

The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 12, 1879.

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PLATOWN, N. C., June 1st, 1879.

WATCHMAN:
I am more than happy to inform you, on Friday, May 30th, I had the good fortune to be present at the closing exercises of Prof. O. C. Hamilton's school. The classes were examined, as we learn, on Thursday, on the studies pursued during the term, without any special preparation, and all acquitted themselves finely, and did honor to their praiseworthy instructor. Friday was a grand gala day, and one that will be long remembered by all men and matrons, young men and maidens, little lads and little lasses. Many a father's heart was made glad, and the good old mothers, notwithstanding the uncomfortable seats and hot sunshine, all like a "stone wall" six long hours; and by the smiles that played upon their countenances, and by that glorious light which beamed only from a mother's eye, betrayed that they felt themselves honored by the manner in which their sons and daughters acquitted themselves. We will not attempt to discriminate and we will only say, that we are satisfied that each student used the God-given talents to the best of his or her ability. And that right here among the rugged hills of Platoon, amidst the interminable roar of the Yadkin as it dashes along its precipitous course through the "Narrows," and whose spray almost literally laves the walls of the Academy, may be found young men who are destined to adorn the pulpit and the Bar, and all the walks of life. And here may be found maidens as lovely as any on God's green earth, whose every look, word and action, go to show that they are thoroughly preparing themselves to enter the grand arena of life in any position to which God in his pleasure may call them. The Concord Cornet Band was on hand in bright new uniforms, and did themselves honor. The address of Mr. Hurley was extemporaneous;—supposing himself called upon to address "daughters and sucklings," he had made no preparation, but finding on his arrival that he had to address children of a large growth, he was somewhat confused at first, but eventually got out of the brush and made a happy effort. The address of Mr. Hurley followed by the playing of that soul-stirring tune, "Old Hundred," in the band, closed the exercises of the day. At night, the whole community was out in the shape of a grand social party; but as your correspondent is an animal of wandering rather than gregarious habit, he left at the close of the exercises, and having "another fish to fry," he passed over the river and ate his fish alone. He cannot therefore personally describe the events of the evening, but learns that each one was brimful of pleasure and that this social gathering continued into the "wee hours of night." Some old ladies of rheumatic and neuralgic habit, say they got "just a little too much of a good thing."
School will open again about the first of August. We would say to parents and guardians having children and wards to educate, that a better, cheaper and more thorough school cannot be found in Western North Carolina. It is located in a stony county, near the "Narrows," in a very quiet and moral neighborhood, and free from all the temptations and vices of less favored localities.
Prof. Hamilton is the "architect of his own fortune," a self-made man, and having passed safely "over the breakers," where so many have been shipwrecked, he takes great pleasure in teaching "the young idea how to shoot" and "what to shoot at." If you wish to give your sons and daughters a thorough academic education, without that "flecting show, for man's illusion given," send them to Prof. Hamilton's school. If you want to educate them by the Hot House process, keep them away.
We glean the following from the programme of closing exercises of Yadkin Mineral Springs Academy:
Singing—by the school.
Compositions—by Mary A. Kirk, Martha A. Kirk, L. C. Baily, A. E. Oalloway, Annie Wainster, H. M. McAllister, and E. C. Reeves.
Declamations—by E. C. Kirk, B. H. Kirk, George D. Palmer, Willie McAnless, and H. P. Kirk.
Orations—by John W. Cotton, A. A. Crowell, H. J. Crowell, Giles Heathcock, W. K. Littleton, N. A. Biles, L. V. Kirk, W. T. Huckabee, and J. W. Littleton.
Recitations—by W. B. Hamilton, J. J. Hamilton, Charles A. McAulless, and Charles Reeves.
Literary address—By Elias Hurley.
MONTGOMERY JOTTINGS.
The peach crop is a failure.
Weather warm and dry.
Big run of "cats" at the Narrows.
Canal drying straight ahead.
Harvest will commence in a few days.
Big fight between two gentlemen of color.
Grape vines infested with *aphis rices*.
Vines well set with grapes.
Platoon has a thief or two who works all day and steals all night. Look out, light-fingered gentry, the spots are upon you.
Money is getting more plentiful in the hands of laborers, and farmers are selling many articles for which there has been no demand until recently.
The tax assessors are about ready to

proceed to business, and notwithstanding the "hard times" and "low prices," property will be assessed higher than last year. NEMO.

More Doctors.

The Board of Medical Examiners of the State of North Carolina, at its last annual session, held in Greensboro on May 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d, 1879, examined, found duly qualified, and licensed to practice medicine in its various branches, the following gentlemen:
Drs. W P Beall, C M Glenn and T E Balsley, Greensboro.
Dr W J Gilbert, Wayne county.
Dr D M Prince, Richmond county.
Dr H T Trantham, Salisbury.
Dr W F Cook, Jamestown.
Drs C E Bradsher and Edw A Speed, Person county.
Dr J M Covington, Rockingham.
Dr H W Lee, Raleigh P. O.
Dr J A Sexton, Raleigh.
Dr W L Abernathy, Hickory.
Dr C L Battle, Rocky Mt.
Dr J C Walton, Caswell county.
Dr H F Burgin, Buncombe county.
Dr R H Hargrove, Macon county.
Dr T. E Anderson, Statesville.
Dr Hubert Haywood, Raleigh.
Dr S W Stevenson, Mooresville.
Dr S B Jones, Charlotte.
Dr Edward Lindsay, Greensboro.
Dr O P Robinson, Fayetteville.
Dr W P Mercer, Wilson county.
Dr J J Cox, New Garden.
Dr W R Hollinsworth, Mt. Airy.
Dr A D McDonald, Wilmington.
Dr J M Baker, Tarboro.
Dr R A Freeman, Alamance county.
Dr J L Gunn, Yanceyville.
Dr C A Swindell, Vanceville.
Dr N W G Stafford, Orange county.
Dr N McJohnson, Durham.
Dr J T Winston, Franklin county.
Dr J T Sledge, Warren county.
Dr B Y Harris, High Point.
By order of the Board of Medical Examiners.

PETER E. HINES, M. D. Pres't.
HENRY T. BAIRDSON, Sec'y.

More Lawyers.

The Supreme Court of North Carolina, which convened in Raleigh on Monday last, directed that licenses to practice law in the several Courts of the State be issued to the following applicants:
Edward S Abell, Johnston county.
Jonathan W Albertson, Jr., Perquimans.
Moses N Amis, Wake.
Walter M Busbee, Wake.
Leroy C Caldwell, Cabarrus.
Eugene D Carter, Buncombe.
Thomas M Cross, Chatham.
Marquis L Edwards, Chatham.
Daniel W Evans, Cumberland.
Justin Fisher, Guilford.
Fred C. Fisher, Rowan.
Robert A Foard, Cabarrus.
Francis M Fremont, New Hanover.
Asa O Gaylord, Washington.
John A Gourley, Cabarrus.
Samuel H Jordan, Henderson.
Edward S Latimer, New Hanover.
Robert E Little, Anson.
William B McKoy, New Hanover.
Richard A Mears, Wake.
William Z Morton, Beaufort.
Bascom H Palmer, Randolph.
Thomas J Rickman, Henderson.
Edwin D Steele, Guilford.
John R Tillery, Edgecombe.
Willis C Warren, Hertford.
John N. Webb, Orange.
Allison C Zollicoffer, Halifax.

The Crushed Sereader.

San Francisco News Letter.
Young Bilkins went to serenade his girl on Van Ness avenue. The amateur orchestra, of which he is a member, had hardly squealed out the two bars of "Come Where My Love Lies Drowsing," when the second-story window went up and old Boggus, Amelia's father, stuck his head out and remarked:
"Is there no way of compromising this thing?"
"What—what?" gasped Bilkins.
"I say, can't we make some arrangement to get out of this matter. How does \$4 and an old gas stove strike you?"
"Why—this—this is a serenade," exclaimed Bilkins.
"Exactly; so I see. Now, suppose we to stand the beer and car fare all around, wouldn't you go out in the suburbs somewhere and work off the rest of it in front of some deaf and dumb asylum or other?"
"Well, I'm blowed!" ejaculated the crushed lover.
"I should think you would be, hitched to the end of that big trombone. Don't point in this way, for heaven's sake; it might go off."
"Come down here and say that, like a man," roared the big drum, who was full of *Bndweiser* and fury. "You baldheaded old fellow, come down."
"I—I think we had better—better go, as it were boys," murmured the mortified Bilkins, and the disgusted band walked sadly off, scornfully ignoring Boggus's parting injunction to reform and lead better lives, after the thing blew over.
WHAT HAS BECOME OF THEM.—What has become of the "Hard Timers?" Their voice is no longer heard in the land of Warren. In truth, we have hardly heard the trite old phrase in months. There never was half the occasion for the cry of "hard times" as some people thought. —Warren News.

A Blunder and its Reward.

During his first visit to Paris, M. Lasalle, a distinguished German, presented himself at the house of a well known lady, to whom he had sent letters of introduction in advance. When called, he opened the door and received his card she conducted him to the boudoir, and told him to be seated: "Madame will come immediately."
Presently the lady entered. She was in dishabille and her feet were bare, covered only with loose slippers. She bowed to him carelessly and said: "Ah, there you are; good morning."
She threw herself on a sofa, let fall a slipper and reached out to Lasalle her very pretty foot.
Lasalle was naturally completely astounded, but he remembered that at his home in Germany it was the custom sometimes to kiss a lady's hand, and he supposed it was the Paris mode to kiss her foot. Therefore he did not hesitate to imprint a kiss upon the fascinating foot so near him, but he could not avoid saying: "I thank you, madame, for this new method of making a lady's acquaintance. It is much better and certainly more generous than kissing the hand."
The lady jumped up, highly indignant.
"Who are you, sir, and what do you mean?"
He gave his name.
"You are no, then, a corn doctor?"
"I am charmed to say, madame, that I am not."
"But you sent me the corn Doctor's card."
It was true. Lasalle in going out that morning had picked up the card of a corn doctor from his bureau and put it in his pocket. This without glancing at he had given to the servant, who had taken it to her mistress. There was nothing to do but laugh over the joke.

Application of Ashes.

Ashes are so valuable a fertilizer for most all soils, especially for light, dry and sandy soils, that they can hardly be applied amiss, put on at almost any season and in almost any manner. They are highly valuable as a top dressing for grass lands, for small fruits, for Indian corn, applied alone; and likewise form a most important ingredient in the compost heap. Twenty bushels of leached ashes, and ten of unleached per acre form a good dressing for grass lands. Experiments at the Maine State College farm show that ashes were more lasting in their effects on grass, than any other fertilizer applied. The soil was a strong clay loam. We have been general rather than definite in speaking of the quantity of ashes to be used per acre. Before having been leached, wood ashes contain about eight and one half per cent of potash, but the leaching takes out nearly all the potash, possibly one of one and a half per cent may be left, and some other soluble matters. It is true that a few soils may be so charged with potash that crops growing on them will not be markedly increased by an application of ashes of the quantity above specified, but as also stated most soils will be grateful for their presence. —Plauter.

Cruelty to Human Beings.

Some time ago, a poor man of family in New York, was sent to prison for six months. He killed a cat that had bitten or scratched his child. Several weeks ago a respectable young man named Edward Burt was sent to the penitentiary for three months, for permitting his dog to kill mischievous rats. A morning paper remarked the other day that there was a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but none for the prevention of cruelty to human beings.
The Sun says to-day the outrageous law under which Burt was convicted for a really praiseworthy act, should be repealed before it works any more injustice. Destruction of vermin generally would be an enterprise altogether worthy of enlisting the warmest interest of Bergh. How much better it would be to devote his eccentric genius to ridding the land of rats than to the petty persecution of his fellow creatures.

Another Mandamus.

Yesterday a mandamus was served on Col. W. L. Saunders, Secretary of State, by the State on relation to Thos. S. Keenan, Esq., Attorney-General, and S. C. Scarborough, Esq., Superintendent of Public Instruction. The object of the mandamus is to require the Secretary of State to incorporate the school bill (as passed by the last General Assembly) among the laws of 1879. The writ is returnable at the June term of Wake Superior Court on the 12th of June. Messrs. Lewis & Strong and Col. Walter Clark are attorneys for the plaintiffs.
A RE-CHARTERED CITY.—MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 31.—A majority of the Supreme Court at Jackson, Tenn., this morning decided that the previous charter of the city of Memphis has been validly repealed by the late Legislature, and that the same people and the same territory has been constitutionally re-incorporated under the general law providing for reorganization of municipal corporations. Judges Freeman and Turney, in a dissenting opinion, hold that the repealing act is valid, but that the acts and void. (This decision sustains the present taxing of the district government.)
The sweet-gun plate factory of Messrs. S H Gray & Co., Newbern, is no insignificant enterprise. They turn out 25,000 to 30,000 plates per day (sometimes more), which are sent to New York and bring into the State over 25,000 per annum.

No You Don't.

Mr. Jo Beckley stepped out on the ample porch of the Agricultural club. He looked forth with disgust upon the dense fog in which London was developed, and then gazed with delight upon a ticket for Calais which he held in his hand.
Mr. Jo Beckley had an exceedingly rural air. Large and branny and grizzled, his brown face covered with scrubby beard, his joints all clumsily developed, he looked like a backwoodsman. Being a bachelor, also, his toilet lacked that adjustment which a wisely touch or suggestion imparts, and intensified his rural air.
But that Mr. Beckley possessed intelligence was proven by his wide-awake air, and by the fact that he had brought no baggage to Europe, except the little satchel now depending by a strap from his shoulder.
The Honorable Felix Plimpot, M. P., stepped out on the porch with him.
"Bon voyage, Mr. Beckley. When you get back to America, pray forward us your articles in the *Spartan and Hoe*, whenever they appear."
"Good-bye, Mister Plimpot. The best time I have had in England I had on your demesne, sir; and when the land question comes up in Parliament again, I hope you will send me a copy of your speech."
"With pleasure, sir."
The two shook hands heartily, and Mr. Jo Beckley departed.
Ere he had gone half a block a seedy gentleman in grey approached, and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.
"How do you do, Barry? When did you get in Plyoverton?"
"You are mistaken in your man, sir," said Mr. Beckley.
"What! Ain't this Barry Baxter?"
"No, sir. My name is Beckley."
"I beg pardon. I mistook you for Baxter—same build, same whiskers. Where are you from, sir?"
"I am an American."
"Possible! I have a brother in America. What part are you from?"
"Near Springfield, Massachusetts."
"Ah, yes; my brother has been there. Stopping in town with your family, sir?"
"With my family?" replied Mr. Jo Beckley, a sly twinkle creeping into his eyes. "Yes. My wife and the twins are staying at the Merry-Go Inn."
"Ah? Well, sir, if you see my brother when you get back, please give him my love."
And the seedy man in grey walked away.
Mr. Beckley looked after him in some surprise, then turned and went on.
Half a block beyond a voice hailed him.
"Cab, sir."
"No, I'll walk," replied Mr. Beckley.
The cabman dashed on, and just as Mr. Beckley turned back his head somebody stumbled out of the fog against him. It was a tall spare man, in clerical garb and nettie, with a sanctimonious air.
"Pray excuse me," he exclaimed. "What! is this Mr. Beckley? It certainly is? How do you do sir? How do you do?"
And the spare man shook hands cordially with him.
"Really, you have the better of me," said Mr. Jo Beckley, perplexed. "I don't recollect your name."
"Cowper, sir, Cowper! We met in Massachusetts some months ago you remember."
"Oh, did we? Where was it?—at the Horticultural meeting?" inquired Mr. Beckley.
"He could have sworn he never met the man before."
"Yes, that was the time. How is Mrs. Beckley, sir? and how are the twins getting on? I should like to see them all. Are they here in London?"
A light broke over Mr. Beckley's face. All uncertainty vanished.
"They are with me, Cowper, at the Merry-Go Inn," he said.
"Ah, glad to hear it. You are going that way? I shall be glad to accompany you. When did you come over?"
"Last month," responded Mr. Beckley.
And the two men walked on, apparently full of good feeling.

"I am proud to welcome you to our country. And what do you think of Hengland, Mr. Beckley?"
"Well I think it is superior to America in some respects, but I wouldn't care to live in England. You are organized here, while America is still crude; but, after all, you have a great many poor people, while we have almost none. What business are you in Cowper?"
"Stock raising. I am testing a theory of my own. I've learned in what temperature cattle will fatten fastest, and have built sheds, so as to keep them in that temperature all the year around. Don't know how it will operate. I am in town now to sell some cattle. By the way, that reminds me—where are we? Ah, this is No. 1,111. I took a lottery ticket on a debt, and they say it is a prize number. I'd like to step in and see if it is good for anything. Here we are now; just drop in with me, Mr. Beckley."
"No, thank you," said Mr. Jo Beckley.
"Oh, yes; just a minute; then I will go with you."
"Very well."
"It's up stairs, I see. Come on, sir." Mr. Jo Beckley followed him up three flights of stairs to a little front office, where a clerk stood busily writing at his desk, behind a long counter.
"Good morning. Is this the office of the Rio Janeiro Lottery?"
"It is, sir."
"I have a ticket, numbered 22,222. Please see if it has drawn anything." The clerk looked on his books.
"It has drawn £75, 2 shillings; and he went back to his safe."
"Do you hear that, Mr. Beckley? Do you hear that? Look, sir! I only allowed my customer 3 shillings for the ticket."
The clerk came back with 75 pounds in clean Bank of England notes, and paid them over the counter.
"Where are the 2 shillings?"
"We never give small change, sir. Will give you two draws instead."
"Oh, all right. Here, make it four draws. Here are 2 shillings more."
"A shilling a draw is cheaper than we usually allow, except for six draws at one time," said the clerk. "Won't your friend take a hand?"
"Mr. Beckley, try a couple."
"No," said Jo "I guess not."
"I'll give you four, then, at the six rate, this time," said the clerk, and he took the money.
A drum-like box was produced.
Mr. Cowper put in his hand and drew out four envelopes, each containing one ticket. He opened them and called off the numbers. Three drew nothing: the fourth drew £4, 1 shilling.
"This is splendid luck, Beckley," whispered Cowper. "Don't you want to try it?"
"I guess not," said Mr. Jo Beckley.
"Gentlemen," said the clerk, confidentially. "I saw a remarkable sight here this morning. A man came in and gave a hundred pounds, and drew a bushel of envelopes. Will you believe me—there were only two prizes among 'em! Well, gentlemen after he went away, I found that the Queen sent him here to try for her. I was sorry that she had such a poor pull, but I could not help it; we must be impartial, and let luck go where it will. All the royal family patronize us and most always have good luck. And I never knew such a quantity of blanks drawn out without a heavy run of prizes right afterward."
"You are right about that! exclaimed Mr. Cowper, with enthusiasm. "Beckley, we can make a fortune here. Suppose we put in £5 apiece on trial?"
"No," said Mr. Jo Beckley, "I guess not."
"I will, any how," said Mr. Cowper. He paid the money and drew twenty-eight sixpence.
"Luck is against me," said the clerk mournfully. "There is going to be a run of prizes now, sure."
"Do you see that? Do you see that, Beckley? I tell you we can make a fortune! Try a five-pounder!"
"No," said Mr. Jo Beckley, "I guess

not. But I tell you, Cowper, you try 2 shillings for me; if it wins I'll pay you back."
"But if it don't?"
"Then I won't pay you anything." Better try for yourself, sir," said the clerk, affably.
"No," said Jo, "I guess not."
Mr. Cowper looked at him doubtfully.
"Well, I'll try for you on those terms," he said at last. He tried and drew £10. Mr. Jo Beckley took it gravely, and handed out 2 shillings.
"Very much obliged," said he.
"You're welcome," replied Cowper. "Now let us try five pounds together."
"What did you say your name was?" asked Mr. Jo Beckley.
"Cowper."
"Cowper! Cowper! Cowper! I thought you said Cooper. I guess it wasn't me you met in Springfield?"
"Oh, yes, it was."
"It must have been my son James."
"No, it was you."
"Or my son Jedediah, or Ephraim, or Samuel."
"No, it was you."
"Well, then, if it was me—good-bye Cowper."
The men stared.
"What, sir! Surely you will try your luck again," said the clerk.
"This is not fair!" exclaimed Mr. Cowper.
"By no means! You must try, sir," exclaimed the clerk.
Mr. Jo Beckley retreated toward the door. They followed him fiercely, the clerk with club in hand. Mr. Beckley looked at them, then out of an adjacent window.
Upon the level the London fog was dense, but looked through from the house tops was quite penetrable. A policeman stood below, on the opposite side of the street. Jo Beckley suddenly threw up the broad window.
"Do you see him?" he asked, point toward the officer. "I must leave you. Pray, don't object, or I shall have to call him. Good day, Cowper."
They glanced out into the street, looked at Jo Beckley's brawny, muscular form, and kept quiet, although livid with rage, as he stepped out.
In the hall Mr. Jo Beckley looked at the £10 note. To his surprise, it was genuine.
He came back and opened the door. The two men stood confronting each other, disputing angrily.
"Ah, Cowper, if you visit America again, come and see me. We'll go coon-hunting. You'll enjoy coon-hunting, I know. The coon is an innocent-looking animal, but he is mighty sly!"
He went down stairs, hailed a cab, and was whirled away to the depot, with a shrewd smile on his Yankee face.

The Candy Business.

The amount of candy manufactured in this country is far greater than is usually thought, the Americans—the women mainly—eating more, it is said, than all the rest of the world combined. New York has, until recently, made most of the candy; but now Boston is a large manufacturer. Within a few years, many small houses, mostly French, have sprung up here, and reduced the price materially. Boston has three large manufactories, employing some 300 workmen, and producing over 4,000 tons of candy annually. Not more than one-fourth of this is consumed in New England, the remainder going chiefly to the provinces of the West. Boston makes, altogether, more than 5,000 tons, using something over 25,000 barrels of sugar for the purpose. This city, it is estimated, makes about 6,500 to 7,000 tons, which goes to all parts of the Union, a good deal of it being, it is said, exported to the West Indies, South America, and even to Europe. It has been supposed that French candies were the best, but we now make candy regarded as superior to those. Outside of Boston and New York, not much candy is made, though the Philadelphia make has considerable reputation. We are not, perhaps, as a people, so fond of sweet things as the Latin nations, but we have so much more money to spend that we buy far more than they can. The common people in Europe eat very little confections, but everybody here eats a good deal. Our children's tendency to indigestion has been traced to the eating of sweets, but this is probably not correct. We eat more candy than ever, but the national health is steadily improving. —N. Y. Times.
[It is within the memory of some of our citizens when all the candy sold in Salis-

bury was made in Salem, N. C., by a Mr. Winkler, we think. After a while the confectioners here made it themselves. The process is very simple, and it might be made yet if our confectioners would try. Mrs. Buis, and her son William, when the latter was a boy of 15-18 years, were very successful in the manufacture, turning out as pretty candy as we see in the shops now. Fred Mowery, Sam'l. Fraley, F. R. Rouche, and Anthony Bencini, were the pioneer manufacturers at this place. They are all gone, except Mrs. Buis. Business has changed very much since then, and almost everything in use is now brought from the northern cities, and our money goes to fatten a people who do not love us. —WATCHMAN.

The True Code of Honor.

A man cannot afford to be unfaithful under any circumstances; a man cannot afford to be mean at any time; a man cannot afford to do less than his best at all times, and under all circumstances. However unjustly you are treated, you cannot for your own sake, afford to use anything but your better services. You cannot afford to lie to a liar; you cannot afford to do other than uprightly with any man no matter what exigencies may exist between him and you. No man can afford to be any but a true man, living in his higher nature, and acting with the highest consideration.

Goldsboro truckers are now shipping beans.
A recent exodus meeting held at Goldsboro, was a failure. The negroes did not seem to take kindly to the object.

Seven convicts made their escape from the guard on the Spartanburg & Asheville Railroad, near Tryon City last Monday evening.

OTTOWA, IOWA, June 2.—Gen. Jas. Shields, late United States Senator from Missouri, died suddenly in this city last night.

NOT A RELIABLE SIGN.—A member of the City Council stopped in front of a berry-stand in the market yesterday and asked: "What are these?" referring in all human probability, to the price. Before the market man could reply, a fat woman who was standing near said: "Why, you poor lunatic, them's strawberries," and then elbowing herself and baskets through the crowd, she added: "Good clothes isn't always a sign of a sound mind."

Bad News from Liberia.

The latest accounts from Liberia are very discouraging. The shipment made from Charleston last year did not turn out well, and a good many came home declaring themselves deluded. But one family came back with very different ideas. It undertakes to accompany another ship-load of emigrants to Liberia. There is a bad-feeling between the natives and the emigrants, and it wouldn't be surprising to see them in another war and such a war! There will be a great hullabaloo, but mighty little civilization diffused amongst them. —Richmond Dispatch.

The writer of a letter in the London Times points out that an ounce of bread wasted daily in each household in England and Wales means about 25,000,000 quarter loaves, the produce of 39,000 acres of wheat in a year; while an ounce a week of meat wasted amounts to some 300,000 sheep.

EPISCOPALIANS OF NORTH CAROLINA.—At the late session of the Episcopal convention, held at Fayetteville, the committee on the state of the Church reported the denomination in a healthy and growing condition.

During the past year there have been; Baptisms, infants 629, adults 150; total 779; confirmations, 449; marriages, 124; churches consecrated, 3; deaths, 237; increase of communicants, 367; contributions amounted to \$51,853.92; total number of communicants in the diocese, 5,544; Sunday-school scholars, 3,039; clergymen, 66.

The signs now are that Judge Thurman will be the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio. This is necessitated by the probable candidacy of John Sherman. It will be a hot contest.

Eminent Counsel.—"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, you will—oh, I know you will restore my prosecuted client to the arms of his wife and little ones, who—?" The Court—"Your client is a bachelor."