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The North State.

THE FEDERAL UNION—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.—[ANDREW JACKSON.]

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The Future.

How vast is that mysterious land,
That no conjecture yet hath spanned,
Filled always with its boundless band
Of varied possibilities.
Wrought but of insubstantial shade,
To distance does it broadly fade,
With awful cragg or woody glade,
Or high superb tranquilities.

And here a throng of roaming ghosts
Walk, in immense unnumbered hosts,
O'er misty hills, by dreamy coasts,
For ever widely wandering.
Here dwell great thinkers, yet unborn,
Reformers (whom their day shall scorn,)
And lordly statesmen, service worn,
Deep problems gravely pondering.

Here dwell rare poets who shall claim
The laurels of transcendent fame,
Orators that with shining name
Shall grace unwritten histories.
Here all those lofty minds abide,
The hope of nations and their pride,
Who cheer the mighty throngs they guide
Through time's majestic mysteries.

But here dread shapes of shadow meet,
Spirits with black intents replete,
Who yearn to set their pleasured feet
In sin's most dark obliquities.
Here languish, amid fierce unrest,
War, famine, massacre, and pest,
Audacious tyrannies unblest,
And hatred's worst iniquities.

And yet perchance in that weird land,
A race unutterably grand
Beholds all earthly evils planned,
All crimes, all wrongs unmerited.
And through slow ages big with doom,
Perchance in patience and in gloom,
Waits the white god-like race by whom
Our world shall be inherited!

[From London Society.]

Lady Charmeigh's Diamonds.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER III.

From that hour Sir Peter Charmeigh was a subjugated man. Not that her ladyship made an ungenerous use of her triumph, for she was, indeed, very good-natured in trying to salve the wounds inflicted on her husband's self-esteem, not less than in embrocating those which his limbs had endured.—Knowing how painful it must be to him to see in the house servants who had been witnesses of his discomfiture, she dismissed most of them, and would even have found a new situation for Patty Ragles had Sir Peter insisted on it; but he did not, for the wench became meek and hysterical, vowing she was ready to die of grief for having whipped so good a master, and promising to throw herself into a pond if she were discharged. Sir Peter told her to stay and be hanged; and he appeared to be insensible to his wife's blandishments, though she really did all that a loving wife can do to atone for her share in his misadventure. But the story had, of course, leaked out, and Sir Peter was chaffed by his country friends in a style most galling to the pride of a consequential man. Wherever he went—whether to cover-side magistrates' meetings, or agricultural shows—he was jocosely asked whether Lady Charmeigh's diamonds were safe; and some ill-natured wag had the baseness to send her ladyship anonymously a new riding-whip with a facetious inscription on its gold knob. To make matters worse, Sir Peter began to have misgivings that the whole affair of the sham burglary had been planned between Dick Lyster and Patty Raggles on purpose to get him punished and to make him ridiculous. Lady Villons, Amy's good friend, set this rumor about, and caused much annoyance to Lady Charmeigh by so doing. Her ladyship roundly taxed the hussar with the imputed freak, but he denied with so much earnestness, word-of-honoring, and so forth, that there was no option but to believe him. However, Lady Charmeigh deemed it good policy to remove her safe out of Sir Peter's sight. It was stowed away in a lumber-room, and the Baronet never made any allusions to it. It was noticed also that his interest in machinery perceptibly declined from this time.

Everything passes, even rancor among married couples; and so it befell that, after a few months, the recollection of his trouble grew less intensely bitter in Sir Peter's mind, and matters ran again in their old grooves at Charmeigh Hall. No more burglars were heard of, and Lady Charmeigh, trusting in her good star, fell to thinking that since her diamonds had braved such desperate raids, they must bear charmed lives. But in this she was wrong, and it was her destiny to go through a much more trying experience than the first two which had fallen to her lot.

Spring came, and with it the London season, when the Charmeighs were wont to remove to their town-house in Park-lane. The day fixed for their departure was a fine sunny Monday in April; but the sudden illness of one of Sir Peter's uncles obliged the Baronet to go and spend a few days with the relative, and so Lady Charmeigh went to London alone. Her servants accompanied her, and with them Patty Raggles. Now, Patty had been in unaccountably low spirits for some weeks past, and her mistress was very anxious about her. There were times when the girl was almost flighty with a causeless gayety, and others when she appeared smitten with hypochondria, so sullen was she and peevish. Lady Charmeigh was too good-hearted a little woman not to endeavor with all her might to ascertain the motives for her favorite servant's depression of spirits; and she had ended by eliciting, after some trouble, that Patty was in love with one of the footmen who had been discharged after the affair with Sir Peter. This man, said Patty, had thoughts of emigrating to America, and she wanted to go with him, though the idea of expatriation made her wretched.—There were perhaps other causes for her sadness which she did not mention; anyhow, on the evening of her arrival in London, while Lady Charmeigh was sitting in her boudoir after dinner, Patty startled her mistress by saying that she meant to leave her situation in three days. Her manner was agitated, and she seemed ready to cry; but she did not actually shed tears, only whimpered.

"Well, but, Patty, this is surely a foolish resolution. Why does not Charles Brown stay in England. I told you he should have money until he had procured himself a new situation."

"It's of no use, my lady. He wants to go to America to better himself. He's not the sort to be a footman, my lady, such work isn't good enough for him."

"But he may go further to fare worse—you should tell him that; and in any case, you, Patty, ought not to leave this country until you are sure of finding a home elsewhere."

"I can't let Charles go alone, my lady; he would be taking up with some other girl if I did."

"I am afraid you will regret acting with this precipitation."

"Perhaps I shall, my lady; but it can't be helped. What I'm most sorry for is the leaving you." Hereupon Patty Raggles burst out crying in earnest. Lady Charmeigh could not see laughter without laughing, nor tears without weeping; so when her maid had left the room she sat down to have a good cry all comfortably by herself. This by and by produced a reaction under the form of a desire to go to bed and put disagreeables out of mind. But when her ladyship was undressed the sleepiness wore off, and she felt rather inclined to have a cup of tea and read a novel. So she wrapped herself in her dressing-robe, and sat down in a cozy arm-chair opposite the fire, with an amusing book on her lap. It was then nearly midnight, and Patty, after having set the tea-tray, retired to rest.—Presently Lady Charmeigh heard the servants putting the chain to the hall-door, and the house became silent. By this time the amusing book had produced the usual effect, and Lady Charmeigh felt drowsy. She closed her eyes, and sank into an agreeable doze.

This had lasted an hour, when she was abruptly roused by a sensation of somebody being present in the room. She opened her eyes, and, to her speechless stupefaction, saw two tall men standing before her with crape masks on their faces. To scream was impossible in the hideous terror she felt; she could only rise to her feet and murmur inarticulately, while her eyes were distended to twice their natural size. Her brain swam, and she had a vague idea that she was dreaming; but this thought was soon dispelled.

"Now, ma'am, we're not going to hurt you if you don't make a noise," said one of the men rather kindly than gruffly. "If you scream, see this;" and he held up the naked blade of a razor.

"But what do you want?" faltered Lady Charmeigh, who was blanched of all color, and could hardly speak her words.

"Your jewels, ma'am. Give us your keys. Sit quiet, and we sha'n't touch you."

"Never!" cried Lady Charmeigh, with the courage of the desperate.—"You are wicked men. You may kill me if you like; but, O, help, O!"

As she opened her mouth to cry, one of the men brusquely encircled her with his arms, and held her tight, while the other pressed a handerchief over her mouth and nostrils. There was chloroform on the handkerchief, and so much of it that Lady Charmeigh gasped. For a few seconds she attempted to struggle; but then her limbs relaxed, she drew a deep breath, and sank back unconscious. Her aggressors gently deposited her on the floor.

When Lady Charmeigh came to herself, after an interval of time which she could not reckon, she found she had been robbed of every valuable she possessed. The Charmeigh diamonds were gone to the last one; the very rings on her fingers had been taken; her money, her watch, the silver-gilt mountings of her dressing-case—all had disappeared. The plunder carried off was immense, and the burglary had been managed in the most orderly fashion. The house was so tranquil as if no deed of evil had been perpetrated there.

It remained tranquil, for Lady Charmeigh made no outcries. Oddly enough, her first sensation on coming to herself was not one of terror. The burglars had not hurt her, and were little likely to do so now that they were gone. As soon as the perception of realities forced itself upon her mind; as soon as she could grasp the extent of her enormous loss, and speculate as to what Sir Peter would think of it, Lady Charmeigh felt above all, indignation at having been outwitted, and a burning desire to be even with her plunderers. She asked herself who these rascals could be, and straight her thoughts flew to suspicion that Patty must have had some hand in abetting them.

Why she thought this it would have been difficult for her to say at first, but once the suspicion had shaped itself in her mind, a hundred small side facts came to confirm it. To begin with, Patty's invariably officious zeal about the safety of the jewels; then her recent low spirits and wayward manners; and, again, her connection with that discharged footman, Charles Brown. It somehow seemed to Lady Charmeigh that before fainting she had had time to recognize Charles Brown in one of the two burglars. If this were the case, then, possibly, Patty and Charles had been confederates in the first burglary, and Patty's holiday had only been taken so that she might be out of the range of suspicion when the crime was perpetrated. All this was horribly black, but Lady Charmeigh's eye seemed to see clear into many things now.

There is in some of those little women who are habitually frivolous a surprising fund of latent strength. It is not often brought into play; but when needed, it supplies an electrical courage and a large amount of cool craft. It struck Lady Charmeigh by intuition, that if she wanted to recover her diamonds, (and she did, with a vengeance,) she must make no noise, but simply have Patty watched. She must also begin by practicing some deep dissimulation. Accordingly, she neither rang bells nor summoned men-servants—whose fidelity she could little trust—but she took her bed-chamber candle and went quietly to Patty's room. For a moment she feared that the girl might have fled with the plunderers and their booty; but no, Patty was in bed, and pretending to be asleep. A lame pretense at best, for there was a candle burning on the chimney-place, and Patty was partially undressed—two damning circumstances. Lady Charmeigh, however, took notes with her eyes only, and said nothing to excite alarm.

"Look here, Patty," she began, with forced calmness; "don't be frightened at what I am going to say; but there has been a burglary here."

"A burglary! O my lady!" exclaimed Patty Raggles, with well-feigned terror.

"Hush! don't scream, don't say anything; but listen—we must keep our presence of mind."

Lady Charmeigh proceeded to narrate the incidents of the outrage, her maid listening the while with haggard eyes and a nervous tremor in all her limbs.

"Well, I repeat, we must make no noise," concluded Lady Charmeigh quietly; "if we do we may raise some alarm, and destroy my chances of recovering the jewels. Only, as soon as daylight comes and you can leave the house without suspicion, you must go to Scotland-yard and give private information to the Police. It is not necessary that I should go with you."

"Very well, my lady," saidy Patty, and Lady Charmeigh distinctly saw a light shoot through her eyes. "O, O, my lady," added she suddenly, "what fears you must have been in! Are you sure you are not hurt?"

"No. Never mind me," said Lady Charmeigh, composedly. "Try to go to sleep; I am going back to my room. It still wants two or three hours to morning." Saying this, she went.

She had admirably played her part, and Patty suspected nothing. But the girl's duplicity and wickedness almost sickened her mistress. "When the wretched creature goes out she won't go to Scotland yard, I know," soliloquized Lady Charmeigh. "She will run to join that man Charles, and then leave the country; but I will have her followed."

The night wore on wearily enough, but Lady Charmeigh was ready dressed and equipped when Patty appeared before her at eight o'clock, and she was going to execute her errand. Lady Charmeigh dismissed the girl with a recommendation to return quickly; but as soon as ever Patty was out of the house her ladyship put on her bonnet and went after her. She had to hide herself under the porticos of houses more than once to escape observation, in case the runaway should look round; but she soon had the satisfaction of seeing Patty take a cab. A hansom passed immediately afterward, and Lady Charmeigh hailed it. A policeman was standing near a lamp post, and she beckoned to him.

"Here, jump into this cab with me, if you please. I want you to join me in giving chase to some burglars, the worst the world has ever seen. O, you have no idea what people they are!"

Two hours later Lady Charmeigh had recovered possession of all her diamonds. The case was never mentioned in the papers for Sir Peter and his wife were willing to hush up the matter.—The plunder was all found in a house rented by Charles Brown, who, instead of being prosecuted, received money to go to America along with Patty. All this was very wrong, compounding of a felony, and so forth; but, as Sir Peter remarked, "There has been too much fuss already about these Charmeigh diamonds."

He had the grace to add, though—and this was Lady Charmeigh's best reward—

"A woman who can recover her diamonds as my wife did deserves to have them. Her wits are the best patent safes I know of."

Drs. Bahnson and Siewers of Winston, lately performed the very difficult surgical operation of taking out the shoulder blade of Mr. Spencer Hanes. During the siege of Petersburg Mr. Hanes received a wound in the shoulder, the ball passing through the scapular bone. Lately the wound has caused much suffering, and upon examination the bone was found so much decayed that it was necessary to remove it almost entirely, which was done very successfully, and the patient is now doing very well.

A man name Martin, who tried to cross the roaring Neuse, near Raleigh, the other night was swept on a rock where he remined until he was rescued, nearly frozen.

Our Washington Letter.

[Correspondence of North State.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Feb. 3, 1879.

For a committee organized with no other object than the purification of our politics, the reluctance of its Democratic members to look into the little irregularities charged or reputed to reformers Tilden, Pelton, Marble, Coyle, & Co., is unaccountable. There has been voted it all the money asked to an exhaustive investigation of the whole matter, and the alacrity with which the reform members undertook to ventilate the Republican end of it and the vigor with which they have pushed their inquiries until the last hope is dissipated of making the results contribute to the exigencies of Democracy, led us to hope for the most rigid impartiality. But having exhausted that part of the work, a strange reluctance is manifested to proceed now that they are brought face to face with the late Democratic Presidential candidate and the men alleged to have undertaken to boss the job of buying or stealing enough electoral votes to seat him in the White House. Potter goes on a visit to New York rendering a suspension of work necessary; when Mac Mahon is asked to act as Chairman of the sub-committee that goes to New York he finds that the nature of his public duties will not admit of his absence from the Capital; when Hunton is wanted to take the same position it is found he is at Warrenton, Va. "And they all with one consent began to make excuses." I only need add relative to the Republican witnesses that they each and collectively testified like men who had nothing to conceal. Mr. Chandler's genial way of telling his story rendered the work of the committee a real pleasure while it lasted. But they are called from this temporary diversion to again face the skeleton in their closet.

The Democratic managers found that it would be impossible to keep the Chalmers, Hookers and other hotspurs desiring to get at Bragg, muzzled to the end of the session. Hence they made a virtue of necessity and turned them loose to have it out with the plucky wolverine who had thrown off his allegiance to the Confederate cause and notified all concerned that he would hereafter antagonize their raids on the Treasury to the best of his ability. But after they had had their say it was found that Bragg wasn't hurt much and it seems the general verdict that he has the best of the fight so far. The adverse vote on Conkling's motion, Friday, to immediately dispose of the New York Custom House nominations is accepted as foreshadowing an Administration victory in the premises. The Democrats have so far revealed their hand as to make it tolerably certain that a large majority of them will vote for confirmation—at least enough of them with the Republicans who have indicated their sympathy with the President in the matter to insure the defeat of Senator Conkling. In view of the bitterness that has prompted the extraordinary exertions put forth by both sides to this contest, the vanquished party can but feel the defeat most keenly. It seems to have became a question of the greatest resources and few now seem to doubt that the President and Mr. Sherman will jointly be able to demonstrate their superiority to Mr. Conkling in that respect. However much of "reform" there may be involved in the matter of confirming these nominations it will hardly be argued that the Democrats have been actuated by any other motive than that of perpetuating and widening the existing differences between the administration and leading Republicans, save as they may have been prompted by feelings of personal friendship. But it is likely the President and Mr. Sherman have done precisely what Mr. Conkling would have done under like circumstances, to-wit: They have utilized the advantages of their position to carry their point. Public interests seem to have been almost crowded out of sight by partisan considerations and through the demands made on the time of Congress by the many monopolies represented here and by the personal friends of members who are here in unusually large numbers to look after the private interests for whose advancement legislation is needed. Though only four more weeks are left, some of the appropriation bills have hardly yet been touched. Outside of these there are a few matters requiring attention of some kind, but it don't seem likely they will get it. It is certainly saying little for the aggregate wisdom of Congress that in the present condition of our shipping and foreign trade interests, it is unable to extend a helping hand, or that it is unable to devise a method to break down and bring in subjection to the laws a great corporation which embargoes inter-State trade at will, and does not scruple to paralyze a large portion of the trade of the world till it forces the acceptance of conditions that leaves little margin for profit to any concern except itself. Then again what have we to show for all the time and money spent by Mr. Hewitt and his labor Committee? MAXWELL.

The moonshiners and the revenue had quite a skirmish in Patrick county, near the North Carolina line on last Tuesday. Deputy Marshal Lamkin made a raid on the blockade still of W. D. Linebery and captured it, when Linebery with a party of friends attacked and drove the marshal and party away. Several shots were fired, but no one was killed.

MACKAY.

How a Generous Millionaire Passes Out the Money.

[London Letter in New York Times.]

"Let me tell you about Mackay. You know all about the famous millionaire?" I said I did. "Well he and Mr. Florence, an American actor, were traveling in Italy. One day they took a long walk together. Rather tired, they paused at a roadside inn to eat and drink. A poor wayfarer came along, dragging behind him a sort of tinker's barrow. He entered the inn. Mackey invited him to join the homely table. The tinker did so, with expressions of gratitude, and ate a hearty meal. He said he had dragged his barrow over one hundred miles, work too hard even for horses. When Mackey and Florence left the house, the Californian in his quiet way, slipped two or three gold pieces into the poor Italian's hand. The man looked at the money. He had probably never before possessed so large a sum. Then he looked at Mackay inquiringly. The Californian smiled and nodded, as much as to say it was all right, when suddenly the poor old toiler burst into tears, fell on his knees and kissed the donor's hands. His expression of gratitude, his tearful joy were so touching that Mackay turned aside to hide his own felings, and it is no shame in their manhood to say that there were more wet eyelids in that wayside group than belonged to the suddenly enriched Italian." My friend mentioned several other instances of Mr. Mackay's generosity. You know G———," he said. "Well, he came to Europe with a band of musicians, not only to make money, but to show Europe what America can do in the way of music. There was a touch of patriotism in the business, as well as the instinct of speculation. The impresario lost money, and the loss represented to him a serious sum. Mackay heard of it, and obtained particulars. Having arrived at a fair estimate of the loss, he sent to G———a check for 15,000, completely covering it. I saw G.'s letter, and it was the epistolary counterpart of the pathetic pantomime of the poor Italian." I asked permission to make these circumstances known.

"By all means," said the narrator; "so few rich men are found making good, humane use of their money that it seems wrong that such incidents as these should be kept secret. It was only last year," he continued, "when Mackay, having traveled from Europe to New York, rewarded the doctor on board one of the ocean steamers in a manner quite in keeping with his conduct in other ways. He doesn't like the sea himself, and, finding that the ship's doctor did not like it, he asked him why he did not abandon it. The doctor said there were many reasons; one of them was the expense of starting or buying a practice in a city where he could live up to his ideas of comfort and respectability. Soon after Mackay landed he sent his fellow-voyager a bank book with a credit for $5,000 opened in his name, and the doctor is now in practice on terra firma."

Elephants.

Elephants have hitherto been shot down rather too freely in India, and far too much so in Africa and Ceylon, and it is only of late years that their true value has been recognized. Within the last few months steps have been taken by Col. Gordon Pasha to acclimatize the Indian elephant to the region of equatorial Africa, and it appears not improbable that this experiment may lead to the removal of what has hitherto been the chief obstacle to the opening up of that wondrous continent—the question of locomotion.—An idea of their value in India may be formed from the fact that a herd of 55, caught in one day, was estimated to represent a profit, after deduction of expenses, of £4,000. After this the Government will do well in the interests of the Indian finances to prohibit the indiscriminate slaughter of this useful beast by roving sportsmen. Sir Samuel Baker's spirited books on elephant shooting in Ceylon showed how far more exciting than lion-hunting such sport was, and what a much stronger claim to the title of the king of the beasts the elephant enjoyed.—Mr. Sanderson has gone further; he has studied the habits of the beast with professional interest and even affection, and the pictures he draws give an insight into the idiosyncrasies of the Indian elephant which has never been hitherto obtained. English readers may probably be surprised to hear that twice round an elephant's foot is his height, and that there is probably no elephant in India which measures as much as 10 feet at the shoulder. On the other hand, what the elephant lacks in height he makes up in longevity.—The general opinion of experienced natives is that in captivity he usually attains 80 years, and 120 years in exceptional cases; but our author believes that the elephant attains at least 150 years. The question, "Where do the elephants die?" is apparently as far from solution as ever, for Mr. Sanderson, like Sir Emerson Tennent, confesses that he never came across the carcase of one that had died a natural death.—*Athenæum.*

There is no boy in America, however humble his birth, or in whatever depth of poverty his lot may be cast, who, if he has a strong arm, a clear head and a brave heart, may not rise by the light of our schools and the freedom of our laws, until he shall stand foremost in the honor and confidence of his countrymen.

A Burmese Monkey.

The monkey is not very popular as a domestic animal, yet I do not fear to assert of the representative of the genus to which I now refer that he is capable of winning the heart of the most inveterate monkey-hater. Of a constitution so delicate that he cannot be safely transported even to India from his warm Southern forests, the little Gibbon monkey may be seen in perfectly happy freedom in the south of Burmah, and when taken young and trained as a home pet, no more engaging animal is to be found. He is not, indeed, free from the mischievous propensities of his kind, (and some Gibbons are very mischievous,) but they are certainly less obtrusive, and are counterbalanced by many attractions. The tiny body is entirely covered with a thick coat of the softest wool, either black or creamy white, out of a fringe of which the beaded eyes peer wistfully; unlike his more plebian relations, he has no vestige of a tail, and his arms are of immense length in proportion to his body. The grace of his movements and the suppleness and power of his limbs are absolutely unexampled, carrying him at giddy pace, with perfect fearlessness and consummate ease, from branch to branch of the loftiest trees, or along the eaves of houses. And when with this beauty and grace are combined the most shy and retiring disposition, the most clinging and affectionate heart, the winning ways and plaintive noises almost of a child, he must have an ineradicable aversion to monkeys who is not won to affection for the Gibbon. Seen, as I have seen him, set to play with a common tailed monkey, he is for all the world like the child of an aristocratic family, who, having been reared away from all contact with the world, has been put down by the side of some rude school-boy, whose familiarity is as hateful to him as his coarse practical jests are repulsive and unintelligible.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Cricket Fighting in China.

In some parts of China crickets are regularly trained for combat, the method being as follows: The crickets when captured are kept singly in earthenware pots, at the bottom of which is a small quantity of fine mold, and a very small cup containing a few drops of water for the insect to drink out of and bathe in. Their food consists of two kinds of fish, called man-yu and kut-yu. Insects called loo-kum-ching, tan-tsit-chung and pin-tam-chung are occasionally given to them. They get honey to strengthen them, and other items of their diet are boiled chestnuts and boiled rice. For two hours every night a female cricket is placed in the pot with the male. Smoke is supposed to be injurious to their health, and the rooms in which they are kept must be perfectly free from it. A charm or mystic scroll to avert evil influences is sometimes placed on the cricket's pot. If they are sick from over-eating, red insects called hun chung are given them. If the sickness arises from cold, they get mosquitoes; if from heat, stoots of the green pea plant. Chuk-tip, or bamboo-butterflies, are given for difficulty in breathing. At the cricket-pit, which the Chinese call Lip, the insects are matched according to size, weight and color. The stakes are in some cases very large. It is, however, generally supposed by the government that they consist of presents of sweet cakes. A cricket which wins many victories is called Shan-lip, or conquering cricket, and when it dies it is placed in a small silver coffin and buried. Crickets which display great fighting powers are not unfrequently sold for large sums.

Slaughter of Wild Beasts.

It is somewhat strange, says an exchange, that with the full knowledge that is possessed of the frightful numbers of human beings yearly slaughtered in India by wild beasts, some efficient means are not taken for the extermination of the latter. In 1875 20,805, and in 1876 19,273 people perished from this cause. This is considerably beyond the total mortality produced by wars before the invention of breech-loaders and machine guns. For example, in 1852 statistics were published in England showing that in twenty-two years of war 19,796 people were killed. In nine great battles, including Waterloo, 4,740 fell. Even at the present time such a number of deaths occurring in a two years' war would be deemed large, and if they occurred through a pestilence in a great city the situation would be considered very grave. Yet to prevent such mortality in both instances every refinement of medical ingenuity and skill would be exerted; in the present case nothing is done beyond offering small rewards for the killing of the wild animals.

The loss does not end with that of human life. During the above two years the aggregate of cattle killed by tigers, snakes, and wild beasts generally aggregated 101,635. One tigress is known, to have slaughtered 127 people, and stopped the traffic for many weeks on a public road. Another killed upwards of fifty people and caused the abandonment of thirteen villages.—Against the death rate of victims we can place the amounts paid for rewards for killing the animals, namely, for 1875, $52,326, and in 1876, $54,314, which seems small in view of the magnitude of the evil to be prevented.

Mr. Ben Scott has lost three children within a few days past of diphtheria. Two died in one day.

Wake Forest College has 109 students.