W.H. Amos

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THE LIGHTS ARE OUT.

The lights are out, the play is done,
The joyous happy time has fled;
I sit alone as with the dead,
And wish the play were half begun.

Before my musing vision rise
Fair phantoms from life's passing streams
And in a sweet, delightful dream
I mingle reverie with sighs.

Like wreckers upon youth's golden strand,
Lie relics of that blissful time—
A flower, a lock of hair, a rhyme,
A tiny glove from one fair hand.

Nay! here are other locks of hair,
More faded flowers, of gloves a score,
Of dainty, scented notes some more—
My trophies! Ah! I must beware!

I have tasted well of every dish
That pleasure spreads within its hall;
But now I've bid adieu to all
And live on memories—and fish.

A Big Snake Story.

The Philadelphia *Times* comes to the front with the very biggest snake story of the season. A Pennsylvania minister saw a snake between thirty and forty feet long and as large as a man's body. It was followed by a train of snakes. It lives in an abandoned colliery. The minister's name is Rev. Alfred R. Rossiter. We quote:

"The monster moved very leisurely and stopped every few minutes to raise its head several feet above the ground and utter a peculiar whirring sound. As Mr. Rossiter was on the opposite side of the ravine and within three hundred years of the snakes he had an excellent view of them. The snakes disappeared in the black mouth of the Mayflower tunnel, and the astonished witness drove here with all speed to tell his remarkable story. His hearers were inclined to be skeptical at first, but his manner was so earnest that an armed party, headed by Captain Daniel Derr, went to Carey's patch in search of evidence corroborative of Mr. Rossiter's statement. All their doubts vanished when they crossed the ravine below Carey's patch and in the mud found the trail of the huge reptile. The trail was a trifle over thirteen inches wide and the impress in the mud an inch deep. The hunters followed the trail of the serpent up to the mouth of the tunnel, where they held a caucus and decided to return to Minersville and send to Shenandoah for "Rattlesnake Tom," on old man who had for years earned a living by killing snakes for their oil.

David W. Williams saw the serpent. His story is very wonderful, and without indorsing it we copy a part of it.

"The snake came out of a 'cave-in' about the mouth of the Mayflower tunnel and coiled itself on a little plateau near by. He says it is about thirty-five feet long, nearly two feet thick and covered with black, red and green scales, each of which is as large as the palm of a man's hand. Its head is adorned with a yellow crest and its eyes are large and fiery. When Williams first saw the snake he for safety, clambered up Sugarman's old breaker, fifty yards away, and from that structure looked down on the monster. Its head was held erect, and Williams insists that its hissing could have been heard a quarter of a mile. A few minutes after the big snake made its appearance a perfect ball of rattlesnakes came rolling out of the tunnel. This strange ball was composed of some thirty or forty rattlers, each measuring from three to five feet in length, and so twisted and twined and locked together were they that it appeared as though they would never be able to separate themselves. They got apart, however with remarkable celerity and quickly ranged themselves in a twenty-foot circle, in the centre of which, with herd erect, glaring eyes and rising crest, was coiled the "king snake" as people here call it. The perfect silence which lasted a moment or two after the circle was formed was broken by a rattling chorus, in which every tail was used vigorously. This strange music had a wonderful effect on the king snake. Its eyes became frightfully enlarged, the yellow crest swelled to double its former size, while its head and that portion of the body that was upright swayed to and fro in perfect time with the rattling. The most remarkable thing was that every snake stopped rattling at the same instant.

C. W. Hollowell, of Pasquotank county, has sold his crop of Irish potatoes at $5 a barrel. He had 1,400 barrels.

The narrow gauge railroad will be finished to Lenoir in time to ship off the present wheat crop.

Mr. George T. Jones, of Goldsboro, made $201.07 from an acre of strawberries.

West Virginia.

The people of Pocahontas county are much encouraged in their railroad speculations over the favorable survey recently made by the Richmond and Alleghany railroad from the bridge at Marlin's Bottom up Stony creek to the head of Williams river. Major McKendree found the distance from Marlin's Bottom to be thirteen miles, and the grade less than eighty-five feet per mile. Coal is met with before the head of Williams river (which is a branch of Gauley) is reached, and in profusion from there to Kanawha Valley. Should the Richmond and Alleghany railroad select this route, starting, say, at Covington, Va., thence up Jackson river to the mouth of Back creek, thence up Back creek to Little Back creek, thence across Alleghany mountain and down Knapp's creek to Marlin's Bottom, it would place Williams river coal and the immense iron mountains known as Brown's and Beaver Lick mountains within twenty miles of each other. And it is seldom that two such industries as coal mining and iron mining are carried on so close to each other.

* * * * * * *

The engineers of the road, now under Capt. Stack, are vigorously prosecuting their survey down the Williams river, and will go down to the mouth of the Gauley.

To which the Alleghany *Tribune* (Covington, Va.,) adds: As to the necessity of opening up the territory alluded to by rail, there can be no doubt; and that this can be accomplished at a comparatively small cost we also think quite probable. The instrumental surveys now being made under the superintendency of Maj. McKendree will determine this point in the course of a few weeks at farthest.

Indeed, that the Gauley river coal fields, said to be as extensive as those of New river, will be opened up by rail in the near future, is a foregone conclusion. The Ohio Central railroad from the west and the Richmond and Alleghany from the east are approaching the Gauley region as rapidly as possible and the "missing link" in this system will soon be forged. To state the matter plainly, the Ohio Central railroad, beginning at Toledo, is equipped and in use as far east as Corning, Perry county, Ohio. The distance from Corning to Point Pleasant, on the Ohio river, is fifty miles, and the grading of this part of the road is nearly completed. The bridge across the Ohio at Point Pleasant, which is under contract at one million dollars, is progressing rapidly, some three hundred men being at work on it. From Point Pleasant to Charleston, a distance of 62 miles, the grading is done and the track is now being laid. And those in a position to know inform us that by the first of September the Ohio Central will have trains on it from Toledo to Charleston—240 miles. We also understand that this road has secured the right-of-way and arranged the damages up the Kanawha river to the "Falls," or mouth of Gauley, a distance of about 30 miles east of Charleston. This would make the distance from Toledo to the mouth of the Gauly river two hundred and seventy miles.

As is known, the Richmond and Alleghany road is completed from Richmond to Clifton Forge, in Alleghany county, a distance of about 220 miles. The approximate distance from Toledo to Richmond is 625 miles, and if we deduct the distances finished or that will be finished by the first of September, we find the "missing link" to extend 165 miles; beginning at Clifton Forge and ending at Charleston. The completion of this "link" is all that is needed to make one of the best paying roads in the country. It will open up the exhaustless iron lands in James River valley and the rich coal measures of Gauley and Kanawha river valleys, and throw them close together. The filling of this gap is a necessity, and the surveys upon the Gauley which are now in progress point to the fact that it will be done. From Clifton Forge to the head streams of Gauley there will be no difficulty. Col. Kuper has examined the route and finds the grade all that could be desired. The "link" will be forged, and that shortly.

Every day the Democratic prospect in Pennsylvania looks better. There is no comfort in this for Republicans. The Republican party can carry the State this year, but not on the basis of the old Convention.

Prof. Kennedy, of the Goldsboro Graded School, is one of a family of twenty-six children.

The ancient ell, a measure, was the length of the arm of Henry I.

Not Ashamed of New Jersey.

Much fun is made of Rhode Island, because of its small territory; and much sarcasm has been spent on New Jersey because it taxes its railroads for every stranger passing across the State. But it is pleasant to know that some citizens are proud of New Jersey birth.

There was an amusing scene on board the Louisiana mailboat the other day. There was the usual conglomeration of passengers in the cabin just before the boat landed, and amid the general hubbub of conversation a man remarked incidentally, "Now in New Jersey, where I live"—

Instantly an old man, who sat moodily and silently pondering by the stove for some time' sprang to his feet and exclaimed—

"Stranger, are you from New Jersey?"

"Yes."

"An' willin' to acknowledge it?

"Yes, sir; proud on't."

Hurrah! Give us your hand!" cried the old man, fairly dancing with exultation. "I'm from New Jersey, too, but never felt like declaring it afore. Shake! I'm an old man, I've travelled, long and far: I've been in every city in the West—steamboated on the Ohio and Mississippi—been to California, over the plains and around the Horn; took a voyage to Liverpool; but in all my travels, hang me if this ain't the first time I ever heerd a man acknowledge that he come from New Jersey.

The New York court of appeals was called a few weeks ago, to consider one of those mysterious cases in which a man lives two lives; is at one home believed to be single, while in another he dwells with a wife and even rears a family. The question in the present instance arose when the hero of the romance, a man of 76, fell suddenly dead with paralysis. During his long life he had maintained an abode in Joralemon street, Brooklyn, had conducted a respectable and prosperous business, had acquired money and invested it in valuable lands, and in all these doings had been known to his blood relatives and a circle of friends and acquaintaces as Jacob Badger, and had been by them believed to be a bachelor. But his death brought forward a claimant to a widow's share in the estate. This claimant showed, by proof sufficiently clear, that for more than thirty years preceding his death the deceased under the name of John Baker, had maintained a home with her as Mrs. Mary Baker, in Macdougal street. There he had supported her as his wife, had introduced her as such in the neighborhood and been recognized as her husband by her relatives, had paid her bills and expenses and nursed her when ill. Strange as it may seem, the Joralemon street witnesses testified that he was not often enough absent at night from his bachelor home with his sister there to excite any suspicion or comment, and the Macdougal street witnesses swore that he was seldom absent at night from the household he supported among them.

The Salisbury *Watchman* vouches for the truth of the following snake story:

An extraordinary incident happened recently at the house of Mr. Peter Roueche. He was sitting on the back piazza, reading, while his little son less than two years old, was peering around in the front yard or front piazza. He heard the child laughing and presently the little fellow came running through the house in great glee, having in his hands a copper-head snake. He had grasped it with one hand about three or four inches below the head, while he held its tail with the other hand. The reptile was wriggling to get away, but the child was too well pleased with his plaything to let it go. The father was greatly astonished and alarmed, but made a lightning dash at the snake and sent it out in the yard. It was about 20 inches long, and, as is well known, one of the most dangerous serpents of this country.

A few days ago a crowd of boys were out together near Bayboro, Pamlico county, when two of them engaged in a fisticuff. After the fight the other boys organized a court, appointed a judge, sheriff, clerk, jury, etc., and tried the two boys for fighting. One of them was found guilty. The sentence of the court was that he be tied to a tree and whipped by the sheriff, which sentence the appointed sheriff is said to have executed promptly and with great deference to the court, and without much sympathy for the young criminal.

Rev. Thos. Reed, of Calvert, Texas, is in jail for robbing a grocery.

Borrowed Herself Out.

It often happens that the loan of some household necessity may be of very great convenience to a neighbor—such as flour, eggs, matches, tea, etc., but how often these articles are paid back by an inferior article, or else entirely forgotten, or perhaps the show of making payments is gone through with when a less quantity than was given is returned. I remember hearing a story which is so apt to this point that I cannot help but relate it.

A plain Friend had for a neighbor, one who was a constant borrower, and as she saw the articles when returned were less in quantiy than she had given, she resolved to put the following plan into execution. She bought one pound of the very best tea and put it into a seperate box, and when the neighbor borrowed a cupful it was taken out of this box; when she returned it, it was put back in the same place but as she always returned a much less quantiy than she borrowed, the result was in time the box became empty. So one morning when she came for the usual cupful of tea which she would return after she came back from the store the following consation took place.

"Dost thou see this tea box, Sarah Ann?"

"Yes."

"Well some time ago I filled it with a pound of the very best tea and I kept it specially for thy use. I took from it only what I loaned thee, and I put back into it what thou returnedst. Now it is empty; therefore I say unto thee, thou hast borrowed thyself out, and I have no more to loan thee. Farewell!"

Let us, oh Carolinians! look forward instead of backward. Let all the prejudices of the dead past be buried in the grave of oblivion. Not any people, no community can materially advance that does not manfully accept the situation and courageously make the best of it. All around us is a magnificent country opening up fields for all our energies and all our capital. Let us stand united in the great work of development, improvement, and building up? Let us encourage, in every possible way, the cultivated, the enterprising and the industrious stranger to come to our section and made it his home. Let us make him feel that he is welcome and that he can enjoy and proclaim and that he can enjoy and proclaim his religious and political opinions as freely and as fearlessly as anywhere under the flag. There is room for all; let them come. We need them to help us till our lands, build up manufactories and extend our trade. They will be benefited; so will we.—Eliz. City *Carolinian.*

A traveller tells a story about his stopping at a hotel in New York one night, and being kept awake by a man pacing the floor above. Occasionally he would hear a moan of anguish, and at last he went up like a good Samaritan, to see if he could relieve the sufferer. "My friend," said the traveller gazing sympathetically at the face of the stranger, "what can I do for you? Are you ill?" "No" "What ails you then?" "I have a note for ten thousand dollars due to morrow, and haven't a nickel to pay it with." "Oh, pshaw!" said the traveller, "go to bed, and let the other fellow do the walking."

A Kentucky preacher rose to speak and opened the bible. The first verse that met his eye happened to be: "The voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land." 'Brethren,' said he, 'at first sight one would not think there was much in this text, but, on a little consideration, you will see there is a good deal in it. Now you all know what a turtle is. If you've been along by a pond, you have seen them sitting upon a log sunning themselves. Now it is said the voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land. But the turtle hasn't any voice that anybody ever heard so it must be the noise he makes in plunging off the log into the water. Hence, we must conclude that immersion is meant, and that immersion will become universal.'

Three hangings this week by Judge Lynch—all negroes and for the same hellish crime. As long as lustful negroes prowl around bent on their devilry, there will be no disposition manifested to turn out Judge Lynch and put in another.—*Wil. Star.*

It is said that the Australian colonies are the richest, per capita, in the world. Among their possessions are 80,000,000 sheep to a population of only 3,000,000 souls.

Curiosities of Trades.

The demand for eye stones has fallen off every largely, but they are still kept and sold in considerable quntities. The eye stone will clean the eye. There is no doubt about that, but its movements are regulated by its shape and by a formation on the flat side or base of the stone, similar to a blade in a turbine water wheel. The whole resembles a shell just begun—before that cavity was formed, if shells were so formed, but are not. The stone is composed of limestone, and vinegar or any acid by its action upon it causes motion. The stones are found in the seashore on the Pacific coast. Sailors gather them by the quart and vend, in trade centres. The price is ten cents.

Blood stones are also called for, not the kind known to seal rings and sleeve buttons, but glass stones or beads of the color of blood, dark red. These are worn to prevent the nose bleed, although the old plan to prevent, namely, to keep the nose out of other persons' business is in use still and works well. With a string through the glass bead and the string around the owner's neck, the liability to nose bleed is removed. The bloodstones, some of them, come from Germany.

Rattle-snake oil will unlimber joints afflicted with certain lamenesses as no other oils or preparations will. It is called for often and the buyers may get rattle-snakes oil and they may not. It is said to be a business of considerable importance in North Carolina to capture rattle-snakes and from the fat to produce the oil. At all events, rattlesnakes oil is sold, and it is supposed to cure marvelously. Skunk oil is another cure-all for certain maladies.

"Old Field" Farming.

From the Orange County *Observer* we take the following'

Winter oats not fully headed and will grow over one foot—now six feet, 8 inches, and 99 stalks from one grain. Red rust-proof, 5½ feet, and 128 stalks to the grain. Smooth head wheat, 5 feet, 10 inches, 101 stalks to the grain. Bearded wheat, 6 feet, 42 stalks to one grain.

Grasses, Mountain evergreen, 80 inches high. Orchard grass, 62 inches high. Lucern, 50 inches high. White clover, too big and heavy to stand up to be measured. I also send a lock of wool about 14 inches long from a yearling Cotswold buck, fleece weighed 12¼ pounds; two others weighed 11¼ and 10½ pounds.

The land on which these crops are growing has been in cultivation for three generations, and is what is styled "old fiield," and is known as "Poplar Hill" farm, owned by James W. Norwood, Esq.

Made the Girls Mad.

An Iowa editor has raised a hornet's nest about his ears and will probably have to leave the State, all on account of an accident in the "make up" of the paper. It seems there was a concert given by the young ladies of the city, and the gallant young editor wrote it up in splendid shape. The same day he had visited a herd of short-horned cattle, owned by a farmer in the vicinity, and he wrote up the cattle also. The cross eyed foreman of the office got the two articles mixed as follows: "The concert give last evening by sixteen of Storm Lake's most beautiful and interesting young ladies was highly appreciated. They were elegantly dressed and sang in a most charming manner, winning the plaudits of the entire audience, who pronounced them the finest short-horns in the country. A few of them are of a rich brown color, but the majority are spotted brown and white Several of the heifers are fine bodied, tight limbed animals and promise to prove good property.

From data derived from the number and capacity of locomotive shops in the country and the number of men employed in each, five men can make a locomotive in one year, complete from end to end. This is with modern machines, methods and facilities.

A vegetable green, perfectly harmless, for the use of cooks and confectioners, has been discovered. It is made from the grains of raw coffee.

The cultivation of mushrooms is a paying branch of gardening in France, where this esculent is consumed every year, to the value of $1,800,000.

A girl in Johnston county, 12 years of age, has been a mother for some time.

SMALL BITES.

The earliest known invention of an English double Christian name is a deed of the time of Henry III.

According to Xenophon, the complete accoutrement of a Spartan soldier weighed from ninety-five to one hundred pounds.

The first machine for making envelopes was invented by a brother of Sir Rowland Hill, the inventor of postage stamps.

Henry Fitzgiles, aged thirteen years, is a prodigy of Tallahassee, Fla. He is a colored boy and an artist of wonderful merit

A Greensboro man has drawn one of the principal prizes in the Louisiana lottery. He has been advised by telegraph of his good luck.

In the East a man thinks he is serving the Lord when he trades his wife for an ass, sells the ass for anything he can get, and goes on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Some one says Pocahontas was a myth. Perhaps she was; but he cannot make us believe that John Smith was also myth, because he still lives, and we have seen him.

A Brooklyn man was sent to jail for kissing his girl good night. This should teach Brooklyn young men to remain a couple of hours longer and kiss her good morning.

A witty lady who is however, somewhat given to exaggeration, was trying to tell a friend what a poor appetite she had, and said, "I eat very little; a flea would be a barbecue for me."

A Philadelphia youth who is learning to play the cornet cannot understand why people who shoot at cats will be so careless. Half a dozen stray bullets have already come through his window.

A medical journal devotes a whole column to explaining what cases cold perspiration. Any one who has gone up a dark alley and stepped on a dog would be wasting valuable time in reading it.

A Denver paper professes to think it marvelous that a man whose brains were knocked out is still living. If he were out this way he would not only be living, but he would be holding some important office.

There was recently, near Barton mountain, Vermont, a shower of dry leaves lasting all day. They fell from a clear sky and from a great height. They had probably been caught up in a whirl-wind.

A St. Louis man who was blown twenty feet by the explosion of a keg of powder, was uninjured. It seems that he had been married four times, and a little thing like the explosion of a keg of powder was of no account to him.

A New York paper is discussing "The Future of American Literature." Some of it deserves eternal punishment, and a great deal of it does go to the flames before it gets into print, we don't care what Mr. Beecher says.

Little girl of eight—"I heard them say that after the divorce ma would marry M. Ernest, that gentleman who always gives us candy." Little boy of ten, with the gloomy cynicism of his greater age—"And he won't give us any candy then!"

There is said to be a family living in Jamaica, West Indies, in which the possession of six fingers has been hereditary for at least four generations. They consider the extra finger a deformity, are ashamed of it, and always amputate it.

It is reported that Barnum has made an offer to Oscar Wilde for the latter to sit on top of Jumbo and ride in the street processions. If, instead of Wilde sitting on the elephant, Jumbo were to sit on Wilde, the result would be more satisfactory.

A certain preacher once took for his text, "Husbands, love your wives." Pausing for a moment, he glanced towards Emily, (his wife) and began as follows: "Now, brethering, we cartinly don't love our wives as we'd orter. I don't love Emily as I orter, but if I was to have another wife, I'd love her better'n I hev Emily!"

"Is it becoming to me, asked she, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago before the man who is not her lord and master, but is her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, my dear," he replied; "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."