

OUR CHURCHES.

St. Michael's (P. E.) church, Mint St. Services at 1 A. M., and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 4 P. M. Rev. P. P. ALSTON, Pastor.

Local News.

The Ballot, the prohibition paper here, has purchased a large power press.

Mr. Thos. K. Samond is the Republican candidate for Sheriff in this county. Vote for him.

If you have moved in another voting precinct or have never voted in this county you must register before election day.

We are requested to keep standing the names of R. C. McGinnis and C. T. Thompson as constables for Charlotte township.

Say, Mr. Independent, what State ticket are you supporting? Republican or Democratic.

The Oriole literary society will meet next Tuesday night at the residence of Miss Sallie Foster. A full attendance is requested.

Miss Annie Gordon and Mr. Charlie McBea were married last Thursday evening and left for a trip North via the C. C. railroad.

Dr. Jas. H. Bugg, of Augusta, Ga., and recent graduate of Leonard Medical College, Raleigh, has just passed successfully the rigid examinations in Virginia and will locate to practice in Lynchburg.

Miss L. C. Black, of Greensboro, passed through this city last Thursday on her return home from teaching in Union county.

Zion Baptist association convened at Watts Grove church, a few miles southwest from Monroe, on Thursday last. The C. C. train coming west Thursday morning was crowded to its utmost capacity with delegates.

The Appeal, published by Mr. C. N. Hunter, makes its appearance in Raleigh in the interest of the colored fair. It is neatly gotten up and very newsy.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union met at the First Baptist church last Monday afternoon. It meets at the Seventh Street Presbyterian church next Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The M. E. conference met in Raleigh last Wednesday. Rev. Haynes, of Graham street church, left Tuesday night and joined the brethren of the lower C. C. section at Hamlet.

Poor Will Brown is completely in the hands of his enemies. Who would have thought it? Where will he be next.

We do not know who the straight-out dry men are, but it is a sad mistake if it is thought that the good Republicans of this county have consented to support a Democratic ticket. They have more regard for honesty and principle.

Which is of most importance to us the Republican or the Democratic party? Some of our smart Alexs say bust up the Democrats and they are doing all they can to bust the Republican party up.

Did you ever think how easy it is for a colored man to fight for the Republican? Then did you ever think it is true that when a colored man works for Democrats he is paid?

We are glad to know that while there were a few of the city ladies on the show grounds last Saturday there were fewer than usual. It is hard to break off very suddenly.

The Craftsman made its first appearance in this city last Saturday. It is the organ of the Knights of Labor and makes a fine appearance. It is a 7-column weekly published by Norwood Brothers.

Bishop Jones does not deny that he used the language we quoted from his sermon, neither does he tell the people that he meant by it, while he says we put him in a false light.

From what we gather in the lower end of the District Col. Chas. R. will have other formidable opposition to contend against. Another "Rowland" is in the field and he is a "Sir Knight."

The MESSENGER is a Republican paper and has been since it first appeared in this city. It will support any Republican in the field if he is not too badly smeared for decent people to vote for. The man who says our politics are changed is cranky.

We are glad to correct a false report published in these columns last week to the effect that a colored lawyer had been convicted in Wilmington for perjury. It was taken from the State news in some daily paper. There is no colored lawyer in Wilmington; hence none has been convicted there.

We were last Tuesday shown an excellent piece of work—a picture of President Cleveland, executed by Master David McCaw. It was a pencil drawing that displays splendid talent and skill which deserves encouragement. Mr. McCaw will have some work on exhibition at the State Fair.

As the independents want all the Republican votes let them tell the people upon what grounds they expect our votes and whether or not they are going to vote our Republican State ticket. This is a State fight remember, independents, you must vote our State ticket or we will knife you.

If Chas. R. Jones wants to be elected to Congress let him pull off from this "dependent" county ticket. Let him run on his own manhood; if he ties on to this ticket he will be weighed down sure. A two weeks campaign against him outside this county among the colored people will fix him. Be careful Col.; we don't want this mongrel county ticket and will not have it.

If you throw a stone in the dark and somebody squeals, you may know somebody is hit. A paper that will not take a bold stand and "do the right" is not worth reading. When a fellow runs against something he may be assured he is moving along. We propose after this to be more bold, spare no one, but cut right and left, using care to do injustice to no one. We have heretofore held up on a set of men for certain reasons.

Bishop Jones winces much over an article that appeared in this paper two weeks ago. It is said the truth hurts, and it seems that this is one instance in which it is verified. He calls us a beneficiary of Zion. Taking church relations into consideration we have made double the sacrifice for the church the Bishop has. We never received a cent benefit from the church except what we worked for. It was only last year we resigned a position in which we were paid \$50 per month to work for the Star for \$30. Beneficiary, indeed! The Bishop has the wrong man in mind. If we are a beneficiary, then he, Harris, Hood and several others are beneficiaries and made what they are by the church, which may count well with some of them in a financial sense.

Wilmington Dots.

It is rumored that a certain dame has made another mash.

That the colored Jay Gould was out riding last Sunday eve.

That there will be a foot race and a funeral soon if a certain dude is seen smoking around Sixth street again.

That a certain daughter of eve will have a soft shell crab commit suicide.

That on the 26th inst. there will be some change to take place in a certain family—Ah!

That D. W. Evans is the happiest man in town. Why?

That when certain changes take place a certain dude will make an awful face.

Wm. K. Price was in the city Monday. P. D. Newman, of Philadelphia, was in the city on Tuesday.

Miss L. G. Nixon was united to Mr. Joe Brisco, of Baltimore, Md., on the 25th inst.

Miss Fannie D. Newman leaves for Socca on 15th.

Master Jas. D. Brooks and Jeffrey James will attend Shaws University this term. Our townsman, Mr. B. B. Hill, is also hooked for Shaw University.

J. H. Whiteman, Jr., left for Howard University on the 1st inst.

We were pleased to see on our street last Thursday Mr. T. Broadfoot, of Fay.

The wedding bells for this month will toll the happy fate of not less than three couples in the physisic circle; who is next.

D. W. Evans will hang out his shingle this winter as an attorney at law. Dan's weight is now 275 pounds.

Mr. Jas. D. Dry is enlarging his business and is now ready to cut and fit gents' clothes. Mc.

Fishes That Bite Again.

Anglers generally say when a bass is hooked and escapes: "That fellow will not bite again soon. He has a sore mouth and a lesson that will last him some time." The error of this theory was twice proved at Greenwood lake last week by Newark anglers. Mr. Wismer hooked a bass and before he could bring him to the boat lost him by the wrapping of the hook slipping from the snell. An hour later Mr. Wismer cast in the same spot and caught the identical fish with the treacherous hook sticking in his lip. On the following day one of the guides struck a three-pounder with a treble hook baited with a frog. The bass came out of the water and sent the frog spinning through the air, then he sounded and broke the gang above the hook, which was embedded in the lower jaw. Another guide came in during the evening and remarked that he had caught a bass with a treble hook fast in his mouth. A glance at the hook and our guide number one—that the fish was the one that he had lost.—Newark Call.

Personal.

Miss Annie Wade, of Concord, is in the city stopping with her aunt, Mrs. Ester White. She expects to remain in the city several weeks.

Miss Annie Haynes, of Salisbury, arrived in our city last Sunday, and is the guest of Miss Lydia Robinson.

The friends of Miss Eliza Heuser will be glad to learn that she is convalescent after a two weeks battle with chills and fever.

Miss L. B. Bragg has been quite sick since her arrival in our city, but we are glad to learn that she is much better.

Mr. M. M. Alston left last Tuesday night for Raleigh where he will soon enter the Leonard Medical School.

Mr. N. S. Taylor, of Raleigh, District Grand Master of the Odd Fellows of North Carolina, spent a few days in our city this week. He was here in the interest of the Order and reports the working of the Order in fine condition. Brother Taylor is a fine officer and made a good impression in this city. Mr. Taylor is also chief of the Raleigh fire companies.

Messrs. J. H. Craig, G. J. Scott and Jabez Marshall, of Augusta, Ga., passed through our city Monday. They were on their return from the bi-ennial meeting of the Odd Fellows in Philadelphia. They had a very pleasant session. The B. M. C. will convene in Nashville, Tenn., in 1888.

Presiding Elder J. A. Tyler held his district conference at Weeping-Willow church, about four miles east of this city, this week. Quite a number of ministers were in the city last Tuesday among whom we recognized Revs. R. C. Collins, R. H. Stitt, J. S. Caldwell, D. W. Smith, H. L. Simmons, J. Hasty and Hon. J. C. Dancy.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Jones was in our city last Tuesday as was also Professor S. G. Atkins of Zion Wesley College.

Miss Jennie Howe, of Wilmington, left home for Howard University last Thursday evening.

Mrs. Nannie E. Leary, of Fayetteville, arrived in the city last Saturday morning and will spend a few weeks with relatives.

Rev. Wm. A. Alexander is very comfortably situated with his family in the parsonage of Chestnut street Presbyterian church, Wilmington.

Mrs. Georgia Benson, of Chester, S. C., returned home last Friday after spending about three weeks in the city, the guest of Mrs. D. Hall.

There were communion services at the 7th street Presbyterian church last Sunday and ten persons were added to the church. Rev. Wyche is having success in his protracted meetings.

A Valuable Veil.

The church of Mexicotl, Mexico, is said to contain a veil of great value. For nearly three centuries Spaniards were in the habit of vowing a jewel to the veil of Our Lady of Mexicotl if they returned safely from a voyage to Spain, until in Maximilian's time the veil was bejeweled to the value of \$200,000. Three German adventurers with Maximilian determined after his failure to carry away the veil. They made elaborate preparations, succeeded in taking the veil, but a pursuing party had nearly overtaken them when they made a stand in a narrow pass, where two of them were, however, killed with their horses, the third making off under cover of darkness, but without the veil, which was recaptured and restored to the altar, to be more vigilantly guarded than ever.

Punishing Incendiarism in China. They have their own ways of punishing crime in China. Incendiarism has given much trouble in a Southern district of the country and a penalty was extemporized which will probably have a deterrent effect. A culprit taken red handed was placed during a long summer day in a cage, where his eyelids were burned with lighted incense sticks and hot incense dust was blown into his face. An official report states that the women in the neighborhood, several of whom had lost children in the fires, were especially active in adding to the severity of the punishment.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Harper's Weekly says: "The process of exaggeration which goes on with Eastern newspaper reports as they travel West is strikingly shown in a recent instance. A report originating in Philadelphia stated simply that a horse belonging to an oyster dealer in that town had formed a habit of eating oysters, and seemed to like them. When that report reached St. Louis it stated that a horse in Philadelphia regularly ate oysters off the half-shell. Now from Denver comes the astonishing information that an enormous oyster in a Philadelphia market recently bit off the leg of a horse!"

The Scientific Way.

Dr. Benjamin Sharp, the naturalist, claims to have established the fact that the eyes of poisonous snakes have elliptical pupils, while in the harmless species they are circular. Henceforth, gentle reader, when you take your walks abroad, and a snake crosses your path, don't get frightened and run. Wait until he gets near enough to see the whites of his eyes. If the pupils are circular, you have no need to fly; and if they should be elliptical—why, then it would be too late to run. Hence it will be seen that the scientific is the only sensible manner of dealing with snakes.—Boston Transcript.

Bishop Jones' Reply.

SALISBURY, N. C.,

October 6th, 1886.

Mr. W. C. Smith, Editor Charlotte Messenger.

SIR:—I see by reference to your issue of the 2nd, inst. that you have either carelessly or intentionally, placed me in a false position in the matter of the discourse, delivered by me in Clinton Chapel the Sabbath previous. The "several persons" who garbled such parts of my sermon as were most favorable to adverse criticism, in the absence of what was said before or after, were possibly ignorant of the relation of a sentence or even a word to the correct meaning of a paragraph. But whether your informants acted from ignorance or base design, you could hardly have been ignorant of that fact. And yet without stopping to inform yourself as to my meaning or intention—which you could have had from me personally, up to the very date of your issue—you rush blindly and with hot haste into print, to place me in a false light by arraying me against Education.

I think you knew you were placing me in a false light, and therefore did it maliciously and wickedly in the interest of those who like yourself envy the progress of Zion, and wish to retard it by misrepresentation. It can hardly have escaped a colored Editor, so deeply interested in the education of the race, that the first regular Annual Address of Zion Wesley College, just 40 miles from his sanctuary, was delivered by the writer. Thousands of copies of that address were published, and sold for the benefit of the Institution. They were advertised in the Star of Zion, while you were employed as its printer at Petersburg, Va. Surely you must have seen and read it. I was present at the commencement of the same College, in early June last, in company with Bishops Thompson, Moore, Hood and Lomax. Dr. Crummell the most distinguished Colored Episcopalian Divine in America, who, in an address stated that in all his career as an Educator, both here and in Africa, in all his participation in commencement exercises here among white and colored institutions of learning, he never was so thrilled with hopefulness for the negro race, as the brilliant exercises there had excited in him. Has it escaped you that I had the honor on that occasion, of delivering the address at the laying of the corner stones of Dodge and Hopkins Halls?

Were you out of the State at the time, or do your educational flights ordinarily range higher than the doings of a mere Methodist Connectional College? Mr. Editor, you were not ignorant of all this; and therefore I brand your attack on me, as a wantonly, malicious slander, for which there was not the slightest cause or excuse, even if you bring an unpleasant word with you in your life.

But the animus, object, and point of your attack was not me, but my church organization. It was not so much Bishop Jones as "Zion," that you aimed to stab in the interest and furtherance (though surely not at the solicitation) of "the Presbyterians and Episcopalians."

Hard pressed but eager for some pretext which would afford the ghost of an excuse to stab the church, more than all others, has carried you along and brought you where you are to-day, you have seized on garbled bits of my sermon, tortured by false criticism into the excuse for the following ungrateful but harmless effort of a beneficiary to slaughter a benefactor, for the unsolicited amusement of those whose favor he cringingly panders to secure, as his last hope of courted recognition.

"The reason Zion lags so far behind now, is because her leaders have pandered to the ignorance of our people, and stood in the way of education. The Presbyterians and the Episcopalians have an educated ministry, and the result will be, they are going to have the educated people hear them preach. By this means the churches are going to cut into Zion. We dislike to speak of these things, but they are facts, and if we do not acknowledge them, we must lose. Nearly every village or county has an educated Presbyterian minister, with an educated wife—how can we compete with them? Now I have not the slightest objection to your unsolicited cringing and pandering for the favor of the few at the expense of the many. Some men's ambition leads in that direction. I am willing even to take my share of your silly attempt to make those who know no better believe (as is evident you do by any fair inferential deduction from what you say in the above extract), that Methodist Ministers and their wives are all uneducated and ignorant, so far as colored people are concerned, and especially Zionites. (Although I could find hundreds of their wives leaving their husbands out of it, that would send you back to your books), nevertheless, I am willing to take my share of the laughter, which your silly effort provokes; and especially so, in view of the pressure which you seem to feel that you are under to interest, cater to, and please those whose approving smiles, you so anxiously seek. But I must insist that the next time your waning journalistic fortunes indicate a panegyric effort in order to bring our Presbyterian and Episcopalian friends to the rescue, that you have the manliness—if it were manhood remaining—to refer to my record, and give me the benefit of it, rather than betray, as you have in this instance, a love for the false rather than the true.

In the above extract, you ignore all semblance of truth, and righteousness, by telling us that "Zion lags far behind" because her leaders have pandered to the ignorance of our people, and stood in the way of Education."

Who originated Zion Wesley College? Who are its managers? What Institution of learning has been established in the last quarter of a century, of equal magnitude and of equal promise, officered, presided over, taught, and run by them? Who are Hood, Lomax, Price, Dancy, Harris, Moore, Tyler, Reeves, the Clintons, Simmons, and a host of others—who give tone, character, and weight to the colored element, in the Carolinas, irrespective of Denomination? Are they "Presbyterians and Episcopalians," or are they "leaders" in Zion? And yet we are told unblushingly that these great and grand men—"leaders in Zion—who have done and are now doing, such yeoman service in the interest of the negro race, both North and South, and notably in North Carolina—educationally, morally, and religiously—are "pandering to the ignorance of our people, and standing in the way of Education."

Shame, where is thy blush?

Yours for truth,

S. T. JONES.

Card-playing in Paris has become an absolute passion among all classes. Cards are played at all hours of the day and night. In all the cafes, from the Cafe Riche to the Tavernes de Bagne, the game goes on uninterruptedly. And not only in cafes, but in the houses of rich and poor alike. Those unfortunate mortals who can not get out of Paris on Sundays resort to the quiet excitement of card-playing to pass the time. You may see the concierges playing in the doorways, and the milk-woman and the coster at it on the pavement during the intervals of business. The passion dominates the whole community, and, as money is generally introduced in the game, it exercises a demoralizing effect. This little bit of explanation is necessary in order to fully comprehend the fact that during the last year the duty on cards in France, which was first imposed by Henry III., amounted to 2,500,000 francs—\$100,000—an excess of \$1,000 on the previous year. More money is probably put on cards under the republic than in the century of the Roi Soleil, when Mme. Montespan lost 70,000 ecus in one evening.

A PERSIAN CARAVANSARY.

SCENES IN A GREAT REFUGE FOR TRAVELERS.

A Huge Stone Building With Room for 2,000 Men—Receiving the Guests—A Queer Place.

After a march of some four and twenty miles, we come upon the caravansary. To European eyes it seems more like a fortress than a refuge for travelers. At each corner of the huge square stone building is a round tower looped at the top. The crenellated wall is also looped at regular intervals. At either side of the huge gate are similar towers; above the doorway is an incised inscription, beautifully cut, which states that "Shah Abbas the Great built this caravansary and dedicated it to the use of travelers in the name of God and the prophet Mahomed." There is plenty of accommodation in the caravansary, for on a pinch it can house and shelter comfortably two thousand men. Close to the caravansary is the abutment or covered reservoir. It is supplied from a kakanator under-ground channel that has been excavated, at times at a depth of many feet, for some miles; it is always full; the surplus water runs off in a tiny brooklet; the stone dome that covers the reservoir keeps its cool. Unfortunately these water cellars are a favorite place for hiding the bodies of murdered travelers.

There is no other building of any kind within a circle of twenty-four miles of our caravansary. No food for man can be obtained there. Perhaps in quiet times the doorkeeper may have barley and chaff for the horses for sale and a little firewood or even charcoal. But these things cannot be depended on.

We have sighted our halting place some three miles off at a turn of the road—that road that was never made or repaired, but that centuries of traffic have marked out. Our horses, directly they see the place, prick up their ears and, neighing, mend their pace. The lagging mules no longer need the awful curses of the charwarders (muleteers) nor the frequent application of the cruel chain-whip. The leader of the caravan, always a horse (not a mule), quickens his pace, proudly jangling his bells and tossing his gayly bedizened head, which is decked with woollen and leather ornaments and a scarlet headstall, on which are sewn many rows of cowries. The muleteers begin to sing and the servants to smile. The cook urges his mule to a canter and, amid much clanking of pots, hurries on to prepare his master's dinner. He will supply a good dinner of perhaps four courses and a sweet, his kitchen being four bricks in the corner of the stable.

As we enter the frowning gateway—which is very similar to that of the stage baronial castle, and at times the size of the old Temple Bar—a dervish humbly presents a flower, an unripe plum or a blade of grass. Nearly naked, his long hair hanging unkempt about his shoulders, his eyes sparkling with hope and the combined effects of bhag and religious meditation, a panther skin over his shoulders and brandishing a spiked club, the mendicant looks sufficiently formidable. "Ya huk!" ("Oh my right!") he cries, as he asks for alms. A few coppers satisfy him, and he magnificently deigns to indicate the cells chosen by our servants.

Around the square inclosed by the four sides of the caravansary are forty-eight deep arches of heavy stonework. In each archway are piled the impediments of its tenants; their road-kits, their bales, their paniers, their merchandise. Separate piles of boxes and bales slung down in the spacious courtyard have formed the loads of several hundred mules, of perhaps a dozen different caravans; the mules are away grazing around the caravansary. Our servants have taken possession of three of the archways. No man demands hire of them, no man says them nay. First come, first served, such is caravansary rule. From one of the archways come clouds of dust; the doorkeeper is preparing it for our reception. At the back of each recess is a doorway (a hole in the wall) some four feet by three. This leads to a windowless room of stonework, which has a fireplace and perhaps a chimney—nothing more. The walls are immensely thick. The place is cool in summer, warm in winter; the walls and domed roof are black with the smoke of ages. Behind these rooms runs the stable—stabling for a thousand animals.

As the mules enter the courtyard their loads are hurriedly slipped off and piled in a heap; the servants drag out the carpets, the portable beds, the bedding, the table and the two chairs. The groom takes our horses; the table servant hands us the fragrant kalia (or hubble-bubble); we squat on the square raised stone platform that is in the center of the courtyard, and enjoy the finest mode of smoking in the world. The mules in a long string, each bearing his jangling bell, canter off under the care of an assistant muleteer, to be watered at the rill running from the water cellar. The place gets quieter as the caravan settles down. We see that many recesses are occupied by various families: some are poor, even beggars; some wealthy merchants; perhaps there is a prince and his suite. The accommodation is exactly the same. First come, first served. No man is ejected. If you arrive too late to find a vacant room, you must sleep in the stable, on the roof or on the platform—or buy some poor man out.

Our special recess and room have been swept and carpeted. Our chairs are set up. We partake of tea under our own special archway. In the inner room there is a remarkable transformation; in the recess stand our lighted candles; in the corners are our beds; there is our tub, at which we gladly avail ourselves; a heavy curtain over the doorless doorway secures our privacy. Tired out, we lie down for a welcome nap.

We are awakened at 5 by the jangling of bells and the shouts of the muleteers. The various beasts of burden are returning from pasture. In the courtyard there are rows of mules tied up to ropes pegged to the ground. Each has his nose bag. There are circles of squatting camels, all chewing at once at a heap of cut-straw. In a corner are our own horses. We see them fed and examine their backs, being old hands. The cook, stilling, all boiled as he arrived, over his fire, "Dinner, sahib," announces our table servant. The man, as is the custom in this country when traveling, bristles with arms—a long straight

sword, two pistols and a dagger. We adjourn to the welcome meal.

It is sunset—the gates are closed, the travelers drink tea together and chat in groups. An occasional neigh or squabble among the numerous beasts tells us that we are on the road. A mule breaks loose and runs amuck. He is secured; all is quiet save an occasional bell and the constant bubble of the water pipes. Some enthusiastic Musselman intones the call to prayer. "In the name of God, the mighty, the merciful. There is no God but God; Mohammed is the Prophet of God." Many kneel in prayer, as many more go on with their pipes. We dine. Dinner over, we hasten to rest—a rest often broken by the incident of a loosed mule or the departure of a caravan.

At dawn we reluctantly awake to partake of tea and bread and butter. Lazily we mount our horses. Our caravan has left an hour or two ago. Followed by the faithful cook, the tableman and the groom, out we ride at a solemn walk, and we bid the caravansary farewell. We have another twenty-four or even thirty miles before us, and we await with ardor the capital hot breakfast which our paragon will give us in three hours' time upon the road, at a little stream some twelve miles off. And so ends a not unpleasant night in a Persian caravansary.—St. James's Gazette.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The new material for unsinkable apparel has been further tested, with success, in London. This material is composed of threads of cork interwoven with cotton, silk or woolen, machinery which slices the cork to the required thickness forming part of the invention. The garments which are made in this manner have the same appearance as ordinary clothing, and possess remarkable buoyancy in water.

The art of photography is still advancing. German photographers have succeeded in photographing a projectile in the course of its flight, and some of the photographs show the head of condensed air which precedes every shot. It is said to be this "head" which prevents even skilled riflemen from hitting an empty eggshell when hung on a long thread. The air blows the shell out of the way of the bullet.

A French geologist, M. De Lapparent, lately called the attention of the Paris geological society to the effect gravitation has in heaping up sea water about the land. The continents are thus all situated at the tops of hills of water, and in crossing the Atlantic ships have first to go down hill, then to cross a valley and finally to climb another hill. The calculation has been made that in mid-ocean the surface may be more than half a mile (1,000 metres) below the level it would have if the continents exerted no attraction.

A long-prevalent opinion has been that the living body, under some circumstances, might take fire and be more or less completely consumed, and there are actually many cases of this kind on record. Liebig, however, demonstrated the impossibility of any such result, and has ascertained that no amount of fat, alcohol or phosphorus which the living body could possibly contain would make it combustible. Upon examination, the alleged instances of spontaneous combustion were found in no case entitled to credence.

Knowledge says the lowest member of the protozoa, that is the lowest known animal, if we except certain parasites, is the moneron. Like the lowest plants, it lives in water, the element in which life had beginnings. It is an extremely minute, shapeless, colorless, slimy mass, alike all over, and the more without any organs. Every part of it does every thing—eats, digests, reproduces—and it breathes all over its body. It propels itself and spreads over its prey, sucking the soft body even from shelly creatures, and casting away the refuse.

According to the results of some experiments on the ignition of coal dust and fire damp, which have been published by Mr. C. Hitt in the Revue des Mines, coals containing from sixteen to twenty-four per cent. of volatile matter appear more dangerous than either richer or poorer qualities. The ignition of coal dust may be induced by an explosion of fire damp as well as by a blast; and the explosion may be occasioned on firing a blast by electricity as well as by a safety match or a port fire. With dynamite there is less danger; and with gun-cotton dissolved in nitro glycerine, practically none, if it is ignited by a cap of sufficient force.

A Meal in Canton.

When noon came Ah Chan gently intimated that he had not yet breakfasted; so we went into a very respectable-looking restaurant and proceeded to order luncheon. Being in Rome, I was obliged to do as the Romans did; so I took what Ah Chan ordered and ate it, for better or for worse. It certainly was the most foreign meal I ever encountered, for in it all there was nothing I could claim acquaintance with, save a shark's fin and a few grains of rice. I wish I could describe some of the dishes and how they tasted, but, with one exception, I did not know what they were, and to this day I have not been able to decide what they tasted like. For aught I know I may have eaten rat pates and cat croquettes; but I rather think not, for Ah Chan was a very decent sort of a fellow, and I do not believe that he would have imposed so shamefully upon a poor pilgrim. The shark's fin soup was the only thing I could be certain of, which, in flavor, was not unlike gelatin water.—Canton (China) Letter.

Man.

What a queer combination of cheek and per- versity. Insolence, pride, gab, impudence, vanity, Jealousy, hate, scorn, baseness, insanity, Honor, truth, wisdom, virtue, urbanity. Is that what the virtuous biped called man? Who can fathom the depths of his innate depravity? To-day he's all gayety, to-morrow all gravity. For blowing his own horn, he has a propensity. Even under clouds of singular density. Oh, mystical clay-bank called man! He can be the source of beastly brutality. He modest and meek, or indulge in bigotry. Don airs and graces of saintly totality. Or equal the Old Nick in daring rascality. This curious enigma called man.—W. J. O'Reardon, in Life.