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MODERN RULES. Put on airs of an eight-eyed fate, If you're only a pony whistler; Pass where you can for a garden rose, If you're only a wayside thistle. Blow, whenever you blow your horn, So people can understand That you may be sharp, but won't be fat, In society's great brass band. Pass the hat or plate in church With the usual Sabbath air; But move with a mild religious squeak, That people may know you're there. If you carry a nose six inches long (And a book can scarce be longer); Believe it a sign of conceit strong, And the longer it is the stronger. But if in the order of nasal tubes Your organ is brief in measure, Then, brevity being the soul of wit, Consider your pug a treasure. Love your neighbor, but mark the force Of the Gospel rule of grace; The more you admire yourself, my friend, The higher your neighbor's place. Think your dinner the deacon's pan, As if you were throwing gold; And give with eye to the business hope, Of reaping a hundred fold. Whether your reading is little or great; Give light or give quiet; Polish your apples, though down in the heel, And never endorse a note. Always advance best hand best foot (Best hand best foot your own), And do this you may feast on the fat of the land While others enjoy the bone. —Pacific Christian Messenger.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT. STANLEY'S EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA. The following extracts from a new book by Henry M. Stanley, the African Explorer, will be found very interesting; and the account of his adventures in the wilds of Africa is well told and much light is thrown on the fascinating subject of African travel. "Before I sailed from England over twelve hundred letters were received from 'generals,' 'colonels,' 'lieutenants,' 'midshipmen,' 'engineers,' 'commissioners of hotels,' 'mechanics,' 'waiters,' 'cooks,' 'servants,' and some bodies and nobodies, spiritual mediums and magnetizers, etc., etc. They all knew Africa, were perfectly acclimated, were quite sure the world please me, would do me important services, save me from any number of troubles by their ingenuity and resources, take me up in balloons or by flying carriages, make us all invisible by their magic arts, or by the 'science of magnetism,' would cause all savages to fall asleep while we might pass any where without trouble. In fact, I feel sure that had money enough been at my disposal at that time, I might have had 5,000 Englishmen, 6,000 Americans, 2,000 Frenchmen, 2,000 Germans, 500 Italians, 250 Swiss, 200 Belgians, fifty Spaniards and five Greeks, or 15,000 Europeans, to Africa. But the time did not arrive to depopulate Europe, and colonize Africa, on such a scale, and I was compelled to respectfully decline accepting the valuable services of the applicants, and to content myself with Francis, John and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker, whose services had been second only to his mother on my return from America." Nor did Stanley's troubles in this line end here. The following him persistently to Zanibar.

DEPARTURES. Several of the men were this clamorous to go not a few weakened after they had fairly started. To quote Stanley: "Desertions from the expedition had been frequent. At first, Kacheche, the chief detective, and his gang of four men, who had received their instructions to follow us day's journey behind, endeavored to recapture sixteen of the deserters; but the cunning Wanyawana and Wanyamwezi soon discovered this resource of mine against their well-known freaks, and, instead of striking east or north as they had done, they had detected the road before dawn, several hundred yards away from the camp, who were hidden to be in wait in the bush, until the expedition had started, and in this manner we succeeded in repressing to some extent the disposition to desert, and arrested very many men on the point of escaping; but even this was not adequate. Fifty had abandoned us before reaching Mpwapwa, taking with them the advances they had received, and often their guns, on which our safety might depend. Several able men and women also had to be left behind, and it was evident that the very wisest methods failed to bind the people to their duties. The best of treatment and abundance of provisions daily distributed were alike insufficient to induce such faithless natures to be loyal. However, we persisted, and as often as we failed in one we tried another. Had all these men remained loyal to their contract and promises, we should have been too strong for any force to attack us, as our numbers must necessarily have commanded respect in lands and among tribes where only power is respected."

SICKNESS AND STARVATION. Not only did desertions thin out the little party, but starvation and sickness did their share in depleting the ranks. In speaking of the fight that took place almost at the outset of the journey, Stanley says: "On the morning of the 24th we waited patiently in our camp. Why should we attack? We were wretched enough as it was without seeking to add to our wretchedness. We numbered only seven very effective men, for all the others were invalids, frightened porters, women donkey boys and children. The sick list was alarming, but, try how we might, the number was not to be reduced. While we lived from hand to mouth on a few bunches of corn a day, after a month's experience of famine fare, our plight must not only remain pitiable, but become worse. We were therefore in a mood to pray that we might not be attacked, but permitted to leave the camp in safety."

PANTOMIME. Readers of Irving's charming biography of Columbus will remember how he procured provisions from the Indians by predicting an eclipse of the moon. Stanley describes here how he played upon the credulity of the negroes: "We had reserved one banana and a piece of cassava, on a few bunches of corn, and our stomachs with us. An appropriate gesture with the banana to the north, and a gentle fondling with a puckered stomach, would, we thought, be a manner of expressing extreme want, eloquent enough to penetrate the gross body of a crocodile. We came opposite the village at thirty yards' distance, and dropped our

stone anchor, and I stood up with my ragged old helmet pushed back far, that they might scrutinize my face, and the lines of assuasion be properly seen. With the banana in one hand, and a gleaming armlet of copper and beads of various colors in the other, I began the pantomime. I once know an idiot in Brusa, Asia Minor, who entertained me for a pen in much the same dumb strain that I implored the assembled hundreds of Rubungs to relax that sullen sternness, that uncompromising aspect, that savage front, and yield to the captivating influence of fair and honest barter. I clashed the copper bracelets together, lovingly handled the bright gold-brown of the shining armlet, exposed with all my best grace of manner long necklaces of bright and clean *Cypraea moneta*, and allured their attention with beads of the brightest color. Nor were the polished folds of yellow brass wire omitted; and again the banana was lifted to my open mouth. Then, with suspense, I paused, as if, what a saint-like air of resignation! Ah, yes! but I think I may be pardoned for all that degrading pantomime. I had a number of hungry, half-wild children; and through a cannibal world we had ploughed to reach these unsophisticated children of nature.

A FIGHT WITH THE NATIVES. Many are the accounts of battles and skirmishes with which the pages of "Through the Dark Continent" are interlarded. We give as indicative of a description of one fight, that below the confluence of the Livingstone and Aruviri Rivers. "At 2 P. M., heralded by savage shouts from the wasp swarm, which from some cause or other are unusually exultant, we emerge out of the shelter of the deeply wooded banks in presence of a vast affluence, nearly two thousand yards across at the mouth. As soon as we have entered its waters, we see a great concourse of canoes hovering about some islets, which stud the middle of the stream. The canoes, men, standing, gave a loud shout as they discern us, and blow their horns louder than ever. We patently on to gain the right bank, and come in view of the right branch of the affluent, when, looking up stream, we see a sight that sends the blood tingling through every nerve and fiber of the body, arouses not only our most lively interest, but also our most lively apprehension—a flotilla of gigantic canoes bearing down upon us which both in size and numbers utterly eclipse anything encountered hitherto! Instead of aiming for the right bank, we form in line, and keep straight down the river, the boat taking position behind us, a moment's reflection, as we note the numbers of the savages and the daring manner of the pursuit, and the apparent desire of our canoes to abandon the steady compact line, I give the order to drop anchor. Four of our canoes affect not to listen, until I chase them and threaten them with my rifle. This compelled them to return to the line, which is formed of eleven double canoes, anchored ten yards apart. The boat moves up to the front and takes position fifty yards above them. The shields are next lifted by the non-combatants, men, women and children in the bows, and along the outer lines, as well as astern, and from behind the muskets and rifles are aimed. We have sufficient time to take a view of the mighty force bearing down on us, and to count the number of the war vessels which have been second only to his mother on my return from America."

THE VILLAGE OF SKULLS. We must close the account with the following relating to a village of skulls: "The most singular feature of Kampanza village was two rows of skulls ten feet apart, running along the entire length of the village. The skulls were placed in a deep in the ground, the 'cerebral hemispheres' uppermost, bleached, and glistening white from weather. The skulls were 186 in number in this one village. To me they appeared to be human, though many were so small as to be mistaken for those of a monkey. The skulls were in the posterior lobes, either of the parietal bones, and the frontal bones were unusually low and retreating; yet the sutures and the general aspect of the greatest number of them were so similar to what I have seen in the skulls of man. The skulls were in the posterior lobes, either of the parietal bones, and the frontal bones were unusually low and retreating; yet the sutures and the general aspect of the greatest number of them were so similar to what I have seen in the skulls of man. The skulls were in the posterior lobes, either of the parietal bones, and the frontal bones were unusually low and retreating; yet the sutures and the general aspect of the greatest number of them were so similar to what I have seen in the skulls of man."

THE GUILLOTINE. EXECUTION OF THE LAWYER AND DOCTOR WHO KILLED AND DISSECTED A MILK-WOMAN. The clock strikes four. The attendant sits around the guillotine smoking and waiting for the hour. They have the water into foam, and raising the jets of water with their sharp prows, I turn to take a last look at our people, and say to them: "Boys, be firm as iron; wait until you see the first spear, and then take good aim. Don't fire all at once. Keep aiming until you are ordered to fire. Don't think of running away, for only your guns can save you. Our blood is up now. It is a murderous world, and we feel for the first time that we hate the filthy, voracious ghouls who inhabit it. We, therefore, fire our rifles and pursue them up stream along the right bank, until rounding a point we see their villages. We make straight for the banks, and continue the fight in the village streets with those who have landed, hunt them into the woods, and there only sound the retreat has returned the daring cannibals the compliment of a visit. TROUBLES OF TRAVEL. The difficulties of travel that beset the explorer are graphically related in the following extract: "The constant slush and reek which the heavy dews caused in the forest through which we had to pass, and the fact that I had worn my shoes out, and half of the march I traveled with naked feet. I had then to draw out of my store my last pair of shoes. Yet we were still in the very center of the continent. What should we do when all were gone? was a question which we asked of each other often. The faces of the people, Arabs, Wangwanas, Wanyamwezi and the escort were quite a sight at this camp. All their courage was oozing out, as day by day we plodded through the doleful, dreary forest. We saw python ten feet long, a green viper and a monstrous puff-adder on this march, besides scores of monkeys, of the white-necked or glossy black species, as well as the small gray and the large howling baboons. We heard, also, the 'soko' or chimpanzee, and saw one 'nest' belonging to it in the fork of a tall bamboo. A lemur was also observed; its loud, harsh cries made each night hideous.

The path presented myriads, black and brown, six inches in length; while beetles were innumerable, and armies of dead brown "hot-water" ants compelled us to be cautious how we stepped. The difficulties of such travel as we had now commenced may be imagined when a short march of six miles and a half occupied the twenty-four men who were carrying the boat sections an entire day, and so fatigued them that we had to halt another day at Wang-Kirumbu, to recruit their exhausted strength. The terrible undergrowth that here encrossed all the space under the shade of the pillared bombax and mast-like mule was a miracle of vegetation. It consisted of ferns, spear-grass, water-cane, and orchidaceous plants, mixed with wild vines, cable-thick of the *Pleurosticta*, and a sprinkling of mimosa, acacias, tamarinds, lianes, palms of various species, wild date, *Raphia vinifera*, the elias, the fan, rattans, and a hundred other plants, all struggling for every inch of space, and forming a dense and impenetrable ordinary hot-house atmosphere could nourish. We had certainly seen forests before, but this scene was an epoch in our lives ever to be remembered for its bitterness; the gloom enhanced the misery of our life; the slopping moisture, the unhealthy reeking atmosphere, and the monotony of the scenes; nothing but the eternal interlarded branches, the tall aspirating stems, rising from a tangle through which we had to hew our way, crawl like wild animals, on hands and feet.

THE MECHANIC ARTS IN AFRICA. But not all of Africa is benighted, as the following extract will show: "At Wang-Kirumbu we found a large native forge and smithy, where there were about a dozen smiths busily at work. The iron ore is very pure. Here were the broad-bladed spears of Southern Uregga, and the quality of the iron was of all sizes, from the small waist-knife, an inch and a half in length, to the heavy Roman sword-like cleaver. The bellows for the smelting furnace are four in number, double-handled, and manned by four men, who, by a quick up-and-down motion, supply a powerful blast of air, which is heard nearly half a mile from the scene. The furnace consists of tamped clay, raised into a mound about four feet high. A hollow is then excavated in it, two feet in diameter and two feet deep. From the top of the mound a narrow passage is excavated into the base of the furnace, into which are fitted funnel-shaped earthenware pipes to convey the blasts to the fire. At the base of the mound a wide aperture for the hearth is excavated, penetrating below the furnace. The hearth receives the iron ore and charcoal, with a supply of fuel, and about two yards off was a smaller smithy, where the iron was shaped into hammers, axes, war-hatches, spears, knives, swords, wire, iron balls with spikes, leglets, armlets, and iron beads. The work of the blacksmith is of a high standard in the forest, considering the loneliness of the inhabitants. The people have much traditional lore, and it appears from the immunity which they have enjoyed in these dismal retreats, that from some cause or other a knowledge has been communicated and learned, since that even the jungle man is a progressive and improvable animal."

MAKING THE TOILET. After the prisoners were dressed came what is called the toilet. The prisoner whose name was Barre passed into the hands of the executioner. "Thou art mine," he says, according to the ancient forms of the French law. Then they pass into a small room. The hair is cut. The shirt and coat are removed and a tunic put on, which is a plain woolen shirt, cut so as to expose the shoulders, and without sleeves. The arms are tied with a cord, the feet also, so as to allow a short step. During this ceremony Barre smoked in a mechanical way, trembling nervously, his cigarette going out two or three times. When the headman tied his arms Barre objected and said he would not struggle. But it was a precaution to prevent resistance, which I am told always takes place at the last moment, so strong is the instinct of life. Barre made all the delay he could. He called for wine, which he drank with avidity. He asked for a cigarette. But in the meantime the toilet of his companion was made. Everything was ready, any more delay only prolonged the agony of the unfortunate man, and without noticing the last request the executioner of Poite made a sign. The procession marched. It is half-past five and the day has almost come. The lamps are out. The guillotine stands gloomy and red in the morning shadows. The birds fly around it. There is a rustle. The signal is given that the procession approaches. The officer in command of the horsemen cries out, "Draw sabres." The white flag of Roquette is thrown open. All hats are raised. The sad procession comes slowly. The policemen are in advance. Then, solemnly, Monsieur de Paris. Then the Abbe, walking with his back to the guillotine, pressing the crucifix to the lips of the condemned, who is assisted, almost carried, by two aids in blue blouses. Barre lost all energy, and every step he took was a struggle. The guillotine is twenty-three steps, as your correspondent counted them. When half way Barre sank and would have fallen but for the firm arms of his attendants. His face was almost blue, his lips protruding. The Abbe kissed him on both cheeks and passed hurriedly to the gate. Barre was in front of the scaffold, unconscious, apparently. Monsieur de Paris took his shoulders, pressed him on the back, and threw him over, saw that the head was in the groove, and touched the button. Barre found peace at last and justice was avenged.

It was the work of a moment to remove the body of Barre from the plank and throw it into the box. Leleux was within the gate, his procession being thirty steps behind that of Barre. He heard the sound of the axe as it took the life of his friend. He showed more nerve than Barre and walked with more firmness. As he kissed the Abbe and was seized by the shoulder by Monsieur de Paris, he said in a firm voice, "Adieu, Messieurs!" A voice cried out, "Bravo, Leleux!" In another moment he was on the bascule. The arm fell. It was just forty seconds between each descent of the axe, as your correspondent noted by his watch. The Abbe had hardly time to enter his carriage when the bodies were placed in a wagon and driven off. The poor Abbe was pale and trembling, the perspiration falling from his brow. He held the crucifix in his hand. The funeral van started off at a rapid rate—a squadron of cavalry in charge—to the resting place of the condemned at Ivry. Within two minutes from the opening of the gates of Roquette the funeral van was driving off at a full trot. The police faced around and advanced on the crowd. The cavalry and infantry slowly drove back in all directions. Within five minutes not a soul was in the open space, but the executioner and his aids taking down the guillotine. So swift is justice in France.—N. Y. Herald Correspondence.

WILL YOU HAVE A BUG? Not in your ear, although a great many men do go off with a bug in their ear; but is there any particular insect that you would like for your dinner? Better people than you have eaten death, not from necessity, but choice. People of far better education, broader culture, higher station in society have eaten them and liked them. Aristotle was fond of locusts, fried in sweet oil, and declares in excellent classic language that "they are sweet." In Africa this locust, which is a distant relative of our grasshopper, is baked into a kind of sweet cake. Some tribes make bread of them. The people of Ceylon eat the honey bee. In some of the south Pacific Islands the natives catch large quantities of butterflies, rub their wings off, roast and eat them. They invariably make the man who eats them terribly sick for a few hours, but it doesn't make any difference. His taste is unchangeable, and as soon as he is able to get around he starts out after another mess of butterflies. In the cities of Morocco to-day, locusts, the same kind that John the Baptist ate, are sold for food by the cart-load. The Australians eat caterpillars, and the economist Chinese devour the unworldly silk-worms. The peasants of Southern France are not proud, but eat snail soup and call for more. In India the natives grind the white ants into powder, which they sell for flour, and the poorer people bake cakes of it. They seem to enjoy them while they live, but as it gives the eater the cholera very quickly, and very fatally, he does not live long enough to eat more than his weight in white ants. In Africa they don't grind the ant into flour. They just parch them like corn, and crunch them down. In South America the natives make cakes out of the common ground ant, and Alexander von Humboldt says the flavor of the cakes is pleasant. This ant is used in flavoring some of the cheaper brandies of Sweden, on account of the formic acid it secretes. In New Caledonia the natives eat spiders, roasted them. The Roman ladies used to eat the *ossus*, the grub of a caterpillar found in the oak tree. They ate this when their order of beauty was a little less inclined to the "scrawny," for his grub was as fattening as oil cake.

The Mexicans distill a liquor from the weevil, and use it as a stimulant. Possibly this is where the slang term "bug juice," frequently used by the bibulous young American as he calls for his morning decoction, finds its origin. This same beetle is broiled and eaten in the West Indies. When the larva is big enough to eat, this is what it looks like: three inches long, one inch in circumference, color a dingy yellow, looking like a piece of fat and a black head. It doesn't look tempting, but roasted or broiled, seasoned with salt and pepper, eaten with crustal bread, the Haytiens prefer it to oysters. These mites are eaten by civilized and cultured people very frequently, but generally in happy ignorance. In Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, and portions of Iowa, a few white savages, who ought to have known better, cooked grasshoppers and ate them, and tried to induce other civilized people to do likewise. Our American Indians eat well, they do well to close the chapter with—they eat anything that crawls, and can't wriggle fast enough to get away from them. It is not a particularly appetizing subject, but it is interesting, and it may serve to make you more content, some day when you quarrel with your dinner, to remember that good and bad taste, after all,—Hawkeye.

THE ORIGIN OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER." A singular anecdote is related of Goldsmith's last journey to Edgewood town, previously to his departure at college. Having left home on horseback, he reached Arlough, where it was necessary for him to sleep at nightfall. He had a guinea in his pocket, and was determined to enjoy himself. He asked for the best house in the place, and from a piece of Irish literal comprehension or waggery was directed to a private house instead of an inn. Goldsmith had no thought of a mistake, and being readily admitted by the servants, who, from his confidence, concluded that he was some well-known friend and invited guest of their master, he gave directions concerning his horse, and being shown into the parlor found there the owner of the mansion at his fireside—a Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune and somewhat of a wit. Oliver began to call about him with authority, as one entitled to attention; and his host, having soon detected the youth's error, and being willing to enjoy an evening's amusement, honored his guest, caused wine and whatever else Oliver chose to order to be brought him; and accepted with his wife and daughters an invitation to supper at his own table, and received with becoming attention strict injunctions to have a hot cake ready for breakfast on the following morning. It was not till he called for his bill that the abashed school-lad discovered his blunder, and learned that he had been entertained at the residence of an old acquaintance of his father. The adventure was subsequently made to furnish the main incident in the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer."

The growth of woolen manufacturing in this country may be learned from the fact that in 1840 the product of our woolen factories amounted to \$20,670,000, while in 1870 they reached the enormous aggregate of \$155,496,000, and this exclusive of worsted carpets and hosiery, which amounted to \$43,762,000. At the present time the water in Lake Superior is lower than ever before known, nearly two feet below the usual level, and the transit steamers, when loaded down, have in a couple of instances grounded in the main channel of the bay at Duluth.

Varieties. —In Saxony, 1,258 fires occurred in 1877, by which 954 houses were totally destroyed and 1,750 partially damaged. —The idea of insurance against storms is of German origin, but it is also getting a foothold in this country at the West. The St. Paul Fire Insurance Company has just paid \$19,000 in Carver county, Minn., for damage to crops. —The beet sugar industry, which did so much to secure prosperity in France, is showing signs of success in California, Wisconsin and Illinois. Maine has appropriated \$70,000 to test the culture of the white beet for sugar. —"The Claimant," Orton, is now employed at Portsmouth Dockyard, saving timber. He is much thinner than he was. A. He set him to brick-making, but he attracted too much attention from curious visitors. —Mrs. Langtry's beautiful nose is out of joint. Mrs. Wheeler, another Jerseywoman, only recently resident in the Isle of Wight, is the new reigning beauty. She is a lady of the Langtry and languishing type, and is said to excel even the Jersey Lily in the art of setting off her charms. —Exports of breadstuffs and provisions from the four leading cities of the Atlantic seaboard for the week ending Sept. 14th were: Flour, 85,950 bbls.; wheat, 3,765,000 bushels; corn, 1,441,000 bushels; rye, 83,000 bushels; pork, 4,400 bbls.;lard, 2,706,000 lbs.; bacon, 5,716,000 lbs. —Unlike his father, Victor Emanuel, King Hubert delights in royal display and ceremony. He enjoys entering and leaving the large cities of his kingdom in rigid official form, with outriders, aids, and guards in line, and majors in waiting. Last month he enjoyed several fetes of this kind. In Venice a grand illumination and magnificent festivities were given in honor of his arrival, and his departure was after the style of an old-time king. —A rich sugar refiner of San Francisco, it is reported, has bought 20,000 acres of land in the Hawaiian Islands for the cultivation of sugar cane. He will irrigate the dry lands, dry the swamps, build railroads, and spare no money to make the thing a success. The same man, when the reciprocity treaty, making island sugar free of duty, appeared safe of confirmation, slipped over and secured all the sugar for three years ahead. —In the twelve months, from the 1st of Sept., 1877, to the 31st of August, 1878, the imports of wheat and wheat flour into the United Kingdom amounted to no less than 62,255,125 cwt. of Indian corn, 40,740,135 cwt. of barley, 14,201,373 cwt. of oats, 12,286,354 cwt. Adding also peas and beans, the total importation of grain in the twelve months reached 134,430,348 cwt. In neither of the two preceding twelve months did the imports of grain reach 119,000,000 cwt. —According to the official report by the Bureau of Statistics of our exports, breadstuffs, provisions by \$92,733, petroleum by \$24,764,298, leather by \$6,663,287, cotton manufactures by \$6,564,574, iron and steel by \$5,084,719, copper and brass by \$2,139,090. Since 1873 our imports of railroad iron bars have decreased from \$19,740,702 to \$3530,000. The imports of cotton manufactures have increased by \$85,937,335, 335,325, manufactured flux by \$8,937,633, silk manufactures by \$10,134,136, and raw wool by \$12,070,923. —Boating matters at Trinity College are looking up. Since the Saratoga regatta, in which the crew of that college met with an accident that spoiled the race for them, interest has flagged. Another cause was the want of a large enough attendance at the college to create a sharp rivalry among the athletic men. Now, however, the college attendance has increased, the students are of a wealthier class, and there is a better display among them of physical strength. A year ago a committee was appointed to procure funds for a boat-house. The committee raised \$250, a large part of the money coming from prominent citizens of Hartford. This fall new efforts have been put forth, and a good race is promised before winter begins. The committee have issued a circular, in which they say that while a proper opportunity for friendly contests with other colleges will not be disregarded, it is mainly the intention of the club to promote the sailing interest among the undergraduates, and to enable those owning boats to use them. —When any epidemic rages, there is always much groundless alarm among some classes of persons. Precautions and care should not be confounded with alarm. Not long ago an account was published showing the result in a single instance of alarm and ignorance. A young French woman from New Orleans, accompanied by her new friend, was traveling North. The nephew fell from the train and was killed. Afterward the woman was quite ill, and it being thought that she had the yellow fever, she was taken from the cars at Louisville and sent to the hospital. The physician declared it a serious case of yellow fever. She was treated with the most stringent remedies. Her clothing and baggage were fumigated, and there was great excitement over the matter. She was kept isolated in the hospital several days, and seemed to grow no better and no worse, except that her excitement increased and her ravings in French continued. The French Consul was finally sent for, and after a few moments conversation, discovered that she was not sick, but perfectly well, except that she could not understand English, and was in a state of great nervous excitement over the accidental death of her nephew and the remarkable treatment she had received from what she supposed was a gang of bandits. Other physicians were called in, and corroborated the consul's statements, and she was released and sent on her way with her nephew's body.