

### THE YANKEE AND PIRATE.

There lived many years ago, on the eastern shore of Mount Desert, a large island off the coast of Maine, an old fisherman by the name of Jedediah Spinnet, who owned a schooner of some hundred tons burden, in which he, together with four stout sons, was wont to go about once a year to the Grand Bank for the purpose of catching codfish. The old man had five things about which he loved to boast—his schooner, Betsy Jenkins, and his four sons.

The four sons were all that their father represented them to be, and no one ever doubted his word when he said that their life was not to be found for fifty miles around. The oldest was twenty-two, while the youngest had reached his sixteenth year and they answered to the names of Seth, Andrew, John and Samuel.

One morning a stranger called upon Jedediah to engage him to take to Havana some iron machinery belonging to a steam engine for sugar plantations. The terms were soon agreed upon, and the old man and his sons immediately set about putting the machinery on board. That accomplished, they set sail for Havana with a fair wind, and for several days proceeded on their journey without an adventure of any kind. One morning, however, a vessel was descried off the barboard quarter, which, with some hesitation, the old man pronounced to be a pirate. There was not much time allowed them for doubting, for the vessel soon saluted them with not a very agreeable whizzing of an eighteen pound shot under their stern.

"That means for us to heave to," remarked the old man.

"Then I guess we had better do it, hadn't we?" said Seth.

"Of course."

Accordingly the Betsy Jenkins was brought up into the wind and her main boom hauled over the windward.

"Now, boys," said the old man, as soon as the schooner came to a stand, "all we can do is to be as cool as possible, and trust to God. There is no way that I can see now, but perhaps if we are civil, they will take such stuff as they want and then let us go. At any rate there is no use crying about it, for it can't be helped. Now get your pistols and see that they are surely loaded, and have your knives ready, but be sure to hide them, so that the pirates shall see no signs of resistance."

In a few moments all the arms that the schooner afforded, with the exception of one or two old muskets, were secured about the persons of our Down Easters, and they quietly awaited the coming of the schooner.

"One word more, boys," said the old man, just as the pirate came round under her stern. "Now watch every motion I make, and be ready to jump the moment I speak."

As Captain Spinnet ceased speaking the pirate luffed up under the fisherman's lee-quarter, and in a moment more the latter's deck was graced by the presence of a dozen as savage-looking mortals as eyes ever looked upon.

"Are you captain of this vessel?" asked the leader of the boarders as he approached the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"What is your cargo?"

"Machinery for steam engines."

"Nothing else?" asked the pirate, with a searching look.

At this moment Captain Spinnet's eye caught what looked like a sail off to the southward and eastward, but not a sign betrayed the discovery, and while a brilliant idea shot through his mind, he hesitatingly replied:

"Well, there is a little something else."

"Ha, and what is it?"

"Why, sir, I hadn't ought to tell," said Captain Spinnet, counterfeiting the most extreme perturbation. "You see, it was given to me as a sort of trust, and it wouldn't be right for me to give it up. You can take anything else you please, for I can't help myself."

"You are an honest coddler, at any rate," said the pirate, "but if you would live ten minutes longer, just tell me what you've got on board, and exactly the place where it is."

The sight of a cocked pistol brought the old man to his senses, and in a deprecating tone he uttered:

"Don't kill me, sir, don't; I'll tell you all. We've got forty thousand silver dollars nailed up in boxes just forward of the cabin bulkhead; but Mr. Defoe didn't suspect that anybody would have thought of looking for it there."

"Perhaps so," chuckled the pirate, while his eyes sparkled with delight. And then turning to his own vessel, he ordered all but three of his men to jump on board the Yankee.

In a few minutes the pirates had taken off the hatches, and in their haste to get at the "silver dollars," they forgot all else, but not so with Spinnet. He had his wits at work, and no sooner had the last of the villains disappeared below the hatchway than he turned to his boys.

"Now, boys, for your lives. Seth, you clap your knife across the fore-throat and peak-halyards, and you, John, cut the main-lead. Be quick, now, and the moment you have done it jump aboard the pirate. Andrew and Sam, you east off the pirate's grap-

pling, and then you jump—then we'll walk into them three chaps aboard the clipper. Now for it.

No sooner were the last words out of the old man's mouth than his sons did exactly as they were directed. The fore and main halyards were cut, and the two grapplings cast off at the same instant, and as the heavy gaffs came rattling down our heroes leaped on board the pirate. The moment the clipper felt at liberty her head swung off, and before the astonished buccaniers could gain the deck of the fisherman their own vessel was nearly half a cable's length to the leeward, sweeping gracefully away before the wind while the three men who had been left in charge were easily secured.

"Hallo, there!" shouted Captain Spinnet, as the luckless pirates crowded around the leeward side of their prize. "When you get them 'ere silver dollars, just let us know, will you?"

Half a dozen pistol shots was all the answer the old man got, but they did no harm; and crowding on all sail, he made for the vessel he had discovered, which lay dead to the leeward of him, and which he now made out to be a large ship. The clipper cut through the water like a dolphin, and in a short space of time Spinnet luffed up under the ships stern, and explained all that had happened. The ship proved to be an East India man, bound for Charleston, having thirty men on board, a portion of whom jumped on board the clipper and offered their services in helping to take the pirates.

Before dark Captain Spinnet was once more within hailing distance of his own vessel, and raising a trumpet to his mouth, he shouted—

"Schooner, ahoy! Will you quietly surrender yourselves prisoners if we come on board?"

"Come and try it!" returned the pirate captain, as he brandished his cutlass above his head in a very threatening manner, which seemed to indicate that he would fight till the last.

But this was his last moment, for Seth was crouched below the bulwarks, taking deliberate aim along the barrel of a heavy rifle, and the bloody villain was in the act of turning to his men when the sharp crack of Seth Spinnet's weapon rang his death peal, and the next moment the pirate captain fell back in the arms of his mate with a bullet through his heart.

"Now," said the old man, as he levelled the long pivot gun and seized a lighted match, "I'll give you just five minutes to decide in, and if you don't surrender I'll blow every one of you into the other world."

The death of their captain brought the pirates to their senses, and they threw down their weapons.

In two days from that time Captain Spinnet delivered his cargo safely in Havana, gave the pirates into the hands of the civil authorities, and delivered the clipper up to the government, in return for which he received a sum of money sufficient for independence for the remainder of his life, as well as a very handsome medal from the Governor.

### THE NOBLE REVENGE.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top, no lining of rose-white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in his sleep.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top.

"You can't—get out of the way, boy! why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the hapless, homeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and as he gazed into that rough face, anguish tears streamed rapidly down the cheeks on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh, it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once; let me see my mother only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so he recoiled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage; his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, a fire glittering through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent screamed, "when I'm a man, I'll kill you for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor, forsaken child, and a monument stronger than granite built in the boy's heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The Court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until with his lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindling eye, to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was a silence.

The splendor of his genius entranced and convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's poor coffin. I was that poor, miserable boy." The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge; I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimous as grand to him as incomprehensible, and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul.

### SENSATION JOURNALISM.

When the Morning Ledger was started says Sam Davis in the Argonaut, Dan O'Connell, Jessop and myself were employed on the local staff. Harry George was manager of the concern, and had an idea that poetry (original poetry) was the main thing to catch the Sunday readers. In this we all concurred, and somebody suggested that the poems should be illustrated. I agreed to furnish the engravings, and the next day called on Alex. Badlam, whom I knew had the facilities, and he loaned me about a bushel of old wood-cuts which had seen service in Sacramento on some illustrated newspaper venture of his own years ago. The drawings were by Nahl, and the engraving very good. When the basket was brought in, Mr. George sat down and began to paw over the blocks, distributing them among the staff, remarking as he handed O'Connell a square foot of boxwood. "Here Dan, is a woman watching for a ship at sea. Dish up half a column of poetry on it, entitled 'Waiting.'" Dan took the block and surveyed it carefully as he observed: "It strikes me this is meant for a washerwoman, and she's waiting to see if the little nigger on the wharf is going to make a raid on the clothes basket."

"In that case," replied Mr. George, "we can save off the nigger and the wharf; that will leave the sea and beach on the right, and it's just the thing." A handsaw was brought into requisition and the block was saved in two. "Now, Dan, start that right up; the printers are waiting for copy. And Sam, tack a few verses on the nigger, and then we'll have two first-class cuts and two pieces of original poetry." The next cut he picked up was a woman sitting on a rock watching some mules, but by sawing off the mules and gouging a club out of the woman's hand with a chisel, Jessop was enabled to build upon it a poem entitled "Deserted," and calculated to bring tears to the eyes of a Mills-Seminary girl by the time the sixth verse was reached. Sometimes Mr. George would saw up a big engraving into three pieces and divide it between us. In addition to our regular salaries, we got \$6 a column for these verses, and the carpentering work at the head was sometimes counted into the measurement as a special tribute to meritorious endeavor. Whenever the saloon keeper, next door, saw the Sunday issue pretty well filled with original poetry, he would contemplate a heavy run of custom on pay-day, and view the score on the slate with more cheerfulness than doubt. One day a temperance poem, penned by Jessop, got mixed up with a picture intended to represent a widow weeping over her lover's grave, by Dan, and the poem O'Connell wrote got under the picture that had been carefully saved and trimmed for Jessop. The change looked peculiar, but no one ever noticed it. On one occasion, after an elaborate poem had been written by a combination effort of all three of us, the cut was mislaid just as the paper was going to press. An old Vinegar Bitters cut was put in, however, and then a bill for advertising was sent the agents of the bitters.

He paid it cheerfully.

The paper died.

*As Wonderful as True.*—A Masonic lodge in Indiana was presided over by a Master who had an exaggerated notion of discipline. One night he met his lodge in called meeting (not a member absent) to instruct them in the work. Teaching them the use of the gavel, he had just called them up with three knocks, when he leaned too far back, fell through a window to the ground—four stories—and broke his neck. Picked up next morning, he was buried decently, but not a Mason came to the funeral. More strange still, not a Mason appeared any more in that village. It was inexplicable. Forty women left widows, 250 children left orphans, eighty-four merchants left in the lurch with unpaid bills. Twenty years after that somebody went up into the fourth story, broke upon the door and behold the lodge, a lodge of skeletons! Strange but true, they had strictly obeyed the orders of the W. M. and waiting, for the knocks to seat them, starved to death. Each was standing in an attitude of respectful attention, "looking to the east," and had no pitying citizens taken them down they would have been standing there still.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

### PRINTING OFFICE SECRETS.

A properly conducted printing office is as much a secret as a Masonic Lodge. The printers are not under oath of secrecy, but always feel themselves as truly in honor bound to keep office secrets as though triple oathed. Any employee in a printing office who willingly disregards this rule in relation to printing office secrets would not only be scorned by his brethren of the craft, but would lose his position at once. We make this statement because it sometimes happens that a communication appears in a newspaper under an assumed signature which excites comment, and various parties try to find out who is the author. Let all be saved the trouble of questioning the employee of the printing office. They are know-nothings on such points as these. On such matters they have eyes and ears, a mouth, and if any fail to observe this rule, let them be put down as dishonorable members of the craft. It is the same in job printing. If anything is to be printed and kept secret, let proper notice be given of the desire for secrecy, and you might as well question the Sphinx as one of the printers, so that even the secret books for lodges are printed without fear.

### KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.

Pay no attention to slanders and gossip mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their back biting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at night, brooding over the remark of some false friend, that runs through your brain like lightning? What is the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage, by some meddling busybody who has more time than character? The things cannot possibly injure you, unless, indeed you take notice of them and in combing them give them standing and character. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a boasting you, would you go to the hive to destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end, if we stop to refute all the backbiting and gossiping we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Just after the strike, when Solomon closed the discussion by telling the sluggard to go to the ant, the sluggard replied with a knowing wink that he had a much softer thing than that. "As how?" inquired the proverbial monarch. "I will start a savings bank," replied the man of inertia. The monarch nodded slowly, twice or thrice, and went away to get shaved. The next time he met the sluggard, that deliberate individual was riding in a gold-mounted carriage, with coachman and footman in livery, and in reply to the monarch's nod, he just pulled up to say that he was going over to Europe for a little while till the flurry blew over. And Solomon went back to his sanctum and wrote: "Better is an handful with quietness than a bank book as big as a Bible with travail and vexation of spirit."

"Why," asked Plato of Socrates, as they languidly rose from the symposium and walked up the Appian way—"why is a lazy dog like a sheet of paper?" Socrates thoughtfully rubbed his ear and said, "Seems to me I've heard that somewhere." "Well, old anthropos, guess it, *ille respondit* quickly. Socrates made seven futile attempts, turning the pun on the words "tale," "write," "canis," etc., when Plato became impatient and told him, "Because it's a slow pup." "Yes," said Soc. "I've heard it before, but I don't tumble to it now, some way. How's a sheet of paper a slow pup?" Plato smiled and remarked, "You'd better swap off that punkin head of yours; a sheet of paper is an ink-lined plane, isn't it?—and an inclined plane is a slope up, perhaps you see?" Then they walked slowly to the Keller, and Socrates remarked in a pen-sive tone, "Zwei!"

*Retributive Justice.*—At about 12 o'clock last Wednesday night, Mr. John H. Hazleton, living in the lower end of Beaufort county, was awakened by the agonizing screams of some one in his corn field near by. Upon repairing to the spot from whence the screams came, he found a negro of notoriously bad character, named Noah Lisbon writhing upon the ground, who confessed, that while prowling about the field, for the purpose of stealing corn, he had stepped upon and been bitten on the ankle by a snake; he was much swollen and seemed to be in terrible pain. Upon search being made, a large rattlesnake, with eleven rattles, was found and killed only a few feet away. Lisbon was removed to the premises of Mr. Hazleton, where he died in great agony on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Our informant states that the negro was swollen beyond recognition.—Newbernian.

President Hayes will find he is mistaken if he supposes for one moment that the next Congress will agree to increase the army to 40,000 men. We hope no Southern Democrat will vote for its increase even to the amount of one corporal, for we all remember what an important part an insignificant fellow of that rank played in South Carolina not many months ago. No, no, Mr. Hayes, no increase of the tyrants' power, if you please. The Southern Democrats who vote for an increase may prepare to enter upon an inglorious and perpetual retirement.—Raleigh News.

"Them's our sentiments" and we believe they are of ninety-nine out of a hundred of Southern men. We want no more hectoring, meddling troops in the land.

*Views of Secretary Everts.*—Secretary Everts said in conversation to-night, in speaking of the action of the New York Republican Convention, that he regretted that the party should be divided as in 1871. Ever since leaving the Whig party he had belonged to the Republican party, and not to any of the cliques of that party. He was very sorry that the Convention had not availed itself of the grand opportunity to place itself on the record in support of that policy which met the universal acquiescence of the people. The omission of the Republican Convention left to the New York Democratic Convention the opportunity to indorse the policy of peace. He refrained from any allusion to Mr. Conkling except by indirection.

### NEEDLESSLY UNHAPPY.

The New York Times is unhappy over the action of its Republican convention at Rochester. It declares that "most of its members returned to their homes with the melancholy consciousness that their great (Mr. Conkling) leader had made a fool of himself, and that in blindly allowing him to take the lead their own folly was hardly less than his." Even the New York Commercial Advertiser, which has been regarded as Mr. Conkling's organ, is disgusted with the exhibition which the Senator made of himself. It characterizes his attack upon Mr. Hayes' civil service policy as a "vulgar war upon the National Administration," and says "in the judgment of some of his best friends he made a great mistake which may lose him a return to the United States Senate." No one need be unhappy about the matter, however, for the people take no stock in Mr. Conkling's proceedings, Republicans or otherwise.—Wilmington Star.

We called attention recently to the large mortuary record of the colored people as compared with the whites. We pointed to Charlotte as an illustration. The vital statistics of Memphis, Ten., show that in 1876 there were 632 deaths among the whites, and 601 among the colored. This rate, when the population is considered, indicates 3½ colored to 1 white. In July and August the colored mortality was over five times greater than it was among the whites. These instances unfortunately are exceptional. Neglect of the laws of health, and the want of proper food and attention in sickness are the chief causes no doubt of the excessive mortality.—Wilmington Star.

### Tweed on the Stand.

Tweed is still making New York howl with his revelations, and every time he goes upon the stand he sits down on a tender spot. On Saturday that noble Republican reformer, ex-Police Commissioner Disabecker, got a centre shot in connection with Appar, Deputy Secretary of the State of New York. The former was one of those truly good men who came into place on the downfall of Tweed, but previous to the decline of the ring he was not above receiving fifty dollars a month from it for doing nothing. Mr. Appar was on a small salary as a stump speaker. The old man detailed at considerable length his mode of securing the support of the Albany newspapers, and repeated what was generally known in 1870, that the members of the ring corrected the proofs of the articles which were to appear in the Republican organ, the Journal, and they were printed as corrected. The most important portion of the testimony of Saturday was that which gave to Tweed, Hall and Sweeny the authorship of the telegram to which Samuel J. Tilden's name was attached, that was sent to the country districts in 1863, asking that the probable results of the election in those districts be telegraphed to New York at the close of the polls and before the vote had been counted. Hostile organs have never missed an opportunity to put the entire responsibility of this upon Mr. Tilden, but he is thus happily cleared of a charge which few who knew anything about him believed.

*A Perilous Ride.*—A tramp concealed himself yesterday under the coach of the mail train of the W. & W. R. R. and succeeded in evading the vigilance of the conductor for at least fifty miles. The tramp staddled an iron bar between the axle and bottom of the car holding himself in position by bracing against the air brake. It is yet to be ascertained how he wedged himself in between the axle and car and why it is he did not fall off.—Wilmington Review.

### BRIEFS.

*The Patent Office Fire Incendiary.*  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—The committee of inquiry conducting the investigation as to the origin of the recent Patent Office fire will, it is alleged, report that it was the work of incendiaries.

The following is all the space given in a Texas newspaper to a lynching: "Dudley Hansford was hanged by a mob of forty men this morning, near his home, two miles from Perry, in this county. Too much cattle."

*Hillsboro Recorder:* The Rev. A. W. Mangum, now Professor in the University of North Carolina, is among those spoken of to succeed the Rev. Mr. Duncan, deceased, late President of Randolph Ma.—O. 11.—g. While we admit the appropriateness of such a recommendation, we can spare Mr. Mangum from his own distinguished sphere of duties.

Mr. Blaine's Bangor Whig extends aid and comfort to Conkling in this manner: "It is enough now to know that the Republican convention of the Empire State has emulated the 'stalwartness' of Maine and Iowa, and refused to hoist the 'Stars and Bars' above the flag of the Union to 'conciliate' the gentlemanly White League and Rifle Clubs of the South."

### More Conspirators Against the Government Arraigned.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—To-day, in the Criminal Court, the case of Julius Witowski, Aaron Brummer, James T. Elliott, Henry Fetterberg, James S. Oegley, Lewis Piek and David C. Stewart, for conspiracy to defraud the government by means of a fraudulent claim for \$20,705 for timber, alleged to have been furnished the government in October, 1862, was called. Stewart and Brummer plead guilty and a motion was filed to quash the indictment as to Witowski, the one of the parties present besides Stewart and Brummer, which was overruled. The case of Witowski was then proceeded with and the jury selected.

### The Ohio Clerks Told to go Home.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—An order was read in the Executive Department to-day to all whom it concerned, that all the Ohio clerks in the departments could have ten days leave to go home to vote and that pay for that time would not be deducted. As no secret was made of the reading of the document it can hardly be possible that it could be promulgated without the consent of the President. Its dictum is in flat contradiction of the position taken by Secretary Schurz.

### The Election in Connecticut.

HARTFORD, Oct. 1.—The Hartford Democrats elected the entire ticket to-day by majorities ranging from 250 to 500. There are charges of extensive fraud in several wards. By the new law minority representation is secured in wards of Selectmen and Assessor. The vote in the State on the two constitutional amendments was light, but both are probably carried. The first prohibited extra compensation to public officers and the second prohibited town aid to railroads.

### Equinoctial.

A letter from a gentleman in Edenton, N. C., to a friend in this city, dated October 1st, says:

"We had a terrible visitation in the equinoctial gale just passed. Every public bridge, and every water-mill in the counties of Gates, Chowan, Perquimans, Bertie, Tyrrell and Washington are destroyed. The fisheries on the sound are greatly damaged. The loss is immense." Raleigh News.

### The President's Views of the Southern People.

WASHINGTON, October 2.—The President, in the course of an interview with Hon. J. E. Leonard, Republican member of Congress from Louisiana, this morning, remarked that from what he had seen during his late trip to the South, he believed that the whites of that section were really anxious to accord to the colored people their full civil and political rights, and that his trip had strengthened him in the conviction that his Southern policy would redound greatly to the interest of the blacks, and in whose welfare he had always felt and should continue to feel the deepest interest. The President also stated that he had lately received renewed assurances from leading Republicans of their support of his Southern policy.

### Fears of a Coup d'Etat in France.

LONDON, Oct. 2.—The Paris correspondent of the Times telegraphs: It was rumored last night that the Duke de Broglie and M. Berthaut had resigned from the French Cabinet. This report, for the present at least, is unfounded, but the alarm which it created was very remarkable. The apprehension of a forcible coup d'etat by the government is so great here that the resignation of the Duke de Broglie and certain of his colleagues who are known to be opposed to such measures, would be considered as a preface to a violation of law, though it is hard to tell in whose interest such a violation would be. I know from a perfectly trustworthy source that the Emperor disapproves of the government's course since the 16th of May last. The Prince Imperial is also said to have lately expressed a similar disapproval.

### This item is significant. Romish Priests forget America is not Spain.

"CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—When the train on the Illinois Central railroad arrived last evening, an officer was at the depot to arrest Father Grogan, who, according to the story of the conductor and passengers, had without provocation thrown from the car windows during the trip two Bibles placed in the racks by religious Societies. He explained to the police authorities that he did so on account of the obscene sketches which he found on the fly-leaves, and was released without bail."

Why didn't he tear out the fly-leaves and throw them out the window?

### A Tenacious Constituency—More of the Railroad Fraud.

LONDON, Oct. 3rd.—John Bennett twice elected Alderman and each time rejected by the court of Aldermen, has been charged with the duties of that position, has again been elected to that office.

A Derby correspondent of Leads Mercury says Midland is the railway defrauded, fraud has been systematically carried on for some time by some of its officers, holding positions of responsibility, in whom the utmost confidence was placed. The principal means by which the company has been defrauded, has been by persons erecting private dwelling houses and other buildings, both for themselves and other people, with material aid men belonging to the company. Several of the delinquents are, it is said, in prison. It is rumored that others will be arrested shortly.

### THE SOUTH OF THE FUTURE.

[Baltimore Sun.]

That the South is coming once more into position, and in a spirit and temper which will give her as much influence as she ever possessed, is becoming an agreeable fact to all but sectional, soured and discontented partisans. She has learned by calamity and suffering such wisdom as prosperity does not teach, and is never likely to lose by indiscretion and rashness the power and political eminence she is about to attain. The immense advantages she has gained by Mr. Hayes' policy will be turned to no trivial account. The St. Louis Republican remarks that Gov. Hampton, recognized as the most popular man in the South, and the most faithful and fearless representative of Southern opinion, should have made a speech before a Northern Illinois audience that evoked repeated and hearty outbursts of applause, and that, if spoken at Augusta, Charleston or New Orleans, would have been equally applauded—this itself is an illustration of that remarkable address and discernment which are bringing the South again into prominence and influence in national politics. And, the Republican adds, "there is no help for it—even if there ought to be."

### TAX COLLECTION BY MACHINERY.

The State of Virginia has adopted a machine to make barkeepers and liquor sellers honest and to prevent their evading the revenue tax on liquor sold at retail. The apparatus which now must be lawfully registered every Virginian bar is simply a registering dial combined with mechanism which whenever the index is moved ahead sounds a bell. The dial indicates up to a million drinks. Tampering with it is prevented by the peculiar seal, which consists of a miniature tongue of brass that perforates a slit of paper carefully fitted into the lock. After this tongue is in place, the paper bears only a single perforation. Any attempt to violate the seal will result in defacing and tearing the paper, and this will be sufficient to subject the saloon keeper to prosecution under the law.

Two results have followed the introduction of the invention, which might easily have been anticipated. The first is that the liquor men have raised the price of their beverages so as to cover the amount which they are now obliged to pay in taxes, and the second is the production of devices to swindle the machine. Already one enterprising individual has begun using a bell behind his counter having precisely the same sound of the gong in the machine. He went through all the motions of operating the latter, and the false bell sounding made it seem as if the drink had been properly registered.

### A Curious Still.

Seeing in our paper a week or ten days ago, something about very singular still in Lincoln county, friend is moved to tell us of one near Troutman's depot, on the Statesville railroad which is made altogether of wood, even to the worm. There is neither copper, brass nor iron about it, and it is said that the brandy which is turned out from it is the best that has ever been made; men will pay fifty cents more on the gallon for it and the children in the neighborhood cry for it. We are told, further, that the owner of it runs it independently of the revenue officers, Dr. Mott having said that the brandy made by it is not liable to seizure though found unstepped, since the internal revenue laws only cover brandy made in copper or brass stills. We guess, though, there is a mistake about this; we hardly think the construction of the still of wood would warrant such a construction of the revenue law; still, it may be so, any if so, the owner of this curious contrivance can make a fortune before the law can be changed or competition arise.—Charlotte Observer.