

Deep on the convent roof the snows Are sparkling to the moon; My breath to heaven in vapor goes: May my soul follow soon!

As these white robes are soiled and dark, To yonder shining ground; As this pale paper's earthly spark, To yonder argent round;

He lifts me to the golden doors; The fashions come and go; All heaven bursts her starry floors, And strews her lights below;

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Degradation of Women.

The phrase at the head of this article was suggested by reading John Stuart Mill's "Subjection of Women." It must be conceded that many of Mr. Mill's opinions are extreme and untenable; e. g., that there has never been a form of servitude so deeply rooted and so abject as that of women to men, as it is at present legalized by the marriage contract.

But it is equally certain that there is a modicum of truth in what he says against the prevalent pernicious custom of educating women solely with a view to marriage. This, it seems to me, is the real cause of the political and social degradation of women; and here is the point at issue between Mr. Mill and that able and accomplished critic and reviewer, Mr. W. R. Greg.

The latter, in his book entitled "Literary and Social Judgments," has an essay on "Why are Women Redeemed?" in which he says: "Cellary, when Nature has prescribed, and becomes anything but exceptional, is one of the surest and most menacing symptoms of something gravely and radically wrong. Therefore it is that all those efforts on which a chivalric or compassionate benevolence is now so intent to render single life as easy, as attractive, and as lucrative to women, as unhappily other influences to which we have alluded have already made it to men, are efforts in a wrong direction; spontaneous and natural, no doubt, to the tender heart of humanity, which seeks first to relieve suffering and only at a later date begins to think of curing disorder, but not to be smiled upon nor aided by wise prescribers for the maladies of states."

To endeavor to make women independent of men, to multiply and facilitate their employments; to enable them to earn a separate and ample subsistence by competing with the harder sex in those careers and occupations hitherto set apart for that sex alone; to induce them generally into vocations not only as interesting and beneficent and therefore as appropriate, but specially and definitely as lucrative; to surround single life for them with so smooth an entrance and such a pleasant, ornamented, comfortable path that marriage shall almost come to be regarded not as their most honorable function and especial calling, but merely one of many ways open to them, competing on equal terms with other ways for their cold and philippic choice:—this would appear to be the aim of many female reformers, and of one man of real pre-eminence:—Mr. Mill doubtless—"wise and far-sighted in most questions, but here strangely and intrinsically at fault. Few more radical or more fatal errors, we are satisfied, philanthropy has ever made, though her course everywhere lies marked and strewn with wrecks and failures, and astounding theories and incredible assumptions."

Stripped of unnecessary verbiage and reduced to a logical form of statement, the position of Mr. Greg is precisely this: "It is necessary to society that women should marry. They will not do so unless they are compelled. Therefore, it is necessary that they should be compelled." The method of compulsion proposed is, to so hedge up their way to honorable and lucrative employments as to render it impossible for them to earn a separate and ample subsistence, so to make it "impossible for them" so unprofitable that they shall be forced to marry in order to obtain their support. Now in the name of common decency and honor we protest against this as the grossest degradation, as well as the

grossest injustice to women. If it be true, as Mr. Mill says, that the majority of men hold this theory, then it is not surprising that he should pronounce the condition of women as one of "deeply rooted and abject servitude."

But for our part we know of no man of average intelligence and refinement, whatever might be his general opinion, who would be willing to stand by it when thus reduced to its logical result. In other words, the better class of men are in this respect as also in many others, better than their creed. This Mr. Mill concedes, and therefore all the more deplorable what he conceives to be the fact, that they tolerate laws and customs which give to base and ignorant men entire domination over their wives, and enable them to effectually hedge up the way of single women to an honorable life, by closing against them all avenues to independent self-support.

And what could have a more degrading effect upon the character of a young woman than the conviction that her only path to respectability or subsistence is marriage; that she is born not to any independent dignity and usefulness in life, but only to complete or embellish the existence of some as yet unknown man? And when we consider what a lottery marriage is, how uncertain that it will be happy, and how many contingencies and conditions are in the way of such a consummation, it is surely apparent that nothing can be more paralyzing and debasing to the nobler energies and instincts of womanhood, than that she should be limited to this one exceedingly precarious chance for happiness and usefulness.

Let it be granted that Mr. Greg's fundamental position, that in the Divine economy the highest "vocation and function" of women is marriage, and that Nature indicates that with rare exceptions, each woman should be happily wedded with one man. Certainly "that were a consummation devoutly to be wished." But it does not follow that it can be attained by adopting toward women any such method of proscription and compulsion as he proposes. To our mind the best possible way to realize his project for pairing the human family, is to place both sexes on a precisely equal footing, to make the woman as independent of the man as the man is independent of the woman, and leave both equally free to refuse or to choose marriage.

Other People's Grindstones.

When the armies of the North and South were lying in winter quarters once, a soldier started out for the purpose of grinding his axe. The camp being wholly without the luxury of a grindstone, the soldier set out on a search among the neighboring farms. After an absence of several hours he returned with his axe as dull as ever. "What's the matter, John?" asked his messmate, "couldn't you find anybody to lend you a grindstone?"

"Oh! yes, they were all willing enough to lend," he replied, "but somehow each one of them wanted to lend me somebody's else grindstone, and I couldn't find anybody willing to lend his own." Now we suppose that nearly everybody indulges on occasions, in the sort of liberality which was prevalent in the neighborhood of that camp. We are all of us willing enough to lend somebody's else grindstone. It costs nothing whatever to gratify our generous instincts by imagining the munificence with which we should bestow aims, or the liberality with which we should conduct business, if we had Mr. X's money.

Of a similar sort is a good deal of our moralizing upon other people's lives and a good deal of our planning for our own conduct in the future. And we suspect that sentimentality of this inexpensive kind governs many of our harsher judgments of our fellow-men. When Byron flung mud at his fellows who accepted pay for their literary work, his bank account was in a satisfactory condition, and when it ceased to be so, he was ready enough in his turn to exchange his rhymes for guineas. And even now, in this practical money-getting age, there is unquestionably a prevalent idea that for author or artist to pay ordinary attention to the productiveness of his work, is unworthy. The merchant or other business man who admits the smallest particle of sentiment into the conduct of his business loses caste at once, as a visionary and impractical man, to give credit to whom is dangerous, but the author and the artist are held to a strict account for every lapse from the plane of high sentimentality, on which for some inscrutable reason the world has chosen to place their work. Now the fact is, that with a rare exception here and there, the workers with pen and pencil are poor, and they work as the merchant and the mechanic do, for daily bread. They must do the work for which there is a demand, or they must suffer want inevitably. But the world insists that they shall be "loyal to their high ideals," and if they fail in this, it condemns them utterly. Nobody ever thinks of saying to the carpenter, "You ought not to work upon stables or cow houses. Your genius is for lofty spires, and you should be true to your genius, and not prostitute it to the mere making of money." We do not condemn the merchant because he sells calicoes when silks and laces are not wanted. But we do deal on precisely that principle with writers and artists. And writers and artists are wont to accept the absurd

treatment as just. If they find themselves forced to do a bit of marketable, commonplace work now and then, in order that they may get the bread for their children which the pursuit of high ideals will not bring, they hide the fact away as they would hide a crime, lest they be called "mercenary," and so be forever disgraced in the eyes of a money-getting world, which holds them bound to starve on high principles of self-abnegation, while it rolls on in luxury and comfort which the author or the artist may not dare to seek. Not long ago one of our great dailies in an editorial article bitterly bewailed the fate of some artist, who finding that his pursuit of high ideals was starving his children, wrote his own obituary, and proceeded thenceforth to paint the commonplace pictures which the world wants, and so purchased comfort for himself and his family, as the newspaper seemed to think, at a lamentably high cost.

Now to our thought that artist was simply sensible. The work upon which he turned nobody would buy. That which he did afterwards people wanted and were willing to pay for. As it was honest work, why in the name of all that is sensible should he not do it? Neither writer nor artist has a right to do bad work, dishonest work, immoral work, however profitable its doing may be, just as the merchant who sells flour has no right to sell adulterated flour; but it does not follow that the writer or artist may not do work of a less artistically excellent kind than he might, any more than that the merchant may not sell the coarser and cheaper grades of flour when there is a demand for the poorer and none for the higher product. It is the right and the duty of every man to make a living for himself and his family, and all honest endeavor to that end is eminently honorable and praiseworthy. To set up for one class of workers a rule to which we do not subject others, is simply to be very generous indeed in the lending of other people's grindstones.—Hearth and Home.

"Glad Twice."

We have no great faith in adages. Proverbs have an unfortunate habit of being false, for one thing, and even when they are not altogether so, they are apt to teach only one side of a truth, which is nearly and sometimes quite as bad as teaching a falsehood outright. Their pithiness, too, and their extreme convenience make them dangerous in the hands of vague thinkers, who, finding it difficult to systematize their own thought, adopt instead the formulated idea of somebody else, and accept its terseness as proof of its truth.

And yet now and then one runs across a proverb which is a bit of crystallized wisdom, perfect in substance as well as in shape. Of this sort is the seldom-heeded recipe for hospitality—"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." The half of hospitality lies in the speeding of parting guests. Lavish welcomes are easily enough bestowed, but the hospitable thought must be very genuine, indeed, which dares to leave the guest as free and as well as when he came. We all suffer now and then from undue urging to stay when we prefer to go, and nearly every one of us is himself a sinner in this regard too. No sooner does the guest intimate a wish to terminate his visit than we fly in the face of his desire, and urge him to stay longer. We sometimes do this, too (do we not?), as a mere matter of duty, when in our hearts we care very little whether he goes or stays. We feel ourselves bound to show our appreciation of our friend's visit by asking that he prolong it. Now, true hospitality ought to learn its lesson better than this. Our effort should be, from first to last, to make our friend's visit thoroughly pleasant and agreeable to him. We strive for this result in welcoming him. It is the desire to do this which prompts us to offer him the most comfortable chair and to set out our viands, if he break bread with us. It is that he may enjoy his stay that we take pains to talk only upon agreeable topics. In short, from the time he crosses our threshold until he rises to leave, we courteously endeavor to make the moments slip by as pleasantly as possible. But the moment he asks for his hat our courtesy fails us. Hitherto we have studied to anticipate and gratify his every wish. Now that he wishes to go, however, we endeavor to thwart his pleasure. We selfishly try to turn him from his purpose to ours. We wish him to stay, while he wishes to go. Courtesy would prompt us to give his wish precedence to our own, but, as a rule, we ask him to sacrifice his own to our pleasure.

Probably very few of us are ever conscious of being discourteous in this matter. On the contrary, in the very act of being inhospitable, we think we attest our hospitality. "Pray do not feel the least uneasiness about coming or not coming to us," writes a model woman in a letter now before us, in reply to a friend's partial acceptance of her invitation. "The best hospitality leaves its guest free to follow his own way, I think. You shall come if you like, stay as long as you will, and go when you prefer; and whatever you do, we shall believe to be best." If only you have a pleasant visit, all will be well." Reading that, we sat down to preach a little sermon on it, but the text so completely covers the ground that there remains next to nothing to be said about it. The old Vir-

ginians, of all people the most truly given to hospitality, have a rule of life which they pithily put in this wise: "When we go visiting, we must not make the host glad twice, glad when we come and glad when we go." An equally good rule would be to take care that we do make our guests glad twice—when they are welcomed, and when the truly hospitable host forbears to oppress them with invitations to stay longer than is agreeable to them.—Ibid.

A Humbug Exposed.

Materialized Spirits that could not come when called—Katie in Boy's Clothing—A Medium in Trouble.

About 7 o'clock the party of twenty who had been selected as the ones to attend Mr. and Mrs. Holmes' seance in this place met, as agreed upon, at the house of Mr. Lyon, where the mediums are stopping, and after some time being spent in getting the preliminaries arranged, and each one being seated under the personal direction of Mrs. Holmes, one of the party, Mr. H. S. Knight, requested the privilege of selecting some one of the party to occupy the bedroom adjoining the cabinet. Mr. Holmes objected to this plan very decidedly, but Mrs. Holmes, who by the way, is much the cooler of the two, consented to the arrangement, and Mr. H. Cooper was called upon to select the party, which he did, and his selection was Mr. Lyman Goodrich, one of our responsible men here.

As usual the friends of the mediums were so seated as to be in the front circle, with one exception, this being the nephew of Mr. Holmes, one Gilbert, who took his seat at the side of the door leading from the room into the dining room adjoining. Everything being finally arranged, it was decided by the mediums to first hold a dark seance, as it seems they always do when some one is in the bedroom. The lights were accordingly blown out, and Mrs. Holmes went into what she called a trance, and took the part of Rosa, an Indian girl, and then commenced the slinging of banjo rings and bells promiscuously about the room. We wish to state at this point that our friend Peter Miller was seated on one side of the door, near the said Gilbert, and getting rather tired he leaned up against the door, and about this time Rosa called for some one to hold the medium's hands, and the choice fell on our friend Peter Miller, who was holding the door. But, of course, Mrs. Holmes did not notice this little fact. He very quietly asked a party by his side to take his place and also be tired, and lean against the door. Mr. Miller was pronounced by the little Injun to be a healing medium, and advised him to give up his deputy sheriff's office and hang out his shingle, and Peter said he would think of it a while first.

He then took his old position, and soon after there was a slight rustling heard in the dining room (the door being slightly ajar) and some one gently pushed at the door, but finding some one against it they made no further attempt for several moments, when it was attempted again.

At this time the light was turned up, and after some of the most "harmonious" singing, the medium called on "Katie King" to show herself to the audience, but "Katie" came not. Then we had some more of that "heavenly" music, and every eye was on the cabinet, and again "Katie" was asked to appear, but still no "Katie" came. It was again made dark, and we had some more of the guitar slinging by "Katie," and fell on our knees, and dark workers, and again the light was turned up, and "Katie" was called again; but it was no go. Mrs. Holmes almost begged her to come, as she said she would rather see almost any other time; but all the persuasions could not get "Katie" to give up her roost in the wood shed, where, in despair of getting by Miller's guard on the door, she had taken refuge.

But she became frightened about this time, and she made a break from the wood shed across the adjoining lot. She did not have the angelic look about her that she displays at her exit from the cabinet, but was attired in boy's clothes.

Her exit from this woodshed attracted the attention of one of the outside patrol, and she was ordered to stop by a party who was resting behind the fence, but she took "leg bail" and the party after her. She was caught and found to be attired in boy's clothing and sporting a gutta-percha cane, resembling very much the one usually carried by Mr. Holmes. The cane was broken in the scuffle, and she begged and pleaded to be released, saying she would not be detected for the world, that her father was rich and respectable, etc. By some means she succeeded in getting away from her captor, but left the broken end of the cane with him. She was afterwards seen in company with the man Gilbert, and again entered in the house of the Holmes'. When the young man told the story it seemed hard of belief, and the party went to the place where it was stated the scuffle took place, and indeed impressions of the feet of the parties were discovered.

Another proof was given this morning, when a search near the place of the struggle was rewarded by finding another piece of the broken cane. Then certain parties called on Mr. Holmes, requesting

him to produce the gutta-percha cane he was in the habit of carrying, but he flatly refused to do so. The excitement in Blissfield is very great, and public opinion is that the mediums are the most complete and most dangerous humbugs that have ever been in the country. There is no question of one thing, and that is, if they allow some one in the bedroom adjoining their cabinet, and those in the audience are sharp, they will have no Miss Katie King, alias Mrs. Eliza White, of Philadelphia.—Adrian Times.

A Lost Race.

A correspondent—whose statement has since been verified—writing from one of the mining settlements on the shores of Lake Superior, says that the remains of a considerable number of ancient copper mines have lately been discovered on Isle Royale, Thunder Bay, on the northern border of the lake, which exhibit undoubted evidence of having been worked by a race of men long since extinct, and the present day. The shafts of considerable depth, filled and choked with the accumulated debris of ages, have been opened, and in penetrating to a depth of sixty feet, tools of wonderful workmanship have been discovered, together with charcoal remains, which mark the point where skilled artisans formed, from copper, tools whose temper and durability would astonish the ingenious makers of the present day. Hammers and chisels seemed to have been the principal implements for working the mine, which, together with the fire, reduced the ore to a condition which rendered its removal in detail easily accomplished. Finely tempered knife blades have been picked out of the pit, and granite hammers of such a size as to require the strength of an ordinary man to wield successfully.

These discoveries wonderful as they are do not stand alone, nor do they present any new facts in relation to the people who formerly inhabited this continent. They simply go to strengthen the evidence that, centuries before the written history of America, powerful and civilized communities occupied every portion of its domain, who disappearing, left behind them proofs of their progress in the arts and sciences, and their indubitable skill in architecture. For three thousand miles along the valleys of our great western rivers traces of towns and cities occur at intervals, together with the remains of large fortified encampments, which show, from their position and arrangement, that their builders were no mean adepts in the art of warfare. Vast tumuli, with the dead buried in a sitting posture, and at their feet shells unknown (?) to this continent, exist by the hundreds in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. In the dense Yucatan forests there are ruins of temples and palaces, resembling in solidity of construction, massiveness of materials, general design and execution, the ancient remains of the old Egyptian dynasty. Yet neither in Western America nor in Yucatan exists the faintest tradition as to that mysterious race which has left behind it the imperishable record of its genius and civilization. We can do nothing but conjecture. Pursue our investigations as we may, we are still led back to the starting point, with no more definite knowledge than we set out with. The thread is lost nevermore to be recovered.

It is a singular fact that, thus far, there has never been discovered any of the ruins, or in connection with the tools and war implements mentioned, any mark, letter or trace whereon any clue, either to the origin, customs, or language of this mysterious race, might be caught or gathered up. In Europe the gradual process of development from a half savage to the high culture of the present day, may be traced stage by stage, and every distinct era marked by a definite date. But here the links that bound one generation to another have been abruptly severed, and the mound builders of the Ohio, the architects of the Copan and Palenque, and the copper-workers on the shores of Lake Superior alike lie beyond the reach of the historian and the speculations of the archeologist. The relics they have left behind them only serve to excite the conjectures of the scientific. Possibly, in some yet undiscovered ruin or tomb, the key may be found to the problem which now puzzles the world; but then it is only a possibility. There is little doubt that the mystery will remain until the great day when the sea gives up its dead and the past be stretched before us like a scroll.

A SMART TRADESMAN NON-PLUSES THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.—For over a year past complaints have frequently been made by a leading colored tradesman in our town that his foreign creditors did not receive the amounts of small post-office orders he purchased at the office here. The books of our postmaster have been frequently examined and found all ways to tally with his advices to the various pay offices, when lo! and behold, it has just transpired that the aforesaid tradesman always filed away his money orders as receipts, and wrote his creditors that he had forwarded the amount due by P. O. O. The tradesman has got more ready money to-day than he knows what to do with, and says his mistake has been as good an investment as owning bank or insurance stock.—Farm., Va., Mercury.

The Brighton Aquarium.

One of the largest and most successful aquaria is that at Brighton, England. It is a private enterprise, and of very recent origin. It was originated by Mr. Edward Birch, an English engineer of note, who organized a stock company with a capital of £20,000. The work of construction was begun in 1859, and the building was formally thrown open to the public in August, 1872. The building stands upon the sea-beach, in front of the Marine Parade, its roof being a little below the level of that promenade. It has a total length of 715 feet, with a width of 100 feet. The interior is divided into two corridors, on either side of which stand the tanks containing the fish. The dominant style of architecture is the Italian, and highly ornate. The roof of the corridors is arched and groined, "constructed of variegated bricks, and supported on columns of Bath stone, polished, serpentine marble, and Aberdeen granite. The capital of each column is elaborately carved in some appropriate marine device, while the floor, in correspondence, is laid out in acrotic tiles." The tanks number forty-one. Their fronts are made of blue glass, one inch thick, divided into sheets three feet wide and six feet high, supported by upright iron mullions. At the eastern end of the west or main corridor is a fernery, with rock-work and cascade. Many of the tanks are also supplied with ornamental rock-work. For the accommodation of visitors there are a restaurant, dining-hall, and reading-room, in the building. The smallest tank measures 11 feet long by 10 broad, and contains about 1,000 gallons of water, while the largest measures 130 feet long, 30 broad, and holds 110,000 gallons. The latter is large enough to accommodate a small whale. At present, however, it contains only a porpoise, a few dog-fish, a ray, and several turtles. Six tanks are devoted to fresh-water animals, the rest to marine. The water of the latter is pumped up from the sea by steam when needed, but is never changed in any of the tanks except when required by turbidity, or any accident, such as the cracking of a front. To secure abundant aeration each tank is supplied with several vulcanite tubes, entering at the top and descending to the bottom. An air-pump, situated at one end of the building, and worked by steam, forces a stream of air into the tank through each tube. The result is, a constant bubbling up of the water.—From Popular Science Monthly for October.

A Fish Story.

A Florida correspondent, in the course of an interesting communication regarding Florida fisheries, says: "The best fishermen in Florida are the pelicans and ospreys. A pelican consumes about a peck of fish a day. They flock about the inlets and straits by thousands. Supposing there are 2,000,000 pelicans in Florida—there are certainly more than that—they would eat 500,000 bushels of fish each day, or 182,500,000 bushels per year. The million upon millions of white and blue crabs, herons, curlews, gulls, fish hawks, kingfishers, and other water-fowl, devour thousands of bushels of fish every twenty-four hours.

"An experienced Cracker estimates that 800,000 bushels of fish a day are required to feed the birds of Florida alone. This would make 225,000,000 bushels each year. Add to this the billions of fish swallowed by sharks, bass, and others, and the sum total will reach nearly 2,000,000,000 bushels destroyed by feathered and finny fishermen on the peninsula in twelve months. At first sight these figures appear enormous; but let any man make his own estimate, and carefully figure it up, and he will find them under instead of over."

Didn't Like It.

A stranger, about as broad through the shoulders as a table, says the Detroit Free Press, was eating a free lunch in a Randolph street saloon yesterday, when three roughs came in. They seemed to take an antipathy to the stranger at first sight, and it wasn't long before one of them snatched a tin canny from that sure red hair. The stranger glanced over that way, but said nothing. "And I can whip any man with a wart on his nose," said the second. The stranger chewed away at his crackers as if he didn't care, and the third man said: "I'm just aching to knock the head off of some country galoot." Even that didn't move the stranger, and finally one of the trio walked over to his table, looked at him in contempt, and deliberately spit on the stranger's boot. He waited to drink the last of his beer, and then got up, gave himself a shake, and he knocked the roughs down one after the other, striking with both fists and striking blows. He waited for them to get up, and as they dropped into chairs to analyze their feelings, he coolly remarked: "How do you like it as far as you've gone?" They hadn't a word to say, and he walked out.

If God could manage his ways according to our prescriptions, what satisfaction would God have? or what satisfaction would the world have? He might be unjust to himself and unjust to others. Your own complaints would not be stilled when you should feel the smart of your own counsels; yet if they were, what satisfaction could there be to the complaints of others, whose interests, and therefore judgment and desires, lie cross to yours? Murnaur, therefore, whoever it be, in the world is the work of a wise agent, who acts for the perfection of the whole universe; and why should I murmur at that which promotes the common happiness and perfection—that being better and more desirable than the perfection of any one particular person? Must a lutist break all his strings because one is out of tune?—Charnock.

Washington Echo: We are reliably informed that in the office of Mr. J. Gray Blount, in this town, in 1830, there was the skin of a rattlesnake, killed in Hyde county, on the North Lake, 23 feet long, and as large as the body of a man, on which there were seventy-five rattles. Also, that one was killed in Martin county, in 1871, near Waring, with 63 rattles!

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RATES OF ADVERTISING: One square, one time, \$ 1 00; " " two times, " 1 50; " " three times, " 2 00.

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A Valuable Recipe.

The Journal of Chemistry publishes a recipe for the destruction of insects, which, if it be one half as efficacious as it is claimed to be, will prove invaluable. Hot alum water is a recent suggestion as an insecticide. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, chinch bugs, and all the crawling pests which infest our houses. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it then stand on the fire till the alum disappears; then apply it with a brush, which will nearly bring to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry-shelves and the like. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting, or mop-boards, if you suspect that they harbor vermin. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the lime, it will also serve to keep insects at a distance. Cockroaches will flee the paint, which has been washed in cool alum water. Sugar barrels and boxes can be freed from ants by drawing a chalk mark just around the edge of the top of them. The mark must be unbroken, or they will creep over it; but a continuous chalk mark half an inch in width will set their depredateions at naught. Powdered alum or borax will keep the chinch bugs at a respectable distance, and travelers should always carry a panage in their hand bags, to scatter over them under their pillows in places where they have reason to suspect the presence of such bedfellows.

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There are thirty cotton mills in the State.