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Nature's Lessons.
Hark! hark! O my children, hark!
When the sky has lost its blue,
What do the stars sig in the dark?
"We must sparkle, sparkle through."
What do the leaves say in the storm,
Tossed in whispering heaps together?
"We can keep the violets warm
Till they wake in fairer weather."
What do happy birds say,
Flitting through the gloomy wood?
"We must sing the gloom away,
Sun or shadow, God is good!"
M. A. DODGE.

THE TEST.

"I am beautiful," murmured Lora Dean, as she stood before the mirror, smiling at the face reflected there, "and I know that Edward Earle is not indifferent to beauty, although he is engaged to my plain little sister of a cousin, Flo. I do not think she really cares so very much for him, and if she does—pshaw! I have nothing but my handsome face to depend upon, so must make the best of it, and others look out for themselves."

Lora Dean was certainly very beautiful. Her hair was black as the raven's wing, and lay in thick, heavy coils upon her shapely head; eyes of velvety blackness, which their owner could at will cause to flash defiantly, or droop in sweet, innocent confusion; cheeks and lips like scarlet roses, and teeth rivaling pearl in whiteness. She was a little above the medium height, and her elegant carriage would grace a queen.

Miss Dean was an orphan, and lived with her aunt in the city of New York, but had accepted her cousin Ray's invitation to spend a few months with her in the country. Here she had met Edward Earle, Flo's betrothed husband. He was handsome, talented and wealthy; and this beautiful, unprincipled girl was not long in making up her mind to throw all her arts into the contest, and win him for herself, thus ending a long struggle between pride and poverty, which threatened the happiness of the future, even though the result might be the wreck of her cousin's happiness.

"I declare! It is almost five o'clock!" continued Miss Dean, peevishly, glancing at her watch. "Flo promised to help me dress for the party. I do wish she would come."

As if in answer to her wish, the door opened, and Florence Ray entered the room. She was plain—no one would think of calling her anything else—yet there was an expression of innocence and purity in that sweet, gentle face, and, speaking from those soulful brown eyes, which attracted every one, and to know her was to love her. "Oh, Flo! I am so glad you have come!" And the treacherous face was wreathed in smiles. "I want you to do my hair just the prettiest you can. I know I am a bother; but you are a darling, and won't mind."

Florence kissed the pouting red lips her cousin held up to her. "No, coz, you are not a bother. It is a pleasure for me to help you."
"Flo, do you think I am very beautiful?" said Lora, when her cousin stood unwinding the coils of magnificent hair.
"Yes, dear. I wish I were half as beautiful."

"I wonder if Edward Earle thinks so too," she said, watching Flo through her half-closed lids.
"Why?"
"I mean to win him if I can."

"Lora!" said Florence, her face flushing, then turning pale. "You know Edward is affianced."
"Well, supposing he is; if he is not worthy of you, Florence, dare you let this be a test to see if he will remain true?"

Did there creep a doubt into the girl's mind, that caused her to hesitate and for a moment remain silent? When she spoke, it was with a white, yet determined face, and her voice sounded strange and cold.
"I am willing."

But Florence's heart sank within her when her cousin's toilet was finished, and she stood before her, a very queen in her rich robes of silk and lace, with glittering diamonds in her ears and at her throat. Would he stand the test? she asked herself.

Every eye was turned toward Miss Dean, that evening, when she swept into the parlors. Her beauty, and gay, sparkling manner, soon brought a crowd of admirers around her, and, lured by those bright eyes, Edward Earle found himself among them.
Florence Ray only needed that one evening to tell how the contest would end, and who would be the winner; yet she had herself consented to the trial, and, come what might, she would hide all suffering, and act her part.

That evening was a fair sample of the days which followed. Edward rarely sought Florence's side, and she stood proudly aloof, never by word or sign betraying her true feelings.

To do Edward Earle justice his love for Florence was still the same. He was merely fascinated with her cousin, and, repelled by her manner toward him, he sought Lora's society. Had Florence acted differently, he never would have gone so far as to release her from their engagement. Her cold manners, together with a few insinuations from the artful and treacherous Lora Dean, made the work of parting two loving hearts very easy. Although no hard words had been spoken on either side, both realized that a great gulf was fixed between them.

The finishing stroke came in the shape of a note, in the familiar handwriting of Florence, which fell in Edward's way. It was addressed to a young man who had

formerly been a lover of hers, and filled with regrets that she was bound to another, while her heart was and always would be his.

Could Edward Earle have known how much time Lora Dean spent upon that very note, in which she forged her cousin's handwriting so cleverly, he would have taken a different course that memorable afternoon.

With a white, stern face he sought Florence in the summer-house, which he had seen her enter with a book in her hand.

Florence heard his familiar footsteps, and her heart gave a great throb, while a glad light came into her eyes; but when he entered her presence he only saw her lift her eyes from the book she was reading, and bow coldly.

With the words of that note still burning in his brain, her manner almost maddened him.

"Miss Ray, I think we had better come to an understanding at once, and I have taken it upon myself to offer you freedom from the bonds that have proved so irksome to you."

For a moment Florence sat as if stunned. Although she had felt for a long time that a great distance was between them, she could not realize it had come to this. In his offer of release she only saw a glad escape on his part, that he might wed her beautiful cousin; and, forcing back the cry of anguish that would have risen to her lips, all the pride in her nature came to her rescue, and helped her through the ordeal.

With no more visible emotion in her white face than if it were carved from marble, she drew the costly sapphire diamond from her finger, and held it toward him. The last link that bound them together had been severed, and without a word he took the ring, and left her presence.

Alone in her room, with no eye but God's to witness, Florence Ray fought with love and pride. Pride conquered, and she went out boldly determined to die rather than give one sign of her suffering.

Days grew into weeks, and still Lora Dean lingered at the farmhouse. Edward Earle and she were almost constantly together.

One afternoon Florence stood by the window, in thought living over the past, contrasting it with the present, and wondering if she could ever again think the sunshine beautiful with that dull, weary pain at her heart. A familiar form was coming up the road, and her heart beat almost audibly, while a crimson spot came to either cheek.

How beautiful and innocent Lora looked, out in the garden among the flowers. Her sweet voice, trilling some happy love song, floated in through the window to Florence's ears. As she listened for a moment—and only for a moment—a feeling of bitter hatred against her cousin crept into her heart, and was harbored there. Lora Dean's graceful attitude did not look as if it were studied; but she had caught a glimpse of Edward Earle's handsome figure, although she was to all appearance unconscious of his approach.

He opened the little gate and entered the garden. Florence saw them standing together—saw him stoop, pick a rose, and place it among her dark tresses; then they walked down the path in the direction of the lake.

When the trees hid them from sight, Florence sank into a chair, buried her face in her hands, and the glistening tears fell through her white fingers. For a moment only she sat thus, and then her old pride returned, and, as if ashamed of her momentary weakness, she dashed the tears away, and took up the embroidery she had thrown aside.

An hour later, when Lora, flushed and clated, entered the room, her face gave no sign of the struggle she had passed through.
"Florence, beauty has won!" Edward Earle has asked me to become his wife."
"And you have accepted him?" slowly came from the white lips of Florence.
"Of course I have! He is handsome and wealthy. For one in my position—having run through a fortune—with plenty of pride and not the means to keep up appearances much longer, it is a decidedly lucky thing. I am glad you do not care much for him—at least, judging from your actions you do not—for if I had thought you did, I should not have let matters go this far."

"No question, Lora; do you love him?"
"No, Flo, I will be candid with you. It is only the position his wealth will give me that I covet."

"O Lora, Lora! Was it for this that you wrecked my life? I had thought to suffer in silence; but I must speak. I love Edward Earle with a love that will never die. Before you came we were so happy! I can forgive you the wrong you have done me; but oh! Lora, think well before you consent to perjure your soul at the altar by giving your hand and not your heart! You will not be happy, and God will mete out punishment to you."

"There, there, Florence! Do not preach any longer. It is too late now."
"No, Miss Dean, not too late," said a stern voice, as a form darkened the doorway.

"Mr. Earle, as I live! And in the pleasant position of an eavesdropper!" Lora meant to be scornful, but her voice trembled with shame and mortification.

"Yes, Miss Dean; for once I have been guilty of listening; yet my conscience does not condemn me. I have learned that which will greatly change the future for you and me. If you will consider those words I ago recalled, I shall be much obliged to you."

"As you please," said Miss Dean, in a

voice trembling with passion. Then she arose and swept from the room.

Edward crossed the room to where Florence sat, with bowed head, and, taking one of her hands, he said:

"Pardon me, Miss Ray—Florence—for being a listener to this conversation between you and your cousin. It has opened my eyes in more than one respect. I chanced to think of a book Miss Dean spoke of having, and which she had promised to loan my sister; so I came back for it. Passing by the open window, I heard a few words of a conversation I deemed it no sin to hear more of. The words I heard you say have made me doubt that you ever wrote this."

He placed in her hands the note he had found.

Florence read it through, then said, looking into his face with those truthful eyes—
"No, Edward, I never wrote this. Some enemy has been at work."

They did not question who, for it was evident to both who the guilty person was. Florence confessed that she had consented to test his love, and both shuddered when they thought of how near their lives came to being shipwrecked. It was a perfect reconciliation.

Miss Dean left for the city the next day in disgust. A month later she received cards of invitation to attend the wedding of Florence Ray and Edward Earle; but she very politely declined the invitation.

Domesic Recipes.

HONEY CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of honey, four eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of essence of lemon, half a cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, four enough to make it as stiff as can well be stirred; bake at once in a quick oven.

APPLE JELLY.—Cut your apples in quarters (do not pare or core them), dip each quarter into clear water, and put them into a jar to cook in the oven until quite tender; then strain the juice as usual, and boil with a pound of sugar to a pint of the juice. The most delicious jelly will be the result, with the full, pure flavor of the apple, heightened by the cores having been left in and not spoiled by the objectionable addition of lemon peel and juice.

NICE TEA CAKE.—Sift from a pint and a half to a quart of flour, and mix thoroughly through it two teaspoons of cream of tartar and a little salt, then rub in a clever lump of butter. Have ready one pint of new milk with a teaspoon of soda dissolved in it, and pour this on the flour and work up as soft as you can manage to roll and cut with cake cutter; add more flour, if necessary, and bake in a quick oven. They soon, bake, and are not so good if the dough is stiff.

PORK HASH.—Only just enough pork should be chopped with the potatoes to brown them without butter, and a little practice will enable one to use the right proportion. Too much of it makes the hash greasy and indigestible; too little leaves it dry and tasteless. After moistening it with hot water, it should cook slowly on the top of the stove for about twenty minutes, and come out of the spider with a nice brown crust.

APPLE BREAD.—Weigh one pound of fresh, juicy apples; peel, core and stew them into a pulp, being careful to use a porcelain kettle or stone jar, placed in a kettle of boiling water; mix the pulp with two pounds of the best flour; put in the same quantity of yeast you would use for common bread, and as much water as will make it a fine, smooth dough; put it into a pan and place it in a warm place to rise, and let it remain for twelve hours, at least. Form it into rather long-shaped loaves, and bake in a quick oven.

He Had the Seat.

The other morning a nice young man got into a car on the Dayton Shore Line railroad, and saw to his delight the only vacant seat in the coach was by the side of a young lady acquaintance. He reached for that seat with joyous strides, and her eyes answered his delighted looks. But just as he got there, an elderly party from the other end of the car waltzed up the aisle and settled himself into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady. "How is your brother?" he asked. "Is he able to get out?" "Oh, yes," she said. "Will he be very badly marked?" he continued; and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested. "Oh, no," said the fair deceiver, "with the exception of a few small pits on his forehead, you would never know he had ever had it." "Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man went on, while the old gentleman broke out in cold perspiration. "Not a bit," she replied. "I had been vaccinated, you know." The seat was vacated instantly, two young hearts beat as half a dozen, and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the car, while a gray-haired old man scowled upon them from the hard accommodation of the wood box.

What They Drink.

The New York *Witness* tells the following: A gentleman netted the estate of a wine dealer in New York. Having access to his books, he examined the accounts of what was bought and sold, and was surprised to find that, while for years he had sold large quantities of wine, there was no indication on his book that he had ever bought any.
Not a gallon purchased, but thousands of gallons sold for the juice of the grape, when, in fact, it was his own infernal concoction of drugs and poisons, on the sale of which he grew rich at the expense of the lives of his fellow-men.

The Diphtheria Scourge.

How to Check its Spread—Important Facts in the History of Diphtheria.

At a medical meeting in New York Dr. J. Lewis Smith said that previous to the time of Bretonneau but very little was known of the causes and nature of diphtheria, but in his memoirs it was plainly shown that it had a specific virus which was communicable from person to person by inoculation, and in no other way. Bretonneau created an interest in the study of this malady, which, kept alive by the recurrence of frequent epidemics, continued unabated, and the result of clinical observations had been only to establish the doctrine of contagiousness by inoculation or contact, but also to render probable, indeed, nearly to demonstrate its contagiousness through the breath of the patient and through exhalations from his surface, so that, as Arceus says, "diphtheria should be classified among infectious diseases and among those that are most typically contagious."

Lately animals had been experimented upon and thereby important results achieved. Those who had taken the lead in this new line of investigation were (Gelsen, Buhl and Huter, of Germany, and others. They claimed to have discovered the cause of the malady in the existence of microscopic vegetable parasites which had been designated "bacteria." These had been divided by Cohn into four genera, but only two of these sustained a causal relation to diphtheria—namely, the *sphero-bacterium* and the *rod-like bacterium*. In every tissue which was the seat of diphtheric inflammation the spherical bacteria occurred in immense numbers, accompanied by a smaller number of the other kind. In severe cases they also occurred in the blood.

Ordinarily, as the disease increased in violence, a gradual increase in the number of spherical bacteria could be demonstrated by the microscope. On the other hand, when the diphtheric inflammation disappeared these bacteria decreased in numbers and other vegetable forms succeeded. In the very beginning the grayish white spots which appeared upon the inflamed surface consisted entirely of these bacteria, with epithelial cells; whole fibrin and pus appeared at a later period.

Dr. Edward Curtis remarked that the question of the nature of diphtheria presented two important issues. In the first place the question must be asked, What was the cause of the malady? The little organisms called bacteria were undoubtedly present in the patients, but it was still questionable whether they were the causes or only the effect. The experiments in the way of inoculation had not yet fully decided the question. The other point, the relation of the external disease to the constitutional infection, was quite a different matter. Dr. Ortel maintained that up to the development of the false membrane the malady was always local and that only after their development the diseases grew to be constitutional. However, the proposition had not been positively proven. In many clinical cases it had been found that local attacks of the eye, etc., could exist without the general constitutional disturbance. The kidney was generally greatly affected by the local disease. Dr. Curtis then spoke at length of the deaths of animals, which were generally carried off far more rapidly than children, and based some ingenious reasoning on this fact. However, there was yet a great deal being done in the investigation of the causes and the nature of the malady.

Dr. George Bayles presented some interesting views on "The Public Sanitary Control of Diphtheria." Dr. Bayles prefaced his views by alluding to the many difficulties in the way of successfully coping with the malady. It had now reached a height in New York city which called for the use of the highest energies. The hospital plan for the purpose of isolating the patients was a failure because so many of them were children who could by no means be separated from their parents. He inclined to the belief that the diphtheria miasmata was peculiarly subject to neutralizing influences of pure atmosphere, etc. How could the necessary isolation be effected? Only by looking to the Board of Health for the full exercise of its plenary powers. He proposed the organization of a staff of inspectors who were to attack at once every case of diphtheria. Every house should be placed, as it were, in a state of siege. The patient should be carried up to the highest story, where he could be most effectually isolated from the other dwellers in the house. The Health Department could furnish its own medicines and feed the poor sick at the expense of the municipal government. At the present time there were perhaps only 100 houses in which diphtheria could be found, and yet some fifty or sixty deaths ensued every month. The expense of the special physicians, nurses, etc., would be very insignificant as compared with the effectual check of the disease which might be accomplished by the adoption of this plan. The co-operation of voluntary nurses should be enlisted. Also of all those who had the health of the city at heart.

The History of Diphtheria.

Dr. Elisha Harris, Registrar of Vital Statistics, gave some interesting facts in the history of diphtheria in New York city and the country. The said disease was a very old one, and had been known as the "putrid sore throat," the "malignant angina," etc., since the first colonization of the continent. However, it was not important to search these old records. The first fatal case registered under the name of diphtheria in New York city was treated by Dr. William Madwell, and occurred on February 20, 1859. Before the year was

over more than fifty cases of diphtheria had appeared. Until near the end of 1859 the city had suffered very lightly from this disease, but at that time physicians all over New York began to note the spread of the peculiar symptoms of this disease. In 1833 there were over 900 cases of death from diphtheria, which was the highest figure it had reached until then. Then there was a decrease until 1873, when the fatal cases of diphtheria numbered over 1,100.

A Wealthy Kleptomaniac.

An up town New Haven grocer has been greatly annoyed for some time past by petty pilfering, the guilty person being a very wealthy citizen prominently connected with institutions established for the benefit and accommodation of the public of that city. The person has been in the habit of hanging around the store until the eyes of the clerks were turned away from him, when he has deftly transferred to his pockets sundry eggs, apples, and other small commodities. For some time this was tolerated, although many people were informed of the peculiar practices of the guilty man, and many a heavy laugh indulged in at his expense. But when this pilfering began to be noticed even by persons passing by the store, forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the worthy grocer called upon the wealthy pilferer at his office and emphatically informed him that he must mend his ways. In the sunny days of universal prosperity he might with fortitude have borne this continual drain upon his goods and his purse, but, as all know, this is a "hard winter," and the thing must be stopped at once. With uplifted hands the man proclaimed his innocence, and called upon his Maker to testify if he was the kind of man to steal eggs! His protestations had no effect, and his call for the aid of a stranger was of no avail. But the grocer treated him with great leniency, letting him off with a reprimand. Owing to this happy termination of the case we refrain from giving the name of the wealthy reprobate, to whom \$300,000 cannot insure the necessities of life, but unless he immediately reforms and abandons his evil ways, his name is likely to appear in the records of the City Court.

Pig Iron Manufacture.

The following is the resolution adopted by the pig iron manufacturers in their convention held in Philadelphia:
"The undersigned, pig iron manufacturers, believing that the greatly decreased demand in the consumption of pig iron imperatively demands a corresponding decrease in the amount produced; and believing also that through over production a crisis now exists in the pig iron business which requires prompt and energetic action to save it from threatened bankruptcy and ruin; and believing also the proper and most effective remedy is to be found in a decrease of production to correspond with the demand for consumption, we, the undersigned furnace owners, in person and by their representatives, hereby agree, each with the other, that we will severally decrease the production at our respective works to a quantity not exceeding one-half the capacity of our several furnaces, and to faithfully continue and maintain such decrease of production for and during the whole year 1875, provided that this agreement shall not be binding until signed by the representatives of at least two-thirds of the furnaces, exclusive of charcoal, in the United States; and provided, further, that signers to this agreement may withdraw and be released from the same on giving two months' written notice to the Secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association of their desire and intention to do so."

Fruit Garden.

If not already done, bend down and cover the canes of the tender varieties of raspberries, if the ground is still open.
Grape vines should have been pruned last month, but advantage may be taken of the mild weather of this. In northern localities, young vines, even of hardy sorts, will fruit better if they are laid down and covered.
Strawberry beds should be given their covering of leaves or straw just before the ground freezes. Two or three inches is sufficient, as the object is to protect the plants from sudden changes of temperature, rather than to exclude frost.

Wood for rustic work may be cut and prepared for the next season. With a little skill in arrangement, many ornamental articles may be made for the flower garden and lawn. Posts and stakes should also be prepared; locust, red cedar, and chestnut are all good, the first two sorts remaining sound for many years. All wood for posts ought to be seasoned under cover, if possible, or so piled up that there will be a free circulation of air around and through the pile.

That Trade Mark.

The Harvard *Advocate* publishes the following explanation of the origin of "Lone Jack": There is a kind of tobacco verie good called "Lone Jack," and how it came to be so called was on this wise: King James II. did greatly dislike ye smoking of tobacco, holding it to be a grievous synne, whereat it did seeme to some wadge in Virginia a good jest to stamp uponne hys tobacco ye kyng's face, with a pipe in hys mouth. Ye fame of thys dit greatlise spread abroad, even to France, where they did falslie change ye kyng's name unto L'Onze Jacques (mistaking the II. to be eleven), which seeme to they of Virginia a better jest than the other, they did change ye kyng's crowne unto a hatte, and name hym "Lone Jack."

A Bricked-Up Lunatic.

Avarice of His Relatives the Alleged Cause—Horrible Sufferings of the Unfortunate.

A gentleman, who is a resident of Allentown, Pa., and is well known to the people of that city as a hunter, met with an adventure the other day, while in pursuit of game on the Blue Mountain, which resulted in a discovery of the most extraordinary nature. Having tramped a long distance in pursuit of game, and with good success, he was getting toward the foot of the mountain among the timber, when his attention was attracted by a queer-looking brick structure among the trees. It was, and is calculated to attract the attention of any one who comes across it there in the solitude of the mountain. It is simply four brick walls about seven or eight feet high, evidently bricked over at the top (though of that we are not certain), and enclosing a space of about six feet square. Mr. Powell approached the building and forgot all about the game, as he examined it closely and attentively. He walked round it and could find neither door nor window. He could think of no use that it was possible for such a building, so situated, to be put to. There was a stench arising from it that made his examination anything but a pleasant one. He was about to leave the place, with the mystery of the solitary brick building unsolved, when suddenly his steps were arrested by a sound as of a human voice, which appeared to come from the interior of the structure. He listened intently, but all was silent again. Yet he was sure he had heard it. Again he walked round the building, and this time he discerned a place in one of the walls where a brick had been left out, affording an opening into this "dungeon"—for it was a dungeon, and it held and yet holds a prisoner, shut out from the light of day, from all human fellowship, and from all opportunity of enjoyment of the common blessings of life, which belong to the most unfortunate of God's creatures. As the discoverer of this strange edifice discovered the only opening in the walls, he again heard a sound from the interior of it. This time there could be no doubt of it. Strange, incoherent mutterings, and then a cry of pain or rage fell upon the ears of the startled listener. He called out and knocked upon the wall, and the voice of a man responded to him, but he could make no sense of the response. After a time he left the place and made inquiries in the neighborhood, and then he heard a very strange story.

The man bricked up in that monumental coffin, and who suffers death in life, is named Levi Handwerk, and the neighbors assure our informant that he has been immured there for twelve years. The strange story given to us by Mr. Powell is that the father of Handwerk died and left him, quite a young man, with \$4,000. He was a lunatic, subject to fits of ungovernable rage, and, when these fits were on him, the lives of those around him were in danger. After the death of the father the mother of Handwerk married again, and the young man became altogether uncontrollable—a violent, raving madman. Then he was consigned to the dungeon, which, it is said, is simply a bare spot of ground, inclosed by four walls. The motive given for his confinement this is, that the lives of those about him were not safe if he was at large, and if he had been kept in a lunatic asylum, the money he was possessed of would have been appropriated by the State to keep him.

The revelation of this abominable horror at once aroused the good people of Allentown, and a party proceeded to that place. The building is situated about 100 yards from where his parents reside, and when the Allentown party arrived there, the constable of Slatington, and another gentleman who had preceded them, were already making preparations for the deranged man's removal. The strong iron bars guarding the entrance were taken down by the constable, when the party entered. The sight that met their eyes is simply indescribable. Lying on a patch of fine straw in a nude state, covered with a thick crust of dirt from head to feet, was a human being, the stench arising from the bed of filth being almost intolerable. The pen in which he was confined is four feet square, of brick, lined with rough pine boards. When the gentlemen entered they found him lying in a crumpled position, and it was only by assistance that he could stand on his feet, his limbs being paralyzed and unable to bear the contracted form. Together they carried him to his mother's house and applied soap and water, after which he was clothed, and, in charge of the officer, taken to Slatington into the county almshouse, in which excellent institution he will receive better and more humane treatment than was his lot heretofore.

When brought to the light of day he looked wistfully ground and occasionally muttered incoherently. He rubbed his eyes vigorously, which were almost concealed by dirt, and although his sayings were unintelligible, it was noticed that his countenance beamed with joy at having secured liberty after so long confinement. It is alleged that years ago he was in his right mind, as records kept where he sold game to other parties testify of business transactions which were by no means conducted by an insane person.

Preservation of Fruit.

The following method for the preservation of fruit has been patented in England. The fruit is placed in a vertical vessel in layers, separated by layers of pulverized white sugar, and is then covered with alcohol of 80 deg. Gay Lussac. After 12 hours the closed vessel is inverted and the maceration allowed to continue for 12 to 72 hours, according to the nature of the fruit, which is then removed and allowed to drain and dry. About two pounds of sugar and two pounds of alcohol are recommended for four pounds of fruit.

Strikes in England.

The Organization of the Workingmen in the Old World.

The trades unions of England, says the *New York Republic*, are the best organized and most powerful of any in the world. Among the more prominent associations are the Amalgamated Engineers, with 357 lodges, 42,382 members, and a fund of more than \$1,000,000. Their last report shows an increase for the year of 1,300 members and over \$200,000. The expenses for the year were \$335,000, of which nearly \$80,000 were for the sick, \$47,000 for superannuated members, and about \$40,000 for funeral expenses. The annual report states that the well being of the members has been promoted by moderation and reason, and without resort to strikes or serious conflicts of any kind with capitalists or employers. The Society has been uniformly prosperous for several years, much of which prosperity has been due to moderation in cases of disagreement with employers, and the settlement of differences by arbitration. This is the most powerful organization of skilled laborers in existence, having branches all over the world. It is composed of men of intelligence, who think for themselves, and are not to be led into folly by the ranting of demagogues. It takes no part in political affairs further than to silently favor such men and measures as are for the benefit of labor and the laboring classes.

Another great organization is that of the Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners, with nearly 13,000 members, and a fund of \$150,000. Its growth last year was extraordinary, the addition of members amounting to 1,563, and of funds more than \$50,000. General prosperity has been the rule except in America, where financial depression produced corresponding depression in the organization. To their brethren in this country they say: "It is gratifying to know that ample funds are at our disposal whenever they may be required, and that our British members will gladly assist their American brethren in the hour of need, knowing that whenever they in turn may labor under similar difficulties, our American brethren will feel pride and pleasure in doing all they can to show that we are united by kindred interests and cordial sympathies." The following sentiment expressed by these carpenters will find a cordial response in every honest heart: "If the industrial classes in Europe and America fully realize the advantages to be attained by unity of action, their interests would become so interwoven that war would be impossible, and no political jealousies would be permitted to endanger the lives of peaceful citizens, or disturb the commercial intercourse that is essential to the well being of the people." This trade had temporary strikes in Liverpool and Bristol, where the employers, instead of submitting certain differences to arbitration, as they had pledged themselves to do, would listen to no proposal for accommodation. No one will deny that in such a case a strike was justifiable. Employers ought to be the first to favor arbitration, and the last to abandon that method of settlement. In the annual report of the society, union among working men is the way indicated for ameliorating their social condition, but violence and strikes are deprecated; "for the age of coercion is happily ended."

Another branch of this class of workmen—the Brothers Carpenters and Joiners—is also in a prosperous condition, with 9,235 members and a handsome fund. They, too, deprecate attempts at coercion, but complain that they are not met in a corresponding spirit of accommodation. "In no single instance has a strike been resorted to without the process of conciliation or arbitration having been first solicited by the society, which has thereby endeavored to avoid strikes, which are on all sides admitted to benefit nobody." With regard to hours of labor there seems to be great confusion. The carpenters say that they work forty-eight hours a week in New York sixty-one hours in Pensance, sixty in Ireland, about the same in Canada, and fifty-one in Scotland.

A Veteran Editor.

"A veteran editor in the West has just retired from the profession—forever, he says. Colonel Sam Pike was born in Grayson county, Va., in 1804, and immigrated with his parents to Ross county, Ohio, when but seven years old. Having purchased an old printing press and a few cases of type, on the 4th of July, 1832, he issued the first number of the *Highland Democrat*, in Hillsborough. He did not remain there long, but purchased a newspaper in a neighboring county; sold out soon, and went elsewhere. He continued this sort of life for forty-two years, and in that time established in various parts of Ohio and Kentucky thirty-four weekly newspapers. Colonel Pike is a Democrat of the uncompromising sort, and retires no richer than when he began. One of his hobbies in his younger days was to fill his paper with original matter, interspersed with numerous italics and capital letters.

ECONOMY.—A Boston paper thinks that the manner in which some men economize in these times reminds one of R. Wilfer, the clerk who had a limited salary and an unlimited family, whose ambition to wear a complete new suit was never gratified. As Dickens says, "his black hat was brown before he could afford a coat, his pantaloons were white at the seams and knees before he could buy a pair of boots, his boots had worn out before he could treat himself to new pantaloons, and by the time he worked round to the hat again that shining, modern article rotted in an ancient ruin of various periods."