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RED SPRINGS, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1892,

KNIGHT & WISHART, Publishers.

Mule raising is still a profitable basi-There is at least \$30 profit in a \$45 wearing and about \$45 profit in a \$60 one, the ancestral value ranging from \$10 to \$15. A mule's father may be worth a ywhere from \$200 to \$2000 or

The rumors that the Empress Frederlek and her son, the German Kaiser, do not get on well together are quite withent toundation. In fact, in Germany. he accepted idea is that the country is in featity ruled by Her Majesty, and that Kaser Wilhelm takes no step without first con-ulting his mother.

It will surprise many people, the Boston Cultivator is convinced, to know that on the average as many people freeze to death in Massachusetts as are killed by lightning. For the ten years to the end of 1 ---, the number that perished from either cause was the same-thirty-two. or an average of only a little more than three persons a year.

The number of schoolhouses in the United states is 216,330. The estimated value of all public school propetty is \$123,565,532. The total revenues of the public schools are: From permanent endowments, \$9,825,127 from taxes, State, \$25,177,067; local \$34,334,345-\$113,505,412; from other soutcos, \$3,794,431. Total revenue, \$135,125,010.

An electric railroad to run 100 miles an hour between Chicago and St. Louis is projected. "This sounds big," comments the New York Tribune, "but the range of electrical possibilities has by no means been reached. The successful operation of such a road would doubtless point to important changes in our methods of transportation. A speed of 100 miles an hour, however, will require an almost perfectly straight track, an l on the great majority of the railroa is of the East it would be entirely out of the question. One most excellent thing about the proposed new road is that it will have no grade crossings."

One good result which the Illustrated American thinks is likely to follow England's seizure of the Gilbert Islands is the stoppage of the "contract labor" business. The supply of labor for the coffee plantations in Mexico is small, dear and unreliable. The planters, therefore, turne I to the natives of the South See Islands to obtain the workings needed. Two years ago a cargo of 333 Gilbert Islanders was landed. The natives were under contract to work on the collee partations for three years at from .87 to \$10 a month. At the expiration of that period they were to be returned to their homes. Notwithstanding the contract the laborers were virtually slaves. Her many will ever reach home agou remains to be seen.

har affice urging the construction ciletter rouls in the United States the New York Sun remarks: Much of th transe with American roads is ascribed to the absurd narrowness of the tire on wagon wheels, a relic of the days of high priced iron. The narrow rim is very bar I on the average road when heavy by le are carried. But accepting this peculiarity of the tires, a fundamental rule in road construction should be to keep the substances which form the bed firmly in place. This need is shown by the shearing steam on a road floore with gravel. In cities blocks of stone or asphalt can be laid, but not in country districts, on account of the cost, and the best ordinary substitute for the Causing is angular bits of stone, so driven together, on the macadam printiple, that they will not be moved by the pressure of wheels.

President D. W. Fisher, of Hanover College, Ind., gives the New York Independent information which throws some light in the possible origin of American He says. One of the recent grad-Gates of Hanover College, W. T. Lopp, for the past two years has been in charge of the Mission School for the Eskimos, M' P' " l'arence, Alaska, on the American with of Bering Strait. A letter under date of August 31st, 1893, to mytelf, says of last winter: "No thaws during the winter, and ice blocked in the Strait. This has always been doubte ! by whilers. Eikimos have told them that they sometimes crosse I the strait on ice, but they have never believed them. Last February and March our Eskimos had a tobacco famine. Two parties (five men went with dog sleds to East Cape, on the Siberian coast, and traded some beaver, otter and marten skins for Russian inbacco, and returned safely. It is only during an occasional winter that they can do this. But every summer they make several trips in their big Wolves skin boats-forty feet long. These observations may throw some light upon the origin of the Prehistoric Races of America." Mr. Lopp is in every way a reliable man, and it would seem to be a pity not to give to the public the im-Portant fact which he has narrated above.

IF I WERE FAIR.

["Then she looke t into her mirror."]

If I had little hands and slender feet: If to my cheeks the color rich and sweet Came at a word and faded at a frown; If I had clinging curis of the wird brown, If I had dreamy eyes a smiles, And graceful limbs a: -tty giriish

If I were fair, Love would not turn aside; Life's paths, so narrow, would be broad and wide,

If I were fair!

If I were fair. Perhaps like other maidens I might hold A true heart's store of tried and tested gold.

Love waits on Beauty, though sweet Love It seems to me, for aught might well atone, But Beauty's charm is strong, and Love

The mystic witchery of her shy ways. If I were fair, my years would seem so fewi Life would unfold sweet pictures to my

If I were fairt

If I were fair,

view.

Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy, To clasp my neck would throw away its toy, And hide its dimples in my shining hair, Bewilder'd by the mase of glory there! But now-oh! shadow of a young girl's face; Uncolor'd lips that Pain's cold fingers trace, You will not blame the child whose wee hands close,

Not on the blighted bud, but on the rose So rich and fair.

If I were fair, Oh! just a little fair, with some soft touch About my face to glorify it much! If no one shunn'd my presence, or my kiss, My heart would almost break beneath its

'Tis said each pilgrim shall attain his goal,

When day's flush merges into sunset's bars. And night is here. And then beyond the

> I shall be fair! -Edith Rutter, in the Spectator.

IN THE HOP-FIELDS.

full of the soft,

BY AMY RANDOLPH. gala time at Pendexter Farm. Far away, the ering vail; the bland air was

of wild grapes spening in the woods; and wherever dead tree or rude stone wall afforded it a vantage ground, the silvery tangles of clematis wove a lovely garland, and tall masses of golden rod and purple fringed asters held up their clusters of dazzling bloom. And in the hop-fields merry voices echoed

from morning until night. Will Pendexter, walking up and down the aisles of silver-green leafage, with his hands behind his back, might have reminded one of Boaz in the ancient Scripture story-princely Boaz standing in his harvest fields and giving a kind glance and pleasant word to every one.

"Isn't he handsome?" said little Fanny Dix to Miss Morgan, the rector's daughter. Fanny was a little pale dressmaker, with an incipient cough, who had been recommended by her doctor to spend a fortnight in the hop-fields; and Miss Morgan, whose mother had died of consumption, picked hops every year on principle, just as Judge Marley's daughters visited Long Branch. "And all the handsomer since he turned gray? I do wonder why he never married!"

"Don't you know?" said Miss Morgan, sagely.

"I can tell you, then," said the rector's daughter, who dearly loved a morsel of genuine romance. "Because his

first love jilted him." . "As if any one would jilt Will Pen-

dexter," said incredulous Fanny. "Oh, but he wasn't Squire Pendexter then-all this happened twenty years ago," averred Miss Morgan, her flying fingers never leaving off among the pale-green hops. "That was before he inherited Pendexter Farm. He was only a poor young farmer then, with his own living to make, and this was a beautiful girl who was spending the summer here. And they were engaged and all-and the very night before the wedding she ran away with an Italian, one Count Caprivi, who was singing on the New York stage."

Fanny drew a long brea. "And what became of them?" said

"Oh, they went to Italy where the count expected to succeed to large estates, and I suppose they are there

Fanny looked with secret awe at the ruddy face and magnificent height of Will Pendexter, as he sauntered down the green aisles of waving tendrils and tremulous leaves, and almost wondered to hear him ask Mahala Bentley about her baby, in the off-hand, ordinary language of every-day life, and give lame Billy Bartlett "good day," just as if

the world.

But Fanny Dix was but a girl yet; she did not know how twenty years will bridge over the darkest gulf in a human life. There is no scar that will not heal in twenty years-there is not a grave on which grass will not grow-aye, and daisies bloom, in twenty years.

"I don't know that we can take another hand, Simpson," said Squire Pendexter, meditatively. "The field is crowded already."

"What I thought, exactly, sir," said the overseer, respectfully. 44But this ere is a pretty young slip of a girl, with a feeble mother dragging along on her arm. And a man doesn't like to say 'no' to such! So I thought I'd just speak to you, before-"

"Where are they?" said the Bquire, rubbing the gold knob of his walking cane against his nose, and Simpson knew that the case of the forlorn strangers was safe enough.

"Mother, don't fret; here comes the gentleman now," said a clear, softtoned voice, and 'Squire Pendexter found himself looking into a pair of wistful, deep blue orbs-orbs that belonged to a slight, beautiful girl dressed in faded fabric and worn shoes, who was leaning against the well-curb. For while Simpson had been gone on his errand of inquiry, she had drawn a a bucket of clear, cold water out of the sparkling depth of the well and given her mother a drink out of the silverbound gourd which always hung there.

"Sir." without a moment's hesitation. might I have a job of work in your hop fields? We have come from the citymother and I-there's no living to be picked up there, and my mother is ailing, and we thought the smell of the hops might do her good. Please, sir, we'd work cheap, if only we might sleep in the barn and have a bit of something to eat between whiles."

"I don't want you to work cheap!" said the squire, assuming an aspect of unwonted gruffness to cover the sympathetic thrill in his voice. "I never grudged money's worth for good, honest work. As for the barn, my housekeeper can put you in one of the vacan; back chambers over the kitchen, and there's always enough to eat at Pendexter

"Pendexter Farm!" The woman who had been sitting on subtle fragrance | the mossy cattle-trough slowly lifted her head here and pushed back her worn

> "Where are we. Isora? Whither have we come? I knew a man by the name of Pendexter, once, who-"

> "Yes," said the squire, who had given a little start at the first sound of that low contralto voice. "It was I, Clara Caprivi! To think that Fate should have brought us together again after all these years!"

The pale weman struggled to her feet and clutched at her daughter's slim,

"Let us go, Isora," said she. "Wewe have made a mistake. Give me my shawl. Quick! Let us go!"

"But, mother, why?" soothed the girl, who searcely as yet comprehended all this by-play. "Don't you hear what the gentleman says? We can have work here and food and shelter! Mother, sit down again! You are trembling all

"I tell you, child, you don't know!" said impatient Clara, possessed with a sort of wild, unreasoning terror. "We

"Clara," said the squire, he himself assuming the direction of affairs, "the child is right. Let by-gones be bygones. You don't suppose I would turn you from my door?"

Clara looked into his face.

"Have you forgiven me, then?" said

"Forgiven you? Yes, years and years ago. Let us be friends again, Clara." For his heart ached to see how pale and wan she was-how haggard were her cheeks and how like smoldering fire the light burned in her sunken eyes.

She told him all that afternoon while pretty Isora was stripping the clustered hops from the vines with a dozen girls as pretty and as blooming as herself. How her life had been an aimless wreck; how Carlo Caprivi had been no count after all, but a nameless pretender, with neither honesty nor honor; how he had left her, with the baby Isors on her hand, to shift as best she might for herself, and was killed in a gambling brawl; how she had struggled on for years, constantly feeling herself less able to wage unequal warfare with the

"Clara," said the squire, when she had finished. "why didn't you come to

"Because I had wronged you so deep-

ly." she faltered. "You might have known I would have been kind, even to Caprivi's child. Well, it doesn't matter now. You are here, and you must stay here. Do you bear me, Clara? Must! Bless my

there had been no Countess Caprivi in heart! You'll grow stronger in these country breezes, and that pale girl of yours will get a color in her face." So they stayed at the Pendexter Farm.

> and beautiful Isora Caprivi grew fairer to look upon with every passing day. "Clara," said the blunt squire one day, "that girl of yours is prettier than ever you were,"

"I know it," said Madam Caprivi. -And as she spoke the words, a pang of jealousy struck sharply through her heart. Yet, was it not natural enough that Squire Pendexter should take note of Isora's opening loveliness?

And in her room that night, Clara wrested with her own heart and con-

"He will marry Isora," she told herself. "Isora is beautiful, and he is in the prime of life. It is as it should be. While I-I am only a wreck, waiting on the shores of time for the final billow to come and sweep me away. God bless his noble heart! God bless my sweetsouled girl! And God grant that they may be happy together for many, many long and happy years!"

The squire came to Madam Caprivi the next day, with rather an embarrassed

"It is coming," thought Clara. "I knew it would."

"Clara," said he, "I've a question to ask you."

She held out her hand with a smile. "Ask it, then, freely," said she.

graciously. "Should I be making a fool of myself at my age, I were to marry

"You would be doing the most proper and natural thing in the world." Clara answered, still smiling, although her heart seemed to stand still within her.

"Then, by Jove, I'll risk it!" said the squire, jubilantly. "Clara, will you have me? Shall we begin our disjointed lives over again, my girl?"

Madam Caprivi grew pale, then red. "Halloo!" said Squire Pendexter. "Have I spoken too abruptly? Have

"No," said Clara, faintly, "Butbut I thought it was Isora that you "Then you thought wrong," said the

squire, briskly. "I have never 1 red any woman but you, Clara, and I never

So they were married quietly, and the autumn of life shines softly over them, as the veiled sunlight hangs its golden haze over the picked hop-fields of Pen-

And poor Clara is content at last .-The Ledger.

Vegetable Wonders.

There are many vegetable wonders in this world of ours.

Certain tropical trees furnish clothes, as well as food, and the inner bark of others is smooth and flexible enough for writing paper. The bread tree has a solid fruit, a little larger than a cocoa nut, and when cut in slices and cooked can scarcely be distinguished from excellent bread. The weeping tree of the Canary Islands is wet, even in a drought, constantly distilling water in its leaves, and the wine tree of Mauritius Island

furnishes good wine, instead of water. A kind of ash in Sicily has a sap which hardens into sugar, and is used as such by the natives without any refining. The product of the wax tree in the Andes resembles beeswax very closely. Then there is the butter tree of Africa, which produces a much as a hundred pounds at once, only to be renewed in a few months. This secretion when hardened and salted, is difficult to distinguish from fresh, sweet butter. Closely rivaling this is the milk tree of South America, the sap of which resembles rich cow's milk, and is used as such by the natives. China can boast of a soap tree, the seeds of which, when used as soap, produce strong suds and remove dirt and grease readily.

In direct opposition to these useful trees is the man-eating plant of the tropics, which resembles Venus's flytrap in its nature, It has a short, thick trunk armed with narrow, flexible barbed spines. - Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

A Bear's Natural Bathtu's.

H. N. Price, a Washington State land "cruiser," who has just returned from a trip through the unsettled parts of Clarke and Cowlitz Counties, reports bears quite plentiful in the wilds of those counties. He and his brother ran into a regular bear's bathtub on the top of a ridge several miles back from the Cowlitz River. A great fir tree fully six feet across he'd burned within two feet of the ground, and the centre had also been burned to a depth of two or three feet and the raise of winter had filled it with water. Leading up to this natural bathtub was a well-beaten bear track and the animals must have made frequent visits to the tub, for its bottom contained the settlings of dirt washed off by Bruin during his many baths. Whee the Price brothers as v the trail it was Bruin,-San Francisco Examiner.

"THE HADJ."

HIGHEST RELIGIOUS DUTY OF THE MOHAMMEDANS.

Once in Their Lifetime They Must Go to the Holy Places of Arabia -Caravans on Their Journey -Pilgrimages to Mecca.

TT is the highest religious duty and it is the intention of every Moslem -indeed, it is enjoined as necessary to his ealvation-once in his lifetime to make the pilgrimage, either in person or by proxy, to the holy places of Arabia. It is not to the purpose to visit Mecca and Medina at any time of the year. Only by making the pilgrimage in the right month, and by taking part in the ceremonies at each holy place on the days set apart for them, is the worshiper entitled to the name of Hadj. Repeated pilgrimages are works of supererogation, but add to the honor and sanctity of the pilgrim. In the cities of Damascus and Cairo the traveler sees many houses decorated on the exterior with rude, fantastic, and highly colored pictures. These mural adornments are the certain signal of distinction. for they are permitted to no one who has not made the Hadj. The pilgrimage usually occupies about ninety or one hundred days. These are the days following the great fast of Ramadan. As the Moslems reckon by lunar months, their seasons do not coincide with ours, and so the pilgrimage makes gradually the circuit of our year and the high festival days of Mecea may fall in the heat of summer or in winter time. A great caravan sets out yearly from Damascus and another from Cairo. The straggling bands of worshipers from the wide world either fall in with these caravans en route, or make their way to Mecca as they can, and await there the arrival of the mass of pilgrims. That from Cairo sets out on the 25th of the month Showel, following the fast of Ramadan. The three days of high ceremony in and about Mecca are the 10th, 11th and 12th of Zul Hadj, and the caravan returns to Cairo about the 25th of Saffer.

Formerly the pilgrims assembled on the edge of the desert outside of Cairo. where the caravan was formed. It took up its line of march across the desert, passing north of Suez, round the Gulf of Akaba, and turning south to Yemboel-Nakbel. Here it found itself near the great Syrian caravan, which had come from Damascus by way of Medina, and marched on a parallel line with that to Mecca. It traveled only by night, and rested in the daytime. The journey took thirty-one nights, and as there was a halt of seven entire days on the road, the distance from Cairo to Mecca was reckoned at thirty-seven days. These two caravans were the important and official contributions to the Mecca festival. but there was a smaller Bagda'l caravan. and great numbers, singly and in groups went by boats to Jedda (Djedda), the port on the Red Sea, distant about forty-six miles from the holy city; and immense crowds flocked in from all parts of Arabia, by which the conventional number of 70,000 was made up. It was said that if this number were not present for the day at Arafat, the angels would miraculously increase it. There have been great exaggerations in the estimates of the annual concourse at Mecca. Ludovico Bartima, of Rome, estimated the Damascus caravan in 1503 at 40,000 men and 35,000 camels. Giovanni Finanti, renegade Italian conscript, in 1814 put the Syrian and African caravans at 40,000. Ali Bey (a Spaniard), whose real name was Domingo Badiary Leblich, in 1807 computed 80. 000 men, 2000 women and 1000 chilfree, assembled on the day of Arafat; and Burckhardt (1814) estimated the rowd at Arafat at 70,000. Burton, in 1853, was sure there were not over 7000 m the Damascus caravan, nor more than 50,000 on Mount Arafat. Both Burck ardt and Burton thought the number of annual pilgrime diminishing. The official caravan from Damascus

parries the covering for the Prophet's omb at Medina, which is annually renewed. Cairo supplies annually, at the expense of the Government, the mahmel or canopy of dark cloth or velvet, wrought with texts in dark thread, which is the cover of the Kuaba, and the kisweb, or lining for the interior of the Kaaba, which is of rich silk, heavily embroidered with Arabic sentences in gold. The kisweb that was hung in the temple a year ago is brought buck to Cairo, and divided into bits and shreds smong the faithful. Formerly the mahmel used to remain, and the Kaaba was shrouded in layer above layer, until the cloth decayed, but now the old canopy s removed before the new one is put on.

The conditions of pilgrimage have greatly changed in the last few years. The Syrian and African caravans con tinue, but they seem to be less in size. The Governments still pay tribute to the lesert sheiks for passage through their still set from a recent visit of old erritories, but the dangers which required so many to travel together seem

to have diminished. Pilgrims make their way from all parts of the world by ail and by steamboat. As hosts undertake the pilgrimage who are exceedingly poor, and many postpone it till they are iseased and old, the mortality must till be great, and large numbers die on he way, or have the felicity of passing to paradise from the vicinity of the Kaaba, their wasted, fanatial bodies bathed for the ime in the sacred waters of the well Lemzem. The annual pilgrimage from

Cairo goes by rail to Suez, and there akes steamboats to Jedds. In the seaon tramp steamers voyage about the sfediterraneau, picking up pilgrims at very Mohammedan port, and transportng them through the canal and the Red sea to Jedda. These steamers are isually overcrowded, and the passengers suffer more, though for a less time, than he old desert travelers, and from time to time we hear that one of these unseaworthy crafts is consumed by fire, or has cone down with its load of devotees. As heaven is as near by water as by land, and the intention of devotion is all in all, the modern mode of travel satisfies the requirements of the Hadj. The word which we translate pilgramage mear; aspiration, is a symbol of our transit through the wilderness of this world to a better country, and the final reward will be in proportion to the hardships of the journey. No doubt something of business and trade enters into the annual festival, and gives Mecca, who se greedy population largely live by accommodating and fleecing the pilgrims, the character of a "fair," but the main motive that draws devotees from Africa, from India, from Persia, and from the whole of missionary and proselyting Isiam is a faith equal in sincerity to and more fiery in intensity than the zeal that directs the steps of Christians to Jerusalem and to Rome.-Harper's Maga-

The Tea-Eating Caterpillar.

An unexpected enemy, a common hairy caterpillar, has turned its attention to the tea gardens. This caterpillar was previously known and disliked in other parts of India; for any person who imprudently laid hands on it found the long hairs sticking to his fingers and producing most irritating blisters. If a hair got into a man's eye, it set up an inflammation that sometimes ended in blindness. When a horde of these hairy caterpillars unexpectedly invaded a tea garden in Assam one morning, the effects were most disastrous to the native laborers, or coolies, whose naked legs and feet came in contact with them. The women and the children who are employed in plucking the shoots and leaves of the ten plants soon found their hands and arms stinging with pain from the hairs of the caterpillars that they had fearlessly but imprudently handled. Before the morning's work could be finished sixty of the men, women and children were obliged to go to the medical officer for relief, with their hands or feet blistered and

There was no apparent cause to explain why these caterpillars had suddenly come out of the neighboring jungle to prey upon the tea plants, but it is to be feared that if they once acquire a taste and preference for tea leaves, the tea planter will have a new enemy to reckon with, and the cost of tes will eventually be cabanced to the human consumer. It is said by some authorities that the caterpillars have increased out of due proportion because the wild birds that used to feed on them have been reduced in number, as the native laborers in the gardens are given to the pursuit of birds, and ruthlessly destroy their eggs and the young birds in their nests. But this is hardly a sufficient explanation. - Chambers's Jour-

Faithfulness.

A poor, half-witted creature was ob liged to stan i in a close, bot room, twelve hours a day, stitching harness. He had heard from some preacher that every-day work could be ennobled, but he had only a dim idea of the man's meaning. One day he looked out and saw a horse dash madly by with a carriage containing a woman and child. A man leaped from the curb, caught the horse by the bridle, and was dragged along by the infuriated soimal. But the bridle held, the horse was stopped, the mother and child were saved.

The thought passed through the mind of the poor leather-stitcher; "Suppose the sewing on that bridle had been poorly done, with bad thread. Then the bridle might have broken, and the man, us well as those in the carriage, would have been injured. How do I know but that sewing was some of my

Animated by that grand thought, he stitched away like a hero, determined to do his humble work well for the sake of others. From that time he ennobled his calling, as everyone may do who has the spirit of the Master, whose life has made ours worth living .- Epworth Her-

Saving a Child From Sharks.

"The prettiest battle I ever witnessed was between a Cuban and a couple of sharks," said Thomas C. Ridgeway to a St. Louis Globe Democrat reporter. "We had reached Havana from New York, and were lying perhaps half a mile from the docks awaiting the signal to go in. Several fruit peddlers had boarded us, and among them a swarthy young fellow who looked like a pirate. The purser was standing by the rail, holding his five-year-old son in his arms, watching a couple of monster sharks that were hanging about the vessel, when the child slipped from his grasp and fell into the water. The father plunged overboard and seized him, and the sharks at ouch made for the pair. The young buccaneer dropped the frait basket and went over

the rail like a flash. "As the first shark turned on his back, the invariable prelude to biting, the Caban rose, and with a long keen knife fairly disemboweled it. The other was not to be disposed of so easily. He seemed to realize that in the Cubau he Lail a dangerous foe, and, in the language of the ring, sparred for an opening. Several of us began to blaze away at him with our revolvers, but the Cuban appeared to fear our bad markunanshin more than the shark, and begged us to desist. The purser and his child had been pulled on deck, and the combatants had a fair field. The Cuban dived, but the shark did not wait for him to come up and change I his location,

"Finally the latter advanced straight upon his antagonist, his ugly fin cutting through the water like a knife, turned quickly upon his back, and the huge jaws came together with a vicious snap, but the Cuban was not between them. He had sunk just in time to avoid the shark, and as the latter passe I shot the steel igto it. The old sea wolf made the water boil, and strove desperately to strike his antagonist with his tail, but the latter kept well amidships and literally cut him to pieces. We made up a purse for him, and the next cay the brave ragamuffin could have given Solomon pointers in the matter of gorgeous

Deserted Nevada Towns.

It is queer traveling in some parts of Eastern Nevada, where paralysis has struck the mining camps and nearly obliterated once flourishing towns. Not infrequently one finds but half a dozen people in a town that once had thousands, and very often, in a place that once had hundreds, one finds but a single and! vidual-a lonely link between the present and the past, and generally a gray old hermit, who lingers like a belated ghost whom sunshine should have sent back into limbo. Yet the place is invariably mapped and charted as a town; has a Government mail service and its daily accredited postmaster, and, to the outside world, exists as palpable as ever. Of course the hermit is the postmaster, and very frequently he is some sort of an electric officer besides. In the sense that he is "monarch of all he surveys," and that his "right there is none to dispute," he is a sort of Alexander Selkirk the second; for his near est neighbors are the scattered ranchman who live from fifteen to forty miles apart, and his ienmediate society is that of the Indiana who dig in his garden, when he happens to have one. Yet he invariably appears to be more than satisfied with his lot, and, apparently, would not exchange positions with the President. With him. good health, good appetite, a full cubboard, and a weather tight cabin discount the glory of the world. Moreover, he pever lies awake at night to think about his sins; for the sound of the church going bell is something that he heard but few times in his life, and so long ago that it is quite like a dream. The hereafter has neither charms por terrors for him. - Salt Lake Tribune.

Albino Brds.

J. Jenner Weir gives an interesting account in "Nature Notes" of the extraordinary collection of birds at the residence of W. Ingram, at Westgate, living happily in every variety of condition; in confinement in very large cages, in spacious voluries, in the walled in pleasance, and lastly, with perfect liberty as I unclipped wings. There is one class of bir is in which Mr. logram is partie :larly rich-he has ten albinos, viz., three white jackdaws, three white blackbirds, a white thrush, a white starling, a white hedge sparrow and a pure white variety of the berring guil caught in the neighborhood. One of the white jackda wa will go with the members of the family to the seashore and follow them about. What is even more wonderful, this affectionate bird is taken by Mr. Ingram in the autumn to Over Stilton, in Yorkshire, where she takes long walks with a member of the family, flying from tree to tree. "Upon the whole," says Mr. Weir, "I deem this white jay'rdsw to be the most charming bird it was ever my good fortune to meet with."