To suck once more in every breath their little souls away. And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's oright summer day,

When, rushing forth like untamed colt the reckless, truant boy Wandered through greenwoods all day long,

mighty heart of joy! I'm sadder now-I have had cause; but oh! I'm

proud to think That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink-Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, vailey, stream, the

Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by. When summer's loveliness and light fall roun

calm, unclouded sky,

me dark and cold, I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse-a heart that hath waxed old!

THE HEAD-STONE.

[Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.] The coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped-up brink, the first rattling class had struck their knell, the quick shovelling was over, and the long, broad, skilfully cut pieces of turf were aptly inned together, and trimly laid by the cating spade, so that the newest mound in the church-yard was scarcely distinmishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring. The burial was soon over; and the party, with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate, and about to leave the church-yard. Here, some acquaintances, from distant parts of the purish, who had not had an opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor in the little procession had to move over from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands quietly but cheerfully, and inquiring after when no breath came from his lips. But quiet, on Tuesday, the 26th, Jim LeG. the welfare of each other's families. There, small knot of neighbors were speaking without exaggeration, of the respectable character which the deceased had borne. and mentioning to one another little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the gray-headed persons of the group. While a few yards farther removed from the spot, were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice, that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple

around, and the shadow of the spire and gray walls of the house of God. Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave, with countenances of sincere but impassioned grief. They were brothers, the only sons of him who had been buried. And there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them for a long time, and more intently, than would have been the case, had there been nothing more observable about them than the common symptoms of a common serrow. But these two brothers, who were now standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other, and the only words that had passed between them, during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the

ceremony now closed, by the quiet graves

old man's funeral. No deep and deadly quarrel was between distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favor—selfish thoughts that the papers for political news?" will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations-unaccommodating manners on both sides-taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle and fester in remembrance-imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the same-these, and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together in one baneful band, had gradually but fatally infected their hearts, till at last they who in youth had been seldom separate, and truly attached, now met at market, and, miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen dur-

Surely if anything could have softened their hearts towards each other, it must have been to stand silently, side by side, while the earth, stones, and clods, were falling down upon their father's coffin.
And doubtless their hearts were so softened. But pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel

A head-stone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it. The elder brother directed him how to place it -a plain stone, with a sand-glass, skull, and cross-bones, chiselled not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said, loudly enough to be heard by several of the bystanders, William, this was not kind in you; you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as you could love him. You were the elder, and, it may be, the favorite son; but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this head-

During these words, the stone was sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned. For a while the elder brother said nothing, for he had a consciousness in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son in designing this last becoming mark of affection and respect to his memory, so the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simply among the other unostentatious memorials of the

humble dead. The inscription merely gave the name of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected "by his affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to soften the displeasure of the angry man, and he said, somewhat more mildly, "Yes, we were his affectionate sons, and since my name is on the stone. I am satisfied, brother. We have not drawn together kindly of late years, and perhaps never may; but I acknowledge and respect your

my foot above his head. I express my wil-



State Treasurer's office, except for

NO. 21

1 of No name entered without payment, and VOL. I. RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1884.

with you; and if we cannot command love in our hearts, let us at least, brother, bar out all unkindness."

The minister, who had attended the funeral, and had something intrusted to him to say publicly before he left the church-yard, now came forward, and asked the elder brother, why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the cham-ber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently,

Behold how good a thing it is, And how becoming well, Together such as brethren are

The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite vercame a heart, in which many kind, if not warm, affections dwelt; and the man thus appealed to bowed down his head and 'Give me your hand, brother;" and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kindlier and more humanely towards

As the brothers stood fervently, but composedly, grasping each others hands, in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was hap-ly not yet still from the fall of dust to cash, which is the result of many a day's dust, and the minister stood beside them father on his death-bed. I must read to the popping of firegrackers jars on the you a few words which his hand wrote at ear, the whisky yell gives variety to the he died. As long as sense continued with | which disturb the quiet of towns and do him here, did he think of you two, and | no good whatever. you two alone. Tears were in his eyes; I In part to get away from the sort of saw them there, and on his cheek too, noise which made my house lose all its of this, no more. He died with this paper | and I got into a buggy with our hunting his hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over your father's grave. I now obey him.

"My sons if you will let my boncs lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your servedmother, depart not from my burial, till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do.

Dear boys, receive my blessing." Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden,and when the brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and in a single word or two, expressed their joy at this perfect reconcilement. The brothers themselves walked away from the church-yard, arm in arm with the minister to the Manse. On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalmbook. The same psalm was sung (given out at their own request), of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after both during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they

Well Posted in Politics.

Merchant Traveller, A pretty girl of Clifton was talking politics to her best young man the other night, and he was rather surprised. "Why, Lucy," he said, "do you read

"Oh, yes, and I just dote on it. getting to be thoroughly posted.' "Who's going to be the Democratic nominee for President, do you think?" "I couldn't say positively, but I can say, that if Ohio is bound to be represented on the ticket, the Democrats needn't think they can carry the State by giving Cleveland first place."

"Why not?" "Because Cincinnati should have it, of course, for it is so much larger and wealthier and more influential than Cleveland. I begin to think this Cleveland boom is a Standard Oil Scheme, because that is their

headquarters." The young man looked at the girl in like one of these.

TWO VERSIONS OF IT.

The Young Girl's and the Reporter's. The moonbeams fall with silv'ry glint upon the The kissing winds of summer bear the sound And from afar there gleams a star that seems for

e'er to keep watch and ward, and ever guard the lives of

maiden stands beside the one she loveth best The world to her is bright and fair, and life hath ne'er a pall. love you well—ah, need I tell?" she says i accents lowcross her face the blushes chase each other as

Don't you think that is nice?"

'Pretty fair," said the reporter. But things don't always go as smoothly as that. think your verses would read better if they were modernized, so to speak.' How would they read then?"

"Well, about like this:" The sunbeams strike with mighty force upon the blue wash-tub, The kissing winds of summer make the farmer want his grub, And from the vale there comes a wail of mortal sore distressed:

Some little boy-his mother's joy-has struck a

A maiden stands beside the tub she hateth worst The world to her is full of soap, and bitterness and gall; An angry firt she gives the shirt, and says in accents low; Gosh darn the dog-goned washing day, I wish

Unnecessarily Alarmed.

'twould ever go!'

"Cholera!" exclaimed an old farmer. "Great Cæsar! man, don't tell me that this country is threatened with cholera agin." proper precautions may reach America." year I lost four of the finest hogs you ever

see with the cholera!" worth; and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our father, with | cholera."

ingness to be on better and other terms | relieved, "I was afraid it was hog cholera." | along the margin of the foot hills.

A HOLIDAY HUNT. What Happened and Something Which Did Not Happen.

[Walter L. Steele.] With us, in this far off southland, there a full realization of the fact that-"Christmas comes but once a year, And every darkey has his share-

iddle make all the instrumental melody which his soul requires, and bacon, and greens, and corn bread, and whisky meet the demands of his internal physical system, while a flaming necktie of gorgeous colors and red-top boots afford the apparel most suited to his fancy. Indeed, the African is a happy race, especially when freed from those cares which the light of education always brings along with it. For money nine-tenths of them have no use, except to gratify the demands of apetite as some attractive object meets the ye, and, in consequence, it is an exceptional case, when an increase of worldly goods takes place. Although it has been more than fifteen years since they were declared to be free, few indeed are else than "mere livers from hand to mouth." On such a day as Christmas the towns are black with them, and the retail groceries, which sell crackers, cheese, sardines, oysters, toys, ribands, gew-gaws and whisky, labor, from these thriftless descendants of with a pleasant countenance, and said: "I Ham. "The loud laugh, which speaks must fulfil the promise I made to your the empty mind," is heard on every hand, an hour when his tongue denied its office. | confusion, and all is fuss and din. Verily, I must not say that you did your duty to I am glad the time comes but once a year. your old father; for did he not often be- Indeed, if I were emperor of all the earth, seech you, apart from one another, to be and possessed of unlimited power, I reconciled, for your own sakes as chris- should devote myself to the inauguration tians, for his sake, and for the sake of the of several reforms for the benefit of my mother who bare you, and Stephen, who subjects, and among them would issue my died that you might be born? When the ukase declaring death, "without benefit palsy struck him for the last time, you of clergy," or any other benefit, against were both absent, nor was it your fault all the manufacturers of Roman candles. that you were not beside the old man when | firecrackers and other devilish inventions

> luggage, called up Don and Branch, gav the word to "the gray mare Meg-a better never lifted leg," or, if you prefer it, because the name of the nag is thus pre-

Weel hitched on to gray mare Molly, We split the mud—we did, by Jolly,

dence of our friend, P. N. S., who lives in the "Fork," about eighteen miles from our home. Inasmuch as Tom, our host's eldest hope," who knew our inclinations, old the family that he was sure we would be there that night, we found a capital supper ready for us, to which, after a brief interval at the fire, we proceeded to do ample justice. On our route, for lack of time, if for no other reason, we failed even to enjoy the lovely scenery, which is spread out as we rise the hill on which E. Ingram lives, and which displays the broad bosom of the Pee Dee, dotted with many islands, and the far distant hills of Stanly and Montgomery counties. We her lying cosily down at the place where take but a glance at the site of the old we took our lunch, doubtless expecting tanyard, where, in other days, the hunter placed himself to intercept a fleeing deer, had sorely tried the christian philosophy sundown, when we pass the old barn, the Ford of Little river, on whose bank, a giving her "many stripes" for her mis-few miles above, I first saw the light of deed. Heaven, and from whose waters, when a boy, I have drawn many a beautiful fish. Two miles more, and we saw the cheerful light of our place of rest, and found what had already described, as well as that

around the sparkling fire, ready to engage in such conversation as might spring up, and make our arrangements for the morrow's hunt. Tom being a "merciful man," and acquainted with the prandial capacity of my dog Branch—for B. is sound in stomach as well as in limb and windwent out in the meantime with a bountiful supply of corn bread, and soon came in reporting that the little exercise he had amazement, and said something about for his share. Being satisfied ourselves, Solomon in all his glory not being arrayed and knowing that our dogs had feasted the fire."

pected to breakfast with us the following

when we reached the ferry our bag consisted of only ten birds, while the other party had succeeded in getting more than of furnishing victuals to hungry people twice than number. Late in the afternoon, after Tom had left us, we were hunting a piece of sedge and some adjacent ditch on "sic a night," when banks; Jim gave notice to Saint Martinthe Bishop—and me that Don had found a covey on the opposite side of the ditch. of whatever joys can be had during the gala season. With him the banjo and the Being an agile man, he had easily leaned it, and told us to go below and cross. were ready enough to do so, and going to the bank of it, and inspecting its size,

upon the same principle that governs

"The dog who by instinct turns aside When he sees the ditch too deep and wide," was deemed prudent to seek another crossing place, so we went further down and soon found a hog ford, which gave us the safe means of getting to the game side of the drain. When we got over we saw Don on a full stand, with Branch behind him. LeG. was within ten feet, and he requested us to remain where we were, for the birds would fly that way, and we could get a shot. Of course our reply was that we had no idea of being hit by him for any such chance, and had no special started to approach, and before we had to say that no bird stopped. Then he so we stood still. Pretty soon he had about a half dozen more on the wing, and he got one with each barrel. We then pursued the first part of the covey, which had lighted on the side of a large ditch, and the Bishop and I got one each. Coming back, LeG., who is a capital shot, and an industrious hunter, told me that he knew where one had settled on the side of the first ditch, and, as he had had four chances, I could take it, and I Going in pursuit of the others, I got another shot, wounding, and LeG. another, killing. Then the Bishop got a crack, which he missed, because of the thick brush through which the bird was flying. We then twitted LeG, on flushing the covey when we were getting to him, and try him before a court-hunting that night. against the law, in such cases made and ouse, where we are always welcome, we

him, and suspended judgment on condition that he would afterwards put himself upon his good behavior. The next day we found still fewer birds. and succeeded in getting only about thirty, notwithstanding a laborious day's tramp. Night found us under the same hospitable roof, where we got the egg-nog. The Bishop, who had lost his Palmetto bitch, having to go back a mile or so to find her, reached the house almost half an hour after we did. He told us that he found blacksmith shop, the slab bottom and the us to return in time to give her another as he was making his way to the river to of her handler by swallowing instead of escape his pursuers. It is getting nearly retrieving a bird which the Bishop had shot. But the prelate, knowing full well centre of a once famous turkey range, and that "he who spareth the rod spoileth the twilight had come when we crossed Smith's child," applied the sanction of the law by

We stayed all night, and my clerical friend, who had not sought, the night before, to get a divorce a mensa et there from me, but shared the couch with me, complained so much of my unfortunate hearty, but unpretending welcome which habit of snoring that our host placed him in a separate apartment. Next morning, at an extremely early hour. I heard a is shown to every one who enters the "The cheerful supper done," we went knocking at the outer door of my room, back to the parlor and ranged ourselves which was on the ground floor, and connected with the parlor, and recognizing the familiar voice of my former bedfellow, I emerged from the warm bed and "took

He apologized for the disturbance, alleging as a reason that he was anxious to make an early start for home, to avoid, if possible, the "nursed wrath" of his "dame," which might grow too "warm" for him if he failed longer to make an aphad did not seem to have weakened the pearance, and he had inadvertently left dog's appetite. Don, also, had his supply his hat in the parlor. Then he apologized of scraps, and having been raised a gentleman's dog, got a small portion of pork with a sorrowful voice, that in doing so he had "jumped from the frying-pan into "How is that?" said I. royally, we discussed all sorts of things, Tom or Jim LeG. open their nasal batindulged in anecdote, "cracked of horses, plougus and kye," inquired how our host's they could do." "What calamity, my carp ponds were doing, what Christmas dear friend, has befallen you?" "Why festivities had enlivened the neighborhood: that infernal He. Gines came in from a and were congratulating ourselves upon dining party in the neighborhood at having escaped "the maddening crowd's Squire Willy Creekshires, and was put in ignoble strife," when the sound of a dar- bed with me. In a little while he opened key's accordeon and hilarious chorus of all the vials of his accursed cacophany, darkey throats gave painful evidence that and kept emptying them into my already we were still within the bounds of that shattered nervous system, so that I could sort of civilization. Still we managed to not sleep a wink. Yours is as the 'music keep up our "discourse" until the hour of the spheres or the soft, soothing tones when my habits required that I of the Æolian harp, compared with his should bid entertainers and entertained He plays on the chinese gong, diversified my best wishes for a happy night. I slept with that peculiar puff of a locomotive well, disturbed only by the suggestions of a stomach rather heavily laden, and the cars behind it. I won't do so any more. whining of a setter pup, which I had I'll stick to you be cafter; your harmonies brought up as a present to my friend shall be my lullaby." My sympathies were Bishop Crickett, of Saint's Rest, who lives enlisted in his behalf, and I freely forgave just across the Pee Dee, and whom we ex- him for his off nic.

After breakfast, we sent our buggy about a mile down the road toward home, and After all the family got together, before we took the fields lying on the river, to breakfast next day, a suggestion was made see if we could not find some birds to that, as their Christmas had not quite take home with us. We got up severai ended, it might not be disagreeable to coveys, did some good and some very poor partake of a glass of egg-nog. The motion shooting, bagged eighteen, and the hour was duly seconded, and passed nem. con., came when we must ride. The morning and we were regaled with "as good a ar- had been rather clear, but about twelve. ticle of them kind of sperrits" as was "the gathering storm" looked omever fixed up for the enjoyment of the inous, and we had sixteen miles of muddy human palate. The "flavoring extract" road to travel. Having a top buggy and was obtained by a distillation of the fer- a good blanket we thought we could stand mented peach—which, by the way, is unsurpassable for Thomas and Jeremiah— was told to lessen the distance. After Tom and Jerry, if you like—or that mix-ture of sugar and whipped cream called drops began to fall, and in a few minutes ture of sugar and whipped cream called syllabub. And then that little tinkling sound was heard which indicated that hot our faces, and making the homeward Java and biscuit and butter and "sassen- journey anything but a pleasant recreation. gers" and "chicken fixings" and chitter- But as the face of nature was covering ings were not far off; and we also par- itself with a dark veil, we entered our took of them. Then, having made ar- portals, hung up our wet blanket to dry, rangements to send our horse and buggy went close to the blazing wood fire, and up to Smith's ferry, we went down to the were grateful that we not only had a home, "Yes, it's got into France, and without river, not over a quarter of a mile off, to but were enjoying some of its comforts."

see if its bottoms contained any of the Our good wife—I have one, and some peo-"It's terrible," he groaned. "Why, last car I lost four of the finest hogs you ever while the elegant form of the Bishop, astride of his mule, was seen approaching, and close by his dogs, Jack and Palmetto, and do me the honor buff I ever saw."

We found that birds were scarce, and to supply the repast, and when the guests when we remched the ferry our bag condo when she set her head to it, in the way I asked her if it was possible that any body could be foolish enough to turn out

> "A child might understand The De'il had busines on his hand." "Why," said she, "one of them, the preacher, is already here, and the Doctor and Brother Duffrey and Mud were never known to lose the opportunity of getting a good meal."

She was right. They braved the storm and in a short while we had "our legs under the mahogany," and did ample honor to the culinary skill of the Madam. She was happy when she saw that we managed to worry down a full portion of the viands. The Doctor, Bro. Duffrey and Mud gave ample evidences of their approval of the repast. They always do.

Absent-Minded Women. [Chicago Tribune.] "But speaking of absent-minded peo-ple," said a West Sider, "women beat the nation at that. There is my wife, one of aspirations to make him our target. We the most careful and most levelheaded women in the world. But one night last gone five yards, we heard his gun, then winter we went to a large party and we saw the flying covey and heard his second | both, for special reasons, were more than barrel. The truth of history compels me anxious to appear well. My wife was greatly concerned about me, as I am the called to us to come up, for there were absent-minded one of the family, and more birds. That we did not credit, and looked me over critically and carefully after I left the coat-room and before we went down stairs. She was herself all right, of course, and was superbly dressed. We went down in high feather and had passed through the parlors and had spent a delightful half hour on parade duty as it were, when my wife suddenly turned pale in what I thought was a fainting fit. I hurried her from the room, and was about to turn the house upside down in search of restoratives, when she clutched my sleeve did take it, adding a bird to my bag. and pointed to her feet. She had before leaving home drawn over her shoes a pair of my socks, and had forgotten to remove them. The thought that she had been parading before three hundred people with

those socks on was too much for her." A South Sider who had listened to this said after indulging in a contented little then learned from him that as we were ap- chuckle: "My wife tells almost as good proaching, he saw what he took to be a a story as that on herself. She is, as everyhuddle of birds in the head of a side ditch, | body knows who knows her at all, very and thinking he could get a half dozen at particular about her dress, and she grieves one pop, he fired into-a bunch of leaves. over a spot on my coat or a lack of polish And then we berated him soundly for his on my shoes with a grief that will not be unsportsmanlike conduct in more respects | comforted. She went down street shopthan one, and announced our purpose to ping on one occasion this spring, and in trying on bonnets became a little disturbed upon his "grave crimes and misdemeanors | over the fact that none of the new shapes suited her face. She therefore picked up provided." And that night, at his mother's her parasol, walked out of the store, called on a very aristocratic acquaintance, and put our threat into execution, convicted then came home. A glance in the hall glass showed that she had no bonnet on. She had taken it off to try on the new ones, and as she expressed it, had been parading along the streets with nothing on her head but a small veil across her forehead. She didn't scold me about the

spots on my coat for a week." 'I have a better story than that," said superintendent of one of the departments at Field's. "Not long ago a fashionably dressed lady came in early, and in the course of her bargaining put her parasol on the counter near a large feather duster which one of the clerks had been using. After making some purchases the lady was his confidential friend in the fullest caught up the duster instead of her parasol, and went out hurriedly. As soon as I discovered the mistake I sent a boy after her with the parasol, but he did not over-take her until she had made quite a jour-

'In fact, she flourished that feather duster along the street, flourished it about as she went into another store, and put it down on the counter, still under the im- They always kept faith with each other. pression that it was a parasol. When her Mrs. Toombs had been for years a member ourchases in the second store were made, she turned to pick up her parasol, and seeing the feather duster, asked for her to claim that he was in consequence a not brought any parasol in, but had come creasing age came failing health. The tion. He had before him a hard task in lamilton's befo' de war tole me out'n a in carrying that duster. She was supremely fond wife was kindly, tenderly nursed by raising subscriptions. Among those upon book; way long befo' de surrender, it was, subject when in came our boy with her in the early spring of a year ago, Mrs. parasol and an explanation. She was so Tomobs was living her last days. Her a carriage."

Changes in the Senate.

[New York Herald.] One of the most significant factors the present political problem is found in the changes to occur in the United States Senate, the nature of which will be determined very largely by the legislatures to be elected this fall, which will be called upon to elect Senators to fill the vacancies caused by those whose terms are about to expire. Of the twenty-five Senators whose terms of office cease on the third of March next fourteen are Democrats and eleven are Republicans. Successors to twentyone of them are yet to be chosen, and of the four already elected Senator Allison is the only one who will succeed himself. The accompanying table gives a list of Senators whose terms will expire on the

	date mentioned:
	AlabamaJames L. Pugh.
	Arkansas James D. Walker.
	.CaliforniaJames T. Farley.
ı	Colorado
	Connecticut Orville H. Platt,
	Florida Wilkinson Call.
	GeorgiaJoseph E. Brown.
2	Illinois John A. Logan.
	Indiana Daniel W. Voorhees
	Iowa
	Kansas John J. Ingalls.
	KentuckyJohn S. Williams.
,	LouisianaBenjamin F. Jones.
3	MarylandJames B. Groome.
	Missouri
6	NevadaJohn P. Jones.
٠	New Usernahlm Honey W Plain
l	New HampshireHenry W. Blair.
)	New York Elbridge G. Lapham
	North CarolinaZebulon B. Vance.
)	OhioGeorge H. Pendleto
£	OregonJames H. Slater.
r	PennsylvaniaJ. Donald Cameron.
r	South Carolina Wade Hampton.
	VermontJustin S. Morrill.
5	Wisconsin Angus Cameron.

Raising a Cincinnati House.

[Commercial Traveller.] "Chicago is a great city," remarked one the train in that town. "Yes, it's a big place. Did you ever see them raising houses and building the

first story last?" "No; do they do that?" "Yes, all the time. Why, some time ago they raised the whole Tremont House, with 4,000 jacks."

"How many?" "Four thousand." "Thunder! It didn't take that many, did it? By gravy, I saw a fellow down in Cincinnati, about a week ago, go into one

holera."

The prelate and I took the bank of the of eating some birds—but as I did not the other man gave Cincinnati the "Oh!" said the farmer, looking much stream, while Jim LeG. and Tom went reach home in time, she was obliged to lead, and Chicago came in a very fair resort to some of the contents of her larder second.

TOOMBS OF GEORGIA. REMINISCENCES OF A GREAT SOUTHERNER, Some Incidents in the Stirring Life a Wonderful Man.

[Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.] AUGUSTA, GA .- The appearance of Robert Toombs, the great fire-eater of the South, as a delegate in the district Methodist conference at Harmony Grove, marks new era in his life. It is an era in strange contrast with the stormy career of one of the most brilliant men America has ever produced, and is the closing scene in a biography which must soon become a complete volume.

The manner of his conversion was characteristic of the man. Bishop George F. Pierce had been a college-mate of Toombs. Together these two young students, the one from Wilkes county, the other from Greene; the one the petted, self-willed son of a substantial gentleman, the other the thoughtful child of a laborious Methodist minister, pursued their studies, winning scholastic victories, yet by different methods. With Toombs the answers came instinctively; with Pierce it required the burning of the midnight oil. Toombs was ever under the rod of correction, which tradition tells us required his removal to Princeton; and even there his rebellious spirit would brook no dictation. Pierce turned his back upon the frivolities of youth, and engaged in the revival services in the little church of which his father, Lovic Pierce, was pastor. Yet Toombs and Pierce were the closest of friends, and in the long career which subsequently opened to both of them, in which one drifted into politics and became the maelstrom of one of the most exciting episodes of history, and the other found preferment in the church, becoming an honored bishop, there never ceased for a moment that attachment born of college association. Meeting Bishop Pierce one day about a year ago, religion was mentioned "George," exclaimed Toombs, impetu-

ously, "I want you to baptize me. When I am dead I do not want these young men who drift so naturally into infidelity to claim me as an unbeliever." This determination caused a sensation throughout the State. It sent astonishishment through that class which laughs at holy things, while it brought joy to every Christian heart. Once more there was a tender feeling for Toombs, such as had not been felt since the days when he was the pride of Georgia manhood. It was a tenderness more full of sympathy than ever went out to him before. When the appointed Sunday came it found the old statesman surrounded by the neighbors of fifty years, among whom was his brother, whose joy at the event about to take place found vent in tears. Toombs

himself was affected, and for once found hesitancy in speech when Bishop Pierce, taking him by the hand, greeted him as a brother in Christ. TOOMBS' GREAT GRIEK leading up to this profession of faith was a great bereavement. Full fifty years before, the handsome young chevalier won the heart and hand of Miss Sara DuBose, a lady distinguished for her accomplishments and family name. Ever after she was indeed his better half. She went with him on his political missions; she was with him on his tours of observation, and she meaning of the word in all his transactions. When he entered Congress she went with him, and the home life which the pair enjoyed in the quaint little village of Washington was maintained in the greater Washington, which was the scene of his political triumphs. The two grew old tegether, more like a couple of confiding children than like people of the world of the Methodist church. It was Mr.

Toombs's habit, when speaking jocularly, parasol. The clerk explained that she had | brother-in-law to the church. With inindignant at such an intimation, and was her distinguished husband. When they delivering the clerk a sharp lecture on the went to their Clarksville mountain home. overcome that she had to be sent home in death was the great blow which sobered Toombs. His thoughts turned from the grave to God, and he made his peace. By the grave of this noble Christian woman a remarkable fact is suggested. She had been for fifty years the wife of a man of wonderful magnetism, of gigantic phyique, of engaging manneres. Over half of this time was spent in the national capital, where her husband was surrounded by all the allurements of flattery, all the wiles of the set, all the opportunities of his manners and station. Yet, through it all, Toombs was a faithful husband. Not even whisper has ever been made which could compromise his name. What a comment this is on the fidelity of the husband and the influence of the wife.

> THE TOOMBS OF FORMER YEARS. Looking from the bent figure which stood the other day on Greene street, though yet bearing traces of former years, one instinctively turns to the prints which give the shadow of the Toombs of 1855. He was then in the zenith of his physical beauty and intellectual strength. He had already won the attention of the republic; his fiery eloquence had made him as hated in the home of abolitionism as he was worshipped by his followers in the south. When he spoke a nation listened. With the impetuosity of Niagara he precipitated the events which led to the great struggle in which cannon took the place of the ballot. From the confederate senate and the cabinet of Jefferson Davis he sought a post in the field, esteeming that the place of every man was in the front. The qualities, however, which made him formidable n debate made him weak in the field. He was not born to obey. General Toombs was not destined to become one of the military heroes of the age. The stories of his disobedience of orders and his refusal to consider himself under arrest are numerous, some of them incredible, were they not vouched for.

As if by the irony of fate, the struggle travelling man to another, as they got off which Toombs had done so much to bring about was destined to come to an end at his home. It was within a few miles of Toombs's residence that Jefferson Davis held his last cabinet council, when Colonel Pritchett's Michigan regiment, following up the fleeing chieftain, overtook him in Irwin county. Toombs was informed of the presence of the federal soldiers just in time to seek flight on that most unromantic creature, the mule. For a few days he found refuge with Colonel E. A. Tate, in the lower part of Elbert county. In Colonel Tate's residence there was a life-sized engraving of Toombs, and so great was the resemblance that one seeing the pic-ture could not mistake the man. The colture could not mistake the man. The colist treating for the purchase of Adelina ored people noticed the similarity between Path's estate in South Wales, which Booth the mysterious stranger and the picture. proposes to make his private residence, The plantation was soon overrun with fed showing that shouting for salvation is eral spies, who offered large rewards for quite as lucrative as singing on the stage.

the fugitive-yet, though a hundred colored people could lay their hands on him, not one revealed his hiding-place—a wonderful example of colored fidelity. For some months after his final escape he lived in Paris. Here it was he made his memrable answer when asked how he lived

His expenses were \$5 a day. He had sold a quantity of Texas land for \$5 an icre, which explained his answer. On his return home he lived quietly, but was much annoyed by the visits of the numerous correspondents. One of the worst of this class was George W. Smalley. now the London correspondent of the New York Tribune. The kuklux sensation was at its highest when Smalley arrived in the village. The correspondent soon found Toombs, who determined to have a little

'I am eating an acre of ground a day."

fun at his expense, ... Smalley asked the general about the kultur, "Yes, yes," said Toombs, "I'll tell you all about them, but first let us get a safe Taking him off some distance General Toombs pointed out an unsuspecting Jew-

ish merchant, whose physical appearance was rather against him "There he is," said Toombs. "That is the great head of the kuklux klan, My friend, you must come over to my house; t is the only place where you would be safe from his observation. I will do my best to get you safely out of the country. Scared half to death, Smalley followed the General, and entering the mansion the door was closed when General Toombs

"Now you are safe. I will see the chief f the klan and try and get a pass for you out of the country." Meantime there was no attention wantng to make Smalley comfortable. He was treated like a prince, and soon underwent a change of heart about Toombs, and began to regard him as one of the grand-

Finally a rap was heard at the door. "Leave it all to me," said the general. This is the Great Cyclops. I will get

him to give you a pass." The Jew entered in obedience to General Toombs's summons, which had been pre-viously sent him. He was thoroughly ignorant of the use which was being made of him, consequently Toombs's talk to him threw him into confusion, for he did not carried into the nearest drug store. understand its motive. This confusion was duly noted by Smalley v down as an evidence of the man's guilt. Finally, when the bewildered Hebrew departed without having given any apparent | down the side street, with a yelling crowd satisfaction, General Toombs turned to at his heels. In spite of his gray hair he Smalley and said:

"I have staked my honor for your safety. Before daylight I will have my closed carriage ready, into which you must be placed. As the klan will think that I am within, it will not be molested, and soon you will be placed at a safe distance.' Thus Smalley found his exit from the little village of Washington, and soon after gave his wonderful letter to the public. This version of the affair is told by one of General Toombs's closest friends.

GENERAL TOOMBS'S TRUE CHARACTER some correspondents. He is at home and men and attacked several of her rivals in business one of the most conservative of men. His assaults upon carpet-baggers thing that such a woman, who is not are not intended for honest men who are afraid of man or woman, or the devil; seeking the legitimate aims of life. To should be so eternally knocked out by a northern men, in whom he recognizes hon- mouse." esty of purpose, he is as genial and hospitable as they could wish. Perhaps there never was a man in Georgia who was more vilified than H. I. Kimball, and not entirely without reason. When the Kimball House was crected General Toombs made it his headquarters when in Atlanta. Being asked about his choice of it he is said to have answered:

"By G-d, I have a right to stop in if. The money with which it was built was stolen from the treasury of Georgia, and whom it was necessary that he should call old Southerner exclaimed:

worth more than a hundred thousand dol- Abel goes off gunnin' or sumfin, an' he lars. I'm glad to see you back to stay war gone seben years, an' wen he come with us."

his feet, and in relating the incident he ous; but dis time when Abel comed home could only say: "I could only look in silence at the

grand old figure before me." Toombs was a potential factor in the freemen to live under the badge of slavery. A new convention should be called, even he jus' would. So when Cain got Abel handiwork of Georgians.

urer of the State expressed doubt about his authority to pay the members of the convention for the number of days over convention, General Toombs solved the problem by saying:

"I will advance the money out of my own pocket, and trust the people of Georgia for its repayment." As a consequence he advanced nearly \$30,000, which was refunded by the next

His pride of State is wonderful. day he sauntered into the supreme court room, rather under the influence of liquor. An attorney was addressing the court in terms which seemed to indicate that Georgia would not pay her debts. Interrupting him at once, General Toombs said : May it please the court, Georgia will pay her debts. If she does not, then I

will pay them for her."

walk, which denotes his weakness. He Bible." And Aunt Jane here flapped her has lost much flesh within the past few under lip and folded it over like a seal on years. His eyes are weak, a cataract her conviction. growing over one of them, which causes considerable suffering. In his home at Washington he is always surrounded by some of his grandchildren, in whose company he takes great delight. They feel that he has but a few days more to live, and do everything in their power to render his declining years comfortable. When he passes away, a great man will indeed have fallen—and an honest one.

> -Singing Will Pay. [New York World.]

General Booth, of the Salvation Army.

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A WOMAN AND A MOUSE.

Befeat of an Amazon by an Italian's Pet-A Broadway Incident. [New York Herald.] A gray headed Italian, with a white

mouse on the top of his hat, stood on the corner of Canal street and Broadway yesterday, and looked appealingly at the passers by. Every now and then he took crumb of bread out of his pocket and placed it on the crown of his hat beside the mouse, which sat on its hind legs like a squirrel while eating it. No one seemed to notice either man or mouse, but the man stood patiently, the mouse ate the crumbs contentedly, and both watched the passersby with equal interest.

At last one of two ladies who were hurrying by stopped and clapped her hands as she cried, "Oh! just look at that funny little thing sitting up on his hat!" "Come on, won't you!" said the other, a tall, rather stout and decidedly hand-

some brunette: "it's a mouse " "Of coure it is," said the first, as she drew her companion nearer, mand did you ever see such a dear little thing? The Italian hastily took the mouse from

his hat and held it out toward the ladies! "See! see! just-a tame as lectle kitten -nevaire ran-a way. I sell him you one dolla."

The little animal sat quietly on the palm of the man's outstretched hand for a moment, then suddenly gave a spring and landed on the arm of the tall lady. She stared wildly at it, and then, as it began creeping up on the outside of her sleeve, shrieked and fell on the sidewalk. The mouse was thrown behind her, and just as it struck the flagstone the foot of a passerby crushed the life out of it.

The Italian gave a howl of rage as he sprang forward and picked up his dead pet, while the companion of the prostrate woman raised up her voice in lamentation as she knelt beside her friend and tried to lift her up. A crowd gathered around them in a flash, and the unfortunate Italian was collared by a dozen men who thought that he had knocked the woman down. In spite of his prayers and protestations, which were made in an unintelligible mixture of Piedmontese and English.

he was dragged off down Canal street. while the woman, still in a dead faint, was At the corner of Baxter street, a policegling Italian made a last effort, and, tearing himself away from his captors, dashed made such excellent time that he distanced his pursuers and disappeared in some of the numerous alleys which lead off from

Baxter street The victim of the mouse recovered consciousness after ten minutes' hard work by the drug store clerks, and went off with

out giving her name. But I know her," said a well known sporting man of the east side who was passing at the time and saw her face; "she s the favorite actress in one of the Bowery variety theatres, and has the reputation of being one of the most desperate women in the city. They say she has stabbed two with either knife or pistol. It's a strange

THE STORY OF CAIN AND ABEL. A New Version

Florida Letter of a Tribune Editor. "But don't you believe that your race

will ever be equal with the white?" I "Ekal? no sah!" said Lady Jane posi tively. "I knows my race too well-I's brung up wid 'em. We nebber come un that gives every Georgian an interest in it." to de white people no how. We'se a mean When this celebrated house was de- race, dat's just what we is. We'se mean stroyed by fire, Kimball was called back ebbery way. Why, I 'member a story dat from Chicago to organize for its re-erec- an ole gemman as used to come to Marm but I'se 'membered it ever since. 'Pears was General Toombs. No sooner had he to me it splains de case ezzackly. I blieve entered Toombs's door than the doughty the story's true, massa; yes, I do so, Cain and Abel you see was two sons ob de Lor, "Kimball, your return to Georgia is but de fader lubbed Abel bes' an one time home he had a wife an' chillens. Now This compliment fairly took Kimball off | Cain nebber did lub Abel 'cos he war jealde fader he killed a big fat hog-no, 'twasn't a big fat hog, it was a big fat goose, but dey had a hog-killin' time anyhow, an-de fader says, 'Abel, I'se right calling of the constitutional convention of down glad to see yer, ye, an' yer wife, an' 1877. He insisted that the constitution of chillens.' Now dis made Cain awful mad. 1868 was a nullity; its ratification only an' after dinns he axed Abel wouldn't he rested on the bayonet, and it ill became like to take a walk in de fiels an' de woods if it did no more than meet and ratify the | dar he jus' took an' mummocked him wid old document. This would make it the handiwork of Georgians. In the convention he was one of the out an' he say, 'Whar's Abel?' But Cain most prominent actors. When the treas- jus' let on like he didden har. Den de Lor' say agin, 'Cain, what's Abel?' Den Cain look roun' kinder sulky, and he says, 'Is I yer Abel keeper?' But de Lor' say the forty prescribed in the call for the agin, 'Cain, I asks you whar is Abel?' Den Cain say, 'Abel done gone been eat up by de cowbeast ob de wild-woods." What is a cowbeast of the wild-woods,

Aunt Jane?" one of us put in. "Oh, 'dat's a cow—jus' a cow, yunno.
Wal, de Lor' he see de blood on Cain's shirt buzzum-it sorter spirted when he stuck him wid the knife, yunno-an he knowed all the while dat Cain hed done gone kilt Abel. So he says, 'Cain you is cuss, an' you an' your chillen must serve Abel's chillen tousans and tousans ob years, an' you's all be black.' Now, Cain was a mighty mean man, was'n he, sah?"
"Certainly he was, Aunt Jane," we as-

"Well, now I thinks dat's how we all's a mean race an' how we's black; dat splains it, 'zackly. I lib a mighty long General Toombs is now 74 years of age. time sense, but I nebber forgot dat story. He stoops considerably, and has an infirm dat dey tell me an' I blieve it like de

A Morning Sunbeam.

[Youth's Companion.] A nestling in the little crib, A soft hand laid upon my head, A gentle whisper in my ear, "Mamma, I'm tummin' into bed!"

"O no," I said, "'twill never do:

Now shut those little peepers tight,
And sleep and dream till morning breaks,
Then you may come—when comes the light."

Again a nestling in the crib, in the last land and As down to rest my birdie lay; and distributed I listened, for I thought she spoke—"Huddy up, light," I heard her say.

Then all was still. We slept again Till dawn lit up the eastern sky; Then sang my birdie, sweet and clear, Now light has tum, and so has I ?