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THE WONDERS OF THE EAST.

SOME OF THE ASTOUNDING FEATS OF THE MAGICIANS OF SIAM.

Jugglers Dealing with the Riddle of Life and Death—Frankenstein Outdone.

A letter from Siam thus describes a scene at an exhibition given by some native jugglers:

"That is Norodom," whispered Woun-Tajac in my ear. Another actor came upon the scene, whom I recognized to be that tall athlete Tepada. Behind him came a smaller man, whose name, Woun-Tajac informed me, was Minhman, and a boy, probably twelve years old, called Tsin-ki. These four began some of the most wonderful athletic exhibitions that can be conceived. It is impossible to believe, unless you saw it, what work these men put human muscles to. I am going to provoke the incredulity of your readers by attempting to describe the majority of them. In one feat Tepada seized Norodom by his long white beard, held him off at arm's length, and spun round with him until the old man's legs were horizontal to the athlete's shoulders. Then, while they still spun with the fury of dervishes, Minhman sprang up, seized upon Norodom's feet, and spun out a horizontal continuation of the ancient, and when Minhman was firmly established the boy Tsin-ki caught to his feet in like manner, and the tall athlete every muscle in him straining, continued to whirl the human, jointless lever around. At last, slowing slightly, Tepada drew in his arms till the old man's white beard touched his body. There was a sudden strain, and the arms of the men, from being horizontal, became perpendicular, Norodom's head resting atop of Tepada's, Minhman's head upon Norodom's feet, and Tsin-ki's head on Minhman's feet. A pause for breath, then the column of men was propelled into the air, and presto! Norodom's feet to his, Minhman's feet upon Norodom's head, Tsin-ki's feet on Minhman's head. Each had turned a summersault, and the column was unbroken.

I could fill several columns with descriptions of the most remarkable and unaccountable feats of magic by these wonderful jugglers, but I must refrain. One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango-tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe. When the robe was lifted again a fox was in place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robbers borrowed, and when they were raised there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robbers, and a leopard appeared; it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage-looking buffalo, that was killed with an axe. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether, a lordly elephant, which, when the sword was pointed against him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally elung by his toes to the capital of one of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and alighted upon the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head until, shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon his hind feet, twined its trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared, and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great boaconstrictor, and holding up Minhman upon his feet.

During three hours the exhibition continued, feats of the sort I have described, each more wonderful than the one that preceded it, following each other in rapid succession. I shall content myself with describing the last and culminating wonder of these startling entertainments.
A perfectly-formed and most lovely nautch girl sprang out upon the stage, and was hailed with universal acclamations of delight, everybody calling out her name, Luan Prabana, as if it were a word of good omen. Her only dress was a short petticoat of variegated leatherwork. A wreath of rosebuds crowned her soft short black hair, and she wore a pearl necklace, as well as broad, gold armlets and anklets. With a brilliant smile she danced exquisitely for some minutes to the accompaniment of a single pipe, then knelt and laid her head upon old Norodom's knee. The boy lanned her with a fan made of sweet fern leaves, Minhman fetched a lotus-shaped goblet, and Tepada poured into it from a quaint-looking flask a fluid of greenish hue. The old yogi-like Norodom took the goblet and blew his breath upon the contents till they broke into a pale blue flame. This Tepada extinguished

with his breath, when Norodom held the goblet to Luan Prabana's lips, and she drained the contents with a sigh. As it transpired she suddenly sprang to her feet, her face strangely radiant, and began to spin giddily around in one spot. First the boy, then Minhman, then Tepada tried to arrest her, but they no sooner touched her than she repelled them with a shock that thrilled them as if she had imparted an electric spark to them. Spinning constantly, with a bewilderingly rapid motion, the girl now sprang off the stage and down the hall, along by the foot of the columns, Tsin-ki, Minhman and Tepada in active pursuit. In and out among the crowd they spun, the three chasing Tepada seized hold of the chaplet that crowned her. It broke, and as she whirled along a spray of rosebuds was scattered from her brow in every direction. Anything more graceful never was seen. And now a greater wonder: At the extremity of the hall the three surrounded and would have seized her, when still revolving, she rose slowly into the air and floated gently over her heads towards the stage scattering roses as she went. At the brink of the stage she paused in mid-air; then, with a slight, wing-like motion of her arms, mounted up, up, up towards the loftiest arch of the vault overhead. Suddenly old Norodom seized a bow and arrow and shot towards her. There was a wild shriek, a rushing sound, and the dancer fell with a crash to the flags of the floor, and laid there an apparently bloody mass. The music burst forth into a wild wail, and the chorus of old hags came tumultuously fourth and bore her off in their arms.

Now from behind the red curtain came a dozen strong men, bearing on their shoulders a great led-oak box, which they laid upon the front part of the stage. As they retired the old women came out, bringing a low couch, decorated with flowers and gold embroidered drapery, upon which lay Luan Prabana, decked forth in bridal garments, and sweetly sleeping. The couch with its sleeper was quietly put down upon the front of the stage and left there, while Norodom and Tepada went to the leaden box and with hot irons attempted to unseat it. "That is Stung-Tiong's coffin," whispered Woun to me; "the old saint has been dead more than half a millennium."

Quickly, eagerly it seemed to me, the two men broke open the fastenings of the coffin, until the side next the audience falling out at last, a teak box was discovered. This was prized open with a small crowbar, and what seemed a great bundle of nankeen taken out. Tepada and Norodom commenced to unwind this wrapping, which was very tight. Yard after yard was unwound and tumbled away by Minhman, and at last, after at least one hundred yards of wrapping had been taken off, the dry, shrivelled mummy of a small old man was visible—eyes closed, flesh dry as smoked herrin. Norodom tapped the corpse with the crowbar, and it gave a dull, wooden sound. Tepada tossed it up and caught it—it was stiff as a log. Then he placed the mummy upon Norodom's knees, and fetched a flask of oil, a flask of wine, and a censer burning with some pungent. Norodom took from his hair a little box of unguent, and prying open the mouth of the mummy with a cold chisel, showed that the dry tongue could rattle like a chip against the dry fauces. He filled the mouth with unguent and closed it, and anointed the eyelids, nostrils and ears. Then he and Tepada mixed the wine and oil, and carefully rubbed every part of the body with it. Then, laying it down in a reclining position, they put the burning censor upon the chest and withdrew a pace, while the drums and gongs and cymbals crashed and clattered, and the shrill, crackling treble of the chorus of old women rose hideously.

A breathless pause ensued—one two, three minutes—and the mummy sneezed, sneezed thrice, so violently as to extinguish the flame of the censor. A moment later the thing sat up, and stared blinking and vacant around the vault—an old, old, wrinkled man, with mumbering chops, a shrivelled breast and belly, and little tuets of white hair upon his chin and forehead. Tepada approached him reverently upon his knees, bringing him a salver, with wine and a water-cake. The old man did not notice him, but ate, drank, then tottered to his feet, the feeblest, decrepit old dotard that ever walked. In another moment he saw the nautch girl slumbering upon her couch, he scuffled feebly to her, and mumbling, stooped as if to help his dim eyes to see her better. With a glad cry the maiden waked, clasp him in her arms and to her breast, and kissed him. Incomprehensible magic! He was no longer a nonagenarian dotard, but a full-veined, fiery youth, who gave her kisses. How the transformation was wrought I have no idea, but there it was before our very eyes. The music grew soft and passionate, the chorus of the old women came out, and with strange Phallic songs and

dances bore the two away—a bridal pair. I never expect again to behold sight so wonderful as that whole transformation, which, I may mention, my learned Jesuit friend, to whom I described it, regards it a piece of pure symbolism. His explanation is too long and too learned to quote, but he connects this ceremony with the world-old myth of Venus and Adonis, and claims that it is all a form of sun-worship.

The show went on for some time longer with many curious feats. At the end of an hour the Phallic procession returned, but this time the Papadere led it, a strange triumph in her eye, while the youth lay upon the couch sleeping. The Phallic chorus sank into a daze, the youth faded visibly; he was again the shrivelled dotard; he sighed then breathed no more. Luan Prabana retired sorrowfully; Norodom and Tepada wrapped the corpse again in its formidable shrouds, restored it to the coffin, sealed it carefully, and it was born again. The attendants climbed up to and extinguished the lights, I was blind-folded and borne away again. I found myself once more at the doorway of the temple in the broad sunshine with my friends—and the mystic ceremonies of the great temple of Juthia were over, it may be for many years.

The New York Herald, in looking forward to the next campaign, has this to say editorially:

"It remains to be seen if the Republicans will be wise in this to 'unload' and enter upon a new and popular course. But it will be uphill work for the Democrats to get possession of the government through the failings of the Republicans alone and without popular measures. At present they have neither a taking platform nor able leaders. The question of free trade is not a practical one, whatever may be said of the principal, for we must raise a large revenue from duties, and the people would not submit to direct taxation. On the subject of cheap transportation, in which the West and South are deeply interested, the Republicans do not lag behind the Democrats, and are, possibly, in advance. Where, then, will the Democrats find an issue that can bring them into popular favor? The money question is of greatest interest to the country at the present time, but is full of difficulties, and could hardly be made a party one; yet if there were Democratic statesmen who could solve the problem and rally the party to their support, the Democrats might, within the next three years, overthrow the Republicans and take the government. Both the great parties of the country are on the dead level of politics and without vital force. One shows symptoms of decay and the other has nothing better to live upon than the carcass of its rival. Reform and purification are necessary in the former, and fresh material for popularity in the latter. Without these the future of both is uncertain."

These sentences evidently take their cue from the President's suggestion that "it is time to unload." So far as this State is concerned, it certainly is time—the accepted time. And we shall see how much of it will be accomplished in the next campaign.

A Charitable Word for the Negroes.

The New York Times forcibly points its remarks upon the desperate financial condition of South Carolina by the following:

"Did the debt of the State of New York bear the same relation to its assessed valuation as that of South Carolina, we should have, instead of the existing burden of twenty-one millions, an amount exceeding two hundred and fifty millions of dollars."

This gives one a very clear idea of the waste of public money which has taken place in that State. It is not favorable to the capacity of the negro for self-government; for although the carpet-baggers have run riot in South Carolina, yet the colored people are in such a large majority there that their numerical strength was sufficient to have things their own way had they possessed sufficient intelligence and the proper convictions to give to affairs a right direction.

But then, in judging the negroes their previous enslaved condition must be taken into account. Whose vision might not be dazzled by emerging

suddenly from the blackness of darkness incident to the most degrading bondage, into the bright light of perfect freedom?

And this is not all. The emancipated blacks were in many respects like children. The first duty resulting from their liberation was to learn; not only to learn to read and write, but how to perform their civil duties as citizens. In what manner could they acquire this information? Most naturally by example. And whose example would they look upon as most worthy of imitation? The example of Gen. Grant, of course.

And what was the example set them by Gen. Grant? From the very beginning of his administration, as soon as the first oath of inauguration had passed his lips, they saw him treating public office as private property. He paid some of his heaviest debts by appointments to his first Cabinet; and other pecuniary obligations by subordinate places.

Could the poor, benighted, weak-minded negroes be expected to respond and practise a higher political morality than the President of the United States?

It is very sad to see the once proud State of South Carolina borne down by an insupportable public debt; but is it just to condemn the colored legislators of the State, under their peculiar circumstances, too severely for adopting the popular creed which they saw practised by Gen. Grant?

A. Y. SAIL.

A Lame Resolution.

The close of the last regular session of the Legislature was marked by the loss of the Act to repeal the "Blue Ridge Act"—a very important measure of credit to the people. The loss of this bill made the Morton-Bliss decision of some vitality, and the effect of that decree would have been very oppressive if the lost Act had not been found just at the beginning of the extra session and been carried a second time. The effect of this action was to kill that session's decree. The close of this session is also marked by the loss of a joint resolution of public interest and importance. A joint resolution to prosecute ex-Treasurer Parker for the illegal issue of bonds passed both houses and was ratified on Tuesday. The Attorney-General has had an appropriation of \$5,000 given him to conduct the various prosecutions ordered by the General Assembly and suggested in his own report. The illegal issue of bonds is said to embrace about \$5,915,000, issued, as the Funding Act alleges, without authority of law. For the issue of these bonds the Legislature proposed to hold ex-Treasurer Parker responsible, and in the investigation the old Financial Board would have been pretty thoroughly interviewed—at least on the witness stand. The Attorney-General would have had business on his hands. But the joint resolution has been lost. A bill or joint resolution goes through this process: It is read three times in each house and ordered to be enrolled for ratification. When several bills are ready, the President of the Senate send for the Speaker of the House, and upon his coming the Clerk reads the bill by their titles and the President announces them ratified. The bills are then handed to the Clerk and by the Clerk to the Chairman of the Committee on Enrolled Bills, who is charged with the direct delivery of the same to the Governor whose private secretary gives the receipt. If the Governor does not receive the Act before the Legislature adjourns, he will not sign it nor regard it any more than if there was no such Act.

In this case, we understand that the joint resolution, in its original form, never reached the Governor, or his private secretary. It appears that when it was discovered to have been lost, another copy was engrossed, signed by the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House, which was handed to the private secretary by Mr. Maxwell, the chairman on enrolled bills, and a receipt taken therefor. The Governor, we are authorized to say, did not receive it until after the Legislature adjourned, and could, therefore, take no cognizance of it. The joint resolution, therefore, falls to the ground, and the will of the Legislature is defeated. The only parties, as we understand it, who handle an Act or joint resolution after ratification are the presiding officers of the two houses,

the reading the clerk, Chairman of the Committee on Enrolled Bills, or any member of the committee who may be acting at the time in the Senate, the Governor and his private secretary. Somewhere, in the handling of this resolution, it has been lost—exactly how or where we do not pretend to say. At any rate, it is dead.

Noah Davis's Model.

The following address of an eloquent Kansas Judge to one Bramley is conjectured to be the original one, which Noah Davis's grand eloquent oration to Tweed was modelled:

"Bramley, you infamous scoundrel, you are an unrelenting villain! You can't stand a single redeeming trait in your character. Your wife and family with us had sent you to the penitentiary. This is the fifth time I have had you before me, and you have put me to more trouble than your neck is worth. I've exhorted and prayed over you long enough, you scoundrel! Just go home and take one glimpse at your family, and be off in short order! Don't let us ever hear of you again! The Grand Jury have found two other indictments against you, but I'll discharge you on your own recognizance; and if I catch you in this neck of woods to-morrow morning at daylight I'll seek you right square in jail, and bump you to Jeffersonville in less than no time, you infernal scoundrel! If ever I catch you crossing your finger at a man, woman, or child—white man, or nigger—I'll seek you right into the Jug! Stand up, you scoundrel, while I pass sentence on you!" The Judge while delivering this solemn charge to the prisoner could hardly conceal his emotion, and there was scarcely a dry eye among the audience in court. Bramley himself seemed to be the least affected of all present on the occasion.

The Death of Céspedes.

Trenchery delivered the Cuban leader to the vengeance of his enemies. A wretched negro prisoner, in order to save his own life, led the Spanish troops to the place of concealment of the ex-President. Unable to escape, Céspedes faced his pursuers and fell, pistol in hand, riddled with bullets. Such a death became his life, and it cannot but increase the sympathy for the Cuban cause. Except the satisfaction of their vengeance, the death of Céspedes will bring no advantage to the Spaniards. The insurrection does not rest on the courage or patriotism of any leader, but draws its strength from the intense hatred of the Cuban people to Spanish rule. As in the case of Agramonte, the death of Céspedes may arouse the Cubans to new efforts for vengeance and bring new recruits to the insurgent standard. The death of Céspedes, owing to his deposition from power, has lost its political significance, but there will be felt a general regret that so grand a character has been swept from the world's stage.—It will be some consolation to his sorrowing family to know that his mission was done, and that Cuba must ever esteem him among the noblest and bravest of her children.

The Refined for Texas Society.

(Jackson Whig and Tribune.)
A few days ago a wagon, drawn by a yoke of long-horned Texas cattle, halted on Lafayette street. The wagon contained a good-looking woman seven children, and considerable plunder. A man, a small boy, and a dog that had run to tail were the adjuncts. The party were from Texas, and were returning to their old home in Decatur county. An Alderman of the city who had passed many years of life in the Lone Star State approached the wagon. He said to the woman, "From Texas, I presume?" "Yes, sir." "Didn't you like the country?" "No, sir." "Didn't you like the climate?" "O, yes." "Did you have good health out there?" "Yes." "Wasn't the land good?" "Yes." How about the crops?" "O, we made splendid crops." "Well, then, ma'am, what on earth is your objection to Texas?" "Why, sir," she replied, "I couldn't stand the society in that rough country;" and then she turned to the small boy, her son, and cried, "Sam, drive that dam dog out'en the dinner pot; don't you see he's got his nasty snout into the vittils."

THE APPEAL TO CONGRESS.—The day appointed for the meeting of the Committee to lay before Congress the Memorial of the Taxpayers of South Carolina has been postponed from Thursday, March 19, to Thursday March 26, when the Committee will, without fail, meet in Washington to discharge the important duty entrusted to them.—Aves and Courier.