The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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SAVED BY THE DOCTOR.

AN AUSTRALIAN ADVENTURE.

The episode I am going to relate occurred not far from the township of Horsham, Victoria, Australia. Where the exact locality is, I have no intention of divulging; but if any of my readers are acquainted with the part of the world I refer to, they will remember that there exists one of two large streams within the wide radius I have named. Beside one of these rivers there was standing, about twenty years ago, a hut which was known at the Homestead as the Deep Water Station; and it was here that my lot placed me as a hutkeeper. I lived at the Deep Water station for two years.

If readers of the following story wish to know who I am, I will gratify their curiosity so far as to state that I was born in the north of England. My father was a retired tradesman. He gave me a fair education, but I never fulfilled the expectation formed of me. This night while I write, I can show nothing to prove that I ever succeeded in the world. I am a poor clerk, struggling for a bare existence, and sometimes struggling with a wild strong impulse to wander and work through the country, as I often did before, near the scenes of my former experience. I like the rest since, on the wild plains as much as ever; I like the glow of the sunlight among the gnarled queer trees; I like the rippling ripples on the water—the waving, shadowy grass of the silent bush—the bright, silvery moon—the wide miles away from towns; I like Australian life, but not among the dusty streets, or near to white sweltering coasts. For twelve years I followed these impulses faithfully, and enjoyed my bush-life with little profit, it is true, but with much of pleasure. All that I have to show for all my wanderings and adventures, as I write, is a long scar across my breast, and I am going to tell you how I got it.

I remember I was sitting at the hut door (Deep Water Station) one summer evening, waiting for the coming of Long Mat. The sun was passing away, and had left behind a range of dim blue hills; long shadows were cast across the deep water in the bend, and the light on the hills beyond the plain were first tipped with a crimson glow, and stars seemed to be peeping in the sky overhead as the patting step of Long Mat, the shepherd, was heard in the distance.

The evening was quite cool, for it was before I ever quite felt the blasting of the flies in the afternoon, and soon after the white flecks of the sheep slowly appeared from out of the sombre shadows of the trees. I had just walked down the hut to greet poor old Mat when the quick ears of a dog of his, which I had left behind, I knew the sound well, and came to the door to await the arrival of Mr. S—, the owner of the station. He galloped up in a cloud of dust, with a cheerful "Good evening, Bill," and as usual came in to rest and have a pipe. I wanted another thing, and to light his pipe.

"I can't say longer than this time, Bill," he said presently, for with a little anxiety; "the black fellows are about again. I hope your gun is in order. Do you want any powder or lead?"

"We have quite enough," I replied. "Both Mat and myself, but there's no need for you to come to-morrow. Mat's going into town this evening; but the flocks not far off, they'll be home in a quarter of an hour; I saw them pass the bend of the gum."

At this instant the shadow of a man darkened the door, and Mat entered.

"Good evening," he said, quietly to Mr. S—and myself. "The sheep's feedin' home all right, sir, but there's a few missin'. One of my marked ewes is gone, and I can't see two of the crawlers."

"You'll pick them up to-morrow, Mat," replied the strong, pleasant voice of the squatter. "Bill says you've enough powder and lead. The blacks are about, do you know that?"

Without waiting for an answer, Mr. S—proceeded to undo his horse, and was about to mount when Mat (who was an American) said: "I guess you had better stop to-night, sir."

"Why?"

"Injuns is close up. One of the sheep I spoke of was speared."

"I heard there were black fellows about," said Mr. S—, delaying to mount. "But they're quite safe enough; I've got my rifle with me."

"They're too close," responded the shepherd, after filling a panikin of tea, and contrary to his custom, standing his gun against the table.

We looked at him inquiringly. He knelt his eyes wandering over and around the flocks while he explained:

"Wal, you see sir, after seein' the spear-wounded on the crawler, I look about me pretty sharp, but culd'n see nothin' till I was leavin' the belt there, when I sighted one of the varmints wriggle through the grass like a snake. I was goin' to give him a pill, but I saw another wriggle in his wake, and then another; and," continued the narrator, with something like a glow of expectation, "they ain't far off now, I reckon."

He had scarcely uttered the words, when he lifted both hands and struck Mr. S— full on the chest with enough force to drive him to the extreme end of the hut. At the same instant a spear whizzed through the open doorway, and quivered in the slabs behind.

"By gum——"

More remarks were drowned by a loud quivering snort from the poor horse; a moment after, and he rolled heavily across the hut door, completely blocking the entrance.

Matt muttered away: "First-rate for us coons! Ye'd better bar the door, Bill! Doctor! doctor! doctor Pst! Pst!" The dog leaped on the shepherd. "By gum," he said, "I thought he was outside."

By this time Mr. S—was coolly reconnoitering through the loopholes. He had let down the window, and was preparing for action as unconcernedly as the shepherd.

These quiet brave men inspired me with confidence, and I remember thinking, as I threw water on the fire, so as to extinguish all light that the black fellows had met with their match. By this time the moon was up, and the light was gradually growing on the landscape. At first we could discern the outlines of the trees, and then, as the night withered, the white scared grass between the shadows. There was a long time of silence. Mat, Mr. S—and myself had our barrels through the loopholes and were closely watching for any movement outside. The convulsive shudderings of the horse had ceased, and there was a painful silence. The squatter and Mat were like two statues, and notwithstanding the quiet breathing of the dog and the croaking of the frogs along the river there seemed to be a frightful significance in the silence that was brooding above these sounds. Every instant I was expecting a rush from the outside, but there was not a sign or sound to betray the presence of any enemy. The sheep were camping quietly round the hurdles. Silence—the bright moon—the white fleeces mingling with the color of the grass—the soft shadows of the trees—the far black forest—the spectral tracery of the branches in the moonlight. The silence was terrible. One of the native wethers rose and walked forward a few yards, then commenced stamping quickly on the ground.

"Darn my eyes!" said Mat, for the first time breaking the silence, "if the Ole Parson aint signted one of the niggers."

The Ole Parson was a patriarch wether that was afflicted with the asthma, and usually led on his ewes.

"So he has, and by gum, there's a crowd; the whole tribe hev come to visit. Not enough in shade, boss," concluded Mat, after a long interval, and in a hard whispering tone.

The next moment the first report rang out into myriad echoes. A wild death shout followed, as the dark figure of a man leaped with a sad lurch from the ambush and fell prone, gurgling out blood and broken words.

"Now, boss," said Mat, looking out, but still charging: "fifty yards to the right of the hurdle."

Boss (Mr. S—) changed the direction of the gun, and fired. The human figure seemed to sink down so quickly, so calmly, so helplessly that I felt a strange thrill of pity.

"He's fixed, safe as houses; let's physic another or two, and maybe they'll make tracks," again muttered the shepherd, in a tone of surpressed glee. "Cook, why the devil don't you shoot? Squant round that block to the right of the wattle."

Looking in the direction indicated by Mat, whose eyes seemed everywhere, I saw the figure of a man partially visible against the ground. He was evidently sheltering himself from the other two guns, but owing to my silence hitherto, he must have seen of the opinion that the portion of the hut where I stood was unoccupied. For an instant I could not see nothing through the smoke, but it cleared almost immediately. Just as the shepherd said: "Don't shoot again—he's fixed," I saw the poor wretch staggering wildly towards the hut, and then falling with a dull sound. God forgive me, it was very like murder. This was the first life I had ever taken. The next thing I remember was Mr. S—asking me if I had run any bullets.

"Not one."

"Have you any in the hut?"

"Not one."

Mat informed us that we were "tree'd much in the same way as he would tell the overseer that the rations were short. He quietly pulled his gun from the loophole, saying, "I have only one more pill to keep our skins whole. We'll hev to trust to Doctor."

Mat's dog Doctor was partly a Smithfield and partly a Newfoundland. He had been trained by him to all kinds of tricks. Amongst others, he repeatedly took written messages to the station when attached to his collar, and I presume this was the object Mat had in view when referring to him as capable of procuring relief.

"Mister, d'ye think you kin rite a missage in the dark, or by the moonlight askin' the hands at the Homestead to come this way? No time to lose; I see the darkies dodging round the hut. Bill, knock away the low part of the rotten slab behind your back. Here Doctor."

The message was scrawled, and fastened to Doctor's collar in a little less than a minute, and the noble brute who seemed to know the danger, stood anxiously trembling till the preparations were completed.

As I before stated, the hut stood close to the stream, and from the rear the bank sloped abruptly towards the water. The American for the first time seemed affected. When the men fell under our shots, there was not the slightest change perceptible in his voice; but the few words he spoke to his dog were broken and singularly soft. I'll be sworn there were tears in the man's eyes. Everything being at last prepared, he spat upon the dog's muzzle, held his head close to his cheek for a moment or two, and then pressed him quickly out of the hole and away down the shelving bank.

We listened anxiously for a time, and then there arose a wild jabbering for a minute, the next instant we detected a yelp of pain.

"My God!" said I, involuntarily, "the Doctor's speared."

"No, he arn't darn ye!" snapped Ben. "He's jist touched, and no more. He'll do it."

"He must be quick, then," said Mr. S—; the black devils have struck a light somewhere, and they're going to burn us out. Look!"

Our eyes were now intently scanning the movements of the savages through the little loopholes, and we saw a flaming brand whizzing through the air, and scattering sparks in all directions. It fell on the stringy bark roof above our heads. Another and another came, but it did not appear to us that any of them had taken effect.

By this time the black fellows had gathered courage. Believing that our ammunition was expended, many of them had left cover, and might be seen flitting about like spectres. They had kindled a fire some distance off, and across its glare shadows were constantly falling.

The fire brands were thrown no longer; some fresh mode of attack was preparing. Our suspense continued a long period, (nearly half an hour,) during which time not a word was spoken by any of us; our sole dependence was the Doctor; and if help did not soon arrive it was certain we could find no escape from the demons who were trying to compass our destruction.

"Now, look slick," whispered Mat. "I see their game; they're going to give us fits. How's the moon!—well a heap of the hut I guess. Bid, stick your cabbage tree on a pillow, and hold it at the open window when I tell you. I'd just go out and bid them good evening. Don't bar the door after me, mister, but when I show them heels open it. You see we can't spare ammunition."

While speaking, Mat unbarred the door. He slipped out noiselessly as he concluded the sentence.

Through the slabs he said to me 'D'ye see that divil with the blazin' log? When he gits close to the wattle open the window, and prop up the pillow. Take care of their spears yourself."

As soon as the black fellow came to the point indicated, I opened the long little shutter with some noise and held up the dummy. In a moment a dozen spears passed through the aperture, and I let the window fall, as though one of us was mortally wounded.

There was a wild shout without. At this time the black fellow who carried the log was within a few yards of the hut, and I heard Mat preparing for his move outside. Looking out as quickly as I could, I had just time to see his tall figure emerge beyond the shade as the but end of his gun fell crashing on the head of the fire bearer. The door was opened as Mat turned; it required but one or two bounds to take him to the door, but the savages were too quick for him with their spears. He staggered through the entrance and fell just as he cleared the threshold.

"Caught in the thigh, I guess," he exclaimed, as he slowly recovered himself, and painfully struggled to the window. "Don't mind the spear," he remarked to me as I approaced him; 'it's better as it is, till help comes."

"If it ever does," thought I.

The American's sortie, I believe, had rather a disastrous effect, for the black fellows seemed to conclude at once that our amunition was all expended, and they thronged round the hut without caring to shelter themselves.

In a short time the crackling of flames on the roof put an end to our trouble. The hut was on fire, and there was nothing left for us but an attempt to dash out and clear the aborigines. I proposed this, but Mr. S—would not try without Mat, and underneath the blazing roof, with clubbed guns, we grimly awaited the final attack. The American's rifle rested in the loophole where he had first taken up his position.

"There's the worst of them," Mat said looking along his weapon; he's coming up with a log to stave the door. He'll never do it," and our last bullet brought down the ringleader.

There was a consternation and a hurried consultation. After a lapse of about five minutes, the whole force of the besiegers rushed shrieking on our little garrison. A moment's surge outside, and the door fell back as Mr. S—' gun swung down on the crowling savages with terrific force, felling the two foremost like oxen. I remember a wild struggle with our guns and fists. Mat and the squatter towered above their opponets like giants, fighting with terrible energy. The black fellows had forced me to the ground; one was shortening his grasp of the spear to drive it through my body, when I felt a gush of blood spouting over my face and chest, just as the savage fell on me mortally wounded. Then I remember a hurrah outside and the cracking of rifles.

"That was a good back-handed blow," said Mat, faintly, "I guess the cook's got another squeak. D'ye hear that? Hooray! Knowed the doctor i'd do it, said he, with renewed energy; "take that;" and I heard the dull sound of another blow, and a low moan of pain as the station hands rushed in. The doctor soon recovered. So did Mat, who is now one of the richest men in the colonies. I—well, I have a large scar across my breast.

Think Well Before You Bolt.

[Wilmington Star]

Whenever a Democrat begins to feel like breaking ranks before the November election our advice is that he sit quietly and reflect upon the occurrences of the last fifteen years. Let him go back to 1865, and bring up before him the precise condition of the country at that time: let him call up the South as she stood defeated; then coming down the stream of years let him recall all the incidents and events of reconstruction; let him go over Grant's eight years of oppression and misrule and corruption; let him read the repressive and bulldozing and vindictive measures passed by a Radical Congress; let him come down to 1876 and the free use of the bayonet to determine elections; let him turn to the vote of that year when over a quarter of a million majority of the free electors declared that Samuel J. Tilden was their choice for President of the United States, and over a million majority of the free white voters rendered the same verdict; and lastly, having fairly considered the character of Garfield, all befouled with his own corrupt evil deeds, and then considering Hancock's character, his devotion to Constitutional Government, his patriotic action in Louisiana when clothed with despotic powers, then say and determine in your mind whether the present is a good time to break ranks; for lessening the chances of redressing wrongs; for purging the government of corrupt officials; for vindicating the right of the people to name the President of the United States; for bringing back the administration of public affairs to a basis of economy and fair dealing; and restoring the Constitution as it came from the hands of the fathers, preserving intact all amendments thereto. This is the work to be done. These are the facts to be considered. We think you will conclude it is much better to stand firmly by the old, true, tried party than to go off after new gods and new financial will o' the-whisps.

In your reflection turn to North Carolina and recall the days of Canby and the carpet-baggers, the times of Holden and the Kirk war the days of debauchery and robberies and wastefulness; and then say, will you break ranks now to help elect such fellows as Buxton and Barringer, who stood by consenting to, if they did not participate in, the crimes and outrages; such fellows as Jenkins who was the paymaster under Holden when the Kirk cut throats were abusing, cursing, threatening and imprisoning the eloquent and pure Judge Kerr, the estimable Dr. Roan, the defiant Joe Turner, the excellent Mr. Bow, of Yanceyville, and twenty or thirty others of the best citizens of that portion of North Carolina; such fellows as Dr. Norment, whose speeches are said to teem with violence and vulgarity, and young Moore, of Edenton, whose grandfather, Judge Augustus Moore, would have died sooner than be found cheek-by-fowl with the crew of plunderers that robbed and degraded and persecuted the old State. Think of these things, and then resolve that come what may you will be true to your mother, true to yourself, true to the pure principles you have espoused hitherto, and from now until November 2d ends you will battle for the Democratic party on whose success, we believe in our heart, depend the safety and perpetuity of our republican institutions, including the right to vote as you please, and to have your vote counted, and to enjoy both civil and religious liberty.

The Republican party has departed so far from the true Constitutional paths of the fathers that they are utterly incapable of even understanding what those principles are that give safety to the citizen, perpetuity to civil freedom, and local self government to the States. In France, in the last century, they talked of liberty when the streets of Paris were running with blood, and the most cruel and remorseless tyrants were wreaking their vengeance upon those they hated. So now, in this land of the free, the Radicals prate of a pure ballot when they are constantly, pertinaciously, deliberately corrupting it; and talk of liberty and law flippantly and eloquently, when they are destroying the one and trampling the other under their remorseless feet.

A Productive County.

Rev. Dr. Pritchard in a recent letter to the Biblical Recorder thus speaks of Mitchell county:

"I have been in twenty two States of the Union and have seen no where a county in which a living can be made so easily as in Mitchell county. I have been in Buncombe, Madison, Henderson, Wilkes, Burke, McDowell and other mountain counties of North Carolina. I have also traveled through the mountainous sections Virginia Maryland and Pennsylvania, and I am very sure I have never seen so fine a mountain region as the county affords. The soil is marvellously rich, and I would want no better fertillizer for many of the eastern farms than the natural soil of this county; even the very tops of the mountains are as rich as the alluvial deposits of Red River or the Trinity or Brazos bottom of Texas. I saw lands on which had been grown, I was told, fifty bushels of corn to the acre, cultivated exclusively with the hoe. Bro J. W. Ayers, who has a fine farm on the Roan Mountain, has said that he can pick out ten acres of his land, and if a man will cultivate it as he prescribes, without a pound of fertilizer, and he does not make a thousand bushels of corn on the ten acres, he will give the lands.

And there is water everywhere; it really seemed to me the higher I went the more water I found—branches, creeks or small rivers are to be found every few hundred yards, and fine native grasses, affording good pasturage and abundant. I saw hogs fat enough to slaughter, running in the woods, and the cattle were generally fat, but of inferior breeds."

R. & A. A. L. R. R.

At a late meeting of the stockholders of the Raleigh and Augusta Air Line in Raleigh, a resolution was passed authorizing the directors to extend the road to Charlotte. The Raleigh papers furnish nothing more than this simple announcement. An inquiry here among those most likely to know anything of the purposes of the management of that road fails to elicit any information on the subject. It will be remembered that at the last regular session of the Legislature an application for a charter to build this extension from some point on the line not designated failed to pass, but the Raleigh and Augusta corporation subsequently secured all the right they sought in a provision in the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley bill, which allowed all railroads in the State to extend branches in any direction from the chartered lines. It is understood that the road proposes to act under this provision. Apparently the proposition is to unite with the Seaboard road in building the extension, which would give an independent line to Portsmouth from all Southern points, and thence to Northern cities.—Charlotte Observer.

A Curious Clock.

A fine specimen of horological art has been lately added to the Germanic museum at Nurnberg. It has been erected at the expense of the princes of the royal house, and is intended as a memorial of the Wittelsback jubilee celebrated a few days ago. The clock is placed at an elevation of 14: 2 metres, or little over 46½ feet. It is surrounded with ornamental work in mediævel style, and several gilt figures, most of which move by mechanical arrangement. The idea intended to be expressed is that the Bavarian people at all times reverences its king, who governs under the protection of God. Above is the sitting figure of the Saviour, and below that of Louis II., also seated. Around the Saviour are arranged eight angels some of whom strike the clock bells, others blow trumpets, others hold a curtain behind the king, before whom the citizens bow down reverently. An inscription records the object and authors of the work. The old arms of the Palatinate are set below. The whole work is in the style of the fourteenth century.

Freak of a Foreman.

Superior Court met in Snow Hill, Greene county Monday. The grand jury was sworn in and sent below to go to work. The foreman went to work with a will, on a bottle of whiskey, however. He got as drunk as a biled owl, discharged all the witnesses telling them that he was running that part of the Court and that she stood adjourned until the next term and that they all might go home and come some more next time. Tuesday our genial, jovial, good Solicitor, Swiff Galloway, discovered that the grand jury had passed no bills and he could not even get his witnesses to answer, and an investigation disclosed the above state of facts. Friend Galloway is a very pious man, but it is said that the scripture he quoted on the occasion was few and far between. The Judge it is said, would probably jail the said foreman of the grand jury for contempt to court.—Greenville Express.

The Texas Tribune says: "the late 'atmospherical freshness' has brought on many cases of Coughs and colds, and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is in greater demand than ever." Price only 25 cents.

Bees.

Any one in the country, however limited his space, can keep bees at a considerable profit, for it must be recollected that they have the whole region round them to roam in and freely forage for honey, no matter to whom the lands belong. Thus those who possess the fewest acres are just as well off for bee pasture as those who possess the most.

Think of the hundreds of fruit trees within a circuit of a few miles around nearly every one's habitation, whose numerous early spring blossoms invite all the bees of the neighborhood to come and sip their nectar freely and without price. Then, there are thousands of wild flowers; and soon following, millions of white and red clover heads; the blossoms of grain, of peas, of beans, and other things during the summer, which the eye of man does not note, but the acuter one of the bees does.

Then in autumn there are fields of buckwheat, and wild flowers still linger in abundance. What treasures all these combined are for this highly intelligent and ceaselessly laboring little insect to draw from for the gratification and sustenance of man, the sweet treasures of all of which except for these busy little creatures would go to waste.

As soon as cold weather has set in, hives can be safely removed at any reasonable distance. Let every one who is now destitute, possess one at least of these, and as many more as can be well attended to. Women are just as capable as men to manage bees or even more so, as they have a gentler hand, more patient disposition, and, we may add, a better tact for the pursuit of this light and pleasan home industry.

Chapped Hands.

The raw winds of the late autumn and winter often produce in the hands of those who are much exposed to them that roughness and cracking of the skin known as chapping. If nothing is done to prevent, and the person is obliged to have his hands frequently wet and dried the cracks will often get deep and be painful. Corn husking is frequently accompanied by sore hands from this cause. As both a precaution and cure for chapped hands we have used the following with benefit;—Wash the hands, and the face also if it is inclined to chap with borax water, and afterward rub with an ointment made by melting mutton tallow (or suet), and then gradually adding an equal quantity of glycerine, stirring the two together until cool. For the hands, this mixture can be best applied at night using it freely and warming it by the fire, after which an old pair of gloves can be put on to keep the bedclothes from being soiled, and also make the hands softer. An excellent glycerine ointment for chapped hands is made by melting, with a gentle heat, two ounces of sweet oil of almonds, half an ounce of spermaceti, and one drachm of white wax. When melted, remove from the stove and add gradually one once of glycerine, and stir until the mixture is cold. The ointment can be scented with any perfume to suit the fancy. Keep in wide-necked bottle.—American Agriculturist.

Sheep and Wool.

It is estimated that there are now about 30,000,000 or 35,000,000 sheep in this country and the annual wool product is about 100,000,000 pounds, an average of about three pounds to the sheep; this is a low average, and by proper care can be easily increased to five pounds. This home production of wool does not more than half supply the present home demand; thus the number of sheep can be doubled without any danger of an oversupply without taking into consideration the natural increase in the home demand of the export trade that can be developed. The success which has attended the woolen manufacture in California brings that State a new industrial prominence. In addition to the two large woolen mills, San Francisco and hosiery mill under the same management, a new company has been organized. It is estimated by able stastisians that in 1887 we shall need 273,111,448 pounds of wool; in 1925 we shall require 540,222,495, and in 1963 it will take over 1,000,000,000 pounds of wool to clothe the people of the United States on the basis of two pounds of wool per head of the population it will require 344,000,000 sheep to supply the demand.

Big Fox.

Wm. H. Sutton, of Woodington township, killed a fox last week measuring four feet from tip to tip. Three feet long makes a pretty fair fox.—Kinston Journal.

Lovers of honey will be gratified to learn that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a much sweeter articles in winter and much better for a cough.

The ladies of London now only use real flowers as trimming for dresses but real bird's nests are coming into fashion. At a recent ball in London a fashionable lady appeared with a humming bird's nest, with eggs complete, and the former little owner stuffed, on the edge, in her abundant hair.

STATE NEWS

A Two-Town.

Troy has two churches, two stores, two hotels, two blacksmith shops, two school teachers, two preachers, three lawyers, one court house, one jail and plenty of pretty girls.—Moore Index.

Curious Corn.

We have in our office a natural curiosity in the shape of an ear of corn. It is a twin specimen, separating into two branches about two inches from the stem, and forming two well filled ears.—Moore Index.

Gin Burned.

The cotton gin of Mr. Sherard Barksdale, of Sampson county, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday, together with about one hundred bales of cotton stored near it. No insurance. Wilmington Star.

Gin Burned.

On Wednesday morning about 3 o'clock, whilst the cotton gin on Cross Creek in this town known as the Utley Gin, was in operation, a kerosene lamp was turned over, the oil ignited and the liquid fire running among the cotton set the whole building in flames.—Fayetteville Examiner.

Cure for Whooping Cough.

A sure cure for Whooping Cough of one tablespoonful of clean pure tar, one pint of new milk; stir well; let stand two hours; pour off the milk; let the child drink it every hour. It will effect a cure in three days.—Greensboro' Patriot.

Tall Stalk.

Mr. E. I. Pennington, in this county has a cotton Stalk over 8 feet high, which his 9 year old daughter climbed four feet from the ground. He has already picked from it 76 bolls of cotton and there are now 83 on the stalk.—Goldsboro' Messenger.

A Patent Pan.

We have been shown by Mr. D. T. Carraway a patent roasting and baking pan for the cooking of meats, fowls, etc., now on its way to the Raleigh Fair. It is claimed that this pan makes tough meats tender and retains much of the juices lost in other methods of cooking. It is the invention of Mrs. M. E. Beasly, formerly of this city.—Newbernian.

Gin Burned.

On October 1st Mrs. Hattie E. Thigpen's gin house and 30 bales of cotton were burned. Result of an accident, but it is not understood how unless it came from a match causually getting in, or friction.—Tarboro Southerner.

Good Farming.

Our friend, J. J. Casey, Esq., of New Hope township, planted 47 acres in cotton. He has already baled 34 bales, and expects to get at least 13 bales more. Mr. John Carraway of Brogden township, planted about 8 acres, and has already gathered 7 bales. He had counted on making four bales.—Goldsboro' Messenger.

Unnatural Father.

On Tuesday morning a white man attempted to shoot his little son. He took aim at him with a shot gun, and discharged the weapon. As good luck would have it, Charles Crawford stood so near that he was able to strike up the barrel and so save the boy's life, probably. The man made several other attempts to shoot the lad, it is said. Yesterday he was held to appear at court.—News and Observer.

Fire in Raleigh.

At 12:40 this morning the alarm of fire was given, caused by the burning of the wood house in the northwest corner of the capitol square. The delay of the engines was very great. The offices next to the National Hotel caught on fire, but were saved by the Chemical engine. It was more than twenty minutes before either of the other engines got on a stream. The house, with the belfry adjoining, was totally consumed, and all the treesnear by were ruined. The capitol bell was melted in its belfry. With prompt work it might have been saved. It was a bell of remarkable good tone, and was put up in 1845. Many persons carried off bits of it as souvenirs.—News and Observer.

Census and Sickness.

Mr. Jacob Lankston of Contentnea Neck, the oldest man in the county, thinks there is some connection between the excessive sickness and taking the Census this year. He says he don't think the Lord wants us to know how many people there are in the country—and he has never known a census year without a heap of sickness. Mr. Lankston has a little show of Bible authority on his side in the disaster that befell the Israelites on the taking of the Census by King David.—Kinston Journal.