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WARNING.

All that owe us by Note or Open Account we beg to come forward and PAY UP.

We Need Money,

and cannot indulge longer.

Accounts and Notes not paid very hortly, we expect to TURN OVER to our Attorney FOR COLLECTION.

OETTINGER BROS.

Kinston, November, 1884.

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2,000 Sacks Dissolved Bone. 2,000 Sacks Kainit guarantee German.
1,000 " Pine Island. 1,000 " Pokomoke.
Meadow's Extra Early Peas, Seed Potatoes, Beans and other Garden and Field Seeds.

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WAREHOUSE COTTON EXCHANGE PLACE. NEWBERN, N. C.
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100,000 BUSHELS OF RICE,

For which we will pay the Highest Market Price. We will sell Rice, Corn, Cotton, in this or any other market, for One Commission.

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WE OFFER FOR SALE A FULL LINE OF

Choice Groceries,

(in stock and to arrive), at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES for CASH, consisting in part of:

50 bbls. "Eureka Extra" Flour.
50 bbls. "Daisy" Flour.
50 bbls. "White Swan" Flour.
50 bbls. "Hyde's Choice" Flour.
50 bbls. "North Lake" Flour.
50 bbls. "None Better" Flour.
50 bbls. "St. George" Flour," that is as good as made.
25 Sacks Rio Coffee.
10 Sacks "Laguayra," "Java" and "Mocha."
25 bbls. Pork. 10 boxes L. C. Bellies and Backs.
Best refined and bucket Lard.
10 tubs Butter; 25 Cheese (best creamery).
50 boxes Crackers and Cakes.
25 bbls. of Molasses and Syrup.
20 bbls. of four year old "Fruit" Vinegar.
15 bbls. Sugar. Teas, Spices, Extracts, etc., etc.
We carry as fine a line of Canned Goods as can be found in the city.
1,000 boxes of Cigars from $1.10 to $15.00 per hundred.
Lorillard and Gail and Ax's Snuff at manufacturer's prices.
Tobacco cheap by the box.
50 boxes Soap.
We offer a drive in Paper Sacks.

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Walter P. Burrus & Co.,

Red Front Store, South Front St., New Berne, N. C.
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Bagging and Ties furnished to my customers at Cost.

I will pay the Highest Market Price for Cotton Seed and Rice.

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Broad Street, opposite Alex. Miller's.

REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES NEATLY EXECUTED.

GIVE US A CALL. jyl d&w6m

CHRISTMAS

On the hills of Palestine
While silver stars begin to shine
Night drew her shadows softly round
The slumbering earth, without a sound.

Among the fields and dewy rocks
The shepherds kept their quiet flocks,
And looked along the darkening land
That waited the Divine command.

When, lo! through all the opening blue
Far in the deep dark heavens withdrew,
And angels in a solemn light
Praised God to all the listening night.

Ah! said the lowly shepherds then,
The Seraph sang good will to men:
O hasten, earth, to meet the morn,
The Prince, the Prince of Peace is born!

Again the sky was deep and dark,
Each star returned his silver spark,
The dreaming land in silence lay,
And waited for the dawning day

But in a stable low and rude,
Where white-horned, mild-eyed oxen stood,
The gates of heaven were still displayed,
For Christ was in the manger laid.

GOLDING'S CHRISTMAS.

It was very strange, thought old Joseph Golding, that he couldn't be master of his own mind. He had lived a great many years, and neither remorse nor memory had ever been in the habit of disturbing him; but now it seemed to him as if the very foundations of his life were breaking up. He was well through with his day's work—he had dined comfortably—he sat in an easy chair in a luxurious drawing room, whose crimson hangings shut out the still cold of the December afternoon—he had nothing to do but enjoy himself. Mr. Golding liked to enjoy him at this season as much as others did, for it was Christmas Eve. What though he was in the habit of spending it solitarily!—he liked solitude.

For many a year on Christmas Eve he had sat balancing in his mind the great accounts presented in his ledgers, the accumulating coffers at his banker's, the strokes of business he would make in future. Not so now. The year was drawing to a close; some intruding voice kept whispering that in like manner so was his career. He could not put it from him, try as he would. The voice reminded him of a coming time when his life's work would be all done—even as the day's work was all done now—when he would be ready to sit down in the evening and look over the balance-sheet of his deeds, good and evil. Curiously the old days came trooping in slow procession before him. And he had been able to forget them for so very long!

His dead wife. He had not loved her much when she was with him, but how vivid was his memory of her now! He could see her moving round the house, noiseless as a shadow, never intruding on him after he had once or twice repulsed her gruffly, but going on her own meek, still ways, with her face growing whiter every day. He began to understand, as he looked back, why her strength had failed; and she had been ready, when her baby came, to float out on the tide and let it drift her into God's heaven. She had had enough to eat and drink, but he saw now that he had left her heart to starve. Heaven! what a hard man he had been! He seemed to see her white, still face, as she looked at it the last time, with the dumb reproach frozen on it; the eyes that would never plead vainly any more, closed forever.

He recalled how passionately the three-days old baby had cried in another room just at that moment, moving all the people gathered together for the funeral with a thrill of pity for the poor little motherless morsel. She was a passionate, willful baby, all through her babyhood; he remembered that. She wanted—missed without knowing what the lack was—the love and sustenance which her mother would have given her, and protested against fate with all the might of her infant lungs. But as soon as she grew old enough to understand how useless it was, *she* had grown quiet, too; just like her mother. He recalled her, all through her girlhood, a shy, still girl, always obedient and submissive, but never drawing very near him. Why? Because he would have repulsed her as he repulsed her mother. He could see it now. It was very strange these facts should come back to him to-day, and their naked truth with them. He had been a cold, hard, ungenial man, without sympathy for any one human being; absorbed utterly in the pursuit of money making. And so the child, Amy, had grown up without him.

But suddenly, when she was eighteen, the old, passionate spirit that had made her cry so when a baby must have awakened again, he thought for she fell in love then, and wished to marry. To marry in defiance of his wishes. He remembered her standing proudly before him after one of their quarrels, which had been harsh and bitter, and abusive of the man she wanted to call husband. She had borne in silence reproach of herself; but not of him who had become to her as her best existence. Her words came back to the old man now.

"Father, do you know anything against Harry Church?"

"Yes," he had answered, wrath in his tone; "I know that he is a poor man, and that if he expects to keep a wife as a daughter of mine must be kept."

"Anything else, father?" looking him steadily in the eyes.

"No, that's enough," he had thundered. "I'll tell you, besides, that if you marry him my doors will never be opened to you again, never."

He met with a will as strong as his own, that time. She did marry him, and went away with him from her father's house. Mr. Golding knew the day the wedding was to take place, and disturbed by it, he washed his hands of Harry Church, and of Amy, his wife. She wrote home afterwards, and tried over again, but Mr. Golding returned the letters back unopened. Suddenly, he heard that they had disappeared from town, and he had never heard what became of them. It was at least ten years ago now.

It seemed very strange that these things should have come back to night to haunt him—and with a wild remorse, a pitying regret. He had done nothing to recall them. Could it be his sense of failing health that brought them—if so, what sort of anguish might he not look for as he drew nearer and nearer to the ending! He began to wish that he had not acted as he had been in those rejected years—whether Amy had asked for anything that he could supply. The next thought that struck him was, why he had opposed the marriage so virulently. It is true Harry Church had been but a clerk in his own employ; but he was a well-educated gentleman, and would rise with time. Faithful, intelligent, preserving, respected—but poor. In that last word lay the head and front of Harry Church's offending. He, Joseph Golding, was rich then; he was far richer now; but he could not help asking it, what special good were his riches bringing him? He was an old man, the span of life running quickly on, and he was all alone. Who would take his gold then? He could not carry it along with him. All in a moment—he saw it clearly—the dreadful truth stood naked and bare: his life and its object had been mistaken ones.

"All alone! all alone!" he kept saying to himself in a sort of vague self-pity. "I've toiled and worked for nothing."

But during this time, even now, as he sat there, a message of love was on its way to him. Perhaps Heaven had but been preparing his heart to receive it.

He heard a ring at the door-bell. Heard it without paying attention to it. Rings were nothing to him; people did not come on business to his residence, and of visitors he expected none. Down went his head lower with its weight of thought.

Meanwhile two people were admitted into the hall below: a man and a little girl. The man took off the child's warm cloak and hood, and she stood revealed: a dainty, delicate creature of some eight years old; her golden curls drooping softly round her face, with its large blue eyes and its cherry lips. The servant who admitted them, not knowing what to make of this, called Mr. Golding's housekeeper, old Mrs. Osgood. The latter went into a tremor as she came forward and looked at the face.

"It's Miss Amy's child!" she exclaimed to the man, nervously. "I couldn't mistake the likeness."

"Miss Amy's that was," he answered. "Mrs. Harry Church she has been this many a year."

"I know. It's as much as my place is worth to admit any child of her's."

"You are Mrs. Osgood," exclaimed the little girl. "Mamma said I should be sure to see you."

"Hear the blessed lamb! And so she remembers me."

"She talks of you often; she says you were always kind to her; nobody but you loved her."

"Well, I *did* love her. The old house has never been the same since she went out it. What's your name, my pretty one?"

"Amy."

"Amy!" repeated the housekeeper, lifting up her hands, as if there were some wonder in it.

"And mamma said you would let me go up alone to grandpapa."

"And so you *shall*," decided Mrs. Osgood, after a minute's hesitation. "I won't stand in the way of it, let master be as angry with me as he will. He is up in the drawing-room, all by himself."

The man sat down to wait. And the child went up alone.

Opening the door, she went softly in, not speaking; perhaps the stern-looking old man, sitting there with bent head, awed her to silence. Joseph Golding, waking up from his deep reverie, saw a letter held out to him. He took it mechanically, supposing its messenger, hidden behind his large chair, was one of his servants. With a singular quickening of pulse, he recognized his daughter's writing.

She had waited all these silent years, she told him, because she was determined never to write to him again until they were rich enough for him to know that she did not come from any need of his help. They had passed ten years in the West, and Heaven had prospered them. Her husband was a rich man now, and she wanted from her father only his love—wanted only that death should not come between them, and either of them go to their mother's side without having been reconciled to the other.

"How did this come here?—who brought it?" demanded Mr. Golding, in his usual imperious manner.

"I did, grandpapa."

He sprang up at the soft timid voice, as if some fright took him, and stared at the lovely vision, standing there like a spirit on his hearthstone, with her white face and her gleaming golden hair. Was it real? Where was he? Who could this child be? But, as he looked, the likeness flashed upon him—and he grew hungry to clasp her to him. It was the little Amy of the old days grown into beauty—for Amy had never been so wondrously fair as this.

"Come here, my child; don't be afraid. Tell me what your name is."

"Amy, grandpapa."

"Another Amy." "Grandpapa!" He felt the sobs rising up in his heart, within great flood of emotion, but he choked them back.

"What have they told you ale at me?" he repeated, after a long pause. "Have they told you I hate me?"

"They always told me that you were far away toward where the sun rose, and if I were good they would bring me to see you some day. Every night I say in my prayers, 'God bless papa and mamma and bless grandpapa.'"

"Why didn't they bring you?" "Mamma told them let you alone if you."

"Mamma sent me with a note to give you the letter," was the simple answer. "The carriage is at the gate, waiting for me."

"What's your name?"

"Papa's servant."

"And—where are they staying?"

"At the hotel. We only got there this morning."

Mrs. Osgood, hovering in the hall, looked on in wonder. Her master was coming down stairs, alone for the first time, and following the little girl into the carriage with her, and it was gone away. Mr. Golding was wondering vaguely whether it were real.

They arrived at last, and Amy led him in, opening a door at the end of a long corridor. She spoke softly.

"Mamma, here's grandpapa. He will now, and come back with me."

Mr. Golding's head went dizzily round. A vision of a young woman, in spotless white, flashed upon his memory as she. The same Amy's eyes in his face. Why had he not known what he lost through all the wasted years?

"Father, we were wrong, and at last—"

"I don't know, my daughter, until you tell me if you forgive me."

"There should be no talk about forgiveness," she said. "You went according to your own opinion of what was right. And perhaps I was to blame, too. Father, it is enough that God has brought us together again in peace. I thought that no one could resist my little Amy, least of all, her grandpapa."

He looked up. The child stood by, silently, the firelight glittering on her golden hair, her face shining strangely sweet. He put out his arms and drew her into them, close—where no child, not even his own, had ever nestled before. Oh how much he had missed in life's—he knew it now. He felt her clinging hold round his neck—her kisses dropped upon his face like the pitying dew from heaven; and he—was it himself, or another in his place?

"Father, see."

Amy's voice had a full, cheerful ring in it. Her married life had been happy. Mr. Golding turned at the call.

"Here are Harry and the boys waiting to speak to you," she said, in a less assured tone.

He shook his son-in-law's hand heartily. Old feuds, old things, were over now, and all was become new. In his heart he had always liked Harry Church. Then he looked at the two boys, brave, merry little fellows, of whom he might be proud. Explanations ensued. Fortune had favored Mr. Church; they had come back for good, and were already looking out for a house.

"No house but mine," interrupted Joseph Golding. "It will want a tenant when I am gone. You must come home tomorrow."

"Tomorrow will be Christmas Day," said his daughter, doubtingly.

"All the better. If Christmas was never kept in my house, it shall be now. I shall not live to see another, Amy."

She looked up at the changed, thin face, and could not contradict him. Some one, going to their western homes, had told them how Joseph Golding was breaking; the news had caused them to return prematurely. Amy said to her husband that if her father died, unreconciled to her, she should be full of remorse for ever.

"You will come home to-morrow, all of you," repeated Mr. Golding. "And mind, Amy, you do not go away again."

"But—if the children should be too much for you, father!"

"When they are, I'll tell you," he said, with a touch of the former gruffness. "The old house is large enough."

He went out, and found his way to the shops—open to the last on Christmas Eve—looking for Christmas gifts. New work for him!—but he entered into it earnestly. Perambulating the streets like a bewildered Santa Claus, he went home laden with books, and toys, and jewels, and bonbons. Mrs. Osgood lifted her hands, and thought the end of the world must be coming.

"Help me to put these things away, Mrs. Osgood. Don't stare as if you were moonstruck. And, look here—there'll be company to dinner to-morrow. Mind you send in a good one."

"The best that ever was seen on a table,—if it's for them I think it is for."

"Well, it is. Miss Amy's coming home again."

"Heaven be praised, sir! The house has been a dull one since she left it."

"They are all coming. And they will not go away again, Mrs. Osgood. If you want more servants you can get them."

"It's the best Christmas greeting you could have given me, master."

And they came. Amy and Amy's husband and the pretty boys were there; and, best of all, the sweet little girl with the golden hair, sitting next to grandpapa. It was too happy a party for loud mirth. And among them Joseph Golding saw, or fancied he saw, *another* face, over which, almost thirty years ago, he had watched the graves od piled—a face sad and wistful no longer, but bright with a strange glory. Close by him she seemed to stand; and he heard, or fancied that he heard, a whisper from her parted lips, though it might have come only from his own heart:

"Peace on earth and good will toward men."

The Relations Between Food and Temperature.

A series of experiment made by M. Ch. Richet upon rabbits shows, far better than the bald statements usually given, the relations which subsist between the quantity of food required by an animal and its power of maintaining its normal temperature, also the need of a covering, natural or artificial, as a protection against cold. Two rabbits were placed in a cool chamber (between 50 degrees and 60 degrees F.). The larger and heavier of the two was kept constantly shorn, and the certained daily. For two weeks the shorn rabbit resisted the cold eating every day at least one third more than the unshorn one, yet losing constantly in weight, while the other one gained. During this time the temperature of the shorn animal was about half a degree less than that of the unshorn one. After two weeks the organism of the shorn rabbit became unequal to the task of producing heat, the temperature fell, and on the nineteenth day the animal died. During this short period it had lost more than one-sixth of its weight. Abundance of food and warm clothing, are, therefore, the necessities of a cold climate; but—and this is the great reason why the natives of a temperate climate succumb in a hot one—not only light clothing, but still more a light and not too nourishing diet are essential to health in hot weather or in a tropical region. As M. Richet puts it "it is no exaggeration to say that an Englishman eats ten times as much as a Hindoo, and if, when in a hot country, he persists in the same regimen, he eats ten times too much."

TYNDALL'S EARLY SPECULATION.—Prof. Tyndall began life as an engineer and worked hard at it for small pay many years. During that time occurred a little incident which will illustrates the character of the man. When the great railroad building mania was at its height in 1845-6, he invested some of his earnings in railroad stocks. He held them for three weeks, and during that time became so infected with gambling spirit that he could do nothing but watch the stock market. Becoming disgusted with himself for his lack of self-control, he went to his broker and ordered him to sell his stocks, which, if he had held some time longer, would have brought him a handsome profit.

DON'T SAY "I'M MY LUCK."—He is a foolish man who says, "it is my luck," when something goes against him. Don't say, "I wish I lived in a world where there is no sorrow and no disappointment." It would be a pitiable world; it would mean intellectual and moral death. No wisdom or skill can keep us from trouble; to trouble is universal and whatever is universal under the government of God must be good.

Changes of the Earth's Surface.

Scientific men have been disposed to attribute the evidences of changes on the earth's surface to violent catastrophes in the operations of nature; but Lyall and other recent geologists say that most of the alterations we witness were brought about by the slow operation of natural forces acting through vast periods of time. The several earthquakes which have recently visited the northeast quarter of North America did something toward either raising or depressing the surface of the region affected. It is known that 96 different portions of the globe are either raising or sinking. It is also known that the Atlantic coast between Cape Hatteras and Cape Cod has been steadily sinking for centuries, and it is within the bounds of probability that before 2000 years have elapsed, the cities of New York and Brooklyn may be under water. When the Dutch colonized Manhattan Island 200 years ago, the Indians told them that in the time of their great-grandfathers it was possible to cross Hellgate dry shod from one bank to the other. Prof. Guyot estimated that the lowering of the Atlantic coast was twenty-three one-half inches every century. At the same time it is certain that the greater portion of the American continent is rising while the continent of Australia is as certainly sinking. Very many islands of the Pacific Ocean were once the tops of mountains on continents afterward submerged. The stupendous volcanic eruption of Krakatau on Aug. 27 last year entirely changed the physical aspect of the Sunda Straits. A part of Krakatau was shot out of the sea and dropped into the straits eight miles northward. The greater portion of the island, containing several thousand million cubic yards of earth, was hurled through the air over Zaug Island, and plunged into the channel seven miles to the northeast. These two new pieces of land, which have been named Steers and Calmeyer Islands, now appear above the sea where previously 240 feet of waters existed. Where the volcano of Krakatau stood a sea fathomless by a line of 1,000 feet now exists. In the neighborhood of Enghaz recently new islands have appeared composed of black volcanic rock; and so these mighty changes keep on. Oceans of vast antiquity are continents today, while the populous plains will in the distant ages hence be found at the bottom of mighty seas.

Demorest's for January.

How to Buy a Horse.

An old horseman says: If you want to buy a horse, don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it. Your eye is your market. Don't buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him and take everything off but his halter, and lead him around. If he has a corn, or a stiff, or has any other failing, you can see it. Let him go by himself a way, and if he staves right into anything you know he is blind. No matter how clear and bright his eyes are, he can't see any more than a bat. Back him, too. Some horses show their weakness at tricks in that way when they don't in any other. But, be as smart as you can, you'll get caught sometimes. Even an expert gets stuck. A horse may look ever so nice and go at a great pace, and yet have fits. There isn't a man could tell it till something happens. Or he may have a weak back. Give him the whip and off he goes for a mile or two, then all of a sudden he stops in the road. After a rest he starts off again, but he soon stops for good, and nothing but a derrick could move him.

The weak parts of a horse can be better discovered while standing than while moving. If he is sound, he will stand squarely and firmly on his limbs without moving any of them, the feet flatly upon the ground with legs plump and naturally poised, or if the foot is lifted from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease may be suspected, or at least tenderness, which is a precursor of disease. If the horse stands with his feet spread apart, or straddled with his hind legs, there is a weakness in the loins and the kidney are disordered. Heavy pulling bends the knees. Bluish, milky cast eyes in horses indicate moon blindness or something else. A bad-tempered horse keeps his ears thrown back. A kicking horse is apt to have scarred legs. A stumbling horse has blemished knees. When the skin is rough and harsh, and does not move easily to the touch, the horse is a heavy eater and digestion is bad. Never buy a horse whose breathing organs are at all impaired. Place your ear at the side of the heart, and if a wheezing sound is heard, it is an indication of trouble.

Election Here and Abroad.

While there is universal suffrage in France and Germany, it is under such circumstance that great multitudes of votes do not exercise their right to select representatives. During a recent election in Germany, it is said, about one-half of Berlin would not vote. In this country, nearly every one who votes is a right, and votes intelligently and interested. Not so abroad. It is a great credit to our people, that they so loyally submit to the result after it is rendered. In New York, the pivotal State, the Democratic majority was so small that for several days the result was in doubt. There was naturally much excitement and some fears were made that the defeated party would not submit quietly to the decision. The Commissioner of Civil Service, however, in his report, says that the election was conducted with the utmost quiet, and that the defeated party submitted to the result with the best grace. The majority of the people are opposed to violence, and believed that the success of a party by violence would be a great misfortune to the country. Outside of the South, there is no danger of violence between the two political parties. Outside of the South, there is no danger of violence between the two political parties.

GENERAL NEWS.

It is noticed in England that pawnbrokers scarcely ever become bankrupt.

Spain was visited on Tuesday with severe gales and snow storms. Many shipwrecks are reported.

The material of the *Kansas Prohibitionist*, St. John's Kansas organ, run by Martin Van Buren Bennett, was sold by the Sheriff on Tuesday.

Eighty native chiefs have proclaimed Spanish sovereignty over 15,000 square kilometres of land on the Gulf of Guinea, opposite Corisko Island.

A salmon weighing eighty pounds was recently taken from the river Tay, Scotland. The heaviest Tay fish on record weighed seventy pounds.

The Republican Union gave an annual dinner in honor of the memory of Gambetta in Paris on Tuesday night. Five hundred guests participated.

Numbers of sheep and pigs are being killed in sections of Dakota by wolves, packs of which have been prowling about in the vicinity of Bismarck, particularly in the mountains.

The cost of cholera may be estimated by the fact that the receipts of the northern Italian railroads in September (though the lines are ninety miles longer than last year) will be $320,000 less than in 1883.

Judge Wheeler, of Jamaica, Vt., recently removed to Brattleboro, twenty-six miles, taking a favorite cat. The cat the next day returned to its old home, but finding the doors and windows closed it returned to the family in Brattleboro.

Sister Theresa, a niece of the Hon. James G. Blaine and a nun in the Mallinckrodt Convent in Wilkesbarre, who is suffering with pneumonia, is gradually sinking. Her recovery is thought to be hopeless.

For killing a puppy dog, a two and-a-half-year-old child was sentenced in a Vicksburg, Miss., court, a few days ago, to pay a fine of $150 or undergo an imprisonment of thirty days. The fine was paid, and the child taken home by its father.

A Nevada ranchman has a herd of hybrid cattle, crossed between the male buffalo and the domestic cow. They are very hardy, and thrive where other cattle would starve. Their fleet is excellent, and yarn has been spun from their hair.

The State of Massachusetts is having a very accurate topographical survey made, which, when completed, will be one of the most elaborate and minute State surveys ever made. It is said that had a good topographical map of the State been in existence it would have saved, since the first railroads were built, $20,000,000 in their construction alone, by indicating where the most feasible routes lay.

The oration which Mr. Robert C. Winthrop was to deliver at the dedication of the Washington Monument is stated to be completed, and in case of his inability to deliver it, it will, perhaps, be read by some gentleman selected for that purpose. The fact that he made the formal address at the laying of the corner stone of the monument in 1846 increases the disappointment springing from his seeming inability to respond to the part assigned him for the 21st of February.

Last Tuesday was an eventful day in the life of a Leavenworth, Kansas, man, who had previously borne a good reputation. At 9 in the morning he was recognized as an ex-convict. Just after dinner he slipped and fell into a tank of boiling water. At 3 o'clock, when he was hovering between life and death from his terrible scalds, a sheriff arrived with a warrant for his arrest as a highway robber. He died at sundown.

Manual Dexterity and the Letter.

It is well known that in its development each new born being passes through very much the same stages that his ancestors have been through before him. Even after birth the growth of the child's intelligence simulates the progress of the human race from the savage condition to that of civilization. It has been shown by Preyer, and others who have studied infant development, that a faculty which has been acquired by the race at a late stage, is late in making its appearance in one child. Now, reading and writing are as comparatively recent achievement. Savage man could reap and sow, and weave, and build houses, long before he could communicate his thoughts to a person at a distance by means of written signs. There is, then, reason to believe that a child of general intelligence would be best trained by making him skilled in many kinds of manual labor before beginning to teach him with letters and the most [illegible] of instruction, so that reading and writing may be learned with pleasure and without interfering with other pursuits, by taking them up at the right kind of preparation.

A Good Laugher.

[illegible]

FARM NOTES.

NUMBER 4.

HOGS.

On Tuesday, Dec. 16, I killed my hogs, 13 in number, in good order, weighing from 175 to 225 pounds each, leaving out the same number of good sized shoats that I expect to kill and sell to the butchers in New Berne when fat pigs are scarce and high. These pigs were never in the public road, never broke a neighbor's fence, never got in any one's field, or destroyed a cent's worth for any one but their lawful owner, and yet they were as good or a better lot of hogs of their age than could be found anywhere about here. They stayed in a small pasture lot of about 10 acres with three cows and six sheep. In the summer after the grass was good they got half a peck of corn twice a day for the whole lot and kept in good order. When the corn was in good roasting ear it was cut one stalk for each pig and thrown over the fence to them. As soon as corn could be gathered they were let in to the field pretty well stocked with field peas and about one on the field peas planted with the corn, about an acre of ground peas and an acre and a half of sweet potatoes, which put them in good order. They then had two weeks on corn and meal in the pens to finish.

The weather was warm when they were killed. I cut them up the same day and rubbed the pieces well with salt and spread them on shelves and planks in the smoke house to drain and cool. The next day the meat was hard and the salt had gone in. I then piled it up on one end of the smoke house floor with plenty of salt. In ten days I will pack it in barrels and fill up with good pickle when it will be safe for all summer or till it is gone. That intended for bacon, after staying in the pickle three weeks, will be hung up and smoked dry long before fly time.

Meat treated in this way cannot spoil. I am sure that hogs kept up in small pastures will make more and cheaper meat than those that are let run to annoy the neighbors.

J. P.

An Ancient Druidical Festival to be Kept in America.

The Eistedfod is the great national festival of Wales, which had the commencement of its history in the remote past. It was established in the infancy of civilization and knowledge in the British Isles. The Eistedfod has been the nursery of the bards and bardism in Wales, and in the absence of any other educational facilities it was the instructor of the people from time immemorial.

According to an old Welsh triad, there are three artifices of poetry and record among the nation of the Kymry: (Welsh) Gwyddon Ganhebon, who first in the world invented vocal song; Hu the Mighty, who first invented the means of recording and preserving vocal song; and Tydain the Father of the Muse, who first gave rules to vocal song and a system of recording. From what these three men effected, bards and bardism originated, the dignities and customs pertaining to which were arranged systematically by the three original bards, 'Plenydd,' 'Alon' and 'Gwron. Three ranks of orders constituted what was called Bardas or Bardism: That of bard or poet, that of Oyydd or philosopher, and that of Druid or instructor. The motto of this institution was and is to this day; "Y Gwir yn erbyn y byd"—(The Truth Against the World), from which it would appear that the Eisteddfod or Bardism was instituted for the purpose of propagating the truth.

The Eisteddfod was the fount of instruction, moral and religious, at the time of the ancient Druids. The vehicle by which instruction, or as it was probably termed Truth was propagated was poetry. The Bard wrought the philosophy of the Oyydd into song, and the Druid or instructor, who was also minister of such religion as the Celtic Cymry possessed, communicated to his pupils the result of the Bard and Oyydd. The Druidical verses then probably constitute the most ancient poetry of Britain.

The 3,000 Welsh people of Colorado propose to hold in Denver a grand Eisteddfod on Christmas Day.—*Denver Tribune.*

A Destructive Torpedo.

A remarkable automatic torpedo in the form of a cigar shaped vessel is building in Hartford, Conn. It is thirty feet long, with a diameter in the center of thirty nine inches, and combines a very powerful explosive, with ample propelling and steering machinery. Six engines develop 1,000 revolutions of the screw per minute, the motive power being carbonic acid gas.

Moving three or four feet below the surface of the water, and guided by an operator from the shore or vessel by means of electricity, it is expected that the vessel could, which is at the rate of a mile in three or four minutes, will make almost invisible craft an effective engine of destruction against the most powerful man of war, which is prepared for its mysterious approach.

The torpedo, which is of the well known Lay-Haight patents, is made at Coppers. It is to be offered to foreign governments [illegible] view to securing a [illegible] number of similar vessels.

A GREAT SCHEME.—"Is [illegible] ganized trust your for dog [illegible]?"

"Why not, Mr. Grumbleton?"

"Because you never [illegible] me."

"I know, but I've [illegible] to which you [illegible] money?"

"Why, I wish do [illegible]."

"You know Cooley [illegible] the city?"

"Yes."

"Well, if I tell him [illegible] for a part of profits, he [illegible] me for a coat and vest. [illegible] times as much as a pair of pants. You'll lose only $1 a bile is losing [illegible] dollars."

"[illegible] suggestion you got [illegible]."

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