

WHAT THE BIRDS CAN DO. The gradual disappearance of grouse and quail from our prairies, and the simultaneous destruction of the vegetation by grasshoppers, have led many to give the matter consideration, to form the belief that the latter is the natural result of the former. In districts impoverished by the ravens and sects, it is said that the birds had driven away the game, the grasshopper came, and prior to the wholesale slaughter of the birds, continuing through successive years, the plague was known. It is reasonable that the birds preserved the country by the grasshoppers by destroying them before they attained sufficient vitality to undertake the mastication of a railroad track, a stone fence. Ornithologists entertain the same degree of appreciation for the grasshopper that the English sparrow does for the caterpillar, and every spring they inaugurate a crusade against the embryos, and prosecute their operations with such a commendable vigor as to exterminate almost entirely. But when a pettier interferes with his relentless appetite for table delicacies, keeps the shot towers busy supplying him with the necessary munition to slay the birds, the boot is on the other leg, the course, and the feathered tenants of the prairie, being immolated the millions upon the kitchen range, insects of every species thrive, and agriculture succumbs to the devastations of the insatiable hordes. The matter is worthy of the legislative Solons, and law should be enacted restraining the gunners, for of late squabblers has commanded such a high price in the Eastern markets that the extinction of the game is threatened, as the young birds are killed before they have assisted in the propagation of their species.—*Louis Times.*

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—One half bushel green tomatoes; one half-peck onions; two hard heads of cabbage. Cut the above very fine, and salt down separately overnight, and squeeze out in the morning perfectly dry; then mix together; then in a stone jar lay first a layer of the pickles, and then a layer of spices, &c., with a plenty of table-mustard and horseradish, and then cover with cold vinegar. Spice to your taste. Put in also green peppers.

Why Will Our Friends Treat Us So?

The Express wagon drives up to our office door and out jumps the courteous, efficient and popular Agent, Mr. Thomas Pence, and with an ominous smile hand us a package. With the curiosity of a woman we hurry into it, whether suspecting it to be an infernal machine or not, and behold the grapes from Messrs. H. R. Horne & Co., Fayetteville. Packed full is the box and more than a half dozen different varieties, and all so excellent that we shall defer until another number and get the opinion of a fair friend as to the best, and we intend to give it. To these gentlemen we feel under obligations for their kind remembrance.

Again comes Mr. Pence, and always with such courtesy we are glad to see him, and with another box. "Now friend Pence, what have you got here?" we remarked. "I don't know," he replies; "but something good, I suppose." With the curiosity again of a woman, the top is pulled off the box—split and torn in pieces. Down goes our hand in the straw, and we draw out a bottle marked "Imperial," made of grapes raised on the Vineyard of G. W. Garrett & Co., Ringwood, Halifax county, North Carolina. Again, another bottle comes out, marked "Red," the other was white. Now another, labelled "Mish Scuppernong;" still another, this time "Halifax Port" from Seedling, of Halifax county. Once more comes up a bottle, but of "Catawba Brandy," equal to France best, we verily believe. However, we have in view a judge, and the result at length we shall make known at an early day, as it could not be expected even with stout aid, one could examine one and a half-dozen bottles in so short a time as two days. But we will say this, Prof. Kerr, our State Geologist, happened to be in our office when we were taking the bottles out, and knowing him to be one of our best judges of wine, we opened a bottle, and he pronounced it equal to some of the wines of fine brand he sampled in Europe, when there at the Vienna Exposition. But more of this hereafter, for here is Mr. Pence again, with still another box, Grapes from Warren Co., and when we learn to whom we are indebted for them, they shall have the praise of being clever and kind, and of possessing the foresight to send the most delicious grapes just where they will be the most appreciated and the longest recollected. Fifty pounds of grapes is no small present.

Thus the good example of the ladies; they commenced with flowers, now comes the fruit. Gentlemen, we can take care of all you will send, and don't think we are surfeited for we are not, and will without hesitation so say when we are. We feel flattered by such attention and shall never forget it. We must, too, acknowledge

with gratitude the invitations pouring upon us to the feast of the Grangers in different sections of our State, and sincerely regret our inability, at this time, to be with our brothers on the occasions referred to. One of the greatest benefits to the members of the Grange comes from these social gatherings. In fact, it is of great interest to North Carolina, as they improve and exalt her citizens. It induces, too, men to speak; some of the wisest, who would not in a formal meeting, and give their experience in business to their neighbors and friends.

Literary Gossip.

After trying one's eyes over the small print and double column of most of the "soft backed" literature of the present day, it is a gratification of the taste, as well as a "sight for sair een," to take up one of the publications of E. J. Hale & Son, who send us this week "Harwood," a novel by the author of the "Odd Trump," and four new volumes of their Thistle edition of the Waverly Novels. There is an appropriateness of binding, a clearness of print, and a creamy thickness of paper in all the books of this firm, which reminds us of the much praised English editions. Indeed, in some respect, the books of Hale & Son are superior to English books of the same class, being better bound and far cheaper.

As a novel "Harwood" is not equal to the "Odd Trump," it has the same defects, and not so many redeeming points. The story proper does not begin till the eighth chapter, the first seven being taken up with an account of how the book came into existence in its manuscript form, and then how it emerged from the chrysalis into a butterfly novel. Harper Brothers are showed up under the thin disguise of Fidler Brothers, and an exaggerated account given of the Author's trials in search of a publisher, which is neither interesting in itself, nor necessary to the story. In fact, these seven chapters are a decided blemish, and the book is sufficiently heavily weighted without them. There is, however, good material in it, and had the author left out the unnecessary characters, who add nothing to the interest of the story, and such description of the drawing of a tooth for the hero, and the theological discussions of Mr. Gowrie and Doctor Markham, it would have been greatly improved. The introduction of a casual infidel, and his conversion by a few pages of wishy-washy, so called, argument is a decided flaw in the artistic arrangement of the story, which, not being a religious novel had better not have touched on theology at all.

The double disguise of Barnard Harwood is well managed, and, not till he reveals himself on his death bed, is a suspicion aroused of who he really is; but the device of making the hero believe his lady-love is en-

gaged to another is too thin to deceive the most unsuspecting reader. We see through it at once and are only surprised at his stupidity.

"The Heart of Mid Lothian" and "Old Mortality," the last two of the Thistle Edition of Scott's novels, fully sustain the credit of those that preceded them. We have already said so much of these books that nothing is left for us to say, except our unfading wonder at their beauty and low price. Only \$1.50 a volume, beautifully bound, in green and gold, and printed in clear type on tinted paper. The Messrs. Hale have, also, recently issued a volume of poems by Paul Hayne, "The Mountain of the Lovers," is the title taken from the longest, but by no means the best in the collection. This is a companion volume to the "Poems of Henry Timrod" published by this house about a year ago. M. B. C.

Duke of Maplehurst.

Sire Badger (825,) Dam Clemence (3110,) his Sire Caractacus (314,) her Dam Minna (625,) bred by Ramsey McHenry, of Maryland, will be six months old to a day during the week of the State Fair, or on the 17th October next. It is really now a magnificent calf, and will be registered in the Herd book. Not a dollar less than one hundred and fifty could have bought him from the original owner. We repeat, the animal is a present to us, and thinking probably it would better carry out the object of the donor—that is to improve our stock, we concluded to give the calf at the Fair, where it will be on exhibition, to the Grange in the State furnishing us up to that period with the largest list of subscribers. Of course, then the calf, if nothing unusual to it occurs, will be worth more than double its present value.

We would here state to Bro. Ellis, of Franklin County Grange, in answer to the enquiry, that it is "the county Granges in the State we desire to compete for the Alderney Bull."

State Lecturer's Appointments.

- Madison, Rockingham County, August 24th.
 - Danbury, Stokes County, August 26th.
 - Westfield, Surry County, August 28th.
 - Scottsville, Alleghany County, August 31st.
 - Jefferson, Ashe County, September 1st.
 - Boon, Watauga County, September 3rd.
 - Lenoir, Caldwell County, September 4th.
 - Morganton, Burke County, September 7th.
 - Marion, McDowell County, September 9th.
 - Old Fort, McDowell County, September 10th.
 - Asheville, Buncombe County, September 11th.
- The Patrons are requested to meet me at the appointment most convenient to the
- J. B. SMITH,
State Grange Lecturer.
Caswell County, Aug 9, 1875.