

HIGH POINT REPORTER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, USEFUL INFORMATION, AND TO DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Vol. 1.

HIGH POINT, N. C., THURSDAY NOVEMBER 1, 1860.

No. 42.

THE REPORTER
IS ISSUED WEEKLY BY
JAMES H. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor.
A \$2.00 per annum, strictly in advance.
Terms for Advertising.
Transient advertisements inserted at \$1.00 per square of six lines for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for each continuance.
Business cards, not exceeding 10 lines inserted one year for \$5.00.
Other advertisements as follows:
1 Year, 5 MONTHS, 3 MONTHS.
1 Column, \$50.00, \$30.00, \$20.00
1/2 " 25.00, 15.00, 10.00
1/4 " 12.50, 7.50, 5.00
For all transient advertisements the cash in advance will be required, and upon contracts payment must be made quarterly. For all advertising and job work from a distance, the cash must accompany the order.

JOB WORK
Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office, and on moderate terms.
High Point, Jan. 12th, 1860.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.
Will attend the Courts of Guilford, and the adjoining counties, and punctually attend to the collection of all claims entrusted to his care.
High Point, Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-1f

PORTER & GORRELL,
East and West Market Sts.
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Wholesale and retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, &c.

FINE TOILET SOAPS,
Fine Hair and Tooth Brushes, Surgical and Dental Instruments, Trusses, Supporters and SHOULDER BRACES,
Sars, Wines and Liquors, for medicinal uses, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Grass and Garden Seeds, manufactured Tobacco Snuff and Cigars.
Feb. 10th, 1860. 5-1y

J. D. MYERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
WHOLESALE GROCER,
(LIQUORS INCLUDED.)
Agent for J. M. Singer & Co. of Wilcox & Gibbs and James C. Conner's Sewing Machines; keeps constantly on hand a supply of Red Cedar for Crates. Solicits consignments and orders and will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Office on Old County Wharf.
Newborn, Jan. 28th, 1860. 3-1y

W. W. PEIRCE,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Wilmington, N. C.
Refers to Dr. H. C. LINDSEY, High Point, Feb. 17th, 1860. 6-1f

A. S. NEWLIN,
Manufacturer in
TIN AND SHEET IRON,
AND DEALER IN
COOKING STOVES, &c.
High Point, N. C. 5-1f
Feb. 10, 1860.

STODDARD & CLARK,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
150 Front Street,
NEW-YORK.
January 27th, 1860. 3-1y

N. M. MARTIN, BRO. & Co.,
GROCERS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Petersburg, Va.

N. M. MARTIN, SON & Co.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
RICHMOND, VA.
March 23d, 1860. 11-1y

J. SHELLY,
MANUFACTURER OF
LADIES' FINE SHOES,
BOOTS AND GAITERS,
Which he sells at Wholesale and Retail.
Thomasville, Davidson County, N. C.
Orders for Shoes by the quantity promptly attended to.
March 23d 1860. 8-1y

SHEEK & BOWMAN,
DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Groceries, Oils, Paints, Salt, Fish, Castings Iron, Leather, &c.; and will buy Wheat, Corn, Flour, Bacon, Lard, Dried Fruit, Bee-wax, Feather, Fur, &c.
High Point, Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-1y

WORTH & DANIEL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER,
AND
Commission Merchants,
No. 2 Granite Row, Front Street,
Wilmington, N. C.
Deals in all kinds of Groceries, Provisions, Fruit, Liquors, Wines, Cigars and Tobacco. Solicits consignments of Flour, Dried Fruit, Feathers, Bee Wax, Tobacco, and Country Produce generally. Agents for Howe's celebrated Sewing Machine.
D. O. WORTH, N. C. DANIEL, N. C.
For the past 7 years with Lots of Anderson's N. C. T. C. & B. G. Worth

W. & A. A. WELCH,
DEALERS IN
Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS
Hardware, Cutlery, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Quinine, &c., &c.
High Point, N. C. Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-1y

L. M. GILLAM & BROTHER,
DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
FANCY and Staple Dry Goods, Groceries, Salt, Fish, Castings, Iron, and Leather, and will buy for cash, Wheat, Corn, Flour, Bacon, Lard, Dried Fruit, Bee-wax, Feathers and Hops.
High Point, April 12, 1860. 14-1f

HUNT'S HOTEL,
HIGH POINT, N. C.
NATHAN HUNT, Jr., Proprietor.

This New and conveniently arranged House is now open for the accommodation of the traveling public, and the proprietors hope, by close attention to the wants of those who may call on them, the attendance of trustworthy servants, a table well supplied, tidy rooms, and well furnished stables to suit and receive the passengers of the several routes.
He will have hacks and porters at the rail road station on the arrival of each passenger train. The regular mail stage between High Point and Salem, starts from this House, and the Trinity Hack regularly calls also for any passengers going out to the College.
Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-1y

J. T. ELLIOTT,
TAILOR,
Shop nearly opposite Sheek & Bowman's Store
Is ready at all times to put up work in his line in a neat and durable manner. Coats, Pants and Vests, cut on moderate terms.
High Point, Jan. 12th, 1860. 1-1y

"BY INDUSTRY WE THRIVE."
J. J. TURNER, Tailor,
Would say to the citizens of a Trinity College, that he has located here for the purpose of carrying on the
TAILORING BUSINESS.
By strict attention to business, he expects to merit and receive a liberal patronage. Those wishing work in the latest and neatest style will please favor him with a call.
Trinity College, N. C. July 16th 1860. 27-1

J. C. HEDGCOCK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEXINGTON N. C.
Will practice in the Courts of Davidson, Randolph, Guilford, Forsyth and Rowan, and will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his hands.
August, 1860. 1-33-1y.

T. O. & B. G. WORTH
COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Personal attention given to the sale of produce, and prompt returns made.
May 10th, 1860. 18-1y

B. B. BULLA,
Attorney at Law,
Asheboro', N. C.
Will practice in the County and Superior Courts of Randolph and adjoining counties.
July 6th, 1860. 26-4m

O. M. & G. LINES,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
HEAVY DOUBLE-SOLED BROGANS,
SINGLE-SOLED BROGANS, GENTS' KIP Brogans
AND
OXFORD TIES,
At Wholesale and Retail,
Thomasville, N. C.
Particular attention paid to Double-Soled Brogans, for negro wear, which are warranted to do good service at a
Low Price.
The patronage of the Southern people is respectfully solicited to this Home Establishment, with the assurance that every article sold by us, shall be of a good quality.
And at a Moderate Price.
March 24, 1860. 8-1y.

W. I. VESTAL,
General Agent for the Collection of Notes, Accounts and the settlement of Claims,
NEWBERN, N. C.
Being now engaged in canvassing Craven and the adjoining counties, I will undertake the collection of accounts, for purchasers of newspapers, merchants, factors and others for the usual commissions.
All business entrusted to me by parties at a distance will be faithfully and promptly attended to.
I refer those to whom I am not known to the editor of the Daily Progress and the business men of Newbern generally.
W. I. VESTAL, Progress Office, Newbern, N. C.
Jan. 1860. 2-4f

GILL AND PAUL,
General Commission Merchants,
DEALERS IN
FISH, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, BUTTER, Cheese, Oils, Dried Fruits,
Grain, Seeds, Beans, Furs, Whiskey, Wool, Country Produce, and Merchandise generally.
No. 34 North Wharves,
PHILADELPHIA.
Consignments of Provisions, Flour and Country Produce solicited, & returns promptly made. Cash advanced when desired.
Orders for all kinds of Fish, Provisions, Flour, Dried Fruits, &c. filled at the lowest Cash Prices.
May 3d, 1860. 7-1

John M. Clark,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Will give prompt personal attention to the sale or shipment of Naval Stores, Cotton, and all other kinds of Country Produce. Regular dealer in
Lime, Plaster, Cement and Hair
Can supply parties in want of these articles on better terms than any other house in North Carolina. Orders promptly attended to. Agent for Steamship KATE, McLAURIN,
AND
Steamship SUN,
July 25th, 1860. 27-1y

POETICAL.
THE WARNING.
BY "E. R. E." OF WETUMPA, ALA.

Touch it not! ye do not know,
Unless you've borne a fate like mine,
How deep a curse, how wild a woe,
Is lurking in that ribby vice.
Look on my cheek,—his withered now,
It once was round and smooth as thine;
Look on my deeply furrow'd brow,
'Tis all the work of treacherous wine!
I had two sons, two princely boys,
As noble men as God's own gave;
To fill a common drunkard's grave!
I had a daughter, young and fair,
As pure as ever woman bore;
Where is she? did you ask me where?
Send low, I'll tell the tale once more.
I saw that fairy child of mine,
Link'd to a kingly bridegroom's side,
Her heart was gay and free as thine.—
Oh! would to God she then had died!
Not many moons had fill'd her horn,
While she upon his bosom slept;
'Twas on a darkly dismal morn,
She'd her married husband wept!
Her drunken father dealt the blow!
Her brain grew wild, her heart grew weak:
Was ever tale of deeper woe,
A mother's lips had lived to speak?
She dwells in yonder darkness walls;
No ray of reason e'er doth shine;
She on her murdered husband calls,—
'Twas done by wine, by cursed wine!

My Early Courting Scrapes.
BY BILLY O'BUCKSKIN.

The reader left me sitting on the horse-block at the Meeting House, with my Sunday clothes on, bent on an extra display of gallantry toward the fair sex. In those days buggies had not come into fashion. Those who traveled on wheels used the old-fashioned "Jersey wagon," and "stand-ups" (Stanbops) or as they were more frequently called "stick gigs." There was occasionally seen a family carriage of the highland terrapin pattern, but those were rare and were used only by the wealthiest citizens. Of course a large majority of men and women who didn't walk, went to church on horseback. Thus it will be seen that I had a fine opportunity of carrying my plan into execution.

Several had rode up, some of whom I had helped from their horses and walked with to the church door; at length a beautiful little nymph, with the rosiest of cheeks, the brightest of eyes, and the bluest of lips, rode up on one of her father's plow horses. It was the first time she had rode on horseback by herself, and proud enough she was of the feat. Her father and mother were with her, the old lady requiring all the care and attention of the old man, which left me an open field with the young one. I led her horse to the block, liberated her pretty little foot from the stirrup, and assisted her to alight in gallant style, barring the little accident of her missing the lower block by which she came near falling broadside on the ground. I may mention that both of us were too bashful to say anything, both were blushing deeply, and no doubt both felt exceeding—some howish;—those who have been in such predicaments can understand something about it, but I cannot explain it. Sally was a pretty girl, and no mistake. I immediately fell in love with her, and I think if an opportunity had then and there presented itself, I should have asked the old folks for her on the spot, for I had a sort of intuitive assurance that it would be all right so far as she was concerned. Now all this may appear stuff to old fogies generally, and I am sometimes disposed to think that a little oil of hickory would have been an excellent medicine for my complaint about that time; but let every reader look back and see if he cannot call up some episode of this sort in his early history, in which there was, to him, a vast deal of earnest reality at the time.

I do not now remember how long this little divinity held my heart enchained, but I remember the affair came to a very unromantic termination. It was in this wise: I determined to write her a love letter, which I did; but unfortunately my brother caught me at it and told mother, and I, to avoid further detection, dropped it through a broken place in the ceiling of the room, where it silently reposes to this day, unless the rats have made a nest of it. My mother demanded a sight of the missive, I equivocated, and the consequence was, I fell heir to a "larruping," which outward circumstances, taken in the aggregate, had the tendency of drying up the flowing affections that were running toward my pretty little inamorata.
My next scrape was short but serious.

It occurred and ended all within one evening, between seven and nine o'clock. But I will begin back a few hours and tell up to it.

My father was a great hunter, and had a passion especially for slaying wild turkeys. He would ramble the piney woods through rain and snow; lie for hours in a "blind" waiting for them to come to his bait; and would sit up all night, when he had "perched" a gang, for fear of being too late for them next morning. He had two "baits" at which turkeys had made their appearance occasionally for over a year, and on Christmas morning, eighteen hundred and no matter what, he told me I must go with him and watch one of his baits. Well, I had to go, and so I went, but all the time I was thinking, a little party that I knew would be collected to gether at a certain place in the neighborhood that evening which I had set my heart on being one. We sat and waited and waited—he in one "blind," and I in the other—but the turkeys seemed dilatory, and I wanted to leave. After a long time—away toward noon, an old gobbler made his appearance, about two hundred yards off; then another came, and another, until there were a dozen in sight. There they tramped around and picked and stretched themselves, but wouldn't come to the bait. At length I could stand it no longer, and determined to bring matters to a crisis; so bringing the old fusc to my shoulder I took aim at the gang indiscriminately and let fly. Over I went one way, and away went the turkeys the other. My father came running up as soon as he heard the gun fire, and asked if I had killed the turkey. I told him I had not killed it, exactly, but had made the feathers fly. All of which was a fact but unfortunately the feathers carried off the meat with them. I had shot at them over a distance of nearly two hundred yards.

This brought the day's sport to a close and left me free to go the party spoken of above, where I found several of the young people of the neighborhood assembled; and where my next serious entanglement of heart befell me, of which I will tell in my next.

Note by the Editor.—In our first number of the "Early Courting Scrapes," we inadvertently omitted the *nom de plume* of the author. This omission we remedy this week.

The writer has promised us a "genuine courting scene," and a "sample love-letter," before the "scrapes" are concluded, neither of which shall be a fancy sketch, but a transcript of the reality.

Rough Beginning of the Honeymoon.

On last Friday morning an athletic young farmer, in the town of Waynesburg, took a fair girl, "all bathed in blushes," from her parents, and started for the first town, across the Pennsylvania line, to be married, where the ceremony could be performed without a license. The happy pair were accompanied by a sister of the girl, a tall, gaunt, sharp-featured female of some thirty-seven summers. The pair crossed the line, were married, and returned to Wellsville, to pass the night. People at the hotel where the wedding party stopped, observed that they conducted themselves in a rather singular manner. The husband would take his sister-in-law, the tall female aforesaid, into one corner of the parlor and talked earnestly to her, gesticulating wildly the while. Then the tall female would "put her foot down" and talk to him in an angry and excited manner. Then the husband would take his fair young bride into a corner, but he could no sooner commence talking to her than the gaunt sister would rush in between them and angrily join in the conversation. The people at the hotel ascertained what this meant about 9 o'clock that evening. There was an uproar in the room which had been assigned to the newly married couple. Female shrieks and masculine "swears" startled the people at the hotel, and they rushed to the spot. The gaunt female was pressing and kicking against the door of the room, and the newly married man, mostly undressed, was barring her out with all his might. Occasionally she would kick the door far enough open to disclose the stalwart husband in his gentleman Greek Slave apparel.

It appeared that the tall female insisted upon occupying the same room with the newly-wedded pair; that her sister was favorably disposed to the arrangement, and that the husband had agreed to it before the wedding took place, and was now indignantly repudiating the contract. "Won't you go away now, Susan, peacefully," said the newly married man, softening his voice.
"No," said she, "I won't—so there."
"Don't you budge an inch," cried the married sister within the room.
"Now—now, Marie," said the young man to his wife, in a piteous tone, "don't go to catch up in this way, now, don't."
"I'll set up as much as I want!" she sharply replied.
"Well," roared the desperate man, throwing the door wide open and stalking out among the crowd, "well, jest you two

women put on your duds and go right straight home and bring back the old man and woman, and your grandfather, who is nigh on to a hundred; bring 'em all here, and I'll marry the whole d—d caboodle of 'em, and we'll all sleep together!"

The difficulty was finally adjusted by the tall female taking a room alone. Wellsville is enjoying itself over the sensation.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

ACADIANS IN LOUISIANA.—No one who has read Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Evangeline," will fail to be interested in the following brief description of the descendants of the ancient Acadians, as now found in the place of their original settlement in Louisiana:
"I have been looking, for a season, over that beautiful portion of the sugar region of Louisiana, known abroad generally as the 'Grasse Tete'—taking its name from a stream connecting the Mississippi river with the Gulf, and which Mr. Longfellow has immortalized in his beautiful poem of Evangeline, under the name of Plaquemine. I have a friend who possesses a sugar estate on its now classic banks; and it is such a beautiful and attractive region that I have resolved to spend a portion of the summer with him, amid its genial influences. Here you meet daily the identical colony of Acadians which the poet represents as emigrating from Canada, and taking up their abode under our gleaming Southern suns. These people all speak the French language still; live to themselves, and have little intercourse with the world, contenting themselves with the satisfaction of a few simple wants; cultivating with their own hands their humble acres; rearing a few cattle, and occasionally manufacturing a few barrels and hogsheds for the wealthy planters. They are a strange, clannish people, resembling much in appearance and habits the race of Gipsies.

Obey Your Wife.

Three jovial fellows—Tom Watson, Joe Brown and Bill Walker—sat late at the village tavern, and in the merriment of their hearts made an arrangement that the "shot" should be paid by him who omitted to do the first thing his wife told him on returning home. They then separated for the night engaging to meet next morning and make an honest report. Next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was sometime before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first—"You see, when I entered my house the candle was out, and as the fire gave but a glimmering light, I was near walking into a spot of better than the crumplets were to be made of this morning.—My wife, dreadfully out of humor at sitting up so long, said to me sarcastically, 'Do put your foot in the batter! Just as you say, Maggy,' said I and without the least hesitation, I set my foot in the batter and then went to bed." Next, Joe Brown told his story—"My wife had already retired to rest in our sleeping room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar. Not being able to navigate perfectly well, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and in no very pleasant tone she bawled out, 'Do break the porridge pot, Joe!' No sooner said than done. I seized hold of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jamb, broke it in a hundred pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest, and got a certain lecture for my pains." It was now Tom Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face, as follows—"My wife gave me the most unkindly command in the world, for as I was blundering up stairs in the dark, she cried out, 'Do break your neck; do Tom!'—'I'll be cursed if I do, Kate,' said I, as I gathered myself up, 'I'll sooner pay the bill!' so, landlord, here's the cash for you. This is the last time that ever I'll risk a sovereign on the command of my wife.

A Rhode Islander, traveling out West, after taking several drinks, went on board the steamboat for Cincinnati, and was astonished that the clerk only took five cents for his fare. Soon after another five cents was called for, and the same thing repeated several times. At last he asked—
"Is (hic) this a danger (hic)ous boat?"
"By no means," said the clerk, "bran saw."
"Then (hic) why do (hic) don't you collect all the (hic) hair at once—not bo'her a fel (hic)heller for it every time as it comes due?"
"Really, where do you think you are going?"
"Cincin (hic) hinnati."
"Cincinnati," said the polite conductor, "this is the ferry boat, and all this afternoon you have been ferrying to and fro between New Albany and Portland."

IMPORTANCE OF PUBLICITY.—Hunt's Merchants Magazine for June, one of the best numbers of that excellent work ever issued, says:—"Notoriety or publicity is an indispensable element of success to the merchant, the manufacturer, or the mechanic, who would give a wide and speedy circulation to the commodities and productions which he seeks to exchange for money. He may have capital, skill, convenient position, punctuality, industry and honesty—every possible fitness for his business—and all is nothing if he has not sufficient notoriety. This notoriety, let it cost more or less, he must purchase or provide for as he purchases his stock of goods. And it must, in extent, bear a certain relation to the business he would do; it must be both positive and comparative. People must not only know him and his business, because otherwise they will not find him; but they must know him, because otherwise they will find and trade with those who are better known. To do a successful and profitable business, a merchant must advertise—on matter what he sells."
A false friend and a shadow, said Benjamin Franklin, attend only while the sun shines.

UNHEALTHFULNESS OF HOT BEER.—The Scientific American says that Dr. J. G. Bouting has published some very interesting and useful facts in relation to the digestion of food in the human stomach, deduced from his experiments with St. Martin, the man with an enlarged bullet hole in his side, through which can be seen all the processes of digestion. In speaking of the nutritious property of glutinous food, and the proper state in which it is most easily digested. He gives the following excellent advice:
"Hot bread never digests. Bear this in mind, reader, if you are accustomed to eat the light and tempting biscuit at tea, or the warm loaf that looks so appetizing upon the breakfast table. After a long process of mastication and working about the stomach it will begin to ferment, and will eventually be passed out of the stomach as an unwelcome tenant of that delicate organ, but never digests—never becomes assimilated to, or absorbed by, the organs that appropriate nutrition to the body. It is a ferstrate dyspeptic produce. The above is truth, as it has been repeatedly proved from actual observation through the free side of Alexis St. Martin.

DEBT.—Old Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students: "Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentlemen. What is dirt? Why, nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that 'dirty greasy spot, on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water, nor dirt. That is not a very odorous pile of dirt you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt is worthy of your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it! It will all separate very clean elements. Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt, particularly if she whitens her face with chalk or fuller's earth. There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt."

AMERICAN PROGRESS.—In 1820 there were twenty-three States in the Union; now there are thirty-three. Then its area was 1,787,159 square miles; now it is 2,936,168. Our population then was 9,633,131; now it is 23,000,000. Our shipping then was 1,280,165 tons; now it is 6,145,137. Our annual exports then amounted to \$74,450,000; now they amount to \$355,768,130. Our exports then were \$69,961,768; now they are \$306,829,402. Our revenue then was \$16,779,331; now it is \$20,000,000. The real and personal estate of our citizens then was not over \$1,000,000,000; now it is estimated at \$10,000,000,000.

Getting in Wheat in Wisconsin.

A gentleman on this city, a few weeks ago, went out into Walworth county to do some business. At that time the country was absorbed entirely in the securing of the harvest, and the gentleman had a great deal of trouble in finding anybody "to home." We will let him tell his own story:—

"I stopped at the house of my friend B—, and knocked all the skin off my knuckles at his front door, but could not start anybody, and just as I was going away, a passer-by, in answer to my inquiry, said that 'B— was getting in his wheat.' I then went over into another part of the town, to where our old schoolmate, Squire R—, resided. I walked in at an open door, sat down in the parlor a few minutes; and as no one appearing, I walked up stairs and down stairs, but couldn't find a soul.
"When I got around to the porch again, the same fellow came along who had answered my question before, and I hailed him:
"Is the Squire in town?"
"Getting in his wheat, I reckon."
"Well, where is his lady?"
"She's helping the Squire."
"And the young ladies?"
"Getting in the wheat, stranger—you'll find 'em all down in the field about a mile from here."
"I then concluded I would try the hotel, and carried my carpet bag to the public house. There was a notice on the door, saying that the house was closed for a week as the proprietor was getting in his wheat. Things began to look desperate now. I had carried my carpet-bag about five miles already in the hot sun, and it was growing momentarily heavier.
"So when I saw a boy coming toward the house, I made up my mind to give him a dollar to carry it for me; guessed I'd have to wait till he got his wheat in.
"At this stage of proceedings, I resolved to walk to the first house I saw and demand, in the name of civilization and the hospitality due to a traveler. As the house happened to be a boarding school for young ladies, I was fortunate enough to secure a night's rest, and the next day, as everybody was getting in his wheat, I left for home, resolved never to return there when people were harvesting."

Gen. Can—was 23 years of age on the 1st of last week.