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Poetry.

The Delinquent Subscriber.

One day last week, while sad and dreary,
As we wandered, weak and weary,
Across the unwept floor,
We heard at first a gentle tapping,
Then it became an earnest tapping
At our sanctum door.

The Oak and the Vine.

A grateful oak, with leaves few, tall and old,
Lived in a forest green with youth and bloom,
And from its roots grew many a clinging vine,
A tender vine that grew up to its topmost bough.

Selected Story.

WINIFRED'S FLOTSAM.

It was not because he was a woman later that Guy Averill, at seven and twenty, was still a bachelor and heart whole.
Until this summer he had never been rich enough to support a wife; it was almost more than he could do to take care of himself, so he did not feel justified in paying attentions to any lady seriously.

folks in the house, said Guy, his attention thus drawn to the small open in her hand.
"O, we haven't! This is for some of our poor Sunday school children. When I am at a loss for employment I always know where to turn, in a manufacturing town like this there is so much suffering."

But though he was disgusted with this little young woman's sentiments he was by no means with her. Her dark blue riding habit showed her suppleness to perfection, her soft brown hair was pulled by the wind, and her cheeks with health and vigor, and she was a great contrast to her pale home-leaving sister.

"What a helpful, cheery woman she would be!" marveled Guy, but not of her. "No, he chafes, he talks, no sharp speeches!" But there is a wife one needs, one who is as well as a good deposit, her ability to cheer and to sympathize, her ability to cheer, and to keep my clothes in order, will not direct the household. Emily this lively young Amazon trying to rock a sick, if there should be a rebellion in the kitchen."

Which Guy at last concluded to do when nearly to show he was suddenly seized with cramps and could not swim any further. Marcia shrieked and wrung her hands, and cried:
"O, he'll drown—he'll drown!"

When he first saw Marcia he was a little disappointed; her picture flattered her, but he soon forgot that in contemplation of her graceful figure, her gentle voice and her quiet womanly ways. He loved to see a woman all womanly, thought a needle and not a pen should be her tool, believed that the fireside was woman's sphere, and so on, all of which conditions Marcia filled.

"Your sister rides beautifully!" exclaimed Guy, a few hours after his arrival at Mrs. Tremaine's.
"Yes," answered Marcia, sweetly. "She ought to spend hours on her horse."
"Do you ride?"
"Not much. I don't care for such—such violent exercise. In fact, I don't have much time for it, I have a good deal of sewing to do, and—"



OUR NEXT PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

Hancock's Famous Order.

The people of the South can never forget the trying times that befall them after the war was over. They were placed under military rule, and the Southern States divided into Military Districts. The people of North and South Carolina were especially unfortunate, for their military satrap was the infamous Sickles; but the inhabitants of Louisiana and Texas were blessed in having General Hancock in command of those States.

Romantic Reunion.

The New York Herald publishes the following romantic and sensational narrative:
"Ed George Thompson lived until the 12th inst. he would have been eighty-five years of age. When a young man he made his home from Louisiana. He was born a slave and worked as only slaves were wont to work, upon his master's plantation in the State of Maryland. Before he escaped his wife and children were sold to another person, and were transferred further South. Thompson came to Newport, Rhode Island, where he found many friends. Years rolled on, and he never heard a word from his wife or children, and in vain did he keep up a profitless correspondence. At length, believing her dead, he married a Newport woman, by whom he had several children. Less than six years ago his Newport wife died, and he was again alone in the world. Two years ago, by mere chance he heard that his long lost wife was alive. He acquainted his friends here with the welcome intelligence, and it was not long before the citizens subscribed a liberal purse, to be used by Thompson in bringing his wife to Newport. He was soon on his way to the South, where he found her from whom he had been separated for over thirty years. The reunion between the aged couple can hardly be imagined, that desolated heart in the poor woman was soon deluged, she shook upon meeting her husband being too great for her already overtaxed nerves. As soon as possible the aged couple took up their residence in Newport, where they were cordially received by the husband's children and grand children. The children of wife No. 1 died in the South soon after the eventful separation."

Some Old Sayings.

The phrase, "Putting the cart before the horse," has been of great antiquity, having first been quoted by Cicero, the great Greek writer, near 1,700 years ago. Francis Halsch, the Polish satirist and wit, whose "Gleanings" was published in the year 1765, has the phrase, "He placed the cart before the horse." No derivation of it can be given, but the meaning is very obvious, and refers to those who begin to do a thing at the wrong end. "I have a bone to pick with you," is a phrase that is uncomprehending to the ladies at starting. It means, as is well known, having an unpleasant matter to settle with you, and this is the origin of the phrase. At the marriage banquet of the Southern poor the bride's father, after the usual, used to hand the bridegroom a bone, saying, "Pick this bone for me, you have taken in hand a harder task."

Long-Haired Women.

In one of his recent lectures in London, Dr. Erasmus Wilson exhibited the photograph of a woman 38 years old and five feet five inches high, whose tresses, when she stood erect, enveloped her entire form in a golden veil, and trailed several inches on the ground. The longest fibres measured six feet three and one-half inches. Thirty inches is the mean length for females, and three feet is considered a very remarkable length. This instance is exceedingly, however, by two American women—one whose hair measures seven feet six inches, and another, the wife of a druggist in Philadelphia, whose luxuriant chevelure is almost as long, and so thick that when seated upon a chair she can completely cover herself with it.

The Colored Insane Asylum.

The asylum for the colored insane is now about ready to receive patients, and the superintendent, Dr. W. H. Moore, took charge Monday, getting matters in order for the opening of the institution in the course of another week. Goldsboro' Messenger.

Stock Farming.

Stock farming pays well in Mecklenburg, at least Capt. S. B. Alcock is making it pay well. This year he has been overrun with orders for sheep, horses and cattle. He has been especially successful in raising the first named, and finds a great demand for the superior breeds. He had over 40 orders for lambs which he was unable to fill, and almost an equally large demand for the best cattle. Charlotte Observer.

Broaden as an Independent.

The Goldsboro' Messenger says that ex Gov. Brodgen is working up quite a Congressional boom in that section. Lending Republicans from all parts of the district are urging him to run as an independent candidate for Congress, and we learn, says the Messenger, "that the Governor has the support under advisement. They claim that Mr. Hubbs was not fairly nominated, and they will not support him. The feeling in the county is so intense that Gov. Brodgen would doubtless carry the almost solid Republican vote, and we hear that in the counties of Greene, Wilson, Lenoir and Northampton the dissatisfaction with Mr. Hubbs is very great. The friends of the Governor claim that he would poll 8,000 colored votes in the district, and they hope for enough democratic support to elect him."

Indian Mother.

On Monday last the attention of Deputy Sheriff Byrd was attracted by the screams of a child proceeding from a house on factory row, near the jail, and hastening to the house he found that the child was being cruelly and unmercifully dealt with. He ran in and discovered a small colored girl, about six years old, tied up to the rafters by a rope, and near her stood the cruel mother, with a strip of paper about half an inch thick and about four feet long, with which she was administering a severe and barbarous whipping on the naked, tender person of the child. Seeing the little one was nearly exhausted, he forced the woman to desist, and cut the rope by which the girl was suspended, and released her. But for the timely interference of Mr. Byrd, the Indian wretch would in all probability have beaten her to death. Fayetteville Banner.

Baptizing Convicts.

From a gentleman who was present we learn of a singular scene at the penitentiary a Sunday or two since. There are two "chambers," so to speak, among the convicts, and several had been converted to the Baptist faith, and were to be baptized. The place chosen was the immense excavation within the stockade, from which the stone for the walls and building had been taken. The rocky sides of this great cavity rise to a height of more than a hundred feet, and present a wild appearance. At the bottom is a pool of water as clear as crystal. In the afternoon the sides of the quarry were lined with convicts. Above them were the guards, posted as sentinels, while deep down around the limpid water were the convicts awaiting baptism. The ceremony began amid a most impressive silence. The words of the minister, the responses of the convict converts, floated to the upper air with a strange softness, and amid a stillness as of death. No more strongly impressive or singular scene was ever witnessed. Observer.

Murder.

There was a murder committed on Little River, in the upper part of Richmond county, one day last week. Vance Little, colored, was struck in the breast with a hoe by another man and killed. The murderer, whose name was Tom Alfred, was arrested and lodged in jail. Spirit of the South.

STATE NEWS.

Tourgee Honored.
The degree of LL. D. has been conferred by the Rochester University of New York upon A. W. Tourgee.

Rich College.
Davidson College, N. C. has now available assets amounting to \$88,500, and real estate worth 150,000. Its debt is \$1,812, having been this year decreased \$512.

Franklin County Wheat Crop.
One of the best farmers in the county told us one day this week that the wheat crop this year was larger than any crop in the county since the war. The prospects for a splendid corn crop are also very flattering. —Louisburg Times.

Lamp Explosion.
A few nights ago, while Mr. Sellars, of Onslow county, was sleeping with a lighted lamp at the head of his bed, the lamp exploded, and Mr. Sellars was badly burned on his hand while trying to extinguish the flames caused by the explosion. Mr. Sellars says the lamp was had been "spitting fire" for several nights, caused probably by an inferior quality of oil. Newbern Nat. Star.

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Stock farming pays well in Mecklenburg, at least Capt. S. B. Alcock is making it pay well. This year he has been overrun with orders for sheep, horses and cattle. He has been especially successful in raising the first named, and finds a great demand for the superior breeds. He had over 40 orders for lambs which he was unable to fill, and almost an equally large demand for the best cattle. Charlotte Observer.

Sudden Deaths.
The Orange county correspondent of the Raleigh News, writing from Hillsboro, says there has been much sickness and several sudden deaths in that section among them Joseph W. McKee of Little River township. He died a few days ago with apoplexy. Mr. McKee was one of the late census enumerators; was a useful man in his neighborhood, and a man of education and a good citizen. He was teaching school at the time of his death, and died in the school house, near his home.

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