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CONCORD, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1890.

WHOLE NO. 112.

THE LEAF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY
M. L. B. B.

Torn from the storm, poor, withered leaf,
Where goest thou? Thy life is brief.
"Nothing know; the storm-swept oak
Where once I hung at last is broke.
Tossed on the breast of restless gale,
From wood to plain, from mount to dale,
I go where blows the inconstant wind
Nor sigh, nor sin I may unkind
I go where all things fair must come,
Where thou, too, soon must find
thy home,
There the rose leaf will see its grave
And there the bay's that poet crave."

Queer Directions.

State Chronicle.

Some days ago we had occasion to write to a North Carolina young man who is at Johns Hopkins University. We addressed the letter to him at "Johns Hopkins University." He got the letter after some delay and writes:

"Maybe you designed a delicate compliment such as Johnson and Burke, I believe, exchanged. Burke directed a letter to 'Samuel Johnson, England.' And Johnson, not to be outdone, replied: 'Edmund Burke, World.'"

Speaking of directions on a letter we read a few days ago that a party in Michigan wrote a letter to W. L. Douglas, the famous shoe man at Brockton, Mass. He put his letter in an envelope, sealed it, and pasted on it as the sole direction a picture of Mr. Douglas. He is so well known, by reason of his extensive advertising, in which he always publishes his picture, that the letter went as safely and as quickly as if it had contained the name, postoffice, and number of street.

He Missed His Man.

An exciting little episode took place a few evenings since in the bill room at the Shoreham, where the young fellows, who were, as it were, quietly following themselves, proceeded to give their orders, says the Washington Critic. Near by sat two promising young scions of Senatorial families, who evinced an unaccountable amusement over the Titan-like looks of one of the new-comers. Exasperated finally beyond all endurance by a very pointed remark on "cat tops," the young athlete table, requested the Senator's son to repeat his remarks, with which request he unobtrusively complied.

A moment later and he sprang with the velocity of a cannon ball across the marble floor, landing in a heap under a table, from which ignominious position he was gathered up and hurried from the room by several waiters. Young Titian locks then resumed his seat, remarking to several waiters who had prepared to eject him also that he had come into the bill room as a gentleman and proposed to leave it in the same capacity—namely, that a prize-fighter.

A Bird on a Beam.

Salisbury Herald.

Something rather remarkable was witnessed on our street last Saturday. A couple of sparrows fell upon the pavement in front of Smith's. Taylor & Co's store, breaking to pieces and spilling the liquor. Some of this collected in a small hollow in one of the stones, and pretty soon a English sparrow flew down and commenced to drink. The sparrow seemed to relish the brandy and took several swallows of it. Finally, his strength being exhausted, he lay on his back, but the brandy had commenced to get in its work and the bird could only flutter about in an imbecile manner. Parties passing along touched the sparrow but it was soon to drink that it could not move. Mr. Smith's dog took the bird into his store where it remained for some time in a stupified condition, and when finally turned loose it was so drunk that it could only fly a very short distance at a time. Quite a number of our citizens saw the bird while it was intoxicated. We have heard of cases of birds getting drunk before, but this is the first case we have ever known.

Col. Rowland, the able Representative of the 6th District, has introduced a bill providing for the collection of an income tax, that suits our nation to a dot, if it could be passed. But there is no likelihood of the abandonment of the present system of taxation and the restoration of the income tax. Col. Rowland's proposition is to lay taxes on incomes as follows:

From five thousand to ten thousand dollars, two per centum thereof; from ten thousand to twenty five thousand dollars, four per centum thereof; from twenty five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars, six per centum thereof; from one hundred thousand to one million dollars, eight per centum thereof; and on all incomes amounting to over one hundred thousand dollars, ten per centum thereof.

"It would make the men who have vast wealth pay their proportionate part of the taxes; it is now they pay but little more than the average citizen. Out of their surplus abundance they should pay a greater proportion."

The Cost of Elevators.

National Economist.

A correspondent of the Rural World, E. W. K., writes from Higginsville, Mo., as follows:

It cost \$7,500 to build an elevator with a storage capacity of 50,000 bushels. Such an elevator would elevate about 1,000 bushels per hour or clean 500 bushels per hour; of course the cleaning capacity can be easily made 1,000 bushels, the same as the elevating. The above includes an engine and everything complete, and by adding \$7,000 more the storage capacity can be easily increased 50,000 bushels, thus making the total capacity of storage 100,000 bushels, and at a total cost of \$13,500. The expense of operating such an elevator, if run on economical principles should not exceed \$1,500 per annum, or say 15 cents per bushel. This includes everything, even insurance, which need not need not be excessive. In a profits of an elevator from one source are this: During the months of July and August (in this section, Central Missouri) two-thirds of the grain (wheat) is raised from the field, or out of the shock, and brought directly to market. The consequence is that the grain being new and soft, it does not grade No. 3, thus losing from 41 to 5 cents per bushel in grading, or whatever difference there is between No. 2 and 3, and sometimes even No. 4. Here is one source of profit that would be saved were the wheat stored in an elevator until after this difference in the grade could be saved.

From the above estimates, which seems to be a fair one, the cost of building the proposed sub-treasury warehouses can be made. The entire amount of all kinds of grain produced in the United States for 1889, may be put at 3,400,000,000 bushels, the largest in the history of the country. Of this amount there was wheat, 490,560,000 bushels; oats, 751,515,000 bushels; corn, 2,112,892,000 bushels. The exports of all kinds of grain for the same year was about 210,000,000 bushels. Of this amount there was wheat and flour 88,322,462 bushels; corn and meal 70,241,570 bushels. The great bulk of the grain produced in this country was therefore consumed at home, and by far the largest part of the coarse grain must have been fed to stock on the farm. Breadstuffs reports from more than 1,000 different points East of the Rocky Mountains show total amount of grain in store February 10th to be 89,684,000 bushels.

The total amount of wheat in store and about for the same time in the entire world was only 105,333,415 bushels. With this data, approximate calculation can be made of the probable amount of grain that would be warehoused at any one time. If the present amount of grain in store, say 90,000,000 bushels, is increased to 270,000,000 bushels or three times the amount actually in store, it probably would be an outside figure, for the number of bushels that would be required to warehouse at any one time, at least for the present. The cost of building good and sufficient warehouses to store this amount of grain at the estimate quoted above, 15 cent per bushel storage capacity, would be \$40,500,000. The cotton crop of 1889 is given at 6,923,290 bales. The cost of building cotton warehouses is estimated at \$1 per bale storage capacity. If the whole crop is taken into the calculation it would amount to \$6,923,290, which would build those for tobacco also. If these figures are correct the entire cost of building the necessary warehouses for sub-treasury purposes would amount to only \$47,500,000 in round numbers.

Certainly \$50,000,000 would warehouse all the grain, cotton and tobacco contemplated in the sub-treasury plan, and likely to demand storage at any one period for some time to come. In this calculation the number of warehouses is not considered, but the whole amount to be stored is provided for. The expense of the undertaking can not be urged, therefore, as an objection. There is to-day in the United States treasury \$25,000,000 of minor coin, classified as unavailable assets, for the payment of any Government debt. The National Economist will take this sum and build half these warehouses, and use no other kind of money. The mechanics of this country will not stand on the size of the coins; it is the amount that is doing the mischief. The above is a fair statement of the cost of the warehouses, and it is hoped that the friends of the sub-treasury plan will read it carefully.

The Late Col. Julian Allen.

Portland (Me.) Transcript.

Col. Julian Allen, who died at Statesville, N. C., a few days ago, had a rather romantic personal history. His story is of interest, as showing an instance of great beneficence upon our country by the unselfish patriotism of a man of foreign birth, who early in life made his home among us. He was born in Poland of a noble family, and, while being educated in a Polish university, joined in some revolutionary movement that rendered him liable to be sent to Siberia. Being warned that such was to be his fate, he fled by night, and succeeded after much difficulty in reaching England. His younger brother, implicated in the same movement, was less fortunate. He was sent to Siberia, a mere boy, and for years suffered the terrible fate of a tortured political exile. Julian came to America, obtained employment in New York, and in a few years was a wealthy merchant, doing a wholesale business in tobacco. His name was Alleaski. In the ardor of his affection for the country that had befriended him, he dropped the ski, and became known as Julian Allen. He married a Miss Hussey, of Portsmouth, who is of the family of John G. Whittier's mother. Taking great interest in politics, he was at one time put in nomination by the Republicans for the mayoralty of Brooklyn. At the breaking out of our war he raised a regiment, one of the first of the New York regiments, and was commissioned its colonel. He was wounded in the first battle of Bull Run. Upon his recovery he went to Europe where he rendered important services, especially in Austria and Germany, in changing the tide of opinion that was setting against the North in Europe. He received the special thanks of Abraham Lincoln for this service. President Lincoln and John G. Whittier made personal appeals to the Emperor of Russia for the release of Col. Allen's brother, and they were successful. This brother, who had given up all hope of leaving Siberia alive, suddenly found himself a free man, came to this country, was naturalized, and entered upon his duties as a citizen with all the ardor and enthusiasm that has characterized Julian's course. He was given a government position in one of the territories. Col. Allen, just before the war, assisted Helper in compiling that remarkable work, "The Impending Crisis." Allen also wrote a book in regard to the tyranny of Russia in Poland, in which the terrible story of his brother's sufferings is told. Through Helper's influence he became interested in North Carolina where he bought a fine old estate in the vicinity of Statesville. Here he resided for the past fifteen years and won the love and respect of even his political opponents. He was active in every good work. Public spirited and enterprising, the State and his town have often called for his service, and it has always been promptly and faithfully rendered. We met him in New York last spring, whether he came as commissioner of North Carolina to the centennial celebration of George Washington. No better patriot or truer American was to be found in that immense gathering—no one who more fully appreciated the honor of being a citizen of our republic—than this warm hearted, sometimes choleric, but always brave and loyal Pole. Col. Allen was fond of music and the violin was his favorite instrument. When he fled from the wrath of the Czar, although otherwise almost empty-handed, he brought his violin, and upon it he heard him play the Russian national airs with a fine spirit in his hospitable Southern home. When a student he played these tunes on the same instrument before an imperial audience. America has room for as many adopted citizens of Col. Allen's sort as Europe can send us. P.

Behaving Sociably to the Front.

New York Tribune.

It is, we know, the universal custom of college classes to designate themselves by the last two figures of the year in which they are to be graduated, or, for instance, the class of '90, or the class of '92. This being so what are the boys to do, who in the course of time will be graduated in 1900? To be consistent they will have to say that they belong to the class of '00, which is not only absurd but unpronounceable. Let the college debating societies tackle this momentous question. Come to think of it, too, won't it sound a little queer to speak of the class of '01 and the class of '02?

Who Can Best be Spared.

The Medical Record, in giving advice to young men, says: "Young men, the first question your employers ask themselves when business becomes slack, and when it is thought necessary to economize in the matter of salaries, is 'who can be spared?' It is the barometer, the shirks, the make-shifts, somebody's proteges, somebody's nephews, and especially somebody's good-for-nothings. Young men, please remember that these are not the ones who are called for when responsible positions are to be filled. Would you like to gauge your own future for a position of prominence? Would you like to know the probabilities of your getting such a position? Inquire within. What are you doing to make yourself valuable in the position you occupy? If you are doing with your right what your hands find to do, the chances are ten to one that you soon become so valuable in that position that you cannot be spared from it; and then, singular to relate, will be the very time when you will be sought out for promotion for a better place."

The niece of Mme. Christine Nilsson, who hoped to become a great prima donna, has abandoned her plans, having discovered that her voice is inadequate.

A Sketch of Edison.

Mecklenburg Times.

The subject of this sketch was born the 11th of February, 1847, at Milan, a small canal village in Erie county, Ohio. Here he passed the first 13 years of his life, after which he became a news boy on the Grand Trunk railway. It is said that he never went to school regularly for more than a couple of months of his life. However he was fond of reading and had a searching speculative mind which was more than compensated for his want of "book learning." It is not generally known that Mr. Edison once edited and published a newspaper. But it is a fact. While on the road he erected a chemical laboratory and a printing office in an old baggage car. The title of his newspaper was the Grand Trunk Herald. On one occasion while experimenting, the car caught fire and the conductor after extinguishing the flames threw the laboratory apparatus and the Grand Trunk Herald out of the window. One day having a heavy load of papers to take into the cars, he asked some gentlemen standing by to help him in the car, who, upon the news being caught him by the ears and lifted him upon the platform. This incident impaired his hearing and he has been somewhat deaf ever since. While on the road he learned a good deal about telegraphy and was ever afterwards a careful student. For several years after attaining his majority he moved about from place to place as telegrapher, sometimes being discharged for negligence. At Startford, Canada, being required to report the word "six" to the manager every hour to show that he was awake, he invented an apparatus to do it for him. At Indianapolis he kept press reports waiting while he experimented with new methods for receiving them. One night while employed at Louisville, he was experimenting for his own purpose when he upset a carload of sulphuric acid which played the mischief with a bathing office below. At New New he invented an instrument to price the stock quotations by which he made some money. This caused him to be retained by the Western Union Telegraph company, to give them first bills on his telegraph inventions. From that time until the present he has had uninterrupted success.

He lived for several years at Newark, N. J., engaged in the manufacture of the Gold Indicator. While there he fell in love and married Miss Mary Stillwell.

Becoming dissatisfied with the manufacturing business, he located at Menlo Park, N. J., where most of his inventions were made. Here he won the appellation of "The Wizard of Menlo Park." His laboratory was in a two story wooden building painted white. Here every day and night surrounded by numerous pupils of chemicals and curious inventions he could be seen in a blue flannel suit, spotted over with a seeking new ideas and inventions. Mr. E. keeps a private secretary to look after his extensive correspondence. It is said that he receives over one hundred letters a day.

Mr. Edison has two children, one Dot and the other Dash, named after two symbols of the telegraphic alphabet.

Long live Thos. Alva Edison, and may his say in the South be pleasant and profitable.

Mr. J. B. Duke.

Greensboro North State.

Very few of the young men of North Carolina have achieved anything like the distinction in the business world won by J. B. Duke son of Washington Duke and member of the firm of W. Duke Sons & Co.

Not many years ago "Back," as his father loves to call him, broke the shell, and planted himself down in the city of New York, determined right there in the greatest commercial and money centre of the continent, to make all cigarette concerns take off their hats to W. Duke Sons & Co.

Upward and onward he went. The country was as much at home in the great metropolis, driving his business with all the artful management that industry and genius could control and devise, as if he had never been out of the great city. All who know him and come in contact with him admit that he has phenomenal business and commercial gifts.

The American Tobacco Company, the wealthiest and greatest corporation of its kind in the world, is organized with a capital of \$25,000,000. Mr. J. B. Duke is the president of the Company. North Carolina may well feel proud of her young son who went forth among strangers and reached the topmost round of the business ladder in so short a time.

A Big Scheme.

Wilmington Star.

One of the biggest engineering schemes yet thought of will shortly be submitted to Congress; it is to tunnel the Sierra Nevada mountains, thus avoiding the snow blockades and the delays to travel occasioned thereby. The plan is for two tunnels, each about five miles long, penetrating the ranges at the most feasible points, the companies interested doing the work and each having the right of way. To enable them to do this the companies will ask Congress to allow them to use the money which they are due the Government, payable in instalments, for this purpose, instead of paying it to the Government, and at a later period when the tunnels are completed and paid for, to resume the payment to the Government. They don't ask further Government assistance. It is estimated that the work will cost \$100,000,000. This will disperse altogether with the mountain grades, and will give a roadbed a thousand feet below the snow level.

A Solar Phenomenon.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., March 5.—Many people throughout Western North Carolina are now discussing the very mysterious phenomenon which appeared in the heavens day before yesterday, and seems to have been visible in a few sections. It was an immense circle with a white misty circumference drawn upon the northern heavens with the sun located upon its southern circumference. Around the sun was a smaller, but still large circle, the circumference of which had all the colors of the rainbow in it. There were other circles, and parts of circles, with circumferences only partly defined, in which the rainbow colors commingled concentrically with large, rainbow circle around the sun. At the points where these circumferences and parts of circumferences crossed the great white circle, whose southern edge seemed to cover the sun, the effect in color was brilliant.

The sun was on the circumference of a large white circle, and was only the center of the smaller rainbow circle. The day was clear, not cloudy. There were slight accumulations of haze about in the heavens, but the sun shone brightly through the thickest of it, gathered together in the circumference of the circle.

The curious sight attracted much attention, and caused many an eye to water from strain, and whenever the circumference of one circle crossed the periphery of another, a bright point it was reconstituted, which was so glaring that it hurt the eyes to look at it, and it was evidently a picture of the sun mirrored forth from the cloud. There were a half dozen in these solar photographs, and that fact made the whole brilliant scene very difficult to observe. It was thought by some that they observed the rainbow circle surrounding the sun and cutting the great circle at two points, reproduced twice around the great circle, making three rainbow circles grouped around the circumference of the great circle. The whole picture was visible thirty minutes, gradually fading away.

Yankees in the Holy Land.

The Holy Land is to be modernized and turned into a pleasure ground for the tourists.

General Ben Butler and several other well known yankees are organizing a stock company to be called the New England Land company of Egypt. It is proposed to purchase land in Port Said and Alexandria and build a two hundred mile line of railroad through to Damascus. The road will go through the mountain region in southern Palestine, running north through the valley of the river of Jordan. Gen. Butler is deeply engaged in the study of Biblical history and Holy Land topography. He says that when a railroad equipped with steel rails, eighty ton engines, opens the country to travel there will be general rush of sight-seers from all over the world. The stopping places in Palestine will include Hebron, Rama, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Jerico, Nazareth, Galilee and Damascus on the extreme east. The enterprising capitalists at the back of this project contemplate nothing less than yankees of Palestine. They are satisfied that their railroad will develop the country, build up towns, and result in the influx of many colonists.

With the sound of the locomotive whistle much of the romance and mystery of this land of the Bible will disappear. The old landmarks will be covered with patent medicine advertisements, big hotels will spring up in every direction, and the whole country will be turned into a sort of side-show under the management of a party of sharp New England speculators.

The profane hand of progress spares nothing.

John Jacob Astor: Forget Six Millions.

At the deathbed of William B. Astor, father of the late John Jacob, says the New York Star, after everything pertaining to the enormous personal estate was supposed to be arranged, the dying man suddenly said:

"John, what did we do with that six millions of registered U. S. 4's?"

"We have forgotten them, father," replied the son.

"What would we better do with them, John?"

"I think, father, they'd better be given to the girls—his sisters."

"That's a good idea, John. Hurry a man to Washington specially, and have them transferred before I die."

This was done, and the incident is a suggestive pointer as to the vastness of the property held and to be disposed of.

Henry Waterson is inclined to believe that the fight between Cleveland and Hill will make it impossible for either of them to be nominated by the Democrats in 1892.

Alliance Triumph.

Abbeville (S. C.) Medium.

President Stackhouse of the State Farmers' Alliance says that the jute trust is now offering to sell bagging for this year's crop at seven cents per yard. We presume the statement is correct. It indicates a great triumph for the Alliance and should encourage that body to continue its work against monopolies and trusts. If such a reduction can be effected by so short a period of union and concerted action there is no telling how much can be done to lighten the burden under which our farmers are groaning.

The war against the jute trust has been in progress in this State for only one year. The Alliance met with great opposition, but the success of their effort has silenced most of their opponents. We now hear nothing of cotton bagging being so flimsy and worthless. The Charleston buyers are no longer clearing seventy five cents per bale from the stupidity of the Alliance. The farmers had endured the exactions of the jute trust until there was no remedy but to fight the monopoly. They are in a position now to dictate their own terms to the trust.

This advantage has been gained by standing together and is an inducement for the members of the organization to persevere in the good work. The farmers are now in better heart than they have been for years. They have had more ready money, have met their obligations more easily and began this crop year under better conditions than usual. The outlook should be gratifying to every man who desires the general prosperity and happiness of the country. If the farmers prosper, all other occupations will reap some of the benefit of their good fortune. The Alliance is on the crest of the waves.

Crime in North Carolina.

Raleigh News and Observer.

The clerks of the courts are required by law to make reports of all criminal cases tried, and Col. Olds has furnished the Messenger with a summary of these reports from which we use the figures below. In 1889 there were 7,695 criminal cases tried, the accused being 4,409 whites, 7 Indians and 2,279 negroes. The greater proportion of crimes is reported from the Western counties where the negroes are not so numerous as in the East. Rather more than one eighth of the accused were women.

There were 58 murder cases and only five convictions; 18 rape cases and only one conviction; six arson cases and only one conviction; 31 burglary cases and only two convictions.

There were 1,227 larceny cases and 6,354 cases of lighter offence.

There was one Jew tried and he was acquitted.

We take it that the above is an excellent showing for our population. Say, we have but one criminal case to every 240 persons. We think we have seen it stated that in some of the Northern States the proportion is one criminal to the hundred.

A Question of Time.

A story is going the rounds about a local jurymen, an Irishman, who cleverly outwitted a judge, and that without lying.

He came breathlessly into court, saying:

"Oh, my lord, if you can excuse me, pray do I do not know which will die first, my wife or my daughter."

"Dear me! that's sad," said the innocent judge; "certainly you are excused."

The next day the jurymen was met by a friend, who, in a sympathetic voice, asked:

"How's your wife?"

"She's all right, thank you."

"And your daughter?"

"She's all right, too. Why do you ask?"

"Why yesterday you said you said you did not know which would die first?"

"Nor do I. That is the problem which time alone can solve."

Did You Know This Before?

Salisbury Truth

A gentleman asked us a few days ago to give a reason why the first day of May and Christmas of the same year always come on the same day of the week. For instance: If the first day of May is on Thursday, Christmas of that year will come on Thursday. The reason is because there are just 238 days or 34 weeks between the first day of May and the 25th day of December, and giving seven days to every week it always brings Christmas on the same day that May came in. Leap year does not interfere, because it does not affect any of the months between May and December or January following.

The daughter of M. Eiffel, on the occasion of her recent marriage in Paris, received from her father as a dowry \$100,000 in cash and an equal sum in the stock of the Eiffel Tower Company.

A Curious Case.

A St. Louis dispatch says: "The local press is puzzled over the case of John O'Connor, which is certainly a most remarkable one. It was asserted that he had died, and that his body was taken to the morgue, where it was identified by his wife, who had him buried in Calvary Cemetery. A few days later it was stated that O'Connor was alive, that his wife had been mistaken, and that the man who was taken to the grave was not her husband.

It is learned that there is every reason to believe that O'Connor was not buried by proxy, but in his own proper person, sometime between the night of Monday, February 10, and the afternoon of Wednesday, O'Connor was seen Saturday night, and stated most emphatically that the grave in the cemetery is empty, and he exhibited a cut which had been made half way across the abdomen. He is of the opinion that he was really buried and that his body was taken up and conveyed to a dissecting room while in a state of suspended animation, and that when the first incision was made it caused a flow of blood which restored him to consciousness. He states that when he went to a lodging-house on Monday evening, and that he knew nothing more until Wednesday night when he found himself seated on the court-house steps in a dazed condition, weak and sick.

Edison at the Phoenix.

A Concord correspondent of the Philadelphia Times has succeeded in placing Mr. Edison's mission in a clear light. He says "Thomas A. Edison, Orange, N. J.," was the notable signature I came across on the St. James' Hotel register, at the little town of Concord, to-day. I learned that Mr. Edison had come over with two colleagues from Charlotte Monday night, and had gone down yesterday to visit the Phoenix Gold Mine, seven miles away. Mr. Edison had been in Charlotte for a week or ten days, and has taken offices there for the year. His business is to try his latest experiment of separating gold from the ore by means of electricity.

At the Phoenix gold mine, which he visited yesterday, the gold is mixed with sulphate of iron, and the process of separation is so tedious and expensive as to make the profits very small. The superintendent told me that but for the steady, unflinching supply of ore, which seems simply inexhaustible, it would not pay at all.

He kindly showed me the whole process from the elevation of the ore to the mouth of the shaft to where tiny specks of gold appeared in a green blue liquid, in which he precipitated it, with a few drops. When the ore comes up fresh from the earth it looks to the uninitiated eye like graystone with bands of light gold through it. This is the combination of gold and sulphate of iron from which it is so difficult to separate it. This graystone is thrown into immense crushers whence it emerges in the form of thick gray mud. Next this gray mud is put into huge revolving vessels and subjected to an enormous heat, where it looks like powdered red hot coals and where, in a place nearer like the infernal regions than any place I was ever in and which made one shiver on coming out in the hottest July sun, it is stirred by great half clad men with long iron rods and from whence it emerges looking like dark brown ashes.

From this State when it is cool, it goes into the chemical department where it is changed into liquids so various in color, and so fearful in smell as to baffle all description. It goes through various processes from one vat to another until at the last our host stopped, and taking out a bowl full of the liquid, precipitated it with a few drops of some liquid revealing the tiny specks of precious gold which glistened through the blueish green water in the clear sun-light. Only so far was the process in operation that day, but the rest of the operation was simply the accumulation of these tiny specks into gold dust and its melting in the retort and moulding into the solid brick of gold, which he showed us and which never seemed such a precious metal as when seen as the result of such a long, tedious and laborious process that made it seem incredible it could pay.

And now here comes the "Wizard of Menlo Park" and says he can, with his wonderful friend and servant, electricity, separate the gold, even when mixed with the closest and most pestiferous of its companions. If the electric process can be done at all inexpensively the gold mines of North Carolina will boom, indeed."

An Editor's Duties.

Sank Rapids Sentinel.

We apologize for mistakes made in all former issues and say they were inexcusable, as all an editor has to do is to hurt news, and clean the rollers, and set the type, and sweep the floor, and pen short items, and fold papers, and write wrappers, and make the paste, and mail the papers, and distribute the type, and talk to visitors, and carry water, and saw wood, and read the proofs, and correct mistakes, and hunt shears to write editorials, and dodge the bills, and dun delinquents, and take cuttings from the whole force, and tell our subscribers that we need money. We say that we have no business to make mistakes while attending to these little matters and getting our living on gopher-tail soup flavored with imagination, and wearing old shoes and no collar, and a patch on our pants, and obliged to turn a smiling countenance to the man who tells us that our paper isn't worth \$1 anyhow, and that he could make a better one with his eyes shut.

It is reported that Mr. Pendleton, the Democratic Congressman from West Virginia who was unseated, will bring suit for his salary, in the United States Supreme Court.