

The Oxford Free Lance.

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All Business Letters must be Addressed to the Publishers.

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PRESBYTERIAN: Rev. D. E. Jordan, Pastor. Services every 1st and 3rd Sabbath morning and night.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.
BAPTIST: Rev. F. R. Underwood, Pastor. Services every 1st Sabbath morning and night, 2nd Sabbath night and 3rd Sabbath morning.
Prayer meeting every Thursday night.
METHODIST: Rev. J. T. Gibbs, Pastor. Services 2nd Sabbath morning at 11 a. m. and 3rd and 4th Sabbath night in every month.
Prayer meeting Tuesday night.

Lodges.

Oxford Lodge, No. 108 I. O. O. F., Wm. Biggs, N. C., meets every Wednesday night at 7 o'clock.
Tuscarora Lodge, No. 122 F. and A. M., J. L. Hubbard, Master, meets 1st Monday night in every month in their hall Oxford Lodge, No. 12 I. O. G. T., Wm. Biggs, W. C. T., meets every Friday night in Masonic Hall.

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MAY'S MADNESS.

BY B. M. NEILL.

MARY Martin was the only child of a widower. So like her mother was she that her father's eyes often filled with tears as he looked upon her. She was strangely beautiful. We say strangely beautiful, because her beauty was of that kind which we see in dreams. The intense spirituality of her soul shone through her eyes, and made her face like the face of an angel. She was one of those women to whom strong men are irresistibly drawn. Her father understood her nature well. When she came to him and blushing told how her heart had gone out toward Henry Sayre, he waited anxiously the result of this, her love. Instinctively he felt that, to her, a crushed heart would mean a crushed brain.

Henry Sayre's every action seemed to say he loved her. His words, though mere commonplace, had the melody of love, and fell on her ear like music. His tender gaze found its way to her heart and nestled there.

He was poor, and soon rumor had it that he was going out into the great world to seek his fortune.

When May heard it, she had only a momentary pang of pain. She felt so conscious of his devotion that on second thoughts she secretly rejoiced at the coming separation. He had not yet uttered those words she so longed for, "Will you be my wife?"

"Surely," she murmured, "he will ask me ere he says good-bye!"

The time came when the farewell was to be spoken: He called quite early on the evening before the day he was to leave.

"I came early, Miss May, for I shall not see you again for a long while," he said.

Mr. Martin, after bidding Henry Sayre Godspeed, left the room.

They parted in their old way, May and Henry; but he left those words for which she longed unsaid.

"It is early yet," she thought; "and perhaps he needs a moment's rest."

She went to the piano and sang an old love-song, and when she had done, her cheek was blushing and her heart throbbing. But though he said, "It is beautiful," as if he was choking, he turned the subject, and there was a dull pain in her breast.

He rose to go.

"At the gate—at the gate!" she thought, "Oh, yes, he is waiting until we stand under the stars!"

Even there, though he took her hand and pressed it so hard that a ring she wore almost cut her flesh, though his voice quivered when he murmured "Good-bye," yet those words were unsaid. She lost sight of him in the night, as if he had gone out of her life forever.

When her father, who had been waiting in the room above, heard her re-enter the parlor, he descended quickly.

What a stony face of despair was that for a loving father to look upon! What a bleeding, broken heart to press against his breast!

She fainted in his arms. A man quick to act, in a moment he was bathing her forehead. Soon her eyes opened again, and she wound her arms around her neck, as though but for him she would wish to die.

"Don't be so broken, my darling!" he cried; "that man is a villain!"

Rut what answer could he make to that wail— "I loved him so?"

It is not for our poor pen to tell of the year that followed—to lay bare the gentle heart of May—to analyze the father's anxious grief.

One evening they were seated in Mr. Martin's library. He, being somewhat of a student in the old times, had been wont to sit there, allowing no one to enter.

Since the cruel blow had fallen on May, the door had never been closed to her. She would sit quietly while he read. This night he had been reading aloud, she apparently listening intently. Looking up from his book after a time, he was startled at the strange, far away expression on her face.

Seeing he was about to speak, she stayed him with her hand, and whispered: "Listen! Do you not hear that music? How wildly sweet it is, and yet it sounds like a wail!"

The father groaned; that which he had feared had come—May was mad!

Ben Butler's Bricks.

MORE OF HIS SPEECH AT THE BANKS CLUB ON SATURDAY NIGHT—HIS STRICTURES UPON THE PRESIDENT.

At the dinner of the Banks Club in New York, Saturday evening of last week, Gen. Butler was entertained and spoke at length, giving his views on the situation. He defended the President's title, but criticized his Southern policy. He said: "Some of the leading papers have challenged me to sketch where in a Republican administration might say don't better. Now, that burden ought not properly to be put upon me, and I will not take it upon me. I am not called upon to shape a policy, but I think, without offense, that there is a way wherein I believe I can indicate a policy which should be a little different from that pursued for instance on the Southern question. I have no ill-will against the Southern people. If I were in the President's place I do not say that I would not have conciliated the South. If I had it in my power, as Chief Executive of the nation, I would conciliate every honest and law-abiding citizen of the South with every honorable means of conciliation in my power, and, on the other hand, I would use that same executive power to follow after and punish the murderer of an inoffensive citizen to the fullest extent of the law. What I object to is that life, property and liberty are not safe to-day in the South, and that murder is in that section unavenged and unpunished. Would Andrew Jackson, do you think, have allowed the Chisholm massacre yet to be investigated, while Cully, the man who headed the mob that murdered Chisholm and grossly insulted his wife and daughter, is elected sheriff of Kemper county? But it is said, 'You have sporadic crimes at the North.' We do, and we punish them. But how about this case? Not even a word has been spoken by the Administration against the Kemper county massacre.

Again, I believe that it was the duty of the President to have elected a man who would have been elected President of the United States, and finding that to be so, to sustain every man elected on the same ticket in his place by every dollar at his command. [Applause.] I have no respect for a man who will dishonor his mother's marriage certificate. I insist that it was Mr. Hayes' duty to the Republican party which elected him, to sustain the man who sustained him. If he believed that there was any wrong or fraud in his election he should have just abdicated his claim. Let us abandon his election, and wash our hands of the whole matter. We believe that Mr. Hayes was not wrongfully elected. The Republican party stood firm in that belief during all that long count and that anxious period from November to March. In my judgment it was his duty to stand by us, and say to these men who were voted for on the same ticket with himself, and the ballots for whom were counted by the same returning boards which declared his election, and who received more votes than he himself in many cases, that the power of the United States should support their right everywhere if he had no suspicion regarding the foundation on which he was declared to be elected, in Louisiana for instance. And don't let any one say that I do not believe Mr. Hayes fairly elected, for I have not looked into the subject carefully enough to form a judgment on it. I think his course in Louisiana was very unjust. If he was himself elected, Packard was elected by the same vote. If Packard was elected the Legislature which sustained him and elected Kellogg was elected, and the Nicholls' Legislature was a mob. This clearly constituted a case of domestic violence, which Packard was unable to repress, and his call for troops was clearly warranted. Mr. Hayes should have responded to that call for the Constitution so instructed him."

Renewed Interest in Life.

A Vicksburg wife informed her husband the other morning she was working herself into the grave for the want of a hired girl, and as he went out, she leaned back and fell to weeping. The children were making a noise in the hall as he passed out, and he called out: "You ought to stop this racket? Your mother won't live a week, and when you get a step-mother, here next spring, she won't put up with any such fooling?"

When he went home to dinner, his wife met him with a smile and said: "Isn't ours a cozy little home, Richard, with only our own little family to look after?"

A Sick Baby in the House.

A great hush falls on the hear like a knell, and as untold sadness settles like a pall over the heart for a baby is sick. Is it not strange that a wee little thing should have the power to change everything, making the sunshine that but yesterday played so merrily and bright in and out of the windows seem such a cruel mockery to-day, and changing the joyous tones of the elder children in to funeral notes? But such a thing is all that baby has woven, knitting herself into the very meshes of a heart, in such a quiet, subtle way, that she is such the little form lies prostrate.

What case we about the order of the week-basket when the little hands that made such havoc therein—scattering the balloons over the floor, piling out the needles, unwinding reels, and doing other innumerable things—are lying idle, with fever gleaming through each waxen finger? And does not every one in the house share the solicitude, making the anxiety general? Even Mary leaves her work in the kitchen to make frequent inquiries about calls "baby" is.

But the most touching of all is the sad face of the mother, sitting at the sick couch, ever and anon bending low over the idol of her soul to kiss the little cheek so bright with fever, while her heart ascends to the One who sent her darling in a petition that the sufferer may soon be restored to health; and as her glance falls on the tiny red hood and an cloak so lately worn, what wonder that the tears fall fast? It calls so vividly to mind what may be. But need we longer dwell? Those who have known what it is to have an empty cloak and hood that will never more be filled by the loved form for which they were made, will know why mamma's tears fell. To those who have been spared that sorrow were useless to explain—God grant they may never know.

A Vegetable Love Letter.

Most TRANSCENDANT CHARMING dipped in the dyes of the rainbow, plucked from the wing of an Angel, mended by the prayers of an infant Saint, that might expect to paint the burring brightness of that flame which thy thrilling eloquence has enkindled. Thy soft moonlight sentiments, soft soap of consistency; thy airs are gentle as the first strings of an infant's dreams. Thy steps are as light as the tender-footed zephyrs that played with the gable end of Paradise, thine eyes are brilliant stolen from seraphs. Thy lips are veined rosebuds, kissed by the honey dew of affection. Thy words are like drops of amber. Thy teeth are snow-flakes set in a bed of verbenas. O, sweet spirits of cam-bhor, double distilled essence of hartsbore, source crou of my hopes, apple sauc of my thoughts, butter-milk catsup of my fancy! Tiger of innocence, apple butter of perfection.—Dogwood of melody, thou art the fancy of my dreams brandysmash of my vision, sanctification of my recollection. Thou art as handsome as a stripped hyena, spotted as a leopard or a greased streak of lightning charmed to consistency in the milkway. Thou art as harmless as a wolf, handsome as an elephant, melodious as a lion. Omissions of my soul, pickle pankins, preserved apple of the garden of Macon, where your desperate lover dwells.

Your darling BETSEY.

GENERAL NEWS.

The export of leaf tobacco from the United States was, in 1870, 118,467 hogsheads; in 1872, 282,386,434 pounds. One year, 1815, it fell as low as 3,122 hogsheads, and in 1877 it rose to 518,097,804 pounds.

The hard times have told severely upon immigration. For the year 1877 the arrivals in New York City were 11 round numbers sixty-four thousand, as against two hundred and sixty thousand in 1873.

The failures for the year in New York City were very heavy—in all eight hundred and seventy-four, with liabilities amounting to nearly fifty-five million dollars and assets about twenty-one million dollars. Manufacturers numbering forty-four, head the list, followed by thirty-five bankers and brokers, who went down under the heavy load of more than six millions.

How often, oh, how often, a man with only one solitary button on his shirt, and that one a brass pin, looks with devouring envy upon his wife's new seven buttoned gloves, and wishes all the shirts in his collection were just one glove. There does seem something wrong in this division of buttons.

Prominent Agricultural Products.

As giving an idea of the relative value of some of the principal agricultural products of the United States, the following from statistics for 1876 will be interesting. Then the value of the products given below were as follows:

Indian corn	\$55,435,930
Hay	342,203,445
Wheat	294,584,000
Cotton	272,880,400
Oats	129,469,980
Potatoes	65,116,420
Barley	29,752,082
Butter	1,163,297

The cotton, so often vaunted as king, was fourth on the list of agricultural products. Now it will rate still lower.

North Carolina contains 1,025 distilleries, the largest number of any State in the Union. Kentucky comes next with 754 distilleries.

NEW ORLEANS. 16 stops 8 23, 10 30, 12, 25, 9, 25, 5. Piano retail price \$750 only \$225. Send for confidential circular. D. F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

3 new vocal and 3 new instrumental pieces. Sheet music, 1/2, silver or stamps. Music Pub. Co., Middleboro, Mass.

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Send for his new book, with photographic likeness of bed cases before and after cure. Beware of cheats who pretend to furnish Dr. Spurgeon's treatment. One of those fellows, a gorman clerk, now calling himself Dr. W. G. Creampin, is indicted on complaint of Dr. S. and awaits trial for forgery and embezzlement.

Rupture.

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