State Library

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XII.---THIRD SERIES SALISBURY, N. C., FEBRUARY 24, 1881. NO 19

The Carolina Watchman,
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1832.
PRICE, $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES.
FEBRUARY 20, 1880.

Inches	1 month	2 m's	3 m's	6 m's	12 m's
One for	$1.50	$2.50	$3.50	$5.99	$8.99
Two for	3.00	4.50	5.25	7.59	12.89
Three for	4.50	6.00	7.50	11.99	15.99
Four for	6.00	7.50	9.99	13.59	18.99
¼ column for	7.50	9.75	11.25	16.59	25.99
½ do. do.	11.25	15.75	20.50	25.59	40.99
1 do. do.	18.75	26.25	33.75	48.75	75.99

HARDWARE!
R. R. CRAWFORD & CO.
WEST CORNER MAIN & FISHER STREETS,
Have now in Store
The Largest and most Extensive Stock of Hardware
they have ever had the pleasure of offering to their friends and the public.
The needs of the Farmer, Housekeeper, the various Tradesmen, the Miner, Machinists, Wagoners, Draymen, Builders—all have been remembered and provided for.
Call and see and hear prices.
They would at this time invite special attention their stock of
33 Studebaker Wagons
33 Top Buggies.
ELEGANT SPRING WAGONS
and fine New York Buggies.
Champion Mowers,
AVERY PLOWS,
Farmers' Friend Plows,
Eureka Smut Machines,
Rubber Belting, &c.
Salisbury, Jan. 6, 1881. 1y

This Wonderful Improved Saw Machine
is warranted to saw a two-foot log in three minutes, and more cord wood or logs of any size in a day than two men can chop or saw the old way. Every Farmer and Lumberman needs one.
AGENTS WANTED.—Illustrated circular and terms Free. Address FARMERS' MANUFACTURING Co., 178 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.
17:6m.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC
Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many others of the best medicines known are combined so skillfully in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC as to make it the greatest Blood Purifier and the Best Health and Strength Restorer ever used.
It cures Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, and all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs and all Female Complaints.
If you are wasting away with Consumption or any disease, use the TONIC to-day. No matter what your symptoms may be, it will surely help you.
Remember! This TONIC cures drunkenness, is the Best Family Medicine ever made, entirely different from Bitters, Ginger Preparations and other Tonics, and combines the best curative properties of all. Buy a 50c. bottle of your druggist. None genuine without our signature on outside wrapper. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, New York.
PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM The best and most economical Hair Dressing
15:1y.

KERR CRAIGE, L. H. CLEMENT.
CRAIGE & CLEMENT,
Attorneys at Law,
SALISBURY, N. C.
FEB. 3, 1881.

JAMES M. GRAY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
SALISBURY, N. C.
Office in the Court House lot, next doo to Squire Haughton. Will practice in all the Courts of the State.

LEE S. OVERMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SALISBURY, N. C.,
Practices in the State and Federal Courts. 12:6m

LANDRETHS'
1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881
If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a Postal Card for Catalogue and Prices. The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.

Blackmer and Henderson,
Attorneys, Counselors
and Solicitors.
SALISBURY, N. C
Januay22 1879—tf.

IF YOU WISH
Your Watches and Clocks, Sewing Machines, &c,
Repaired by a good, cheap and responsible workman please leave them with Messrs. Klutz & Rendleman, Salisbury, N. C.
45:1y R. L. BROWN.

POETRY.

Sursum Corda.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Dark is the night and rough the way
Seemeth to me,
Weary I grow and scarce can pray,
Father to Thee.
O lead my faltering steps aright
Over the wild,
Speak thro' the fierce and stormy night,
Unto thy child.

Only Thy gracious word and will
I seek to know,
Only the way to serve thee still
While here below.
Only for strength to bear the cross
Thou, too, hast borne,
Only for earthly grief and loss
Never to mourn.

Only to lift my eyes above
In every pain,
Only to feel Thy bounteous love
Wash out all stain,
Only to bear in mind that earth
Passeth away,
Only, forgetting joy and mirth,
To watch and pray.

I seek to kneel and bend my head
Under Thy rod;
But Thou must turn this heart of lead
To Thee, my God!
Vainly I strive to drink Thy cup—
Earth binds me fast:
Saviour, in mercy lift me up
To Thee at last!

"It Might Have Been."

A Southern prisoner of war at Camp Chase, pining of sickness in the Hospital of that station for some time, and confiding to his friend and fellow-captive, Col. W. T. Hawkins, of Tennessee, that he was heavy of heart because his affianced bride in Nashville did not write to him, died just before the arrival of a letter in which the lady curtly broke the engagement. Col. Hawkins had been requested by his dying comrade to open any epistle which might come to him thereafter, and upon reading the letter in question, penned the following answer:—

MY FRIEND.

Your letter, lady, came too late,
For Heaven had claimed its own;
Ah! sudden change from prison bars
Into the great white throne!
And yet I think he would have stayed
To live for his disdain
Could he have read the careless words
Which you have sent in vain.

So full of patience did he wait
Through many a weary hour,
That o'er his simple soldier faith
Not even death had power,
And you! did others whisper low
Their homage in your ear,
As though amongst their shallow throng
His spirit had a peer?
I would that you were by me now,
To draw the sheet aside,
And see how pure the look he wore
The moment when he died.
The sorrow that you gave to him
Had left its weary trace
As 'twere the shadow of the Cross
Upon his pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "could change for me
The winter's cold to spring."
Ah, trust of fickle maiden's love,
Thou art a bitter thing;
For when these valleys, bright in May,
Once more with blossoms wave,
The Northern violets shall grow
Above his lonely grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been
But one more pang to bear,
For him who kissed unto the last
Your tress of golden hair,
I did not put it where he said,
For when the angels come
I would not have them find the sign
Of falsehood in the tomb.

I've read your letter and I know,
The wiles that you had wrought,
To win that noble heart of his
And gained it—cruel thought!
What lavish wealth men sometimes give
For what is worthless all;
What manly bosoms beat for truth
In folly's falsest thrall.

You shall not pity him, for now
His sorrow has had an end:
Yet would that you could stand with me
Beside my fallen friend,
And I forgive you for his sake,
As he—if it be given—
May e'en be pleading grace for you
Before the court of heaven.

To-night the cold winds whistle by,
As I my virgil keep
Within the prison dead-house, where
Few mourners come to weep,
A rude paint coffin holds his form,
But death exalts his face,
And I would rather see him thus
Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your home may shine with lights,
And ring with merry song,
And you be smiling as your soul
Had done no deadly wrong.
Your hand so fair than none would think
It penned these words of pain,
Your skin so white—would God your heart
Were half so free from stain.

I'd rather be my comrade dead
Than you in life supreme,
For yours, the sinner's waking dread,
And his the martyr's dream.
Whom serve we in this life, we serve
In that which is to come.
He chose his way; you yours; let God
Pronounce the fitting doom!

"We don't want all this, we don't want it," said an attorney to a voluble old lady on the witness-stand, "it is irrelevant." But the witness paid no heed, and talked on, finishing with, "There, you've got it whether you want it or not, and it isn't irreverent, either."

COMMUNICATED.

Rowan County Teachers' Association.

The Association met according adjournment, Pres. Wilborn in the chair. All the members were present except J. F. Beatty, of Gold Hill.

Rev. H. M. Brown, of Franklin Academy, W. A. Thomason, of Unity, and G. A. Green, of Scotch Irish, were elected to Active membership. Messrs. O. D. Davis, County Examiner, and T. F. Kluttz, were elected Honorary Members.

The Executive Committee reported topics for discussion, for March, 12th, as follows:

1. The Best Mode of Teaching Spelling: Leaders, Messrs. Davis and Moser.

2. How to secure a better attendance of pupils at School: Leaders, Messrs. Wilborn and Brown.

Mr. McNeill, Committee on the Memorial to the Legislature, reported performance of duty, and was discharged.

The Topics for the day, viz, "The Best Method of Teaching English Grammar," and "The Characteristics of the Model Teacher," were then taken up and discussed by the Leaders and other members.

From the query Box, several queries were discussed at length, to the mutual entertainment and improvement of the Association.

(This is one of the most valuable features of the organization, as any teacher may introduce, incognito, any query he desires to have answered, and thus obtain the views of each member thereon. The queries may be on any subject connected with School work.)

Under the head of new business, "The North Carolina Educational journal" was adopted as the *Organ* of the Association.

On motion, Vice President Moser in the chair, a committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Wilborn, McNeill and Brown, were appointed to consider the expediency of holding a Teachers' Institute in this County during the summer to consult with the Board of County Commissioners and the County Examiner, and to correspond with the Agent of the Peabody Fund on this subject.

The Secretary was ordered to furnish a synopsis of the meeting to the *Watchman* and the N. C. Educational Journal. After some other business, the Association adjourned to meet in Salisbury, March 12th, 1881. W. A. WILBORN, Pres.

Feb. 12th. , G. R. MCNEILL Sec.

Washington Letter.

Several Congressional Scenes—But Little Legislation—Some reasons Why Congressmen are Sick and Unfit for Work.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 12, 1881.

This week has not been eventful from a National legislative point of view, but we have had a scene in the Senate in which Senator Conkling and Butler acted and two scenes in the House, in one of which Messrs. Blackburn and Frye were principals, and in the other Messrs. Cox and Reagan held the leading roles. I had almost omitted to mention the monotonous ceremony on counting and declaring the electoral vote. But little business has been transacted; the Senate, the House and the committees of both are behind with their work. If the truth must be told, the National Congress is dissipated. There are too many wild young members from the country, and too many festive old rakes from the city in the House and in the Senate. If it were possible to get the essence of candor from these gentlemen, they would confess that their main object here in Washington is not to transact business for 50,000,000 people, but to have a good time; that they regard the work of committees and congressional sessions very much as thoughtless boys do the confinement of the school room. This is the way alone in which so much absenteeism can be accounted for, and the reason why members and senators are listless, sick, and unfit for work may be explained, nine times in ten, by the fact that they have spent the previous night in debauchery, or in what is not much less hurtful, social dissipation. The experience of the reader will bear me out in the assertion that an average man over thirty cannot dance all night and be fit for work the next day; neither can he eat, drink, and carouse at saloons, brothels, gambling houses, or political symposia, and have a clear head for legislative work. If the average member of Congress is none too bright at best, what must he be when worn out and fuddled! Debauchery and social dissipation is prevalent in official and political life to a deplorable extent in Washington. I do not say that it is worse than it has been, or that it is increasing. I do not know. Unfortunately we have, and can have, no statistics. I only know that it is bad, and that I have not overdrawn the picture.

During the next four weeks, there will be in this city representatives from almost every section of the country. They will admire the beauty of the streets, avenues, parks, statues, and public buildings and they will go home with the impression that the National Capital is a city of surpassing cleanliness and loveliness. The police force has been doubled, and every effort will be put forth to give the best impression. But all that glitters is not gold. Surrounding the marble palaces that the government has built are numerous drinking saloons, and in no city of the Union are the haunts of debauchery so splendid and so prosperous. C. A. S.

No man whatever believes, or can believe, exactly what his grandfather believed.—*Carlyle.*

Paris Letter.

(Regular Correspondence.)

PARIS, FRANCE, Jan. 31st, 1881.

To-morrow will inaugurate a new era in the history of French art and artists, to whom the present Government of the Republic, true to its advanced political principles, is about to confide the organization and management of the Exhibition of works of art for the year 1881. In virtue of a circular issued a few days ago by Mr. Julis Ferry, all painters, sculptors, etchers, and architects of French nationality having already exhibited works in a "Salon" are required to assemble at the Ministry of Fine Arts, on the 12th instant, for the purpose of electing a committee of ninety from among their own members, which committee, in concert with the department in question, will regulate the conditions to be observed by artists desiring to exhibit their productions at the proximate "Salon." French Governments during the present century, no matter of what political denomination, have one and all evinced a laudable disposition to patronize and encourage the Fine Arts, but they have also been by no means charry of exercising those rights of control and interference which they assumed to themselves as a logical consequence of State patronage. To the latest of French Republics belongs the merit of having emancipated itself from official traditions in this regard, and taken the initiative in enabling the artists of France to constitute themselves a self-governing body. The results of this courageous democratic experiment will be awaited with lively interest by the votaries of art in every civilized country.

The "Citoyenna" Louise Michel seems to have hit upon a very ingenious plan for raising money for the assistance of her amnestied friends in the present severe season. She offers an interview at her home, and a poem written in her early youth, to those representatives of the Reactionary journals who wish to interview her at the rate of twelve dollars per head. A writer of the *Gaulois* relates that he, yesterday, took Louise Michel at her word, and was well received, having an interesting hours' conversation with her. She explained that, her mother being ill, she could not spend her evenings out, and that she had devised this scheme for raising funds for the "Amnesties." In reply to various questions, Louise Michel stated that she was an Anarchist, and that she approved of Filix Pyat's regicide theories. She had, however, never hinted at the advisability of assassinating M. Gamsetta in the words attributed to her, "*Quands les cochons seat gras on lys tue.*" She was an Atheist, because she had remarked that all tyrannies proceeded from the idea of God's eternal rewards. So Catholic, however, had she been that, in her childhood, she would gladly have become a sister of mercy: a remark which led to an exclamation of regret from her mother that she had prevented her from taking this step. The verses supplied by the "Citoyenne" to her interlocutor, and also published in the *Gaulois* consist of a short poem on St. Just, not without some merit.

The letter addressed by Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, to the members of the Chamber of Deputies, in which the Probate maintains that it would be wrong to include the "seminaristes," of young men studying for the priesthood, in the present system of compulsory military service, is commented upon to-day by the organs of the various parties. The *Rappel*, in an article on the subject, argues that it would only be fair to the young men to let them see a little of the world before adopting a vocation that they cannot discard. Their training, under present conditions, amounts to an "intellectual sequestration," and it is but right that they should be in a position to chose with their eyes open. If, after leaving their regiment, they still elect for the church, well and good. There is a great deal of sound sense in the *Rappel's* remarks, though they are probably dictated rather by hostility to the Church than by any special solisitude for the fate of the seminaristes. C. A. S.

Josh Billings remarks: "The only way to git thru this world and eskape censure and abuse iz to take the back road. You kant travel the main turnpike and do it."

Every man's experience of to-day is that he was a fool yesterday, and the day before yesterday. To-morrow he will most likely be exactly of the same opinion.—*Mackay.*

"The last thing I should want to do would be to die," said a girl to her lover. "Well my darling," he replied, "I promise that it shall be the very last thing you'll do," and she felt comforted.

"Why, Franky," exclaimed a mother, who was taking dinner at a neighbour's, "I never knew you to ask for a second piece of pie at home!" "Cause I knew 'twant no use," mumbled Franky, as he crammed his mouth with the "second piece."

It took Sir Isaac Newton less than three years to thoroughly digest the principle of gravitation, while an Indiana farmer has spent eleven years in trying to find out why a cow never kicks until the pail is two-thirds full.

Simeon adopted the following rules for the conduct of his life: 1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to. 3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard a different account would be given of the matter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Art of Reading.

Reading, as an art, might almost be termed "the art;" for while it will compare with any of its sister arts in affording entertainment to the narrowest circle of the most cultivated, it can most readily and constantly bring the æsthetical pleasures of life to the million. Poesey alone rivals painting and sculpture, and in all contests for supremacy disputes the palm with these and all comers: but poetry, if well rendered by the elocutionist, takes to itself increased charms, and thus reading exalts itself to the chief place. Imagine the vast increase of real refined enjoyment thrown upon mankind if good readers were multiplied a thousand fold. When a Dickens, a Vandenhoff, a Medain, Scott-Siddons, throw the charm of the art of reading around the English classics, admiring thousands hang entranced upon the words, and we begin to realize what reading is as an art. Unfortunately, for the most part, in our schools reading is taught as a mechanical operation rather than an art, and hence the results are what might be expected—unsatisfactory. The smallness of the number of good readers has often been remarked with surprise by those who hav espoken or written upon the subject, but the above explanation readily accounts for the melancholy fact. After students have learned to pronounce the words accurately of their reading-books, then, instead of giving place to other subjects, the Reading Class should have chief place in the recitation room. Good reading need not be so rare an accomplishment, for with ordinary application, under proper direction, nine-tenths of students might become good readers.—*Rev. N. Burns.*

The Cultivation of the Voice.

Generally, the cultivation of the voice, which is an essential part of the curriculum of study, is left to the desultory efforts of the student in his own room, instead of placing the exercises necessary to improve the voice on the time-table as properly belonging to the lecture-room. True, the noise arising from a class properly drilled might offend delicate nerves, but the beneficial results would more than compensate for any seeming irregularities in the class-room. Besides, scholars enjoy noise—to them a play, where quietness is enforced, has no charms. Now, this tendency to boisterousness needs but the guiding mind of the trainer to harness it into real service. The use of the voice on the playground is to be encouraged, for it tends to health, but in the class-room, under the skilled teacher, it tends to both health and good elocution. One may have a good voice naturally, but only by proper training can it be made to do its work efficiently in reading or speaking. By all means let the voice of students be carefully trained for the practical work of life.—*Rev. N. Burns.*

Eat Slower.

A respectable, elderly lady patient went to London to consult the very highest authority about her dyspepsia and its accompanying ailments. She waited very patiently for her turn, entered the awful presence, told her pitiful story, put out her furred and creased tongue.

The doctor listened and said: "Um! ah! yes, just so!" Then he looked profoundly, awfully wise.

"Now, doctor, what shall I do? I have tried everything, and nothing does me any good. Can you do anything to help me?"

"Yes, madam; you must eat slower."

She waited for her prescription, but the doctor did not write; and was evidently expecting her to go. He thought she might be hard of hearing, and spoke louder, "Eat slower."

By an involuntary, but slight movement of his right hand she saw there was nothing to do but pay the fee. The two ginueas dropped, and she sadly left his presence.

Two guineas for two words! But they are richly worth the money. "Eat slower" is very wise and very important counsel. There is a time for everything—and as eating is one of the most important things of our moral life, the time we take to do it rightly is of very great importance.

Make Friends.

Life is very critical. Any word may be our last. Any farewell, even amid glee and merriment, may be forever. If this truth but burned into our consciences, and if it ruled as a deep conviction and real power in our lives, would it not give a new meaning to our human relationship? Would it not make us far more tender than we sometimes are? Would it not often put a rein on our rash and impetuous speech? Would we carry in our hearts the miserable suspicions and jealousies that now so often embitter the fountain of our lives? Would we be so impatient of the faults of others? Would we allow trivial misunderstandings to build up a wall between us and those who ought to stand very close to us? Would we keep alive petty quarrels year after year, which a manly word any day would compose? Would we pass old friends and neighbors on the street without recognition, because of some real or fancied slight, some wounding pride, or some ancient grudge? Or would we be chary of the kind words, or commendations, our sympathy, our comfort, when weary hearts all about us are breaking for just such expressions of interest or appreciation as we have in our power to give.

Hornets.

There is an old woman on Catharine street who delights to find a case that all the doctors have failed to cure and then go to work with herbs and strong things and try to effect at least an improvement.

A few days ago she got hold of a girl with a stiff neck and she offered an old negro named Uncle Tom Kelly fifty cents to get her a hornet's nest. This was to be steeped in vinegar and applied to the neck. The old man spent several days along the Holden road, and one morning he secured his prize and brought it home in a basket. When he reached Central market he had a few little purchases to make, and after getting some tea at a grocery he placed his basket on a barrel near the stove and went to look for a beef bone.

It was a dull day for trade. The grocer sat by the stove rubbing his bald head. His clerk stood at the desk balancing accounts, and three or four men lounged around. It was a serene hour. One hundred and fifty hornets had gone to roost in that nest for the winter. The genial atmosphere began to limber them up. One old veteran opened his eyes, rubbed his legs and said it was the shortest winter he had ever known in all his hornet days. A second shook off his lethargy and seconded the motion, and in five minutes the whole nest was alive and its owners were ready to sail out and investigate.

You don't have to hit a hornet with the broadside of an ax to make him mad. He's mad all over all the time, and he doesn't care a picayune whether he tackles a humming-bird or an elephant.

The grocer was telling one of the men that he and General Grant were boys together, when he gave a sudden start of surprise. This was followed by several other starts. Then he jumped over a barrel of sugar, yelling like a Pawnee. Some smiled, thinking he was after a funny climax, but it was only a minute before a solemn old farmer jumped about three feet high and came down to roll over a job lot of washboards. Then the clerk ducked his head and made a rush for the door. He didn't get there. One of the other men who had been looking up and down to see what could be the matter, felt suddenly called upon to go home. He was going at the rate of forty miles an hour when he collided with the clerk and they rolled on the floor together. There was no use to tell the people in that store to move on. They couldn't tarry to save 'em. The all felt that the rent was two high, and that they must vacate the premises. A yell over the cheese-box was answered by a war-whoop from the show-case. A howl from the kerosene barrel near the back door was answered by wild gestures around the show window.

The crowd went out together. Uncle Tom was just coming in with his beef bone. When a larger body meets a smaller one the larger body knocks it into the middle of next week. The old man laid around in the slush until everybody had stepped on him all they wanted to, and then he set up and asked:

'Hey dey got de fiah all put out yit?

Some of the hornets sailed out of doors to fall by the wayside, and others waited around on top of barrels and baskets and jars to be slaughtered. It was half an hour before the last one was disposed of, and then Uncle Tom walked in, picked up the nest, and said:

'Mebbe dis will cure de stiffness in dat gal's neck, jest de same, but I tell you I'ze got banged an' bumped, an' sot down on till it will take a hull medical college all winter long to get me so I kin jump off a street kyar,'
—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LARGE ORDER FOR LOCOMOTIVES.—Recently the Baldwin Locomotive Works received from the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company an order for 144 locomotives, an increase of equipment made necessary by the southern extension of the road. This is said to be the largest order for locomotives in one block ever placed. The cost of the locomotives will be over $1,000,000. The work will be done during next summer and fall.

Our Yankee neighbors are smart. At the recent railroad disaster at Tioga, N. Y., several safes belonging to the American Express Company were burnt but as they contained paper money as well as jewelry and valuables, the company did not then and there open the safes to see how they had stood the effect of fire, but forthwith forwarded them to the Treasury at Washington, where, in the basement of the building they were carefully opened. A full force of experts from the redemption division of the Treasurer's office was set to work picking out and identifying their contents. In the burt mass were found jewelry, including a lot of diamonds and watches, gold and silver coin, legal tender notes, national bank notes, government coupons, and railroad bonds. The coin, which has been melted in all manner of shapes, will have to go to the mint as bullion. The jewelry except the diamonds, is worthless, but with it the Treasury has nothing to do. The burned legal tender notes are being skillfully separated by the aid of sharp, thin knives. Already the express company is safe in getting back at least $7,000 for the legal tender notes. The notes were a black mass with slight crevices on the sides, showing the separation of note from note. The scaly and brittle remains were separated with great care. The experts, by examination, were enabled to identify the notes, together with their respective numbers. They will be replaced by new notes. The work on the legal tenders is not yet over. The bank notes have not been touched as yet. One young lady is busy on the coupons, and has identified a number of 4 per cent. coupons representing $500 each, and 4½ per cent. coupons representing $11.75 each. These will also be redeemed. The railroad bonds, of course, are not redeemable by the government, but they will be identified. The bank notes, when identified, will be redeemed. Such is the expertness with which, apparently, nothing but black brittle masses are handled that it is very likely that every note, coupon and bond that was burned will be separated and identified.

To American Astronomers.

Learning that the imperial Academy of Sciences of Vienna has withdrawn its offer of a gold medal valued at $60 for the discovery of comets, and being desirous that the search for them should not be abandoned, I hereby offer for every such discovery, subject to the conditions which follow, the sum of $200 in gold as a prize, to be known as the Warner Safe Remedy Prize.

Condition 1. The comet must be unexpected and telescopic, excepting only the comet of 1812, which is expected to reappear during the coming year.

Condition 2. The first discovery must be made in the United States or Canada.

Condition 3. Immediate notification by telegraph must be made to Prof. Lewis Swift, of Rochester, Director of the Warner Observatory, who will cause the same to be cabled to Europe, and will also send notification to astronomers in this country by special circulary or associated press dispatches.

Condition 4. The telegram must give the time of discovery, the position, direction and daily rate of motion with sufficient exactness to enable at least one astronomer to find it.

Condition 5. In event of any dispute which may arise regarding priority of claim or non-conformity with the conditions named, the decision shall be referred to Prof. Asaph Hall, of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., and Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton Observatory, and their decision shall be final.

The above offer, unless previously renewed, will expire January 1st, 1882.

H. H. WARNER.

Rochester, N. Y., January 5, 1881.

Women govern us. Let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.—*Sheridan.*

A Great Drainage Project.

It is reported from Florida that an agreement has been entered into between the State authorities and certain Northern and Western capitalists to drain Lake Okeechobee and the great swamp region southward known as the Everglades. The lake is about thirty miles by forty, and the entire area to be reclaimed is nearly twice as large as the State of New Jersey. The projectors claim that the drained land will make the best sugar country in the world. How they propose to accomplish the work is not stated. So long as the South has so much waste land suitable for sugar growing, without drainage, an undertaking of the sort described would seem to be rather speculative than practical.