FARMER AND MECHANIC

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A Paper for the People.

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☞ Office two Doors Below Tucker's Hall.

—More than one dozen murderers were hanged on Friday,—"Good Friday." But ten went free for every one caught.

—R. E. Thompson, Union Church, Huntington county, Pennsylaania, wishes the name of any Real Agents in this vicinity. We had to write him that none advertise with us; though there are no doubt plenty of persons with land for sale.

—Thanks to Hon. W. R. Cox, and to Senator Vance, for various publications. Books are always welcome. Some of those sent are very useful. We often have use for the Census Reports.

—The young folks seem bent on "making up for lost time"—or Lent time. The Lenten season ended Sunday; the new dresses and fiddles came out Tuesday, and the three days have had two balls, with a good big chunk danced out of this morning.

—Dr. D. L. Salmon, Veterinary Surgeon, who lived at Swananoa, in Buncombe for several years, and is, we suppose, a native of the State, has been appointed to take charge of a government hog and sheep hospital at Washington, a kind of Stock Experiment Station for studying the ailments of domestic animals.

—Daniel R. Goodloe, Esq., formerly of Warrenton, has restored to the U. S. Secretary of State, an old Record-Book, rescued from the flames by a boy sixteen years old, on the night of the 24th August, 1814, when the capitol and other public buildings were destroyed by the British forces, entitled the "*North Carolina Line*." It is in a state of perfect preservation.

—Charlotte has had a lively week; the *Observer* sold, John Wadsworth, the livery stableman, appointed U. S. Consul at Saltillo, Mexico; Sally Grier, colored, goes crazy through grief at the death of her husband and belabors his corpse with a club; W. H. Bailey, Esq., publishes a card raking the Legislative top-knot; and a variety of other matters too numerous to mention.

—Success and happiness in life of course are subject to comparisons; but surely when a man has, like David Davis, ere his 66th year, held the post of U. S. Judge, U. S. Senator, Acting Vice-President, etc.,—and can bring home a lovely and lovable bride, and draw his cheque for a million or so, it would seem as if he had his share of the good things of hum an existence.

—Scotland Neck *Commonwealth* describes the giving-away of the Western N. C. R. R. as "a great shock to the public," and one that will be difficult to explain away during the next campaign. Newbern *Journal* thinks the Republican members of the Legislature quietly winked at this, and other measures, simply to get the Democrats in a tangle.

We do not anticipate much remark upon these subjects during the present year; but by November, 1884, there will very likely be Railroad changes that will throw the electoral vote of North Carolina for the Republican nominees.

W. H. Bailey, Esq., writing to the Charlotte *Observer*, gives a list of important Williams passed by the Legislature. He suggests Col. Coke for next Governor, and Mr. W. H. Bower of Caldwell for Lieut-Governor. This ticket would show its "left Bower" from the start; and possibly the Right also. But Col. Holt is said to hold a strong hand. The names of Messrs. Bennett, Scales, Cox, Carr, Saunders, *et al*, are often heard along the line. Many persons say that Vance alone can unite the badly shattered phalanx of old Whigs, old Democrats, Greenbackers, Douglasites, Know-Nothings, Conservatives, Prohibitionists, Anti-Pros, Railroaders, Anti monopolists, Tom-and-Jim Alecks, Eastern men, Western men, Mud-Cutters, Middle men, Jews, Gentiles, Greeks, Arabs, Elamites, Messapotamians, and Mess-o'-potageists in general, and particular, individually and collectively comprising—the "Grand Old Party," of the first part, so help me these witnesses, all and several! Selah!

—Miss Julia Jackson, "Stonewall's" only child, is visiting Rev. Dr. Reed, at the Presbyterian Parsonage, Richmond, Va. Her Cousin, Miss Nannie Hill, second daughter of Gen. D. H. Hill, is attending the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, which has a fine Museum of Paintings, and 250 pupils. It may encourage Miss Nannie to know that Miss June Spencer, daughter of Mrs. Cornelia P. Spencer, now at Peace Institute, finds ready sale, at high prices, for almost all of her Art-Decorative work. Another of our young ladies of well known family has a large number of nick-nacks in New York; hers being chiefly needle-work. Southern women, of education, usually have the nimble-fingers and refined taste, to succeed in such pursuits, if they possess the requisite patience and tenacity of purpose.

Miss Daisy Hampton, only daughter of Gen. Wade H., and Miss Coleman, are visiting Dr. Coleman, Grace St., Richmond.——Miss Marion Haywood has returned from spending the winter with Mrs. Col. Woodruff.——Mrs. W. C. Morgan, Mrs. Frank Osborne, Mrs. Waddell, and lady amateurs gave an Easter Concert in Charlotte.——Miss Sallie Gaither, a young lady of Davie county, took arsenic with suicidal intent, but was saved by physicians. Home discord caused it, says *Landmark*.——Mrs Mattie Avera is returned from Johnston.

OWLD!—Chatham *Record* says Mr. A. C. Council, of Wake, has an axe 100 years old; and Mr. A. McPherson an anvil which has been 200 years in the family. Statesville *Landmark* tells about Prof. Hyams sleeve buttons and specs 165 years old.

ROBBERY.—Council Hardison, below Newbern, was knocked down and robbed of $1,300.——John White was convicted at Guilford court of robbing Wm. Thomas, who was on his way to Kansas.——Dr. Frank Boyette was robbed of $40 and his watch near Faisons, the *Caucasian* says.

SOME LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET!—Messrs. Julius Lewis & N. W. West will begin building soon.——Every house in Fayetteville is filled.——75 wagons and carts in Tolsnot one day, mainly wanting fertilizers.——25 wagons from Randolph county in Greensboro at one time.——New cottages building at Mebanesville.——Durham beating herself in tobacco buying.——Mr. N. Burwell will erect a brick tobacco warehouse in Oxford, says the *Torchlight*.——Morganton is growing.

ACCIDENTS.—W. M. Barker of Rowan badly kicked by horse.——David Slough of Cabarrus dumped from a runaway wagon not dangerously hurt.——Negro woman named Hicks paralyzed by similar accident in Wayne.——Little Frank Stanfill, of Mecklenburg, started to ride a mule home from the field. Runaway. Foot caught in harness. Died next day.——Johnny Stokes, of Pitt, fell dead in the field.——T. A. Cowan, of Mt. Mourne, fell with one arm across the rail: car wheel cut off his hand.——Wilmington *Review* says: W. A. Shepherd of Fayetteville was thrown from a sulky, near Whiteville, and had several ribs broken, and was severely hurt.——Benjamin Franklin Bridges, of Cleveland, was watching his father cleave timber. Down came the tree, and "clave him in twa," says *Aurora*.

PERSONAL.—Senator and Mrs. Vance are visiting Charlotte.——Mrs. Judge Ashe met with a fall, and severe sprain, similar to that which has set the British world into anxiety for Queen Victoria.——"Organs" are beginning to tune up in various localities.——The remark comes from many different portions of North Carolina that Vance will be mightily needed in the next campaign. Meantime one can hear daily signs of the gathering "booms" for Col. Coke, for Col. Holt, for Col. James S. Robinson, for Col. Saunders, et al, etc., &c.——The Democrats having a majority of 2 in the Wilmington City Council elected Col. E D Hall Mayor, and Capt. Brock Chief-Police.

JOURNALISTIC.—Col Chas R Jones has sold his *Daily Charlotte Observer* to the Journal company. As one candidate for Congress retires another comes in.——Mr. H. H. Crowson has sold the Morganton *Index* to Messrs. Scott and Erwin, of the Lenoir *Topic*, who will run both papers,—Mr. Will C. Erwin editing the Morganton *Mountaineer*, Mr. W. W. Scott, the *Topic*. Both are young men of talent, and will make good papers.——The Daily Wilson *Siftings* has been sifting into this office all the past week, and is as pert as any young rooster. Bro. Carraway believes in driving care-away with wit and humor, and perhaps it is wise so to do. Wilson has now the largest weekly (the *Advance*) and the littlest daily in the State

RALEIGH.—In Granville, 50 miles North, snow fell three feet deep; and in Guilford, 60 miles West, it nearly equaled that depth. Whereas at Sandford and Fayetteville, and Wilmington, about the same distance South, there was no snow. At Raleigh, 2 inches of sleet, melting as it fell, marked the medium for the State, and the equibility of the temperature here. There are few healthier cities than Raleigh, where properly policed; and perhaps excepting certain low and poorly drained locations.——The Christ Church Easter collection netted nearly $1,000 for the new organ, which is about to be put in.——Mrs. Biscoe will read, and there will be some fine singing, in Tucker Hall this (Wednesday) evening.——The "Buckhorn Club's" furniture and fixtures were sold yesterday. A Bachelors Boarding-House generally collapses about the time the pretty-folks put on their new spring bonnets.

THE FLAMES!—The Ancients and the Aztecs, the Hindians and the Indians,—who worshipped FIRE as a Spirit or God; and the Moderns who believe that Satan is the Prince of Flames, and that the world will be turned over to him as a Firey Foot ball when the Resurrectionary Trump resounds amid the air,—might all find some singular and significant suggestions connected with the prevalence of conflagrations, great and small, all over the land beginning with Ætna and Hocla in a State of eruption.

In North Carolina the same applies. The torch which destroyed the late Geo. W. Swepson's factory in Alamance, destroyed last week the fine new factory in which he was a large stock-holder at Mt. Airy.

At Lumberton, Alex. Bethune's distillery, and a lot of Naval Stores. In Chatham, Mrs. Elizabeth Utley's dwelling contents In Rutherford, the town academy lost its roof. In Wayne, Mr. Jas Collier. Also, Col. Geo. Collier's residence badly damaged.

In Wayne, a 16 year old daughter of Needham Perkins was burned to death.

In Mecklenburg, Capt. H. M. Dixon, a well known citizen, and old Confederate, lost his cotton-gin; and next day a colored girl was burned to death by igniting her dress at the fire.

Tarboro *Guide* says John Harrell's house, and 1,000 lbs meat, etc., turned to ashes last week,—sold Julia Moore's daughter near Toisnot, the *Home* tells.

New Certificates of Cures by Dr. Moses in this City

of cancers, tumors and moles, and nasal catarrh. See advertisement in another column. The persons are all well-known citizens of Raleigh.

Drift of American Society.

There is no lack of scandal in North Carolina at the present time,—as many as ten or twelve well-known families being involved at various "society centres"; but our people are in the first blush of maidenly modesty as compared with Yankeedom. It is a not uncommon remark that nearly all of the Yankee women are free and easy, which is about as big a mistake as that other old-time Southern saying that one Southerner could whip ten Yankees. Many of the purest, noblest, and most womanly women we ever knew were of Northern birth, and Northern sentiments. Nevertheless there is, and has been, (and "getting worse") a class of Northern women,—recruited from both the "first" and the "fourth" circles,—the fashionable flirt, and the winking waiteress,—who manage to taint the atmosphere, crowd the courts, and occupy the newspapers to a degree strongly suggestive of the French Free-Love era, when scandal, divorce, suicide, and all manner of deviltry ran rampant.

New York society is all agog concerning Mrs. Bill Vanderbilt's "Easter Ball," which is estimated to have cost $200,000 in expenditures of one sort and another; not counting the diamonds and dresses of the guests.

Philadelphia *Press* describes a game of draw-poker at one of the fashionable clubs. Young Tom Scott, son of the "Railroad Prince," Thomas A. Scott, and Johnny Tucker, each tried to bluff. The Jack-Pot and trimmings amounted to $43,000. Scott "called," and showed 4 queens. Tucker displayed a "Straight flush," and took the pile. No "flush" of shame mantled the brows of either of these "young bloods," as they fooled away their time, and trifled with fortunes wrung from the pinched and poverty-stricken people all over the land through which the greedy Monopoly controlled by their daddies, extends its iron arms and sucking mouths.

Iowa comes forward with a new waltz for fashionable folkses. The 'German' as danced at Marshalltown, had a figure which required half an hour to dance. All lights were extinguished except the small tapers borne by the "ladies." As each "gentleman" selected a partner he blew out her taper. Soon the whole room became dark as Hades. The music and fun grew fast and furious. The dancers must have been fast and loose.

The New York papers for the past week have had from two to ten columns daily about the killing of Haverstick, a leading Wall-street Broker, by Geo. W. Conkling, a government surveyor, whose sister was being "kept" in a fashionable suit of rooms, by Haverstick. The woman, like many another, had great beauty, greater vanity; no sense, and less virtue. Her husband was what Plato described as an "unfeathered goose." He installed his business partner, Haverstick, (a man whom he had started in business, and helped in many ways) as a boarder in the family, and often encouraged him to sit by the pretty woman's bed, keeping the flies off from her, while she pretended to be trying to break off the morphine habit.

Needless to say Haverstick embraced the—opportunity to undermine her Half-a-stick of a husband; and in the end, the silly woman deserted her home and two babies, to go and live in satin and sin with the traitorous serpent who had so foully betrayed his friend! She now bewails her "troubles," but seems to think less about her shame, and her brothers bloody hands, than—"How shall I live hereafter without my old luxuries?"

Boston is, or claims to be, the "Hub" of the Universe in respect to intelligence, refinement, culture, (pronounced cul-tchaw!) morality, etc. It is probably not true that Judge Abbott, (the leader of the aristocratic element in the Democracy in that State,) became instantly sick at the stomach over a telegram that Beast Butler had joined the party, in a town 40 miles distant; but we have no doubt he felt a sniff of disgust the first time Benjamin rolled himself and his leering cock-eye into his courtly presence. Well, Boston,—cul-tchaw-ed Bosting,—has just enjoyed an asthetic entertainment of high grade. It was conducted by Grand-Master of the Fistic Art,—Johannes L. Sullivanus, yclept ye Bruiser! Springfield *Republican* says:—

"Popular interest in the event was wonderful. The great Mechanic's fair building was packed to the utmost with the largest audience ever seen under a Hub roof, and then there were 500 men in the street pushing, shouting and almost fighting for a chance to pay their money and get in. Upon the organ platform were reserved seats—at $2 each—and there could be found the common council president and a dozen councilmen and aldermen, a lot of other city officers, representatives of Boston's trade and commerce, and, beyond all, a great party of Harvard students. Before the exercises began Mr. Sullivan made a speech, Said he, "Ivery set-to 'will be a scientific dishplay. (Three 'cheers for John L. Sullivan,) Don't 'ye incourage ony one o' the boxers to 'knock the hid off his opponint. Plase 'kape as quiet as ye cahn, an' injy the 'fun. Oi want no brutality at John L. 'Sullivahn's exhibitin—niver a bit! '(Applause,) Gintlemin, Oi live in Bos-'thon, and Bosthon is me home, an' Oi 'want to give a show to-night that will 'be recorded in histhory. Oi want it re-'corded that there was nivir a bit uv 'brutality jurin' the spar'n." (Applause.) It is worth while to reproduce a critique on the display given by a Harvard student who was present: "Of course John L.'s and Sheppard's 'sparring is vastly superior to our exhi-'bitions at Cambridge. The marked 'differences are greater energy and de-'cision in the attack, less hitting the 'air, and more lively, plucky work gen-'erally. Some of to-night's hard hitting 'would not be tolerated in the Hemen-'way gymnasium;" nor, said the repre-'sentative of the famous seat of learning, "do Harvard students *as a rule* com-'mend prize-fighting *as a profession*."

Prof. James A. Sewell, A. M., M. D., of Medical Faculty Laval University, Quebec, states: "I have found Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic particularly useful in advanced stages of *Consumption weakness, dyspepsia*, and all nervous affections. *In pregnant women* it has been retained while every other article of food was rejected. Palatable and easy of digestion." (*Take no other.*)

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar will arrest every ailment of the lungs, throat, or chest.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

For the skin—Glenn's sulphur Soap.

The Rising Generation.

Postmaster Hellen is a papa, and its a daughter, the Winston *Republican* says. Wm. Bost, of Mecklenburg, bosts the smallest of living little folks. It is nearly a month old, and weighs less than a tin cupful of sugar, namely 1¼ lbs. Bakersville *Voice* says a mother in that high latitude (the highest town east of the Mississippi) has just presented her proud partner with 18¼ pounds of baby,—twins! Hickory *Carolinian* remarks that "such events provoke no comment down in Catawba." Bro. Murrill proceeds to pen a philosophic postscript as follows:—

"When we see a dim light through the latticed Bay window about 11:59 p. m. we know some anxious one is watching by the side of some other fellows sister, and we pass on, silently contemplating the future. We have been there."

However, it isn't worth while to pretend that married folks have all the fun in this life. The Macon county *Enterprise*, printed at Highlands, (which is within ten feet as near to the sun as Bakersville,) names 136 persons who are over 70 years of age, and more than half of them women, and many of the oldest (ranging from 78 to 100) are unmarried. Miss Granny Boston is said to be 104 years old, but we suspectively suspect somebody forgot to wind up the Almanac for a year or two when she was risin' forty. Joshua's feat of making the *daughter* "stand still," is one of the commonest of wise "saws" with modern instances.

By the by, coming back to the babies, it is curious what a distinction Solomon, the wise, used to make (he lived before our day, but we've heard of him) between the joint proprietors of the dimpled dumplings. "A wise son,"—he saith,—"maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." "A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him." "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

That last remark shows how much of a child's future is dependent upon his mother! Old Nat Macon, whom John Randolph, of Roanoke, said was the "wisest man he knew," and Tom Jefferson said was "the last of the Romans," when asked why Solomon should attribute the "joy" to the father, and the "grief" and "shame" to the mother, Nat said he supposed if a man had a sprightly, well behaved son, he would often take him with him when he journeyed from home to show him off, and to enjoy himself the pleasure of his company. But if he had a stupid and wayward son he would leave him at home to worry and vex his mother.

A Wilkes county man has posted his wife. The notice reads:

"All Persons ar Forbid to Give my Wife Nancy Jones Either food or Rayment or Lodgin or Shelter or Entertainment of any kind What so Ever," under the threat that any one "so doing Will be Delt with according to Law."

The notice was sent to the clerk of the court and accompanying it was the following note:

"Mr Cleark of Wilks Co. N. C. dr sir Please Post up this or Tack it up on the Court House door at Wilksboro North Carolina if you please and I do the Same In Return for you

Ever Your——

—Ho! ye hoe cakers! Read Jones & Powell's card, and tell 'em we told you!

—The Federal Grand Jury at Washington has indicted Senator Kellogg, of Louisiana, for "Star Route" rascality. A Senator, and an ex-Senator on trial; and two ex Senators hiding from the law-officers! What next?

—Young Marion Carland, who is on trial at Asheville, for killing a man named Long, last year, is attended in the dock by his mother and his sweetheart. He seems to have public sympathy. Jury have been out two days.

—Two Northern Business men have called within the past ten days to buy a copy of the F. & M., to see the names of our City Business men. One of them was the Supt. of Rogers, Peet & Co's Order Depariment; and the other (now at the Yarborough) remarked yesterday as he glanced over the paper, that it was easy to see from the cards how certain firms stand in the trade. We should be glad to have all of our Business men represented in these columns.

—'Tis an ill wind that blows the smoke out of no man's eyes! The Act of the New York Legislature forbidding the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes in tenement houses (some of the Italian rookeries had above 500 pairs of hands, all under one roof, busy rolling tobacco from morning till midnight); together with the big "Strike" in Lynchburg which has shut down all the factories there,—for a time,—will probably help the trade in North Carolina.

—The slip-up by which Queen Vic slipped down, and sprained her knee, has created as much commotion as if a rat had joined a sewing circle, or a bumble bee sailed into the Warm Springs bath room. On-kneesy rests the wig that wears a crown! It is curious how often a woman's knee has figured in English History. The Royal Knight-Errant who founded the "Order of the Garter,"—with the garter he found,—very gallantly said "*Honi soit que mal pense!*" but you recollect the excuse of the Army Night-forager, who when caught stealing a pig near a farm-house, declared that no man with proper respect for his duty as a soldier would allow a small fat pig to run out and bite him!

—Alas! for the lasses! Easter Sunday had no sun! And the gay attire was weept upon. And Monday, you bet! was worse yet. The rain it drizzled, and the wind it whizzled; and lo! the snow! The slippery streets grew skittish as 'skeets." Business was poor; folks all in-door. Overcoats and water-spouts were the only things seen out. Wood went up and liquor down, and spiritualism ruled the town. March that entered meek as a lamb, is going out like a wild old sarcastic, gymnastic, gum-elastic Ram! In the way of vernal equinoxes, the past few days take the sockses.

Mr. W. B. Cheek, Warrenton, N. C., says: "I have found Brown's Iron Bitters to be an excellent tonic."

Railroad Rattle.

Did you ever hear of a deaf man who had a chance to walk on a Railway track about train time, and wouldn't do it? Never! Nev-arrrre!!—What Never? Well, Hardly ever! Why several of the wisest citizens of North Carolina, with a prominent lawyer of Halifax at their head, have met their death in that method. They all do it. (N. B.—And some other prominent bar-isters have met their political death by trotting too closely along the Railroad "track," on paper. The "Railroad Convention" of 1880 will never be repeated in the history of the North Carolina Democracy, and some aspirants would do well not to dis-remember it!) John Carney is the last deaf man converted into a deaf mute by the locomotive. The engineer of the Columbia & Augusta R. R. saw him walking leisurely along the track, and supposed he would step off in time. But Carney "never knew what hit him." It is probably useless to print such items. We have published hundreds of cases of men being killed while asleep on the track, yet the average drunken man would rather stretch out, with his neck across the rail, than almost any where else, judging from the daily deaths from that cause.

The Fayettville *Observer* learns from R. W. Kerr, Esq., Vice-President of the Fount Caswell & Clinton road, that enough stock has been taken to insure its construction. The company does not propose to lay iron rails, but rails of heart pine, six inches wide and of the same thickness. To prevent the splintering and rapid destruction of the wooden rails, the car wheels will be banded with india rubber tires. This plan has been successfully tried in Canada, in Georgia and on a road in Perquimans county, North Carolina. It is computed that the rails will last fifteen years. The cost of constructing the road will be only about one thousand dollars per mile, and a speed of fifteen to twenty miles an hour can be attained. Heavy freights can also be transported. The running of the cars on these roads is represented as easy and smooth, on account of the elastic character of the tires, which also prevents jurring.

WEDDINGS.—At St. Paul's Episcopal church, Winston, this evening, Mr. J. H. Pierce, a young merchant of Danville, and Miss Della V. Masten, youngest daughter of the late Sheriff Masten. Very neat cards for the reception following the ceremony have been issued. Long a subscriber of the F. & M., the fair bride has its many good wishes. (*Sotto Voce:* Wonder when those Richmond & Danville R. R. R. R's mean to quit coming over into North Carolina to carry off things?)——In Petersham, Mass., March 27th, Garland E Webb, Esq., and Miss Addie Emerson Holman. Reception at residence of Col and Mrs R F Webb, Durham, April 3, from 8 to 11 p m. As the song says:—"A mighty pretty pair they make, a-standin' up together." Bro "G E W.," being now a deserter from the ranks of Bachelor-Editors we ought to moralize over the fact that even a *Webb* sometimes gets caught; but will simply add our genuine good wishes, to those of many friends.——Near New Hill, Mr D B Jones and Miss Josie Harton.——Near Greenville, Mr L B Cleve and Miss Lulu Datcy.——Oxford had a fashionable wedding, crowded church, and half a dozen handsome couples, to see Rev J W Primrose authorize Mr Jonas Carr to carry off Miss Violet Jones, daughter of John D Jones, Esq. He had a train "ready and a-waitin'" at the depot to take her to Asheville.

DEATHS.—The wife of Bishop De Schweinitz, of the Moravian church at Salem, died last week.——Mr. Owen D Holmes, of Wilmington, and Hugh McGuire, formerly of Fayetteville, are dead.——W. H. Uzzell, one of the founders of the Raleigh *Daily News*, died in Richmond last week. He had just begun his days work, at the type-case, when he fell dead.——C. H. Dozier, of Tarboro, died in Florida.——Mrs. Meares, sister of Mrs. Gen. Matt Ransom, died at Lexington last week. The Senator and family attended the funeral.——Postmaster General Howe walked a mile in the god-forsaken climate of Wisconsin, took cold, and died on Sunday.——In Rutherford, young Dr Forney.——In Wayne, Joshua Grantham, an aged and esteemed citizen.——In McDowell Co., Mrs. Kate Carson, formerly of Pleasant Gardens, and widow of Hon. Saml. Carson, M. C., who once fought a duel with a noted South Carolinian.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS!"—"No," replied Gabriel, dreamily, "and that ain't the worst of it, since they don't allow anybody to go to the Legislature 'thot he has a certificate of being in good and regular standing from a preacher, there ain't liquor enough in the country to get drunk; this here mixing up of church and state don't suit my religion or my politics. I always tried to keep them two things as far apart as I could get them.

Why Major, I recollect hearing Col. Hollister tell a matter of thirty years ago, that the first time he went to Rolly as a member, when the session was over, and before they adjourned, just to show they parted in good fellowship, a wash tub full of good old red rye was brought in by two door keepers or somebody, and they carried it all around. There was a gourd sailing about on top and every fellow suaged his thirst to suit hisself, and just as they got to feeling happiest, one member from Buncombe, or somewhere out that way, struck up singing, "Round the corn Sally." Them men was the farmers' friends; they never passed laws to keep a man from fishing out of water running through his land, or prevented him from killing birds and things in his own woods. We could have fences where we wanted them in them days and dogs too. I'd rather have a dog than a desateful looking sheep any day.—*Topic.*

Greensboro *Patriot:* A frightful butchery of sheep by dogs in the south Buffalo section is reported. After a while farmers will organize a vigilant committee and exterminate the last worthless cur in the land.——Mr. A. H Boyd, father of District Attorney Boyd, died at his home in Graham.

We sincerely regret to hear of the death of Prof. Thomas H. Bailey, which sad event occurred on the 15th inst at Columbus, Miss Mr. Bailey was a most estimable and accomplished gentleman, who was well known in this his native State. He was the oldest son of the late Judge Baily who was one of the purest and best men who ever graced the bench of North Carolina, and the brother of W. H. Bailey, Esq., of this city, and of Mrs. Wm. Cain, of Hillsboro.

Prof. Willoughby Reade has leased the Waynesville White Sulphur Springs for a number of years, to be assisted in the management thereof by Mr J C S Timberlake, of Georgia.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the debilitated woman's best restorative tonic."

J. W. Cardwell's Oil Mill.

Their single mill has a capacity of 2 tons of seed per day, and cost $1,800; their double mill has a capacity of 4 tons per day, and costs $2,500. These mills consist of a huller, crusher and steam and hydraulic presses. The process of manufacturing the oil and cake is to run the seed through the huller, which takes off the hull from the kernel; then through a screen which separates them. The hulls are sent to the furnace for fuel, while the kernel is passed through crushing rolls to crush it. You cannot grind it, it would glaze the burrs. After being crushed it is put in a jacketed steamer to cook by steam. This is an important part of the operation. It should be cooked about twenty minutes. From the steamer it is drawn hot into queer shaped bags, which are put between mats into iron boxes. The boxes are then put under a powerful hydraulic press, where a pressure of 300 tons is applied, and the oil is pressed out, and runs down the sides of the boxes into a receptacle below. A ton of seed produces about 35 gallons of oil, worth about 45 cents per gallon, and 1,000 pounds of oil cake, worth, when ground, about $25 per ton. The product of a 4 ton mill, therefore would be 140 gallons of oil, worth $63, and 2 tons of meal, worth $50, making the daily product $113, from which deduct 4 tons seed at $10 per ton, $40, and other expenses say, $10 per day, making $50, leaving a nett profit of $63 per day—very good business for a small capital. This mill requires a building about 20 feet square, either wood or brick, and the whole cost of building, engine, machinery of all kinds need not exceed $5,000, and may be less. It is a matter of great economy for farmers to have a home market for their cotton seed, and it has been repeatedly demonstrated that cotton seed meal and hulls are more valuable for fertilizers after the oil is extracted than it was before, and the meal itself makes a very valuable fertilizer, and is largely bought by manufacturers of commercial fertilizers, to mix with other ingredients. The ashes from the hulls, after burning, are almost pure potash.—*Letter in Washington Gazette.*

Maj. W. J. McDermott, of Chester, S. C., makes also a fine mill. One is in full operation at Chester, and another is starting at Columbia.

CRIMES!—The grand jury of Halifax county indicted Preston Edwards for killing Harry James; and Jesse Clark for killing Bob Edmunds, says Weldon *News*:——The report of the murder by Allen Williamson of his wife and daughter, in Moore county, N. C., is untrue. The woman had left home and gone to an adjoining county to get work in a factory.——At Graham, Alamance county, on Friday, Jerome Holt, colored, was hanged for outrage upon Mrs. W. Terrell, at Gibsonville. The execution took place in the jail yard and was strictly private. Sheriff Holton acted as executioner. Holt was restigned to his fate. He professed religion and said that had he not been under the influence of liquor, he would not have committed the crime. The drop fell at one o'clock. He spoke only a few words, in tones so loud and clear as to be easily heard by all the people in the enclosure as well as by a crowd of 200 persons which stood without. He said:—"I am prepared for death. I am ready. Goodby." Then the black cap was adjusted and the drop fell. Twelve minutes later, when Drs. Williamson and Freeman felt for the pulse, it had ceased to beat. The neck was broken by the fall. For the past two weeks Holt had been receiving spiritual instruction and professed a change of heart. He spoke freely of his approaching end and did not appear in the least gloomy. He declared that if he had not been drunk he would never have thought of committing the crime. The jail was carefully watched nightly, but Holt showed no desire to even attempt to escape; He was hanged just thirty-seven days after the commission of the crime.

One of his brothers was hanged in this county a few years ago for a similar offence, and it is believed a third brother paid the like forfeit for similar guilt in Rowan county. Mr. and Mrs. William Terrell lived in a humble cottage near Gibsonville. Mr. Terrell was in his sixty-seventh year, and not at all vigorous. His wife, who was nearly twenty years younger than he, was a buxom, comely woman. They occupied a room on the lower floor of the house, their only child a bright lad, ten years of age, sleeping in an adjoining room. On the night of February 16th, this year, soon after midnight, Mr. and Mrs. Terrell were awakened by the crash of falling glass, and a moment later saw the burly form of Jerome Holt near the foot of their bed. He had forced open the shutter of the window, had dashed in the entire lower sash and then sprang into the room through the opening.

With a cry like that of a wild beast he seized the woman and dragged her to the floor. Mr. Terrel at once jumped to his feet, and, taking a gun from the wall, tried to shoot the ruffian, but the piece missed fire. He then attacked Holt with the gun, inflicting heavy blows, but the negro over-powered both husband and wife, subjecting the latter to the most cruel and merciless assault. The little boy, being roused by the noise of the conflict, came to the assistance of his father and mother, attacking the negro, by whom he was terribly beaten and left unconscious on the floor.

Early Saturday morning the news spread, and in a brief time the people of the entire section were in pursuit of the negro. Both Mr. and Mrs Terrell knew him, and hence the task of the searchers was made a comparatively easy one. Ere many hours had elapsed Holt was found in a cabin not two miles from the outrage.

SPEEDY JUSTICE.

The term of the Superior Court for Alamance began on the Monday after the day on which the crime was committed. On that day the Grand Jury found a true bill against Holt. On Wednesday he was tried, and without leaving their seats the jury found a verdict of guilty against him. On Friday, February 23, Judge John A. Gilmer sentenced him to be hanged on the 23rd of March. The State law requires that between the date of sentence and that of execution at least a month shall elapse. Holt would make no defence. The injuries of Mr. Terrell were not serious, though painful, but his wife was for some days in a precarious condition. The wounds of the brave little son of Terrell's will probably leave their effects for life.

If you are a frequenter or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all new countries—ague, billious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

Ludington, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880

I have sold Hop Bitters for four years and there is no medicine that surpasses them for billious attacks, kidney complaints and many diseases incident to this malarial climate.

H. T. ALEXANDER.

GOOD CORN BREAD.

We are making the best corn meal now ever offered in the county. The corn is cleaned, then crushed by Rollers, then ground and bolted. It remains cool all the while, and is as much superior to other meal as patent flour is to ordinary flour. It is worth more, but sells as cheap as any other. JONES & POWELL, Raleigh, N. C.

For the Farmer and Mechanic.

The Politician.

Mr. —, whom you know, used to be years ago,
A powerful man of the people;
Wherever he went, his wisdom he lent,
The principles of government to teach 'em.

But it turned out that he, was aspiring to be,
One usually the head of the Statesmen;
So he racked his health, and squandered his wealth,
To cultivate the votes of the freemen.

"Fellow citizens," he would say, "I came here to-day,
With sickness and general bad-feeling;
But a storm is before us, the waves dashing o'er us,
And our good ship of State is a-reeling."

"I could not stay away from this place to-day,
When great issues so momentous are pending;
Our liberties are gone, our wealth nearly down,
And to universal smash we are tending.

So patriotic was he that rather than be,
Therefore on his duty as a teacher;
He thundered for hours with a vocalists powers,
And talked as heartily as a preacher.

But when he went to Raleigh, he was scared of the rabble;
Or loving the "dear People" too well;
He voted for measures giving Railroads the treasury,
And said to the people so to ——!

He came home at last, from his self-sought task,
And the voters wanted to know where he had been;
'Tis a pity to declare that the good he did there,
Has never been discovered by men.

But this may be explained by simply saying,
What is neither new nor funny;
Tears are but few, who to professions are true,
And still fewer indifferent to money.

March 17th, 1883. —P.

(NOTE.—We don't know who is referred to, by our correspondent. But there are no lack of politicians in the land.—ED. F. & M.)

EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENT.

—Young lady at Sandford desires a situation to teach.

—Wanted:—A good cook; also a good nurse. Address Mrs. L. C. White, Waynesville, Haywood Co., N. C.

—Three ladies wish positions as teachers. Address Miss Alice White, Waynesville, Haywood Co., N. C.

—Lady of some experience in teaching desires situation. Address Box 18, Warrenton, N. C.

Mrs. John Harper, of Harpers, N. C., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for kidney disease with excellent effect."

BIG BELLIED.—A letter from McBryde's Mills, Watauga, to *Landmark*, remarks on tree marks as follows:

One poplar tree measured 10 feet 2 inches across the stump; one walnut tree 9 feet through the stump; one tree made 11,800 5-foot clapboards; one chestnut tree made 14,000 shingles; one chestnut out, the third from the stump, made 150 rails; one poplar log, 12 feet long, made 1,480 feet of inch lumber, and 4 poplar logs made 4,560 feet of inch plank.——An oak on the place of Mr. Amos Sharpe, in Om township, Ireden county, 18 inches above the ground, measures 15 feet in circumference—5 feet in diameter.

What are we coming to? This week we have to record more fights, accidents and mischief generally, than we have in a long while. Verily, we are amazed, when we take into consideration the general quietness and good behavior of our citizens, we are compelled to ask, "can such things be; and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our especial wonder."—*Wilson letter in Tarboro Home.*

If half the reports of seduction, suicides, fights, and flights, that come from Lemon be true your question is entitled to take the floor.

☞ The Diamond Dyes always do much more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. Only 10 cents.

Bradstreet's reports three failures last week for North Carolina. This is half of what was reported the preceding week.

Gastonia *Gazette*: We are informed that a carpet factory is to be established at the All Healing Springs, and that it is proposed to manufacture all grades of carpets.

Wilson *Siftings*: A white boy and a negro boy fought in jail Saturday night. The negro struck the white boy over the head with a stove lid, inflicting a severe wound and barely missed killing him.——A negro was severely cut on the face by another negro near Black Creek Saturday night.

John Baldwin shot and killed William Watkins at Roanoke, Va., on Wednesday evening, and then shot himself through the head, dying in half an hour. Both were colored and rivals in love.

The Missouri Legislators are now working for a dollar a day, the time for full pay as provided by the Constitution having expired, and they are consequently rushing things through with celerity.

We learn that the post master at Whitakers has been arrested on complaint of Mr M. W. Edmunds, and required to give bond for his appearance before U. S. Commissioner Pender in Tarboro next Wednesday, March 28th. Mr. Edmund charges that his letters have been detained, and in some instances torn up, at that office.—*T. Home.*

In the Fairfield (S. C.) election cases, the United States Commissioner rendered a decision; three of the defendants were bound over for trial.——Cavalry and infantry are in pursuit of the marauding band of Cree Indians in Montana.——A boiler explosion at Knightstown, Ind., killed two men.——Queen Victoria has almost entirely recovered from the effects of her recent fall.——Jno. F. Barrill, late Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Illinois found guilty of embezzling $60,000 of the funds of the Grand Lodge.——Total cotton crop in sight 6,232,800 bales.——J. B. Marston, a clerk of the Equitable Trust Co., New York city, has absconded with $80,000.——Hon. David Davis and wife arrived at Atlanta, Ga., Saturday.——Emory Hawks, aged 14, convicted of mail robbery at Lynchburg, Va., and sentenced to three years in a house of correction.——The remains of Jno. Howard Payne arrived at Washington City, were received by Mr. Corcoran and taken to Oak Hill Cemetery.——J. A. Blackman, a postal clerk on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and an ex-member of the Kansas Legislature, has been arrested for robbing the mails.

"I move," said a delegate in a Virginia convention, "that our chairman take a dose of Dr. Ball's Cough Syr