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The Old North State

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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Editor and Proprietor.

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RELIGIOUS.

A CLOUD DISPELLED.

A faithful minister of Christ one day overtook an aged saint, who in reply to a question regarding his welfare, said: "I know how it is, but I have been much disquieted of late. It is now nearly sixty years since the Lord Jesus found me in my sins and spoke peace to my soul; and I had then such unquestioning repose in his love, such assurance of hope, and such joy in believing, that it seemed heaven begun on earth. But now, such darkness has come over me, that I am sometimes tempted to doubt whether I ever knew him in truth, and to think that it was all a pleasing dream in which I deceived myself.

"And the reason of that is," replied the minister, "that sixty years ago, when the Lord found you, you knew that you were nothing but a hell-deserving sinner; you were not thinking of finding any good in yourself; but you looked away from sinful self to Christ, and you found all that you needed in him. You were satisfied with his finished work. His blood spoke peace to you. You saw him as made unto you. God's wisdom, even righteousness and sanctification and redemption, you desired nothing more; there was nothing more you could desire. But now you are beginning to say with yourself, 'I'm a child of God'—and there is darkness in that. 'If I have been a subject of divine grace for sixty years, then surely there ought to be abundant fruit to his praise, and great spiritual attainments.' And you have turned away from Christ to seek satisfaction in your life or in your own heart, and all is darkness; for the earth does not become a luminous body, however long and clearly the sun may shine upon it. The Lord is dealing mercifully with you, and will not permit you to find rest in self. He will have you turn again to Christ as fully as ever—and will have you end where you began; rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh at the end as at the beginning, a sinner saved by grace."

A cloud was lifted from that venerable countenance as the old man stood for a few moments wrapt in thought, and then exclaimed: "Thank God! you have hit the mark. Christ is all—Christ is all to me."

May the same grace which caused the light to break through that cloud, bless this record of the incident to some other saint traveling in darkness because turning away from the light.

MY CROWN.

Laid up, prepared for me! A crown that will fit no other brow. A crown which neither man nor angel, other than myself, can wear, for Jesus makes no mistakes in the adaptations of grace here, or the rewards of grace hereafter. And this my crown has long been preparing—"laid up in heaven" for me. Yes, laid up but not finished. Its jewels are not all set yet, neither do all its stars sparkle now but Jesus is gathering and measuring them, and will take care that no precious stone is lost. Every one will occupy its true position, and gold, and silver, and precious stones be found in their appropriate places. Some of these have already been borne by angel hands in heaven, and by the grace of my dear Saviour, I am seeking to lay up other treasures also. Also these will be fitly set, as apples of gold in pictures of silver in my crown.

But though these jewels of grace are wrought in it, my crown is the gift of my Saviour, and is incomparably more precious than the jewels which adorn it. It is unique. There is no crown like it on earth. It is a crown of righteousness. There is no stain upon its purity. It is clear as the sun and white as the light. And it is a living crown, a crown of life. I shall never be called to lay it aside, neither will it ever be taken from me. It will never fade, nor need renewal. The brow it presses is and must be immortal. Wearing it, I shall enjoy perennial youth, and be exempt from sickness, pain and death, and shall reign with my Saviour a king and priest forever. And there are many similar crowns, for Jesus says to each of his disciples, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

THE PRICELESS DIAMOND.

There is no gem or jewel, or richest pearl in all the universe, of such priceless value as the soul. Worlds could not buy it—worlds could not redeem it if once lost. Such a priceless diamond you carry about with you every day in your bosom, amid the dangers of earth, and where numerous and invisible foes are seeking to rob you of it. Do not delay to place it in the hands of the Almighty Saviour, who can preserve and keep it safely till the final day. Think, oh think, how much is at stake—even your own soul, your own precious souls.

Suppose this world were a globe of gold, and each star in yonder firmament a jewel of the first order, and the moon a diamond, and the sun literally a crown of all created glory; one soul, in value, would outweigh them all. Here is a man standing on board of a vessel at sea, holding his hand over the side of the vessel—he is sporting with a jewel worth a hundred thousand dollars, and which, too, is all his fortune. Playing with the jewel, he throws it up he catches it throws it up and catches it. A friend, noticing the brilliancy of the jewel, warns him of the danger of losing it, and tells him that if it slips through his fingers it goes down to the bottom of deep, and can be recovered no more. "Oh there is no danger; I have been doing this a long time; and you see I have not lost it yet." Again he throws it up and—when it is gone, past recovery, gone! Oh when the man finds that his jewel is lost, and his own folly lost it, who can describe his agony, as he exclaims, "I have lost my jewel, my fortune, my all!" Oh, sinner, hear me! Casketed in your bosom, you have a jewel of infinitely great value; in danger of being lost, and of being lost forever.

FAITH.

A true and saving faith, although it cannot be too large for God's glory, and for your own comfort, cannot be too small for the purpose of salvation, if it be the true and living faith of the gospel. The shipwrecked sailor, if he have but been cast upon a rock, a single foot above the reach of the waves, is as perfectly secure as if he were looking down from a thousand fathoms high upon the troubled waters.—Blunt.

Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing as it were, in each ray of glory; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower—its may not even notice it; but nevertheless it will be diffusing around a sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lowly sphere.

DREADFUL SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST AN ORETANS.

Elias Stekolni, in a letter to Dr. G. S. Howe, published in the Boston *Celan*, drew a terrible picture of the extremity to which the Oretan Christians have been reduced by their fidelity to the cause of their country's liberty. He says that he saved hundreds of families from starvation and nakedness by the contributions of the American people. He saw nations and maidens peer out like phantoms from the caves in which they dwell, and then he glided in again to conceal their nakedness from his sight. He heard the groans of children and old men who were miserably perishing of famine. In the village of Patsanov corpses were dragged from their graves and the mutilated or cut off pieces and strewn through the streets, mounds were strewn, and masses of Oretan bones were heaped up as trophies.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when our heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and soon forgotten.

A Chinese savings bank is to be established in San Francisco, which it is thought will set loose at least five millions of coin now hoarded in old stockings by the thrifty Celestials.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Journal of the Farm.
FIFTY PER CENT OF CLEAR PROFIT.

In the memory of living men the virgin soil of the "Hawfields" produced ten barrels of corn per acre. In the boyhood of middle-aged men, the same land produced five barrels of corn per acre. Now, according to the concurrent statements of numerous farmers, one barrel of corn per acre, worth \$5.00 to day and \$3.00 at the average cost of production, according to the same concurrent statement of farmers in this neighborhood, is \$7.50 per acre. Nothing more need be said to prove that our system of farming is an absolute and most disastrous failure, which must change or some hints as to how this change may be speedily and surely effected are given in the following paper, based upon actual experiments of my own, or coming under my own observation; and I assert, without fear of contradiction that by following the plan here proposed, any farmer may increase his clear profit 50 per cent, and increase the fertility of his land 25 per cent each year.

The causes of the rapid and alarming failure of our lands are numerous and may be summed up in general terms into two wants, namely, want of manure and want of brains. But the specific cause is the culture of corn, in its straight rows up and down the hills. The culture of corn, at best, is very severe on land, exposing it to the sun and floods of August—but as practiced here, without manure, and without a hillside ditch, it has produced the results already stated—namely, lands that 75 years ago were very productive are now part in the bottom of Haw River, part grown up in broomstraw, and the part still in cultivation produces corn worth \$5 per acre at a cost of \$7.50 per acre. Now any farmer who will quit corn, except as a cleaning crop, or upon highly improved lots, and who will use brains and manure, and Baugh's Phosphate on small grain and clover, and more brains and more manure on root crops, with stable manure and Baugh's Phosphate, alternated, will find his net profit increased 50 per cent, and his land rapidly improved.

To prove this to the satisfaction of the only skeptic trip you will take, I need only state that a bushel of potatoes, 45 lbs. weight, is worth 25 cents in the market, and will always be equal in value to a bushel of corn. I never knew in this region of more than 75 bushels of corn being made to the acre, and this was on a highly manured soil; and the average yield, as already stated, is not above 5 bushels to the acre, worth \$5. I raised on an old field the first time it was ever manured in the memory of man, 500 bushels of potatoes per acre, and Col. Wm. Bingham did the same on an ordinary new ground. The same manuring might perhaps have produced 50 bushels of corn, worth \$50, while the potatoes were worth \$500, showing a difference in favor of root culture of \$450 per acre. Further, a bushel of ruta bags turns up worth more in Wilmington today than a bushel of corn, and Major Lynch has made 500 bushels of turnips per acre. And further still, the potatoes and turnips can be raised on the same acre, the same year at a cost in labor and manure, of not more than \$75.

These statements may seem extravagant; but I repeat, that I and Col. Wm. Bingham have both raised the potatoes, and Major Lynch has raised the turnips. What has been an utter failure in this section for the last five years, the average yield being less than two and a half bushels per acre; but with a fertilizer, ten bushels per acre may be safely counted on. Wheat must enter as an important element in any intelligent farmer's system in this region, but never without a fertilizer. It requires but little labor; it leaves the land exposed but a short time to sun and frost; and as a foundation stone of our culture, the straw and the succeeding crop of clover hay, furnish food to winter cattle on, at almost no cost at all, and the cattle in their turn furnish manure for roots. On wheat, \$10 per acre in Baugh's Phosphate will make ten bushels, where only two bushels and a half would have grown without it; five bushels will pay for the manure and leave two and a half bushels, worth \$5, of clear profit the first year, being 50 per cent on the money invested, and 100 per cent on the previous net yield, with the same labor. The same \$10 in Phosphate that made the wheat is a perfect specific for red clover. The first crop of this clover is worth in market for home consumption \$15, in clover hay, a profit of 150 per cent on the money invested the year before and already paid in wheat; and the second crop turned, (never pastured) will, with \$10 in phosphate again, make fifteen bushels of wheat, showing an increased productivity of 50 per cent.

Oats can be cultivated as a money crop; but if one has area enough, as is always the case with us, they must enter into the system as furnishing the cheapest and best feed for horses, and the cheapest and best meal for mixing feed for milch cows. As land should not be required to work without being fed, less frequently, but as regularly and as carefully as man or beast; in plainer English, as no seed should be put into the ground without special manuring of some sort or other, I would apply 250 pounds of phosphate to oats, which will pay for itself in oats, and pay 100 per cent in the succeeding clover crop and improve the land 25 per cent in furnishing a second crop to be turned; or

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SHOWER OF SNAKES.

Serpents by the Million—The Prairie in the Neighborhood, Ill., Literary Alliance with Reptiles—The Greatest Snake Story on Record.

(From the Illinois State Register, June 1)

The great storm of last Friday night will long be remembered in this State. In addition to the details heretofore given, we have information from a reliable citizen of the great damage at Taylorville. The storm burst in all its fury at that place about dark, and the rain fell in torrents. The electric storm presented the same features as here. The wind, however, was more violent, and with intermissions blew in great strength from every direction. Several buildings were damaged, and young hickory trees actually twisted off by the wind. The growing crops were prostrated by the wind, and beaten into the ground by the rain and hail. But the most singular phenomenon, and one which was not vouchsafed to any other community, was a shower of snakes. We have heretofore read of showers of sand, of fish, and sometimes of flesh but never before of a shower of snakes; and yet we are well assured that the phenomenon which occurred on last Friday night can be described in no more fitting terms.

On Saturday and Sunday last, every ditch, brook, and pool on the prairie north of Taylorville was alive with nondescript creatures, which have been described to us as being from one and a half to two feet long, and of three fourths of an inch to an inch in diameter. This diameter is very slightly lessened at the head and tail. The tail is flat, like that of an eel, but has no caudal fin; indeed, there is no fin at all. The head is in shape that of an eel, but the mouth is that of a sucker. The eyes are small, and the ears are simply orifices. Immediately behind the head, on each side, is a flipper, like that of a turtle, three-fourths of an inch to an inch in length, including the limb, which has a perfectly developed joint. In color, these snakes, or whatever they are, are of a dark hue.

The number of these creatures is beyond all estimate. They swim in every branch and puddle of water. Their mode of progression, in addition to the undulatory motion of a snake in the water, is by the use of the flipper described above, and with the head and a few inches of body above the surface, thus indicating that the flippers are not absolutely essential to motion. They are perfectly harmless. Boys and men take them from the pools in hundreds, and they are brought to town for inspection.

We are willing to admit that our knowledge of ichthyology is not sufficient to determine what they are. Eels have teeth, are carnivorous, and some species are very voracious and belligerent. These creatures are of the genus eel-eaters, or suckers, having no teeth, and are evidently unprepared for attack, and except by fight, are defenceless. Furthermore they have no fins and their flippers are only adjuncts, and not their principal means of progression. They are not serpents, as they want fangs, either hooded or naked, which invariably distinguish the order of ophidians.

We will not worry our readers with any speculation on a subject confessedly beyond our knowledge. We are promised some specimens, which will be submitted to naturalists of acknowledged ability, whose opinions we shall lay before the public.

It is the universal testimony of all the people of the country that no creature anything like those was ever before seen by them. The same readers certain that they have not been developed there, as it is practically impossible that they could have grown to that size without having been seen. It is quite certain they were never there before the storm, and it is almost equally certain the storm brought them there. This storm, which passed over so large an extent of country, and was so violent, undoubtedly gathered, as do most of such storms, in the vast plains of the northwest. It was a tornado, and in passing through the country, disturbed the usual atmospheric and electrical conditions, so as to produce, in addition to the central tornado in passing over some lake or river in the immense unknown region of the northwest, drew up water, and with it these animals which are evidently amphibious. The tornado then sped on its mission of destruction, passing perhaps miles above the earth, and occasionally, as at Shipmish, striking the earth. Near Taylorville the central body of the storm was dissipated, as is shown by the fact that the wind blew in gusts from all directions, and these creatures fell to the earth to astonish the people, and perplex the scientific.

Hon. Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia, is out in a letter in one of the Washington papers in reply to some criticisms on his history of the rebellion. He takes a very gloomy view of the situation, and argues that we are drifting to consolidation and empire. Nothing, he says, can prevent the final establishment of imperialism but a determined effort on the part of the people to preserve free institutions. That remedy, he says, is not in secession. That was tried and found insufficient. It must be at the ballot box. He calls upon the people of the several States to seriously consider whether they will maintain free institutions or accept imperialism.

NICELY CAUGHT.

At the masked ball in New Orleans, week before last, a gay and handsome man, who had refused to take his wife to the ball on the plea of business, was much struck by a stranger, a lady in a mask. Oh her he exercised all his fascination.

"Oh, sir, you quite put me out with your flattery. I suspect you are a married man," said the lady.

"No, indeed; but I confess a willingness to get married since I have had the pleasure of seeing you," was the gallant reply.

"Indeed! but you haven't seen my face yet!"

"No; but I know it is beautiful. The exquisite grace that accompanies every thing you do and tells me as much."

"Indeed!"

"I think so; but you will no longer deny me that satisfaction; for I assure you, lady, I am in love."

"Indeed!"

"It is true. Until I met you to-night women have looked to me homely and commonplace."

"Oh, you are jesting."

"Indeed, I am not."

"And you never loved any one before?"

"Never! Your sex appeared to me always despicable, and my heart refused them all sympathy; but for you I feel a passionate attraction I have no power or inclination to resist."

"Can this be true?"

"It is, indeed."

"I am mad with impatience, since it will be the only face my heart will ever mirror. It has upon it no rival impression."

"You are so persuasive I can no longer deny the privilege—look!" and the mask was removed.

It was his wife.

"The devil!" said the discomfited Benedict, indulging in a prolonged whistle.

"Oh no, my dear; only the face that has no rival impression on your heart!"

"Say, Mary, let's call it square, and go home."

And they went.

A WOMAN'S DREAMS.

She sat alone in the moonlight, her beautiful cheek resting upon her hand, so soft and white and dimpled. You could tell, as you looked at her, that her thoughts were far away, and that she was thinking of something beautiful. Her eyes were wistful; her lips were softly pressed together; the dimples in her cheeks had died out, and only the dimple in her chin remained, the little rose cleft, the impress of Love's finger. She was less glowing than at times, but none the less lovely. I thought to myself, as I looked at her, that she was near heaven than we coarse mortals, and I longed to know whether her pure heart turned itself. I approached her; she did not hear me. I spoke; she did not answer. I touched her softly on the arm; she looked up and smiled, a far away smile, such as an angel might have given.

"You are thinking very intently," I said.

She answered, "Yes," in a subdued tone of voice; as though that which was on her mind was too holy for discussion. But I persisted.

"Will you tell me what your thoughts were?" I asked.

She shook her head. "You could not understand," she said.

"I could try," I said humbly. "I am coarse and rude, I know, but I could strive to comprehend."

She smiled sweetly, but still with that faraway look in her dark eyes.

"No, no, no," he said, "but you are a man. It is so different with men; were you a woman you would understand it at once. Now perhaps, you may smile, may laugh at me."

"Believe me, no," I whispered; "I adore the beautiful, the true, the pure. Let me know your sweet thoughts."

She gave her hand to me. "I will tell you," she said. "I have thought of nothing else all day. Last night I lay awake thinking of it. I am sure I must be right; but if I am wrong, oh! if I am wrong, Edgar, I tremble to think of it."

"You cannot be wrong," I said.

She gave me her other hand.

"You think not?" she said; "ah! but you cannot be so good a judge as a woman. I think—I believe—"

"Yes, yes," I whispered, bending nearer; "yes, Angeline."

"I am almost sure," she said, in accents softer than the ripple of falling water, "almost sure, Edgar, the blue fringe will look better on my new walking suit than the white velvet. Don't you think—"

A WONDERFUL STORY.

Extraordinary Case—A Mouse in a Child's Stomach.

For a week past the daughter of Mr. Walsbauer, aged about three years, and residing at the corner of Spain and Greatmen street, complained of an itching ache in the stomach, which she attributed to her parents, as being caused by ants. This irritation lasted from that time until half-past seven o'clock Thursday night, when she was taken worse. The father of the child, supposing that worms was the cause of her illness, administered a worm powder. About midnight she was taken seriously ill, accompanied by a choking sensation, and it was feared she would die from the effects, when she suddenly vomited; throwing up, among other matter a live mouse, about an inch and a half long, not including the tail, which was near the same length. As soon as the young girl was relieved of the animal, she immediately exclaimed to her anxious parents, "Oh, mother, look, this is the thing that has been troubling me so much." When she was the child, Friday morning, she was as well as could be, and romping about the streets as a "gay snowflake." The mouse which was so mysteriously lodged in the child's stomach, was captured by Mr. Albert Weillbacher, the druggist, corner of Spain and Greatmen streets and preserved in alcohol, where the curious, as well as skeptical, can examine it at their leisure. How, when and where the animal found its way down her throat and how it maintained life, is a matter of conjecture.—N. Y. Times.

AND HE PASSED ON TO SHUN-EM.

The words of my text, my hearers, you will find in II Kings, chapter IV, verse 38, "And he passed on to Shun-Em."

Take to heart the lesson our text teaches, and when temptations try you, and evils lie in wait to ensnare you, "pass on to Shun-Em."

When you see men of wrath fighting and breaking heads and sticks and hear them cursing and swearing—mind the words of the text and "pass on to Shun-Em."

And oh! my hearers—if you should come into one of our little towns and behold a row of little offices with the signs on the doors of each, and hear men talking of attachments without affections, and sequestrations without quiet—ah, about eternally going to law—ah, it will be to your profit to mind the words of the prophet, and "pass on to Shun-Em."

And if you go round where the merchants are—ah, and they rush out to shake hands with you, and are especially anxious to learn the condition of your wife's health and the children's and the worms and the crops, and offer to sell you a little bill of goods a good deal lower than their cost, on account of their love for you, and for cash—ah—"pass on to Shun-Em."

A BIG RAT KILLING.

We are informed by our friend Simeon Waggoner, of Gibsonville, that he and his neighbors killed 630 grown rats on his premises in one day. This was a slaughter worth talking about. Such a number of rats would have eaten many a less thrifty farmer of house and home.

Greensboro Patriot.

The Viceroy of Egypt is so much frightened by the attempt lately made to assassinate him in his box at the Cairo Theatre, that he is said to have resolved to take up his residence in Paris, and never to return to Egypt.

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J. M. Moody, of Des Moines, Iowa, has in his dooryard an orange and lemon tree, both of which have fruit now upon them. One lemon has ripened, been gathered and devoured, and more are nearly ready. "The orange-tree is full of half-formed fruit."

Instructions have been sent to Western settlers that they may only remove from their claims under fear of hostility from Indians, and they must retrace their residence directly the danger has ceased.