

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XII.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 30, 1881.

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CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES.
FEBRUARY 20, 1880.

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Feb. 3, 1881.

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SALISBURY, N. C.
January 22, 1879—11.

It is a foolish mistake to confound a remedy of merit with the quack medicines now so common. We have used Parker's Ginger Tonic with the happiest results for Rheumatism and Dyspepsia, and when worn out by overwork, and know it to be a sterling health restorative. Times. See ad. to July 9th.

POETRY.

Crown Him.

In 1835, when Dr. Webb, and other missionaries sailed, the last words they heard from their native land were "Crown Him Lord of all."
They hushed their breath, that noble band,
To catch the last farewell,
The dear home shore receding fast
With every ocean swell.
Above the city's noise and din,
A song rose on the air—
A song of triumph and of joy.
From loved ones gathered there.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"
And, clear as bugle call,
The words came floating on the air,
"Oh! crown Him Lord of all!"
They caught the spirit of the hymn,
Danger and death looked small
To those brave ones, who gave their lives
To crown Him Lord of all.

A battle hymn that song sped on,
"The world for Christ," the call,
For every Island of the sea
Shall crown Him Lord of all.
On Himalaya's sunny slope,
By Delhi's kingly wall
They lay their lives down at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

The Southern Cross begins to bend,
The morning dawns at last,
Idol and shrine and mosque and tower,
At Jesus' feet are cast.
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head,
Let every burden fall,
Come cast your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!
—L. M. Lattimer, in Woman's Work for Women.

Culture is something above and beyond education. One may be very learned in certain directions, may be an authority in language, science or art, yet may not have attained true culture. We can conceive of a scholar, a learned man, who shall be coarse, sensual, rough in speech and manner; in short, a barbarian of the Dr. Johnson type; but when we speak of a cultured person, we admit no such possibilities in our thoughts.

A rich field may be ploughed deep, but with furrows crooked and half-turned, unsightly stumps may be scattered here and there, and wild brambles and thistles may flourish in every fence corner; yet if the ground be well harrowed and good seed used, a fine and remunerative crop may be grown; nevertheless, none could assert that the land had been well cultivated. Beside this field lies perchance another, less rich and generous in soil, whose owner has removed every stump, weed, and unsightly bush; it has been carefully drained, the ploughing has been exact, smooth and deep; then the earth has been enriched and harrowed thoroughly; the best seed have been sown with the nicest care; the result is beautiful to the eye, a delight to all who look upon it; the grain is of the sweetest quality, though possibly not so great in excess of quantity above that grown carelessly, but the chances are that the careful planter will also be the careful gleaner, and that the latter crop will be garnered well, and disposed of to the best possible advantage.

The difference in the management of the two fields illustrates the difference between education simply and thorough culture. The latter perfects, as far as possible, by eradicating everything that the highest standard would condemn, and adding anything that would embellish or please. It has to do with mind and heart, and their outward expression in manners. It has also to do with the spiritual nature and graces, charity, kindness, benevolence, generosity, truth, honor, purity, love; all these enter into and form a part of its charm—its power.

The attainment of thorough culture is almost impossible to one who has not descended from educated, cultivated ancestry. It is a herculean labor for one who has been reared roughly, coarsely, by uneducated persons, to acquire a smooth, clear articulation, a perfect pronunciation, the polished, graceful manner, and the steady tact that belong by nature and birthright to the child of culture. An uneducated person cannot speak one sentence, cannot even cross the room without betraying, to the expert, about the grade of society in which he was born. It is really wonderful how tenaciously these little peculiarities of speech and manner, that betray the nationality and the rank of life, will cling to one. About the best that can be done is to polish away the great roughness by continual grinding on the wheel of persistent striving; by drilling the tones of voice upon vowel and consonant sounds, practicing over and over again correct pronunciation, and drilling the body in calisthenics. These two classes of exercises followed, day after day, year after year, with continued mental effort in reading and studying the best books, that is, the kindly, gentle, pure, sweet books, instead of wild, fierce, harsh, passionate books, together with frequenting the best society attainable, and "being in love and charity with all men," will gradually bring man or woman into the outward ranks of culture. Promotion will depend upon the amount of natural susceptibility and the force of continued effort.—Ex.

It is a foolish mistake to confound a remedy of merit with the quack medicines now so common. We have used Parker's Ginger Tonic with the happiest results for Rheumatism and Dyspepsia, and when worn out by overwork, and know it to be a sterling health restorative. Times. See ad. to July 9th.

POLITICAL.

Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, a member of Buchanan's cabinet, who is now in Washington on private business, says he has yet to meet the first southern man who has spoken unkindly of Garfield as President.—Jb.

Ex-Senator Thurman declares that he is out of public life to stay out. He will not accept a Democratic nomination for the Governorship of Ohio.—Jb.

Mr. Pitney, one of the custodians of the contingent fund voted by Congress annually for the Treasury Department, refuses to make a statement on oath as to the disposition of that fund. It is evident that Pitney knows more than he is willing to swear to, and doubtless what he knows is not much to his credit. Secretary Windom will be greatly blamed if he does not ferret out the rats in the Treasury. That is, indeed, a dangerous place for them to harbor.—Jb.

MONOPOLIES.

Is There Any Danger?

The following is what a few far-seeing, patriotic men have thought and said:

An extract from a recent letter written by Hon. David Davis, once a Judge of the Supreme Court, now a Senator of the United States, indicates the serious nature of the problem before us. He says:

"Great corporations and consolidated monopolies are fast seizing the avenues of power that lead to the control of the government. It is an open secret that they rule States through procured Legislatures and corrupt Courts; that they are strong in Congress, and that they are unscrupulous in the use of means to conquer prejudice and acquire influence. This condition of things is truly alarming, for unless it be changed quickly and thoroughly, free institutions are doomed to be subverted by an oligarchy resting upon a basis of money and of corporate power."

The present Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Windom, in a recent letter to the President of the Anti-Monopoly League, says:

"The channels of thought and the channels of commerce thus owned and controlled by one man, or by a few men, what is to retain corporate power, or to fix a limit to its exactions upon the people? What is then to hinder these men from depressing or inflating the value of all kinds of property to suit their caprice or avarice, and thereby gathering into their own coffers the wealth of the nation? Where is the limit to such a power as this? What shall be said of the spirit of a free people who will submit without a protest to be thus bound hand and foot?"

Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court and ex-Attorney General of the United States, recently stated:

"All public men must take their side on this question. There can be no neutrals. He that is not for us is against us. We must have legal protection against these abuses. This agitation once begun, and the magnitude of the grievance being understood, it will force our rulers to give us a remedy against it. The monopolies will resist with all their arts and influence, but fifty millions of people, in process of time, will learn the important fact that they are fifty millions strong."

Gov. Gray, of Indiana, in a message to the Legislature of that State in January last, said:

"In my judgment the republic cannot live long in the atmosphere which now surrounds the ballot-box. Moneyed corporations, to secure favorable legislation for themselves, are taking an active part in elections by furnishing large sums of money to corrupt the voter and purchase special privileges from the government. If money can control the decision at the ballot-box it will not be long until it can control its existence."

This is in entire accordance with the views of Daniel Webster, who said:

"The freest government cannot long endure, where the tendency of the law is to create a rapid accumulation of property in the hands of a few, and to render the masses of the people poor and dependent."

The press, with the exception of that portion which is owned or subsidized, are with the people in this fight. The New York Times (Rep.), under date of May 19, in an article regarding the encroachments of corporate power, says:

"It is not only absorbing to itself the fruits of labor and gains of trade and piling up wealth in the hands of the few, but it is controlling legislation and endeavoring to sway the decisions of courts in its own interest. We are now at a stage in the contest where the people may vindicate their authority and place these corporations under the regulation of the law."

The Brookline Daily Eagle (Dem.), in a recent editorial said:

There is a pretty general feeling that the Continent of America was

not discovered by Columbus, and civil liberty established by the Fathers of the Republic, to the end that fifty millions of people might be tributary to a band of railroad magnates, or that farmers artisans and merchants might by hard work and keen competition raise up a dozen Vanderbilts, with each several hundred millions of dollars. Those who entertain this feeling have become persuaded that the time has arrived for the industrious masses of this country to protect themselves, if they ever intend to do so. It will certainly not be easier after the adversary has grown stronger. In this contest every delay is to the disadvantage of the people. Let the issue be deferred for a few years, and nothing but a miracle or a revolution as violent as that of France will overthrow the oppression. Of all misleading delusions, there is none more mischievous than the notion that popular suffrage and popular power are synonymous. Given the means of bribing multitudes, of intimidating others, of wrecking opponents, coupled with actual possession of the government, and adverse sentiment must be paralyzed. If the suffrage is to be our salvation, it must be applied sharply while there are still odds on the side of unbought and untortured manhood."

A hundred columns might be filled with similar expressions from newspapers published in all parts of the country and now on file in the office of the National Anti-Monopoly League. Comment is needless. The public welfare is in danger, and the influence of every patriotic citizen is invoked to avert it.

Respectfully, &c.,
L. E. CHITTENDEN,
President National Anti-Monopoly League, Headquarters, 7 Warren St., New York City.

A correspondent of the Wadesboro Times (who probably thinks that the money spent on "Memorial" occasions should be devoted to the poor orphans of dead soldiers), writes as follows: "The object of this communication is to suggest the propriety of abolishing Memorial Day both North and South; it only serves to continue the asperity. It can do the dead no good. 'They sleep their last sleep; No sound can awake them to glory again.' It is a continual wail of the 'bloody shirt,' and may be the cause of another civil war, more bloody than the last. These thoughts are suggested by reading the speech of the Hon. H. E. Scott on the one side and Col. J. Wharton Green on the other, in both of which there are eloquence and classic learning and poetry and flowers, covering much error in historical facts connected with the war. I say, with Gen. Grant, 'Let us have peace.' CATO.

P. S.—If desired, your correspondent can point out the errors of both speakers."

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISMEMBERED.—Norfolk, Va., June 16.—Charles Foyle, a young man employed in the engine room of the Seaboard Cotton Compress, attempted to-day to cross the path of a piston rod of one of the boilers, and was caught by the piston rod and dismembered. He died instantly.

SUNSTROKES.—New Orleans, June 17.—The weather for the past three days has been excessively hot. Thirteen cases of sunstroke have been reported since Tuesday morning, seven of which terminated fatally. At Vicksburg to-day the maximum temperature reported was 101.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR ICE.—It is probable that many good housewives do not know that butter may be kept firm and nice-looking by merely inverting over it a flower pot covered with damp cloths. In the same way a water pitcher enveloped in wet cloths will keep its contents cool and grateful to the parched throat in hot weather. On a large scale the same plan may be used in the fields. The contents of a barrel enveloped in cloths which are kept constantly wet, will be so pleasant as to almost induce the laborer in the field to drink more than is good for him.

A LION TRIES TO STRAL A CHILD.—Mrs. Long, who lives between the Mission and San Roque Canyons, while milking her cows one evening about ten days ago, was startled by a scream from her four-year-old daughter. On hastening to the spot she was almost paralyzed to see a large California lion, with the child in its mouth, making toward an adjoining thicket. She followed, helplessly screaming, when the brute, taking fright at her cries, dropped the child and fled to the mountains. Although severely bitten and bruised the little one was not seriously injured. The animal hung around the premises for several days afterwards. Thursday last Mr. Hayes, while looking at some timber was driven out of the canyon by the same lion. She has two cubs, and I. K. Fisher has offered a reward of \$25 apiece for them. We understand a party is being made up in town to go out and capture them.—Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press.

How Tacks are Made.

Described in a few words, the process of making tacks is as follows: The iron as received from the rolling mills, is in sheets from three to twelve inches wide and from three to nine feet in length, the thickness varying according to the kind of work into which it is to be made from one eighth to one thirty-second of an inch. These sheets are all cut into about three feet pieces, and by immersion in acid cleaned of the hard outside flinty scale. They are then chopped in strips of a width corresponding to the length of the nail or tack required.

Supposing the tack to be cut is an eight ounce carpet tack, the strip of iron, as chopped and ready for the machine, would be about eleven-sixteenths of an inch wide and three feet long. This piece is placed firmly in the feeding apparatus, and by this arrangement between the knives of the machine.

At each revolution of the balance wheel the knives cut off a small piece from the end of this plate. The piece cut off is pointed at one end, and square for forming the head at the other. It is then carried between two dies by the action of the knives, and these dies coming together form the body of the tack under the head. Enough of the iron projects beyond the face of the dies to form the head and, while held firmly by them, a lever strikes this projecting piece into a round head. This, as we have said before, is all done during one revolution of the balance wheel, and the knives, as soon as the tack drops from the machine, are ready to cut off another piece. These machines are run at the rate of 250 revolutions per minute. The shoe nail machines for cutting headless shoe-nails are run at about 500 revolutions per minute and cut from three to five nails at each revolution. When we think of the number of machines being now run in the United States, viz., about 1,700, and of the quantity tacks and nails they can produce, it is as much of a mystery where they go as it is what becomes of the pins.

The tack maker of fifty or sixty years ago worked as follows: He took a small rod of iron, and after heating it in a charcoal fire, hammered it down so as to make a point, then a small piece was cut off, placed in a vice worked by foot power, and the head formed by a few blows of the hammer.—Scottish American Journal.

A Wonderful Lake.

The greatest wonder in the State of Iowa, and, perhaps, in any other State, is what is called the Walled Lake, in Wright county, twelve miles north of the Dubuque and Pacific Railway, and one hundred and fifty miles west of Dubuque City. The lake is two or three feet higher than the earth's surface. In some places the wall is ten feet high, fifteen feet wide at the bottom and five feet wide on the top. Another fact is the size of the stone used in the construction, the whole of them varying in weight from three tons down to one hundred pounds. There is an abundance of stones in Wright county, but surrounding the lake to the extent of five or ten miles there are none. No one can form an idea of the means employed to bring them to the spot or who constructed it.

Around the entire lake is a belt of woodland half a mile in length, composed of oak. With this exception the country is a rolling prairie. The trees must have been planted there at the time of the building of the wall.

In the spring of the year 1856, there was a great storm, and the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers in the vicinity were obliged to repair the damages to prevent inundation. The lake occupies a ground surface of 2,800 acres; depth of water as great as twenty-five feet. The water is clear and cold, soil sandy and loamy. It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from nor where it goes, yet it is always clear and fresh.

REJOICETH NOT IN INQUIRY.—Among our most cherished memories is that of a Christian lady who would not listen to an evil report; who would say at once to the gossip that brought it: "You may be mistaken; there may be some explanation of the matter; we had better not talk about such things even if we know that they are true. Hasn't that person any noble or amiable traits of character? Hasn't he some good that we can talk about? It is a great deal better for us to converse about pure things than about vile things. If there is really any carrion in our community tainting the air we had better bury it as soon as possible. The sight and smell of it will do no good. It may do us and our children a great deal of harm. I don't want anybody to talk about the faults of others before my little ones. I don't want them to be comforted in their naughtiness by hearing how naughty other people are. And now suppose, instead of talking about these folks and getting our hearts set against them, we go into our closets and pray for them." The spirit of that lady would banish gossip, with all its blighting influence, from society.—Presbyterian.

Rutherford College conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. Walter W. Pharr.

Arrest of the Supposed Murderers of Miss Thompson.

On last Sunday morning, about one mile from Asheville, two men named respectively Paine and Poole were arrested upon advices from Taylorsville that they were the perpetrators of the recent brutal murder in Alexander county. The exact nature of the evidence we have so far been unable to obtain; but it seems that a short time before Miss Thompson was murdered, Paine, who is a reckless character, made inquiries about old Mr. Thompson's money and where he kept it concealed. On the night after the murder was done we understand that he spent the night at the house of an old woman, who saw him place a large bag of silver under his pillow before retiring, and upon seeing that he was observed he told her that he had robbed a horse driver and the money was his booty. Thursday evening, with certain disreputable associates, among whom was Poole, he appeared in Hickory, and the party conducted themselves in so suspicious a manner that many of the merchants, fearing that their stores would be robbed, had them guarded during the entire night. On Friday Paine and Poole took the train for Asheville, whither they were followed on Saturday's train by Mr. J. S. Tomlinson, of Hickory, with a warrant for their arrest. When arrested they became greatly excited and alarmed, and acted in such a manner as greatly to strengthen the already powerful evidence of their guilt. They are now in Taylorsville Jail awaiting further developments. Another arrest has been made, but we have not learned the name of the party.—Char. Dem.

Prerequisites of Success.

Integrity of character and truth are the prerequisites of success in any calling, and especially so in that of the merchant. These are the attributes which never fail to command respect and win admiration. No one fails to appreciate them; and if they "do not pay," in the vulgar sense of the phrase, they bring an amount of satisfaction and peace to the owner that all the wealth of Croesus could not yield. There is no better stock in trade than those principles; no capital goes so far or pays so well, or is so exempt from bankruptcy or loss. When known, they give credit and confidence, and in the hardest times will honor your paper in bank. They will give you an unlimited capital to do business upon, and everybody will endorse your paper, and the general faith of mankind will be your guarantee that you do not fail. Let every young man, upon commencing business, look well to these indispensable elements of success, and defend them as he would the apple of his eye. If inattentive and reckless here, he will imperil everything. Bankruptcy in character is seldom repaired in an ordinary lifetime. A man may suffer in reputation and recover; not so the man who suffers in character. Be just and truthful. Let these be the ruling and predominant principles of your life, and reward will be certain, either in the happiness they bring to your own bosom, or the success which will attend upon all your business operations in life, or both.—The Teacher.

A Journalistic Secret Exposed.

Newspaper readers often express amazement at the quickness and fullness with which the biographies of great men are produced after their death. The New York correspondent of the Buffalo Courier tells how it is done: It was about 1 o'clock a. m., when the dispatch, telling of Disraeli's death, reached the newspaper offices. Some of them were out a few hours later with four or five column obituaries. Of course it was impossible to write them and set them up after the receipt of the news. But there was no need of that. They were already written and set up, and had been "standing" several days, ready for use at a moment's notice. The obituary pigeon-hole is one of the handiest things in a printing office. It contains the very articles that may be wanted when there is no time to write them. Notable persons may die suddenly, even when the newspaper forms are ready to be locked up, and if the obituaries were not ready beforehand the papers would have to go without them. It was what might be called a close shave in the experimenter's case, on account of the news coming in so late. A great deal of matter that was ready for the forms had to be lifted out, for the sketches must go in, no matter what was sacrificed. It has often been said that men would be astonished if they could read their obituaries. The sensation might be enjoyed by scores of prominent persons who possibly are not even thinking of death, if they could get access to the obituary pigeon-holes of the leading newspapers.

Vanderbilt has "a stake in the country." The United States owes him \$300,000,000. There is food for thought there—and people are beginning to think hard.—Raleigh News and Observer.

The Homes of Merry England.

Cagle special: Those of your readers who only know English life from the poems of Mrs. Hemans about the "Cottage Home," the "Merry Homes," the "Stately Homes," and so on, would be taken aback if they were to visit rural England just now. Hundreds of once magnificent estates are now tenantless. In some counties nearly fifty per cent. of the land is out of cultivation; in all farms may be rented for taxes and property is a drug, and the rent rolls are rapidly diminishing. In olden times every Englishman who had made money in business invested it in landed property, with the object of founding a family dynasty. The East Indies, the nabobs, as they were called, spent fabulous sums in the good old days of the rotten boroughs in acquiring estates which brought with them seats in Parliament, and in later times the cotton lords and other captains of industry sunk their fortunes in the manor, assured of a perpetual income and a contented tenantry. All this belongs to a past age. The tenant, manacled by feudal customs and oppressed and big rents, is unable to face American competition and live, and abandons the farm to swell the angry mob in the boroughs. The laborer is no longer satisfied to live from hand to mouth and enjoy the bliss of ignorance. He wants land of his own, and threatens to take it if it is not given to him. He belongs to a union controlled by active propagandists of radicalism, and insists on the franchise, not as a favor, but as a right of which the 'squire and parson have defrauded him through these years. The clergy do not fare much better than the 'squires. Titles are paid grudgingly. The lords, the natural guardians of the Church, are powerless to stay the tide that is washing out the foundations of the establishment, nor can they hope to save in England the rights of property which in Ireland have already gone by the board. Solicitors tell me that for every man who wants to purchase an estate there are a hundred ready to snap at half a bid.

The Knack of Doing Things.

"Some people have the knack of doing these things," said a lady the other day; "while I—well, it is with housekeeping as it used to be with arithmetic—I have no gift. You know there are people who cannot do anything with figures."

Of course there is a difference in people, after due allowance has been made for education, but many would be surprised if they were told that the reason why they cannot do certain things is because they have not really tried. Herein lies the secret of the poor performance of ordinary duties that we frequently see; the woman is content to leave the more serious matters of life as the girl left her arithmetic, with the poor consolation that she is not elected to do anything with figures, and she is likely to regard those able to accomplish creditably the tasks set before them as having a certain mysterious knack, a "slight-of-hand" way of getting along with them. It is wonderful to see how much ingenuity is displayed by some women who, with very little money, are always dressed in perfect taste, and with no apparent effort to keep old furniture from looking shabby, old carpets and curtains fresh and bright, but these things are accomplished by much thought and a great deal of hard work. Nothing helps a person to do things like doing them. One seeing only the result is not very much to blame for thinking them brought about in some magical way. It has sometimes seemed as if more hard brain work was done during house-cleaning and spring-sewing than would suffice to produce a tolerably good history of the State of New York. It would be easier to write a poem than to turn an old carpet so that every spot and worn place will come where it will not get the daily wear and tear, or where it can be covered with a suitable piece of furniture, or to make a new coat for the boy out of the old soiled one of his father's. These efforts of genius will probably never be appreciated, or estimated at their full value; but there is a great discipline to be had from them, which in the great economy of nature must surely count for what it is worth.—N. Y. Evening Post.

There is a tract of country in Butte county, California, about fifteen miles long by half a mile in width, where lightning strikes trees nearly every time a cloud passes over. Out of this strip there is no such damage. The line can plainly be traced by dead timber. As many as three fires have been caused by lightning in this one single storm.

"Why is it," asked a lady, "that people lose their interest in church-going nowadays?" "Because they have lost their principle," was the witty reply.