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8TH DISTRICT—A. C. AVELLY.

Hydrophobia In a Horse.

The Fitchburg (Mass.) Sentinel says: A singular case of hydrophobia occurred at Grafton a few days since. A farmer by the name of Torrey had in his possession a dog who had manifested some signs of being unwell, and while in that state bit a large and valuable horse, also owned by Mr. Torrey. The bite was not considered serious, as it was only a slight scratch upon the nose, and not severe enough to draw blood. In the meantime the dog died, and the horse worked as usual, until one day he seemed quite unwell, and was left in the stable for rest. He began to show unmistakable signs of hydrophobia, and was strongly bound with ropes, but freed himself from them and tore his flesh in a fearful manner. Many of the citizens assembled to witness the affair, but were compelled to withdraw, as it was so terrible to look upon. In his madness he would only bite one forward leg, and when he seized it the horse was nothing. He continued in this state until he was shot by order of Mr. Torrey. This horse also bit another valuable horse, and Mr. Torrey is anxiously awaiting the result. The same dog lately bit a cow.

Moody and Sankey in Vermont.

South Vermont, Sept. 15.—Messrs. Moody and Sankey will hold services in Northfield, Vt., on Sunday morning, and in Northfield, Mr. Moody's native town, in the afternoon of that day. They will begin their regular Fall meetings at Chicago Oct. 1. A large building seating 3,000 has been erected in the centre of the city for these meetings. Mr. Moody and Sankey, the evangelist, Philadelphia, accompanied by Mr. Moody, the singer, of Boston, begins a series of meetings at the same time in the West.

JERE BLACK ON HAYES.

Hon. Jere Black, in a recent letter addressed to Mr. Garfield, commenting on his speech in Congress in reply to Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, shows what it takes to make a reformer, and demonstrates very clearly that Gov. Hayes is not the man, nor his party the sort of support a reformer should have. Mr. Black said: "You would have us believe that Hayes, if elected, will reform abuses and give us a pure administration. Your statement, and that of other gentlemen equally reliable, make it certain that Hayes bears an irreproachable character in all his private relations. I do not doubt his possession of that negative honesty which it is a disgrace to want. I accord him those tame household virtues which entitle him to the respect of his neighbors and confidence of his family; but he can no more stem the torrent of Republican corruption than he can swim against the rapids of Niagara. His whole history shows that he would not even make an effort to do so. He has been most happily called 'a man of tried subserviency.'"

A reformer in these times must be made of stern material. He must have no connection with, and be under no obligation to, the authors of the abuses which need reform. Above all things, he must not have consented expressly or impliedly to the commission of the public wrongs which his duties as a reformer would require him to punish. When he comes to oppose wickedness in high places the consciousness that he himself is in part delicto will make even a strong man as nervous as an infant.

To show how hard it would be for a man like Mr. Hayes to resist the worst orders of his own party, I must cite a case directly in point, and certainly within your recollection as well as mine. In the case of Milligan you made an eloquent and powerful speech before the Supreme Court for those free principles which I, at the same time supported in my weaker way. You showed the indestructible right of every citizen to a legal trial; you proved that Magna Charta did not perish on the battle field; you demonstrated by irrefragable logic that the Constitution was as supreme after the war as it was before; you sprang with lofty contempt the brutal idea that law was extinguished by victory of the forces called out to defend it; and you closed with that grand pronouncement on the God-given rights of Liberty, which, if seen in Athens in the best days of her "Greece Democracy," would have "shook the arsenal and fanned over Greece." These were not the words of a paid advocate, for you had volunteered in the case; nor the sudden emissions of a prophetic, for you had read and pondered the subject well. You spoke the deliberate conclusions of your mind, and there is no doubt that in your heart of hearts you believe them to be true this day.

Yet when the reconstruction law was proposed you suffered yourself to be whipped in, surrendered your conscience to your party, and voted against your recorded convictions, for a measure that nullified every provision of the Constitution, whereby ten millions of people were deprived of rights which you know to be sacred and inalienable. If this was your case, what subserviency may not be expected from Mr. Hayes, when the party lash comes to be laid on his back? You are his superior in every quality that holds a man true to public duty. You have been carefully schooled in the morality of the new testament, you have lived all your life in the full blaze of the gospel, you are gifted with a logical acumen which few can boast, and with moral courage far above the average. If you fell down before the Moloch of Abolitionism, and gave up all principle at once, what act of worship will Hayes deny to that grim idol?

VICTOR HUGO ON THE ATROCITIES.

The following letter, headed "For Serbia," appears in the Paris *Rappel*. It becomes necessary to call attention of the European Governments to a fact so small it seems that the Governments appear not to perceive it. The fact is this, a people is being assassinated. Where? In Europe! Has this act witnessed? One witness, the whole world. Do the Governments see it? No. The nations have above them something which is below them—the Governments. At certain moments this anomaly presents itself—civilization is in the people's barbarism. Is it willful? No it is simply professional. What the human race knows Governments are ignorant of. This is because Governments are nothing through the shortsightedness peculiar to them, while the human race looks on with another eye, the conscience. We are about to establish European Governments by teaching them one thing—viz: that crimes are crimes; that it is no more allowable for a Government than for an individual to be an assassin; but Europe is solidary; that all that happens in Europe is done by Europe; that if there exists a wild beast Government it must be treated as a wild beast; that at the present moment, quite close by us, there under our eyes, people are massacring, burning, pillaging, exterminating, cutting the throats of fathers and mothers, selling the little girls and boys; that the children too small to be sold are being cut in two by the blow of a sabre; that one town—Batak, for example—has been reduced in a few hours from 9,000 inhabitants to 1,300; that the cemeteries are choked with more corpses than can be buried so that to the living who have sent them carnage the dead send back the pestilence, which is only fair. We teach the Governments of Europe this, that

pregnant women are being ripped open to kill the children in their wombs; that in the public squares there are heaps of the remains of women with the trace of this treatment; that dogs gnaw in the streets the skulls of outraged girls; that all this is horrible; that a gesture of the Governments of Europe would be enough to prevent it, and that the savages who commit these crimes are terrifying, and that the civilized who let them commit them are appalling. The time has come to raise one's voice. The universal indignation is being aroused. There are hours when the human conscience speaks and orders Governments to listen. The Governments stammer a reply. They have already tried this stammer. They say it is exaggerated. Yes, it is exaggerated. It was not in a few hours that the town of Batak was exterminated; it was in a few days. It is said 200 villages were burned—there were only 99. What you call pestilence is only a typhus. All the women have not been outraged; all the girls have not been sold; a few have been captured. Prisoners have been mutilated, but their heads have been also cut off, which lessens the thing. The infant said to have been thrown from one pike to the other was, in reality, only placed on the point of one bayonet. Where there is one you put two; you exaggerate the two, &c. And then why has this people revolted? Why do not a flock of men let themselves be owned like a herd of animals? Why, &c. This fashion of palliating increases the horror. To quibble with public indignation, nothing more miserable. The attentions aggravate. It is subtly pleading for barbarism. It is Byzantium excusing Stamboul. Let us call things by their name. To kill a man at the corner of a wood called a Forest of Bondy is a crime; to kill a people at the corner of that other wood called diplomacy is a crime also, a greater one. That is all the difference. Does crime diminish in proportion to its enormity? Alas! that is, indeed, an old law of history. Kill six men you are Troppmann; kill 600,000 you are Caesar. To be monstrous is to be acceptable. Witness the St. Bartholomew-blessed by Rome, the Dragounades glorified by Bossuet, the 2d of December saluted by Europe. But it is time that the old law be succeeded by the new law. However black the night, the horizon must be getting light. Yes, the night is black, we are at the rising of ghosts. After the syllabus behold the Koran. From one Bible to the other people fraternize, *Jungamus Dextras*. Behold the Holy Sea stands the Sublime Porte. We are given the choice of darkness and, seeing that Rome offered us its middle ages, Turkey has thought proper to offer us his. Hence the things happening in Serbia. Where will it stop? When will finish the martyrdom of this heroic little nation? It is time their issues from civilization a peremptory prohibition to go further. This prohibition to go further in crime we the people intimate to the Governments. "But," we are told, "you forget that there are questions!" To murder a man is a crime, to murder a people is a question! Each Government has its question. Russia has Constantinople, England has India, France has Prussia, Prussia has France. We reply, "Humanity also has its question," and that question is this: It is greater than India, England, and Russia. It is the infant in its mother's womb. Let us supersede the political question by the human question. The whole future is there. Let us say it. The future, whatever is done, will exist. Everything serves it, even crimes. What is happening in Serbia proves the necessity of the United States of Europe. Let the distinct Governments be succeeded by the united peoples. Let us have done with the monstrous empires. Let us muzzle the fanaticisms and despotisms. Let us break the swords which are valets of superstitions and the dogmas which have the sabre in hand. No more wars, no more massacres, no more carnage, free thought, free trade, fraternity. Is peace, then, so difficult? The Republic in Europe, the Continental Federation, there is no other political reality than that. Reasoning prove it, and events also. O. This reality which is a necessity, all the philosophers are agreed; and now the executors join their demonstration to the demonstration of the philosophers. After its fashion, and just because it is horrible, savagery testifies for civilization. What Europe requires is a European Nationality, one Government, one immense fraternal arbitration. Democracy at peace with itself, all the sister nations having for their city and capital Paris; that is Liberty, having Light as its capital; in one word, the United States of Europe. There is the goal, there is the port. It was only truth yesterday; today, thanks to the executors of Serbia, it is evidence. To the thinkers are added the assassines—the proof was given by the monsters. The future is a god drawn by tigers.

AN ABSENT-MINDED WIFE.

The Indianapolis *Journal* says: "A few days ago a gentleman in this city was astonished to receive a telegram from his wife, who was at the Centennial, asking him to let the name of the hotel at which she was stopping. He answered, of course, but the mystery was not explained until her return yesterday. It seems that while in the Centennial grounds she became separated from her friends, and finding that she could not discover them, she was about to inquire her way to the hotel, but was more than astonished to find that she could not recall the name of it, nor the street upon which it was located. So she placed herself in charge of an officer until her husband's answer to the telegram relieved her of the unpleasant predicament into which she had fallen."

HOW IS DOT?

A colored gentleman, recently sentenced by Judge Schenck, at Charlotte, for hog stealing, to 10 years in the Penitentiary, was, a few days ago, found lurking near his old quarters in Mecklenburg. After being chased and finally shot he surrendered, and what do you think he says? why it is this. That, he and numerous others were discharged by the authorities and permitted to go home with full instructions to do their best at the November elections for the Radical ticket. When the judgment of the law is thus set aside, and for such purposes—what are we to expect if the republicans again get control of the State. If by the whole penitentiary gang will be turned loose to vote before another month. Freeman what think you of this? Can it be possible that the voters of the State will stand aloof, under such circumstances, and allow this election to be carried by Penitentiary convicts? We hope not.—Concord Sun.

WHAT HAS HE DONE?

Who was one of the leaders in putting upon this infamous Cabby constitution? Tom Settle. Who sustained Holden in his devilish Kike War? Tom Settle. Who agreed with Pearson, when he said the judiciary was exhausted, powerless to take poor men, who had committed no crime, out of prison? Tom Settle. Who supports Grantism, and all of its stealing? Tom Settle. Who went into the army as Captain, and resigned to come home to prosecute poor men for not going? Tom Settle. What white man has refused to denounce the infamous civil rights bill? Tom Settle. Who is to lay trying to stir up all the old dead issues of the late war? Tom Settle. Who are the plunderers and thieves at Washington City supporting for Governor of North Carolina? Tom Settle. Who is a leading man in the radical party that has brought so much distress upon the land? Tom Settle. Who favors the party that has put up on us the revenue crew, worse than ever were the lice of ancient Egypt? Tom Settle.—Aibmarle Times.

WASTED SYMPATHY.

One day recently a respectfully dressed man carried a well grown child, muffled up and apparently sick into a New York hotel. He placed the child on the stairs and began to talk to it in a very unkind, rough way. The attention of the guests was attracted, and they gathered around. "You are able to walk up stairs by yourself, and I won't carry you." "Oh, oh," the child sobbed, "do carry me up; please, pray, do. You know ever since I was ran over by the car and lost both my feet I can't walk up stairs alone." "That's all stuff," the man answered; "get up at once or I'll make you." The poor child began to sob worse than before, and the brutal man gave it a severe thump over the side of the head. The child mourned piously.—The indignation of the bystanders was excited, and one of them said to the man, "Is that child yours?" "What's that to you?" answered the man; "I won't tell you." "He's—my father," the child sobbed, and—he—killed—my mother—just—as he's—a going—to—kill—me." The man doubled up his fist and made as though he was about to give the child a savage blow. One of the bystanders interfered and said, "If you don't stop this I'll call a policeman. I never saw such a brutal father in all my life."

DO YOU?

The Ansonian puts these pertinent queries:
Do you want to reduce your taxes?
Vote for the Amendments.
Do you want separate schools for the white and colored children in our State?
Vote for the Amendments.
Do you want to save \$12,500 per annum to the State?
Vote for the Amendments reducing the number of Judges.
Would you have saved from \$50,000 to \$100,000 per annum in the Legislative expenses?
Vote for the Amendment restricting the session to sixty days and the per diem of the members to four dollars.
If you want good, economical government in North Carolina vote for all the Amendments.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT TO A SOMNAMBULIST.

A shocking accident happened in England on Friday night, the 1st inst., to a Mrs. MacDonald, aged thirty-eight years. The lady had been staying with some friends at No. 16 Warrior road, Kennington, and retired to rest as usual on Friday night, but shortly after midnight her friends heard her walking about her room. It was known that she was a somnambulist, but no danger was apprehended, she being in her bedroom. Suddenly, however, a great crash of glass, followed by a scream, and a heavy fall were heard, and upon the instant hastening to ascertain the cause they discovered that Mrs. MacDonald, during her sleep, walked through a glass door on the second floor, and fallen into the garden below, a distance of thirty-five feet. Medical assistance was quickly procured, when it was found that the poor lady had fractured both legs, and sustained severe internal injuries, necessitating her immediate removal to the hospital.

THE WISE LITTLE ONES.

Miss Edith—aged three years, is deeply interested in her doll. One day she said: Aunt Lottie, if it would not vex you, I would like to see your doll. I wish you would step in and tell Dr. — to call and see Gracie, [the doll.] I gave her wood-bine tea and put her to bed, but she don't appear to get better."

Little Johnny has peculiar views as to original sin. One day he was about to be punished for some misdemeanor, when he pleaded: "It wasn't me, mamma dear—it was the bad man." "Well, Johnny, I'm going to whip the bad man out of you." "Ah, yes, but that'll hurt me a precious lot more than it will the bad man."

The Napa (Cal.) Transcript reports that "A little boy, after seeing a pretty good prospect the other day, obtained from some quartz from a ledge near town, wanted to know of the miser if he didn't think somebody had buried some twenty dollar pieces there and they had rotted."

The Rochester Express says that last Thursday, while little Carrie and Gracie Solomon, of that city, aged eleven and twelve, respectively, were fishing from the pier at Charlotte, one of the hooks became entangled in a log a little above the water, and Gracie, leaning over to disentangle it, plunged headlong into the river. There was not a soul near save one little boy who ran away screaming for help; but Carrie grasped her fish-pole firmly, and when her little sister rose to the surface, placed the end of it in her hands, and bracing her foot in a crevice of the pier, tugged and pulled, like a little heroine that she was, being nearly drawn in herself twice, until she landed Gracie safely on the dock.

Tommy is fond of sugar, and asks his mother for some to eat with his strawberries. She refuses. He appears resigned, but adds gravely: "You know, mamma, what happened round the corner? There was a little boy, and his mother would not give him any sugar on his strawberries, and—?" "And next day he fell into a well."

FRIGHTFUL SCENE AT A FRENCH RAILWAY STATION.

A frightful scene took place at the Vaise Railway station, Lyons, on the 2d inst. A superb Nubian lion, intended for the Bidel Menagerie, which had just arrived, was left in the station awaiting orders from its owners. The superintendent took the precaution of removing the lion into a corner of the line of the ordinary traffic, and put a barricade around it to prevent the accidental approach of strangers. All these steps, however, afforded only a stimulus to the curiosity of some persons who happened to be in the station. Among them was a cattle-merchant, who was seized with an insane desire to go up to the wild animal and caress it as he might do a cow or a sheep that he had just purchased. He put his arms inside the cage for this purpose, but in another moment horrible cries were heard, and attracted all the workmen and officials to the spot where the lion had been safely placed out of the reach of doings harmful to all but those who might willfully seek danger. The sight presented was a frightful one. The infuriated animal had the limb of the adventurous cattle dealer between his teeth, and was dragging the whole body within the iron bars. The spectators immediately armed themselves with sticks, shovels, and crow bars; but before they succeeded in forcing the lion to loosen his hold he had torn the man frightfully. Medical assistance was soon procured, and it was found necessary to perform an amputation to save the life of this victim of his own recklessness.

A CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

A Death that is the Uppermost Topic with Many New York Physicians.

Adam Hermann, who lived in Sixty-eighth street near Ninth avenue, was bitten by a Spitz dog about three weeks ago. The bite left a small scratch on the index finger of Mr. Hermann's left hand. He thought nothing of it until, on Monday last, he raised a glass of whiskey to his lips. Then he involuntarily shuddered, and a choking, suffocating sensation overpowered him. On Tuesday he went to the Roosevelt Hospital and sought out Dr. T. W. Rice, the house surgeon. Dr. Rice sent for a tumbler of water and offered it to Hermann. He started back, threw out his hands to motion the doctor back, and his features became frightfully distorted. Dr. Rice then fanned him with his hat. A spasm more terrible than the first seized him. Hermann was taken to a private room and made comfortable. Later in the day the spasms increased in severity and frequency. They came at the mere mention of water, at the sight of rustling leaves, or the quivering of a screen that was placed before the door to keep off drafts. The slightest draft sent the sensitive patient into convulsions. During Tuesday, the first day in the hospital, Mr. Hermann repeatedly tried to swallow food and drink; but his efforts were not only unsuccessful but they were extremely painful. In the spasms, which were only momentary, Hermann's face turned almost black, his eyes stood out from their sockets, and the expression of his face became not only ghastly but demonic.

"I have never seen anything so frightful," said Dr. Rice. "Yet he was rational through all, and was able to talk clearly and sensibly. He sometimes bemoaned his fate in having served all through the war, to die by the bite of a wretched little cur." All these symptoms continued up to 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, when the patient became slightly delirious. He sprang at an attendant, and was afterwards tied (loosely) to his bed. He foamed at the mouth, and his head and face became covered with froth, and all day long he spat in quantities so great that he covered the floor and the walls, soaked his bed clothing. He became unconscious in the afternoon and died very suddenly at 5 o'clock in the evening. Mr. Hermann was 54 years of age.

The case was wholly in the hands of Dr. Rice, but while Mr. Hermann was in the hospital, his case attracted many of the most distinguished physicians of the city. Among them were Prof. Markoe, Dalton, Clarke, Mason, and Watts of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. They followed the case with interest, and it was with reluctance that the body was surrendered to Deputy Coroner Gouldschmidt yesterday. He found the internal organs in a very peculiar condition. The lungs were in a state of hypostatic congestion, the cavities of the heart were dilated, the liver was enlarged, the peritoneal coat of the small intestines was inflamed, the membranes of the brain were congested, and there was an effusion of the watery portion of the blood, in addition to a deposit of lymph. The base of the brain adhered to the skull as the result of inflammation. The spinal cord was congested, and there were hemorrhagic spots in the spinal canal. The cord was softened. The spine, lungs, liver, heart, and brain were taken out and retained in the hospital for examination.

BARNUM'S TATTOOED NOBLEMAN.—A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE WONDER.

The following full description, from the Bridgeport (Conn.) *Daily Standard*, of Captain Costentenus, the wonderfully tattooed Albinian Greek, with P. T. Barnum's Great show, will be very interesting to our readers:
"We saw at ex-Mayor Barnum's residence, this morning, a wonder of tattooing on the person of Captain George Costentenus, a descendant of a noble Greek family, from the province of Albinia. His statement is that while he, together with an American and a Spaniard, were mining in Chinese Tartary, in 1867, a rebellion arose, and the three joined the insurgents. Ill luck coming to their cause, they were taken prisoners, and subjected to the tattooing process for three months, as a punishment in lieu of having their heads cut off. He says that the process causes such terrible pain that it required six men to hold him while one performed the operation. After it was completed, all three escaped from prison, but the American only survived five or six months. This Spaniard lost his eyesight, and died in Morilla, but Captain Costentenus survives and is in good health. The tattooing was done with indigo and cinabar, producing blue and red colors; and there is not a single point on his body which is not covered with these colors, so that it is impossible to discover what was the natural color of his skin except by his ears and the soles of his feet, which are the only parts they did not tattoo. He appeared at first eight or ten years old, clothed with very close-fitting tights, made of a shawl or of very soft, fine druggut. Upon a close inspection, however, it is seen that he is entirely naked, and that the apparent tights are an illusion. Moreover, his whole person is found to be covered with a variety of animal figures, with their names most ingenious and skillfully printed into the cuticle. On the forehead are animals and inscriptions, and on the face star like figures. On the hands are numerous red points and figures resembling sculptures, as well as long tailed panther-like shapes. On the neck, chest, abdomen, back, and extremities, the skin is a mass of symmetrically arranged and admirably executed figures of monkeys, tigers, lions, elephants, peacocks, storks, swans, snakes, crocodiles, lizards, mingled with bows, arrows, leaves, flowers, and fruits on the palm of the hand

are indescribable figures. On the back and sides of both feet to the toes are blue points, and from the toes to the nail red lines. Altogether, there are 388 tattooed pictures on the entire body—on the forehead 2; neck, 8; chest, 50; back, 37; abdomen, 62; upper extremities, 104; lower extremities, 137. He is certainly one of the greatest human curiosities ever seen. He has traveled in all countries except America, and is attracted here by the Centennial Exhibition. He spoke English, French, Spanish and Italian, this morning, and he understands the Arabic, Persian and several other languages. He is about five feet ten inches high, has a superb physique; his hair is straight, jet black, and glossy. To the touch his skin has a very soft, velvety feeling; and it has so much the appearance of being clothed, that he might walk through the public streets without any one suspecting that he was not dressed in tights.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Once two ministers of the gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching. "Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching; and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confuted." The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermons expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and if called upon he could preach extemporaneously. "As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stand up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it." The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon. The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper on which was written, "And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, challenging the attention of his delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence. In the afternoon the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip. After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked sadly around— "Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his finger through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and read aloud, "Am I not thine ass?" Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading the third time, "Am I not thine ass?" he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice said, "I think I am, brother."

HIDDEN TREASURE.

Gold hunters who still dream of finding the treasure of Capt. Kidd should read the story that comes from Indiana and be encouraged. In the little town of Eminence, about twenty-five miles southwest of Indianapolis, two Indians called at a farmer's house early in the evening and asked the way to a certain tree. Proper directions were given and the Indians departed. Never having seen his callers before, the farmer was curious to know their object, and went to the tree by a short road and hid himself in the bushes near by. Soon the Indians came, lantern in hand. They dug a hole in the ground on one side of the tree; this seemed to know the very place to dig—and to the blank amazement of the farmer found a copper chest two feet square, opened it by the light of the lantern, and took out several bags of gold which they at once poured into a strong sack provided for the purpose. Astonished at the sight, the farmer jumped from his hiding place toward the men, but in an instant the light went out, all was darkness, and the Indians disappeared through the bushes. He estimates that \$10,000 were found in the chest, and it is believed the treasure was secreted there many years ago by some ancestor of the Indians in his fight before the enemy.

OWNING A HOME.

The strength of the American republic is the universal desire to own a home. It is moulding all the people, native and foreign born, into one homogeneous mass. The ownership of a home is something of which neither the Irish nor the German laborer have, in their own country, any conception; but here it is the goal of their hopes and desires. Education comes next; it is something the need of which is not felt until the adornments of home are thought of. This desire to own the roof under which one sleeps is distinctively an American characteristic, and seems by nature adapted to the growth which is raising us in importance in the scale of nations. It is the link which connects the man with the government; it adds to his interest in the making and execution of the laws, and identifies him with the usages and customs of the people. It is this element which gives the people of Switzerland their unity and power, and the lack of causes nine-tenths of the unrest in Ireland. No feeling is stronger than the attachment of home, and no nation whose people possess this as a common sentiment can long be the slave of another.