

DAILY REFLECTOR.

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In speaking of the adjournment of the Legislature, the *Salisbury Herald* closes the announcement with "peace to its ashes." That's too good. A body that done as much against the interest of the State, and brought as much disgrace upon it as the recent Legislature, deserves no benediction to be pronounced upon it. Their portion should be anything else but peace. Indeed, if about three fourths of the Douglass gang should be seized with a Judas Iscariot remorse that would lash their consciences unmercifully the balance of their days, it would be their just dues. And if, following the example of Judas, some of them went out and hanged themselves, the State would not lose much.

Gov. Carr took a hand in some of the legislative proceedings just at the close. Two Criminal Circuit Courts had been established by the Legislature, one in the West and one in the East. The counties composing these Districts strenuously opposed the establishment of the Courts, saying there was no need for them and that they would have nothing to do. Everybody knows that they were established for the sole purpose of creating two good places for Messrs. Ewart, the most prominent, by far, Republican in the House, and Cook, who held the same position in the Senate. They thought everything was all O. K. but Gov. Carr said the Constitution gave him the right to appoint the Judges in these new Districts until the next election. therefore he has appointed Messrs. Meares and Jones, two Democrats, to fill the

positions, and Ewart and Cook, being good lawyers will recognize this right of the Governor and quietly submit. The way of the transgressor is hard.

A Big Find of Gold in Stanly County.

George Sides the son of Parity Sides and a brother of Possum Sides, all of whom live just beyond the Cabarrus and Stanly line, was up to the latter part of last week an awfully poor boy.

He's got \$4,800 in gold coin now. Here is the way it all happened: Last week he went down to the section near New London, (Bilesville) on the Yadkin railway, and began to prospect. There is no trouble to pick up a good day's work at prospecting either in Cabarrus or Stanly county.

George Sides saw a rock that seemed to have been placed there by hand. He turned it over. Beneath it was another rock. Digging around it, he turned it over only to find another rock. After much trouble (and about this time he became interested) he removed the third rock. Here was a wooden box, decayed, which crumbled from touch.

In one pile was \$4,800 in gold coin.

This is a treasure doubtless hidden there by some one during the war, and death probably took away the banker and no one knew the whereabouts of the treasure, or maybe the banker himself forgot and could not again locate his treasure.—*Concord Standard*.

Queer, but Business in It.

Queer things happen in this world. A tramp took refuge in an old graveyard in Georgia, and prepared for a sound night's rest between two graves. About the hour when churchyards are supposed to "yaww," he was awakened by a strange noise and, on looking up, he discovered an escaped convict in the act of filing his shackles. As the tramp stood up, the convict, in superstitious terror, fell upon his knees whereupon the tramp arrested him, delivered him over to the authorities at the camp near by and received a reward of \$20.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Returning Prodigals.

The legislature has broke up left Raleigh town for good. An' some will go to plowing, an' some to splittin' wood;

So, ring the bell, conductor! an' people, clear the track!

But, makes no difference where they go, they never will go back!

They've broke up house in Raleigh—they've headed now for home—

They've done 'got all the honey out, an' throwed away the comb;

So ring the bell, conductor! just take in all the slack!

It makes no difference where they go: they never will go back!

The fields are needin' plowin'—the land for labor falls;

We're cuttin' close on firewood an' runnin' short on rails;

So, ring the bell, conductor! Good people clear the track!

It makes no difference where they go, they never will go back!

HE COULD GUIDE THEM.

A Seven-Year-Old Boy Who Felt a Distinct Mission for Leadership.

There need be no fear as to the safety of the republic, the longevity of the government at Washington, or any of those other similar contingencies about which eminent statesmen have from time to time permitted themselves to be troubled, so long as the country contains youngsters of the sort described by a teacher in a West side primary grade.

Along in the afternoon, when the children were growing tired of the regular routine, and began to be restless, the teacher decided to let them march around the room awhile. She told them all to stand up and then asked who would like to lead in the march. The children looked at each other doubtfully, nobody apparently being willing to take such a grave responsibility on his small shoulders, until finally a sturdy little chap of seven stepped out and remarked confidently, although with perfect modesty, as if he had arrived at his conclusion after mature consideration:

"My great-grandfather was a soldier in the revolution, my grandfather fought in the war of 1812, and my papa in the rebellion, and I think I can do it."

The teacher thought he could, too, and he took his place at the head of the column greatly to his own satisfaction and with the undisguised admiration of all the other scholars.