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THE PRESS JOB DEPARTMENT is supplied with all necessary material and fully prepared to do work with NEATNESS, DISPATCH and at the VERY LOWEST PRICE.

The Gilt Mask.

Two young noblemen were seated on the piazza of a palace in Seville. 'What you tell me, Eustace, said the elder, 'is sufficiently romantic to have originated in the brain of the Knight of la Mancha.'

'Yes; you know how I have been one of the favored suitors of Blanche La Meda, the handsomest and wildest woman in Seville. I thought my heart was given up to her—but the mysterious mask I encountered at the Duke's ball charmed me.'

'Faithful Eustace!' cried his companion, laughing. 'Doubtless you adore both Blanche and the mask, who refused to show her face. "This hard to choose, I fear."

'It would so appear, for yesterday I received a note warning me that I had incurred the hatred of lady Blanche, and that I must be on guard against assassins. Last night, as I was returning home, on passing under the piazza of the Marquis D'Almonte, an assassin sprang from behind a pillar, and would undoubtedly have murdered me had not a slight boy-like figure interposed to ward off the blow. "The cowardly villain then fled, but when I turned to thank my deliverer she had fled."

'Yes; for, though I got but a momentary glimpse of her, yet the shape of the figure, and the long tresses which had fallen from beneath the cap she wore, convinced me that I had been saved by a woman. Although the note I had received was unsigned, yet it was written in a delicate female hand. Can I doubt that my savior and the mask are one?'

'Well, then your course is plain. Discover your innamorata, and if she is worthy of you, marry her. It is plain that she loves you.'

'It is impossible; the estates of the De Leons and the DelMontes join together. The Marquis Del Monte has a daughter Maria, said to be very beautiful, but I have not seen her for years. In early life we were betrothed, and our marriage is inevitable.'

Fernando remained buried in deep thought for a few minutes. At length he said:

'Eustace, you must crush this strange attachment for one whom you have never seen. Your honor is pledged, and you must wed this Del Monte. To avoid temptation you must quit Seville. A month's absence will efface the memory of this unknown, who is doubtless some intriguing adventurer. I will accompany you on a visit to your father's estate. Let us leave to-morrow.'

'Your counsel is hard, Fernando,' said Eustace, with emotion, 'but I feel it is for the best. I will even do as you say.'

The next day, to the great surprise of the good people of Seville, the gayest young gallants in the town, Eustace De Leon and Fernando D'Artois had disappeared.

A couple of days' ride, and Eustace was once more domiciled beneath the roof of his forefathers, to the great delight of the Count. The latter also, cordially welcomed the friend of his son. The Marquis Del Monte called over during the morning, and was surprised and pleased to meet Eustace.

After dinner Eustace accompanied the Marquis to visit his betrothed. The old gentleman, after conducting him to the entrance of her boudoir, merely said:

'Maria, your old playmate, Eustace De Leon, and pushing him in, retired, leaving the young folks to their tête à tête.'

Maria was engaged in embroidery when she was so unceremoniously disturbed. She arose and bowed rather coldly to Eustace, saying:

'A fair evening, Senor.'

As Eustace gazed upon the lovely girl he fell madly and desperately in love, and all thoughts of lady Blanche and the strange mask quitted his mind, as with trembling limbs he sank on his knees and declared his passion.

'Are you sure,' replied she, mischievously, 'that you love me as much as you say?'

'Can you doubt me?' he asked.

'But lady Blanche La Meda! Is it possible that you have already forgotten her? That argues ill for your constancy.'

'Pshaw, Maria, I know not where you learned of my flirtation with Blanche; but be assured that she is not the kind of person I could love.'

'Well, I believe you, Eustace; but there is still another.'

'Nay, there you wrong me, said Eustace, decidedly.

'Oh, faithless one!' she exclaimed, with a mischievous laugh; 'then

you have already forgotten your innamorata, and preserver, with the mask?'

Eustace blushed as he replied: 'I see you have heard of my foolish attachment for one whose face I have never seen. But Maria, although I was fascinated by the air of mystery which surrounded her, I have never yet felt toward any female the same tender attachment I have for you.'

'What need to further pry into the secrets of the young couple? Suffice it that when they separated Eustace had Maria's promise that the happy day should not be far distant; but as he rode home he was deeply puzzled to know how she had discovered his former peccadillo.'

A few days after Maria took a fancy to spending a few weeks in Seville. As her will was virtually law, it was not long ere the DelMontes and De Leons were ensconced in their town residences.

A few days after their arrival there was a brilliant masquerade to be given. Maria expressed a wish to attend, and Eustace offered to accompany her; but her reply was that her father would accompany her; and that she would defy him to recognize her. He declared it to be impossible, and in return determined to disguise himself so as to prevent detection.

Well, the eventful night came, and Eustace was there early. Earnestly he searched the room with his eyes, but although there were pretty girls in every disguise, he could nowhere behold the graceful form of his beloved. It was late; the guests had all arrived, and Eustace feared that something had deterred Maria from attending. He was about to leave the saloon when a French shepherdess, a new arrival, brushed by him, attracting his attention. Her mask was a peculiar one, different from the black and white usually worn. It was a gilt one, beautifully chased, and in the corner of the forehead contained a small silver star. It was the mask of the unknown, who had once saved his life. His strange affection for her suddenly returned, and forgetting his anxiety about Maria, he hastened to her side and soon led her to the dance. She conversed freely with him, though evidently in an assumed tone. Still he thought at times that her voice was strangely familiar.

After the dance the Mask excused herself for a moment and retired to an ante-room. Eustace waited some time patiently for her to appear, but at length a thought struck him, and he hastily entered. The only occupant was a Greek Fisher Girl, whose features were hidden by a white silk mask.

'My good girl,' said he, 'can you tell me which way a little French Shepherdess took?'

'Senor De Leon seems to take a strange interest in that mysterious mask of his,' was the somewhat bitter reply.

'Maria?' exclaimed Eustace, astonished, 'you here?'

'Aye; you might have found me sooner had not your eyes been dazzled by the gilt mask.'

'I assure you, Maria, that I searched earnestly for you.'

'It is of little consequence,' she replied coldly. 'I must go now.—I shall be happy to hear your excuses at some future period: at present, adios!' and she was gone ere he could reply.

Eustace sat down, feeling very miserable. His conduct was a sort of mystery to himself. While he felt that he had loved Maria as well as man ever loved woman, yet once in the presence of the Mask and he had eyes, or ears for none else. He came to the conclusion that he was the most false and fickle of his sex; and while in this enviable state of mind he sought his hat and coat and left the saloon.

As he was about leaving the room a hand was laid upon his arm, and turning, he beheld the gilt mask—this time covering the features of the same boy who had before saved his life. The mask thrust a note in his hand and then disappeared in the crowd. The note ran as follows:

'If the Senor is really anxious to solve the mystery of one he pretends to care for, he shall be gratified. Let him call to-morrow at the old Palais de Roi, and he will discover who it is.'

Eustace re-read the note, and as he was driven home he determined he would fathom the mystery which encircled the Mask. Accordingly the next morning found him at the appointed locality. He was conducted by a very ancient housekeeper to a boudoir, the fittings of which although they were rich, were old and faded. Here the housekeeper left him to announce his coming, and for some time he remained alone.

At length he heard a light foot-fall, and the page who had once preserved him entered. Eustace seized the little hand of the pretended boy and pressed it to his lips.

'At last I am to know thy secret, fair lady?'

'Stop a moment, Senor. Before I reveal my countenance will thou give thy word that thou lovest but me?'

The tones of the lady were evidently assumed.

A mingled look of shame and pain overclouded the countenance of the young man as he replied: 'Senorita, I feel that you will despise me, but I cannot give you the pledge you require. While in your presence I feel as though madly in love with you. Yet I experience the same feelings towards my betrothed, Maria Del Monte. Truly I feel that I am the most faithless of men, and an unworthy of the love of either of you.'

'You have at least one virtue, Senor—you are candid.'

'Well, your answer; am I still doomed to ignorance?'

'You shall learn in a few moments; for the present, excuse me. She left the room, and for a few moments Eustace remained brooding moodily. He heard not the light step that approached until he was startled by a voice which thrilled through every vein.

'Well, Senor De Leon, do you recognize me now?'

'Maria!' he exclaimed, starting to his feet.

'Nay, the gilt mask!' was the reply, in the old assumed tones. Eustace gazed a moment doubtfully, then replied: 'I see the whole scheme, Maria. You cannot deceive me longer. I can now understand my strange attachment for the Mask.'

The next moment the blushing girl was elated in his arms. A little explanation soon cleared the mystery. Maria had spent the winter with her aunt, who lived near Seville. She frequently spent days in the town with her friend, Blanche La Meda, who was really a good-hearted girl. It was she who had persuaded Maria to adopt the mask. The warning note and rescue were merely a little plot of the girl's to win the young man's gratitude. His sudden departure frustrated their plans and compelled Maria's hasty return home. Maria's father was cognizant to the plot, and Eustace vowed it was not strange that he should have fallen a victim to the Mask.

Who Succeeds. Evidently the man who tries!

'Try' is the golden key that unlocks the strongest doors and reveals the hidden treasures. It laughs at difficulties, at opposition, finds success in failure, victory in defeat and triumph in every conflict. It spans the deepest chasm, bridges the largest rivers, tunnels the highest mountains, and by tiny connecting wires brings continents within a few seconds of each other. It has given to the world the greatest discoveries, the most wonderful inventions, and the most useful men. The world will never forget many of its worthies who have arisen from humble callings to a place among the wisest and best.

Roger Sherman, who was a member of the first Congress, was once a shoe maker. Franklin, the philosopher and statesman was a poor printer boy. Elisha Barnitt, the mathematician was a blacksmith. These men became great by dint of their own effort. They were self-made men. And is not every great man a self-made man. He knows, better than any one else, how he climbed the ladder. Some begin on lower rounds than others, but all go up the same way, "round by round."

Men do what they want to do. "Where there's a will there's a way." None ever make life more of a success than they expect to make it. Then how important to keep the courage up!—keep trying.

'What purpose have you?'

'Life is real, life is earnest.' Aim high. Keep your ideal above you. Look towards it, aim at it, hit. There can be no failure. When his boatmen despaired of reaching land, Caesar inspired them by shouting, 'Never fear, you carry Caesar.' Have confidence in your purposes, yourself—and your God.

You have a better, higher inspiration, than any General could bring to bear upon his men. Be true.—Be good.—Be right. Assert yourself in all good things. A slave is known even by his songs,—how full of bondage his plaintive minor air. Let the sunshine, and genial air of happiness pervade your whole life! Develop mind and body.—Educate yourself! Mental discipline makes superiority. Seek wis-

dom, and remember that as the body so the mind does not become fully grown in one day. It was after six defeats that the seventh battle gave Bruce of Scotland the final victory.

'Get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding, and remember there is no success without effort.'

Down on the Moon. THE LUNAR WONDER UNVEILED BY THE ADVANCED SUNGLASS.

(From the Rochester Express.) A Rochester Journalist who visited Prof. Swift, the other evening and had a view of the moon, says: 'The telescope, with a power of thirty-six diameters, was turned upon the moon. At first the flood of light was blinding, and the view was but cursory. The moon looked like a shield of embossed silver—the shield of Achilles—hung by his goddess mother in the azure of the heavens. Prof. Swift looked over the field and noticed as he looked many of the interesting points, and suggested that we follow the sunrise on the moon. On the moon the dawn advanced at the rate of ten miles an hour, lighting up new fields and furnishing to him an ever changing panorama. Still, there is naught but desolation, yawning craters, and sharp peaks of volcanic mountains and circular walls with perpendicular sides that surround deep pits.—The moon is dead to all appearance—burned out wit volcanic fires.—No water laves the desolate and rugged shores of its great sea bottoms. But in the gray plains where some astronomers think an ocean once spread, craters are seen with perpendicular walls.

The gray plains can be seen with the naked eye, forming what is called "the man in the moon," on a map like the eastern continent.—Under the telescope we would trace what seem at first to be shore lines on the borders of this plain. On closer inspection, instead of wave-washed sand, these lines appeared to be but rounded steps formed by successive lava bursts spreading over the plain and making, by the lessening flow, the gradual exhaustion of the volcanic force. From one of the largest craters rise three volcanic cones, the summits of which are tipped with sunlight before the floor of the crater is lighted. In another large crater two cones arise. From the larger craters rays spread out, as though the volcanic force cracked the firm crust in its upheaval, injecting the broken surface ridges of dazzling in white lava, that spread out like the arms of cuttle-fish covering a vast surface.

The Stolen Telegrams. The Potter Committee has very properly directed its earliest inquiries to the larceny by which the dispatches were obtained, assorted, examined, manipulated and published.

It is a piece of secret history which is disgraceful to all the participants. It is fully established by the testimony that the Morrison Committee of the House committed no theft and violated no confidence. A careful list was made of all the telegrams it received, and when they were returned to the Western Union Company a comparison was made with the list and the telegrams duly receipted for. There was a much larger batch of telegrams, some thirty thousand in number, which was delivered to the Senate Committee on Elections in obedience to a subpoena, and a deceitful pretence was made of returning them. They were sent to Washington in a trunk, and the same trunk was sent back, with an attempt to convey an impression that it was returned with all its original contents. That pretence is proved to have been a falsehood.—The contents of the trunk had been furtively searched and a large number of the telegrams stolen. Quite aside from the partisan uses made of that theft the transaction was infamous—deserving the same scorn as a tampering with letters in the Post Office. It is now in evidence that the sneaking theft by which certain telegrams were selected and retained, and the others restored to the trunk was perpetrated by Republicans. The motive of the theft was to make party capital, and that motive explains the nature of the proceeding. Democratic dispatches were kept for publication, and such Republican dispatches as might offset them, culled out and destroyed. There is proof that some Republican dispatches were covertly taken out of the telegraph office and given up previous to the issue of any subpoenas. The president of the company was so ashamed of his order to that effect that he directed it to be burnt. The people who examined and sorted

the contents of the trunk had shame but no scruples. They sought out damaging Republican dispatches to destroy, or hide them, and damaging Democratic dispatches to convey to publication. When this use had been made of the preserved dispatches they were conveyed by stealth to the private office of General Butler in his absence and left there. The girls who stole Mr. Stewart's body did not conduct their operations with more studied secrecy or display.

FOREIGN SKETCHES. Street Life in Pekin. It is scarcely possible to imagine, without having witnessed it, the scene which the commercial streets of Pekin exhibit every day. The busy, bustling crowd, the horses, mules, carriages, hand-barrows and sedan-chairs, all mixed in inextricable confusion, and amongst them the itinerant dealers, some with hampers containing the stock-in-trade suspended around their necks, others standing before portable stoves, on which they cook the viands they vend. These and the many others are to be seen in the streets, not silently offering their wares, but endeavoring to attract the attention of possible buyers by shrill, ear-piercing cries, and loudly vaunting the low price and superior quality of the commodities. The barber with his little bell loudly summons all who have not performed their toilets to be shaved in the open air. He motions his customer to a low seat, with one turn of the hand lathers his head, and dexterously performs with his triangular razor; he then paints his eye-brows and adjusts his queue, brushes his garments, and receiving a small fee, sends him away satisfied. Often a crowd collects to listen to a story-teller or a singer, to watch the tricks of a conjuror, or to hear of the marvellous properties possessed by certain drugs and remedies sold by cautious quacks; but suddenly there is a stir amongst the assemblage, which hurriedly disperses or draws to one side, leaving room for the passage of some grandee, who, seated in his chair, and surrounded by a numerous cortege, expects all inferiors to make way at his presence. Guards of soldiers are stationed day and night in the principal thoroughfares, with strict orders to use their whips upon all, without distinction, who are disorderly or betray the slightest inclination to quarrel; besides this, every street is divided into sections of ten houses, which are each under the surveillance of one of the inhabitants, deputed by the authorities to fill the office of tithing-man. As soon as night falls, each household, be he rich or poor, mandarin or mechanic, must light the lantern which stands at his door. At both ends of each street there is a wooden barrier which is closed at dark, and sentries posted at these barriers will permit of neither ingress or egress unless the applicant carries a letter and can show good cause for his absence from home.—Watchmen patrol the streets during the whole night, who instead of crying the hour, show their vigilance by striking a bamboo tube every few minutes, causing a dull, hollow sound, which it takes Europeans sometime to become acquainted with and sleep through.

Travelling in Japan. A long ride on a Japanese pack horse is an epoch in the life of any traveller. As the animals are shod with straw, and as the roads are very rough, they never attempt anything beyond a walk, even with the most violent indolence. The traveller is perched high up in a hard pillow, in a sort of valley, the sides of which are composed of his luggage, spare hats, shoes, girths and straps rolled into bundles; his legs are doubled so that his knees touch his chin, and the sensation is like that of being on the back of a camel. Thus placed, he must perform his journey, or, as an alternative, he may be driven in the Kago or litter. This may either be a basket slung on a pole or a regular box with doors and sliding shutters. The litters of men of rank, such as once were frequent enough in the town of Yedo, but which have gone the way of so many remnants of old Japan, were of ten small rooms, gorgeously decorated and painted; but the litters which the ordinary traveller must use are of the basket type, and are provokers of suffering and misery, are seated only to the pack-horse. To the native, whose normal position when not standing or sleeping is squatting on the heels of his feet, a confinement of several hours in a Kago, with scarcely a change of position, is no hardship, but to the European the agony of sitting cramped up in an arm-chair, with legs cramped, tucked in or huddled together for an indefinite time, it must be actually suffered to be appreciated. Temporary relief may be obtained by sitting with the legs hanging over the sides; but in this case they either graze the ground or come in contact with the huge bundles with which the road is littered; or by

retreating about ten feet, when they strike against the coals; or by stopping altogether and walking, which means loss of time, but which is the only efficacious method of escaping the pangs of cramp. The Kago, however, which more rapid than the pack horse, and far more economical. The coolies are well trained, were Scotch stalwart fellows, a mile for a pace, covering easily their five or six miles an hour, and resting but rarely. The motion, however, is very unpleasant, and is apt, like that of a spring, to make the passenger sick.

Rare Diamonds. The extraordinary loss by the Countess of Dudley a few years since, at a railway station in London, of jewels and chiefly of diamonds, valued at more than \$100,000 in gold, through the carelessness of an attendant, brings out into striking light the extent of the investments made in this way by the rich and great in the Old World. These diamonds, enormous as their value must seem to be when compared with that of the finest jewels owned by opulent persons in this country, were yet but a portion of the "Dudley jewels," famous now throughout Europe. Lord Dudley, who was one of the wealthiest landed proprietors in Great Britain, has been for years a collector of gems and precious stones. At the World's Fair of 1867, in Paris, he allowed one of the leading jewelers to exhibit for him a single set of sapphires and brilliants, belonging to his wife, which was valued at no less than \$40,000 in gold. Yet the "Dudley jewels," costly as they are, are by no means the finest private collection in Great Britain. The Duke of Westminster and of Sutherland, and Mr. Hope, are all understood to possess more and finer diamonds than the Earl of Dudley. The Duke of Westminster owns one stone, the Nassau diamond, a triangular jewel with rounded facets, of the weight of seventy-eight and five-eighths carats, which rivals in splendor as in size one of the most superb gems in the richest royal treasuries. The Nassau diamond was originally taken by the Marquis of Hastings, the Lord Flawdum of our own revolutionary war, in the conquest of the Deccan in India. It weighs above twenty carats more than the famous Sancy diamond, of the Duke of Burgundy, and is but little smaller than the scarcely less famous "Shah," presented by Cosroes, the son of Abbas Mirza, Shah of Persia, to the Emperor of Russia.

The Shivering South. An Alabama correspondent of the Philadelphia Times says: "The edge of winter has lapped over and covered the hills, lagoons and pine barrens of the "sunny South" with a mantle of snow, and for the first time in a generation the natives of the Gulf States have enjoyed the luxury and novelty of a snowfalling-bout. It is impossible to present an adequate description of the excitement produced in South Georgia and Upper Florida, when Sunday morning revealed the unwonted scene."

At Jacksonville and along the St. John's river the storm took the form of sleet, covering every exposed object with a strong coating of ice and rendering the streets impassable. The hotel men, without the usual scene with alarm, and the invalid guests gazed from their windows despairingly, for their fancied security from chills had been gone. Those interested in orange culture at all points north of Florida have grown and well founded fears for the safety of not only the fruit now on the trees, but for young groves planted three or four years. Time can only demonstrate the havoc wrought, in this direction. The hotel men have at least the consolation of knowing that the intense cold at the North will force an unusually large number of people to seek the milder States, and thus compensate them for the present desolated effect the present weather must have upon their guests. The latter generally take the affliction good-naturedly, and admit that, according to the rules of change, a repetition of this experience is hardly likely to occur again this winter. Many ludicrous stories are told of the effect of the snowy visitation upon the people and animals of these regions.

Denizens of the woodlands came into the towns by scores to report the wonderful sight, only to find the game universal. In the language of a citizen, "it only needed a bob-sled and fur cap on the street to clear out a town and convince the natives that the day of judgment had come."

One old lady is credited with having filled a trunk with the stuff, to keep as a curiosity, and an aged negro avows the acquaintance at a favorite hotel with appeals for them to "look out in winter an' see de dreadful heavy frost comin' down in chunks."

Those generally refused to step from their stables. The stables today in some cities, and the overcoats of antique and curious pattern, which the emergency has called into service are again required to the limbo of things that were.

NEWS ITEMS. Machinery. The machinery for the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia, which originally cost \$50,000, was sold at auction Saturday. There were only five bidders, and it was knocked down to W. C. Allison & Co., for \$25,000.

Citizens of Orange, Va., and vicinity, have shipped a car load of four to Glasgow, Scotland, for the relief of the unemployed and distressed in that city. Free transportation was furnished to New York by the railroad companies, and from there to Glasgow by the Anchor Line Steamship Company.

Miss Jackson, the daughter of the Alexandria hotel-keeper, who killed Col. Ellsworth, of the Zouaves, in 1862, was kept in a Treasury Department place at Washington, by Col. Mosby until he left for Hong Kong. Since his departure Miss Jackson has lost her place.

The public debt statement for February 1 shows an increase in the debt for the preceding month of \$2,751,980, cash in Treasury \$332,450,633; legal-tenders outstanding \$346,743,031; total, without interest, \$433,908,496; total debt, \$456,321,186; total interest, \$23,054,699.

The Atlanta (Ga.) board of trade puts its foot down firmly against the compromise by which Southern men sneak out of paying their debt. Its members have signed an agreement to settle with no creditor for less than 100 cents on the dollar, unless providential causes make it utterly impossible for him to pay in full.

Zach Chandler wants to get back into the Senate. Judge Christiancy is in his way. Hayes nominates Judge Christiancy as Minister to Peru, thus clearing the way. Zach Chandler is a stalwart Grant man, and Hayes is perfectly aware of the fact. So is Mr. Evans, who has not hitherto been rated as a Grant man, stalwart or otherwise.

The Washington correspondent of the Richmond State says: "The wish of Senator Bruce, Mississippi's colored Senator, has been but slightly retarding the calls of the ladies who placed her on their whistling list recently. She is very light colored, and looks quite stylish in her handsome visiting suit. She wears a white hat, and a white veil over her face."

Four steamers sailed for Europe from New York on Saturday. They were heavily loaded, and could not take all the freight offered. The following are the aggregates: Grain, 70,000 packages; butter, 5,562 boxes; bacon, 2,120 barrels and 1,900 sacks flour. The Australia, of the Anchor Line, had on board 140 head of cattle and 600 sheep, all of which underwent a rigid inspection by veterinary surgeons before they were put on board.

There is manifested by both parties, some hesitation in holding the forty or fifty million necessary to carry out the provisions of the pension arrears law. The vote by which the bill was passed was substantially unanimous in both Houses, but there appears to be entire unanimity in the dread of Congress to vote the necessary money. The act should be repealed or the money provided to carry it out.

Unquestionably, if Congress adjourns without doing one of these things, Mr. Hayes will call an extra session.

A telegram from Fort Robinson, Neb., Jan. 31, says: "At noon to-day it was discovered by the sentinel guarding the building wherein "Wildling," the Cheyenne chief, is confined heavily frosted, that the Indian was lying on the ground covered with blood, having stabbed himself in four places in the region of the heart, with the intention of putting an end to his life rather than be taken south. The post surgeon announces the wounds very dangerous, if not fatal. Thirty-five bullets and twenty-two children left this morning for Pine Ridge again, and will be turned over to the agent at that agency as their natural protectors."

Senator Stewart of California, has introduced a bill in the Senate to divide the people of the territory of Dakota to organize a State Government within that territory and apply for admission into our family of States as the thirty-ninth. It is claimed that the population of Dakota comprises at least 200,000 persons, and that it will require 1,000 before the legislation necessary to admit the new State is completed. The area of the proposed State is very large for 100 towns for such a small population. Texas has a population of probably two millions and an area nearly double that of Dakota, but, although the treaty of annexation provided for the constitution of five States within its limits as soon as the population would justify such subdivision, it is probable that the Chicago, St. Louis and other journals, comprising a very early State of Dakota, admitted with its 100,000 people, would raise a great outcry if it were attempted to make one State with a population of a million, and not of Texas.