

BEYOND.

BY HENRY BURTON.

Never a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And here is over there;
For the common deeds of the com-
mon day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

LION AGAINST GORILLA.

Duel Between the Giant Ape and the Great Cat.

W. P. Pond gives in the New York Star a vivid account of a combat which he witnessed between a lion and a gorilla in Central Africa. We quote from his story as follows:

My guide suddenly paused and made a sign to me with his open palm, which, in the language of the hunter, said that he had struck a trail, or heard some token of the proximity of game that had escaped my less acute powers. I cautiously advanced to his side, and following the direction of his finger peered through the brush, and saw that we lay upon the edge of a small clearing, overshadowed by an enormous tree, whose foliage, without really admitting a greater volume of light, seemed to equalize the gleam, and so render objects at a distance of thirty or forty yards perfectly perceptible.

Right opposite to us, with his back against a tree, was the sleeping form of a huge gorilla, his hands hanging down by his sides, his legs crooked in front of him, and his head listlessly lying sideways on his shoulder. Some distance from him was the female, apparently busily engaged in gathering nuts, swinging from tree to tree, now disappearing into the surrounding forest, but ever and anon returning to keep watch and ward over the sleeping lord and master.

For some minutes I hesitated as to what course to pursue, whether to attempt to get any closer, as the distance was rather a long one, in such a light, to attack an animal like the gorilla, who, if only wounded, would in all probability, with the female, charge right down on us; or, if I should take all risks and rely upon the second rifle of my guide. At last I decided to take my chance where I was, but upon raising my rifle I heard a scream of agony from the female, which caused the sleeper to start to its feet, and as it did so the female literally fell from a tree on the edge of the clearing down to the ground, uttering the most piercing cries that human imagination can conceive.

Then a terrific roar that shook the very ground broke upon the silence and told the history of the female gorilla's fight. It was a lion, and at the sound of his voice she again fled into the trees, while the male uttered a deep, savage hoarse roar that was the answer to the lion's challenge. Immediately a crashing sound was heard, and a full-grown lion bounded into the open space and stood with his head erect, his mane bristling like the hair on a cat, the personification of brute strength and courage.

As his eyes lighted on the gorilla his tail began to wave to and fro. Wilder and wilder grew its sweep, until at last it struck its ribs, first one side and then the other, with resounding blows, while roar upon roar gave token of his increasing rage and anger.

The gorilla placed his upper hands upon the ground and bounded into the air fully six feet, alighting on his four hands and bounding up again and again, seemingly for the purpose of enraging the lion to the greatest possible degree. He then rose to his full height on his hinder hands, uttering tremendous roars and beating his breast with his great fist, producing sounds like those made by heavy blows upon a bass drum. Then he dropped upon all fours again, remaining perfectly motionless with the exception of his eyebrows, which worked up and down with lightning speed, giving an expression of ferocity to his face that is indescribable.

Fascinated with the sight, my rifle dropped from my shoulder, and my guide and I lay flat upon the ground, mute witnesses of the tragedy about to be enacted. Suddenly the lion uttered another ear-splitting roar and bounded forward. A few short steps, a tremendous leap, two or three sharp, short growls, and both combatants were in the air together, the gorilla having leaped high as the lion charged. In mid-air the lion turned and struck, apparently vainly,

at the gorilla, who, as the lion fell on his side upon the ground, alighted on him, struck him two terrific blows and bounded away with a sidling run to a distance of several yards. I could now see that the gorilla was severely wounded on the head and side, and that the lion had a fearful gash in his side, for surely his ribs could never have withstood those two tremendous blows.

As soon as he regained his feet he charged the gorilla again and again, but was eluded every time, it being almost impossible to follow their rapid movements in the half light of the clearing. At last the lion paused, and as he did so the ape dashed at him, and, striking him a stunning blow upon the side of the head, completely rolled him over. Again and again the gorilla returned the charge and knocked the lion sidewise. These blows seemed to daze the great cat, and as he rose he more than once staggered and fell, the gorilla meanwhile dancing with a peculiar bobbing movement around and in front of him.

The lion now began to make feints to draw his adversary within range. At last, stopping in a mad rush, the gorilla struck short, the lion rushed in, turned upon his back and received the gorilla with teeth and claws. Growls, snarls and roars pealed forth from a whirling mass of leaves and dust; limbs and bodies strangely mingled were seen through it, as though twenty beasts instead of two were engaged in one conglomerate death-struggle. At last there was a sickening crash, a horrible crunching of bones, a demoniac yell of pain, faster and faster whirled the mass, then followed a pause, and I saw the lion was uppermost with the left arm of the gorilla in his powerful jaws; his claws were fixed in the ape's shoulder, and he himself was one mass of gashes and rents. The right hand of the gorilla was fixed in the lion's side, and both his hinder hands were drawn up and seemingly imbedded in the lion's ribs.

There was a moment's pause, as if for breath, and then the gorilla suddenly twisted his head under the lion's throat, the hinder hands were straightened out with a nauseating sound of rending flesh, as with one swift stroke he completely disemboweled the lion. There arose a terrible cry of anguish, a sudden swirl around, several strokes of brown paws, and dark, hairy arms through the cloud of dust, and then all was over. The whirling leaves settled, and there in a death-grip lay the two mighty monarchs of the wilds. The lion was entirely disemboweled, his entrails having been seized by the prehensile hinder hands and literally dragged out by the very roots, while the lion, by a last dying effort, had succeeded in getting his throat freed from the gorilla's teeth, and with one powerful blow had smashed the gorilla's head as a hammer does a hickory nut. There they lay, motionless, and there we lay, too, fascinated, entirely enthralled at the strange spectacle we had just witnessed.

Presently a figure, moving on the edge of the clearing, attracted our notice, and we saw the female gorilla peering out between the bushes with an agonizing human look upon her face that was dreadful to see. Slowly and cautiously she advanced across the open space until she reached the bodies; then she touched first one and then the other, uttering plaintive cries of grief that were touching in the extreme. At last she managed to disentangle the body of her mate, looked into the eyes, examined the wounds, and still crying, took it in her arms, and laboriously dragging it across the open space, disappeared in the forest beyond. She was safe from my rifle. I would not have shot her for a million dollars, and it was with a strange feeling of depression that I turned my back upon the clearing, and following my guide left behind the scene of one of the most interesting and vivid experiences of my not uneventful life.

Dakota Ball-Room Calls.

Salute your partner!
Opposite the same!
Swing your honey!
All cut away!
Right hand to partner and grand right and left!
Cheer 'er swing!
First gent skip to the right!
Ladies follow after!
Hoe 'er down!
Lady in center and three hands round!
Lead to the next!
Swing your duckies!
Cage the queen!
Cheer him if you can!
Break down the floor!
All shake yer feet!
Each lady grab a man!
First team pull to the right!
Grab hands, and cut away to the next!
Six hands round!
Doe-se-doe—and a doe-doe-doe!
Fourth couple sa-shay down the center!
Sa-shay back!
Whoop 'em up!
Git away girls, git away fast!
Gents in the center, and four hands round!
There you go to yer seats!
Whoop-la!—Puck.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Local Taxation, Etc.
No. 3.

Article 7 section 7 of our Constitution is as follows:

"No county, city, town, or other municipal corporation shall contract any debt, pledge its faith, or loan its credit, nor shall any tax be levied, or collected by any officer of the same, except for the necessary expenses thereof, unless by a vote of a majority of the qualified voters therein."

If, therefore, any county, city, town or other municipal corporation desires to increase its school funds by taxation, beyond the Constitutional limitation, it must ask for and secure from the General Assembly a special act submitting the question to the voters. A majority of the qualified voters will decide it.

By such special legislation public schools are on a permanent basis, their terms extending to eight or nine months per annum, in Goldsboro, Raleigh, Durham, Greensboro, Winston, Reidsville, Salisbury, Charlotte and Asheville.

In Fayetteville and New Bern similar excellent schools are conducted by the use of the general public school funds supplemented by private funds; and in Wilmington the public schools are supported entirely by the general public school funds. All of these schools have gradually grown in efficiency until they command the respect and patronage of the people, and are illustrations of not only the possible efficiency and safety of public schools, but also of the cheapness of education for all the children when communities take hold of it in good earnest and supplement their public funds either by taxing themselves or by private subscriptions. These schools will bear the light of investigation, and it is to be hoped that as their light is shed abroad other similar schools will be established.

It is not for me to say to what extent the people are able and ought to tax themselves for schools. I may, however, with propriety say that, as a system of public schools is fixed in our Constitution, and as whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, it is the part of wisdom to add to the funds already set apart by the Constitution and the statutes a sufficient amount of money, as fast as the people are able to bear it, to make the schools what they ought to be in town and country. Good schools will command the respect and support of the people; inferior ones will not and ought not. The remedy, however, for inferior schools rests with the people.

I say in town and country, because as a rule the country child has in some respects much the advantage of one living in the city even in an educational point of view, although the country school term be shorter. Education is not merely, or perhaps principally, book learning—not merely a knowledge of Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, History, &c. &c., which the boy or girl may carry into everyday work; but education is development of BRAIN POWER—a development of all the faculties of the mind along with physical power and knowledge of facts. Our young people must be taught to THINK, REASON and OBSERVE for themselves, and any process that secures this result will educate them.

There is much discussion now about manual and industrial training in the public schools, and the leading arguments in its favor is that in the exercise, mental and physical, of doing work with the hands the young people are not only developed physically but are taught to reason, think and observe for themselves, and in a practical way to apply what they learn from books. The very process of their minds must be subjected to develop all their powers. Now this process the boy on the farm life requires. The farmer who requires his boys not only to do the ordinary work in the field, but also furnishes them with a blacksmith shop and a wood shop, and encourages them to make repairs of farm machinery, sharpen plows, make hoe handles, axe handles, and anything they may desire to make, is giving them a very valuable education. He is making them REASON, THINK, AND OBSERVE. A boy cannot drive a nail, scribe a board and saw it to the scribe, make a toy wagon or do any work without being MENTALLY developed as well as PHYSICALLY. Many men who have comparatively little book-learning have large brain power and make valuable citizens and marked success in life work.

What I have said about farm life for boys has equally strong application to girls. There are so many things to be done in field and house that the hands and brains of the girls may also be kept busy, and with equal advantage to their mental and physical development. Of course I do not mean to discourage book-learning, but I do mean to say to the children in the rural districts that even though they

may not have so long school terms as do the children in the city, yet they have educational advantages that city children do not have. It is a good thing to learn in school what the books teach, but it is equally a good thing to learn to work. A very large proportion of the growth of our cities and manufacturing interests is due to the perseverance, strength of character, and strength of intellect of men who were born and trained in the country.

Let the country schools as well as the city schools be gradually worked up to longer terms and more efficiency, but let not manual labor by the young people be underrated as an EDUCATIONAL FACTOR, or as a preparation for practical success in earning a living.

Census, Enrollment, Attendance, &c.

No. 4.
According to the last returns the whole number of white and colored children between the ages of 6 and 21 years was 566,270. The white children, during the last 4 years, increased from 321,561 to 353,481; total in four years 31,920 or 9.92 per cent. During the same time the colored children increased from 193,843 to 212,789; total 18,946 or 9.77 per cent. Thus it will be seen that the rate of increase is very nearly the same for both races, the whites having increased only 15 per cent. faster or 15 in 10,000.

Last year there were enrolled in the white schools 57.2 per cent. or 202,214 out of 353,481 children; in the colored schools 57.8 per cent. or 124,145 out of 212,789. The average daily attendance in white schools was 35.2 per cent. and in the colored schools 35.05 per cent. Looking back over four years the figures show that there is a small increase in both the enrollment and average attendance of the whites and a small decrease of the colored. I state this because it is sometimes said that the colored people attend the public schools better than the whites. This may be true for some communities, but it is not so for the State according to the returns made to my office. Besides, the whites have a much larger population attendance in private schools than the negroes have.

Because there are enrolled in our public schools only 57 or 58 children out of every 100 there is an opinion among many people that the remaining 42 or 43 do not attend all. This is not the fact. Our school age is from 6 to 21 years, a period of 15 years. During any one session a large number of small children without school age will not be enrolled who at some subsequent time will be; and also a great many, say from 16 to 21, drop out of the public schools to engage in work or to pass into the private schools and colleges and are not enrolled in the public schools.

The fact is that during the short time that our schools are in session we have enrolled in them a larger per cent. of population than Massachusetts, Connecticut, or New York. We have enrolled 20.03 per cent. of the whole population including men, women and children, of all ages, or one per cent. in five, while Massachusetts has only 18 per cent., Connecticut 18.71 per cent. and New York 19.28 per cent. These figures are taken from the last report of the Commissioner of Education and are based on the United States census of 1880 and the latest school census of the States compared. And further, our daily average attendance in proportion to the whole population is better than in New York or Connecticut.

I am free to say that quite a large number of our children do not avail themselves of the facilities they have, but the greatest difference between the educational status of our State and those I have named above, and other Northern States, consists in the length of annual school terms. North Carolina has 90 days per annum, (just about the same for both races). Massachusetts 173, Connecticut 170, and New York 178. With nearly the same rate of enrollment and average attendance and, say, three times as long terms, the public educational forces in these three States are three times as great as are those of our State, granting that our teachers are as well prepared for their work. We are indeed far behind in the educational race, but still our public schools are improving in efficiency and attendance, and our many private schools are giving valuable help both in the instruction of children who are not included in the public school enrollment, and in providing higher education to those young persons who have passed beyond the public school course.

In estimating our educational facilities I have taken the average for the State. We must not lose sight of the fact that, while the average school term is 90 days or 3 months, some counties have only about 2 months, and others have 4 months or more. This results from several causes:

1. A difference in valuation of

property in the different counties.

2. Closer collections of school funds by officers of some counties than of others.

3. Receipts from license of retail liquor dealers, which are large in some counties and small or nothing in others.

4. Special levies for schools by some County Commissioners and none by others. S. M. FINGER, Supt. Public Instruction.

A RARE CONFEDERATE COIN.

A 51 Gold Piece Found in Atlanta and Said to be Worth \$650.

One of the best jokes of the season is current in the Gate City Bank building. All the lawyers are laughing about it. The victims are Mr. Frank Walker, Col. John B. Redwine and a negro boy, whose name is Jerry Johnson. A few days ago this boy was standing near a trash pile and was engaged in running his toes through the debris. He noticed something bright in the pile, and when he picked it up he found it to be a small yellow coin. At first he thought it was copper, but as he fingered it his native sense told him it was too heavy for copper, so he at once conjectured that it was made of gold. He had some business with Mr. Walker, and while in his office showed him the piece of money. He asked the lawyer how much he would give him for it. Woolfolk's attorney, after eyeing it closely, thought it was a gold dollar, and he was particularly anxious to get such a coin to wear on his watch chain, offered the boy \$1 for it, which he gleefully accepted.

Mr. Walker gave the coin a careful examination and became convinced that he had paid too much for it. He was in Col. Redwine's office and took the coin out and exhibited it to the great financier.

"What will you give me for it?" he asked.

"I'll give you \$1," was the reply.

"And I'll give you \$1.25," interrupted a man who had come in to renew a note.

"Done," exclaimed Mr. Walker.

"Here's your money," was the quick answer.

The buyer left the office with his coin, and the lawyer thought he had made a good bargain.

Hurrying off to a man that buys coins, the purchaser exhibited the piece. The dealer scrutinized it closely and said:

"What will you take for it?"

"What will you give?"

After a little consideration the dealer said:

"Will you take \$25 for it?"

The answer was:

"No, but I'll take \$30 for it."

"It's a go; here's your money," and the happy man walked out of the office.

The coin which figured in these transactions is a Confederate gold dollar. A gentleman while talking to a reporter said:

"The worst sold man of the four was he who sold the coin for \$30. It is true that it is, as represented, a genuine Confederate gold dollar, it is worth \$650. I am told that there are only six of these coins in existence. They are the only ones which were coined. They are worth \$650 each."—Atlanta Constitution.

Irrigation as Old as History.

Irrigation is by no means a new plan. It is as old as history, if not older. Both in the Old World and the New the irrigating canal has been an important factor in civilization. The valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates were made the gardens of the world's civilization by it, and with the destruction of the system of irrigating the fields, once made fertile by it, again became arid, sandy wastes. The Romans used irrigation to increase the productive-ness of certain parts of the Italian peninsula, and their old system is still in use, and makes fruitful 3,500,000 acres. When the Spaniards conquered Peru, Prescott tells us, the realm of the Incas was a garden in fertility, owing to a vast system of excellent irrigating canals. The Aztecs of Mexico knew the secret of the irrigating ditch and bequeathed a knowledge of it to the modern Mexican. In the Salt River valley, in Arizona, the Hemenway expedition has found ample evidences of a complete system of canals which rendered what is now almost a desert plain a fruitful valley capable of supporting thousands of people. It is no new plan, then—no new idea—that it is now being brought into use to reclaim and fructify the non-arable lands in the vast states and territories of the west and southwest.—Cleveland Leader.

SYMPATHY.—A six-year-old Boston girl was offering sympathy to a neighbor who had lost a child.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown," said she, "I know just how to sympathize with you, for I lost a little brother myself once."

"Indeed, Ethel," said Mrs. Brown, "I don't remember it. How old were you when he died?"

"Oh," answered the child, "it was long before you knew our family. He died several years before I was born!"

The Boy and the English Sparrow.

Much is being said and written in regard to the ravages of the English sparrow. Many and varied are the modes suggested for their destruction, but the most feasible one seems to be—turn the boys loose with full permission to go for every sparrow he sees. If the average boy cannot exterminate him, then does the sparrow deserve to live. The following is the experience of a gentleman who turned his boy loose with instructions to rid his premises of the nuisance:

You wouldn't think there was much good about a cooked English sparrow, but there is. Between cold snaps and the sparrows my garden has not proven the oasis I calculated upon, and knowing that nothing earthly could prevent the cold snaps from snapping the snap beans and other truck, my youngster set a trap in the garden to stop the birds. He succeeded in snaring a couple of dozen, and with the old nursery rhyme of four and twenty black birds cooked up in a pie still fresh in his memory he resolved to give us a pie of four and twenty sparrows for supper.

The sparrow is a most deceptive little rascal as to size. Apparently he is as big as a robin, but when he is divested of his feathers and has undergone stewing he turns out to be about the size of your thumb. But the pie! There was a plenty of butter and seasoning, and topped over with a rich, brown, short crust, and it was toothsome. The sparrow has a gamy taste, though when with one bite you nip off his breast you take all of him; but that little morsel is fine. But for the fact that you have a sort of repugnance to sparrows as food, you would enjoy a sparrow pie as much as if the pie had been made of any other kind of bird.

All sorts of efforts have been made to suppress the sparrow, but he will not down, and to get rid of him make pies of him. Set you a trap in the garden, sprinkle meal under and about it, and in the morning when you go out to see the tender vegetation sprouting through the ground with blackened heads your consolation will be found in the bird trap.

Country Courtship.

The Hot Springs News had its meditative powers aroused by the story of "Uncle Zack's Courtship" which George Naylor is running in the Conway Tribune. Being reminded of a somewhat similar courtship, the News tells the story briefly as follows:

The story is credited to an Arkansawyer residing in Clarke county. Calling upon his lady love his extreme bashfulness precluded all utterance save from the heart. This state of affairs was mutual, so the two simply sat and loved and looked, and looked and loved, all the while inching up closer together. Finally he broke the spell by the ejaculation:

"S'pose we buss."

Shyly came the answer without looking up:

"Don't keer'f we do."

They proceeded to "buss," after which another long silence prevailed, while the chairs kept slowly gravitating toward each other. Finally the spell was again broken, when he said:

"S'pose we marry."

In the same manner she responded:

"Don't keer'f we do."

This ended the courtship, and the wedding soon followed.

A Leap From the Clouds.

A Jackson special says: Professor Hogan made a magnificent leap from his balloon shortly after noon today. The first attempt at an ascension was a failure, but the second effort was a success and the airship soon reached a height estimated at 10,000 feet. At this elevation the balloon seemed to stand still and by the aid of glasses Hogan could be seen edging over the side of the car. Suddenly a cry went up "He's jumped," and the crowd craned their necks to see the man dash himself to pieces.

The parachute failed to work at first and the daring aeronaut was seen diving to the earth with lightning speed. A moment later, however, the umbrella-shaped life preserver opened its wings, and Hogan's rapid descent was checked. From that point he dropped slowly and reached the earth safely in four minutes, at a point about one and a half miles from the city. The foolhardy man dropped 500 feet before his parachute opened.

GEORGIE'S COLD.—Georgie comes down to breakfast with a swollen visage. Whereupon mamma says to the four-year-old:

"Why, Georgie, darling, don't you feel well? Tell mamma what the matter is."

Georgie (full of influenza)—"No, I don't feel well. Bofe of my eyes is leakin', and one of my noses don't go."—Harper's Bazaar.

A girl down South wanted a husband so bad she paid \$150,000 for one and picked out an editor. We come high, but they must have us.—Our Society Journal.

Inexplicable.

Only a little while ago a young lady died in Kansas City. She went straight to heaven, of course, as any person dying in Kansas City would naturally do. St. Peter met her at the gate. "Yes," he said in response to her application for admission; "yes, I see. You come directly from—" "Kansas City," said the pilgrim. "You were a member of the Church of the Good Sinners, I see," continued the saint, consulting the record. "In full fellowship and good standing," said the applicant promptly. "Yes," St. Peter went on, "I see nothing against you here. Wait one moment." He called a happy looking saint to his side, and they held a whispered consultation. Peter's face grew sorrowful and he shook his head sadly as he turned again to the applicant. "This man says," he remarked, "that you used to sit sideways in crowded street cars when he lived in Kansas City. I'm sorry but there is no room for you here. Turn to the left, and mind the step. If you hurry you will have company; the commercial traveler who piles his valise on one seat and his feet on another in a railroad car has been sent down that way." And the young woman wept and ran and caught up with him, and they both joined the rest of the herd and ran violently down a steep place into the sea.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Good Reason Why.

They have been talking of the sharp games played on innocent people by sharp men, when Green looked up and said:

"Gentlemen, I don't brag about my wife being sharper than a razor, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write a note, sign it with my own name, and ask her to deliver my Sunday suit to bearer for repairs. You may send it up to the house, and I'll bet you \$5 she'll be too sharp to let the clothes go."

"We'll take the bet!" called two or three voices, and there being five of them, they clipped in a dollar apiece.

The note was written and signed, and despatched by a messenger boy. In half an hour he returned, empty-handed as to clothes, but having a note, which read:

"Come off the perch! All the clothes you have in the wardrobe are your back!"

"Gentlemen," said the winner, as he pocketed his five, "let me recommend it to you as something which always wins, and as I must meet a man at 3 o'clock, I will now bid you good-day!"—Detroit Free Press.

Absent-Minded Men.

A story used to be told many years ago of a merchant who was peculiarly subject to fits of absent-mindedness. Once he was writing a letter, and thought, absent-mindedly, he'd forgotten his correspondent's first name. Turning to one of his clerks, he said:

"What's John Jackson's first name?"

The clerk, accustomed to his employer's peculiarity, replied:

"John, sir."

The merchant wrote the letter, put it in an envelope, and was again at a loss. To the same clerk he then said:

"Excuse me, James, I've forgotten John Jackson's last name."

But a better story than the above is told of a gentleman in the city who was met by a friend one morning hurrying back from the depot toward his home.

"What's the matter?" the friend inquired.

"Oh, I've left my watch under my pillow, and I'm going to get it."

"You'll miss your train."

"Oh, no," was the absent-minded man's reply. "See, I've got four minutes yet," and he took out his watch to enforce the statement. And he didn't realize for a minute what it was that made his friend laugh so heartily.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

FREE FROM ANARCHY.—Whenever a great strike paralyzes the business of a section of the North we are forcibly reminded of the difference between the North and the South in the respect of the disturbances. It only remains for capitalists and laborers in the South to appreciate the value of dealing fairly with each other, and the capital that we need so much to develop our natural resources will come to the place where investment is safe, and where there can be no fear of constant strife. We wish to impress this on our people, and point the surest way to obtain the arterial blood of manufacture and trade. Let it be known that the States of Virginia and North Carolina are solid for investments, and capital will be quick to appreciate the advantages of a locality that is free from anarchy and sound in native American ideas.—Richmond Times.

"Say, Jim, it seems ter me those Chinese are forever at work." "Ah, they're barbarians an' don't know any better. Let's go over to the corner saloon and see if we can't strike some one fer a drink."