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PAPER.

(From the New York Times.)
The leading physician of Clinton, Ill., is happy in the possession of a wife of extraordinary merit. She cares nothing for the frivolities of the world, and gives her whole energies to works of benevolence. While she is an earnest advocate of various reforms, she does not agree with most professional female reformers in believing that reform and ugliness are one and inseparable. She loves the Beautiful as well as the Good and True, and does not countenance any scheme of reform that would make life coarse and ugly. Just at present she is especially interested in dress reform, and in what is popularly known as decorative art. While she wishes to furnish her sex with comfortable and cheap clothing, she fully admits that it is one of the chief duties of woman to be beautiful, and hence she utterly abhors all schemes of dress reform that would substitute trowsers for the flowing garments which she considers nature designed women to wear. Altogether, she may be regarded as the ideal type of a female reformer, and she is universally recognized as such by all who know her. One day her husband said to her, "My dear, why don't you invent a new material for women's clothing which will supersede such a clumsy and costly fabric as cloth? Fig-leaves, of course, won't do, at least in our climate; but surely something can be found that is better than cloth." This suggestion greatly pleased the good woman, and she promptly began to investigate the various materials which might by any possibility be converted into clothing.
The result of her investigation was to convince her that what her sex really wanted was paper. She found that a single thickness of ordinary newspaper is much warmer than cotton or even wool, and scores of her female friends told her that they had actually suffered, even in moderately warm weather, from wearing three or four closely folded copies of the *Tribune*. She also found that paper was extremely cheap, and that there were certain kinds of paper which were soft, pliable, and reasonably strong. She estimated that she could make herself an entire suit of clothes, exclusive of shoes, stockings, and gloves, out of paper, at a cost of \$1.17, and she could decorate the outer garments with water-colors, so that they would be far more beautiful than the finest patterns of silk. There remained the solitary objection that paper skirts were readily combustible, but she knew that by treating them with certain chemical preparations, absolute safety against fire could be secured.
With her usual energy she at once obtained her materials, and made and decorated a full assortment of paper garments. The lower or primary strata were composed of soft white unglazed paper, what might be called, in view of their position, the mesozoa shirts were made of thick brown paper, while the tertiary skirts were white and light. The outside dress was of a pure white material, but it was covered with designs in water-colors. The front breadth contained a representation of the Washington Monument as originally designed, surrounded by flowers and leaves of the most exquisite tints, while the rear breadth was ornamented with landscapes in which the wild scenery of the western backwoods was accurately represented. The dress being designed for evening wear, was cut low in the neck, and rigged with Pompadour sleeves and ornamented with gussets in *echelon*. The short sleeves were reinforced with undersleeves of tinted tissue paper, beautifully scalloped, and a belt made of a dozen yards of wall-paper bordering encircled the wearer's waist. Not a stitch of thread or a single button, hook or pin was used in these unique garments, and they were put together exclusively with maulage. The good physician assisted his wife to dress, and found fault with this system of fastening, since, as he pointed out, he would be compelled to steam her before she could remove a single garment. She, however, explained that her use of maulage was merely temporary, and that she should ultimately devise a method of adapting buttons to paper.
The new paper costume was to be introduced to the public at a party to be given by the physician and his wife. That party was given last Tuesday night, and will be memorable in the annals of Clinton. The guests were filled with admiration of the paper dress, and when the wearer made a brief speech, explaining its merits and proving its superiority in all respects to cotton, silk, or wool, it was not once torn throughout the whole evening.
About 10 o'clock a waiter bearing a large soup-tureen full of lemonade, and followed by another waiter with glasses and other aids to refreshment, entered the room and approached a table placed in a corner. The physician's wife happened to be seated on an ottoman engaged in conversation with a bashful young theological student, and the waiters were

compelled to pass very near to her. Why the one who carried the lemonade stumbled will probably never be known. That he did stumble, and thereby emptied six gallons of lemonade upon the lap and shoulders of the hostess, is unfortunately true. Of course, the lady shrieked, and springing to her feet prepared to withdraw from the room in order to repair damages. Those who were present say that the paper melted like snow on an overheated griddle. Before she had taken a dozen steps the paper garments began to fall in pieces. The scene that followed was frightful. Strong men put their handkerchiefs to their mouths to suppress their cries, and shook with terror. The bashful theological student fainted, and had not the physician rushed from the room and returned with a water-pool cloak, the extent to which the erosion of strata by the action of water would have reached cannot be thought of without the most painful emotions. Of course, it was not necessary for the physician to steam his unhappy wife that evening, but this was but a slight consolation to him, and was insufficient to prevent him from denouncing paper garments in language which was probably scientific, but which will hardly bear reproduction.

THE TROUBLES OF A POET.

While Colonel Bangs, editor of the *Argus*, was sitting in his office one day, a man, whose brow was clothed in thunder, entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.
"Are you the editor?" he asked.
"Yes."
"Can you read writing?"
"Of course."
"Read that then," he said, thrusting at the Colonel an envelope with an inscription on it.
"B—" said the Colonel, trying to spell it.
"That's not a B. It's an S," said the man.
"S; oh, yes; I see! Well, the words look a little like 'Salt for Dinner,' or 'Souls of Sinners,'" said the Colonel.
"No, sir," replied the man, "nothing of the kind! That's my name, Samuel H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see you about that poem of mine you printed the other day, on the 'Surcease of Sorrow.'"
"I don't remember it," said the colonel.
"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the title of 'Smearcase To-morrow.'"
"A stupid blunder of the compositor's I suppose."
"Yes, sir; and that's what I want to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think I am an ass. Let me show you."
"Go ahead," said the Colonel.
"The first line, when I wrote it, read in this way:
Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope.
"That is beautiful, poetic, affecting. Now, how did your vile sheet present it to the public? There it is. Look at that! Made it read this way:
Lying to a weeping widow to induce her to elope.
"Weeping widow, mind you! A widow! O thunder and lightning! This is too much! It's enough to drive a man crazy!"
"I'm sorry," said the Colonel; "but—" "But look a-her at the fourth verse," said the poet. That's worse yet. What I said was:
Cast thy pearls before the swine and lose them in the dirt.
"I wrote that out clearly and distinctly, in a plain, round hand. Now what does your compositor do? Does he catch the sense of that beautiful sentiment? Does it sink into his soul? No, sir! He sets it up in this fashion. Listen:
Cast my pills before the sunrise and love them if they hurt.
"Now, isn't that a cold-blooded outrage on a man's feelings? I'll leave it to you if it isn't hard!"
"It's hard, that's a fact," said the Colonel.
"And then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript, it said, plain as daylight:
Take away the jingling money, it is only glittering dross.
"A man with only one eye, and a cataract over that, could have read the words correctly. But your pirate, up stairs there—do you know what he did? He made it read—
Take away thy jingling monkeys on a sorely glandered head.
"By George, I felt like braining him with a fire-shovel! I was never so out up in my life."
"It was natural, too," said the Colonel.
"There, for instance, was the sixth verse, I wrote,
I am weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves.
"It's a lovely line, too; but imagine my horror, and the anguish of my family, when I opened your paper and saw the line transformed into:
I am wearing out my trowsers till they're open at the knees.
"That's a little too much! That seems to me like carrying the thing an inch or two too far. I think I have a constitutional right to murder that compositor; don't you?"
"I think you have."

"Let me read you one more verse. I wrote:
I swell the flying echoes as they roam among the hills,
And I feel my soul awoken to the ecstasy that thrills.
"Now what do you s'pose your miserable out-cast turned that into? Why, into this:
I smell the frying shoes as they coast along the hills,
And I peel my soul mistaken to the errantry that whirrs.
"Gibberish, sir! Awful gibberish. I must slay that man. Where is he?"
"He is out, just now," said the Colonel.
"Come in to-morrow."
"I will," said the poet, "and I will come armed."
Then he put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella, and drifted off down stairs.
MAX ADELER.

LADIES AND SPRING FEVER.

HOW NOT TO HAVE IT.

More reliable harbingers of spring-time than the prophetic swallow, or ardent sunbeams that move the house-tops drift from sheltered corners to drip along the eaves at noontide are those inner murmurings and agitations not, alas! of aspiring soul. The hampered body which has been coddled, petted, stuffed with carbon-bearing fats and colorized in every possible way, begins to protest. The machinery is clogged; headache, dyspepsia and the thousand nameless sensations of discomfort which we charge to variable weather afflict and hamper poor humanity.
How many people say "I always have a bilious attack in the spring; expect it as a regular thing, you know!" as though that were sufficient *raison d'être*. A little resolution, a few dietary precautions, would neutralize this tendency to which men yield with the passivity of optimists.
Primarily we sin by our indulgence at table. The habit of hearty meals, which were demanded by rigors just past, is unconsciously indulged beyond the necessity of them. A dearth of vegetables forces the appetite to satisfy itself with excess of meats, and the housewife is fain with spices and richness to beguile the palate till tender greens come to supplement her meagre larder.
This then is the hour of danger; when the body, swathed still of necessity in winter flannels and heavy garments, eliminating impurities and over stimulating vitality through the pores, is forced to absorb and re-absorb the perspiration; mild enervating days exert their prostrating influence and many seeds of disease germinate all too rapidly under these favoring conditions.
Not for lack of warning must we die! But in our own households we have all the curatives needed, simple, and most efficacious. First let us assist nature in her own processes: On retiring, remove all the clothing worn during the day, imperatively that next the skin; which is surcharged with the impurities given off in insensible perspiration. This garment should be thoroughly ventilated before its resumption.
If you are sensitive to temperature, substitute a loose vestment of woolen texture. Most people, however, will not suffer in wearing simply the usual night-robe, especially as bed-coverings are still heavy for the higher temperature.
On rising, sponge the body lightly and quickly with cold water, briskly toweling after. It is not necessary that this be a long or laborious operation, the more rapidly the better, with sufficient friction to bring a glow to the skin. If you cannot secure time to go over the whole bodily surface at least make it a point to daily sponge the trunk and arms. Rousing and stimulating the whole system, clearing and opening the pores, it imparts an indescribable freshness and exhilaration amply repaying the effort. Rehabilitated, you are now ready for your morning bitterns: *i. e.*, the clear juice of a fresh lemon in a wine glass of water without sugar.
This is a bomb straight at the enemy, for a more potent solvent of bile is not in the materia medica. Searching out rheumatic tendency, attacking those insidious foes which are storing up anguish against our later days—caluli—it prevades the system like a fine moral sense, rectifying incipient error. It is needful perhaps to begin with two lemons daily, the second at night just before retiring.
A primitive but most efficacious prescription which corrected the physical reaction after a pork-eating winter for our ancestors was a wine-glass full of very "hard cider," made effervescent by a crumb of salt soda. More potent and palatable the "concentric force" of the pure lemon acid.
We venture to claim for this self-treatment alone, faithfully applied, more relief for the body and stimulants to the mind than from a battery of pills, or quarts of herb decoction.
Eat lightly of relishing, nourishing food. Not the least significant of Jefferson's sterling "Ten Rules" is the sixth: "We seldom repent of having eaten too little," above all with the inertia of early spring upon us.
Take short brisk walks in the bright sunshine whenever possible. Resolution in the initiation, pertinacity in the succeeding stages of this antibiliary crusade, will be shortly rewarded by enjoyment

which makes these things luxury. No such cosmetic, dear ladies, in lily white or rough pad as the bloom imparted by this daily bath. And after all, are we not more resolute to correct the bilious complexion than a deranged digestion.—M. G. A. in *Christian Union*.

WADSWORTH'S MODEL FARM.

What Was Seen There in an Hour's Visit.
No jest is intended in designating this as a model farm. It is such indeed and in truth. An Overseer scribe driven out there the other afternoon enjoyed the occasion more than he ever did a picnic when he was a young and giddy thing. On this place Mr. Wadsworth has demonstrated that a man may be a good livestock man and a good farmer at the same time. He has two hundred and sixty acres under cultivation, and how high the state of cultivation, a glance is sufficient to show. One hundred acres are in grass and clover—high clover and grass so thick upon the ground that it is softer to the footstep than any Brussels carpet. Twenty acres of the land is in cotton, which is now well up; Mr. Wadsworth's stand of cotton was never better at this season of the year. There are five acres in grapes—3,000 vines, well trained—and the young orchard, we guess, is the best in Mecklenburg, embracing all the fruits grown in this section. The garden is up to the best housewife's standard, and the land "not accounted for" is in clover, wheat, oats and rye. These are glorious wheat fields. A lot of Fultz wheat, sowed last October, stands six feet high, as thick as hops, and promises thirty bushels to the acre. It nods gracefully enough in the breeze, and the heaviness of the heads is suggestive of fertile soil and a land of plenty. The oats is in full head and much of the corn well out of the ground. These crops testify to the thorough preparation of the soil, and the fresh, green cotton and corn just peering from the earth, as the velvet grasses and the fields of beautiful, waving grain, testify no less eloquently how well the earth has answered to the demands made upon her.
But these are not the things which constitute this a model farm. In a pasture of orchard grass, just on the banks of the creek, you see eight or ten thorough-bred calves and yearlings keeping company with half dozen colts of different ages, all leisurely grazing and evidently enjoying life. The colts are the shapely children of the shapely Abdul-Koree, and promise to do honor to their illustrious ancestry. They never see a grain of corn or a sheaf of oats; their sole food is what they pick upon their pasture, and currying comb has never been seen on their side of the fence; yet colts and calves are as fat as moles and their glossy sides and backs fairly glisten in the sun. Oh, they are beauties, and to see them would repay a visit even though the visitor had to walk from town. Then there are sheep, South-down and Merino, lambs, rams and ewes, fattening upon this pasture, cultivating fleeces, or all ready any day to be converted into mutton.
About the farm-house flutter an hundred pigeons, on terms of social equality with scores of turkeys and chickens. About the barn congregate thirty cows, some of them blooded, and numerous hogs of the most popular breeds. Upon the high, cool eminence from which is had a beautiful view of Charlotte over a green and pleasant-looking valley, stands a pump which yields water perceptibly impregnated with iron and sulphur. This is no new discovery, and while neither of the minerals is very strong, their presence in the water is unmistakable and well-established, and this adds another attractive place.
This article has been extended beyond what was originally intended, and for this the writer pleads a pardonable degree of enthusiasm. Much has been left unsaid, and what has been omitted must be embraced under the general remark that the whole place exhibits intelligence in its management and pains-taking care in its conduct. There is no spot around Charlotte where an afternoon can be spent more delightfully, and certainly there is no place calculated to give a stranger a better opinion of our community and section. This model farm is a sufficient evidence of the excellent capacities of our friend Wadsworth as a farmer, (for he gives it his immediate personal supervision,) and so well pleased with it was the Overseer scribe that, he intends, if he lives, to go there again.—*Car. Ob.*
New Berne Not Shell: Miss Mary A. Smith, a domestic in the family of the keeper of Hatteras Inlet Light House, met her death on the 27th ult. She was engaged in her daily routine of house cleaning, and while putting out her beds to air over the railing, she dropped a pillow, and in her attempt to regain it fell through the trap door in the promenade deck, breaking her neck.
One Mr. Jeffcoat in the lower part of this county, was accidentally shot in the ankle a few weeks ago and Dr. Heldebrand amputated the foot. Mr. Jeffcoat's gun fell from his shoulder and striking the ground discharged the whole load in his ankle.—*Summit Courier*.

PETER COOPER.

He Passes through Charlotte En Route to Limestone Springs.
Yesterday, the 1.15 p. m. train from the North came in with a beautiful palace car attached, one of the most complete and elegant owned by the Pullman company, in which was en route to Limestone Springs to inspect the property he has purchased there, and which he proposes to convert into a school to be operated somewhat on the plan of the famous Cooper Institute, in New York City. He was accompanied by Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, Mrs. Edward Cooper and daughter, Miss Edith Cooper, Miss Adelia Cooper, and Professor and Mrs. Henry C. Raymond. They were met at the Air Line junction by Col. G. J. Foreacre, general manager of the Air Line Railroad, with a special engine, and after a stop of about twenty minutes, were taken on to Gaffney's, at which point they leave the road, Limestone Springs being only about a mile and a quarter from that place.
The palace car in which the party came from New York, is supplied with every convenience for cooking, sleeping, &c.—in fact, is an elegant dwelling on wheels, and the party will doubtless occupy this during their stay at Gaffney's, probably going out to Limestone Springs every day and returning at night.
Mr. Cooper is quite a stout and healthy man for his age—he was 87 years old on the 12th of last February. He didn't talk much of his plans in reference to the school at Limestone Springs, but was disposed to discuss farming. He said he was going to have an experiment in farming tried on his new place. "About thirty man came into my office and offered to sell me a great secret \$30. He was so persistent and his condition was so pitiful that I finally concluded to buy it. I paid the money and he told me the secret."
Mr. Cooper then proceeded to relate that it was a process of treating seed corn which would double its productive power. The corn should be covered with glue and rolled successively in lime, guano, &c., and planted with the accumulation thus gathered around it. "I gave the recipe," continued he, "to a man in New York State, and he reported that the yield of the corn so treated was double that of corn planted in the usual way. I have a barrel of glue with me and intend to try the experiment."—*Charlotte Observer*.
FARMING OUT PRISONERS.
Judge McKay on this circuit has liberally availed himself of the powers conferred by the law of 1874-5, amendatory to Section 17 of Chapter 89 of Battle's Revised in regard to hiring out persons convicted of criminal offences by any of the Courts of the State. The law as originally in force, applied only to "convicts," but by an amendment offered by Mr. Parish, Senator from Orange, at the session of 1874-5 and passed into a law, the powers of the Court were so enlarged as to embrace not only all persons convicted of any criminal offence, but all defendants who may be made liable for the costs of a prosecution; and the Board of County Commissioners are charged with the duty of making contracts for the safe keeping of such criminals and securing to the county the costs of such criminals or defendants.
The operation of the present law is three fold; it provides appropriate punishment for parties guilty of the minor grades of crime; it secures the county against the costs of such suits and the maintenance of idle crime in jail; and it is made a source of revenue to county, by which the aggregate of taxation is diminished.
In carrying out the purposes of the law the Commissioners should see to it that all these purposes are conserved; and that it is effected by rigid scrutiny into the hands with whom they enter into contracts. The guarantees for the security of the prisoners and the payment of the amounts for which they are hired must be of the most ample kind. There must be no child's play about it. Crime will lose all terrors if criminals are to be put out to a mere nominal servitude; and if the hirer be an irresponsible party, the county loses not only its costs but its expected revenue also.
We merely make the suggestion, because the practice is a new one; but as it is likely hereafter to be largely followed, and if faithfully conducted, calculated to relieve the county of the decrease of prison charges, we wish to see the system judiciously begun.—*Hillsboro Recorder*.
Richard Adams was shot in the leg, on Tuesday or Wednesday last week, by Sam Saylor. Dr. W. T. Brooker, amputated the leg on Thursday. Adams, although a preacher, was in the act of stealing corn from the crib of Saylor, who was watching and had a shot gun trained on the spot, and when he heard the thief, pulled trigger and down tumbled Adams. Both parties are colored and reside in Sandy Run Township.—*Summit Courier*.
So many claimed Homer as a resident and a citizen that the *Hawkeye* inclines to the opinion that he was a Methodist preacher.

STATE CONVENTION OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE OF THE STATE EX. COM. OF YOUNG MEN'S CHR. ASSO. CHARLOTTE, N. C., May 9, 1878.
At the first annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of the State of North Carolina, held in the city of Charlotte in April of last year, the undersigned were appointed members of an executive committee to overlook association work throughout the State, to foster and encourage existing associations, and to effect organizations in new localities whenever practicable. Our efforts have met with some degree of success, and while we do not claim all the growth and development of the work as the direct result of our labors, we are nevertheless greatly cheered by the fact that the number of associations in the State has more than doubled during the past year. We deem it therefore, our duty and privilege to call the second annual convention of the Y. M. C. A. of the State of North Carolina, and have appointed Friday, June 14th, as the time, and Greensboro as the place for holding said convention. The business session will continue during Friday and Saturday, and on Sunday, following, devotional exercises will be held under the auspices of the convention. Our brethren of the Greensboro association have given us a cordial invitation to assemble there and assure us that we will receive a hearty welcome. We are anxious to have every association in the State represented by one or more members. There are also many localities in which no formal organizations have been effected, where the young men, if properly stimulated and instructed, would unite in association work. We would gladly meet in convention representative men from all such communities, feeling assured that many of them would be enabled, on their return home, to organize an association. The committee request that the names of all delegates who expect to attend the convention be promptly forwarded to T. M. Pittman, secretary, Charlotte, N. C., in order that arrangements may be made for their entertainment. Application has been made to the various railroad officials in the State for a reduction of fare to delegates attending the convention, and we presume the usual courtesies will be extended. A programme of the order of exercises to be observed during the convention will be issued in the form of a circular, and parties desiring information as to the railroad rates, or on any other subject, will please address the secretary at Charlotte, N. C.
I. H. FOREST, Chairman.
T. M. PITTMAN, Secretary.
PLATFORM OF THE PENNSYLVANIA NATIONALS.
PHILADELPHIA, May 9.—The National Convention has nominated a full State ticket. The platform generally enunciates the principles adopted in the National Convention in Toledo in February last. They declare that the government should furnish aid to families desirous of settling upon public lands. They favor rigid economy in the administration of public affairs; demand the eight hour system of labor; the abolition of the prison contract system of labor; a graduated system of income tax; equal, civil and political rights for women; and paper money or greenbacks based not alone on the two metals—silver and gold—but upon the entire wealth and the integrity of the nation should be assured in sufficient quantities to revive our prostrate industries.
LATER.—The National Convention was somewhat turbulent to-day.
A resolution that the Convention condemn any lawlessness or violence, was adopted.
Also the platform read this morning, with a few amendments, which briefly summarized that the party advocates a high protective tariff and a moderate reform in the hours of labor, to be regulated by wise, legislative opposition to discriminating monopolies in the carrying of trade, and the substitution of the nation's money for that of banks' notes. It demands the unconstitutional repeal of the resumption act, the recognition by Congress of efforts at internal improvements, and the encouragement of ship building and ocean transportation. It disavows the countenance of lawlessness and violence, and advocates the maintenance of the principles of the party by the judicious use of the ballot box; it changes the name of the party from that of the "National Labor Party" to "National Greenback Labor Party."
Cut worms are destroying the growing crops in the Sandy Run Section at a fearful rate. One gentleman has a cotton field of 5 acres and it is asserted that all that is left, of a good stand of cotton could be held in a single hand. One pint of worms was gathered from three feet of a cotton row, and it is thought that an average of a peck of worms could be gathered from seventy yards of every row.—*Summit Courier*.
One thousand seven hundred and seventy-five dollars is what it recently cost Appanoose county to find out that a man was insane. One hundred and thirteen witnesses were examined.

TO PREVENT THE COLLECTION OF OLD DEBTS.

Under the recent Homestead decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, some newspaper correspondents propose the following:
"Let Zeb Vance, as soon after the election in August as possible, call together upon sheriffs for special session; let that Legislature be elected with especial reference to the measure which I now propose for the relief of the Homesteads; and, when elected, let it instantly impose a tax of ninety-nine per cent upon all executions issued, or subsequently to be issued upon judgments obtained previously to the ratification of the Constitution of 1868, and upon all compromises thereunder, provided either is pressed to collection or is not cancelled in ten days. If this be feasible, there can be no doubt that the Legislature may rescind all amendments upon sheriffs for special session; upon such executions; and such abolition of amendments would go far to supply the needed remedy."
Would all that be Constitutional, and might it not be productive of further trouble in the future. Postponements of that sort are dangerous.—While relieving the poor debtor, let the poor creditor also be remembered.—*Charlotte Democrat*.
The appointment of Packard, the bogus Governor of Louisiana in the bayonet days, as Consul to Liverpool is a genuine surprise to the country. This is a triumph of unadulterated rascality. Packard is correctly described by the Philadelphia *Times* as the "champion carpet-bagger and head centre of the Returning Board system of elections." Every man, we believe, who was concerned directly or remotely in the Louisiana and Florida steal has been rewarded by the great civil service reformer of the White House. The *Times*, as might be supposed, does not allow Hayes thus to insult decency without administering a few stripes. We give a paragraph:
"In the New Orleans Custom House his light would have been hidden under a bushel; in the Central American States he would have wasted his sweetest on the desert air, but at Liverpool Mr. Packard is 'a city set upon a hill' that all may behold its beauties. There is nothing mean about this country. What is ours we give to the world. It would be well to publish the proposed Consul's biography in the London and Liverpool journals in order that the British public may realize to the fullest extent the compliment paid in this appointment to the proud nation whose chief boast is its integrity in commerce and diplomacy."
There is a great stir in the papers just now over the "American Commune." Grave fears are felt that evil disposed persons will bring great trouble upon our country, and that the dangerous, wild, agrarian principles of the Paris Commune may become a terrible factor in our free America. We cannot to-day enter upon this topic at large, for want of space. We will say, however, that we do not anticipate as much mischief as others do. We believe that it is impossible now for the spirit of plunder and destruction to go far before coming to grief. Our people are not yet corrupt enough for universal chaos and its attendant curses. There may be serious trouble for a while in densely populated centres, but the good sense and good principles of the people will back up the law, and the carnival of thievery and crime will be quashed and that speedily.—*Wil. Star*.
A gentleman sits on a tall stool at a desk in Collector Tutton's office. A committee approaches him with a subscription paper. The President has contributed; so has the Secretary of the Treasury; so has Senator Cameron; so has this, and the other chief of bureau, inspector, and so on down. The clerk may or may not put his name down with a good round sum opposite. He is a free agent, and if he chooses to set himself up as a contrast to the distinguished persons whose names appear on the roll of honor, that is his lookout. But no compulsion—not for worlds. This is the new pattern of civil service reform. If any President ever went farther in the advocacy of the system of running political parties by levying on officeholders it is not a matter of record. The truth is that he has basely surrendered his position, so often declared, and forfeited the last vestige of the confidence that he enjoyed in the first bright days of his administration.—*Philadelphia Times, Ind.*
FOR SWEET LOVE'S SAKE.
A case of strong devotion was developed in Denver a short time ago. A young man of eight summers had just had a front tooth pulled. He did not wince when the string, to one end of which the incisor was attached, was given the violent jerk that decided the matter, but brightened up as if greatly relieved, and confronted his mother, who was performing the duties of the dentist, with:
"Now, mamma, please pull the other."
As "the other" was not loose, the lady refused, and the boy went away seemingly disconsolate. Soon afterward he returned, and the mother, noticing a peculiar vacancy about his mouth, began an inspection. A few well directed questions brought to light the fact that he had performed the job himself.
"How did you do it?" she asked.
"I just put a string around it, gave it a pull, and out it came."
"What on earth possessed you to do that?"
"Cases, mamma," he replied rather meekly, "Mama P— has both her'n out, and I wanted both of mine out."
Mama and the young man are sweethearts.—*Denver Tribune*.