

RED SPRINGS COMET.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

VOL. I. NO. 1.

RED SPRINGS, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1892.

D. W. TOWN-SEND, Manager
W. F. HARKLESS, Editor

The Boston Transcript declares: "The great apple crop has been as unfortunate for the New England farmer, relative to the great cotton crop has been for the Southern plantation."

The consumption of those delicious crustacea, crabs, in both varieties, hard and soft shell, has grown so fast, declares the Boston Transcript, that a goodly sum is invested in the fisheries. At Crisfield, Md., which has been the principal point of production since somebody there started the business about fifty years ago, to the amusement of unbelievers, there are employed nine hundred to a thousand people, over seven hundred boats are in use, capital amounting to nearly \$40,000 is required, and the catch totals up about 5,000,000 crabs a year, valued at \$150,000.

M. Camille Flammarion, the prose poet of the planetary spheres, has just made, what the St. Louis Star-Spangle esteems, a startling announcement. He has discovered that the sun is losing its force. He notices a gradual decline in solar power, accompanied by gigantic upheavals on its surface, which further tend to deplete the calorific resources of our great luminary. After an astronomical life of twenty million years has elapsed, M. Flammarion thinks the sun will be a motionless and lifeless crater until for business. In the meantime mankind will watch the thermometer as anxiously as since the days of Roman and Egyptian and the dangers of crop desolation will be apparent for some time to come.

Boston merchants are expressing a desire, notes the New York Post, to have the Government print an issue of fractional scrip currency to facilitate business transactions on a small basis. They complain that they are compelled to handle at a low great number of postage stamps which are received in the mails in payment for goods purchased. And they all think that the charge for money orders is exorbitant where small sums are involved. The prominent firm says that it recently has had \$500 worth of stamps which it could not dispose of. Mr. Lee of the publishing firm of Lee & Shepard, says that he often receives as much as \$30 a day in postage stamps, and it is impossible to work them off. He suggests that the Government issue this scrip on a silver basis. Other business men say that a return to the old fractional paper currency would be a great convenience to themselves and their customers.

Southern Farm, near San Leandro, Cal., has constructed an fully equipped saltwater swimming tank, and it is believed to be the first ever built for the use of a horse-training farm. Experiment so far have all gone to demonstrate the practicability of the swimming tank as a labor-saving device for training, which will sooner or later come into general use. Horses, like all other animals, require baths, and it is claimed that while taking his bath he indulges in swimming, which affords a different but as helpful exercise as does the track. Swimming is now claimed to be a great assistance in developing speed, and the drudgery of track and road work is thereby wonderfully reduced. The tank at Southern Farm has a concrete basin, ninety feet long over all, twenty feet wide and eight feet deep. From each wall there is a easy grade to deep water, making it safe for a horse to walk down. A platform is constructed over the centre of the tank, which swings from the roof. Upon this elevation a man stands and guides the swimming horse, giving them the required amount of exercise.

Pleuro pneumonia is one of those things, afflicts the American Dairyman, that will not do. We can keep it pretty well under control in this country, where the air is comparatively dry, but in moist England it keeps bubbling up serenely. Just now it is making considerable trouble and great losses to the farmers in various parts of England and Scotland. Sixteen outbreaks have been reported an 1872 head of cattle slaughtered in the past eight weeks. This looks to us in this country as a fearful slaughter. There have been a few outbreaks on the Atlantic coast, where the air, we presume, is more moist than in the interior, but this disease has never taken on an epidemic form here, as it constantly threatens to do in some countries in Europe, and will do unless the most energetic remedies are constantly employed. Long Island seems to carry the burden of these ill for the United States, at least such is the frequent report of the authorities, but always denied by those who live there. It has the misfortune, so far as pleuro pneumonia is concerned, to be entirely surrounded by water, thus making the atmosphere damp and arousing the suspicions of the doctors. Like conditions, they think, are liable to produce like results.

COLUMBUS.
Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules,
Before him not the ghosts of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For to the very stars are gone
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Gail on sail on' and on?"
They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow
Until at last the bleached mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone;
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—
He said, 'Gail on sail on' and on!"
Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night,
Of all dark nights! And then a speak—
"A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grows to be Time's burst of dawn,
He gained a lesson; he gave that world
His grandest lesson: "On! and on!"
—Joaquin Miller, in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

FOR YELLOW GOLD

BY FRANK B. MILLARD.
HEN the stage "went light" they ran out the small buck-board, but why there were more than four passengers the big mud-wagon was "put on." This was a buckboard day, for there was not a single passenger. What was more to the point, as the Gold Butte Mining Company regarded it, was that under the driver's seat was a box with ten thousand dollars in the newest of new tens and twenties in it.

The driver had looked very blue when he drove his four mustangs from the postoffice where he took on a very flat leather bag, which spoke loudly of the incapacity or disinclination of the Thimble Spring people for letter-writing—over to the railroad station, where he was to take on the box. Things were going all wrong at home. That was why his brown face looked so haggard; that was why he held so loosely to the "lines," that was why he chewed so hard on the bit of "plug" in his mouth. "Such hard scratchin' I never seed afore" was what he had said as he had listlessly thrown the mail-bag into the wagon; "can't git no decent job now-ways. Nothin' 'er be he'd by prospect; in-tried that time an' agin; if I git anything it peters out inside of a week. I might make a strike over ter Sand Gulch, but it's a long way off, an' me 'n' Sue an' the kids he's moved so often 'at we can't raise nothin' 'er move on now. Why in Sam Hill did Sue hev ter get that rheumatiz jus now, when we's so hard up, an' afore she weaned the baby! It's a shame. Why can't Bill git something 'er do?—great big, lunk-headed cuss. Ef I had a brother, poorer'n a crow, I'd give him 'er live on him, an' live on him, till that war'n't nenthin' ter eat in the house! Sho, Zach Springer, you're a blamed fool. Bill hain't done that. He ain't ter blame 'er gittin' 'er broke that time. Bill's all right, but he's outlucky. Been tryin' fur a month 'er gits a job, an' can't git in nowhere. He's willin' 'er work. He'd stan' croch-deep in the creek all day long washin' out tailin' 'er he could make his sale 'at it. Tried it for six weeks an' didn't git enough to buy a pair of gum-boots. Whoa, Buckskin!"

And then the box was taken on, and the express agent had something to say. That "something" was not Zach Springer's liking. He chewed harder than ever on the bit of plug, and sawed the hard mouths of the mustangs by an unnecessary yanking of the reins. It was a positive relief to be able at last to whack his lash down upon the sides of the nervous brutes and turn them loose for the forty mile run to Gold Butte. Why had he needed a lecture from a hiring of the express company, and why should that smooth jowled agent have looked at him with such dark suspicion?

"They think 'cos I got stood up down ter Black Rocks last time I had a big load 'er gold, that I need to be preached to every time I go out now with a full box. I'd like ter see one 'er hand-lin' the ribbons when 'har's a Winchester lookin' at 'em with an eye as big as a bar'l head. Can't tell me they wouldn't give in! The sweet scened, calf skin booted young ladies! That ain't a man among 'em."

Zach Springer's indignation was now in more complete possession of him than had been his feeling of blueness a little earlier. What he had delivered himself of just now was not what he would have said had he voiced his true sentiments with reference to the express agent's lecture. In between the words ran the thought, that "they" had suspected him of having a hand in the Black Rocks robbery. It had come to him before in what he called a "left handed" way, and he had had other outbreaks of righteous indignation, but none in which the upheaval was so great as that of the present. Had that been the reason the stage company had cut down his pay to "sixty" a month? The chances were that it was. It was too blamed mean for a lot of swine, like these people, to come to it so high handedly over a poor man who only wanted his own. Wouldn't it serve them just right, if—

The white dust of the desert rolled up from the mustangs' hoofs in little puffs, and sprays of it, powdery fine, followed the turn of the wheels half-way up, there to be caught by the breeze and drifted behind in a long cloud that followed the buckboard like a haunting spirit. Sometimes, as the light breeze shifted, it came back upon the buckboard and its driver like heavy thoughts on the conscience of a guilty man.

or Guatemala, where he would fly, know or care if somebody up in far-off Nevada had dumped a box of oil his backboard and gone back and got it after a few days—maybe a week? It would have to be a dark night, wouldn't it? You couldn't go and get a box like that in the daytime and take it anywhere, for the whole country would be out looking for the man who had it. Maybe a month. That would be better. It would all blow off by that time. Let's see, would I? Ten thousand was a good deal. Those stage-stoppers were always striking the box on the wrong day. They never got so much as that at one haul. In two months, then—perhaps two months. But it would have to be well hidden.

And the thought stuck to him, despite all attempts to keep it off, though by the time he had driven the mustangs into Red Canyon, his indignation at having been suspected by the company had died down. The box at his feet had taken on a new meaning for him. It meant smart gowns for his wife. It meant a good schooling for the children. Those five little ones had had a hard "trundle" of it to get what few scraps of learning they had thus far managed to clutch; and, as for clothes, they were dressed like juvenile scarecrows. Yes, all the hard scratchin' would be over if he dared to do what many another hard-pushed man had done. Resolving the whole matter down to a plain, clear cut proposition, it was, after all, simply a question of "nerve."

Here was the place to do it. Right here, where the high, scraggly rocks, with the patches of sage-brush atop, came so near to the buckboard. It could be thrown over there—anywhere—into the sage-brush. It would be as well-concealed as though buried in six feet of earth. The buckboard had reached the top of a long down-grade. Zach put on the brake and twisted the reins about the brake-handle. As he tried about to take a plunge into ice-cold water, he reached down for the box. But wait a bit. He took off his big sombrero and hung it on a projecting rock. Then flashing out his six-shooter, he sent a bullet through the brim of the hat, which he then replaced on his head. Though it had been hot enough when he started out from Thimble Spring there seemed to be a chill in the air just now. Would they believe the story that he would have concocted, even though he showed them the hole in the hat-brim? What would he care whether they did or not? They already suspected him. If he had the name, he might as well have the game. He looked at the spot which the sage-brush clustered thickest, and made a mental throw or two in a tentative way, in order to "get the distance."

Then he laid two nervous hands on the box. He gave a little tug. How heavy it was! Could it be tossed over there, after all? It might have to be carried. He lifted it upon the seat. "Why Thimble Spring Stage Line." What was the sense in putting on such a direction as that? It was the only way it could go. The only way. And that way was now closed, for he was about to—

"God, kain't they trust you—old Zach Springer. Kain't they trust—old Zach?" he burst out, hoarsely. "Yes, but why don't they do any other decent minin' company does—turn their staff out to the bank at 'Frisco, arter it's miced up? What do they want on us up there?" Well, arter all, that was their business. But he couldn't be trusted. What would Bill say? Bill was an honest man. He would blush with shame every time his brother's name was mentioned after that—for, of course, he would know. Sue would never suspect. Any kind of a story would bamboozle her. Bill was smart. He could put two and two together as quickly as any man in the country. And yet Bill himself was a little reckless sometimes. He had been acting very queer of late, and had been over to Johnson's good deal, dinkin' and playin' cards with the boys. That would not do. Bill must be looked after. He was only a young fellow—a mere boy, even if he had been trying to raise a mustache lately. Yes, Bill was a good deal younger than he. Why, he remembered well the day he was born, when they took him in to show him his new baby brother. He used to carry Bill all around, and he was the first one to stand him on his legs and try to make him walk. He remembered how it used to hurt his own head when Bill got a knock by falling out of his high-chair. Bill was just as much to him now arter, and those knocks which fate and the weakness of his nature were giving him now hurt him just as badly—worse, perhaps, than he did Brother Bill.

What would Bill say? He had his hands upon the box again. He would be safe enough behind the rocks there under the sage-brush—as safe as if—

"Stick up your hands! In course I will, if you insist on it; but I tell yer these 'ere mustangs is mighty skittish, an' it's on their down-grade. So yer needn't shoot if they start up, fur I'll be over on fast. I s'pose yer arse this 'ere box. Throw it out! It's too blamed heavy fur that. Yer'll hev ter give us a lift."

The man with the gun had said nothing, but the subtleties of the holding-up process were not so fine but that Zach understood every wave of the stranger's hand and every shrug of his shoulders, when the waves and shrugs meant anything. Zach had been held-up before. He of the calico shirt did not step forward at once. In this suggestion that he should assist in getting off the box he seemed to suspect a trick. But one of Zach's hands was held aloft and the other, with the four reins in it, was on the level of his shoulder. The man edged up to the buckboard, exchanging the weapon which he presented at Zach's head for a six-shot revolver.

"Thanks, stranger," said Zach, with forced merriment. "I never like to hev one of them air long-barreled things pinte at me. They shoot too straight. Now, here ye ar."

With his foot he shoved the box along until it was near the edge of the wagon. "That it is, help yourself, but yer'll find it a blamed heavy load ter pack, or yer goin' fur—over forty pound."

The robber's fingers grasped the box and he stepped up to the wagon. "A green un at the biz," thought Zach; "mebbe thar'll be an openin' here yit."

The robber pulled and hauled at the box but it would not budge, for it was caught on a nail-head in the bottom of the wagon. In his feverish anxiety to secure the gold, he lowered the revolver a little and grasped the box with both hands. Swiftly Zach's right hand flew to his hip and he whipped his bright-barreled pistol.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

What the Leaders are Doing and Saying in Washington.

A Discussion on Why Cotton and Other Food Products are Down, By a Northern Paper.

A Washington correspondent writes: "I met Judge Fuller, of North Carolina, the other day and he told me that the farmers of his State were being hard times owing to the low price of cotton. Tobacco, he also said, would be planted to only two-thirds the extent of last year. This condition of affairs in the South is deplorable, but the Agricultural Commission recently created by the House is investigating the matter and will soon suggest a bill intended to remedy the existing evils."

"Hon. E. T. Stackhouse, of South Carolina, is preparing with great care a graduated income tax bill which will soon be presented to Congress for consideration. Senator Peffer says in relation to prohibition: 'There is no efficient way to deal with the business of drug selling but to prohibit it. Any other course is merely temporizing.' Senator Peffer, who has hitherto opposed any appropriation for the World's Fair, has been won over and will favor early and liberal Government assistance. The President in his recent message on this subject intimated that an appropriation of as much as \$8,000,000 would not be vetoed."

"There are thousands of persons who wonder why I am called 'Socks' Simpson," said a representative of the State of Kansas to an acquaintance. "But there are very few who know the real reason. I was a young fellow with a considerable fondness for the society of young ladies, and I was very proud of my feet. The Congressman stretched out his neatly case-pal extremities for the inspection of his friends and glanced at them with pride. 'We all used to wear tight boots,' he continued, 'sometimes so tight as to be very uncomfortable. There was a fellow who had a foot just a trifle larger than I. He could wear boots a size smaller than I, and a mutual acquaintance, who by the way, was a young lady, spoke about it to me one evening. I was in the habit of wearing heavy woollen socks, and I knew that if I should take them off I could wear smaller boots. To say great joy I found on trying that I could wear a size smaller than my rival, and I at once purchased a pair. I went to call that evening as usual, and found him there, proud in the possession of feet which were really smaller than mine. The subject came up—I believe, I started it—about the size of our boots, and he eagerly accepted the challenge to a measurement. Of course I won, and he seemed to feel as badly over it as if he had lost a horse race. But the boot-maker who was in possession of my secret gave me away and the boys all got on to the story. Do I wear socks now? I should say that I do.'"

The man who joins the Alliance for the purpose of getting a little cheap sugar or a little office of some kind, irregularly with the one who is found kicking. The Alliance Aid Association of South Dakota has voted almost unanimously to transfer its membership to the New National Aid degree. The Kansas Mutual Aid has determined to do likewise. These transfers are simply the aid degree will stand square on its feet, and be able to pay losses in full at once. Applications are coming in by the hundred for agent's commission, and everything points to a general success. Brother Wardall is now making a tour of the State, and meets with encouragement wherever he goes.

PERPETUAL MORNING. During the discussion of the United States Banking bill in Congress some time in 1835 or 1836, John Randolph, of Roanoke, who was opposed to the passage of the bill which was intended to establish a United States bank, said that he had discovered perpetual motion, and it was very simple, being that— "Paper makes money, Money makes banks, Banks make poverty, Poverty makes rage, Rage is a bad paper, Paper makes money, Money makes banks, and so on for ever and ever."

general returns of prosperity. We suffer here, and Europe suffers, from the arbitrary and useless rejection of silver by the civilized world. When bimetallicism shall be generally restored prices will advance and the mad scramble for gold will be over. It was reported last week, fairly no doubt, that large deposits of gold had been discovered in Colorado. If such a discovery should be made the trouble would disappear at once, for it would tumble the value of gold in spite of demotionization, and until that value shall be brought low by one means or another there will be no improvement of the situation that will last."

CLAIMS AGAINST CHILL.

More Than Two Millions Asked By The Injured Men of the Baltimore.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Papers were filed at the State Department asking for reparation and damages for the crew of the United States steamship Baltimore, of the Chilean Government for injuries received and false imprisonment undergone at the time of the riot at Valparaiso in October 1891. The damages claimed aggregate \$2,985,000, as follows: False Imprisonment and Assault—John McAdam, \$30,000; John Downey, \$30,000; Andy Boyle, \$30,000; O. Welleland, \$30,000. Very Grave Injuries—Jeremiah Anderson, \$150,000; John Hamilton, \$150,000; George Panter, \$150,000. Serious Injuries—Joseph Quigley, \$100,000; John McBride, \$100,000; William Lacy, \$100,000; M. Houlahan, \$100,000; William Caulfield, \$75,000; P. McWiliams, \$75,000; James M. Johnson, \$75,000; John Rooney, \$75,000; James Gillen, \$60,000; F. Clifford, \$60,000; F. Frederick, \$60,000; F. H. Smith, \$60,000; Warren Brown, \$50,000; R. J. J. Hodge, \$50,000; John Butler, \$50,000; C. C. Williams, \$50,000. False Imprisonment and Light Assault—John W. Freese, \$40,000; Thomas Gallagher, \$40,000; C. H. Guth, \$40,000; W. Sullivan, \$40,000; Andrew Nelson, \$40,000; S. W. Cook, \$30,000; H. Cunningham, \$30,000; Peter O'Neill, \$30,000; Peter Johnson, \$30,000; Alfred Pfeiffer, \$30,000; Adolph Swanson, \$30,000.

The Great Wall of China.

A correspondent of the London Illustrated News, who has recently traveled across Siberia, Mongolia and the Gold Desert, entering Northern China by the Nankow Pass, gives an interesting account of the world-renowned "Great Wall of China." "I had fully prepared myself for something wonderful," says the correspondent, "but this marvellous work more than realized my expectations and fairly held me spell-bound for a few minutes. One can form some idea of the ponie the Celestials must have been in when they undertook such a gigantic barrier. What struck me most in this wall was its wonderful state of preservation, the symmetrical hewn stones of which it is composed showing but few signs of the ravages of time." The building of the gigantic wall is said to have been commenced by Emperor Che-Hwang-Te in the year 214, B. C., but it was not completed until several hundred years later. It extends to a length of more than 2000 miles, is from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and has a thickness varying from twelve to seventeen feet. It is an earth wall, lined with brick on both sides and provided with numerous turrets and battlements.

How a Russian Peasant Dies.

Count Leo Tolstoy described thus recently to Octave Houdaille, who visited him at Jasnaja-Poljana, how a Russian peasant dies: "Death is dark and terrible on the canvas of the painter, but here in this country it is almost a picture of mirth. I just came from a peasant's deathbed. The man knew that he must die and his pain lasted several days, yet not once did his serenity of soul leave him. When death was just near, and in his hand, his face assumed an expression of unutterable happiness. It seems strange to me that after such a scene that I have felt so little emotion. Aside from all religious feeling, death is for these people a release from trouble; therefore, all absence of the cloud of sorrow seen elsewhere. It is the peace, the slumber which the peasant has longed for in the depth of his misery, and the sorrow of living is over."

Phosphate Men Gloomy.

MACOS, GA.—Freight Agent Dorsey, of the Georgia Southern Railroad, returned home from South Carolina, where he had been since the first of the year, looking after the phosphate business in that State for his road. Mr. Dorsey reports great gloom in the phosphate industry of South Carolina, and says that the business has been badly crippled this season. Nothing like the amount of phosphate sold last season has been sold this. The demand in business is not less than 40 per cent. None of the plants are now in operation, and 8,000 men are out of employment. Mr. Dorsey thinks the farmers of south Georgia will put 50 per cent. less fertilizers in the ground this year than has ever been known.

Mr. Holden's Funeral.

RALPH, N. C.—The funeral of the late ex-Governor William W. Holden was held from Edgemoor Street Methodist church here Wednesday afternoon. The interment was in Oakwood Cemetery. The Typographical Union attended in a body.

An Ex-Governor Burned to Death.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Ex-Gov. Elias N. Conway was accidentally burned to death in his own residence. It is supposed he was asleep at the time. He was very old and feeble, quite eccentric and lived alone, not allowing any one else to sleep on the premises.

Death of Col. John T. Rhett.

COLUMBIA, S. C.—Ex-Major John T. Rhett died Sunday. He was stricken with paralysis on the 21st of January.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.

The Terminal System Completely Reorganized.

Consolidation of Richmond Terminal With the R. & D. E. T. V. & G., and Central of Georgia. —Details of the Organization.

New York, [Special].—The Richmond Terminal Company's stockholders' committee are about ready to submit their plan for the financial reorganization of that company and the roads controlled by it. As heretofore stated the plan proposes a consolidation of that company and all the companies included in the Richmond and Danville, East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia and Central Railroad of Georgia systems, aggregating 8,800 miles, into one corporation and one management. The new company will be called the "Southern Railway Company." The committee propose the issue of \$300,000,000 of new securities. These new securities are to take up and retire all of the securities issued and outstanding on the properties as at present organized, and provide for all the floating debts, car trusts and other unfulfilled obligations of the several companies.

CAPITALIZATION, DEBTS, ETC. The present amount of capitalization and unfulfilled debts of the various companies is over \$180,000,000, instead of \$212,500,000 first mortgage \$4, \$62,500,000 income, \$75,000,000 preferred stock, and \$150,000,000 common stock, as at first proposed. The new securities will consist of \$200,000,000 first mortgage 4 per cent. bonds, \$65,000,000 second mortgage 4 per cent. income bonds, \$75,000,000 3 per cent. preferred stock, and \$110,000,000 common stock. Of the first mortgage bonds it is proposed to issue \$215,000,000 immediately for the redemption of the present bonded debts and for the paying of floating debt, car trusts, etc.; \$5,000,000 are reserved for improvements to the properties.

OUTLOOK FOR THE NEW COMPANY.

The new company will thus start with interest charges of \$8,000,000, to which will be added existing rentals of \$1,500,000, making altogether \$10,500,000. This is over \$3,000,000 less than the present fixed charges and annual car trust payments. The new plan while saving \$3,000,000 of fixed charges, will reduce the company's floating debt and secure more money for the whole system. By the latter competent experts believe that from \$6,000,000 to \$3,000,000 can be added to the net earnings during the next year. The gross earnings of the system are now \$40,000,000 per annum, with cotton and all the industries in the South in the most depressed condition that has existed for years. As this vast system of railroads reaches all parts of the South, any favorable change in the conditions there will immediately improve its earnings, hence it is reasonable to expect that the gross earnings will reach \$42,000,000 next year. The ratio of expenses to earnings heretofore has been about 70 per cent., but it is expected that the economies which will be promoted by this consolidation will reduce this to 60 per cent. From this it may be seen that \$14,000,000 may be reasonably expected. Such a result, which is almost certain, will pay the interest on the first mortgage bonds and the incomes, and show immediately nearly 3 per cent. on the preferred stock.

AN EQUITABLE PLAN.

It is said that the plan of distribution of new securities to retire the old securities which will be promoted by this consolidation will reduce this to 60 per cent. From this it may be seen that \$14,000,000 may be reasonably expected. Such a result, which is almost certain, will pay the interest on the first mortgage bonds and the incomes, and show immediately nearly 3 per cent. on the preferred stock.

IMMENSE COMMERCIAL VALUE.

The consolidation of this great system under one management, and its incorporation upon a sound and stable financial basis cannot fail to be of immense commercial value to the South. For the almost unknown stock and bonds issued upon local roads throughout the South there will be given an equivalent amount of securities which will have a ready market and forthcoming value in the greatest money centres in our country. This of itself will add greatly to the available capital of the South.

Legends of the Maories.

The Maories are sometimes generally, and even exquisitely poetical. One of these relates how the heavens and the earth were at the beginning of things united in marriage, and how the sky was torn away from the partner of her love by her own children, the storm winds. Every night she weeps over her lost husband, and her tears are the dew. Sometimes the stories are very quaint and oddly imaginative, as when the tale is told of three brothers who took a canoe to fish, and went far, far out into the open sea, when one of them, who prepared a magic book, caught what was supposed to be a great fish at the bottom, and, drawing it up to the surface, found that he had discovered New Zealand. That was how the land came to be being, and the Maories point to three of the great mountain ranges as the stone anons in which their giant ancestors came from some far-off country to people the land. The mixture of childish naivete and high imagination makes the collection actually fascinating.—Contemporary Review.

There are in the world 147 educational institutions called universities. The largest is in Paris, the next in Vienna and the third in Berlin.