



LEWIS HANES Editor & Proprietor.

"The Old North State Forever."—Gaston.

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WHOLE NO. 215

Special Notices.

ASTROLOGY.

The World Astonished,
AT THE WONDERFUL REVELATIONS MADE BY
THE GREAT ASTROLOGIST,
Madame H. A. Ferrigo.

She reveals secrets no mortals ever knew. She restores to happiness those who, from doleful events, catastrophes, crosses in love, loss of reason and friends, loss of money, &c., have become despondent. She brings together those long separated, gives information concerning absent friends or lovers, restores lost or stolen property, tells you the business you are best qualified to pursue and in what you will be most successful, causes speedy marriages and tells you the very day you will marry, gives you the name, likeness and characteristics of the person. She reads your very thoughts, and by her almost supernatural powers unveils the dark and hidden mysteries of the future. From the stars we see in the firmament—the malefic stars that overcome or predominate in the configuration—from the aspects and positions of the planets and the fixed stars in the heavens at the time of birth, she deduces the future destiny of man. Fail not to consult the greatest Astrologist on earth. It costs you but a trifle, and you may never again have so favorable an opportunity. Consultation free, with likeness and all desired information, \$1. Parties living at a distance can consult the Madame by mail with safety and satisfaction to themselves as if in person. A full and explicit chart, written out, with all inquiries answered and likeness enclosed, sent by mail on receipt of price above mentioned. The strictest secrecy will be maintained, and all correspondence returned or destroyed. References of the highest order furnished those desiring them. Write plainly the day of the month and year in which you were born, enclosing a small lock of hair.

Address,
MADAME H. A. FERRIGO,
P. O. Drawer 293, Buffalo, N. Y.
march 28, 1867. tw-ly

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all.
To young and to old, to great and to small;
The beauty which once was so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of
CHASTELLAR'S
WHITE LIQUID
ENAMEL

For improving and Beautifying the Complexion.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blisters, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use can not be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of an order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River St., Troy, N. Y.
april 4, '67. tw-ly.

EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!!

CHASTELLAR'S
Hair Exterminator!

For Removing Superfluous Hair.

To the ladies especially, this invaluable depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensable article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same, leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of an order, by BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,

285 River st., Troy, N. Y.
tw-ly

Crisper Coma.
Oh! she is beautiful and fair,
With sunny eyes, and radiant hair,
Whose curling tendrils soft entwined,
Enchained the very heart and mind.

For Curling the Hair of either Sex into Wavy and Glossy Ringlets or Heavy Masses.

By using this article Ladies and Gentlemen beautify themselves a thousand fold. It is the only article in the world that will curl straight hair, and at the same give it a beautiful, glossy appearance. The Crisper Coma not only curls the hair, but invigorates, beautifies and cleanses it; is highly and delightfully perfumed, and is the most complete article of the kind ever offered to the American public. The Crisper Coma will be sent to any address, sealed and postpaid for \$1.

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W. L. CLARK & CO., Chemists,
No. 3 West Fayette Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
march 28, 1867. tw-ly

MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS.—A New and Miraculous Invention by which every gentleman and lady can be their own PHOTOGRAPHER.

Packages containing the necessary articles and full directions sent post paid for 40 cents. This is a good article for the trade, and a liberal discount is allowed. Address,
WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS,
June 20, 1867.—Pittsfield, New Jersey.

Special Notices.

Reparator Capilli.

Throw away your false frizzes, your switches, your wig—
Destructive of comfort, and not worth a fig;
Come apace, come youthful, come ugly and fair;
And rejoice in your own luxuriant hair.

Reparator Capilli.

For restoring hair upon bald heads (from whatever cause it may have fallen out) and forcing a growth of hair upon the face, it has no equal. It will force the beard to grow upon the smoothest face in from five to eight weeks, or hair upon bald heads in from two to three months. A few ignorant practitioners have asserted that there is nothing that will force or hasten the growth of the hair or beard. Their assertions are false, as thousands of living witnesses (from their own experience) can bear witness. But many will say, how are we to distinguish the genuine from the spurious? It certainly is difficult, as nine-tenths of the different Preparations advertised for the hair and beard are entirely worthless, and you may have already thrown away large amounts in their purchase. To such we would say, try the Repurator (Capilli); it will cost you nothing unless it fully comes up to our representations. If your druggist does not keep it, send us one dollar and we will forward it, post paid, together with a receipt for the money, which will be returned you on application, providing entire satisfaction is not given. Address,

W. L. CLARK & CO., Chemists,
No. 3 West Fayette Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
march 28, 1867. tw-ly

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When by the use of DR JOINVILLE'S ELIXIR you can be cured permanently, and at a trifling cost.

The astonishing success, which has attended this invaluable medicine for Physical and Nervous Weakness, General Debility and Prostration, Loss of Muscular Energy, Impotency, or any of the consequences of youthful indiscretion, renders it the most valuable preparation ever discovered.

It will remove all nervous affections, depression, excitement, incapacity to study or business, loss of memory, confusion, thoughts of self-destruction, fears of insanity, &c. It will restore the appetite, renew the health of those who have been debilitated by sexual excess or evil practices.

Young Men, be humbugged no more by "Quack Doctors" and ignorant practitioners, but send without delay for the Elixir, and be at once restored to health and happiness. A Perfect Cure is Guaranteed in every instance. Price, \$1, or four bottles to one address, \$3.

One bottle is sufficient to effect a cure in all ordinary cases.

ALSO, DR JOINVILLE'S SPECIFIC PILLS, for the speedy and permanent cure of Gonorrhea, Gleet, Urthral Discharges, Gravel, Stricture, and all affections of the Kidneys and Bladder. Cures effected in from one to five days. They are prepared from vegetable extracts that are harmless on the system, and never nauseate the stomach or impregnate the breath. No change of diet is necessary while using them, nor does their action in any manner interfere with business pursuits. Price, \$1 per box.

Either of the above-mentioned articles will be sent to any address, closely sealed, and post-paid, by mail or express, on receipt of price. Address all orders to

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
No. 285 River Street, Troy, N. Y.
tw-ly.

Know thy Destiny.

MADAME E. F. THORNTON, the great English Astrologist, Clairvoyant, and Psychometrist, who has astonished the scientific classes of the Old World, has now located herself at Hudson, N. Y. Madame Thornton possesses such wonderful powers of second sight, as to enable her to impart knowledge of the greatest importance to the single or married of either sex. While in a state of trance, she delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychometre, guarantees to produce a life-like picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant, together with date of marriage, position in life, leading traits of character, &c. This is no humbug, as thousands of testimonials can attest. She will send when desired a certified certificate, or written guarantee, that the picture is what it purports to be. By enclosing a small lock of hair, and stating place of birth, age, disposition and complexion, and enclosing fifty cents and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture and desired information by return mail. All communications sacredly confidential.

Address in confidence, Madame E. F. Thornton, P. O. Box 223, Hudson, N. Y.
mar 28, 1867. tw-ly

YOUNG LADY returning to her country home, after a sojourn of a few months in the City, was hardly recognised by her friends. In place of a coarse, rustic, flushed face, she had a soft ruddy complexion of almost marble smoothness, and instead of twenty-three she really appeared but eighteen. Upon inquiry as to the cause of so great a change, she plainly told them that she used the **Circassian Balm**, and considered it an invaluable acquisition to any Lady's toilet. By its use any Lady or Gentleman can improve their personal appearance a hundred fold. It is simple in its combination, as Nature herself is simple, yet unsurpassed in its efficacy in drawing impurities from, also healing, cleansing and beautifying the skin and complexion. By its direct action on the cuticle it draws from it all its impurities, kindly healing the same, and leaving the surface as Nature intended it should be, clear, soft, smooth and beautiful. Price \$1, sent by Mail or Express, on receipt of an order, by

W. L. CLARK & Co., Chemists,
No. 3 West Fayette St., Syracuse, N. Y.
The only American Agents for the sale of the same.
march 28—tw-ly

THE OLD NORTH STATE. [TRI-WEEKLY.]

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TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.

Tri Weekly, One Year	\$5.00
" " Six Months	3.00
" " One Month	75 cts.

[WEEKLY]

Weekly paper, One Year	\$3.00
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" " Ten copies One Year	22.00
" " Twenty copies One Year	40.00

A cross on the paper indicates the expiration of the subscription.

The type on which the "OLD NORTH STATE" is printed is entirely new. No pains will be spared to make it a welcome visitor to every family. In order to do this we have engaged the services of able and accomplished literary contributors.

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Ten lines of solid minion type, or about one inch lengthwise of the column, constitute a square.

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More than two squares, changeable at discretion, per square of ten lines, for every change, twenty-five cents.

Five squares estimated as a quarter column, and ten squares as a half column. Bills for advertising, whether by the day or year, will be considered due and collectible on presentation.

A Strange Love Affair—A Chicago Belle falls in love with a Japanese Juggler—A Romantic Story.

The Milwaukee "Wisconsin" states that while the Japanese were performing in Chicago they attracted the attention of many of the first ladies of that city, who made them presents, and presented them with their photographs. It was the fancy of an hour which gratified both parties and was forgotten by both. There was one lady, however, a daughter of a merchant of a neighboring city, a beautiful girl of eighteen summers, who seems to have become completely lost to the infatuation, and to have captivated entirely the heart of one of the Japanese, who has the musically-sounding name of Sing-kee-Chee. This worthy, as we have learned from the members of the company, has something of a romance in his history. His father was a nobleman belonging to the court of the Tycoon. He loved and married a girl in lower class, very pretty, very good, but not high blooded. The Tycoon heard of it and his indignation was great. The nobleman begged and prayed. It was no use. The had insulted the dignity of the Tycoon. There was but one way to make reparation—to commit *hari-kari*—in plain English, to disembowel himself. The Tycoon's word was law, and the nobleman did, his property going to the Tycoon. His wife, disowned, joined a company of acrobats. Years after, this same company was performing before the Tycoon. In the bamboo act, which is his favorite, the Tycoon was much struck with the daring of a boy who did wonderful things on the slender reed. Upon inquiry he learned that the boy was none other than the son of his once favorite minister and friend and had high blood in his veins. He took the boy from the company and trained and educated him, for the friendship he had once borne his father. This boy grew up about the court and none other than Sing-kee-Chee, which in Japanese means son of a nobleman who had offended the Tycoon.

Sing-kee-Chee grew up about the court until he attained the age of twenty-seven. He has an excellent education, and speaks several languages fluently. English he also speaks well. With Sing-kee-Chee it was that the Chicago lady became infatuated. He came out with the company at the order of the Tycoon, to watch them and also to give his highness a history of the country, its people and its customs. He is no common juggler, although he delights in the bamboo act, which brought him before the favorable notice of the Tycoon. The young lady made his acquaintance in Chicago, talked with him and invited him to her house, where he had made himself quite a favorite. His history was known, and the lady, by one of those romantic fancies which will, in the eye of the world, sometimes make fools of the most sensible, learned to love him. Not for his good looks certainly; for intelli-

gent as he is, and with the high blood coursing through his veins, Sing-kee-Chee is not the most fascinating of the party. Perhaps the lady loved him for the sacrifices of his father. Perhaps not. We will not attempt to imagine the excuse for the notion, to call it by no other name. Sing-kee-Chee was delighted with the lady, but he had no further thought, for he left her with no other exchange than that of a photograph, he carrying hers with those of other ladies which had been given him. At Detroit Sing-kee-Chee was surprised to meet the lady, who found the world a blank desert after her heart had become another's and in Detroit Sing-kee-Chee first began to discover the secret, and to feel, too, that although his heart was pledged to another in Japan, there was an attraction for it here. He did not discover this until he was subject to a joke by the members of the company whom he one day surprised by the information that he loved the young American better than he loved the maiden of his own land. This was a phase in the affair that the company had not dreamed of and it was a startling one. They told the lover to beware—that he must take a lesson from the fate of his father, who had loved without the consent of the Tycoon, and if he persisted his father's fate would be his. Sing-kee-Chee did remember this, and endeavored to banish her from his heart, but it was a useless task. The more he tried the deeper he loved, and before the company left Detroit he made the romantic maiden's heart happy by declaring that he loved her, and if the Tycoon's consent could be gained by the strongest entreaties, he should make her his wife, and with this assurance the maiden returned to her parents in Chicago who are striving by every means in their power to eradicate the notion from her mind.

Sing-kee-Chee is obstinate and determined. He has written to the Tycoon the full account of the matter—has told his love in the barboric but expressive language of his people, and has sent forward with this the testimony of all the Japanese that the girl is of good family, and respectable and worthy, that she loves to distraction, and will be no disgrace to the best blood of Japan. We are told by the interpreter that the present Tycoon is a young man who has a high estimation of the American people, and it is believed that if the parents of the Chicago lady will give their consent to the union, which for very good reasons they at present withhold, the Tycoon will gladly yield his consent as a step towards winning the favor of the people of this great country. Of that we shall know more hereafter. At present two anxious hearts are awaiting the decision of the Tycoon. Sing-kee-Chee knows very well that if the consent is not given his fate is sealed, for with the refusal would come a notice that by the asking of such a favor he had offended beyond redemption, and only the committal of *hari-kari* would wipe out the insult. We certainly trust that no such sad fate awaits the lover, for the lady has decided that if he dies for her, she goes to the grave with him.

After the arrival of the company in this city, every mail brought to Sing-kee-Chee a letter from his betrothed, and on Saturday she came to meet him previous to his departure from the city. Her strange love instead of decreasing, seems to flourish as time rolls on and opportunity is given to think it over, and when the party left this city last evening to go to Fort Wayne, passing through Chicago, there seemed no happier or more devoted lovers in this world than Sing-kee-Chee and his Chicago betrothed.

Remarkable Runic Discovery Near the Great Falls of the Potomac.

It is reported in scientific and historical circles, that Professor T. C. Raffinsson, of Copenhagen, has recently discovered a Runic inscription below the Great Falls in the Potomac. It records the death of an Icelandic woman, named Suast, who died in 1051. This is a remarkable discovery. It proves conclusively not only the visit of the hardy Northmen to our shores five centuries before the so-called discovery of Columbus, but that their explorations inland were greater than has been surmised. The full particulars, with photographic illustrations, will be published in a few days.

Further reports concerning the remarkable discovery of an Icelandic inscription of more than eight centuries old within fifteen miles of the city of Washington, not only confirm the statements made in our first edition, but add that fragments of teeth, bronze trinkets, coins and other curious things, have been exhumed from the grave. A party of citizens of Washington visited the inscription yesterday. The historical importance of this discovery is very great. We wait with impatience the reports of our scientists.—*Washington Union*.

The Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company has declared a dividend of ten per cent—5 per cent cash and 5 per cent stock.

The Latest from the Song Writers.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

The man who "Dremt I dwelt in Marble Halls" has opened a marble quarry there, and is doing a thriving business in getting out grave stones.

The author of "Carry me back to Old Virginia" has opened a livery stable and is carried back in his own conveyance whenever he wants to be.

The man who sang "I am lonely since my Mother died" isn't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his step-mother makes it lively enough for him.

The author of "Life on the Ocean Wave" is gratifying his taste for the sea by tendering a sail mill. He will be on the water.

The one who gave "The Old Folks at Home" to the world has recently taken them to the poor house, as they were getting troublesome.

The author of "Shells of Ocean" is in the clam business.

The man who wanted to "Kiss him for his Mother" attempted to kiss his mother for him the other day, and him gave him a walloping "for his mother."

The one who wailed so plaintively, "Do they miss me a home?" was missed the other day, together with a neighbor's wife. He is missed by a wife and seven children.

The author of "Three Blind Mice" has started a menagerie with them.

The man who wrote "Five o'clock in the morning," found that no saloons were open at that early hour where he could get his bitters, so he lies abed rather later now.

"Give me a cot in the valley I love" has got a cot in the infirmary. Mein Gott!

The man who sighed, "Take me home to die," took Dr. Kerr's System Renovator, and is now a "Fine ould Irish Gentleman."

"Meet me by moonlight alone," has left off meat, and taken to drink.

The author of "Roll on, silver moon," has opened a ball alley. Silver moon can't roll on his alley without paying for it.

The disconsolate one who sings, "Have you seen my Maggie?" has heard of her. Another feller informs him, "through the music store, that 'Maggie's by my side'"

"I'd offer thee this hand of mine," has been sued for breach of promise.

"Oh! Susanna," has settled with her at length, and don't owe Susanna any more.

The author of "Old Arm Chair" is still in the furniture business.

The one who pleaded "Rock me to sleep, Mother, Rock me to sleep," has at length been gratified. His mother, yielding to his repeated solicitations, picked up a rock and rocked him to sleep. He hasn't woken up yet.

The one who asked "Who will Care for Mother now?" has finally concluded to take care of the old woman himself, as no one else seemed inclined to.

A Sensible view of Reconstruction.

The Richmond Whig has arrived at the following sensible and practical conclusion:

"Our opinion is that the present is the proper time to heal the wounds inflicted by the war, to build up what is destroyed.

In the great process of reconstruction, upon which we are about to enter—a reconstruction not only political, but social and industrial—we of the South are required to play a part—an humbler part than is agreeable, or than has been our want—but still an important part. We must, however, remember in the beginning that we cannot, by any action of ours, change the status of the Northern people or of the Southern negroes. Their status is fixed, and will be maintained, no matter what we may do. But we can make our own condition agreeable or disagreeable, that is, our action will be influential in moulding the action of those upon whom it devolves to determine our future position in the Union. We must remember by day and by night that we are in their power, not they in ours. Any opposition we make to them will be unavailing for good, and can only harm ourselves.

If we want peace we must practice the virtues of peace, and if we want to get back into the Union we must pursue that mode indicated by those who have the power to prescribe. All historical precedents show us that the conqueror only throws down his arms when the conquered succeeds, and that he grants peace only upon his own terms. The general rule is not going to be relaxed in our case. Of this we may rest assured. We may also just as well banish from our minds the delusion that we can quarrel our way back into the Union. We have found out that we can neither fight ourselves out of or into the Union, and will ere long find out that quarrelling is just as fruitless, and not half so manly as fighting. Feeling convinced that it is impossible to fight, and not wishing to degenerate into common scolds, we have resolved, for ourselves to conform to the situation, and obey a necessity which is as irresistible as death."

No More.

Are there any other two words in the English language that convey more antagonistic meanings than this simple combination of syllables? They are wrung out in silent moans from memory that looks far over the barren gray flats of to-day, to some forgotten yesterday, bright in blossom and sunshine. [They blister trembling lips, pressed to dying eyes that are fast closing to the world's earth.—They clutch the heart in a deadly stifling grasp at those partings, where—once wet with tears is laid in our bosom, and we know that henceforward it will lie there no more. They look at us mockingly from red dawn and purple sunsets, for although these may be exceedingly beautiful, yet we can recall other dawns and sunsets where the gorgeous sky banners bore their imperial device "Io triumphe!" The clouds are there but they hang like curtains hiding our dead hopes and baffled ambitions, and we can only write upon them the motto, "No more," for fate has already emblazoned it on our shield, and in our heart, and whenever and wherever our sluggish present aches the past. "No more," weeps the poor mother when her sad eyes fall on some little token of the beloved presence that now moulders under the daisies. "No more," groans the condemned criminal when his heavy glance takes its last farewell of the sunlight. "No more," thunders the storm that wrecks; the war that exterminates, the pestilence that smites.—Nature's voice, too, with all their eloquence of the doctrine of eternal compensation have an undertone that swells the sad refrain. She says to us: "My flowers fade, but a thousand spring up to fill their places; my trees fall, but in a few summers the forests wave with a stronger growth; but to thee, the beauty that gladdened, the shade that refreshed, are "no more." But there is a "no more," the very triumph note of a well-spent life. There comes to this life a day, when passion can no longer rend, nor temptation lead it from the narrow, straight path. When the battle is over, and though spent and feeble and sorely wounded, the victory has been won. The cumbersome husk of mortality is cast off, and, trembling with joy, the enfranchised soul looks down at the scarred tenement and cries, "Oh, prison house, I will return to thee no more."

Fruit Diet for Warm Weather.

Let us have a little talk about orchards and gardens as life-preservers. Many a farmer thinks he "can't fuss about a garden," with vegetables and small fruits in ample variety, hardly an orchard, beyond apple trees. So he goes on to weightier matters of grain or stock, or dairy, and eats potatoes, wheat bread, pork and salt beef, all summer long; no fine variety of vegetables, no grateful berries, no luscious peaches or juicy cherries. By October fever comes, or bowel complaints of some kind, or some congestive troubles most likely. He is laid up, works stops a month, the doctor comes, and he "drags round" all winter, and the doctor's bill drags, too. The poor wife, meanwhile, gets dyspeptic, constipated, has fever, too, perhaps, and she "just crawls round." What's the matter? They don't know, poor souls. Would they build a hot fire in July and shut the doors? Of course not—in their rooms; but they have done just that in their stomachs. How so! They have been eating, all summer, the heat-producing food, fit for a cold season, but not for a warm one. A Greenland can eat candles and whale fat, because they create heat. In January, we are up toward Greenland in climate.

A Hudoo lives on rice, fruits, juicy and tropical vegetables, cooling and opening to the system. In July, we move toward Hindostan, in a heat almost tropical. Diet must change, too.

Have apples, pears, cherries, &c., from the orchard every day, of early and late fruits. Let there be plenty of good vegetables, raspberries, strawberries, &c. It takes a little time and trouble, but it's the cheapest way to pay the doctor's bills. And bless your dear souls, these things taste good!

You study what feed is good for pigs and cattle. All right. But wife and children are of higher consequence; and it is a shame if, with all our great gifts of intelligence and intuition, we do not obey the Divine laws in our own physical being so well that the doctor shall visit the house less than the horse doctor goes to the barn. Don't fail of vegetables, berries and fruits. Try it, and you'll say we haven't told half the truth.—*Rural New Yorker*.

OLD TIMES COME AGAIN.—On the 4th of July a large number of freedmen were in town, and it made one think of old times to see some of them enjoying themselves by fiddling and dancing on the street. Although the thermometer stood at about 94 they danced until the perspiration oozed through their coats. The female dancers stood it remarkably well considering the dust and heat, and seemed to be pleased with the dexterous performance of the new voters.—*Charlotte Democrat*.