The Durham Recorder.

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Professional, &c.

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[Nov. 28-1y

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Dentist,
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POETRY.

EIGHTY-FIVE EIGHTY-SIX.

O shall we grieve with the sad Old Year,—
O shall we mourn for the year that is dying?
O shall we bring to the new crowned King.
Our paeans, dead grandeur, defying?

Here's a song for the New and a tear for the Old;
O friends we may not thus sever
The years in their flight, be they happy or sad;
They're companions Fate lined forever.

The New may not lose all the joys of the Old,
And the Old may not cast all its burdens
On the light-bearing wings of the new-coming heir;
Each has its own sorrows and guerdons.

The griefs of the past and the joys of the past.
In our memories still may yet linger,
But each year has its deaths and each year has its births,
Marked out by Eternity's finger.

And in the New, in the days to be born,
Where Destiny's veil is unlifted,
There hover new hopes, new sorrows and joys
Which Time for our trying has sifted.

So let us weep low for the year that is gone
And let us sing low for the year that is nearing;
In the merciful hands of the ANCIENT OF DAYS
Leave all our newhoping and fearing!

Fighting Randall Over the Rules.

Members may protest as much as they please that no personal significance attaches to the proposed change of the House rules, but we fear it is a mistake. We confess that it looks very much as though the whole business was inspired by the haters of Mr. Randall and the proposition to change is prosecuted chiefly by his implacable enemies. Exposed in its nakedness, it is claimed by some to be simply a mean effort to humiliate one of the most loyal Democrats, and, perhaps, the ablest public man of the Union; and if so the transaction from beginning to its present stage is exceedingly discreditable to those engaged in it. If many of the men who are seeking to degrade Randall possess one whit of his statesmanship or practical sense; if they have discovered one-half of his courage and patriotism, the country has failed to note the fact—and, excepting a few personal organs, the Democratic party places implicit faith in the fealty and soundness of Mr Randall. It is no discredit to Mr. Randall that the Washington *Post* has systematically and incessantly subjected him to discourtesy and abuse. But it is a consummate piece of assumption for that journal to impinge the personal or political integrity of any Democrat of high and honorable repute, and it is a ridiculous pretension for it to pose as the organ of the national Democracy so long as it continues its indecent assaults upon the ablest of that party's leaders. The most humiliating spectacle, however, that is presented to our subservation, is the concurrences of one or two Southern jouanals, which, suppressing the commonest feeling of humanity and forgetful of the memorable battle against their own degredation and enslavement fought and won by Samuel J. Randall, assist and applaud every savage and vindictive thrust made at the courageous and generous defender of Southern equality and Anglo-Saxon superiority.—Lynchburg (Va.) *News.*

British Speculations.

Speculations in England are adverse to the success of any plan to give Ireland a Parliament of its own. It is said that Mr. Gladstone would not be able to carry out the plan with which he was credited because of the incurable split in his party. But there are others who hold that he will be able to solidify the Liberals upon any plan he may propose. It is not probable, to say the least, that the Tories will be able to hold office many months longer. It will then devolve upon the opposition to form a Ministry and it is almost certain that Mr. Gladstone will have to be invited to assume this grave responsibility. There will scarcely be any other alternative. The Tories will be almost certain to be defeated upon some measure and not necessarily Irish, for England has a complex policy and a great many interests to be consulted. The Irsh may not find it to their interest to support the Tories in the domestic and foreign policy, and so a few of the Parnellites uniting with the Liberals would drive the Ministry from power. In that event it would be inevitable that Mr. Gladstone should be called upon to form a new Ministry, as he is the only man in opposition who could rally the forces and give a guarantee of anything like a successful term of office.

In the meantime Mr. Parnell is "the uncrowned King of Ireland," and holds the balance of power in the British Parliament. He can kill and he can make alive. It is in his power to defeat the Tory Ministry and to give the Government to the Liberals or *vice versa*. He is an able, cautious, well-poised man, and will use his great influence for the prosperity and glory of his own people, no doubt. —Wil. *Star.*

Thomas Stevens, who started from San Francisco to ride upon a bicycle around the world, has arrived at Teheran, the capital of Persia. His is the most noteworthy cycling tour of this first century of cycles.

During the recent parliamentary elections in England, Queen Victoria showed her sympathy for the Tories in many ways.

Presidents of the United States in Succession, and Their Various Opponents.

[W. in the Home]

First Washington came—the good and the great;
Then the Federalist Adams became ruler of State—
Defeating Tom Jefferson an old Democrat,
Who wanted the chair in which Washinton sat.

Then Jefferson a second time offered his name
And defeated John Adams at his own little game;
And again was elected in 1804,
Over C. C. Pinkney by quite a large score.

John Madison then followed in 1808,
Followed by Clinton and Pinkney at a very slow gate;
He again was elected in 1812—
Leaving poor De Witt Clinton laid up on the shelf.

In 1816 Monroe entered the ring
And knocked out the Federalist, poor Rufus King.
In 1820 he again took the chair,
Beating John Quincy Adams in the race "fair and square,"

Then John Quincy Adams in the year "twenty four"
Beat Jackson and Crawford and Clay to be sure;
But Old Hickory came to the front in the year twenty eight
Turned the tables on Adams and settled his fate;

And again was elected in the year thirty two
Over Clay, Wirt, and Floyd, and beat the whole crew,
Next Martin Van Buren in the year thirty six,
Left, Harrison, Webster, Mangum, and White in a fix;

Then Harrison in 40 our ruler was made,
And back in his "own coin" Van Buren was paid;
But he in a month, from from the scene passed away,
And left President Tyler the sceptre to sway.

In the year 44 James K. Polk took the chair,
And beat Clay and Burney the ambitious pair.
Zach Taylor in the year 48 then was chosen
Over Smith, Lewis, Cass and Martin Van Buren;

But he, poor old fellow, did not live quite two years;
So left the office for Filmore with all of its cares.
In the year of 52 Franklin Pierce made it hot
For Hale, Webster, Broome, Troupe, and old Winfield Scott;

He carried the day, as you plainly can note
By almost the entire Electoral vote.
In 57 Buchanan then took his seat
And Fillimore and Fremont and Smith met defeat.

Old Abe Lincoln next in the year sixty one,
'Mid the storm clouds of war his reigning begun,
Leaving far in the rear Stephen Douglas and Bell,
And Breckenridge also the story to tell

He then beat McClellan in the year sixty four
By a popular vote of four hundred thousand or more.
He lived until April in the year sixty five;
And but for Wilkes Booth might have been alive.

Andy Johnson then followed and filled out the term.
Though they tried to impeach him, he stood his ground firm.
The Rads they accused him of changing his coat,
And they failed of their purpose by only one vote.

Ulysses S. Grant in the year sixty eight
Beat Horatio Seymour by the decree of fate;
And again took his seat in seventy three,
Beating O'Conor and Greely as slick as could be,

Adding Hendricks and Jenkins, Brown and Black
Coming out clear ahead of the whole yelling pack;
Now Rutherford Hayes in seventy six
Played on old Sammy Tilden his "juggling tricks,"

In the race too, was Cooper and Walker and Smith,
But their hopes like poor Sammy's, proved only a myth,
For the Rads were determined the country to rule,
Or send the whole business away down to shool.

James A. Garfield took his seat in March eighty one;
But in just about six months his short race was run;
He fell by the hands of old Guiteau the crank;
Giving the office to Arthur, the next one in rank,

Thank Heaven at last in the year eighty five
From Radical rule we have had a reprieve,
And Grover Cleveland, with his mighty arm,
Will shield the WHOLE country from POLITICAL HARM.

Somewhat of a Fraud.

We have received another bulletin from our state bureau or department of Agriculture so called. This deals with certain insects (the invisible) that pry into upon plants—the insects and their parasitacal tendencies were discovered by other scientists than Dr. Dabney and assistants. But our purpose is to call attention to the following introductory to the last circular:

In addition to being a chemical bureau, this Station has been made by the law a bureau of information for the benefit of the farmers of the State. Every farmer has the right to apply to the Station for any information which science should supply, and if the Station has no expert in the special department of inquiry in its immediate employ, it will take due steps to secure the information desired from some of its corresponding scientists. In addition to information on all agricultural chemical subjects, including the composition and value of fertilizers, the production of fertilizers, composts, &c., at home, and our resources for making the same, the analysis of soils, marls, mucks, waters, minerals, ores, feeding-stuffs, and the examination of seeds, for which we have apparatus and experts have been perfected whereby examination of botanical material, such as grasses, weeds, uncommon plants, of insects injurious to vegetation, of diseases of domestic animals, etc., as mentioned in paragraph 2—4, section 2189 of the Code, can be made through the agency of the Experiment Station.

This as the introductory states we always supposed was the object of the law creating this department. And this so far as we have heard has not been the object of the bureau. For the farmer except worthless circulars nothing has been done.—Tarboro *Southerner.*

The Heritage of the Southron.

Fancy a country of varied surface, mountain and plain, hill and dale, symmetrical slopes and rounded knolls, broad savannas carpeted with perpetual green, and breezy uplands purple with rising and setting suns; a land vocal with the song of birds and the murmur of rippling streams, where furrowed fields make generous response to the appeal of the husbandman, and forests of primeval growth keep guard over measureless areas of soil never yet touched by the ploughshare; a land of flocks and herds, of fruits and flowers, of grain and grass; a land fruitful of whatever is needed for the sustenance, the comfort and happiness of man, for his highest physical, intellectual and moral development; a land of soft atmosphere and element skies, of bold rivers and broad estuaries; a land of kindly hearts and hospitable homes, of brave men and beautiful women; a land consecrated by noble deeds and illustrious with immortal names; a land of pure hearthstones and undefiled sanctuaries—fancy such a country, we say, and, if you be a dweller in this fair land of the South, look around you, and, beholding all that you have fanced, lift up your heart in grateful recognition of the good Providence that has placed you in the midst of so many blessings. The original legend on Virginia's Seal of State should be the daily remembered motto of every southern man: Deus haec nobis otia fecit.—Ex.

In Paris, last year, there were 80,270 births and 72,735 deaths.

One of the Faroe islands has been swallowed up by the sea.

An extensive system of railroads is shortly to be commenced in China.

The total value of the trade of India exceeds $250,000,000 annually.

The Missouri Cremation society has 400 members, twenty-five of whom are women.

A crazy quilt shown in New York actually is put down in cold figures as worth $3,000.

From 60,000 to 65,000 people cross the Brooklyn bridge every day in the cars, while about 11,000 walk over.

Two deaths have been caused in England this season by the game of football, and quite a number of broken limbs are reported.

A Georgia man has kept a bale of cotton for twenty years, thinking that each year would see the article at the price which he thinks it is worth.

All the fruit and other trees in Santa Barbara, Cal., are being dug up and English walnuts planted in their stead. The craze is rapidly spreading.

There are now three clerks and messengers to to every United States Senator, and it costs $10,000 to $12,000 a year for the delivery of the Senate mail.

FARMER'S DAUGHGTERS.

A certain paper says the best wives in the world are farmers' girls. We believe it is true. Not but that many mechanic's and merchant's and banker's girls make good wives and excellent women. But the rule is that farmers' girls are healthier, fresher, fairer, more useful and sensible than any other class of young women. What is a girl good for who has no vigor of body, whose waist is like a wasp's, whose lungs are cramped into half their proper size, whose spine is crooked and diseased, whose nerves are as weak as a spiceny old woman's, whose physical organization is so weak and unstrung that every wind gives her a cold, every change in the weather a neuralgic attack, every accident a hysteric fit and every spider that sets foot in her pathway a frantic terror?

What is a girl good for if she has no useful information, whose hands can serve no useful turn, who can neither make bread nor butter, nor clothes, nor wash, nor nurse, nor mend? Wives live to some purpose, or ought to. Theirs is a great mission. They have noble service to preside over the interests of the thousands of homes that dot our country. The dress, the comfort, the taste, the health, the happiness, the intelligence, the virtues of our homes, are not a little in their keeping. All the interests that cluster around the fireside are confided to them. Not the politicians at Washington, not the professors in our colleges, not our men of commerce in our seaports, not the bankers in our cities, not the merchants in our shops, not the men in our professions, not even our ministers of the gospel, have committed to them a grander or holier charge, or have in their keeping interests of greater importance than the wives of our country. Our civilization, our intelligence, our virtue, our progress in all that is great and good, depends as much upon our wives as upon any class of the community.

They should, then, be healthy, strong and useful. They should know how to do something that will be of service to their families. To cook, to wash, to make, to mend, to pickle, to preserve, to cure, to nurse, to instruct, to please, to bless, to entertain, to serve, to encourage, to cut, to knit and sew—are some of the offices devolving upon a wife. If she knows not all of these things, she must fail in some of her duties. If she cannot put her hand to some of these services, she cannot fulfill her mission. To do these things she must be well stocked with common sense and useful information. To embroider, to finger a musical instrument, to paint, to read French, and nurse flow-pots and lapdogs, is a small part of a wife's mission. To go into hysterics over the last novel, to weep over a newspaper doggerel, to study the fashion-plate, to feast on the Ladys Book as though it was solid food, to snuffle over love stories and be delighted with coxcomb literature—are accomplishments of a very questionable character in a wife. Half a grain of common sense sprinkled into a few hours of useful occupation is worth more than all of them. Because farmers' daughters are freer from these fooleries, are sounder in health, are trained to more useful employments, is the reason why, as general rule, they make better wives. All true accomplishments are to be prized; but the first and best and ever to be esteemed accomplishment is to be useful. This always makes one agreeable, always makes one honored. When usefulness in joined with intelligence, virtue and graceful manners, it consummates the character of a good wife.—Mobile *Register.*

Jarvis is Solid.

[New York Sun.]

Our esteemed contemporary, the Philadelphia *Press*, returns to a subject that was more talked about twenty-five years ago than now:

"Mr. Cleveland's Minister of Brazil, ex-Gov. Jarvis, of North Carolina, writes from Rio that he is taking lessons in the language of that country three days each week. Rather an expensive schooling—$10,000 a year, and Uncle Samuel pays the bill. Of course it is not necessary for many of foreign Ministers under a Democratic Administration to speak the language of the countries to which they are sent. Signs and motions will get liquids, but in Brazil there is no sign for a cocktail, and poor Jarvis is athirst. He must learn the language or die of exhaustion."

It is not necessary that any minister to a foreign country should speak the language of the country for the purpose of discharging his official duties.

Our Philadelphia contemporary is also mistaken in saying that the United States have to pay for the Portuguese lessons which Gov. Jarvis is now getting. The United States pay him for being Minister, and if he chooses to devote a large part of his salary to studying Portuguese that is his affair.

By the way, how does the *Press* know that Mr. Jarvis is a drinking man? The temperance cause has of late made great progress in North Carolina, as in other Southern States, and it is highly probable that Mr. Jarvis is one of its partisans. It is wrong to accuse him of drinking cocktails without positive evidence of the fact.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Tobacco culture enters largely into the agricultural industry of the United States, for the amount raised this year will doubtless not fall short of 500,000,000 pounds. As it is one of the leading money crops, and as many of our readers are interested in it either directly or indirectly, it may not be out of place to give a few points in regard to its early history and its use in ancient times.

Tobacco derives its botanical name (*nicotiana*) from Jean Nicot, who introduced it into France. It is somewhat uncertain whether its use as a narcotic was known in the East before the discovery of America. When Columbus first put foot on the soil of the New World he found it extensively cultivated here, and its cultivation then extended far North of the regions in which the plant appear to be indigenous. Meyen, in his "Geography of Plants," expresses the opinion that the smoking of tobacco is of great antiquity among the Chinese, because on very old sculpture he has "observed the very same pipes which are now in use." Meyen's authority, however, is greater as a botanist than as an archæologist, and cannot be received as decisive. It is not improbable that the smoking of tobacco has been long practiced in China, but it is not certain. When tobacco was introduced in Europe from America it soon became extremely prevalent amongst all Oriental nations. The smoking of tobacco was found by Columbus to be practiced in the West Indies, where the natives made it into cylindrical rolls, wrapped in maize leaf. It has been prevalent from unknown antiquity amongst the American Indians as far North as Canada. With them it even had a religious character and was connected with their worship and with all their important transations. Thus the Calumet, or pipe of peace, was indispensable with them to the ratification of a treaty, and smoking together has a greater significance of friendship with the Indians than eating together has among nations. On this subject Wilson, in his "Prehistoric Man," says: "In the belief of the ancient worshipers, the Great Spirit smelled a sweet savour as the smoke of the sacred plant ascended to the heavens; and the homely implement of modern luxury was in their hands a sacred cause, from which the hallowed vapor rose with as fitting propitiatory odors as that which perfumes the awful precincts of the cathedral altar, amid the mysteries of the church's high and holy days."

Tobacco seed were first carried to Europe by Gonzalo Hernandes de Oviedo, who introduced it into Spain, where it was first cultivated as an ornamental plant, till Nocolo Menardes extolled it as possessed of medicinal virtues. It was first introduced in Italy in 1560. There is no reference to the use of tobacco in Shakspeare, yet it is certain from other evidence that it was well known in England in his time. It was first recommended for medicinal purposes and its virtues were greatly exagerated, but it soon became a general article of luxury. The Popes Urban VIII. and Innocent XI. fulminated against it the thunders of the church; the priests and sultans of Turkey declared smoking a crime, Sultan Amuret IV. decreeing a punishment of death to all offenders. During the early part of the 17th century there was a law in Russia to cut off the noses of all who smoked. If such a law was inforced in America to-day this would be a nation of noseless people. King James I. of England issued a "Counterblaste tobacco," in which he described its use as "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horribie Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." All opposition, however, was in vain. Its use increased and has continued to increase to the present day, and it is now more prevalent than at any former time, and the luxury of the rich and the poor, of civilized nations and savage tribes. —*Country Homes*

The Contested Election in Ohio.

The Supreme Court announced its decision in the Hamilton county contested election cases last week, reversing the decision of the Circuit Court of that county and giving certificates of election to the Democratic candidates for Senators and Representatives. No decision was announced in the mandamus proceedings brought by the Governor and Secretary of State to compel Clerk Dalton to make a return of the election abstract from Hamilton county to the Secretary of State.

SICKENING SLAUGHTER.

HOW CATTLE ARE KILLED IN VENEZUELAA, SOUTH AMERICA.

Dr. Ditmars, of the National Society of Microscopists, believes that he has found in the tissues of animals that had been killed while suffering torture, or frenzied by fright, changes that rendered them dangerous for use as human food. It would be well if that could be made such a deep-rooted conviction in the public mind that the slaughter of animals for food would be rendered as nearly painless to the victims as possible. But it is to be feared that the effect spoken of is not sufficiently certain or deadly, to force considerations of humanity as necessary for self-protection. I once witnessed the preliminaries of the butchering of some cattle for the market of Puerto, Canello, and Venezuela, and have ever since felt regret that the meat killed there was not transformed into an agonizing, deadly poison, of which the butchers could have been compelled to eat largely. To have seen them suffer would have been a great delight.

In that hot climate, where there is no ice, meat has to be killed from day to day for immediate use. The abattoir of Pureto Cabello is some distance outside the town, between a thicket and a great bare flat on which stagnant water lies in the rainy season. In the edge of the thicket is a corral, or enclosure made with a fence composed of the trunk of small trees laid lengthwise like rails. Some twenty rods in front of it is a massively constructed, stone-paved shed, with heavy posts deeply bedded in the ground at short intervals around it. Around the base of each post the ground is trodden down in a basin and soaked deep and black with blood. On the ridge-pole of the shed, on the fences near by, and on the ground are hundreds of black, loathsome-lookikg turkey buzzards, so fat, lazy, and fearless that they scarcely move out of one's way. They are the scavengers there, and it is forbidden by law to harm them.

I got out there about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Half a dozen scantily-clad, evil-looking, sturdy rascals were lounging aimlessly about or lying on dried hides thrown upon the stones under the shed. With them were several half-naked boys and flea-infested dogs. It was not long until the shouts of vaqueros and the tramping of hoofs heralded the approach of a drove of cattle and, a few moments after, twenty-five or thirty wild looking beasts, with great staring eyes and wide spread horns, dashed out of a narrow path in the thicket into the open. There they were quickly rounded up and hurried into the corral by the vaqueros mounted on small, agile ponies. The corral-bars were put up, the ponies tethered, and the vaqueros and the butchers, climbing on the enclosing fence, began swinging the nooses of their long, snaky rope lassos over the heads of the doomed animals. Two lassos were deftly thrown, at the same instant almost, over the horns of a steer, the corral-bars were dropped, and the excited beast came charging out at a fellow who had placed himself invitingly before the opening. Before the long horns could reach their object one of the lassoe, that had been adoritly cast around a snubbing-post, tautened so suddenly that the steer nearly turned a somersault and came down his side, upon the ground, with a stunning crash. In a moment he was up, standing as if dazed and trembling in every limb. He was as handsome as a picture. His long limbs were sharply and lithe as those of a deer; his body, shining dark mahogany in color, was slender and well formed; his head was carried high and proudly; his eyes blazed with mingled rage and affright. Suddenly he made another rush at a man; the second lasso—carried meanwhile to a more advanced snubbing-post—tautened, and again he went into the air with another somersault and came down with another crash. After that he was more chary of those mad rushes, and they worked him along by easy stages until they had him drawn up to one of the slaughter posts at the edge of the shed, with his nose down near to the blood soaked earth. There, at the first snuff of the blood, he became almost mad with terror, but escape was hopeless. With much skill they got another rope hitched on his horns that drew his brow to within a foot of the post. Then the lassoes were thrown off and the butchers' fun began. They had plenty of time to spare, and they proposed to enjoy themselves. Some young dogs they wanted to train were made to chew the thighs and belly of the wretched brute. He fought and kicked at them with all his might, but, of course, with no effect, and in apparent despair at length stood stock still, moaning, and endured the torture, until the dogs got tired of the sport. But the men wanted some fun with him; he suffered so keenly and showed it so much that they could not let him alone. One of them took a great stone, going close to the steer's head, hurled it down with such cruel accuracy of aim and devilish force that it knocked losse one of the long, tapering horns. The horrible agony of it made the beast roar and bellow. And the men—how they did roar with laughter and enjoyment. Then another fellow picked up a sharp stone, and, taking careful aim, threw it with all his force and knocked out one of the steer's eyes. The excellent throw was loudly applauded by the scoundrel's companions, and they vied with each other throwing at the poor brute's remaining eye until it also was knocked out. At length they got tired of torturing him and went for a fresh victim, leaving him standing there, in all his agony and fright and fever, for nine or ten hours, until daylight the next day, when it would be time to kill for the market. —*Cook.*

TARRING A RAT.

Rats are wonderfully clean animals, and they dislike tar more, perhaps, than any thing else, for if it once gets on their jackets they find it most difficult to remove. Now, I had heard it mentioned that pouring tar down at the entrance of their holes was a good remedy; also, placing broken pieces of glass by their holes was another remedy. But these remedies are not effective. The rats may leave their old holes and make fresh ones in other parts of the house; they don't however, leave the premises for good. I thought I would try another experiment—one I had not heard of before. One evening I set a large wire-cage rat-trap, attaching inside a most seductive piece of strongly-smelling cheese, and next morning I found to my satisfaction that I had succeeded in trapping a very large rat, one of the largest I have ever seen, which, after I had besmeared him with tar, I let loose into his favorite run. The next night I tried again, and succeeded in catching another equally big follow, and served him in the same manner. I could not follow these two tar-besmeared rats into their numerous runs to see what would happen; but it is reasonable to assume that they summoned together all the members of their community, and by their crestfallen appearance gave their comrades silent indications of the misfortune which had so suddenly befallen them, or that they frightened their brethren away, for they one and all forsook the place and fled. The experiment was eminently successful. From that day in 1875 till now, 1883, numers ah ancient though it is, has [illegible] BEST [illegible] tirely free from rats, and [illegible] house that there is no remedy [illegible] one, if you can catch your rat alive. They never came back to the house again.—*Chamber's Journal.*

A POUND OF TOBACCO PRESENTED TO EVERY JURY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

There are peculiar customs in connection with the administration of the courts of the District of Columbia, relics of the old Maryland laws; but one which strikes the ordinary observer as the most peculiar is that which requires a winning party to a civil suit to pay for the tobacco that the jury which tried the case is supposed to have used during the hearing of the case. Now, it happens sometimes that not one of the jurors uses tobacco in any farm, and yet the pound of tobacco, or its equivalent, has to be paid the foreman of the jury the instant a verdict has been rendered. As litigants or their attorneys are not in the habit of carrying so much tobacco in their clothing, for custom requires a pound be given the lawyer on the winning side, as soon as the verdict is recorded, hands the foreman of the jury, $1, which is just as good as the pound of tobacco. Sometimes a jury will try several cases in a day. If they do they will get $1 for each case from the winner. The juries put all their tobacco money together, and at the end of the term divide it among themselves, reserving a sufficient sum to buy for the foreman of the jury a cane, some kind of a present for the bailiffs who attend the jury, and a bouquet for the judge who holds the court.

The jury has legal claim for the pound of tobacco in every case, but there is no case recorded where the tobacco has been refused and a test case made. On the criminal side of the courts the judges can, if they desire, impose fines of pounds of tobacco instead of dollars. The penalty for wife-beating is from 10 to 100 pounds of tobacco under the old laws. The old laws, however, are seldom, if ever, entered, for most of them are supplanted by modern ones. Under the former the courts can pierce a red-hot iron through the tongue of every one who blasphemes the Creator, but they do not do it. There is, however, just as good law for it as there is to hang persons in this District. Some overzealous Christians asked the enforcement of the law the first time Robert G. Ingersoll lectured in Washington city, but no attention was paid to the request. It was understood at the time that Col. Ingersoll would be delighted with a prosecution of this kind. For doing the slightest labor on Sunday, under the old Maryland law, from 5 to 50 pounds of tobacco was the penalty.

A husband and wife at Leipsic, Germany, named Zillack, recently announced to their friends through the columns of a daily paper that a girl—their twenty-ninth child—had been born to them.