ancient city which had adopted him, and was said to be worth at least \$50,000. But there is a success which the world sees little of—that of the heart—and in this respect Mark Ripon was the veriest pauper. Of the nurses and matrons who had been around his earliest years he had not a tender memory; none of them had fed the hunger of his heart. He had no home, no mother and no sister. The school had been simply a place in which to eat and to sleep and to learn. Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love it was with a pretty girl, infinitely more heartless than himself. But Mark's love had been cruelly deceived and mocked, and he had come out of his chagrin and sorrow with a confirmed belief in the general and natural unfaithfulness of women. Popular maxims and just confirmed him every day in his idea, and like most Englishmen, having once avowed this as his opinion, every reiteration of his own idea was a fresh confirmation of it. But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as a crusty old bachelor, but otherwise a well-to-do, shrewd and honorable fellow. Chief among these friends was young George Downes, the child of the only companion his boyhood had ever known, and his own godson. If Mark Ripon loved any human being it was George Downes, though as the latter grew up to manhood he gave him a great deal of anxiety. For George preferred the society of women, and would not credit Mark's positive assurances of their universal falseness and unworthiness. One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a vestry meeting, he met George in the cathedral close, and on his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked angrily and doubtfully at the pretty face lifted to his favorite's. The bright moonbeams touched her long fair curls, and made the white veil around them like a glory. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face lifted to his, and he had no doubt whatever that this girl would be just as false to George as pretty Fanny Maltby had been to him. George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay his expenses if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but George said 'he had just got a place in Butterfield's bank, and preferred a home.' The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on ruining himself, and in a few weeks he celebrated his wedding with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the old man's bitterest contempt. George fully expected that he would now be ignored, and probably lose forever any chance he might have had of inheriting his godfather's wealth. But Mark was unlike the generality of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded all his advice and entreaties. He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly increasing interest. In fact, he did not blame George at all; he regarded him as one who, in an unfortunate hour, had fallen into the hands of a power which was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom, and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the toils of the woman who had charmed and enslaved him. In vain, George's wife smiled upon and entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her house, indeed, for it was necessary

to watch her movements; but neither her smiles, nor songs, nor attentions moved Mark. He had gone through that delusion once, and was not to be deceived again. It was one great point in his favor that George had taken a house in such a situation that he could keep the young wife under very close surveillance, and he was confident that, sooner or later, he would prove her all that he believed women universally to be. But month after month went by, and George was more in love than ever—There had also come to the happy home, over the way from Mark's, a fine little boy, that had been called after him, and a blue-eyed girl, whose not even Mark could find in his heart to regard as false and dangerous. He was even venturing to make Mrs. George Downes that exception said to be contingent on every rule, when suddenly all his suspicions were forced into active life and prominence. One day—a very wet one—a close carriage drove up to George's house, and Mrs. George, heavily cloaked and veiled, was driven away in it. 'Very well, ma'am,' said Mark, suspiciously, to himself, 'we shall see whether you confess to having been out to-day.'

So he went over to George's, played a rubber or two with his favorite, and tried every way to induce a confession as to the drive in the rain, but the young wife would make no allusion to it. This was on a Monday. On Thursday, at the same hour, the carriage came again, and George's wife went away in it. The next week she went out on three different days; and twice, the weather being fine, he noticed that she wore her very best satin dress, the rich blue brocade that had been one of her wedding suits. The affair was beginning to look very black to Mark, for he had satisfied himself that George had been told nothing whatever of these clandestine excursions. On the next Monday he had a carriage waiting, and when the lady went out again he directed his driver to keep her well in sight. In this way he followed her beyond the aristocratic precincts of the city, to a little house set back in a garden quite in the suburbs. A very handsome foreign-looking man met her at the door, and led her, with many smiles, into the house. Mark sent his carriage home and, in spite of the cold, patiently waited. After an interval of two hours Mrs. Downes' carriage returned, the same gentleman put her carefully into it, and she must have driven at once home, for when Mark passed the house she was sitting in her plain merino dress at the window, nursing his namesake. She ran to the door and begged him to come in, but Mark was full of his disapproval, and answered, gruffly, 'Ask George to come to me after dinner; I have something to tell him.'

George heard what his godfather had to say, with his face half angry and half incredulous. 'It must have been my wife's sister,' he said. Mark laughed scornfully at such a defense, and moreover stoutly asserted that it was Mrs. Downes, and not Mrs. Downes' sister. 'Come on Thursday, and see for yourself, George,' and if I do, godfather, it will not be because I suspect my wife, but because I am sure to prove you wrong.' Still George thought it singular that he could not by the most ardent questioning get from his wife any allusion to these mysterious visits. At length he said, 'Emma, I will ask for Thursday afternoon, and we will go out to Aldborough Woods, and get the holly and mistletoe for Christmas. What do you say?'

'I can't go Thursday, George dear; I have so much to do.' 'More than I can tell you. Is it not near Christmas, and does not that imply all sorts of housekeeping duties? But I will go with you Friday, dear.' George was a little cross at the refusal, and answered gloomily, 'No; he had lost the wish to go now.' Then both were silent, and the evening was not a pleasant one. All the next day he told himself that he would not go and watch his wife Thursday, yet when the day came he was sitting with his godfather at the window. At the usual hour the carriage arrived, and Mrs. Downes, with her hair as elaborately dressed as if she was going to a state dinner at the bishop's palace, ran down the steps, and was soon driven rapidly away. 'Well, godfather,' he said, pleasantly, 'that is Emma, certainly, and she is very remarkably dressed; but for all that, I am sure she has some good reason for what she is doing. I believe I will wait until she tells me.'

'Don't be such a fool, George; go and question your servants.' After a little reflection, George crossed to his own house and rang the bell. The housemaid seemed astonished at his appearance, and when he asked where her mistress was, said she had not seen her since she had taken her orders for dinner. Then George went up to the nursery. 'Where is your mistress, Ann?'

'Is she not in the parlor, sir?'

'You know she is not. Where did she go in the carriage?'

'Indeed, sir, it is my business to mind the children; the mistress knows her own affairs, without the likes of me meddling in them.'

He turned round impatiently, went back to Mark Ripon, and got an accurate description of the house to which he had traced Mrs. George; and in half an hour the half-curious and half-angry husband stopped at the pretty cottage. All was quiet about it, there was no appearance of company, it looked almost deserted in its wintry garden. An exceedingly lovely woman, though evidently in frail and failing health, opened the door for him, saying, in an inquiring voice, 'You want the signor, sir?'

'No, I wish to see Mrs. Downes; she is here, I believe?'

'Ah, yes; she is here. If you will please to go up one stair, I am no weak and tired always.'

'Oh, George, how provoking! What made you come, dear?'

'How did you find me out, George?'

'Oh, you are easy to find out, Emma. Of course I knew if you went out in a carriage, that you got the carriage at Morris's. But how do you come to know this Frenchman?'

'You think all foreigners are Frenchmen, George. He is an Italian, and so is his beautiful wife. He came from London to paint my lord bishop and the cathedral, and the signora was so much better here that he resolved to spend the winter in Yorkshire, and make enough to take her home to Italy in the spring. My lord asked me to have my picture done, and papa paid for it in order to surprise you. I think, George, dear, you had better not let papa know you have spoiled his surprise.'

George felt more and more sorry and humiliated as he looked in the pretty, frank face, and thought how cheerfully, after all, she had taken the forestallment of her Christmas secret. 'I will do as you say, Emma. Has the signor plenty of work?'

'He is painting many of the principal ladies in the city. The bishop thinks very highly of him. Indeed, I have seen his lordship there at nearly all my visits.'

Interesting Experiments on the Brain. Professor Bart C. Wilder, displayed to a small circle of naturalists at the Saratoga convention of scientists, a series of experiments for which an English investigator, Prof. Ferrier, has become famous. It had long been supposed that the hemispheres of the brain, at all points on their outer surfaces, contained no special nervous connection with the rest of the system; that is, that they were not the places where thought or motion was called forth. Strong electric stimulus had been applied to these parts of the brain without any result. But less than ten years ago it was found by certain investigators that very weak electric currents applied to the surface of the hemispheres called forth specific actions, and this clue was followed out by Prof. Ferrier with astonishing results. Some of these experiments—not making any pretensions to their novelty—were exhibited by Prof. Wilder upon a large white cat that had been made utterly insensible by the administration of ether. He had mapped out before him a diagram of the brain, with certain places designated by figures. Puss's brain was denuded, and the points specified were touched by the terminals of a weak electric current. A chart stated what was to be expected, and the event happened exactly in accordance. Thus, when the place on the brain marked '1' was touched, the opposite hind leg of the animal was advanced, as the chart said it would be. When '4' was touched, the front leg moved as if to strike, being first drawn back. With a touch to '9' the jaws moved and the mouth opened. In some instances the animal has been made to scream, spit, and lash its tail by similar means; or its lips rise and the nostril seems to be irritated. The remarkable circumstance is that precisely the same class of actions always follow the application of the electricity to a given spot. This is a scientific phenomenon; but exactly how to explain it, nobody yet knows. Prof. Wilder has a large number of cats' brains there, in alcohol. They serve every purpose of the human brain for a student, and are more accessible, as well as in better preservation.

Making Clay Pipes. The Detroit Free Press has discovered in that city a firm engaged in the manufacture of the common clay pipes which sell at such a low figure, and give an insight into its workings. All the clay used is purchased at Baltimore, and costs from \$90 to \$100 per carload. It arrives at the factory in hard, dry lumps, and must be thoroughly soaked in a big tub or tank before it is ready for use. The soft clay is then rolled, and kneaded and mixed together until it forms a solid mass without any lumps. Six men sit around a table with a lot of damp clay within easy reach. Grasping a lump in each hand the workman rolls it back and forth on the table, shaping it with his hand until it resembles a pipe, and then laying it one side until a tray full of wet, embryonic pipes has been accumulated. The tray is then placed under doors in the tank to dry, and after an hour or two is brought inside by the same workman, shoved into an iron mold and pressed into shape with a quick pull at a lever. The hole through the pipe is made by hand with a piece of wire, well greased. Two girls at an adjoining table receive the pipes at this stage of their manufacture and scrape off the ridges and other imperfections left by the mold. The wet pipes are then taken out of the shop and placed in large crocks or tubs of fire clay, called saggars. As fast as the saggars are filled they are piled one above another inside a brick kiln, and two or three times a week the kiln is fired and subjected to intense heat for several hours until the pipes are baked thoroughly white. The stem of each pipe is then coated with a yellow mixture of shellac, tumeric and other substances to prevent it from sticking to the lips, and the pipe is ready for shipment in boxes partially filled with sawdust.

Love-Making at the Springs. A correspondent at the White Sulphur springs announces that it is a common occurrence for young people to engage themselves during the season, and then drop the matter as if it were of no moment. One girl he tells of was too sharp for such practice, however, and he thus recounts the case: 'I love you with a love that the English language does not furnish words wherewith for me to express myself,' so a Louisiana gentleman said to a pretty Baltimore girl the other day. 'Do you?' she said. 'Alas! yes,' said he. 'Well, then,' was the sensible answer, 'suppose you wait till I get home and tell me so there.' The gentleman subsided, and though it speaks well for her good sense, she might better have kept it to herself. However, it is put on record here for the benefit of the unwary. Yes, most of the love affairs born of sulphur water, hot weather and the german are but fleeting fancies. 'You loved Miss Flora A. last season; how is it you see nothing of her this?' asked a young lady of a meseline friend the other day. 'Where is that pretty yellow and black dress you wore last season?' he asked. 'Oh! it's worn out.' 'That's what's the matter with Miss Flora, for sweethearts as well as dresses wear out.'

The American Method. We hear from Amsterdam that Mr. Jay Gould has been rather astonishing Dutch financiers. It appears that he has been negotiating with bankers there about a Kansas railroad whose affairs have been in litigation for several years. He finally offered \$1,300,000 for the first mortgage bonds held by the syndicate, which they accepted, with the proviso that interest should be added to the date of payment. Gould agreed; but created a sensation by immediately writing a check on Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co., of London, for the full amount.

Heir Found Among Tramps. Henry Gilbert Gratton, an English boy of fourteen, who has been sought as the heir of a large estate in England, has been found in the Tramps' Lodging-house in Boston. He was kidnapped in 1869 by two French athletes, and was brought to this country when only five years old. He is the youngest who stood on a cannon on the shoulders of the strong woman who traveled with Barnum's Hippodrome. Finally, owing to the brutality of the Frenchmen the boy ran away, and the past few years has been working at odd jobs in Virginia, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Massachusetts. Search for him has been pushed incessantly by the British consul-general at New York, to whom he has been turned over.

The father-in-law of Mackey, the California Bonanza King, was a barber.

Jackson and Van Buren.

From Prof. Von Holst's latest volume on the political history of the United States we extract this pen-and-ink sketch of President Andrew Jackson and his successor, Martin Van Buren: The picture of the rising and of the setting sun symbolized their very body. Rather did they suggest to the mind the little twinkling evening star, led and supported by the strong hand of the parent sun of Habel's poem—Jackson, a man with a tall, lean form, erect and straight; his fearless hand firmly grasping the knob of his walking stick, without the aid of which his stiffened legs and swollen feet refused to move with their wonted certainty; every wrinkle of his long, sharply-cut face carved as it were in granite; his large eyes behind his bushy eyebrows beaming with undiminished brightness spite of his spectacles; his white but still plentiful hair bristling up from his perpendicular forehead.—Van Buren, on the other hand, reaching only precisely the middle height, in blameless toilet, his smooth, snow-white hair shorn in complete harmony with his round face, carefully shaved, with the exception of very decent side-whiskers; his large double chin finding a pleasant support on his broad, black cravat; the only characteristic folds proceeding from his fleshy under lip; a settled smile in his studied, obliging manner, native good-nature and shrewdness have equal shares; in his bright-colored, vivacious, twinkling eyes the same qualities to be read; a round, high forehead, which appears ogier still from the absence of hair on the crown, and bears evidence of endowments, without, however, wearing the stamp of the thinker; a friendly, well-meaning bourgeois, in whom the largest and best part of simplicity and honesty are scarcely more than skin-deep, in opposition to which the diplomatic reserve is more than a thin varnish, laboriously acquired by the paragon. His wide mouth is certainly able in speech, but it is still better skilled in the art of a silence conscious of its object. The man understands how to wait without manifesting the least sign of impatience; but he will never walk away from a mark he has once aimed at, and he thinks himself good enough for the best. Even if his temperament should not preserve him from palpable mistakes, he would never become guilty of them, because he is wise enough to know that they would be irreparable mistakes.—With happy facility he reconciles himself to the most different convictions and parts, and even to those of the measure of himself and rooted in principle. He does not urge his boat onward by the powerful oar-strokes of his own arm; but he knows where to find a proper rag as a sail to catch every wind that blows.

A Practical Joke. Recently the effects of an insolvent undertaker's establishment in New Haven, were sold out under the hammer of a sheriff's sale. The stock included many caskets and coffins, all of which were bought by one party. The afternoon of the sale the gentleman buying the stock arranged to have the caskets removed from the premises, and employed an Irishman as an assistant. Near the undertaker's establishment was a jolly German butcher. He conceived the idea of frightening 'Paddy,' and communicated his idea to the man in charge of the removal. The butcher selected a good sized coffin and crawled into it and laid himself down and allowed himself to be secretly fastened, and waited for events. The removal of the coffins began. One after another was taken out by the teamster and 'Paddy,' each taking an end. Finally 'Paddy' got hold of the one containing the butcher. His companion took hold of the foot, and 'Paddy' the head of the coffin. They lifted it, but it was unusually heavy. Both looked at each other in a frightened manner. 'Paddy' set his end down and said: 'Be gorrah, there's a body in that one they're forgot to bury.' A screw-driver was obtained and the lid removed, and 'Paddy' discovered the features of the butcher who lay quiet and composedly as a corpse, with his eyes closed. As soon as 'Paddy' saw the body he jumped high into the air, and exclaimed: 'I told you so,' and then ran out of the building and could not be induced to re-enter it again, neither would he continue his labors in that direction, but utterly refused to touch another coffin.

Twelve million cases of peaches were put up in Baltimore this season, consuming 400,000 bushels of fruit. Dakota is larger than New England, and its people are beginning to agitate its division into three Territories. The celebrated Kennedy cattle rancher, Texas, on the Rio Grande, has been purchased by an English company for \$350,000. The mayor of St. Augustine, Florida, receives a salary of twenty-five dollars a month, and the city scavenger receives the same amount. The revenue officers at Washington discovered an illicit still in full operation within a few hundred yards of the President's mansion. Philadelphia papers tell of the arrival in that city of a party of Italian children, all of whom had been purposely blinded by the loss of an eye or a limb, in order to fit them for the purpose of begging. A monument has been inaugurated among a number of gentlemen in Baltimore to erect a statue to General Lafayette in commemoration of his valuable services to the cause of American liberty and independence. While the Trans-Atlantic circus was parading the streets of Mayfield, Ky., a small boy twisted the tail of the lion, which hung outside the cage, causing the animal to assail and nearly tear to pieces his keeper, who rode inside with the beast. The law against pool selling or gambling in any form on any horse race in Massachusetts being in force, the association at Beacon Park near Boston, decided to respect it fully and no betting was allowed; the first horse race of the kind in many years. Nathaniel J. Coffin, an old soldier, feeling aggrieved at the statement in a paper at Portsmouth, N. H., sent the editor a challenge; but the man of the quill respecting the stringent law, swore out a warrant and had the blood-thirsty individual put under bonds. Bad accounts concerning the Italian crops are confirmed. The yield of maize in several provinces is only half that of ordinary years, while in several others it is considerably below the average. The wheat crop is also generally unfavorable, the production being equal only to a third of that of 1878. A writer in an English magazine suggests a new vocation for women—that of gardeners. While women are feeling most deeply their exclusion from the ordinary walks of life, why should they not take up a profession to which there is no barred door, and one so infinitely suited to their tastes. Holloway, the English pill manufacturer, is to build a college near London for the higher education of women, at a cost of \$1,250,000, and endow it with half as much more. The way in which he became able to do so much good was by spending about \$4,000,000 in advertising during the past thirty years. A New York lawyer, employed to search the title to a piece of property, reported it unincumbered, and it was accordingly bought. On the purchaser subsequently ascertaining there were heavy claims upon it, he sued his examiner for damages and got a verdict, which was sustained by a court to which the case was appealed. Charles Dickens, son of the great novelist, manages one of the largest printing offices in London, perhaps in the world. He has very successfully published the 'London Dictionary' and the 'Guide to London,' and is now preparing a 'Dictionary of the Thames.' He inherits his father's early love for printing offices and newspapers. Mary Keesucker, one of the most enthusiastic of the converts at a camp-meeting at Urbana, Ohio, fell into a trance while praying. Her friends believed that her condition was the result of a special blessing, and would not permit a physician to do anything for her. She lay unconscious several days, and finally died of spinal meningitis. A Mr. Soule, of Elgin, Ill., is in his third year of frog farming, and his first crop is now being marketed. He has an acre and a quarter devoted to the frog industry. The kind grown is the 'Goslin frog,' much larger than the common sort. Mr. S. will, next season, furnish St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati with frogs, and is confident of success in the business. The family of Frederick Sussler, consisting of six persons, residing at Linden, N. J., partook freely of toadstools under the impression they were mushrooms, and two of the children died from the effects the same day. The mother, in the midst of the tribulation, gave birth to a child, and is at the point of death, as is another child. The father and fifth child will recover. Richard Stevenson, United States deputy marshal, was shot to death in Kingman county, Kansas, by a horse thief, who escaped to the Indian Territory. He had arrested the thief at Wellington and was returning the prisoner and property to Kingman. Both men, together with a drummer, were in a carriage. In descending a sudden declivity the thief snatched Stevenson's revolver and shot him through the breast. He then disarmed the commercial traveler, mounted the best horse and fled.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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Heir Found Among Tramps. Henry Gilbert Gratton, an English boy of fourteen, who has been sought as the heir of a large estate in England, has been found in the Tramps' Lodging-house in Boston. He was kidnapped in 1869 by two French athletes, and was brought to this country when only five years old. He is the youngest who stood on a cannon on the shoulders of the strong woman who traveled with Barnum's Hippodrome. Finally, owing to the brutality of the Frenchmen the boy ran away, and the past few years has been working at odd jobs in Virginia, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Massachusetts. Search for him has been pushed incessantly by the British consul-general at New York, to whom he has been turned over.

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