

PEOPLE AND SUBJECTS, AS SEEN AND TALKED ABOUT IN OUR EXCHANGES, GET ADDITIONAL ADVERTISING.

Feeling Himself Out of Danger, the Editor Makes Some Comments and Observations.

Triumphant Democracy!

It is said that the corset "must go." Never!

Foraker and his tongue can be gently laid away in the bloody-shirt.

The Democratic gain in Massachusetts is twenty-four members of the Legislature. Good!

What a benefit it would be, if every one would keep before him the fact, "our life is our best moment."

Costumes don't make character—they may assist in the formation of reputation, under which black hearts often exist.

That is a glorious victory the Democrats won in Virginia—42,000 majority. Billy Mahone can devote his time to his pair of triplets.

What is the matter with the Republican majority in Pennsylvania? It swelled the wrong way to snit them.

A widow 86 years old has donated \$100,000 dollars to Johns Hopkins University. She's lost to us, but her influence still lives.

More than 50,000,000 copies of Webster's spelling books have been sold. In this respect, the Blue Back leads the world.

Mr. J. S. Carr is opposed to moving Trinity College to Raleigh upon the proposition of a site and \$20,000. He thinks the amount too small.

The Administration says "the real defeat is due to local affairs." It is to be hoped that these "local affairs" will continue to show up such sensible results.

The postmaster and his clerk in Selma, N. C., are "in the soup." They have been arrested and bound over to court on the charge of opening registered letters.

That man who refuses to act unless he gets his own way and kicks, bites the air and makes an ass of himself all because he cannot dictate and rule, is a curse to the community and to himself.

They are figuring around for a Democratic Presidential ticket for 1892. It reads now: "Cleveland and Campbell"—the two C's are all right, but wait, men, until the smoke of the recent battle dies away and the thunder of the next begins to roll.

Hon. Thomas F. Bayard was married November 7th to Miss Mary Willing Clymer, of Washington, D. C. There is one fact that clearly presages a happy marriage—the bride was willing. We are glad we got to say this before the Wilmington Star got it off.

The Goldleaf shows its mind quite plainly in a long and pointed editorial about the little gambling schemes allowed at our agricultural fairs in the State. Thad Manning's meaning cannot be misunderstood. He's right! But the meanest thing is the outrageous and rotten practice of jockeying, thus cheating the spectators out of an honest and fair race.

The Stanly Observer tells that Davidson Tolbert in that county made with two plows 600 bushels of corn and about 200 bushels of wheat. Of course he raised his potatoes, his pumpkins, his meat, his molasses, and we bet that his good wife has enough home-made jeans cloth to make suits for the boys and some garments for the girls. This is business! This man has a head on him—he's tired of his corn crib and meat house being away out West.

Miss Mamie L. Hatchett, late of the Orphan's Friend, was married on the 5th to Mr. Fairbrother, of the Lincoln (Neb.) Daily Call. We congratulate our brother of the far West, but the people of Lincoln are also to be congratulated, for if that charming and brilliant little woman assists her husband, the Daily Call will better serve the interest of its readers. Mrs. Fairbrother, knowing the glories (?) of an editor's life, has shown good taste and wisdom in marrying an editor.

BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along. A gaily dressed wife by his side; In satin and laces she looked like a queen, And he like a king in his pride. A woodsawyer stood on the street as they passed; The carriage and couple he eyed; And said, as he worked with his saw on a log, "I wish I was rich and could ride." The man in the carriage remarked to his wife, "One thing I would give if I could, I'd give my wealth for the strength and the health Of the man who sawed the wood." A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work, Whose face, as the morning, was fair, Went tripping along with a smile of delight. While humming a love breathing air, she looked on the carriage; the lady she saw, Arrayed in apparel so fine, And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart Those satins and laces were mine." The lady looked out on the maid with her work, So fair in her calico dress, And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth, Her beauty and youth to possess." This it is in the world, whatever our lot, Our minds and our time we employ, In longing and sighing for what we have not, Ungrateful for what we have got.

A Wonderful Cotton Plant.

CHARLESTON, S. C., November 3. —News comes from Spartanburg, one of the best cotton-growing counties of this State, of a new cotton plant, which, if it is as claimed, will make a wonderful revolution in the agricultural and cotton oil interests of the nation. T. Ferguson, an experienced cotton planter, claims to have a cotton plant which will produce nothing but cotton seed without the lint. His statement is briefly as follows: He claims that there is a male and female cotton plant—the male being designated, he thinks, by the red stalks. The seeds are vari-colored, the shades being generally blue, green and white, and of course cannot be distinctly specified. Given this fact, Ferguson commenced, some time ago, to pick out the male plants, and with the seed extracted from them planted another patch separately. When the crop was ready for picking the male plants were again selected and the production of seeds planted separately again. This process of selecting the male plants was kept up until at last the lint refused to germinate and nothing is left in the bolls save a large amount of seed. The amount of seed contained in the boll is more than equal to the weight of the lint and seed found in the averaged sized boll of cotton. Ferguson claims that he can produce four hundred bushels of seed to the acre by this new discovery, where only thirty-five bushels are now gathered with the lint. He has been very careful in producing the results given above—to obliterate all vestige of lint from a boll of cotton—and has succeeded in a most remarkable manner. Other experienced planters have been shown Ferguson's new discovery and are much struck with it. An expert who was shown the plant and bolls, said the boll has the appearance, both on the exterior and the interior, of a regular boll of cotton after the lint has been picked out. The seed are a little larger than the common seed and are perfectly free from any semblance of lint. The bolls are filled with these seed which are as numerous as okra seed in a pod of okra. The revolution that will be effected by this new cotton plant, if it be cultivated successfully, will be beyond calculation. If Ferguson's calculations are correct, the cotton oil business will be entirely revolutionized. The planters who now raise cotton are fortunate if they can make 200 pounds of lint cotton to the acre. Counting the value of cotton seed at \$50 an acre is considered a big return to planters in this State. Ferguson claims that his new cotton seed plant will yield at least \$90 an acre. This amount he says will be obtained from 400 bushels of cotton seed at twenty cents per bushel, that being the present price paid for the raw seed. The State agricultural bureau will investigate the matter.

Chauncy M. Depew says Cleveland will get the nomination in 1892. That looks like down-Hill business for the Governor of New York.

OH! THESE WOMEN!

Atlanta Constitution.] Oh these women, these women—they make me so tired. But it is a sweet service. Here I've been working in the harness for forty years and I don't reckon I would be happy if the harness was off. I know I wouldn't for some times when Mrs. Arrp goes off to spend the day I don't feel natural about the house. I want somebody to order me around in a sweet feminine way. "William that stick that was between the sash has fallen out and is down there on the ground—don't you feel the cool air coming in." "William the clock needs cleaning very bad—it stopped twice yesterday—hadn't you better take it down to Mr. Baker's." "William I wish you would get a little paint and give the old mantelpiece a coat—you have scratched so many matches on it to light your old pipe, that it is a sight. A little can of prepared paint won't cost much. And that old grade needs a coat of polish—oh, I did see some of the loveliest grates down at the exposition and those tiles for hearths were exquisite. I don't mean for you to buy any, but I am just telling you. Somehow whenever I tell you about the beautiful things I see you look like you didn't have a friend in the world. Of course I don't mean that I want you to buy them." "William what am I to do with the flowers the geraniums and verbenas and all the potted plants. The winter is coming on, and I do wish we had a little pit somewhere. It will be a pity to lose them. Hattie has had a pit dug and says it didn't cost but two dollars—and she is going to cover it with a cloth frame." "Sam Pitts digs pits," she continued—"Sam Pitts digs pits," said I. And so I sent for Uncle Sam and marked off the place, six by ten, and squared it according to rule and he had been digging a few minutes, when Mrs. Arrp raised the window and said she thought it was a little too far that way, and so I moved the marks a couple of feet and began to dig again. In a little while she came out and said it was too far this way and I moved it back where it was at first and she said it was about right now. She thinks that I split the difference, but I didn't. The next day she asked me in a gentle voice how much a brick wall around the town would cost—a brick wall about three feet high on one side and a foot high on the other. "And sash with glass to cover," said I; for I knew she was thinking about it. She smiled sweetly and said, "Yes." I scratched a match on the mantle and lit my pipe and ruminated. That was yesterday. Mr. White is making those sash today and the brick mason is building the wall and I am still in the harness. Alex Stephens said he wanted to die in the harness and he did, but he never knew anything about matrimonial breaching, or he would have wanted to live and not die at all. What would become of a man if he didn't have a woman to keep him lively? When we were in Atlanta the other day, my wife asked me for five dollars to buy a pair of shoes, "Have shoes gone up," said I, as I handed her the money "No, but I have," she said, "I want a fine pair—shoes that are as soft as kid gloves—you owe me lots of shoe money—you promised me before we were married that you would give me thirteen pair a year—don't you remember?" "Yes," said I, "and you have had them and more to. How can a woman raise ten children on less than thirteen pair a year? But I would have promised you anything then. I would have climbed the Chiamborazo mountains and fought a tiger for you them—a small tiger—but I would fight a big one now. Here take another five and buy you some fine stockings to go with the shoes, but don't buy black ones. I despise to see a white woman wear black stockings. It is like a heathen Chinese blacking his teeth." I wish I had the making of the fashions. I see that the bustles have gone out at last, and I am glad of it. I never did like these unnatural humps on a woman's back. They have been in and out a dozen times since I was a boy, and do have hoop-skirts. It is funny to see a new fashion come in and go out. There are women in my town still wearing bustles. They feel sorter shamed to leave them off all of a sudden. But they will fall into line and slim down before long. They have done slimmer at my house. They keep up pretty well. I saw lots of nice ladies at the fair who were behind, and so were their bustles, but they were from the country and little towns and hadn't caught up. It is a good deal of

trouble to alter a bustle-dress to a no-bustle dress, and all the mysterious garments underneath have to be altered, too, and that is why it takes a fashion so long to run out. It costs money and work. Now, if the ladies will cut off about four inches of their skirts and keep out of the winter's mud, they will be all right. Let them show their ankles if they want to. There is nothing prettier than the poetry of motion that is in a lady's foot and ankle when she walks. It pleases an old man mightily. But the men have passed through some very ridiculous fashions too. When I was in my teens and had begun to notice the girls and put oil on my hair and cinnamon drops on my handkerchief, the fashion was to wear short pants and straps—leather straps about an inch wide that came under the shoe and fastened to buttons sewed on the inside of the pants. When a fellow sat down the whole concern was drawn as tight as an elk skin, and there was a continual strain on the straps at the bottom and the suspenders at the top. Sometimes a button broke or a strap burst under peculiar circumstances, and then the pants crawled up amazingly. One day I was riding out with my sweetheart and the catastrophe happened as we were running a galloping race up a long hill, and my pants crawled up to my knee and carried the undergarment along, and it was on her side of the horse, and she laughed and laughed until she liked to have fallen off, and I had to get down and cut a skewer off of a rail and fasten the strap on again. The mischievous thing told it on me and I never got even with her until one day her bustle came untied and dropped off as she was passing my store and I picked it up and handed it to her with a bow as polite as a Frenchman, and said, "Miss Mary your shoe strap is broken." The bustles of that day were shaped like a new moon and stuffed with bran. They were generally about as large as a hoe handle and tapered out to a point at each end, but the more style the larger bustle. They were all home-made and were considered a very sacred and mysterious article of feminine furniture. Sometimes one of these big ones would rip from long wear and tear, and the bran would leak out as the woman wiggled along and you could track her all the way home just like the hogs would track a mill boy when there was a hole in his corn sack. I remember when the hoop-skirt of a high-flying woman was three feet across at the bottom and when she stood up close against the counter, her dress didn't need any shortening behind. It was a sight of trouble to squeeze them in the pews of the churches, and sometimes they behaved in a very unseemingly manner when the wind was blowing in a shifty way. I remember when the college boys wore boots according to their politics. The toes were shaped like a duck's bill, and when turned up and over on the top of the foot like a skate, and if the boy was a whig he had Clay printed on the toes in large letters, and if he was a democrat he had Polk printed there, and so they walked about sticking their politics into everybody's faces. But, after all, I believe the women of this generation are more reasonable in their dress than for many generations past. Three thousand years ago they were fast, very fast, for Josiah tells about "the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet and their curls and their round tires like the moon (bustles, I reckon), their chains and bracelets and mufflers, the bonnets and ornaments of the legs and headbands, and tablets and earrings, and nose jewels and changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles and wimples, and girding pins and hoods and veils." Oh, it took a fighting to set up one of those high-flying Hebrew women, and the prophet went for them as fiercely as old Allen Turner used to go for our women a half century ago. "If that young woman with the green bonnet on the back of her head and the devil's martingales around her neck and his stirrups on her ears, kon't quit her giggling, I'll point her out to the congregation." Yes, we are all doing better—except some. But I must stop; Mrs. Arrp is calling me to come and put out some more chrysanthemums, and I am so tired.

BILL ARR.

A private soldier says that desertions from the army are largely due to the tyranny of the younger officers and the drunkenness of the older ones.

An Alliance Lecture.

[A lecture delivered before the Poplar Tent Alliance, October 25th, 1889, by a member.] Mr. PRESIDENT:—I believe we are all agreed that the farming interest is in a very depressed condition, especially in our bounds. Would it not be well to enquire into the causes that have brought about this condition and see if there be not a remedy? Some seventy years ago we had here a beautiful country, a rich soil, well watered and well timbered. There was more wealth, more large land holders owning more negroes than any other section of our county of equal area. I will name some of these farms: The Morehead farm of nearly three thousand acres, the Harris farm of two thousand, the Pharr lands two thousand, the Gibson, the Young, each one thousand, several of five hundred, etc. The policy then was to clear up and wear out the land. And what a legacy was left us after the war! A gullied and worn out land, and a surplus of worthless free negroes. With our resources all gone we made herculean efforts to regain our losses. We tried hiring the negro for wages, but failed; we next took the negro in partnership, which we still pursue, the landlord furnishing stock and tools and feeding and clothing his partner and family. This policy we have found to be ruinous; the negro won't work more than seven months of the twelve and that work is but poorly done. The consequence is, our lands are getting poorer every year and we are on the high road to bankruptcy. These are some of the causes producing the state of affairs now existing, but the greatest cause is our neglecting the first and most important principle of good farming, that is the improvement of the soil. An English writer long ago said "he was a good farmer who made two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before." We cultivate too much poor land; if we had cultivated but half of our lands and done it well for the last twenty years, our farms would be worth twice as much as they are, and we would be twice as well paid for our labor. Now shall we not stop this losing business? Let us cultivate our farms with wage labor and if the negro won't work, and work well for wages, let him go. We have too many any how. They are like the locusts of Egypt; they are destroying our substance, eating up the products of our fields, and making us no returns. Now sir, I don't wish to oppress the negro; neither do I wish to be oppressed by him. Let him have his just right; freedom gave him the right to labor and enjoy the fruits of his labor, (this right to labor was one neither expected nor desired by him). Some say educate the negro and he will make a good laborer. Let him have a common school education—more than this is injurious, except where these uncommon talent, then let him be educated as high as he can bear. We see this in the higher education of the negro women. They are not ready for this high education. Right here permit me to say we have in our town an institution doing more to unfit the negro women for their position in life than anything else; after graduating what are they fit for? A few of them may do to teach the children, but the majority are too proud to work, fond of dress and no property to live on. In all communities there is a class without property who have to labor for those who are able to pay them for their labor. Who of you can hire an educated negro woman to cook or do your washing? They have to keep house, dress and visit. Now sir, shall we continue to suffer this state of things or shall we take this matter in hand and regulate it? We are trying to free ourselves from the bondage to trusts and monopolies. Shall we not also try to free ourselves from the evils immediately surrounding us? We have a mighty task before us. Shall we work as the bandy legged Smith in the Fair Maid of Perth, who fought on his own hand, or shall we stand shoulder to shoulder, and make a united effort to free ourselves from the deplorable condition in which we find ourselves? I have touched lightly on some of the causes and remedies for the evils of our situation. Let us have a free and full discussion of these matters and find out what we ought to do, and do it.

Men Not Equal.

A St. Louis Republic reporter, recently had the following interview with the Rev. Dr. R. A. Holland: "Dr. Holland," said the reporter, "the report of your speech before one of the Episcopal societies in New York have you say that all men are not born free and equal, as the declaration of independence reads, and as every youth of the land is taught along with the rudiments of their education." Dr. Holland was sitting on an easy settee, leaning back on the upholstered arm, and as the reporter spoke he half raised in his seat, and, with eyes fairly blazing in the conviction of his belief, he said: "Well are they? Can anything be more absurd than to say that men are born free and equal? I assert again, and I think no man can gain say it, that men are not born equal in any way, physically, mentally or morally, except in the fact that all men are born men. You might as well say that all men are equal from a physical standpoint, that the man who is weak physically is the match, from a physical point of view, with the giant. Theoretic democracy is absurd. It never did and never can exist on earth or in heaven. Men are not equals anywhere—not in governmental rights, any more than in physical strength, wealth or talent. Nor are men equal in any sense before the law. They are not enlisted into the army equally, cannot go to West Point or Annapolis equally; may not pass competitive examinations for civil service equally, nor equally become public school teachers, nor pay equal taxes, nor stand with equal severity before the criminal courts. Equality before the law means simply that law is law, and men are men—a tautology not quite aphoristic on the part of those who, by acute distinctions would save the Declaration of Independence and democracy from nonsense. Law is equal inasmuch as its distinctions act uniformly. These are the views in a nutshell which I gave before the society, and I am free to maintain that the theory is a true one. There was no excitement over these statements among the members of the society or the convention, and I was surprised to find that so much had been said on the subject by the people and the press of the country." [It Was a Plot. Detroit Free Press.] A stranger entered a well-known saloon on Woodward avenue the other day, and after imbibing a weak drink he said to the proprietor: "I want to wait here a few minutes for a man who borrowed some money of me." He was motioned a chair, and when an hour had passed away he was asked: "Are you a stranger in the city?" "Yes, sir." "Did you lend money to a stranger to you?" "I did." "How much?" "Forty dollars." "Humph! Under what circumstances?" "Said he had a freight bill to pay and couldn't get in to the bank. He gave me this check for \$200 to hold as security. Said he'd meet me here at 11 o'clock." "My friend you have been bamboozled." "No." "Yes you have. That is the old freight bill dodge. That check is worthless, and you'll never see the man again." "But I can't believe that. He looked honest and talked straight." "So they all do. Sorry for you, but you must read the papers." "Say! I don't pretend to be awfully smart, but I'll bet that chap was honest." "You will! What'll you bet?" "Even twenty. I do honestly believe he will come here by 11 o'clock and pay the money." The bet was taken, the money put up, and the greenhorn sat down to wait. At five minutes of 11 a man came in, handed him \$40, expressed his thanks, and took the check and placed it in his wallet. "I told you he was honest," said the greenhorn as he reached for the stakes. They were handed over, but half an hour later, after much serious thought, the bartender suddenly slapped his leg and exclaimed: "I see through it now! They were pals, of course!" He—"Will you marry me?" She—"No." He—"Will you marry Bob Sawyer?" He wanted me to ask for him, too, while I was about it."—Epoch.

Fighting the Trusts.

Courier Journal.] Two young couples dressed entirely in cotton bagging were married in Georgia last week, in the presence of 60,000 persons. Their choice of such attire was to attest the strength of the war the people are making against the jute trust, and the immense attendance shows how heartily the agricultural population is taking part in the contest. Georgia is vigorously opposing the jute trust, but the strongest opposition is furnished by the State of North Carolina. North Carolina is not the wealthiest State in the Union, and she has been less favored by nature than some of them, but her people have always been noted for industry, honesty, sobriety and the love of liberty, and she will not go without sympathy in her present fight against an oppressive combination. Some may consider such modes of opposition weak, and likely to defeat their own ends through the lack of union, but when the grievance becomes too great, necessity forces the people to unite, and then they cannot fail. In our history there are some famous examples of the success these methods have attained. In the troublesome times preceding the Revolution when they were required to buy all their manufactured goods from Great Britain, the American colonists, rich and poor alike, adopted resolutions that they would wear nothing but homespun, and from Maine to Georgia they kept their agreement so well that the sale of British cloths fell to nothing. In the same manner they denied themselves the use of tea, and in a half dozen other ways proved their ability to unite against and crush monopoly. In such early contests no people were more active than those of North Carolina, whose descendants are now dealing such heavy blows at the jute trust. It was fitting that this lively spirit of opposition should be manifested by the inhabitants of the Old North State, who have always been renowned for their love of liberty, who declared independence before the Fourth of July, who gave the first sacrifice of blood for the Revolution, who, when the port of Boston was closed against commerce, sent half of what they had to feed the people of that starving city, and have never failed to respond to the call for help. This is a great year for trusts, and the jute combination has plenty of companionships, though it has attracted more attention, because of the partially organized opposition to it. To the sugar trust the people have paid the largest tribute. It was backed by vast capital, and has been managed with such dexterity that the profits of the operators have gone high into the tens of millions. They forced prices fully 25 per cent above the natural value, and every consumer in every part of the country was compelled to contribute to the immense earnings of the trust. A trust in coffee was attempted and was partially successful, but an unexpected heavy crop in South America overturned all calculations, and the market resumed its natural condition. The copper trust was organized in France, but it included America, as well as the remainder of the world, and for many months the copper sold for five cents a pound more than it was worth. The lead trust has had sore vicissitudes, but has succeeded in thoroughly disarranging and confusing the market. These are the trusts that have attracted the most attention, but others have either been formed or attempted, and the year 1889 has given birth to so many that they form a family more numerous than the model household of the early Puritans, which contained two dozen children. SUSPICIOUS SUBMISSION.—A small boy had been having a day of unmitigated outrageousness, such as all children who do not die young are likely to have at times, and when he was ready for bed his mother said to him: "When you say your prayers, George, ask God to make you a better boy. You have been very naughty to-day." The youngster accordingly put up his petitions in the usual form, and then before closing with "amen" he added: "And please, God, make me a good boy." He paused a second, and then to the utter consternation of his mother concluded with unabated gravity: "Nevertheless, not my will, O Lord, but thine be done."—Providence Journal.

THE SCISSORS' WORK. Each Item is News and Information From and About People and Things. Representatives of the Baseball Brotherhood are holding a meeting in New York city. The Prince of Wales, who is on a visit to Egypt, was accorded an ovation at Alexandria. Five men were killed and three severely burned by the breaking out of molten iron in a mill at Lebanon, Penn. The vote of Montana has been canvassed, and the Republicans elect the Legislature and all of the State officers, with the exception of Governor. A National Convention of Afro-Americans has been called to meet in Nashville, Tenn., on the 15th of January next. It has been definitely ascertained that thirty persons lost their lives in the Glasgow carpet factory disaster. A wholesale liquor dealer of Shreveport, La., was closed on the 5th by attaching creditors; liabilities said to exceed \$33,000. Several lighter firms of London have conceded the demands of the dock strikers and their action will probably avert suspension of trade. It is announced that three of the large steamship companies of Hamburg are about to combine in one immense corporation. The Czar has written a letter to Queen Natalie, in which he assures her of his sympathy, and that he still recognizes her as Queen of Serbia. The Secretary of the Navy has accepted the cruiser Charleston, built for the Government by the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco. The Swiss Government has prohibited the holding of meetings by the Salvation Army, and has closed the halls occupied by the Salvationists. In the U. S. Court, at Charleston, application was made by holders of first mortgage bonds for a receiver for the South Carolina Railroad Company. The famous shell grotto at Potsdam has been almost entirely ruined by some unknown miscreants, and a large reward has been offered for their detection. Another strike has been inaugurated on the London docks, and scores of ships are lying idle, it being impossible to get men to handle their cargoes. Mr. Nelson, father of Stanly's chief officer, has received a letter from his son conveying the assurance that Stanly will arrive at Zan-zibar some time in January. The Southern Exposition opened in Montgomery, Ala., Monday at noon, when the machinery was put in motion by President Harrison by touching the key of a wire in Washington. A monument to Joachim II. has been unveiled at Spandau, the ceremony marking the opening of the celebration of the Reformation. Prince Leopold represented Emperor William, who telegraphed his congratulations. The schooner Flora Rogers reached Charleston Monday with the mate and four of the crew of the water-logged schooner Jennie Rosaline, for Savannah from Providence; the captain and his wife were swept overboard and drowned. A terrible election riot occurred on the 5th at a polling place in Maryland; the judges were driven from the room and the ballot box was taken; the opposite factions arrayed themselves on each side of the road and fired at each other. The captain of the Cunard steamer Malta, which went ashore at St. Just during a fog on October 16th, while enroute to Italy with a party of eighteen persons, has been found culpable by the court of inquiry, and suspended for three months. The new railway bridge across the Frith of Forth, one of the most marvelous pieces of engineering of the century, is shortly to be put to the test of carrying fifty locomotives hitched together, and travelling back and forth at varying rates of speed. In New York city, last Monday, an electric light current roasted a horse to death, threw his driver to the street, and knocked a police sergeant senseless; the current was carried to the victim through a telephone wire which had fallen and formed a loop across the track of the Fourth avenue railroad; the accident in connection with the accident were of a very exciting character.