

It looks probable now that Chicago will get the World's fair.

The oyster season is in its glory now. We haven't yet heard of the fellow, this season, who eats them in molasses.

Soon, very soon, the scenes and events of 1889 will be numbered with the past. How fast the almanacs have to be changed!

A young fellow has advertised in the High Point Enterprise for a wife. Poor man! Has it come to this?

Capt. S. B. Alexander's idea in regard to the rotation of the State fair from place to place seems to meet with considerable favor. It has advantages.

Dr. Grissom is, a private citizen now. Would it not be better if this case was dropped? It is not humane, to say the least of it, to step all over a man after he is down.

The "backing of geese saved Rome." What is the mission of that flock of geese frequently seen on the streets of Concord. We are not superstitious, but are we in any danger?

Atlanta Exposition enjoyed two "cotton-bagging" weddings and Edler's newly-kissed bride. Some clowns have neck. Did a Raleigh editor do any kissing at our State fair?

It is said that a law suit that began in Poland over a small piece of land has just been settled. The signatories of the suit had nothing to do with the settlement.

Just at this time the public is amused over the work of lynch-law. It may be interesting to know the origin of lynch-law. It is said to have been derived from a Virginia farmer named Lynch, who took the law in his own hands.

Charlotte Times: "It is not every elder who can correspond with a college girl." It's something difficult to taste these pleasures and enjoy this rare privilege with some of those who are facing the true and real condition of life. So said!

Just now some parents and others are beginning to talk to the little ones about "Santa Claus," his coming down the chimney, etc. No wonder some children learn to exaggerate so freely when it is taught them at so early a period and by those dear to them. It's nonsense anyway.

There are about sixty student at the Agricultural and Mechanical College. One young man from Study had to leave, because "the course was too elementary and not high enough for his advancement." Nothing wrong, gentlemen. It is not to be supposed that any body "knows it all." Turn up the lights and give them more rope.

Solicitor Long was rather amused at the reports to the effect that there were thousands of people in Lexington and that excitement ran high during the investigation of the lynching business. He says everything was "calm and serene," and there were no fears of trouble. Goodness! Such imagination!

Convicts are pouring into the State penitentiary. There are too many frivolous cases, and there should be a less expensive way of punishment. It's too bad! We have an idea that about one third of the convicts are there for putting up \$280 jobs in stealing. The old people occasionally mention the whipping-post as a good thing.

Bother Christian, of the Charlotte Democrat, has been doing some pointed writing on the subject of hanging for burglary. He thinks hanging too severe where the burglar made no attempt to murder. The question is worthy of considerable thought. Has burglary been decreased on account of the severe punishment?

THE STANDARD.

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CONCORD, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1889.

WHOLE NO. 95.

THE CAUSES OF THE DEPRESSED CONDITION OF AGRICULTURE.

[A paper read at the Farmer's Institute Tuesday, Oct. 15th, during the State Fair, at Raleigh by Capt. Charles McDonald, of Cabarrus.]

Tramps are to be seen daily traversing the country, and we wonder that men can be so lost to all self-respect as to go tramping over the country, begging their daily food. We read of the anarchists of the large cities and of their revolutionary teachings and acts. We execrate them and regard them as enemies to society; we hear of the strikes of the workmen in the industrial pursuits—some of which are of colossal proportions—and we are amazed that men should resort to this method of righting their wrongs. Yet the tramp, the anarchist, and the striker are the natural product of existing evils in our social organization. They exist in accordance with natural law—are the outcome of the operation of nature's law.

Farmers are organizing throughout the country because they recognize that there exists an unnatural and unhealthy condition of things in this great interest. From all quarters of our broad land comes the cry of unrequited toil, ever increasing farm debt, the aggregation of land in the hands of the few, the rich becoming richer, the poor poorer and more dependent upon the few. We are sowing, but not reaping; we are planting vineyards, but others are eating the fruit thereof; the wealth we create is for the use of others.

Ought this to be the condition of this great industry upon which all others are based? Is there not something radically wrong in our social system, when with rapidly increasing production of wealth made possible by the discoveries in the arts and sciences and the application of the power of steam, we see the profits of the labor of the farmer passing into the hands of the few? Tramps tramping over the country—anarchists increasing in the large cities in defiance of the strong arm of the law—strikes, numbering tens of thousands of the wealth producers of the country, occurring—the organization of the farmers and the wage workers in other pursuits—point unerringly to a state of things for which there are causes—causes affecting deeply the welfare of our beloved country.

The production of wealth in this country during the past twenty-five years has been marvelous, unprecedented in the history of the world; and it is the farmers who have produced the largest part of it, and if our social organization was equitably adjusted, they would have retained a just share of it; but this class from year to year is getting less of it, and a small minority of the population is getting more and more of it. The same is true of the producers of wealth in the other industries, and their mutterings of discontent are heard throughout the land, with tramps, anarchists and strikers as the natural outcome. What men want and ought to have is the opportunity to produce and to be assured of a just return for the products of their labor.

The increase of the wealth of this country from 1870 to 1880, according to the census report was about \$13,500,000,000. In the present decade it will reach at least \$15,000,000,000. Taking the number of those employed in producing this wealth at 12,000,000, we have an annual production of \$125 per capita of this employed population.

Where has it gone? Thomas G. Shearman, in the September number of the Forum, says that as late as 1847 there was but one man in this country who was reported to be worth more than \$5,000,000. Now 25,000 persons out of a total population of 60,000,000, own \$31,500,000,000 of the property of this country. "His estimate," he says, "is far below the actual truth, yet even upon this basis we are confronted with the startling result that 25,000 persons now possess more than one half of the whole national wealth, real and personal, according to the highest estimate (\$60,000,000) which any one has yet ventured to make of the aggregate amount." And I will add in connection with this statement the significant fact that the largest and most conspicuous of these immense fortunes are held by railroad men; a fact you will do well to ponder over and remember when you come to select candidates for the next legislature. These facts of Mr. Shearman's have been reproduced in many newspapers, but they are so important in their consequences that we ever known in any age or under any government." And yet when parliament undertook to abolish these monopolies granted by Royal Patent and embracing almost every commodity of commerce the cry was raised that it was an interference with the royal prerogative—that no act of parliament could restrain the royal power to create monopolies. In deference to this acknowledged right the bill for their suppression was withdrawn, and parliament proceeded in the matter by humble petition. But make the march of events! Wrongs accumulated under this Kingsly prerogative until the people arose in their wrath and a King's head fell into the basket. When we cry out against the wrongs we suffer under the chartered rights of the moneyed power, the answer is made—not of an interference with Kingsly prerogatives, but with "vested rights" etc. The remedy for these wrongs is in the hands of the people for, "whenever a law is found to be injudicious, or grants or permits powers or privileges to be used to oppress rather than to benefit society at large, it is the privilege as well as the duty of the representatives of society to repeal or amend such laws, constitutional or statutory by withdrawing said perverted powers and privileges."

The evil effects of this centralization of capital, with the accompanying power to set aside the law of supply and demand and thus control the prices of commodities, were first felt upon agriculture, the leading wealth producing industry of the country and the purchasing power of the farmer became impaired by taking from him an undue share of his profits. With this reduced purchasing power of 50 per cent of our population, the industrial enterprises found prices falling, and a reduction of the wages of the operatives naturally followed, and their purchasing power became impaired. Thus another element entered to further impair the purchasing power of the farmer. When this condition was reached both the farmer and wage-worker found themselves in the toils of capital, and the train of evils under which both classes suffer followed and must continue, until the small minority of our people are forced to cease to appropriate the larger part of their profits.

of the wealth of the wealth producers, they shall be placarded before your eyes until they are embedded in your memories not to be forgotten until you have risen in your might and blotted forever from the statute books every vestige of law under which these robberies have taken place, and placed in their stead laws, constitutional and statutory that will forever prevent the recurrence of such a condition of things. I assert that no man can accumulate a fortune of a million dollars without having wronged and virtually robbed his fellow man.

We have shown that the wealth per capita yearly, produced by the employed in these United States is about \$125, or about 42 cents per day; and of the employed, agriculture furnishes 8,000,000 out of the total of 12,000,000. How little this wealth seems when counted by the daily accumulation of 42 cents per day, and yet in the yearly aggregate what an enormous sum is produced. If a just share of it could remain in the hands of those who produced it, prosperity would smile upon their labors, and every industry would flourish. The tramp, the anarchist and the striker would not be known in the land. But the strong arm of the robber armed with law, lays hands on the lion's share of it, and we behold in consequence 35,000 persons owning more than one half of the national wealth. Lincoln foresaw the rise of this moneyed power while yet the war was in progress, and with prophetic vision foretold the very state of things now existing and trembled with anxiety for the fate of the Republic, "as it," he said, "meant the destruction of the liberties of the people." The downfall of all the nations of antiquity, attaining any degree of civilization, dated from the time when their wealth began to accumulate in the hands of the few. And it needs no prophet to predict the fate of our Republic, should not a check be given and that soon to the rapid accumulation of the wealth of the nation into the hands of the few.

Many causes are assigned for this unequal distribution of the people's labor or wealth. One says it is the currency, another high protective tariff. The socialists say these wrongs exist because the state does not take control of all industries—in short, make the state the employer of its citizens and distribute the combined products among each of the workers upon an equitable basis. Henry George says our land tenure system—the monopoly of land by private individuals—is the cause of all these evils, and he would remedy them by nationalizing land and taxing it alone. But none of these are the true causes—they can at best be only secondary causes. The real primary cause is the centralization of capital with and without chartered privileges, but the more especially with chartered privileges, in carrying on our modern industries. This concentration of capital was made possible, in the first place by unwise legislation—yes, more than unwise—criminal, and capital has gone on reproducing itself with accelerated speed as only capital can do, until now concentrated in the hands of the comparatively few, in the form of corporations, trusts, combines and monopolies, it has become an immense power, being unjustly used to extort from labor an inadequate recompense, and from the farmer an unjust share of his profits; or in other words to rob labor of its just share of the wealth labor produces, thus setting aside, at will, the natural law of supply and demand. The causes, as can be readily seen, are wholly of an artificial character, and are found in the first place as I said, and wish to emphasize, in the unwise distribution by legislation, State and National, of franchises which afforded the means of making immense sums of money. In this State, as an illustration, all of the railroads are combined to prevent free competition in transportation. The natural law of supply and demand in this respect is set aside and the people of the state must obey the sweet will of these combined railroads with their chartered privileges. In the language of one of their officials, "they have got a good thing and are going to keep it."

In England during the reign of Elizabeth, trusts and combinations of the moneyed power, under the name of monopolies reached their height with respect to their power and evil effects upon that country. Hence says in his history "that these grievances were the most intolerable for the present, and the most pernicious in their consequences that were ever known in any age or under any government." And yet when parliament

undertook to abolish these monopolies granted by Royal Patent and embracing almost every commodity of commerce the cry was raised that it was an interference with the royal prerogative—that no act of parliament could restrain the royal power to create monopolies. In deference to this acknowledged right the bill for their suppression was withdrawn, and parliament proceeded in the matter by humble petition. But make the march of events! Wrongs accumulated under this Kingsly prerogative until the people arose in their wrath and a King's head fell into the basket. When we cry out against the wrongs we suffer under the chartered rights of the moneyed power, the answer is made—not of an interference with Kingsly prerogatives, but with "vested rights" etc. The remedy for these wrongs is in the hands of the people for, "whenever a law is found to be injudicious, or grants or permits powers or privileges to be used to oppress rather than to benefit society at large, it is the privilege as well as the duty of the representatives of society to repeal or amend such laws, constitutional or statutory by withdrawing said perverted powers and privileges."

Mr. B. F. Johnson, a farmer and an able correspondent of the Country Gentleman, says in his letter to that paper of October 3rd: "The corn, oats, and hay crops of 1889, for the black-soil counties, are scarcely more than two-thirds of the average per acre of the last five years, while prices for these and neat cattle are 30, if not 40 or 50 per cent lower. Meantime no small portion of these products are raised by tenant farmers who pay, some, from two-fifths to one-half of the crop harvested, and others from \$3 to \$4 and even \$5 per acre for the total acreage of the farm. This state of things is a distressing one for the average tenant farmer, while the outlook is scarcely less encouraging to the farmer who owns and cultivates his acres, inherited or the accumulated fruit of his life-long labors. Meantime taxation is rather increasing than diminishing. There is no reduction in the salaries of the public officers, and while the business of county and State courts has declined from 50 to 75 per cent, the number of judges and costs of courts have been increased. Such being some of the leading features of the agricultural situation in counties on the black soil of Illinois, one of the world's most fertile and favorably situated tracts of land, what can be the state of affairs where soil is less productive and the situation less to be desired? Go where we will, the same cry of distress—of unrequited toil comes from the agricultural classes, that we hear coming from the highly favored region of Illinois.

Injudicious laws have been framed, powers have been granted by the law making power, resulting in these evils under which we labor. The tide of the moneyed power through these grants and privileges and the concentration of capital are about to overwhelm our boasted civilization. We are reaching a momentous crisis in our history. We cannot, if we would, close our eyes to the impending revolution between the wealth producers and the moneyed power. The remedy for these evils under which we labor must be applied and that quickly, if it is to be done peaceably. Who is to do it? Who has the voting power in these United States? The farmer. To him the country must turn for relief, to him who constitutes the conservative element of this country as well as every other country. Unorganized, he is helpless; organized, his power will prove resistless. In this State the Alliance offers such an organization, and when united with similar organizations of other States, as is contemplated, and is now almost an assured fact, the victory can be made complete.

These questions I have briefly discussed are momentous ones and the burning questions of the hour. They cannot be thrust aside. If I shall have succeeded in making you ponder them, I shall have accomplished my purpose. Thought leads to action.

A writer in Harper's Magazine of April last, discussing in an able paper the condition of agriculture,

says: "There are steadily accumulating conditions, which will, in the near future, make imperative the adoption in this country of closer and more enlightened methods of agriculture than now generally obtain among our farmers." We are all ready to acknowledge that there is a sad lack of intelligence and intelligent methods among our farmers. We have recently had the experience of seeing the farmer prefer a visit to the circus, to attending a good agricultural fair. We saw last week more farmers in Concord to see the circus than attended the fair during the four days of its continuance the previous week. Yes, there is a sad lack of intelligence among the farmers; yet it will be impossible for them, as a class, to attain that degree of intelligence or anything approaching it, which will enable them to adopt scientific methods, so long as agriculture is weighted down, hampered and made so unprofitable by existing evils; and the longer these evils continue, the less possible it becomes for them to become an educated class, pursuing closer and more enlightened methods. Their efforts must be directed to securing a subsistence for themselves and families. That this is the main effort of the average farmer over the entire country is too true. "This true some succeed, but they either do so by the strictest economy, denying themselves the comforts of life and leading a life of hardship and toil no one can envy, or by their fortunate convenience to market, being thus enabled to succeed by growing specialties.

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Blow the Chunk.

Home and Farm, 1886.]

The most amusing duel known to Arkansas tradition occurred shortly after Jefferson completed the Louisiana purchase. There lived in the Territory a pompous, overbearing Frenchman, Count Frederick Notrebe. He was greatly enraged at the purchase, and, although he owned many thousands of the best acres of land in the Territory, yet he swore that he would abandon them rather than live under what he called a government of infernal patch-work.

One day, at Arkansas Post, the count, as some additional evidences of the depravity of the American government had just been made known to him, began to curse the country. Among the bystanders was a man named Alex. Walker. This man, a brave and amusing gentleman, stepped forward and, addressing the Frenchman, said: "Excuse me, but who are you? Hold on, now; don't swell up like a toad."

"I am Count Frederick Notrebe." "Well I am Alexander Walker. I am a Deputy United States marshal." "But what right have you to interrupt me?" "The right of an American citizen. And I just want to tell you that you shall not curse this country."

The count raved. Walker continued: "I mean what I say. You may be a pretty good sort of a fellow, but I want you to understand that when I'm in the neighborhood people who are opposed to this glorious American eagle must take a back seat."

The count, struggling desperately with himself, said: "My friend will call on you." "All right, Frederick." "Don't you dare be so familiar." "All right, old buck, I won't." "You infernal—but this is no time for imprecation. My friend will see you."

The count walked away, and shortly afterward a gentlemanly fellow presented Walker with a formal challenge. "Say young fellow," Walker remarked, when he had read the challenge, "I am not acquainted in this neighborhood, and consequently, have no friend to take an acceptance of this thing, but just tell the old buck I'll meet him down on the sandbar at sunrise."

Walker had an old horse-pistol, the flint lock of which was tied on with a leather string. As he was looking at the weapon, he accidentally let it fall on the floor, and when he took it up he found that the hammer was broken off; however, he carefully loaded it and went to bed. The next morning before daylight he was on the sandbar awaiting the arrival of the count. Just as the sun was rising the count, accompanied by his friend and several negroes came in a boat. Walker, noticing that the negroes had brought spades with them, said: "Why look here, Monsieur le Comte Notrebe, why did you bring agricultural implements?"

"I will show you. I don't mind being shot and killed, but I don't want to be shot in the legs. My men will throw up earth mounds about as high as my knees. By the way, why have you made a fire upon such a warm morning as this?" "To get a chunk of fire when the time comes."

"What in the world do you want with a chunk of fire?" "Well, drawing his horse-pistol, 'as my artillery is out of shape, I'll have to touch her off.' "I have two excellent pistols; take one of them."

"No, I could never have any fun with a strange pistol. Say, old buck— "Don't call me old buck again." "All right; but say, as I haven't got any second, suppose we throw up wet or dry for the first shot?" "All right."

The count won the first shot. Walker, without a sign of emotion, took his position. The count fired and missed. "That's number one," said Walker. "All we've got to do is to keep on and one of us will have some fun before we quit. Now, get behind your ramparts." Walker added, as he took up a chunk of fire. "For God's sake don't use that awful looking thing," exclaimed the count, as he took his position. "Let me lend you one of my pistols?" "Didn't I tell you that I never could have any fun with a strange pistol? Just hold still, and (taking his pistol in his left hand and hold-

ing the chunk in the right) just keep quiet and I'll show you some rare sport (blowing the chunk). Putty hard man to draw a bead on," (again blowing the chunk).

"For the Lord's sake, make haste!" cried the count. "This vile expectancy is enough to kill a man." "Get there pretty soon, now. Wait till I get another chunk. This one's gone out. Now (blowing), wait a minute" (puff, puff). The count dropped down behind the earthworks.

"Come, get up, old buck." "Look here," the count replied, again taking his position; "I can't stand this infernal foolishness." "Won't detain you but a few moments longer. Wait till I put in some fresh powder. Priming is all mixed with ashes. Now straighten up. Here we go (puff, puff); wait a minute."

The count dropped down. "I'll be d—d if I can stand it," he exclaimed. "Get up, old buck." "I can't stand it, I tell you." "Is it impossible that you are afraid to fight?"

The count jumped up, Walker took aim and began to blow his chunk. "Now, old buck, I'll land several ounces of lead between your eyes." (puff puff). The count dropped again. "Git up, old buck." "I won't be murdered like an ox." "Ain't you going to fight?" "Not this way."

"You have had your shot; now I want mine." "Say, what was it I said about your infernal government?" "You abused it." "Well, I had a right to." "No you didn't. Stand up." "Say!" "Well?"

"I'll take it all back if you won't blow the chunk again." "Pretty good government, ain't it old buck?" "Yes." "Glad Jefferson bought this territory, ain't you?" "Look here—"

"Never mind, answer me, or I'll blow the chunk." "Yes." "Wouldn't live under the French government again for anything, would you?" "Say—"

"I'll blow the chunk." "No." "And you heartily retract everything you ever said against the United States?" "Yes." "All right, come out from behind the ramparts."

Walker and the count became great friends. Years afterward, when the count was provoked into criticizing the country, Walker said: "Look out old buck, I'll blow the chunk." OPIE P. READ.

Colonel Crockett—"Go Ahead." "I never but once," said the colonel, "was in what I call a real genuine quandary. It was during my electioneering for Congress, at which time I strolled about in the woods, so particularly pestered by politics that I forgot my rifle. Any man may forget his rifle, you know; but it isn't every man can make amends for his forgetfulness by his faculties. I guess. It chanced that I was strolling along, considerably deep in congressional; the first thing that took my fancy was the snarling of some young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree; but I soon found that I could not reach the cubs with my hands, so I went feet foremost to see if I could draw them up by the toes. I hung on the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hands slipped, and down I went, more than twenty feet, to the bottom of that hole, and there I found myself hip deep in a family of fine young bears. I soon found that I might as well undertake to climb up the greatest part of a rainbow as to get back—the hole in the tree being so large, and its sides so smooth and slippery from the rain."

"Now this was a real, genuine, regular quandary! If so be I was to shout, it would have been doubtful whether they would hear me at the settlement; and if they did hear me, the story would ruin my election, for they were of a quality too cute to vote for a man that ventured into a place that he couldn't get himself out of. Well, now, while I was calculating whether it was best to shout for help, or to wait in the hole until after election, I heard a kind of grumbling and growling overhead, and looking, I saw the old bear coming down stern foremost upon me. My motto is always 'go ahead,' and as soon as he had lowered herself within my reach, I got a tight grip of her tail in my hand, and with my little buck-hafted pen-knife in the other I commenced spurring her forward. I'll be shot if ever a member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I did! She took me out in the shake of a lamb's tail."

THE EMBROIDERER'S WORK.

Each Item is News and Information From and About People and Things.

Sir Daniel Gooch, the engineer, is dead.

Two thousand coal miners are on a strike at Charleroi, Belgium.

The Chamber of Deputies, of France will be opened November 12. Alliance Day drew 60,000 farmers to the Piedmont Exposition at Atlanta, Ga.

A number of vessels have been driven ashore by bad weather near Norfolk, Va.

Vigorous efforts are being made in Alabama to capture Rube Burrows, the out-law.

The British ship Bolan, from Calcutta for Liverpool, has foundered at sea. Thirty-three lives were lost.

The strike of coal miners at Lens, France, has been settled, the masters conceding the demands of the men.

Three thousand miners who worked in Lord Londonderry's colliery at Durham, Eng., have gone on a strike.

A would-be assassin wounded the Chinese minister of foreign affairs in Yokohama, and afterward committed suicide.

The Italian government has refused to receive Washan Effendi, whom the Porte wished to appoint as Turkish ambassador to Italy.

Oliver Garrison, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of St. Louis, committed suicide on the 28th by shooting himself through the head.

The California Iron Works and Dry Dock Company of Baltimore has received the contract for building two of the 2,000-ton cruisers, for the sum of \$1,225,000.

An army of fifty thousand squirrels has been passing over the mountains and valleys of Clinton county W. Va., for the past three weeks. Hundreds have been slain by a large number of hunters eager for sport.

Memorial services were held in the colored churches of Charleston in honor of the late Mrs. R. B. Hayes, who was prominent in the work of establishing Woman's Missions among the colored people in the South.

The French Board of trade returns for the nine months ended September 30th show the imports increased 40,810,000 francs and the exports 245,534,000 francs over those for the corresponding period last year.

In an address to the French pilgrims, to whom he gave audience, the Pope protested against the attitude of the Italian government toward the papacy. The Pontiff appeared feeble, and his voice most inaudible.

The Chippewa Commissioners have arrived at Duluth from Grand Portage Reservation, where they secured the signature of every male adult Indian to the agreement for taking up the land in severalty, and selling what remained.

A telegram from Havana says that the cocoon disease has appeared in the district of Barcoa. The inhabitants are greatly alarmed, as cocoonats are their principal source of income. The disease has nearly destroyed the cocoonats in the western and central parts of the island.

In the United States District Court, of Texas, judgment of \$1,000 has been recovered against the Rio Grande Railway Company and W. L. Giddens on the charge of importing aliens from Mexico under contract to labor in the San Tomas coal mines.

George Pfeffer was found in bed at his home in New York, having been suffocated by gas. His roommate, Morris A. Redding, was unconscious and may die. Pfeffer was out of work, and it is thought that he left the gas turned on in order to end his life, and that Redding was unaware of his action.

Great excitement prevails in Lincoln county, West Virginia, over the fearful tragedy of Thursday night of last week, when two men, who had been hired to commit murder, were riddled with bullets by an organized band of sixty men; there are two factions both well-armed, and further bloody work is expected.

The trade of Canada with the United States is greater in amount than her commerce with Great Britain. During 1888 she sold to us merchandise to the amount of \$42,572,065 and to Great Britain to the amount of \$42,094,984. Her imports from this country were to the amount of \$48,481,848, or \$9,000,000 greater than from Great Britain.