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MR. ROBBINS ON THE WHISKY TAX.

In the House of Representatives on Wednesday, there was a running five-minute debate on the joint resolution extending the time for the withdrawal of whisky now in bond until July 1, 1878, heretofore noted in our telegraph columns. In the course of it, the question being on an amendment (which was adopted) to strike out all after the enacting clause and insert "that a reduction of the tax on distilled spirits is inexpedient."

Mr. Robbins. Mr. Chairman there are one or two things which I, as a member of the Committee of Ways and Means, desire to say on this resolution. One thing that I do not wish forgotten is that the original resolution, if passed, will not of itself reduce the tax on whisky in bond. Unless further legislation is had, such whisky will have to pay ninety cents tax. So, if the House passes the resolution as originally reported, it will still be in the power of the House to prevent the tax on whisky from being put below ninety cents, if such be its wish.

It is necessary, then, Mr. Chairman, for this House to-day to pass the amendment of the gentleman from Massachusetts, [Mr. Butler], which says in effect that you shall reduce the tax on whisky in bond below ninety cents. Why not leave the Ways and Means Committee, now engaged in perfecting a measure of revenue, after looking over the whole field, to do whatever is wise and proper in this as in every other particular? Why tie their hands and say, You may fix the revenue system, both internal and external; but this one thing you must not do? Sir, if it is a wise and fair way to act in reference to everything else, why not permit us to perfect our report also in this respect?

As to the proposition of the gentleman from Ohio, [Mr. Foster], to substitute for this declaration that the whisky tax shall not be reduced, I will say simply this: We are urged to vote for that in order to settle the question at once. We will soon vote on this proposition and we will settle the question equally well by voting it down. By that means we will indicate our purpose to reduce the tax on whisky and declare to the country that we will sustain the Committee of Ways and Means on such a report.

Mr. Chairman, why not leave your committee having this important subject in charge—I do not ask it merely as a courtesy to the committee, but out of respect to the great interest involved—why not leave the committee which, I may say, I believe, without any impropriety, is now almost ready to report to this House a well-considered and much improved system of revenue, external and internal—why not leave the committee free in all these matters to perfect their bill, and not say beforehand they shall reduce the tax on spirits? Why limit their action on this or any other item? If we can show the tax on spirits or anything else can be reduced, and such reduction will not hurt anybody, nor hurt the revenue, nor oppress any class, what objection can there be to it?

But we need not bring in now the question of reducing the tax. Why not allow these distillers the extension of time proposed in the resolution for payment of the tax? Their market being destroyed for the present by the agitation on this subject, why should we compel them to pay this tax at once, and thus force them to invest immense sums of money in taxes which they will not be able to realize upon until you have unfettered their market by final action on the revenue bill soon to come from the Committee of Ways and Means.

This is the first time I have ever been told that it is a wise policy on the part of this Government to tax one of our own productions as much as it will bear without being utterly crushed. If that is the true principle of taxation, I have yet to learn it. Here is a tax upon one of the industries of this country, and yet you say that the true principle is to increase the tax until that business shows signs of death. This is not my view of the subject. My idea is that you should leave a margin of profit for every occupation; not load the horse down till you see his back is breaking before you take off some of his burden.

Should we, necessarily, tax spirits ninety cents per gallon because that will bring \$52,000,000 revenue? It is by no means self-evident that we ought to exact that much revenue from that industry merely because we can do it. I think it well worth inquiry, at least, whether we may not adjust taxation upon that interest more fairly and equitably, as compared with other subjects of taxation, so as to make the public burdens fall more equally upon all. Leave your Committee of Ways and Means free to do this if they can.

A few days ago two ladies were crossing Loss creek, Ala., on horseback, one of whom carried a baby. When towards the middle of the stream the mother became dizzy and dropped the infant into the water. Both ladies screamed for assistance, but none coming, they rode off to the nearest house and got some men out. The baby was found floating a mile below the crossing, after an exposure of forty minutes, with its face upward, fast asleep. It was well wrapped up, and the clothes had kept it from sinking.

THE YANKEE COLONY IN BURKE.

(From the Burke Blade.)

The Yankee colony, nine miles above Morganton, is slowly but surely assuming the dignity of a town, and although the village has not as yet reached either the size or importance which its projectors had hoped for, still its prospects are very bright for the near future, as its outposts are being manned by the very best sentinels. Since our last visit Mr. G. F. Chase, from Maine, has purchased a farm on the extreme southern borders of the town site, and is now making necessary repairs previous to entering somewhat extensively into the nursery business. Mr. Delbert Barker has purchased a hundred and fifteen acres on the eastern borders of the town. He will engage in miscellaneous farming, and with his means and experience, we shall be disappointed if, in the course of a year or two, he does not show our people a fair specimen of the best class of New England farm and farming. Mr. Barker is a native of Hampden county, Mass., where superior farming is the rule. Mr. James Grover, also from Hampden county, Mass., has purchased a small farm just north of the postoffice, where he intends, by the thorough knowledge he possesses, of changing the color of things, to change his acres of poor red clay into that black, greasy soil, which seems to tell of full granary and gorged fruit and potato bins. Mr. Warren Glover, from Eastern Massachusetts, is now at the settlement, trying to secure a fitting site for a first-class flouring, corn, and saw-mill, to which it is proposed to add a shingle machine, tub and pail machinery, and planer and matcher, with sundry small saws. The erection of the machinery which he proposes would be a long step ahead for old Burke. J. Monroe Kendall, from Springfield, Mass., is also in our county, "spying out the land," with a fair prospect that he will cast in his lot with the Pioneer Yankees of Burke county, and thus add one more to the number of intelligent and skillful mechanics which this little settlement is attracting to itself. Mr. Blood is still pushing the work on his new house, and soon the first building for many miles with any pretensions to architectural symmetry and harmony of design and finish, will be reared in this village. Mr. Elliott, in quest of light and air, is clearing the acres around his house of the timber, in preparation as we trust, for trying the experiment of hay-raising which he has been so strenuously urging upon the "natives." Mr. Marquis, also from Massachusetts, has erected and is occupying the L. while he builds the main part of his house.

The claim of Boston to be considered, as Mr. Cook designates it, a great "American town," being now under consideration, facts like the following, presented by our neighbor, the Pilot, are certainly pertinent, unwelcome though they may be. Three-fourths of all Boston's school children are said to be Irish-American, and in proportion to its size, Boston has the largest Irish and Irish-American population of any city in the country. The last report of the City Registrar shows that of the fathers of the 10,773 children born in the city in 1877, 3,695 were born in America and 3,949 in Ireland. Of the mothers 2,916 were born in the United States and 3,229 in Ireland. There were also born 830 children of British-American parents, a large proportion of whom are claimed as belonging to the Irish branch. It is further affirmed that the Irish in Boston have not only more births, but fewer deaths, than the Americans. The direction in which these facts point is unmistakable.

The adoption of the Matthews silver resolution in the Senate has, of course, thrown a deep gloom over the New York Tribune. It says: "The American Senate has declared that it would not be a violation of the public honor to pay the bonds in depreciated coin, and that is shame enough for the American people for one day." We all know that the Tribune has a sort of syndicate contract with somebody to guard the honor of the Nation, and these things are disheartening. The Tribune should cheer up. The country has survived the shame of Colfax, Oakes Ames, Grant, Babcock, Belknap, Simon Cameron and the Louisiana Returning Board, and may be able to live down the rascality of Stanley Matthews. It is not worth while for us all to go in mourning. —Washington Post, Dem.

Mr. Robbins, of North Carolina, said during the debate that the object of some seemed to be to find out what was the greatest burden whiskey could stand, and then to impose that amount of tax. For his part he wanted to have a margin for profit. You now tax it ninety cents per gallon, and raise from it \$52,000,000. —Washington Special to Richmond Dispatch. On tobacco \$4,000,000 are raised. Five-sixths of the revenue raised comes from these sources.

"Perhaps I may find out that there is a hell, though I think we have hell enough on earth without manufacturing one hereafter. At any rate, if there is a hell, it is a comfort to know that there will be no more winter there." were the last words of a disgraced New Yorker who committed suicide the other day.

TRAGICAL DEATH OF A STATE SENATOR.

News was received in this city yesterday evening of the death of C. F. Young, a prominent citizen of Yancey county, who with Col. Folk, represented the counties of Caldwell, Burke, Yancey, Mitchell and McDowell in the Senate of this State in the session of the Legislature, 1876-77. The particulars of his death are very meagre, but our information is that during the heavy snow storm which prevailed in that section of the State a few days ago, he was caught out and was frozen to death. At any rate he was found dead in the snow, and there being no marks of violence upon his person, it was naturally inferred that he had perished from the cold.

He was a leading citizen of his county, and in fact was among the most popular and influential men of that section of the State. —Charlotte Observer.

Mexico Open to the Colored Race.

The New Orleans Times has this paragraph:

It is reported that the discontented colored people who want to be generals and judges and congressmen, and who, in the belief that their chances for civil fame in this region are gone, have been agitating emigration to Liberia, have abandoned the latter happy land and are now thinking of the flowery vales and silver mountains of Mexico. If they can't hold their own with the Anglo-Saxon in the race of life they think they could beat the Mexican greaser and give him two in the game. Mexico is said to be the colored man's paradise. It is not only an abolition country, but it is a place where social equality is "not a mere byword and mockery." In fact they practice mixing not only in society, but also in matrimony. President Diaz is himself a much mixed statesman.

There are two peculiarities of the free and independent American citizen by which he may be known wherever met. Whether he is roaming among the effete despotisms of the Old World, raising stock in Kentucky, selling stocks in Wall street, digging gold in California or harpooning whales in the Southern Ocean, he is always ready to shake hands upon meeting a new acquaintance or an old friend, and to pass a series of resolutions on the smallest possible provocation. —Clec. Herald.

"THE LITTLE SHOES DID IT."

A young man, who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance, was called upon to tell how he was led to give up drinking. He arose, but looked for a moment very confused. All he could say was: "The little shoes, they did it!" With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash—he drew himself up and addressed the audience; the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deaconed bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth; the little shoes did it! I was a brute and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered; I deserved to suffer; but I didn't suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worse share. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoe. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the saloon-keeper's child holding out her feet for her father to look at her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing; but, friends, no fist every struck me such a blow as those little new shoes. They kicked reason into me. "What business have I to help clothe others with fineries, and provide not even coarse clothing for my own, but let them go bare?" said I; and there outside my shivering wife and blue-chilled child, on a bitter cold night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and saw her chilled feet! Men! fathers! if the little shoes smote me, what must the feet do? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart, and away walked my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf of bread and then a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of that bread all the Sabbath day, and went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I spent no more money at the public-house. That's all I've got to say.—IT WAS THE LITTLE SHOES THAT DID IT."

WOMAN'S TRUE PLACE.

If I do not at least say that whatever else may lure or demand her, woman's true place, first and last, must be her home, I shall be untrue to any one standing great conviction. Women must make more of their homes and make them more to those who belong with them.—In this day of outward excitement and many outward attractions, the old and sacred integrity of home is endangered. The homes of to-day are not so dear as those of a past generation. Great change has come over our people. Amusements multiply and press. Young people have taken out a license against their parents. Parents are getting rather afraid of their boys and girls. Home isn't the little nucleus radiating joy to each, each shedding back on it. It is a convenient place to have, and the father is the banker, and the mother is the mistress of laundry women and cooks, but the home is gone. —It is only a part of the outer world which you have roofed over and lighted a fire in, which you may make dark with your frown or uncomfortable by your whim. Once it was, what it must be again the heart's holy of holies; once no man would desert it by deserting it; once all good impulse sprung hence, and all true character grew; once the health at which father and mother sat was holy and dear, and if the generations are to get back to old stability of character, and firmness of principle and the old undeffiled religion, it must be through these homes, of which you, O women! are priestesses; it must be by your garnishing them again with forgotten grace—re-awakening good places in which a human soul can be surely fitted for the work and warfare of life. Heaven help us, if this desecration of the home gets into another generation. —T. E. W. Ware.

Terrible Death—A Man Knocked from a Railroad Bridge by an Engine.

On yesterday a special engine left Greensboro about 12 o'clock for Charlotte, to arrive here at 2:30 p. m. It was consequently running at lightning speed all the way. Just before it came to the bridge over Little Reedy creek, five miles this side of Concord, a man was seen walking across the bridge towards the rapidly approaching engine. He continued to walk at an ordinary pace, till the engine was within fifty yards of him, when he turned his back upon it and stood still as if courting death. In another instant the engine struck him and knocked him from the track into the water below, and he was lost to sight. The engineer could not stop after he discovered the intention of the man to remain on the track, hence no blame can be attached to him. In addition to this his time for reaching Charlotte before the time for the other train to leave was limited, and, furthermore, he had, every reason to believe that the regular noon train, which had been delayed beyond Greensboro, was close behind him.

Our informant is quite confident that the man was Robert Machin, formerly a compositor in the Concord Sun office. —Char. Observer.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The Executive Committee of the State Board of Agriculture held a meeting yesterday and perfected arrangements for the exhibition of her products of four State at Paris. The committee have made selections of the articles to be sent and now most earnestly appeal to every native of our State who wishes to see her take a foremost place in this World's Exhibition, to send as soon as possible the best specimen or specimens of the chosen articles for exhibit, to Col. L. L. Polk, at this city. The collection of articles will be taken in charge by the U. S. Government, as the State has made no appropriations to defray expenses. The gentlemen of the committee will use their best efforts to make the display of the products of the "Old North State" on this great occasion in every way creditable and worthy.

The finest, most perfect specimens or samples of the following are requested to be sent by the owners, producers or manufacturers: gold, silver, copper and iron ores, coal, mica, corundum, brylites, soapstone, kaolin, marble, whetstone, grindstones, asbestos, flexible sandstone, woods and marls, wheat, corn, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat, rice (both upland and lowland and in sheaf), millet, chufas, honey, wax, sorghum, peanuts and their oil, dried fruits, Irish and sweet potatoes, preserved fruits, brandies, whiskies, wines, leather, sumac, turpentine, rosin, shingles, staves, articles made of cedar, sugar cane, silk, jute flax, broom corn, grasses, wool, long moss, hominy, maple sugar, &c.

If four people will put their shoulders to the wheel we can make such a display as shall serve better than all else to show the outside world our manifold advantages and unlimited resources which need just such advertising. The parsimony of our Legislature in refusing to make an appropriation for the exhibition of our products at the exhibition at Philadelphia, resulted in the poorest display made by any State in the Union. Let us take warning by these mistakes of the past and show some enterprise and judgment in the future. —Rat. News.

RATHER UNCOUTH.

If the Fifth Avenue Combination ever visits Wilmington again under its present management, it would be well for some one interested in the matter to advise the manager, Mr. Daly, to leave his New York manners at home before he starts South, and substitute instead something more refined, especially when he visits this locality. We are led to make these remarks from having observed a little piece of rudeness, which was exhibited by this New Yorker last night, when he accosted a gentleman, who had a lady on each arm, as he entered the theatre. The gentleman passed in and seated his ladies but returned immediately to demand an explanation of the rude doorkeeper, when the man with the New York manners disclaimed any attention of offering an insult. He was given to understand, however, in plain, unvarnished English, that such conduct would not suit this climate. —Wm. Review, 5th.

THE DUNKERS.

A meeting of a congregation of this strange sect, at Hagerstown, Ind., October 27-29, presented some interesting features. The attendance was large; so large that as the preaching, which began about ten, continued, the overflowing hearers had to be accommodated with extra services in the yard. At twelve there was an adjournment to dinner, which was served at four tables in the basement. Admittance was by ticket, and the tables, seating 320, were filled five times. Dinner being over, at five in the afternoon the communion service was begun. The supper was an ordinary meal, before eating which there was the washing of feet. Several of the brethren performed this office, followed by others who did the wiping. The giving of thanks preceded and followed the serving of the bread and wine, between 400 and 500 persons partaking of the elements. The ceremonies occupied five hours. The meeting then broke up for the night, and the next morning, after breakfast, preaching was resumed until noon.

"The young wife leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder, and, assailing him with the sweet sorety of her eyes, gently murmured:—'Angustus, darling, how dull earth would be if life had no sentiment in it.' 'Ah, then, you have not forgot, Evangeline, how you used to hang your bustle out of the window for me.'"

Shut the Door.—Unquestionably, doors are a necessity, but sometimes we are almost inclined to call them a nuisance.

What detracts more from the neat appearance of bed-room or sitting-room than wide open closet doors, giving their contents continually to view? For no matter how well those contents are arranged, or how orderly may be the housewife, who superintends them, the effect is never pleasant to the beholder, and a certain comfortless aspect is sure to be imparted to the room.

Doubtless many of our readers have sighed from very weariness when compelled to shut the same door or doors every half hour during the day, as sometimes happens where children form part of the family circle. At such times, what force and truth appears in the old-fashioned rhymed percept for boys and girls, which runs thus, or nearly thus:—

"Come when you're called,
Do what you're bid;
Shut the door after you,
And you'll never be chid."

How many reprimands, how much vexation might be saved if every body, servants and grown people as well as children, would or could remember to "shut the door after them!"

Yet why should it be so difficult a duty to perform? Why not remember to shut the closet-door, or the room-door, as well as the street-door? Above all, why, if we are often admonished of our neglect, do we feel so much tempted to slam instead of shutting the offending door?

THE CAROLINA COAST.

The efforts which Senator Ransom and Representative Waddell are making to improve the life-saving service and lessen the dangers of the North Carolina coast, cannot but commend themselves to the serious consideration of Congress. Certainly the loss of life off our coast has been sufficiently great to impel some steps in the direction which Senator Ransom's speech on Wednesday indicated, and there would seem to be no better time than the present for broaching the subject, just after three vessels—the *Huron* from the Metropolis and since then the *C. C. Overton*—have been wrecked in these treacherous waters. It is quite true that the loss of the *Metropolis* was due more to her own condition than to the character of the coast upon which she went to pieces, but this coast is undeniably bad and the facilities for saving life but meagre. Hatteras, which is not far distant, is the horror of every mariner on the American seas, but Hatteras is not the only dangerous spot off the North Carolina coast, and if Gen. Ransom and Mr. Waddell can secure such legislation as will give the whole coast a better service, they will have done the world a service which can only be measured by the value of human life. —Charlotte Observer.

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POWER OF MONOSYLLABLES.

A new Boston paper, *The Heights*, collects some remarkable specimens of occult writing by well-known authors. Few passages are finer or more forcible than the following selections, e. g., this one of Dr. Young's:—"The bell strikes out. We take no note of time. Save by its loss; to give it then a tongue was wise in man."

Or this of Shakespeare, where Constantine says:—"Thou may'st thou shalt! I will not go with thee."

Here I and sorrow sit; Here is my throne; bid Kings come bow to it."

Or where Lear says:—"Thou know'st the first time, that we smell the air."

We saw and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me, 'darkness!'"

When we are born, we cry that we are come To this great stage of fools. This a good block?"

Or where Richard III. says: Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet. But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow.

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good I had a thing to say—but let it go!"

Or this from Fletcher's "Purple Island," a stanza of seventy words, all monosyllables except one, "darkness!":—"New light, new love, new life hath bred; A life that lives by love, and loves by light."

A love to Him to whom all loves are wed; A light to whom the sun is darkest night; Eye's light, heart's love, soul's only life."

He is, Life, soul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are His; He eye, light, heart, love, soul; He all my joy and bliss."

THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

Do not think that because there comes to you no great opportunity of performing a wonderful work, you will let the thousand little ones pass you unimproved. It is no small thing to be the joy of the domestic circle, the one whose soft touch and whose gentle, fitly spoken words averts disturbance and disagreement, conciliates the offended, and makes alien natures understand each other. It is no small thing to possess the happy tact which makes people pleased with themselves, and which insensibly urges people to appear at their best. The young woman who is gifted with this grace of touch, this softness of sympathy, and this beautiful unselfishness, may not have a fair face, nor a trim figure, but she will be endowed with a dignity more winning than either.

It appears that Victor Emmanuel was somewhat superstitious. When he arrived in Rome, on June 3, 1874, he manifested a curious fear of passing the first night at his residence in his Palace of the Quirinal. He expressed his fears to his intimate friends, saying that he knew that if he went to sleep that night in the Quirinal he would never awake. However, he went to the palace that day, saluted the crowd from the balcony, dined there, and after appearing at the royal ball, retired at midnight to his own apartments. His friends wondered, and it was shortly seen that his superstitious feeling had conquered. He went home with his friend Prince Doria, and in Prince Doria's magnificent home the royal fatalist passed his first night in his capital of Rome.

GIVE HIM A CHANCE.

Liberty Herald. Don't act the fool. Keep cool. If your neighbor is in a "pinch" don't tell everybody you meet; and if he owes you a debt don't crowd him to the wall. Give the man a chance. There is no use to get "pauic struck" about these hard times. Be patient, frugal, industrious and economical. Be cautious and don't permit dishonest deceivers to inveigle you into a trap, but if you know a man to be honest, help him so far as you can without jeopardizing your own interests. Don't get excited, and if you owe any one a debt go at once and pay it if possible.

A pleasant place in which to study human nature is the New Jersey State prison.

An account of the taming process in that institution says: "There is first, 'the boot-heel gag' (a very painful instrument); second, 'the paddle' (an instrument used to beat prisoners on bare flesh, inflict intense suffering); third, 'the stretcher' (which is equal to the rack of olden times). The man's feet are fastened to the floor; he is handcuffed, and by a rope drawn up to the ceiling as tightly as possible. From five to twenty minutes of this would make any one weaker); fourth, alcohol is poured on the prisoner's back an set on fire. In one case a man was twice burned in succession so that the hair on his body crackled, and he was twice put on the stretcher; fifth, 'the donche,' which consists of pouring water from a hose on the naked bodies of prisoners. This creates most agonizing pain and is apt to produce insanity."

"Only a lock of golden hair!" The lover, smiling sadly, said—"To-night it forms a halo fair Above her head!" "Only a lock of golden hair!" The maiden, smiling sweetly said, Then laid it on the back of a chair And went to bed. —The Capitalist.

To Remove Rust.—Cover the metal with sweet oil, rubbing in well. After forty-eight hours, rub with finely powdered quick-lime.

A popular clergyman in England recently gave a lecture on "Fools." The tickets of admission were inscribed, "Lecture on Fools. Admit one." There was a large audience.

A handsome youth being questioned by a rather stylish lady as to his occupation, replied that he was "an adjuster of movable alphabets." He was a printer.

A Harrisburg paper, answering a correspondent on a question of etiquette, says:—"When a gentleman and lady are walking upon the street, the lady should walk on the side of the gentleman."

There is a "brimstone in Rokenath, Ky., against the 'best-head whiskey' brought in from outside the State. The pledge permits the signer to drink as much as he wants of the pure homemade beverage.

Dry-bread wheat flour, if repeatedly applied, will entirely remove the worst grass-spots on carpets, or any other woolen cloth, and will answer as well as French chalk for grease-spots on silk.

A burning chimney, when the soot has been lighted by a fire in the fireplace, can be extinguished by shutting all the doors in the room, so as to prevent any current of air up the chimney; then by throwing a few hand-fuls of common salt upon the fire in the grate, or on the hearth, the fire in the chimney will be immediately extinguished. The philosophy of this is that in the process of burning the salt, muriatic-acid gas is evolved, which is a prompt extinguisher of fire.

The Supreme Court of Georgia has just rendered a decision that will doubtless have the effect of revolutionizing a pleasant and very prevalent social custom. In Judge Bleckley's opinion in the case of Goodman vs. the State, we find the following: "For a man, without some innocent reason or excuse to put his arm around the neck of another's wife, is an assault and battery."

The papers are very anxious to put Gov. Hendricks on the fence as to the silver question, and to keep him there. But, much to the sorrow of golden-calf idolaters, he will not get on the fence, but stands on the side of "honest money," and demands that "the dollar of our dads" shall be placed where it was in 1873, before it was sneakingly set aside and depreciated by the Congressional corruptionists and ringsters.

Dr. S. I. Russel, an "infidel" of Bell County, Texas, was lately hauled from his bed at night by a company of men, said to be members of a Baptist church, carried off to the woods, stripped, and treated to a hundred lashes, with this address thrown in:—"We know you are an honest man and a good physician, but we will tolerate no infidels in Bell County; so, by the help of God, we will stop your career of infidelity."

"Food for Cows."—Mr. Miller, of Stockton, N. Y., an experienced stock raiser, has published a pamphlet in which he claims to show by the results of actual experiments, that corn meal is better food for cows than hay. He shows that 3 quarts of corn meal will afford a cow as much nutriment as 20 pounds of hay, or as much as an animal will eat per day. Figuring from this basis he shows that a cow can be wintered on corn meal at about one-half the expense incurred in the use of hay, when the price of corn is \$10 cents a bushel, and that of hay is \$10 a ton. Mr. Miller's experiments have been repeated and confirmed by a committee of experienced farmers who report in favor of his plan.

What the Microscope Reveals.

Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies are covered with scales like a fish. A single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a single scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings perspiration forces itself like water through a sieve. Every drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it like cows in a meadow.

LOVES LABOR LOST.

Oil City Derrick. It seems to be the ambition of all young wires to look well when any one calls. The other day a south side bride heard a ring at the front door. The maid was out and she rushed up stairs to "fix up" a little before admitting the caller. There was a moment of lightning work before the dressing case. Quicker than it takes to tell it, a ribbon was fastened at her throat, a flower stabbed in her hair, a flash of powder on her face, and she was at the door off smiles and blushes. The gentleman said he had walked from Memphis, and couldn't remember that he had tasted food since he left Cincinnati.