



THE WIDE AWAKE, EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

H. I. McDUFFIE, Editor.

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Lines on the Back of a One Dollar Bill.

And thou must go, my beautiful,
 To pay remorseless dun—
 Must part forever from my hand,
 My cherished only "I."

Thou wert as good as "X" or "Y,"
 For thou wert all I had,
 And now to lose thee in this way,
 Confound it, 'tis too bad.

The rich have stores of larger bills,
 And double eagles too,
 But they can't feel the love I felt,
 My flimsy rag, for you.

But go away, I cannot smile,
 For really 'tis no joke
 To think I am, when thou art gone,
 Decidedly "dead broke."

[From the New York Day Book.]
Bayonets in the Place of Ballots.

Suppose Governor Hayes should be elected by the bayonet in the Southern States, and also in Indiana and Ohio, as is now threatened, what would be the result? Suppose the Democracy of the States which elect Hayes as President were prevented from voting by the military power evoked by President Grant, what will be the consequences? Concede that the dominant party, now ostensibly headed by Hayes, but really by the Washington political cabal, with Hayes as the figure-head, retains its power by the force of arms, as the case would be under the existing system, what is next in the order of things? Does President Grant or his political coterie or Gov. Hayes and those who think to rule with him, for one moment suppose that an election under such conditions would be submitted to by their opponents in the country at large? Bayonets round the polls are forbidden by the Constitution. Send armed soldiers to the ballot-box to overawe the voters, and the elective franchise becomes a farce. Let Hayes and Wheeler be elected by the aid of the bayonet, and the farce will lead to a tragedy that will put as many people in mourning as did the great civil war. After an attempt at a peaceful balloting, by men who are conscientiously opposed to the present dominant power, and that balloting is found to be checked by the presence of Federal bayonets, the American Government ceases at once to be a government of opinion. It is merged instantly into a despotism, a government of force. The ballot-box dies. The elective franchise exists no longer. It is the style Napoleon, introduced upon Republican soil—"Vote, as you please, only that you please to vote for me." Now we trust that the 7th of November, all over this country, will see the ballot-box untrammelled and as free as air. Let no Democrat, North or South, do aught to provoke the ire of the Federal satraps. Exercise your right to deposit your vote for whom you please, exercise that right peacefully, but exercise it at all hazards, peaceably if you can, forcibly if you must. Await the result and abide by it, if you have not been defrauded of your just prerogative. The expression of the majority settles the questions at issue. But suppose fraud and coercion and Federal despotism are open games boldly played; in the Southern or Northern States, some one or more of them, by the minions of Federal power with arms in their hands? Suppose

Grant's soldiers arrest or fire on the citizens, under some pretences or other, on that eventful day? Then, we say, fire back, and keep firing, and let the battle rage till one wave of horrid war rolls over the land, if it takes this dreadful remedy to crush out the damnable despotism of which ballot-box interference is ever the devilish spawn. Better another war than the death of the American Republic.

First Gold Found in North Carolina.

According to the earliest records the first piece of gold found in North Carolina was picked up in 1799 in a little branch on the Reid plantation, Cabarrus county. It weighed between three and four pounds, and was kept several years without its real character being suspected; subsequently it was sold to a jeweler in Fayetteville for \$3.50. When its true character became known search was made for more, and fourteen lumps, weighing in the aggregate 153 lbs. troy, were obtained at the same locality. The gold veins and gravel deposits were afterwards discovered; and for a considerable time gold operations were conducted in many localities on a comparatively large scale.

The discovery of gold in California, where far richer harvest was promised, led to the abandonment of many of those enterprises; other causes have also influenced in the same direction, as for example, the difficulties connected with deep vein mining, and the impossibility of extracting the gold by the imperfect and slow machinery then principally in use, the Chilean Mill and Arastra, etc., from heavy ores like pyrate, &c., which nature has not already decomposed.

With the exception of minute quantities of telluride, in the very rare mineral naxagite, the King's Mountain mine, gold in North Carolina is always found in the metallic state. It is rarely quite pure, but generally alloyed with more or less silver. It occurs in crystals or crystalline masses, in thin plates or through associated minerals, such as quartz, pyrate, galenite, zincblende, etc., in such a fine state of division that it is generally invisible to the eye.

How to Vote at the Ensuing Election.

At the election in November six tickets are to be voted and consequently the same number of ballot boxes will have to be used at each voting place or precinct. The following are the tickets, arranged according to law:

1. Electoral Ticket.—Ten Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States.
2. State Ticket.—Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer, Superintendent of Public Instruction and Attorney General.
3. Congressional Ticket.—Members of the House of Representatives of the 45th Congress.
4. Legislature Ticket.—Senator (or Senators) in the General Assembly and member (or members) of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly.
5. County Ticket.—County Treasurer, Register of Deeds, County Surveyor, five County Commissioners, Coroner and Sheriff.
6. Constitutional Amendments Ticket.—"Adopted."

In the morning of life we paint with the brush of fancy, our beautiful ideal of the future lying out before us—a picture of cloudless skies and brilliant sunshine, of flower-strewn paths and tropic blooms—a picture where joy and love, and friendship and fame stand holding out their beautiful offerings, and we the central figure of the whole. But how different the pictures painted each day of life by the brush of pitiless reality! Not one picture, but many; for the scenes are ever shifting. The skies are clouded, and the sunshine faded. The flowers are withered, and hide the thorns no longer. Sorrow steps in where joy had stood; hatred takes the place of love; friendship, that we had painted with a beautiful face, takes on the hideous look of treachery. At the eventide of life we gaze at the pictures in the gallery of memory, and comparing the ones that fancy painted with those stamped upon our hearts by the stern realities of life, we wonder where fancy got its beautiful false coloring.

LANGUAGE OF INSECTS.—Our notice was lately attracted to the labors of a colony of small black ants, which has taken up its abode in a chink in the wall outside our office window. A solitary ant, evidently on a private foraging expedition, suddenly encountered a scrap of bread, which had fallen on the sill several feet from his home. Instead of nipping off a fragment and carrying it away, the insect apparently made a careful examination of the entire piece and then turned and ran at full speed back to the hole. In an instant hundreds of ants emerged and marched directly to the bread, which they attacked, and very speedily, morsel by morsel, transported it to their dwelling.

Much is said of Gov. Vance's ready quotation from Scripture. He is hardly ever at a loss for an apt and immediate extract. At Hayesville, in Clay county, he and Judge Settle were dining at the same table when the landlord's son, a bright little three-year old, ran into the room and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Rah for Zeb Vance!" The company tittered, the Judge looked confused, the mother of the boy scolded him. "Don't rebuke him, madam," says Vance, "For out of the mouths of babes and sucklings comes wisdom." Eating was suspended for a moment, until the laugh subsided.

This anecdote is told of Dr. Samuel Johnson and his wife previous to their marriage. He said to her that he very much wished to marry her; but there were three obstacles: First, he was of a very humble origin; second, he had no money; third, he had an uncle who was hanged. In reply, she said she honored no man more or less because of his parentage; second, she had no money herself; and third, although she had no relatives hanged, she had twenty who deserved to be, and she wished they were.

The Committee of the Will County (Ill.) babyshow limited the entries to thirty babies, the Chairman declaring that he could not stand the abuse of more than twenty-nine women.