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Resolved, That Publishers adhere strictly to published rates, and this Convention will discountenance any editor who may deviate from the same.—[*Resolutions adopted at the Editorial Convention held in Goldsboro, the 15th May*, 1873.]

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WOMAN'S ANSWER TO A MAN'S QUESTION.

BY LENA LATHROP.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above?
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out—
Man-like you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far greater thing;
A seeker I am you've wanting for socks and for shirts,
I look for a man and a king—

A king for the beautiful realm called home,
A man that the Maker God
Shall look upon as He did on the first,
And say "it is very good."

I am fair and young but the rose will fade
From my soft cheek one day—
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves
As you did 'mong the blooms of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be?
If you give this all, I would stake my life,
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook
You can hire and little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life,
Are not to be won that way.

HOT SUMMERS.

From the records kept in Nuremburg, in Bavaria, we get the following interesting facts: "In 1132, the earth cracked by reason of the heat, the wells and streams in Alsace all dried up, and the bed of the river Rhine was dry. In 1152, the heat was so great that sand exposed to the sun's rays was hot enough to cook eggs. In 1160, great numbers of the soldiers in the campaign against Bela died from the heat. In 1276 and 1277, crops of hay and oats failed completely. In 1303 and 1304, a man could have crossed dry shod over the rivers Seine, Loire, Rhine and Danube. In 1303 and 1304, a multitude of animals perished by the heat, which was so great that the harvest dried up. In 1440, the heat was extraordinary. In 1538, 1539, 1540 and 1541, all the rivers were nearly dried up. In 1556, there was a great drought, which extended over nearly the whole of Europe. In 1615 and 1616, there was, in Italy and the Netherlands an overpowering heat. In 1648, there were 58 consecutive days of extreme heat. 1678 was very hot, as were the first three years of the 18th century. In 1718, it did not rain a single time from April till October.

The growing grain was burnt; the rivers dried up; the theatres (but wherefor is not stated) were closed by command of the police. The thermometer showed 36 degrees Reumer, equal to 118 degrees Fahrenheit. In irrigated gardens, the fruit trees bloomed. In 1723 and 1724, there was a great heat. The summer of 1746 was hot and dry, the growing grain being calcined. It did not rain for months. 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1778 and 1779, were years in which the summers were extremely hot. In the famous comet year, 1811, the summer was warm, and the wine produced that year was very precious. In 1818, the theatres had to be closed on account of the heat, the highest temperature being 35 Reumer, or 112 Fahrenheit. During the three days of the revolution of July, 1830, the thermometer stood at 35 degrees Centigrade, about 97 Fahrenheit. In 1832, during the uprising of the 5th and 6th of July, the temperature was about the same.

MICA MINES IN MITCHELL.

[Correspondence Daily News.]

We have spent the last week in visiting the mica mines in Yancey and Mitchell counties, and gathering such information regarding them as we deemed would be interesting to the public. The number of mines that have been opened is very large, but I think that very few of them have paid for the labor expended upon them. They are confined to no special locality, and mica is found and mines have been opened in every county in Western North Carolina, but the largest and most profitable are those of Yancey and Mitchell.

Mica is only found in conjunction with, or in the immediate vicinity of white quartz rock, usually lying between it and an overlying layer of feldspar, but very often deeply embedded in the quartz, and requiring the best of tools and the hardest of labor to separate it. The quartz usually lies in seams at various angles and widths, sometimes vertical, but never horizontal, and presents the appearance of having been forced up from the depth below whilst in a molten condition, the surface rocks being upheaved and split apart to give its passage, and finding these masses of mica in its way, and being indestructible by fire, they become embedded in the liquid quart or floated on its surface because of their greater specific gravity. It lies in detached masses and in pieces weighing from one to one hundred pounds, and sometimes more, and from three to twenty inches square.

When taken from the mines it is carefully cleaned and split into pieces varying in thickness from a quarter of an inch down to thin writing paper. These are marked out in various patterns as large as they will cut from 2 to 4 inches up to 12 inches square, and range in price from 25 cents to $5 per pound. After they are split and marked, they are cut into shape with a pair of tinner's shears, and thus carefully tied up in packages weighing one pound. It is used extensively, both in this country and Europe in the sides and doors of coal burning stoves, and being indestructible by fire, is the only article ever used for that purpose. There has for many years been an active demand for all that has come upon the market, and at very high prices; but the opening of the North Carolina mines has furnished an increased supply, whilst the demand has not increased, and the consequence is a falling off in price of about 40 per cent.; in the smaller sizes it is probably much greater than this, yet a good mine is very profitable at these figures. I saw one lot sold for $900 that the owner assured me cost him but $40 to prepare for market; but these instances are rare, there are a few good mines, but there are hundreds that have never paid a dollar and never will. An immense amount of time and labor has been lost in fruitless search, and I question very much if all the money that has been paid would pay 50 cents per day for all the labor that has been expended; it is a lottery in which a few have drawn prizes, but a vast amount of the tickets have simply been a blank.

A curious phenomenon connected with these mines, and one which instantly arrests the attention of the visitor, is the fact that a very large number of them present evidences of having heretofore been worked, in many instances extensive evacuations have been made and large quantities of mica have apparently been mined from them. By whom and when was this done is a question that has not as yet been satistactorily answered, and I fear never will be. The various themes that have thus far been advanced have failed to satisfy the closest observer, and it must doubtless remain a mystery, and whilst the mines, the mica, the mode of obtaining and preparing it for market, attracted my attention, nothing so deeply interested me as these evidences of the existence of a people, of whom all else is buried in oblivion. Was it the Indians we found upon the soil? The mound builders who preceded them or a people or nation unknown to either? Or was it De Soto who passed from Florida to the Mississippi in his search for gold? It could not have been De Soto, for he was but two years in his journey, and had but a handful of followers, whilst these works represent the labor of thousands of men. It was not the Indians we found upon the soil, else they would have been continued or traditions of their existence would have been handed down to us. A race that has carried tradition through centuries of the existence of the mastodon and other animals long since extinct, failed to give us any information regarding these. Mica is indestructible, fire will not burn it nor will frost disintegrate or time cause it to decay. If the Indians used it they would have fashioned it into various forms. Some of these in time would have been lost or thrown away, as were pieces of crockery ware, arrows, &c., and some of these in time would have been found again as on arrow heads and other Indian relics, but they have not been. It could not have been the mound builders for they have left evidence of their existence and civilization behind, but mica which is more indestructible than anything they have left has never been found among them. Did the mica miners exist before or after the mound builders? I think they came after, although they did not profit by the advanced civilization of the mound builders, for they, apparently were familiar with the use of metals, and had metal tools. Mica miners were a rude and barbarous race, and used only stone tools, many of which they have left behind. These are of various forms and sizes, but I do not think they have been formed by man, they being in many respects similar to thousands of others that can be picked up from the beds of the streams in the vicinity, but why did they mine it all, for what purpose was it used, and where did it go? Cortes found mica in use among the inhabitants of Mexico when he invaded it; they made mirrors of it by covering one side with a black varnish. To inquiries made regarding its source they invariably replied that it came from the North. Its value was equal to that of silver. Did barbarious Indians living in the mountains of North Carolina mine it and carry it to Mexico as an article of traffic? It is not improbable that they did, though the distance was great and the mode of travel slow. Shells are found in Indian graves along the St. Lawrence that certainly came from the Gulf of Mexico, for they exist no where else in the world. If a traffic could be carried on between tribes residing on the Gulf of Mexico on the one hand, and the St. Lawrence on the other, I see no reason why Indians in North Carolina could not trade in Mexico. The Mexicans are familiar with the use of metal, and mica can only be cut or fashioned in various ways by metal. The Indians who mined it had no metal tools, and for this reason we never find pieces cut in any shape. The conquest of Mexico destroyed the demand by the introduction of a cheaper or better substitute. The mica miners possibly did not live among the mines, or removed elsewhere, new tribes followed them and occupied the soil, who knew nothing of its existence or could make no use of it, and all knowledge of it was soon blotted out from among men, leaving only these half filled excavations or mounds of earth to propound to the modern Anglo-Saxon a conundrum that he will never be able to answer satisfactorily. G.

CROWS AND CROW-TRAPS.

If a jury of twelve farmers were to decide whether the crow was an injurious bird or not, they would probably stand eleven for conviction and one for acquittal. There are many charges brought against the crow, and some of them are, unfortunately, founded in fact. That it eats some grains, mice and other vermin we admit, and we do not think it pulling up a few kernels of corn an unpardonable offence. Our principal charge against the bird, and it is a most serious one, is its fondness for eggs. Not only will it rob outlying hens' and turkeys' nests, but what is of more consequence, it robs and breaks up the nests of insect-eating birds. When crows are numerous small birds are scarce and insects plenty. We have never seen any claims in favor of the crow that would offset this important fault. Most farmers look upon the crow as a bird to be killed, but when they come to put their designs into execution they have to contend with an acute strategist. That crows "smell powder" has long been a popular impression. However this may be, let any one undertake to get within shot of a crow with a gun, and he will soon become a convert to the general belief. Traps have to be set very carefully to be effective, and unless the farmer resorts to poisoning, the number of crows he will dispose of in a season will not be large. This wariness of the bird allows the various kinds of scare-crows to be effective, and we may often see cast-off clothing made into a resemblance of a man so rude that the crow soon finds out the cheat. Strings stretched across the field are more effective than effigies, as they give a hint of some concealed danger, and the birds find it safest to avoid the locality.

Crows are on bad terms with most other birds, large and small, and they and the hawks have a long standing quarrel which is renewed whenever occasion offers. A friend of ours, taking advantage of this enmity between the two, and acting upon the principle of setting a thief, bethought him to make use of a hawk he had captured as a crow-trap. The hawk, a large and powerful one, was carefully fastened, by its wings, and by means of some strong pegs back down to the ground. The crows, seeing their old enemy in an apparently helpless condition, gathered from all quarters, and became very bold in their demonstrations of exultation. The hawk, though confined, was not disabled, and had free use of its claws. Whenever a crow came within reach, it was seized by the hawk and soon disposed of by its powerful talons. The noise of the contest drew more crows, and our friend describes the contest as a most amusing one, and resulting disastrously for the crows. This was a trap which even their proverbial shyness did not teach them to refuse. The inventor of this trap—which is not patented—being an artist, has given us a sketch of the scene.—*American Agriculturist.*

—At one of the stations on a certain railway recently, an anxious inquirer came up to the door of the baggage car and said: "Is there anything for me?" After some search among boxes and trunks, the baggage man rolled out a keg of whiskey. "Anything more?" asked the wet grocer. "Yes," said the baggage-man, "there's a gravestone that goes with that liquor."

For the Piedmont Press.

LUCK.

Since we were small boys and girls—from our earliest infancy—we have all heard of Luck. Our parents and our nurses (if we had any) talked of good and bad Luck, and told us wonderful tales of lucky and unlucky days. Precisely what was meant we did not in the least understand; nor is it more than probable that they did; however, the most vivid impression conveyed was that, sometimes things happened, some well and some ill, *without any cause*; or in other words that may sound a little more philosophic, certain events chanced to unfold themselves as men wished, while certain others chanced to be contrary to our desires—the whole being undirected by any steady and unvarying law. The word seemed to suggest to the mind the absence of law.

If the universe were an infinite chaos; if order had no throne within its vast realm; if universal law were a fable of fancy; if the throne of Jehovah were a Babel, or the world we inhabit a Pandemonium, it might be possible for Luck to play a part upon its stage of action. But, from the particle to the globe, from the animalcule to the archangel, there is not a being or thing, a time nor an event, disconnected with the government of universal law and order, it is impossible for the mind to conceive how any such a haphazard game of chance, as this word Luck implies, can ever be admitted into any nook or corner of the vast universe. What is this thing men call Luck? Has any scholar ever defined it, any philosopher explained its nature and uses, any chemist ever analyzed it and shown its elements? Is Luck that strange incomprehensible nothing—or to speak more scientifically, "nondescript immateriality"—that performs all things among men that they cannot account for or accomplish themselves? If so why does not Luck cause a fool to speak words of wisdom; an ignoramus to utter lectures on philosophy; a stupid dolt to write the greatest works of poetry; a fingerless dummy create the the beauties of art, or an untutored savage the wonders of mechanism?—If we should be borne away in the arms of this coy maiden Luck, to a country where the shaggard farm is covered over with the richest grains and choicest fruits, and where industry is rewarded only with weeds, brambles and briers; where the habitual drunkard looks healthy and innocent [illegible] while temperance wears the rags, the haggard face, and eats the bread of want and misery; where the laborer starves while the idler is cherished and prospers; where common sense is totally disregarded, while prattle and twaddle are raised to distinction; where genius lies in the gutter, while ignorance rises from the slough of depravity and soars to the skies; where virtue is incarcerated in gloomy dungeons, while vice is courted and wooed openly in the sunlight, we might possibly be led to believe that Luck had something to do in that country. Indeed this would be a true picture of the world if Luck entered into its machinery. But, when we behold, as we *everywhere do*, the rewards of industry, energy, wisdom and virtue constant as the warmth in sunlight or the beauty in flowers, we are compelled to deny, in toto, the very existence of this *good and evil* essence which men call Luck. Was it Luck that gave Girard, Gray, Astor and Rothschild their vast wealth? Was it Luck that won victories for Washington, Wellington and Napoleon? Was it Luck that carved the Sphinx, that reared the Pyramids, that wrote "Eneid," "Paradise Lost" and "Festus;" that gave Morse his telegraph, Fulton his steamboat or Franklin the lightning for his plaything?

Is it Luck that gives the merchant his business, the lawyer his clients, the editor his subscribers, the minister his hearers the physician his patients, the mechanic his labor, the farmer his harvest? Or will the time ever come when Luck, with a strong arm will weave entire the web of life; with a "high hand" [illegible] heel of fortune, forge the luxuries of life, crown men with the highest honors, and amass stores of wealth in her apron! Never! No man believes it, every one laughs at the idea, and yet many are the men, women and children who dream of, and sigh after, Luck, as though such a mysterious spirit actually existed and did sometimes humor the idle whims of visionary cowards and drones—like the real ones—*themselves. They are men of Luck—bad Luck.* But why thus denounce Luck, and try to deprive the wretched of the solace of thinking that they will someday be more fortunate? Because there are thousands of young men who waste the best part of their lives in attempts to win this coy maid into their embraces. We see them enter into this, that or the other speculation with no hope but that Luck will pay them a smiling visit. We see them go to the "far west," to California, to the Torrid or Frigid zone, or some wondrous away-off place, with no fair prospect or reasonable expectation of success from their own limited exertions, but depending entirely upon a gentle smile from capricious Luck, which they call "trusting to Providence."

In the end, we see them all, from the Torrid and Frigid zones, from the far-off places and the regions round about progressing rapidly to one and the same end—Ruin. The end is that they have learned one fearful lesson, by which alas! none are profited, and the world continues to teem with the same false philosophy of ease and luxury without labor, and the same sad picture is continually wrought upon the canvass of life. Yes, there is no law, the truth of which is more continually illustrated and in consequence substantiated, than the trite old saying: "No excellence without labor." Labor is life's greatest good; even pleasure blossoms on the tree of labor; all wisdom is its fruit; thrones are built on labor; empires and kingdoms stand by its steady prop; happy homes are made only by labor, and every man who really holds its philosophy will make him one and fill it with the fruits of industry, in doing so he will have no time to dream of Luck.

CLEOD.

John's River, Burke Co., N. C.

"THE MARK TWAIN OF NORTH CAROLINA."

Harris, the "Concord *Sun* man," has written some real good and humorous articles, lately, insomuch that Gen. D. H. Hill, of the *Southern Home*, has called him "The Mark Twain of North Carolina," and we certainly agree with the General in his opinion of him, and give our readers in this issue, one of Harris' snatches of humor on roller making. Read it, it will do you good:

We have been making a roller this week. Roller making is a nice art. Few men properly understand it.

Our long experience in the printing business enables us to state positively, that it is one of the fine, if not one of the lost arts. We made our roller out of glue and molasses. The glue is usually made out of army horse ears, and hoofs of cattle, that were, no doubt, diseased with rinderpest. The stove having been removed from the press room, on account of the hot weather, some months ago, was placed in position after loosing much temper, and a good chance of honest perspiration.

We thought we knew how to put up a cook stove, and that our experience in that, would certainly enable us to put up an ordinary box-stove. With the assistance of the boys and a tinshop we got the pipe in proper shape. We bought the glue, put it to soak, wrapped it up in our apron, and let it soak. After the soaking process, we made an examination, and found it had assumed the proper consistency, and we were very happy. Bought the molasses—(sorghum won't do)—after all the boys trying it on about 4 pounds of crackers it was decided that the molasses was of the right kind, and would answer for a roller. So we put it on to boil—several of our country friends inquired if we were making a candy stew—replied to in the negative in a most positive manner, by our foreman, and told them "that we were not—were making a roller."

"Oh! yes—we understand *now*."

The molasses, obeying the natural results of the application of heat, rose to a gentle boil, and then we commenced the skimming process. After all the impurities floated to the surface, our foreman suggested that it was now ready for the glue. Glue was handsomely unrolled from the swaddling cloth, and dumped into the vessel containing the boiling molasses. As soon as properly heated, the kerfogle began to ascend. The smoke from a burnt offering in the Mosaic dispensation, could not have emitted a more noxious effluvia, burnt leather was charming in comparison to that odor, Boquet-de Gourd vine could offer to an olfactories, a more acceptable perfume, a deceased water moccasin, rankling in a July sun, furnished an aroma, that was pleasant, compared to this—and in due process of time the foreman, wiping the perspiration from his aged brow, said "it was finished,"—our happiness was now nearly complete. The roller mould was lashed to the legs of the table, and the composition poured into a wash pan (as a matter of convenience) and thence into the mould. After being allowed to cool off, and a job being in waiting, we suggested to foreman the necessity of "drawing" the roller. Now this process of "drawing" rollers is no work of sport—there being no fun connected with it, we were summoned to assist. Seizing the end, with both hands, and feet planted against the wall, the work of delivery began. We knew from the way *that* roller came out, that there would be "*suction*" to it, our long experience in roller making taught us, that *that* roller, would do. So after the combined efforts of senior editor, foreman, pressman, two compositors and three boys, the roller came out of that mould—and it was a roller,—it looked as if it had been struck with lightning and used as a hand spike at a log rolling. The inside of the mould had about as much composition in it, as the stock had on it. The molasses boiled two hours, and the whole mass was "over fire," for four hours. That roller now stands on end in our press room. On close examination, we discovered on one side of the roller a hard knot, took the roller to a window and examined the knot, that knot was a hoof of a mule, with a shoe about half worn on the bottom. Foreman suggested that the other end of the roller was "peelin'"—made a cursory examination, and found to our astonishment that it was nearly a whole skin, and detected the brand U. S. on it. One of the boys remarked that the glue was not sow ears, but a government mule hide. That boy has correct notions—he is evidently destined to become a great man some day. We handed the roller to the foreman for further examination and inspection, he says it will do—for jobs.

This issue is printed with that roller, if this *per se* is not sufficiently good evidence, that we fully understand the arts and sciences of roller making, then we are no judges of a good roller. We do not use patent composition, any printer who wishes to know how to make rollers, can be furnished with all the information, *gratis*, by calling at the *Sun* office. We make no charge, our process is *not* patented,—neither is it likely to be. We have *not* filed our caveat, as some would suppose—it is free to all the profession. The craft shall have the benefit of what we know about making rollers.—*Concord Sun.*

THERE WAS A STILLNESS IN THAT COURT.

From the Columbus Sun.

When at Opelika on Saturday, we heard an aged man, who hailed from Tallapoosa, a county rendered famous in old times as being the home of "Simon Suggs," and now known as the "Banner Democratic county" of Alabama, relate the following, which we will try to give in his language:

"It was as well as I kin rickoleck, at the fall term of court, in '64, at Dadeville, when (that clever old man, he is ded and gone), Bob Dougherty was the Jedge and squire Joe McDonald—as you're from Columbus, mister, you mus know the squire, for he lives down there in Russell now—had bin discharged from the army and wur solicitor of the 'Bloody Ninth,' as the Girkit was called. Thar had bin a true bill found by the Gran Jury at the spring term of the court agin old man Jim Rentfrow, and Jim he went to the war that summer, thinking, perhaps, the case would be dropped on that account.

Well, while the court was in session I went to square McDonald fur to try and git him to nolpros the case, and he 'lowed as how it went mitily agin his grain fur to prosecute Rentfrow, and I knowed it, for the Squire wus as big-hearted as he wur free-handed and was powerfully beliked in Tallapoosy; but he said the law would hev to be carried out.

Well, I sot down by the winder, on the far side of the court room, and kinder looked out, and just then a waggin, with a yoke uv steers, hitched to hit, drive up in the squar, sorter in frunt uv Cap. Young's grocery. Cap. he was a nephew uv old Simon Suggs, you know, and a crowd uv fullers cum outen the grocery and stood round the waggin, sorter talkin' like to the driver.

Jist then the clerk—it seems to me Sim Phillips—a mighty good feller he was—war our clerk; but I disremember now—or else it was the Jedge—sung out, "State uv Alabamy agin, Jeems Rentfrow," and the Sheriff—I b'lieve Alfred Slaughter was Sheriff then, and he made a good one—hollered outen the winder, "Jeems Rentfrow, cum inter court." A feller stepped outen the crowd by the waggin, and sed loud enuff for every man in court to hear him, "Jeems Rentfrow's ded body is here, cum back from the wars in this here cart;" and it was so too. Thar was then a stillness in that court house I never knowed afore; and I seed Squir Mac, drap his hed, and then wipe his eyes as he riz, and in a husky voice sed: "Noll prossed by deth," and it wur entered on the dock-it, I b'lieve. That wur a solum scene, mister, and ef I live a thousand year I'll never furgit it; and thar was menny a man settin thar that day what felt watery about his eyes, besides the solicitor and me.

AN ANATOMICAL HINT.

Dr. Hermann Meyer, of Zurich, asserts that a shoemaker ought not only to produce a shoe that does not pinch, but a shoe so constructed that it will give to a foot distorted by the pinching it has borne already a fair chance of a return to its right shape, and full possession of its power as a means of carrying the body onward. He says that, in measuring a foot for a shoe or boot, the first thing to be considered is the place of the great toe. Upon this toe, in walking, the weight of the whole body turns at every step; in a natural foot, therefore, it is in a straight line with the heel. A central straight line drawn from the point of the great toe to the middle of its root, if continued, would pass very exactly to the middle of the heel. But, by the misfitting boot usually worn, the point of the toe is pressed inwards, the root outwards. No last, or model of a foot already injured by wearing ill-fitting boots or or shoes should ever be made of the exact size of such a foot.

When there is not a breath of air stirring and you are in danger of stifling, attempt to light a cigar out doors, and you will be suprised at the breeze that will start up. We have seen a man try it in a dead calm, and by the time he had scratched thirteen matches it was really so windy as to be uncomfortable.

The Italian soldiers have meat only twice a week allowed them, and then it is boiled. Their ordinary food is bread, often dipped in hot water than in broth. If they want wine they are obliged to provide it themselves.

The "hoodlums" of San Francisco have devised a new way of money making. Two of them enter into partnership. One of them insults a rich young lady in a public place; the other with great spirit knocks him down, and gallantly protects the young lady, and sees her home, where of course the greatful father gives him $50 or so.

ALL SORTS.

A street car to run without a track has been invented in Cincinnati, the draught being overcome by the size of the wheels.

A second hand pulpit is said to serve for a cashiers desk in one of the Newport restaurents.

Five kittens, all joined together, were recently born in New London, Conn., and lived for as many days.

A good substitute for coffee, says the Sacramento Record, can be made by drying uncooked sweet potatoes and roasting and grinding them.

An experienced military writer says: "In an engagement among the most nervous men you will find the best soldiers."

An English firm has caused remark by refusing to receive an award of merit by the Vienna Exposition Commissioners.

What, said a teacher to a pupil makes you feel uncomfortable when you have done wrong?" "My papa's big leather strap," feeling replied the boy.

The skin of a baby born in Lexington Va., last week, is said to be half white and half black, "a line drawn from the tip of the nose longitudinally showing the margin of the jet colors."

Our valetudinarian being told by medical adviser that he must wear thicker boots, replied that when persons have to walk through so much water pumps would be more appropriate.

An Indiana lady of an original turn of mind bases her application for a divorce on the circumstance that her husband's legs are too long for her to keep step with him when they take a walk together.

Spiritualism is on the wane. Nothing could be tamer than its present aspect. Those who remember its aggressive mood at first, now see that the fears then excited were entirely groundless. In speaking of the recent picnic near D—.

It is said that the Nebraska Indians are allowed to ride free on all trains they can jump on while the same is in motion. The tribe is being reduced very rapidly. This is by all odds the most effective and economical system of dead heading on record.

A San Francisco milliner has invented a hat which will probably sell well in cases where blushing is not so spontaneous as it might be, or used to be. When the wearer bows or lowers the head abruptly, a tiny pair of steel clamps compress the arteries on each side of the temples, sending the blood at once to the cheeks.

Old King Thakumban of Fiji has raised a large army, thrown off his clothes and declared his intention to fight in "Fijian fashion." What enraged him was, that the mountain tribe together with christains who had converted to cannibalism, invaded the Soloria district and killed and ate forty old men, women and children. Life in Fiji is still shaded with disagreable possibilities.

Mr. Winwood Reade the well known traveller says the Ashantee generals occupy the rear in battle, and cut down all who retreat. If the battle is lost they kill themselves. One suicide of this kind was witnessed by Mr. Reade on the Volta. Some allies of the English had defeated some allies of the Ashantees. The Ashantee chief who was present threw the insignia of his rank into the river, and then sitting on a powder barrel blew himself into the air.

A wolf child has arrived at Lucknow. He is now being tamed in the lunatic asylum. It is said that he was carried off by wolves when an infant and remained with them until a short time ago, when caught by his parents. At first he walked on all fours. He has long hair, his body is badly scarred, and he can neither speak nor understand a single word. On his first restoration to his home he frequently attacked his parents and tried to devour them. He tears meat to pieces with his teeth, and snaps at anyone who attempts to touch him.

CUFFEE IN THE ARMY.

There is trouble brewing in the army, and there is fear that it will result in some instances in insubordination. Secretary Belknap says that he will assign colored graduates of West Point exclusively to commands in white regiments, and in explanation of this he states that the law leaves him no option. He is required to officer colored men exclusively with white men, and he therefore has no choice but to assign colored men to white regiments. The *Journal of Commerce* thinks that the effect of this law will be to stimulate prejudice, and that the *esprit de corps* of the army will be impaired by arousing race prejudices. But wherefore? Has it not been asserted time and again in the ears of the negroes that the boys in blue fought for the freedom and equality of the colored race? It is coming to a pretty pass indeed, if the Federal troops, who shed their blood for the equality of the blacks, are to mutiny because they are to be officered with colored cadets. For what was the war fought, if the soldiers do not submit to be commanded by negroes?

This is brining the equality business home in a way that thrills us with gratitude to Providence. On with the dance!—*Savannah News.*