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A SONG.

BY CONGO.

In looking over some old papers the other day, I came across the accompanying song, written in the year 1844. Such productions were quite fashionable in that day, but are not near so common at the present time. If you think proper, you will do me the favor to publish this, my last song of the kind I ever wrote or expect to write. Yours truly,

AULD LANG SYNE.

Away down upon de old Nuse Riber,
Whar de fishes come swimmin from de sea,
Dar ole massa built a pine log cabin,
And gib it to Dina, little Sam and me;
Whar ebry night we makes de banger go,
While dancing merrily to dat glorious glee,
De breeze plays on de pines to de ribers flow,
For de 'speshel musen ent of we niggers three!
Oh, 'tis a sweet—sweet delight,
Oh a bright moonlight night,
To dance round one's cabin doo' and sing,
God bless massa, de ole Nort State and ebry ting.

Let udder niggas boast ob all he has,
And crack up old Ferginy to de skies,
But de sun from hebin hits neber gaze
On such a spot as round our cabin lies;
Dar ebry bird dat flies do come and sing;
In neber-fading bowers ob green in bloom,
Where fragrant vines, and long gray mosses swing,
Sheddin eber round us dar sweet perfume.
Oh, 'tis a sweet—sweet delight,
Oh a bright moonlight night,
To dance 'round one's cabin doo' and sing,
God bless massa, de ole Nort State and ebry ting.

Dus pleased, de laughin' hours from us run,
While de bright stars are twinklin o'er our heads,
Sheddin down dar sweet smiles, bright as de sun,
To light us all, when weary, to our beds.
And when dar we gets, we sleep so bery sound,
Whar de breeze fans so softly on ebry cheek;
We feel so blessed we mos forgot to bound,
When de old conk-horn to us his music speak.
Oh, 'tis a sweet—sweet delight,
To rise by mornin light,
While all nature round us seems to sing,
God bless massa, de ole Nort State and ebry ting!

But to de soul-inspiring song we raise,
And eat our breakfus by de blush ob morn;
And befo' de sun has streaked de east,
We's out hoen de cotton an' de corn,
An' drinkin' in all nature's balmy sweets,
Wid ebry fleetin breff ob life we take,
Till de soul-stirring hour at twilight greets
Our waitin' ears, an' den for home we break.
Soutin' 'tis a sweet—sweet delight
Oh a bright moonlight night,
To dance roun' our cabin doo' and sing
God bless massa, de ole Nort State and ebry ting!

Yes, way down upon de old Nuse Riber,
Where de fishes come swimmin' from de sea,
I'd lib forever, in a pine log cabin,
Along wid Dina, little Sam and me;
And den firs' on de heal tap, den on de toe,
Contented, dance life away to de glows glee,
De breezes play on de pine, to de silent place,
Nor wish on de earth to be more free.
Oh, 'tis sweet—sweet delight,
Oh a bright moonlight night,
To dance 'round our cabin door and sing
God bless massa, de ole Nort State and ebry ting!

Dickens in 1868.

[From a Lecture by George M. Towle.]

From behind the plain, broad writing table a brisk, active figure came forward to meet me with a bright twinkle in the eye, a sunny smile and a hearty grasp of the hand. A remarkably youthful figure, as it first appeared to me, and most jauntily arrayed. The apparel was conspicuous and even foppish. There seemed to be a pervading effect of gold and jewelry rather too lavishly displayed. Coat, vest, and trousers were cut in the top of the day's fashion. The cravat was brilliant in color and obtrusive in size. The general impression was that of a dainty and airily dressed man, to whom a good looking-glass was a very necessary article of domestic furniture.

But I was soon drawn from this rapid contemplation of attire to observe the features and manner of the man himself. Never, I thought, had the art of photography more completely failed to catch the true lineaments and expression of its subject than in this instance. Here before me was a face aglow with a bright, healthy, pink-and white bloom; a face which, while furrowed with heavy lines when in repose, was yet youthful in its expressive and changeful vivacity; a large mouth, about whose corners there seemed always playing a quizzical smile, and hair and beard slightly tinged, indeed, with streaks of gray, yet fine and tawny and curly and arranged with studious care about the broad white forehead, the retreating chin and the delicately tinted cheeks.

But of all the striking features the great beauty of the eyes first attracted and held the visitor. Eyes of the bluest blue; eyes which danced and sparkled with sunniest merriment and yet which quickly softened into serious sympathy; eyes which were brilliant and searching and seemed always to be kindly, though keenly, reading the person to whom he was talking, yet which never hardened into sternness; eyes in which, especially, you could discern all the humanity and humor, the noble intellectual possibilities and the manly tenderness of their possessor.

Railroad Building in the South.

[Manufacturers' Record.]

Notwithstanding the unwise and unjust railroad legislation in many of the Southern States during the last few years, and the consequent fear that other States might enact similar arbitrary laws, the outlook for railroad building in the South is on the whole very good. In some of the States railroad building will remain almost stationary until capitalists who invest in such enterprises are permitted to manage their own property; but in others, where railroads are more highly appreciated, there will be a large amount of building done during the present year. Already work has been commenced on a number of important lines, as well as on many short branch roads, the completion of which will require the expenditure of many millions of dollars; while many others have been incorporated, some of which, of course, will probably never be built, but a large majority will doubtless be pushed along as the advance of the South demands enlarged transportation facilities. Whether railroad building has been overdone in other parts of the country or not, it certainly has not in the South, and there is still room in that section for a great increase in railroads. Many parts of the South, enormously rich in mineral and timber wealth, are now so devoid of transportation facilities as to make it impossible for them to be developed, but with the present rush of capital to the Southern States there will soon come greater activity in railroad building, and new life will be infused into regions that are now practically cut off from sharing in the general advance of the material interests of the South. The growth of population, of manufactures and of agriculture will soon demand largely increased railroad building at the South.

Aspects of the Planets for March.

Uranus is morning star until the 16th, when his name is registered on the roll of evening stars. He wins the place of honor for the month, on account of his opposition with the sun, the greatest event in his course. This epoch occurs on the 16th at 2 o'clock in the morning. He then comes into line with the earth and the sun, the earth being in the middle, is at his nearest approach to the earth, and, like the other planets under the same conditions, is opposite the sun, and in his most interesting aspect for observation. The five outer planets after this event are evening stars. They are all traveling from opposition to conjunction, having reached the goal in the following order: Neptune, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and Uranus. We shall have no more oppositions to chronicle until December, when Neptune again takes the lead.

Uranus, near opposition, is visible to the naked eye, appearing as a star of the sixth magnitude, the smallest that the eye can perceive. The position of the planet must be carefully studied before any effort is made to find him. Uranus is in the constellation Virgo, between Beta and Eta, two third-magnitude stars of the constellation. In the first part of the month, he is in good position for observation about 9 o'clock, being then half way between the horizon and the zenith, and must be looked for southeast of the Sickle in Leo and northwest of Spica, the leading brilliant in Virgo. He is an interesting object in a telescope, where the tiny point visible to the unaided eye is transformed into a small sphere, of a delicate greenish hue, resembling that of sea foam.

Uranus has been a known member of this system only since 1781, a little more than a century, though no one knows how many million years he has been describing his vast circuit round the sun. He was discovered by accident, Herschel, the discoverer, thinking he had picked up a comet instead of a world. Astronomers went diligently to work trying to compute the orbit of the supposed comet, but all in vain; the figures were of no avail. Finally, the theory was started that the astronomical prize picked up in the sky was another planet, revolving outside of the six planets that had been known from time immemorial. Computations now worked like a charm, and soon the new comer was mathematically imprisoned in an orbit whose deviations were to be the means of showing the presence of still another planet, traveling, as far as can be seen, on the system's remotest bounds.

There was great rejoicing in the scientific world over the advent of Uranus. Strangely enough, it was found that observers had detected his presence and marked his position on star catalogues no less than nineteen times, supposing him to be a fixed star and without a suspicion that he was a planet! Flamstead had seen him five times, noting him on his catalogue as a star of the sixth magnitude; the first observntion being in 1690, nearly a century before the discovery by Herschel. Lemonnier came nearer, for he had observed the planet twelve times, making several observations within the space of a few weeks. If he had taken the trouble to reduce and compare his observations, he might have won the prize twelve years previous to Herschel. But he had no system in his arrangements, and his papers are said to have been a very picture of chaos—an intricate observation of this very star being recorded on a paper bag that had contained perfumed hair powder!

The discovery of Uranus made Herschel famous. For six years he looked in vain for Uranian moons. His largest telescopes, wonderful eyesight, and long practice failed to dect a single moon, Astronomy present no more poetic picture than that of this great scholar and his sister and untiring helpmate, Miss Caroline Herschel, as through the silent hours of starlit nights they studied the mysteries of the heavens. For thousands of nights they sat side by side, watched, calculated, and recorded, the one sweeping the heavens with the telescope, the other noting the results. This they did for nearly forty years, growing old and illustrious together, forgetting to sleep, almost to eat, in their enthusiasm for their favorite science.

In 1787, Herschel's quest was rewarded. He discovered two moons, and afterwards four more, as he supposed, but they proved to be myths Mr. Lassell has since discovered two, and the Uranian planet rejoices in four satellites that travel backward or in an opposite direction from the moons of the other planets except Neptune

Observers should try to find Uranus at opposition, for he is the most distant planet visible to the naked eye. He is a beautiful object in the telescope, and makes observers wish they were nearer in order to be more intimately acquainted with him. It is easy to keep track of his oppositions, for they occur about four and a half days later each year. Thus the opposition this year takes place on the 16th of March, next year it will be on the 21st of March, and so on.

Money in Queer Places.

Dr. Kimball, of Brockton, Mass., who died recently, was a rather eccentric individual. In looking over his effects immediately after his death a bag containing $11,000 in bills was found strapped to his body, and he had about $1,000 in his pockets. A large stuffed owl in the doctor's office was found to be filled with half dollars, and a large hornets' nest that he had owned for years was also full of valuables. His entire wealth was estimated at $75,000.

Telephone Fortunes.

[Electrical World.]

We can all remember the time when Bell telephone stock went begging, and when some of the largest holders of to-day were almost reduced to the same occupation. If we begin with Prof. Bell, we find him down for a snug fortune of $5,000,000. Mr. Blake bids poverty defiance from behind an intrenchment of $4,000,000. Mr. W. H. Forbes is credited with about as much as both of these gentlemen have put together, and Mr. G. G. Hubbard enjoys as the reward of his early foresight and courage upward of $3,000,000. Mr. Theodore N. Vail, who was at one time an operator, but was from the first marked out for positions of commanding influence, devotes the little time he spares from the general management of the American Bell Telephone Company to the care of a private fortune estimated at not less than $4,000,000. It is also said that among the telephone millionaires must be placed Alexander Cochran and C. P. Bowditch with about $3,000,000 each, and Thomas Sanders with not less than $2,500,000.

These gentlemen have all done very well on the new Tom Tiddler's ground. But there are many others who have found an El Dorado in telephone stock or telephone territory. Take the famous Lowell Syndicate, and not one of its members can complain of any fickleness on the part of Dame Fortune. Mr. Loren N. Downs is said to have three-quarters of a million, and we are inclined to think that is not the full extent of his capital. Mr. W. A. Ingham and Mr. J. C. Glidden are rated at a cool million each, while Messrs. A. A. Coburn and W. H. Bent would not sell out under half a million each. Mr. O. E. Madden, the assistant general manager of the parent company, is reputed to be worth from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000. This list could be greatly lengthened by additions from all parts of the country, but it includes most of the names of those who were early identified with the introduction of the telephone into public use. It is not to be forgotten that many large manufacturing concerns have done an immense and profitable business in connection with the telephone, and that the Western Union Telegraph Company draws annually now about $400,000 as royalty from the American Bell Company, and is so greedy as to want more.

The various sums we have mentioned foot up to nearly forty million dollars. If they were only ten millions, they would still be a magnificent yield from the patent in so short a space of time as eight years. We are not surprised that the patent is supposed to be worth, capitalized, about twenty-five million dollars; that the money now invested in operating the telephone is over one hundred million dollars, or that the rapid acquisition of such immense wealth has stimulated invention and aroused cupidity. When the full history of the early days of the telephone in America is written, it will be among the most thrilling of the romances of scientific invention and its commercial development. Ben Butler might, perhaps, after his dark hints, employ his present leisure in writing that history.

The Electoral Vote.

Attention is directed to the closeness of the match between the "solid north" and the "solid south." Each of these political solids consists of sixteen States, casting an almost equal number of electoral votes. A table makes this apparent at a glance:

Solid Dem. South.		Solid Rep. North	
Alabama,	10	Colorado,	3
Arkansas,	7	Connecticut,	6
Delaware,	3	Illinois,	22
Florida,	4	Iowa,	13
Georgia,	12	Kansas,	9
Kentucky,	13	Maine,	6
Louisiana,	8	Massachu'ts,	14
Maryland,	8	Michigan,	13
Mississippi,	9	Minnesota,	7
Missouri,	16	Nebraska,	5
North Carolina,	11	N. Hampshire	4
South Carolina,	9	Oregon,	3
Tennessee,	12	Pennsylv'a,	30
Texas,	13	Rhode Island,	4
Virginia,	12	Vermont,	4
West Virginia,	6	Wisconsin,	11
Total,	153		154

The Democrats do not hope to break the "solid north" any more than the Republicans really expect to rupture the "solid south." One is just about as "solid" as the other. Florida and North Carolina are an offset to Connecticut and Oregon, but none of the four are really "doubtful" in a presidential election.

The contest is therefore confined to six States, namely, California, with 8 votes; Indiana, with 15; Nevada, with 3; New Jersey, 9; New York, with 36, and Ohio, with 23 votes—a total of 94 electoral votes. The candidate that can get 48 votes out of this lot of States will become the next President.

Society in Manitoba.

It must be a pretty difficult person who can't be pleased at the entertainment offered at a Manitoba sociable. A meeting of Sunday-school teachers was held a few evenings ago at an up-town bookstore, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The meeting opened with prayers and singing, after which the guests partook of coffee and cake. Dancing followed, and then the party settled down to a quiet game of euchre and whist. After the night was far spent and the dawn was at hand Mr. Richardson proposed that they all unite in singing a hymn—"Son of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear." This was done and the guests departed, well pleased with the night's entertainment. Everybody's taste was considered, which is the only sure way of having a real good time of it.

Death of Minister Hunt.

William H. Hunt, United States Minister to Russia, died at St. Petersburg Wednesday of dropsy induced by chronic inflammation of the liver. Minister Hunt was born in Charleston in 1824 and was the youngest of five sons. The family left South Carolina in consequence of the Calhoun Nullification troubles and took up residence in New Orleans. Mr. Hunt entered Yale College, where he spent three years, but in consequence of a change of fortune he was not permitted to graduate. He returned to New Orleans and began to study law with an elder brother. He was admitted to the bar in 1844, when twenty years old. Before the war he was an Old Line Whig and during the contest he was a strong supporter of the Union. He rose to a distinguished place among the Southern attorneys and was counsel for Gov. Kellogg in his contest with McEnery in the Durrell case. His first official position was in 1876, when he was appointed Attorney General of Louisiana to fill a vacancy. In the same year he was nominated for that office on the ticket with Gov. Packard. He ran 2,000 votes ahead of Hayes, who was a candidate for President, and although Hunt was defeated, Hayes was made President by the vote of Louisiana. In 1878 Hayes appointed him one of the Judges of the Court of Claims—a life office. Hayes subsequently offered to appoint Mr. Hunt to the Circuit Judgeship made vacant by the promotion of Judge Wood to the Supreme Bench, but the office was declined. When Garfield became President he appointed Judge Hunt Secretary of the Navy. At this time Mr. Hunt had a son in the navy who had been on a three years' cruise on the Alaska and Asiatic waters. The ship reached San Francisco homeward-bound about the time Mr. Hunt became Secretary, and the son at once telegraphed his father for permission to come to Washington by rail direct instead of going with his ship to Panama, where the officers were to be changed. Young Hunt was surprised when his father telegraphed him briefly to stick by his ship and go where it was ordered until relieved.

When President Arthur reorganized his cabinet Mr. Hunt was sent to Russia as United States Minister with a salary of $17,500. Mr. Hunt was married four times. His first two wives died. His third wife was a widow named Mrs. Harrison After living together three years they agreed to separate, and she went to Europe. While she was absent Mr. Hunt obtained a divorce and married another widow, a daughter of Mr. Adams, of New Orleans. Mr. Hunt leaves five children, four sons and one daughter.

Secretary Chandler ordered the Navy Department at Washington to be draped in mourning as a mark of respect to the ex-Secretary. The department will be closed on the day of the funeral. The Czar has sent a telegram to President Arthur announcing the sincere regret which the death of Mr. Hunt caused.

Delinquent Tax-Payers.

[Chatham Record.]

Every citizen who pays his taxes is interested in making all other citizens pay their taxes. If only a portion of the citizens of a county pay their taxes, and others do not, then a great injustice is done. In ever county there is every year a large number of persons who do not pay any taxes and are denominated "insolvents." All tax payers are interested in reducing that number as much as possible, and the last legislature enacted a stringent law to enforce the collection of taxes, to which we will refer. In order that every body in the county may know who these "insolvents" are, the law directs the sheriff to make publication at the court house door of a complete list of all the "insolvents" in his county with the amount of tax due from each; and also to publish in each township a list of the delinquents of said township. And to give greater publicity, the county commissioners are authorized to publish the same list in some newspaper printed in their county. And the law goes on to say that any person returned as an "insolvent," who shall fail to pay his taxes within six months after the return of the insolvent list to the county commissioners, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined double the value of his taxes due, and may be committed to prison for failure to pay the fine. It is made the duty of the chairman of the board of county commissioner to act as prosecutors in these cases, and the commissioners may put to work on the public roads any man who is committed to jail for failure to pay his fine. If this law is enforced against all the delinquent tax payers in every county in North Carolina our public roads will be greatly improved. We do not know what other counties may do, but we are assured that this law will be rigidly enforced in Chatham this year, and mention it so as to warn our readers not to be numbered in the list of insolvents.

March.

It is said that those who first see the light in March are born wise. They need to be, for it is the most difficult month in this latitude to manage, and a source of unalloyed joy to no one except the patent medicine man. Few peoply select the month to be born in, and nobody dies in it willingly. It is put in spring in derision, and would belong to winter if everybody had not by that time had enough of winter. We try to turn away its wrath by soft words, but we never forget that a great orator warned us to "beware the ides of March."

The New Editor on Ensilage.

At two o'clock H. M., the first visitor showed up at the door of the office, and Dyke cordially invited him inside. The farmer entered hesitatingly, and remarked that he had expected to meet the proprietor, with whom he had an appointment to discuss ensilage.

"I am in charge of the Journal," said Dyke.

"Oh, you are? Well, seem to have a pretty clean office, here."

"Yes," replied Dyke. "But about this ensilage. Ensilage is a pretty good breed, isn't it?"

"Breed!" said the farmer. "Why——"

"I mean it's a sure crop; something that you can rely——"

"Crop? Why, it isn't a crop, at all!"

"Yes, yes, I know it isn't a crop," said Dyke, porspiring until his collar began to melt away down the back of his neck; "but you can do better and cleaner work with a good sharp ensilage on stubby ground, than——"

"You take it for a sulky plow, don't you?"

"No, no," said Dyke. "You don't seem to understand me. Now, if a farmer builds an ensilage on low ground——"

"Builds an ensilage? You seem to have got the thing mixed up with some kind of a grainary."

"Pshaw, no," continued Dyke. "I must make myself plainer. You see this ensilage, properly mixed with one part guano and three parts hypophosphate antimony, with the addition of a little bran and tanbark, and the whole flavored with chloride of lime, makes a top dressing for strawberry beds, which——"

"Why, ensilage isn't a manure!"

The farmer very slowly arose, and with some evidence of rheumatic twinges in his legs.

"Young man," he said solemnly, "you are a long ways from home, ain't you?"

"Yes," replied Dyke, dropping his eyes beneath the stern glances of the farmer. "In my ancestral halls in England, sad eyed retainers wearily wait and watch for my return."

"Go home, young man, go home to your fendal castle, and while on your way across the rolling deep, muse on the fact that ensilage is simply canned food for live stock—and put up expressly for family use.'

How They Pay the Piper in New York.

The New York correspondent of the Hartford *Post* says concerning the numerous great balls that have taken place this winter in New York: The item of ball tickets alone reaches a large amount, and some ball tickets are interesting merely as works of art. The Arion and Liderkraz tickets are printed in several colors, and will probably cost each of the societies $800. There are several kinds of ball tickets; for instance, there is the help tickets for the servants, also the maskers ticket for those who come in professionally. To these are added the ushers ticket, the police ticket, press ticket, and the complimentary ticket. The distribution of the complimentary tickets is no small task, since the pressure to obtain them is immense. No one can form any idea of the throng of dead beats on such an occasion until he has been engaged in such a distribution. The "orders for dancing" are becoming more artistic and expensive every year, since they are generally preserved for souvenirs, and $500 have been expended on this item alone. The total cost of printing and lithography for one ball has sometimes reached $2,000. The rent of the Academy of Music for a ball, including the adjacent Nillson hall and Irving hall, is $1,500, and to this is added the cost of flooring. The number of assistants required on such an occasion is very large, including 25 policemen and more than 50 ushers and five times as many figurantes and supernumeraries. The caterer generally has 175 servants and the hat check department alone often requires a dozen men. Music costs $8 for each performer and the aggregate expense for this item was on one occasion figured at $2.50 per minute. The duty of correspondence is of commensurate importance as from 30 to 40 letters will be received par day in reference to any noted ball. The profits of the costumer on such occasions are very large and hence this class of dealers pay a handsome premium for their patronage, but the most profitable place is the supper table and $1,500 premium was paid by a caterer for one on such occasion. He probably sold 2,000 bottles of champagne at a profit of $1.50 a bottle and other things in proportion. These items show what elegant dissipation cost.

About Infants.

Speaking of newly born infants, Prof. Genzmer says that the sense of touch is developed from the earliest period, and reflex actions are readily excited by the slightest stimulation, especially of the face, and then of the hands and the soles. The feeling of brain is only clearly exhibited after four or five weeks, before which time infants do not shed tears. Hunger and thirst are manifested in increased general irritability, with reflex movements, which cease after the first week. Smell and taste are not distinguishable to infants. Hearing is not perceptible in the first or second day of life. They are very sensitive to light, and after a few days learn to follow the motion of objects by moving their heads. Between the fourth and fifth week the convergence of the pupils and power of co-ordination in vision are perceptible. A distinct perception of color does not exist under 4 or 5 months.

War on the Chesapeake.

The restless oystermen are again banging away at each other on the Chesapeake. Saturday a fleet of oyster pirates put into the bay and began dredging on the tongmen's beds, almost within pistol-shot of Poplar Island, driving off the proprietors of the beds. These quickly raised the alarm and the entire population of the island flocked to the rescue of the beds. The flying artillery, consisting of a dilapidated piece of cannon on two wagon wheels, was limbered and rushed down to the shore, loaded and aimed at the pirates, who were gazing at the shore wondering what was going on. They soon found out. The impromptu gunners hurriedly built a fire of twigs on which they heated a poker red-hot, and with it touched off the gun. The aim was good, and although the old blunderbuss recoiled ten feet, the ball knocked the bowsprit and jibboom off of one schooner, bringing down her sails and stays. The astonished pirates opened a lively fire with rifles in return, but the effective work of the old gun distracted their attention. They made a hasty retreat after having another vessel hulled and her main boom knocked overboard, while a third lost her foretopmast. No one on shore was hurt and the pirates have not been seen since.

Yesterday pirates appeared off Tilghman's Island and the tong men got their battery and went for them lively, the pirates beating a quick retreat.

Lizzie Nutt to the President.

President Arthur seems to be in a dilemma as to whom he shall appoint postmaster at Uniontown, Pa., the scene of the Nutt Dukes tragedy, and judging from the following paragraph in the *Capital* his troubles have increased:

"This week the President received a touching letter from Lizzie Nutt, of Uniontown, Pa., whose father lost his life in defending her reputation and whose brother was recently acquitted of the murder of her slanderer. She asked to be appointed postmaster of that town. Here letter is written with the most delicate taste, and she describes her situation with modesty and dignity. The penmanship would pass muster before the Civil Service Reform Commissioners, and the form in which the letter appears is quite business-like. She says that being aware that there is a vacancy in the postoffice she has been advised by friends to apply for the appointment, believing her to be possessed of the necessary qualifications. The terrible troubles which her family have recently passed through have left them not only fatherless but impoverished, and there are five little children dependent upon her brother and herself. She makes no further allusion to the recent tragedies but asks that, if the President finds upon investigation that she is qualified to perform the duties of postmaster, he will give her the appointment, and signs her letter, 'Very respectfully yours, Lizzie Nutt.'"

Our Dazzling Navy.

The officers of the navy were trotted out last week for the thirl time in their new toggery. Once before they were paraded at the White House to meet the Diplomatic Corps in it laces, gilt and glitter, and place it in total eclipse. The next time the navy on foot was invited to meet Congress, probably to let the members of this body see what a large and promising body of officers there were in need of ships to float them in. The same champion show body of the Republic is again on exhibition at the White House, this time to pass in general review before the Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court the Diplomatic Corps and the Senators and Representatives.

Blue Uniforms.—One special full-dress coat, one full dress and social-dress coat, two frock coats, one service dress coat, one overcoat, one special full dress pants, one full-dress (plain) pants, two additional pairs for service use, one full-dress vest one undress vests. With the above must be included one pair of epaulets, one chapeau, one full-dress sword-belt, one undress sword belt, one sword, one sword-knot and the necessary shoulder straps or knots, gold lace, &c., two caps, one helmet, one pair leggings, one pair white gloves.

White Uniform.—Four or six white linen duck service dress coats, which "in warm weather" shall be worn entirely buttoned; eight to twelve pair of white trousers at least, six white vests.

In addition to the above outfit, each officer must have a large supply of shirts, collars, cravats and general underwear, as it is no uncommon thing to be from forty to sixty days out of the reach of a laundry. As officers only wear their uniforms when on duty, or on some special occasion, they are obliged to have in addition to uniforms about the same outfit of citizens' clothing that citizens themselves have, and when at sea must have a full supply of table, bed and toilet linen for their own use. Every naval officer, no matter how low his rank or limited his pay, must have about such an outfit as has been mentioned above. Of course the higher the rank, the more expensive the uniform is. To appear "with credit to the service," it is often necessary to first establish a "credit" with some good tailor. The process of working off a "dead horse" is pretty well understood by most officers who depend on their pay. The cost of a full uniform is at least $600. Without doubt most of those who appeared in such magnificent plumage who depend on their pay for support were wondering throughout the ceremony how long it would take them to get even with the world again after this entertainment.

"Taking Aim"—Two Eyes or One?

Quite a lively discussion is said to be taking place in England as to whether a marksman generally takes aim with both eyes or one in rifle shooting. Those who consider that one eye alone is used endeavor prove their case thus: Hold, they say, a ruler before the sight eye in such a position that when the left eye is closed it covers the object; now shut the right eye, and see in which direction the ruler points; it will be found to be many inches, or feet, or yards away to the right, according to the distance of the object. It is therefore obvious, so the argument runs, that a man fixes the object, bird or target, as the case may be, with his right eye, and neglects the image formed on his left retina altogether. The difference of opinion upon the subject depends, according to the *Lancet*, on the different practice of aiming adopted by different sportsmen. If a man shoots slowly, accommodates his eye to the sight or sights on the barrel of his gun, and then relaxes his accommodation for the distant object, and still more if he alternately exerts and relaxes his accommodation, for which there is ample time in target or any other deliberate shooting, then undoubtedly he uses one eye, and, of course, usually the right eye, alone. But the act of accommodation is a slow process, it requires nearly, if not quite, a second, and in ordinary bird-fowling the sportsman has no time for this. The more practiced he is the less he attends to his barrel and his sights. He first fixes the object with both eyes, and then points the barrel at the precise elevation and in the direction which long experience has taught him will be effective when the gun is discharged. He adapts his eyes for the distant object, and the rest is mechanical. Corroborative evidence that this view is correct is afforded by the fact that the bowler at cricket never closes one eye or troubles himself about any line. He simply fixes the wicket or the precise spot in front of the wicket on which he desires to pitch the ball, and leaves the rest to the co-ordinating nervous centers. The billiard player, again, in the vast majority of cases uses both eyes, and fixes alternately the near and the distant ball with both eyes. Therefore, if a man uses his sights and attends to his barrel as well as to the object, he employs one eye only, neglecting the impressions derived from the other. If, however, as is customary with experienced sportsmen, he takes no thought of his gun and fixes the distant object, then, undoubtedly, unless he has some defect of vision, he uses both his eyes, the visual lines of which at thirty yards are almost parallel to each other.

The Queen at Home.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"Mamma," said Beatrice, running into her mother's room, in her girlish, over-thirty-years-old way, "there's a man down stairs who wants to see you."

"What's 'is bloomin' name?" asked the Queen

"He didn't say."

"Are his pantaloons fringed at the bottom?"

"Yes, mamma,' replied Beatrice, "and he has a roll of manuscript under his arm."

"Hanother John Brown poem, or my name isn't Victory Wettin. Tell 'm I am not at 'ome, and if he won't take no for an answer, 'ave your brother Albert feed 'im to the British lion!"

On Ice.

"Have you any champagne on ice?"

The question was asked by a well dressed, sad-eyed man, as he strolled leisurely into the pharmaceutical establishment presided over by Dan Hill.

"We have," answered Daniel, in his most dignified manner.

"Mumm's dry?"

"Yes, sir."

"On ice?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, please give me a small piece of the ice."

Then Daniel commenced looking around for the lemon squeezer and the customer took a tooth pick and walked thoughtfully away.

An Ambitious Scheme.

[Charleston (S. C.) News.]

Mr. H. I. Kimball has a large scheme on hand for building a suburban city near Atlanta. His idea is to get a million of capital and spend half of it in paying for 400 acres of land and certain improvements thereon, $50,000 for a park, $150,000 for a mile of street paved and graded, $50,000 for a central stand pipe for water works, electric light and heater, 15 houses for $10,000 cash each, or $150,000, to start with, making an initial outlay of $400,000. Men of capital are willing to invest in the scheme. He refers to a similar scheme near Chicago that cleared the investors and corporators $2,000,000 in three years.

Kentucky's Version of Enoch Arden.

Nine years ago a man named Stephens married a beautiful Chicago girl, and they began farm life near Milton, Ky. In a few years Stephens went East to buy land, but was not heard from again. Last summer the wife married again. On Monday Stephens returned. He did not intend to be known, but the wife recognized him, threw her arms about him and kissed him. The new husband stabbed the wife in the neck, killing her instantly. Stephens drew a revolver and shot the murderer, who turned and cut him across the neck. Both men are fatally injured.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold goes back to England next week, much benefitted in his pecuniaty condition, which was a weak one. A book of his expressions is of course expected of him on his return.

Stokes Items.

[Danbury Reporter-Post.]

—It is now evident that the stock law will in a few years be adopted by the whole county.

—A man near Dalton, this county, has been married four years and has six children. He has been presented with twins three times.

—The Danville *Register* says the oldest man in the United States, if not in the world, lives in the northern part of Stokes county.

—There is said to be a walnut tree on Dan River, near Hairston's ford, which measures 21 feet in circumference several feet above the ground. We understand a block of it will be sent to the State Exposition.

—News reached us yesterday evening of the death of Mr. Robert Peatross at Patrick Court House, Va., on last Tuesday. His remains were brought to the family burying ground in this county for interment.

—A terrapin was found near Prestonville a few days ago with this inscription on the shell: "W. O. Martin, North Carolina, 1777." The way to send your name down to prosperity—engave it on the back of a Stokes county terrapin.

—In the matter of babies, Stokes county probably leads the world. Our people adhere strictly to the scriptural injunction to "multiply ond replenish the earth," as the following item will show. Mr. J. B. Kerns, of this county, has been married to one wife 28 years and they have 23 living children.

Chatham Notes.

[Record.]

—Work on the town well was begun last Monday.

—We regret to hear that the dwelling of Mr. George S. Cole, at Jonesboro, was burned last Monday. The fire was caused by the pipe of the cooking stove.

—At their last meeting the county commissioners cancelled orders in the hands of the sheriff to the amount of $2,855.74 on the school fund, and $439.92 on the county fund.

—We hear that ten citizens around Lockville have united together in preparing a large seine to be used in Deep river for catching shad and other fish. They expect to catch not only enough for themselves, but will be able to supply the market here with plenty of fresh fish. So mote it be.

—Our huntsmen, both big and little, have had splendid sport shooting robins and cedar birds, which have recently been about here in great quantities. Frequently from 15 to 20 birds were killed at one shot, and one of our townsmen killed 330 in one day. Nearly every table in town has been bountifully supplied with birds, which though small were very fat and palatable.

—Mr. J. C. Blake, of Williams township, a noted bird hunter, was painfully but not seriously wounded a few days ago, while attempting to extricate a primer from a loaded shell with his knife, which caused an explosion that blew the knife from his hand inflicting an ugly cut, at the same time a fragment of the shell took him right between the eyes.

—Some time last week a genteel looking negro, giving his name as Robert Whitaker and hailing from Hillsboro, came here for the purpose, as he said, of teaching school He was entertained by one of our colored citizens, whose kindness and hospitality, however, was misplaced, for one morning the stranger was missing and with him were missing several articles of clothing.

——That is a most astounding state of affairs brought to light in one of the public schools in Philadelphia. A female teacher had occasion to reprimand a male infant severely, at which he pulled out a revolver and threatened to vindicate his honor by blowing the top of her head off. Whether, if he had carried out his threat, the female infants in the other department of the school would have stolen money enough to buy boquets for him is an open question. But when an investigation and examination was ordered the trustees captured no less than seven revolvers among these babies, who were not yet ten years old. Sooner or later a law will have to be passed prohibiting children under twelve from carrying fire-arms under penalty of a severe spanking. The pistol must give way to the less deadly but more wholesome slipper.

——Belford, the Congressional nondescript from Colorado, has met his match in one Cobb, of Indiana, who is chairman of the committee on public lands, of which Belford is a member. Cobb demanded that "the man from Colorado shut his mouth, or he would shut it for him." Mr. Belford answered that he "would not allow any man to bulldoze him, and especially a man who would spell Rhode Island with a little 'r' and leave out the 'h.'" He added "that he is prepared for Cobb now, and if he ever attempts to shut his jaw for him, the committee on public lands will require a new chairman." Now, all that will do for the Western members at home—but then when they come to Washington these original hooziers ought to behave better. However there is "no plantation manners" involved; for these worthies are "of the North, northy."

Fresh-water fish are reared in every Japanese farm where there is a pool or brook with as much care as poultry in the French cottage yards. Girls go in the evening with long wands to drive the fish into roofed tanks, where they are locked in for the night, to keep them from birds of prey.