Sow in the morning;

Time to count cost;

Time to look well

Shutting out evil and keeping the good.

What time is it?

Time to be earnest,

Loving stern justice, of truth being fond;

Time to be happy,

Doing your best.

Time to be trustful,

Knowing in whatever country or clime,

Leaving the rest-

Ne'er can we call back one minute of time.

NIGHTFALL

Which kindled all the West with red and gold,

O anxious heart?

Soft is the air;

Pour out thy plaints at day, if thou must fret;

Day is for care.

Now turn to God.

Above thy grave; but we have brighter things

Than thou hast ever claimed or known I ween.

To leave the sod.

The thought of night,

Thank God for night!

A SHORT VISIT.

coming to visit us-every one of 'em!

rance; Cousin Herbert Haller, because he

from a level hitherto untrodden; Mrs.

Johnson, because the children don't re-

landlady on the subject of poodle-dogs;

Haven, looking around her pretty sit-

ting-room, draped in pink chintz, fra-

grant with fresh flowers, and decorated

with gilt bird-cages, water color sketches

and Kensington embroidery; "what am

let 'em come.'

"All at once ?"

"Yes, all at once."

ready to burst into tears.

ly interrupted the lady.

"Moving, Hugh ?"

all out of the way."

think, my dear."

"Of-moving."

story!" hysterically cried the lady.

"Neither do I." said her husband.

was just thinking, do you know-'

"It's only on account of their conve-

merely on account of the repairs at the

paint about it," remonstrated Mary.

gilding, but to enjoy our society.'

"Oh!" said Mrs. Haven.

the repairs are in progress."

few necessaries at once.

"You following my meaning?"

"What of that, my love?" said the im-

"They'll think we live there always,"

"That is precisely what I wish them to

"I-think-I-begin-to," said she,

with an amused light beginning to sparkle

into her eyes. "Yes, dear, perhaps it

would be a good plan to move-just while

And she hurried up stairs, to pack a

perturbable husband. "Our friends don't

come, as I take it to admire fresco and

said Mrs. Haven, with corrugated brow.

"Do?" repeated her husband, who was

-Chambers' Journal.

And slumbering 'neath the amethystine glow

Of the receding day, whose tale is told.

And not a leastet rustles to the ground

Creep, little wakeful heart, into thy nest,

Close fast thy dewy eyes, and be at rest,

The world is full of flowers even yet,

Night is too beautiful for us to cling

O memory! the grass is ever green

That comes like the sweet rhyme

And stirs the angel that is in us-night,

Which is a sermon to the soul that hears.

To selfish sorrowing.

To break the calm around.

Mark how the sunset-fires

know,

Laying up treasure.

Choosing true pleasure;

Time to be thoughtful,

Making your word just as good as your bond.

Lessen expenses.

To the gates and the tences;

Second Series.

Vol. I---No. 48.

#### RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1881. aper sent after expiration of time paid for.

Heekin

WHAT TIME IS IT? The cottage by Wiscomac Lake was not an imposing edifice. There was plenty What time is it? of room in it, such as it was but the floors | theme!" Time to do well; were of rude pine boards, the windows Time to live better; were undraped, and the furniture was Give up that grudge; such as was adapted merely to the wants Answer that letter; of camping parties who were prepared to Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow: "rough it" after the most primitive fashion; and when Mrs. Zuleima Montagu Do that good deed you would leave till to-Prout drove up to the door in a wagon heavy-laden with trunks, she stared. Time to try hard In that new situation; through her gold eye-glasses, in a most ridiculous manner, at the porch of shin-Time to build up on gles, supported by cedar posts mantled A solid foundationin their native-bark, the shutterless win-Giving up needlessly, changing and drifting; dows, and the unpainted wood settees on Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting:

What time is it? "This isn't "The Solitude !" said she. Time to be thrifty; 'Drive on, man! You have made a mis-Farmers, take warning! take! Plow in the springtime,

"This 'ere's where Lawyer Haven's folks live," said the man, leisurely chewing a straw. "Gness it's enough of a Spring rain is coming, zephyrs are blowing-Heaven will attend to the quickening and 'solitude' to suit anybody." "I thought it was a picturesque cot-

tage," said Mrs. Montagu Prout, in accents of the keenest disappointment. But at this minute Mrs. Haven herself hurried to the door.

"I think you must be my husband's Making and mending, as good workers should: sister Zuleima," said she, graciously. 'Do come in?"

"But where are my trunks to go?" said the fashionable widow, who had dazzled the eyes of the Saratoga world with her numerous changes of toilet during the past fortnight. "You can put them in the shed at the

back of the barn," said Mrs. Haven, graciously. "I don't think they will quite go up the stairway.' Mr. Haller arrived later in the day-a

long-haired, sallow-complexioned young man, in a violet velveteen suit, followed by a countryman carrying his portable easel, color-cases, traveling library and -Liverpool Mail. writing-desk. He knocked loudly at the door of the cottage with the ivory knob of his cane. "Can you tell me where Mr. Haven Crush out thy vainness and unreached desires,

lives?" said he. "This is the place," said the hostess.

"This!" echoed Mr. Haller. "You are Cousin Herbert, I suppose. said Mrs. Haven, politely. "Walk in! Stay, stay thy questionings: what would'at thou My husband will come on the evening train. Allow me to show you to your room. It is rather small; but we are expecting a good deal of company, and I dare say you won't mind a little inconve-

> And she left him in a seventy-by-nine apartment, under the eaves, where he couldn't stand upright except just in the middle of the room, and where the three-paned window was close to the

"Humph!" soliloquized the æsthete, looking ruefully around him, "this isn't at all what I expected! Mary Haven had scarcely got down stairs, and resumed the manufacture of raspberry pies, when shouts and cries in various keys announced the coming of Day is for tears. At night, the soul hath wings Mrs. Johnson and her four children, on a "buck-board wagon" from the nearest

"Is this Cousin Hugh's house, ma?" That comes to us like breath of primrose time, said Adelaide, the eldest, discontented-Of a pure thought expressed, lulls all our fears, "It ain't nothin' but shanty!" loudly

proclaimed Alexander Gustavus, the second hope of the family. Hush ! for the heavens with starlets are alight. "There ain't no paint on it," said Helen Louise.

"Lemme get out! lemme get out!" shrieked Julietta, "and play in that lovely black mud, where the frog-toad is sitting!" "What!" said Mrs. Haven, almost in

Mrs. Johnson sailed in, with a scarlet face and a perturbed look. "I'm afraid, Cousin Mary," said she, "It's true," said her husband. "They're that we shall inconvenience you. There My sister Zuleima, because the Saratoga don't seem to be much accommodation hotels are too intolerably hot for endu-

"Oh, there's plenty of room up in the garret, such as it is !" said Mrs. Haven, is an æsthete, and wants to study nature smilingly. "Of course, one expects to lead a gipsy life in a place like this, and cuperate after the whooping-cough; Aunt the lake will be so nice for the little dears to play in, if only they are a little Sadie, on account of a difficulty with her careful, for it's very deep; and it's so lucky you are here. Cousin Johnson, and Uncle Jenks, because he never has to help me with the pies and bread, for visited us and wants to know what my I'm not a very experienced house-keeper, "Dear me!" faintly gasped Mary and-'

"I thought you kept two or three servants," said Mrs. Johnson, rigidly. "I have only one young girl just at present," said Mrs. Haven; "and of course, when there's so much company, there's a great deal to do. Oh, there comes an old lady with a sweet little

intent on clipping off the end of his yelping dog!" cigar so that it should "draw" satisfac-She glanced out of the open doorway. "Goodness me, if it ain't that intolertorily. "There is but one thing to doable old Aunt Sadie, with her inevitable dog!" groaned Mrs. Johnson, as a fat elderly lady toiled up the path, in a scar-

"And I with only one girl, and the let shawl and a black-lace hat. thermometer at ninety in the shade, and Bless me!" said Aunt Sadie, purple the painters in possession of the second with the heat and dripping with perspiration, you never mean to say, Nicce Haven, "Couldn't be a better combination of that this 'ere's the place I've heard tell of

circumstances, my dear," said Mr. Haven. on Lake-what d'ye call it?' "I don't believe these people care a straw about seeing me," said Mrs. Haven, "It is where we live at present," said Mrs. Haven, quietly. "I'm downright sorry I left the tavern

at the railroad," said Aunt Sadie, sadly. "I ain't used to these unplastered houses, nience, the hot weather and the high and I'm 'most sure Trip will catch cold." Uncle Jenks was the last to come-a prices at the hotels," added Mrs. Haven. shrewd, brown-faced old man, in a gray "Hugh, I've a great mind to commit suit, and keen eyes like an eagle. I

looked around him and seemed to take in "Don't do that, my dear!" said Mr. Haven. "I can suggest a better plan. I the situation at once. "No servants, eh?" said he. "Well. it's lucky I came. I'm pretty handy to "Of telegraphing to the city for a new fetch water, and split kindling, and help force of servants, a box of provisions from Minardi's and half a dozen cots, with hair round the house; and you're pretty slim my dear, to do all the work of this house, mattresses and bedding to match?" eagerwith only a young gal to help you. So Hugh hasn't done real well in busines? "Nothing of the sort !" said Mr. Haven, serenely eyeing the distant landscape

I've a little money uninvested myself, and don't know as I could do better with through the amethyst rays of cigar-smoke. it than to lend it to my sister's son." Thus he spoke, cheery and kind, while Mrs. Montagu Prout fanned herself on the "To the little cottage by the lake," Mr. porch, Cousin Herbert Haller did battle Haven explained. "Only for a few days, with the mosquitoes and midgets. Mrs. Johnson followed her four children about house. Paint upsets my digestion, and in ceaseless terror lest they should be the sound of a carpenter's hammer sets

my teeth on edge. Besides, Hodge, the drowned, and Aunt Sadie felt her dog's contractor, can work a deal faster if we're pulse and groaned over the heat. One night at the cottage settled the "But, Hugh, the cottage is nothing on question of "to stay or not to stay," in earth but a camping-out place, with board the mind of Mrs. Haven's guests. "I never slept in such a hot place in floors, and not a particle of plaster or

my life." said Mrs. Johnson, with a "The bed wasn't long enough for me to stretch myself out in, and the eaves touched my forehead," said Cousin

Herbert, sadly. "The owls hooted all night in the woods," said Aunt Sadie, "and kept dear little Trip barking until he was: hoarse.'

"I wouldn't stay here if you would pay me a thousand dollars a week," said Mrs. Montagu Prout, thinking of her pink silk party dresses and twelve-button

kid gloves. "Well," said Uncle Jenks, drily, "it ain't just the location I should have selected for a summer residence, but I

ain't going off to leave Hugh and his wife while I can manage to be useful to

So the company departed, with various adieux and insincere protestations of TRONOMERS regard, and surely Uncle Jenks was left. And then Mr. Haven took his eigar out

from between his lips.
"Uncle Jenks," said he, "suppose we go up and see how the carpenters and painters are getting along with the conservatory up at the house! "At what house?" said Uncle Jenks. "Mine," said Mr. Haven. "Don't you live here?" said Uncle Jenks. "Not all the time, said Mr. Haven. 'We only came here to accommodate such of our relations as merely desire to

make a convenience of us.' "Oh!" said Uncle Jenks, a slow smile beginning to break over his shrewd, brown face. And Mary Haven confessed that her husband's advice had proved its own ex-

cellence. Uncle Jenks, the only one of the troop who really cared two straws for them, was with them still—the rest had all been frightened away by the rusticities of the Lake Wiscomac cottage. "And I wish them bon voyague!" said

Mr. Haven, calmly. "So do I," agreed Mary.

#### The Clean Newspaper.

There is a growing feeling in every healthy community against the journals which make it their special object to minister to perverted taste by seeking out and serving in a seductive form, disgusting scandals and licentious revelations. There is good reason to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly prized to-day than it was four or five years ago. It is also safe to predict that, as people in all ranks of life, who wish to protect their own at least from contamination, become more conscious of the pernicious influence of a certain class of journals, called "enterprising," because they are ambitious to serve up dirty scandals, they will be careful to see that the journals they per mit to be read in the family circle are of the class that never forget the proprieties of life. Already men and women of refinement and healthy morals have had their attention called to the pernicious influence of bad literature, and have made commendable efforts to counteract the same by causing sound literature to be published and sold at popular prices. These efforts are working a silent but sure revolution. The best authors are more generally read to-day than any previous time. The sickly sentimental story paper, and wild ranger and pirate story book are slowly yielding the field to worthier claimants. To the praise of the decent newspaper it may be said, that where it has a place in the family, and has been read for years by young and old, it has developed such a healthy tone and such a discriminating taste, that the literature of the slums has no admirers. Fortunately, the number of such families is increasing in the land, and as they increase, the journal that devotes itself to sickening revelations of immorality will be compelled to find its supporters solely among those classes that practice vice or crime, or are ambitious to learn to follow such ways. - Boston Herald.

## Asking His Father's Advice.

Not long ago a young man in Carson got married and started for California with his young wife. As he boarded the train his father bade him good-bye and gave him

the paternal blessing. "My son," said the agod sire, shaking with emotion, etc., "remember these words if you never see me again: Never go into a place where you wouldn't take

your wife. The couple settled in Mariposa county, and last week the old man went down to visit them. He proposed a bear hunt, and they were fortunate enough to track a grizzly to his lair among some boulders in the chapparal. As the two approached, the bear roused up and sent forth a growl of defiance that shook the trees.

"Go in there and kill 'im," said the old man, excitedly. The son held back, further acquaintance with the bear seeming in some respects un-

desirable. "Count me out," he said.

"Have I crossed the seas and settled in America to raise a coward?" shouted the father, brandishing his gun.

"I recollect your advice when I left Carson," was the reply. "How can I forget your sage precepts? Didn't you tell me never to go where I couldn't take my wife? Now, how would Sal look in there with that bear ?"

The old man clasped his dutiful son to his bosom, and as the bear issued forth, exclaimed: "Speaking of Sally, let us hasten home.

Our prolonged absence might cause her needlees alarm.' In about fifteen minutes they had reached the ranch, the old man a little shead, and the distance was about four

## The Englishman and Yankee.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads to a Yankee traveller seated at his side in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the train neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two." "What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee "We are approaching a town," said the Englishman; "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America vet?" "Why. yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so 'tarnal fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound. No use whatever-the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by." "Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman. "Fact," said the Yankee; had to give up bells."-Glasgow Times.

Little Belgium has more of an army than is generally supposed. In time of peace it counts 46,277 men and officers with 10,014 horses and 204 field and siege guns, and on a war footing 103,683 men, 13,800 horses, and 240 guns. The militia reserve comprise 120,000.

There is a merchant in New York city who yows that he will never vote for a president again, as every candidate he voted for who was elected died in office-Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln and Garfield.

The rice crop of the Gulf States, it is said, will reach 150,000,000 bushels.

THE MOON AS A HABITABLE PLANET.

THE SURFACE OF THE MOON AS SEEN, BY AS-

In consequence of its proximity, we known more of the moon than any other body connected with the solar system, save the earth itself. It is only about 240,000 miles away; so that, were one of our lightning express trains able to speed through the space that separates the earth and moon, no more than one hundred and sixty-six days would be required to pass from one body to the other. It would take about fifty bodies of the size of the moon to make one equal to the earth, the satellite being about 2,100 miles in diameter. One face of the moon is constantly turned toward the earth, so that the average length of its days is about fifteen of our own. If there is any atmosphere at all on the surface of the moon,

it is extremely rare, since a star passing behind its edge disappears instantaneously. It has no water, and, consequently, no clouds or vapor are ever visible, even with the aid of the most powerful telescopes. When a telescope of high power is employed in viewing the moon, only a small portion of the surface is seen at each moment of time, and it is then that the advanced cosmical age of the statellite becomes strikingly apparent. Deep annular chasms come into the field, four of the largest of which have been named after the great astronomers, Tycho, Copernicus, Kepler, and Eratosthenes. Tycho is an annular crater, said to be fifty-four miles in diameter. It is in the southern part of the moon, and forms the center of radiations of luminous rays, running out in every direction. The crater is from sixteen to seventeen thousand feet deep with a mountain a mile high rising from its center. The country around Tycho is extremely rugged, indicating commotions of a gigantic nature in its formation. Copernicus is fifty-four miles in diameter, and 11,250 feet above the surrounding plain. Its height is easily calculated from the length of the well defined shadows of sight of the fact that we are still on the mainstay of the sewing girl and shopits peaks, as they extend along the bottom | very threshold of what may be expected | woman, that comfort of the weakly and of the crater at sunrise or sunset. Kepler is twenty-two miles in diameter, containing in its center a rock 11,800 feet high, and it rises from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the plains around it. These details are given to show with what untiring zeal the surface of the moon has been examined. Everywhere upon that side of the moon presented to the earth smaller annular craters are seen, and everywhere there is seeming ruin and desolation. There is nothing now on the earth with which the general appearance of the moon can be compared. But let us imagine the earth carried forward in history a few hundred thousand years—namely to the time when its atmosphere shall have disappeared, and the waters now covering three fifths of its surface, shall have been "dried up."

It is a geological fact that the earth was once almost, if not entirely, covered with water. Slowly but surely the land is gaining and the water losing surface. Time will doubtless empty the great basins of the Atlantic and Pacific. A scene will then be brought to view not unlike that exposed to our gaze upon the moon. The immense coral islands, coral rings, chasms and irregularities, now hidden by the waters of the ocean, will then become the study of geologists, and possibly, nay, probably, excite the attention of the inhabitants of our little satellite in the same manner as we are now excited by the appearance of a world in the autumn of its cosmical life. As reasonable beings, we have no right to hesitate to look facts steadily in the face. Our own earth is slowly, but with inevitable certainty, growing old. As its age advances-in other words, as its physical characteristics change—its animal organisms will adapt themselves to the perpetually varying conditions around them, and there is no reason to doubt that these organisms will

continue to exist until they perish simultaneously with the death of the planet The physical conditions of the moon being so different from that of the earth at the present time, its inhabitants must be strikingly unlike the beings we call men. To illustrate. if there is absolutely no atmosphere on the moon, then what we call the sense of hearing is entirely unknown to the people on our satellite. Their organ of sight, the eye, is also of a very different construction. Place one of our astronomers upon the moon and he would undoubtedly see stars at midday. The sun would be an intensely bright spot on a jet-black ground, dotted all over with the constellations that sparkle so faintly in our own firmament. No such thing as twilight, or blue sky, or brilliant sunsets exist in the moon, if the eye of its inhabitants is simular to our own. No "bright, rosy-fingered morn" heralds the opening of day, but the sun rises suddenly above the horizon, and as suddenly disap-

But our reason forbids that we should for a moment imagine that the actual inhabitant of the moon is as unadapted to his condition as we ourselves would be to such a situation. All over the great universe the general law is that each organized being is so adapted to its position as to enjoy the greatest possible advantage or happiness from the condition of its existence. An infinitely wise Creator

could establish no other law. It is not possible for the wisest man on earth to imagine a change in the conditions around him that would, on the whole, be beneficial. Everything is exactly right as it is, and centinues to be right without the slightest need of any special Providence to adapt it. This being the case, we may quite safely infer that the inhabitants of the moon enjoy their residence upon that little world just

as happily as we do upon ours. We can readily imagine what must be the most important astronomical work of the scientists of the moon. What a magnificent spectacle must our great globe be to its inhabitants! What an object of intense interest to its astronomers! Dr. Dick, somewhere in his works, recommends that an immense building be erected amid the bright snow of Siberia. which, by its contrast of color, might attract the attention of the observers on the moon. The suggestion may not be impracticable. It may have been anticipated by lunar astronomers. In 1866, Schmidt observed that the deep crater, Linne, had disappeared, leaving only "a little, whitish luminous cloud." diameter of this crater is about five and a half miles. Observations were made in October, November, and December, and during the latter part of this last month the crater was again distinctly seen. Who can say that some Dr. Dick, of the moon, may not have been engaged in an attempt to attract the attention of the earth's astronomers? Possfbly, it may have been a practical effort to clear up such speculations as the rapid growth of cities like London, Paris, and New York, must have six changes.

originated. Put one of our telescopes upon the moon, and an eye no better than that in the head of man would detect the gradual enlargement of such a city as New York. All kinds of speculations would be rife as to the cause of these slight modifications in the appearance of our globe; and as the astronomers of the moon must be far in advance of our own. we may infer that work such as that suggested by Dick has long since been initiated. Perhaps it has been begun and abandoned a thousand times, and the conclusion reached that, after so many futile | any of us. But when we come to look at attempts to discover the existence of anything like intelligence on the earth, it

could not, even if existing at all, be in a condition of development sufficiently advanced to be able to respond to any such mode of communication. Though the method suggested by Dr.

Dick may not be the one by which the fact of the inhabitability of the moon shall be demonstrated, it may be safely assumed that the day is not far distant when some kind of communication between the inhabitants of the earth and its satellite will be established. The inventive genius that can practically send a | ple of the continent would feed in plenty; word eight times around the earth in a second of time, will surely be equal to the task of demonstrating a problem so profoundly important as that of the inhabitability of the planets and satellites of the solar system. We are certainly now able to generate an electric light intense enough to be telescopically seen from the moon when that body is in the shadow of the earth during the eclipse. Why not electricity be the agent, certainly common to both bodies, which shall solve the problem? A hundred such lights as will soon illuminate Union and Madison squares, New York, if concentrated into a space no larger than one of | to the bread thus tampered with, and the these squares on the moon, could readily be seen through a telescope of low power during a total eclipse of the sun. But tremendous as have been our recent strides in the application of steam and electricity to the needs of our rapidly developing civilization, we must not lose in the future, so far, at least, as electricity is concerned. That it is to be the agent through which we may telegraph to 'other worlds than ours," is certainly an idea growing naturally enough out of what has already been accomplished through its instrumentality. It is safer to affirm than to deny that the inhabitability of planets will soon pass out of speculative problems and into the domain

### Cutting Through the Nile.

I have made inquires, and find that Baker cut through some eighty miles of the "sudd" or vegetable barrier; the ether day my steamer found this quite closed up. . . . A curious little cabbage-like aquatic plant comes floating down, having a little root ready to attach itself to anything; he meets a friend and they go together, and soon join roots, and so on. When they get to a lake the current is less strong, and so, no longer constrained to move on, they go off to the sides; others do the same, idle and loitering, like everything up here. After a time, winds drive a whole fleet of them stop it up. Then no more passenger plants can pas through the outlet, while plenty come in at the upper end of the lake; these eventually fill up the passage which may have been made. Supposing I cut through the vegetation, I may have lake to the other; so that the only way would be to clear out the lake of vegetation altogether, or to anchor the banks of 'sudd" so as to prevent the winds blowing them together. Below Gondokoro it spreads out into lakes; on the edge of these lakes an acquatic plant, with roots extending five feet in the water, flourishes. The natives burn the top parts when dry; the ashes form mold, and fresh grasses grow till it becomes like terra firma. The Nile rises and floats out the masses; they come down to a curve and there stop. More of these islands float down, and at last the river is blocked. Though under them the water flows no communication can take place, for they bridge the river for several miles. Last year the Governor went up, and with three companies and two steamers he cut large blocks of the vegetation away. At last one night the water burst the remaining part, and swept down on the vessels, dragged the steamers down some four miles, and cleared the passage. The Governor says the scene was terrible. The hippopotami were carried down, screaming and snorting; crocodiles were whirled round and round, and the river was covered with dead and dying hippopotami, crocodiles and fish that had been crushed by the mass. One hippopotamus was carried against the bows of the steamer and killed; one crocodile, 35 feet long was also killed. The Governor, who was in the marsh, had to go five miles on a raft to get to his steamer. - Col. Gordon in Cen-

## A Trap for Sheep-Killing Dogs

The Lynchburg Virginian describes an ingenious trap devised by a Virginia farmer to capture sheep-killing dogs. Having suffered severely from the depredation of dogs upon his sheep-fold, he built around a number of sheep that dogs had killed an enclosure of rails twelve feet high and about ten feet square at the ground, the sides of the trap sloping inward until an opening was left about five feet square. Any dog could easily climb such a sloping fence and enter the pen, but not even a greyhound could jump out of it. In three nights the farmer captured forty-six dogs, including fifteen or twenty that had never been seen before in that neighborhood. This, after there had been a public slaughter of all dogs suspected of sheep-killing, save one, whose master could not be convinced of his guilt. The trap was built for his especial benefit, and it caught him the first night.-Scientific American.

Out of every 100 inhabitants of the United States sixteen live in cities.

The Mexican Construction Company has determined to use paper car wheels. The richest ore yet discovered is that in

the new vein, thirty miles from Deadwood. It runs \$150,000 of gold to the The classical ancients had white walls

on purpose for inscriptions in red chalklike our handbills-of which the gates of Pompeii show instances.

Mrs. Burke, of Omaha, made \$1,000 at the Nebraska State Fair by riding ten miles in twenty minutes and thirty-four seconds. She used four horses and made Poor Man's Breakfast Table.

THE ADULTERATIONS OF THE PRIME NECESSI-TIES OF LIFE.

We hear with no great amount of skepticism, says Harper's Buzur, of the impositions, in the subject of food, that our European cousins endure; and thinking of the perpetual wars and rumors of war amongst them, we feel it somewhat remarkable that they have any food at all of their own, or find the means to buy home and consider the immensity of the crops of our own country, and its unmeasured wealth, then it seems marvelous that its people submit to such rapacious robbery of their food by adulterations as is of daily occurrence-submit with scarcely a murmur, and with scarcely an attempt to bring about anything differ-

ent. Let us take the mere question of bread; which in the cities is often as largely supplied from bakeries as made at home. One would imagine that from wheat grown upon millions of acres all the peobut, on the contrary; the act of adulteration begins, we are told in the simple choice of flour, some bakers buying a cheaper flour made of "sprouting wheat," in which the gluten has undergone such a change that light bread can be produced from it only by the use of chemicals and deleterious substances. Chief of these deleterious substances, it is declared, is alum, and that used in an immense proportion to the flour-a drug which produces, when taken in any quantity, purging and vomiting, heart-burn and griping pains. Doubtless a great deal of the American dyspepsia might be traced directly victim has reason to consider himself lucky if the white sponginess that he fancies in his loaf is produced by alum alone, and not by a little blue vitrio!

Nor are we any more fortunate in our tea, that stand-by of the household, that sustainer of the strong. To say nothing of the cunning of those of our own people who sell over again the once-drawn leaves bought of hotels and eating-houses and redried, nowhere and in nothing does the heathen Chinese practice more lamentable cunning than when coloring black teas for us, as he sometimes does, with a preparation of black lead, or in giving the bloom and tint to his green teas, not simply by drying the leaves on sheets of copper, but by stirring them up with powdered gypsum, Prussian blue, and turmeric, half a teaspoonful of the destructive mixture being used to a halfdozen pounds of the leaves, and the and intentions of their opponents, and, further, hands of the workmen being dyed in the

There is a cry going up among politicians every other year or so, when the time comes to agitate the question of the tariff, about laying a tax on the poor man's breakfast table; but we see in such things as this the sort of tax that is laid not only on his breakfast table, but on his digestion and on his blood and muscle. His bread and his tea are rendered not only innutritions, but hurtful, and we all know that his butter was uneatable against the narrow outlet of the lake and | for a long time before sufficient sense of the wrong gathered to make a war on oleomargarine, a sufficiently harmless substance in itself, as every German housewife knows who has been in the habit, as her grandmother was before her, of boiling her suet down, with a little fresh milk it closed any day by a wind blowing a and sugar, and setting it away to spread flow of these weeds from one side of the bread of the children's forenoon the bread of the children's forenoon luncheon, but which, when made from collected no one knows where, is an en-

tirely different thing. That the milk of the poor man's breakfast table should be no longer whitened and weakened with chalk and water is something that town and city governments are trying their best to bring about; but they still submit to terra alba in his white sugar. and sand in his brown. And not only the poor man, but almost all the others, have to put up with mustard whose asperity has been so softened by flour and turmetic that it will not draw a blister, horseradish that will not draw a tear, cayenne into which corn meal and salt have been sifted, cinnamon that is only cassia and mixed with ochre at that, pickles made green by vitriol and copper; and even the cunning of the bee among his blossoms is counterfeited by the grocer

in his jars of strained honey. Yet of all the adulterations in the common food of people there is not one that equals in the enormity of its outrage the coloring of candies—the majority of whose consumers are children-by the use of such absolute poisons as verdigris, sienna, gamboge, chromate of lead and all the rest, confectioners claiming that the quantity of the pigments employed is but infinitesimal, but scientists claiming that they have, for instance, scraped from one candy toy enough "Scheele's green" to kill a rabbit.

We need, in this connection, say but little of the toxicology by which strong waters and other kindred drinks are counterfeited, made palatable, and given a resemblance to that which they profess to | rents. be and are not, as they are hardly to be called the constituents of daily food, and are only to be regarded as such when administered by the physician, and then, tampered with, coming under the head of the adulteration of drugs, and the action of the fiend who would do to death the occupant of the sick bed less merciful than unmerciful disease—an adulteration worse than that of food, for the injurious food finds us at least in something like health, and able to combat it, but the adulterating drug takes the dying when struggling for life and breath, and puts an end to the struggle. Most men pity the sick and suffering, do what they can to relieve them, remembering that only savages expose their old and sick to death; but the peddler of medicines knowing or suspecting them to be other than the healing things desired, the man who "pestles a poisoned drug," murders every day by direction, and each time that he passes the false parcel across the counter is a Judas selling his Master over again for 30 pieces of silver.

The ivory of the walrus is covered with enamel so hard as to strike fire with flint

The Chinese divide the day into twelve parts of two hours each. The Italians reckon the twenty-four hours round.

Grecian doors opened outward so that a person leaving the house knocked first within, lest be should open the door in the face of a passer-by.

Morocco bindings for books came into use in 1494, being introduced by Grolier, who was the treasurer and ambassador of the king of France.

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## ADDRESS

ANTI - PROHIBITION PARTY

NORTH CAROLINA.

ROOMS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, ANTI-PROHIBITION PARTY OF NORTH CAROLINA, RALEIGH, N. C., October 13th, 1881.

To the Anti-Prohibitionists of North Carolina:

Owing to the peculiar features of the late cam-

paign and the determined efforts upon the part of the fanatics to still continue the warfare, though in a different but persistent manner, we, your committee, have deemed it our duty to send forth this address, plainly setting forth the facts and calling upon that noble band of one hundred and sixty-seven thousand who so firmly guarded the Temple of Liberty, to keep their watch-fires brightly burning, ever remembering the old but true adage, " Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty," and continue guarding our rights and liberties as guaranteed to us by the Constitution of our State and the United States. Every casual observer must have noticed the retiring or absence of a large portion of the heretofore leading politicians of both political parties who were always ready and willing to advise the "dear people" of what to them appeared the rights and duties of their fellowcitizens. Yet on the issues presented in the last campaign, where our liberties were assailed and endangered, these leaders were content that the "dear people" should grope in darkness, fearing to brave a morbid and mistaken so-called

mora! sentiment. The fanatical appeals and so-called arguments of the "My God Abernetheys" in behalf of morality and reform, through the cry of "Prohibition," were too well answered and ventilated in the late campaign by our speakers and press, to require any further notice from us. We are the friends and advocates, not only of the freedom and liberty of the people, but of sound morality, temperance and all kindred sentiments, tending to suppress vice and encourage virtue and sobriety, and believe all desired reform and advancement in these respects have their remedy

Heretofore, after an election similar to the one upon the question of Prohibition-one that had apparently no party significance-there has always been manifested a disposition on the part of the minority to acquiesce in the result; but, greatly to our astonishment, leading Republicans and Democrats in different parts of the State have announced their purpose to force, as it were, the obnoxious measure into future campaigns; and being apprised of this, as the Executive Committee we feel it to be our duty to sound the alarm and notify the friends of Anti-Prohibition throughout the State, of the purposes to suggest the propriety of maintaining our organizations in their various relations to the State, counties, towns, &c., as Anti-Prohibitionists, and to accept the issue thus tendered us, not as Republicans or Democrats, but wholly without reference to your political affiliations heretofore, and make the fight as freemen who are determined to be free, and lovers of that liberty, the birthright guaranteed to us by Washington and his compeers in the earlier days

The efforts and purposes of designing politicians within the last few years to run and manipulate parties and organizations in their individual interest, and without reference to the rights of the people, is so apparent to all observing and thinking persons, that we are of the opinion that this is a fit and opportune occasion to suggest the propriety of ignoring party altogether, especially in the next campaign; first, because the question of Prohibition or Anti-Prohibition is above and superior to any ties unknown substances, tallows and fats | that Party may have upon us, and, next, because there is no election, State or National, that can appeal to us for our support or divide us on

party principles or policy. Regardless of our previous party affiliations, it is our necessary and bounden duty that in the coming election none but those who were and are true to the great principle we so earnestly contended for, and which was so zealously maintained by the people at the ballot-box, on the 4th day of August last, should receive the votes of those who are desirous of maintaining and defending their constitutional rights and liberties. In the selection of members to the next General Assembly lies our strength or weakness, our

safety or danger. The cry of the politician to his party friends, by either Democrats or Republicans, to stand by him because of his professions to your views on issues heretofore dividing the people, we trust will be wholly disregarded, and the livelier issues that concern so vitally the freedom and liberties of the citizen will be taken up and pressed as the one dearest and nearest our

We cannot close this address without asking our friends their warm and substantial suppor to our central organ, the STATE JOURNAL, and to such other newspapers of the State as were friendly to the cause of liberty, opposing as they did the fanaticism of Prohibition, which is extant not only in this State, but is spreading its folds in every section of the nation. Every effort must be made to crush it, and that most effectually, before it can recover from its recent defeat, in order that we may never again have our liberties endangered by the appeals of its adhe-

Again reiterating that we are friends of sound morality and temperance, and shall in the future, as in the past, be the earnest advocates of all constitutional methods for the advancement and reform of our people in these respects, we cannot and will not submit to fanatical encroschments upon our liberties, such as have elsewhere failed to produce anything but a lowering of the morality of the people.

T. N. COOPER, Chairman. J. H. RENFROW, W. B. STAFFORD, J. J. SIMMS, C. J. BAILEY, NATT ATKINSON, H. E. SCOTT, H. BRUNHILD, W. A. MOORE, J. E. O'HARA, ED. P. POWERS. F. M. SORBELL, Secretary.

In the seventh century Paulus Ayineta defined sugar as "the Indian salt in color and form like common salt, but in taste and sweetness like honey.'

The art of iron smelting was known in England during the time of the Roman occupation, and working in steel was practiced there before the Norman con-

As an instance of the thoroughness with which musketry practice is taught in the German army may be mentioned a device which has been introduced with good results. The better to accustom the men to interferences with sight in a battle, clouds of smoke are produced by burning furze and wet grass, or by other means between the marksman and his aim.