

THE PATRIOT.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Wednesday July 18, 1878.

P. F. DUFFY, Editor.

For Sale.

This office is for sale. Being one of the oldest and best established offices in the State, it offers a good opening for parties desiring to engage in the printing business. The job office connected with it is one of the best in the State. Price moderate, terms easy.

A Hard Fight.

The coming contest in Ohio is going to be a tough one for on it hangs in a great measure the result of the next presidential election.—Both Democratic and Republican politicians recognize this and are laying their wiles accordingly.—John Sherman, whose presidential aspirations are high, is up to his eyes in work and will give Mr. Ewing lots of trouble. If Ewing had Foster alone to deal with and the Radicals of Ohio alone to fight it would not be such a serious matter, but these backed by Federal influence and Federal support become very ugly to handle. While the Radicals who advocate Sherman and those who back Grant may be pulling against each other lustily, they are united in the effort to beat the Democrats, for if they fail all their presidential calculations will be dashed, and Grant and Sherman may both take back seats.

It is said that Hayes is doing his level best for his friend Sherman, whom he would like to see nominated if there should be no chance for himself, while Sherman is running the treasury department vigorously for himself. That treasury department will be turned loose upon Ohio.

While all this is going on the Democrats are not idle but are preparing to make the canvass hot and lively. Ewing is immensely popular but he hasn't got a U. S. treasury behind him, so that he and his supporters must depend upon hard work and heavy blows. He might find a more cordial support from Eastern Democrats and some money if his Greenback notions were less objectionable to them.—It is not likely they will take any very lively interest in his election if they do not really desire his defeat, and, no doubt, many of them do. The hard money element of the Democracy in the Eastern States are about as uncompromising on this question as the hard money element in the Republican party, and when it comes to dollars and cents party is a secondary consideration.

The Greenback vote in Ohio is large and will exercise no little influence in the result. Experience has demonstrated that the great bulk of the Greenback vote comes from those who formerly belonged to the Democratic party and hence that movement receives all encouragement from the Republicans, who employ speakers and publish organs for gratuitous circulation as in the case of the New York *Advocate* during the last election and more recently the *National View* published at Washington with Radical money. Thus they seek to divide the Democracy and by dividing conquer. But a small number of Republicans enter the Greenback clubs and many of them when the time for voting comes vote for the regular nominees.—These tactics have been played with much effect in the past and will be again.

If it was a square, open fight between the Democrats and Republicans without any underhand work, or outside influences Ewing would be elected by a big majority but as it is he has a lively time before him with the chances against him.—Should he be elected it will be a triumph of which he may be proud and one which will place his name in the very first rank of this country's public men.

Yellow Fever.

The yellow fever made its appearance at Memphis last week, exciting the wildest alarm and creating a panic amongst the people. About 5,000 are reported to have left the city. As the disease as yet has not spread an easier feeling prevails. The suspense under which these people live is fearful.

James Heaton, who was some years ago a Radical member of the legislature, put an end to a career of wild dissipation in Wilmington last Saturday night, by shooting his colored mistress dead on one of the most frequented streets and then when pursued taking refuge in a secluded back lot and shooting himself through the head. He and his victim died within a few hours of each other, their bodies being brought to the same house by the coroner, and will probably be buried in the same potter's field. Heaton's father was a Republican member of Congress just after the war from the Newberne district and was a respectable man.

Hayes vs. Carpetbaggers.

Sherman has made an explanation to a Washington newspaper reporter of his removal of Powers from the Collectors of the Newberne District, and it turns out that Powers' offence is that he is a Northern man, commonly denominated a "carpetbagger." This was the ground alleged when Hyman, the negro, was appointed in his place shortly after Hayes stole into the Presidential chair, but they weakened on that and reinstated him. They concede that Powers is a good officer, that his office is conducted in a manner second to none in the United States for correctness and efficiency, but the native Radicals demand his removal because he is from another State and claim that the offices should be divided amongst them. To this claim, which Sherman pronounces just, he and the boss fraud of the century have yielded and chopped off Powers' official head.

It is a fight amongst the brethren in which we take no special interest, but we submit that opposition to "carpetbaggers" at this late day comes with a poor grace from native Republicans and the endorsement of that opposition by Hayes and Sherman is simply infamous. Powers has been seventeen years a citizen of Newberne, and stands well with the people. Seventeen years ought certainly to give him citizenship and make him tolerable in Radical eyes at all events. This sort of proscription from men who in the past professed so much respect and love for the carpetbagger, and who denounced Democrats for denouncing them shows up their hypocrisy in a glaring light and is contemptible to the utmost degree. The fact is they never had any particular fondness for carpetbaggers, but they found them useful in supplying them with brains to build up a Republican party and then they foamed at the mouth and damned the man that had taught to say against their beloved friends. But when these friends went for the spoils of office and proved too smart to be used without an equivalent for their services then the war began and the carpetbagger suddenly became as odious as he was before courted and flattered.

That scalawag showing itself in its true light; and it is showing in its true light too the truckling administration that sanctions such proscription and becomes a party to it.

Something Gained.

The country has gained something by the extra session of Congress. Although the Democrats did not literally carry out all they aimed at, they substantially secured what they wanted. The army cannot now be used as a police force at the polls; the infamous test oath has been repealed; packing juries with "loyal" jurors can't be done so easily since the law requires that the jury be drawn by lot from 300 citizens selected by the clerk of the federal court and a citizen of opposite politics. The refusal to appropriate money to pay the deputy marshals appointed to run elections will at least lessen the number of these gentlemen, unless the Radical managers conclude to advance the money and pay them out of their own pockets, which they may conclude to do in close districts where their services may be needed.

The removal of the duty on quinine is a public blessing, while the creation of the Mississippi river Commission to supervise the improvements in that stream, and the appointment of the Yellow Fever Commission are of some import.

The civil service reformer Hayes has suspended Powers, collector of internal revenue in the Newberne district, and appointed Elisha A. White. Powers was removed once before and Hyman, negro, appointed in his place but this raised such a row in the camp that the order was revoked and Powers remained in. His removal now is at the instance of Sherman who wants to fill the place with one of his own strikers. His record as a collector is said to be good. It is a little singular that the only two removals in this State thus far was Winstead from this district and now Powers, against neither of whom any discreditable charge stands.

Some fellow has started a discussion as to whether Thos. Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. He says it written by Tom Paine, and handed it to Ben Franklin who gave it to Jefferson by whom it was slightly changed in phraseology. Now why didn't this fellow start this question while Paine and Franklin and Jefferson were alive so we could hear what they had to say about it. After awhile, when all of George Washington's body servants have died, somebody will be questioning that hatchet story.

The reports from Memphis say that the yellow fever is disappearing and the excitement dying out.

There were fifteen deaths from heat in Charleston last Saturday.

Cox, the negro murderer, of Mrs. Hall, in New York, is now playing insane.

Ex-Gov. Wm. Allen, of Ohio, died suddenly near Chillicothe last Friday.

New York imported \$1,043,326 worth of wool within the past six months.

There were twenty-four prostrations from heat in St. Louis last Friday.

Weston, the walker, has walked with the past twelve years 53,000 miles.

A number of Southern and Western towns have established a quarantine against Memphis.

Last week during the warm spell the thermometer ranged from 95 up at all the points heard from.

A wealthy old lady died in Mississippi last week and willed her estate, a large one, to Jefferson Davis.

Edison needs platinum to operate his electric light and offers \$20,000 for the discovery of a mine of that metal.

A young lady in Washington wants \$20,000 from Senator Gordon's son, of Georgia, for breach of promise and betrayal.

Mr. S. A. Ashe has purchased the Raleigh *Observer* and taken editorial charge of it. Mr. Ashe is a writer of recognized ability.

Last week a man was hung in one of the New England States as accessory to a murder after having been previously tried and acquitted as principal.

Mining property in this State is looking up considerably, especially gold mines, some of which, with the improved processes of working the ores are yielding handsomely.

The Hebrew Association of the United States held a meeting in New York last week to adopt a plan to colonize the poorer classes of their people and get them to turn their attention to agriculture.

The Raleigh *News*, which has been vastly improved of late, the Raleigh *Observer*, Wilmington *Star* and Charlotte *Observer* form a quartet of dailies that do credit to this State and would pass anywhere.

John Sherman is setting his wires to secure Southern support in the next National Convention. He is "requesting the resignation" of these revenue officers who are not willing to throw up their hats for him. They are nearly all for Grant in these parts.

The papers are beginning to bring out the names of aspirants for the Governorship. Thus far about a dozen have been mentioned, and the list is not full by half. A first rate way to slaughter men is to bring them before the public so far ahead of time and get their friends to fighting over them.

The body of the dead Prince Napoleon, which was embalmed and brought back from Africa, was buried at Chislehurst, England, where the Empress, his mother, resides, on the 12th inst. The funeral was a grand affair. Besides the royal family and leading nobility of England who were present as mourners there were representatives from nearly all the governments of Europe.

Tramp Depredations in New York

NEW YORK, July 9.—The *Times* gives an account of a company of tramps, estimated at from 75 to 100 who have taken possession of a pile land near New Windsor, a short distance back from the Hudson, where they make their levies on farmers, and rob and plunder with impunity. They throw out pickets, defy "clodhoppers" who act as village constables, rifle orchards, fields and hen-roosts in the surrounding country and move off in detachments when they have staid their time. These idle ruffians have been driven into this State from adjoining States in which there are laws for their suppression and are taking advantage of the absence of restraining laws in this State to carry on their work.

Mutilating the Coin.

We have before us four silver coins, a dollar, two half dollars and a dime, all of which have holes pierced through them. It is not, perhaps, generally known that for any person to subtract a portion of the silver or gold from coin of the United States so as to make it of less weight or value than it ought to be pursuant to law is a punishable offense, which is punishable by imprisonment for not more than two years, and by a fine of not more than \$2,000. It is a mean thing to mutilate the coins of the country, even apart from the purpose of effecting a little gain thereby, as it destroys the beauty of their artistic appearance.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Struck a Coal Mine.—The company near Leaksville struck a fine vein of coal last Saturday evening on Mrs. Grief Wade's land three miles above the town. Joab Adams from England is the mining engineer in charge. They are now over one hundred feet under ground. They have put sixty batteaux on Dan River and will run ten a day to Danville shipping the coal, making a week of the whole trip. The coal is anthracite.—*Reidsville Times*.

From the Goldsboro Messenger.

Silk Culture.

Cost and Profits of the Silk Worms. We have already demonstrated to our readers that the breeding, rearing and culture of silk worms can be made a successful paying business in this section, and as a matter of further information concerning the probable cost and profits to those who would engage in the enterprise, we give the following particulars, for which we are indebted to our enterprising townsman, Dr. B. F. Arrington.

One acre of ground will do for 338 mulberry trees, rows 16 feet apart and 8 feet distant in the rows. The cost of trees, 3 years old, and of planting is about \$100. They are planted in the Fall.

The first year's foliage will feed worms enough to make 100 lbs. of cocoons worth \$100; the cost of the orchard. The second year will realize \$150 worth of the cocoons; the third year \$200, and the fourth year \$250.

If planting from cuttings is resorted to the cost would be about \$10, and the production the first year, about \$5 worth of cocoons; third year, \$26; fourth year, \$100; fifth year, \$150; sixth year, \$200; seventh, \$250; total of \$730 in seven years, making an average of \$104.50 a year. Reduce this one-half and even the profits would be greater than, than can be realized by any other crop grown in North Carolina.

Ten acres well set in mulberry trees of first quality, after 6 years from the planting of cuttings, or 3 years from the planting of trees 3 years old, will yield a certain annual income of \$100 per acre, over and above every expense, for 3 years; then \$200 per acre for next 5 years, or longer if the orchard is kept well pruned and cultivated, which can be done at a mere nominal expense.

In this section the hatching would begin about the 20th or 25th of April, and the cocoons would be gathered and ready for market by the 10th or 15th of June, then nothing more to do but to take care of the layings and carefully secure the eggs, which will require but few days' attention.

New orchards should be in progress all the while, to take the place of old trees, which can be cut away to advantage after 8 or 10 years' use, but not until well-rooted young trees 2 or 3 years old, have been planted near each tree to be removed. The trees should be braced or bush from one to two feet from the ground, and should be kept cut back, never permitted to grow more than 8 or 10 feet high. Gathering the leaves from dwarf trees is much cheaper and more expeditious than when the trees are permitted to grow tall and branch out.

Every 55 feet of table surface will accommodate 5,000 worms, which, if rightly cared for, will produce from \$10 to \$15 worth of cocoons.

The indoor work or management of the worms will devolve upon the mother and daughters in a family, the husband and sons keeping up the orchards, which is light work and easily done after once rightly regulated.

The culture of silk cocoons will be a new feature of industry in Wayne and adjoining counties, and may not be taken hold of very readily by many, but the success of the enterprise is simply a question of time and that of only a few years at farthest. It is all important that our people shall commence to vary their annual industry so as to be more independent than most of farmers are at present.

The one crop (cotton) idea will prove detrimental and ruinous to any people, matters not how valuable the land may be for the special culture of that product.

Fifty millions of best breed of silk worms fed on the best variety of mulberry leaves after 6 years old, will yield an annual net profit greater than the annual cotton crop of Wayne county.

This new industry can be taken hold of and carried on upon an extensive scale at a moderate cost and in no way interfere with the present status of crops in this section, cotton especially.

A Successful Speculation in Wheat.

Under the above head the Chicago *Tribune* of the 1st instant says: "The wheat deal which closed yesterday is in many respects the most remarkable operation in grain that was ever engineered in this country. The combination of a 'long' side was organized early last May, and was the natural outgrowth of the Keene purchase of 3,000,000 bushels last fall. Possessed of almost unlimited capital, it went into the market, and in addition to buying all the options offered for May and June, secured the control of all the cash wheat in Milwaukee, Buffalo and New York as also purchased and to-day there is not a bushel of No 2 spring wheat in sight in this country or abroad for Europe that does not belong to the combination. The options were bought at an average price of 95 cents per bushel, and the great bulk of them were settled at about \$1.05 to \$1.04, although at the close clearings were made at \$1.06 to \$1.07. The profits on the deal must foot up in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000.

This 'successful speculation in wheat' is no doubt a vastly pleasant operation for the combination who pocket a million by it, but it is otherwise to the public. It means dearer bread to ever man, woman and child in the country, and we might almost say in the world, since America supplies the world largely with breadstuffs, and the prices here regulate prices abroad to a great extent. But the alarming feature of this 'successful speculation' is its illustration of the manner in which a few capitalists are getting control of all the great railroad franchises, lines of freight and travel, publishing lines and everything of public use or convenience, and are able by these agencies and their immense money resources to absolutely control the

food supply of the world, and, as in this instance, to clear a million of dollars in a single 'speculation' upon the staff of life. We see now why flour has gone up lately and why Washington bakers have been compelled to increase the price of their loaves. It was not because of any failure in the grain crop, in fact the crop is, perhaps, the most abundant ever known; but it is simply because a few New York capitalists were able, by their money power, to monopolize the supply and make 'a successful speculation' upon the necessities of the public. And the unpleasant fact is staring us in the face that this enormous money power and control of franchises and prices is being concentrated day by day in fewer hands. At the present rate of progress the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Goulds, and the Kenees will, in a few years, own everything and control everything. The political party that is able to put a check upon the dangerous growth of these great monopolies will deserve well of the country.—*Washington Star*.

Southern Wool

At present the number of sheep in the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee and Mississippi is 2,883,000, or about one sheep to every one hundred acres. If these States engaged in sheep husbandry to the extent and in the proportion which prevails in the single State of Ohio, they would have not less than 400,000 sheep. The area of land adapted for sheep pasturage on the cotton plantations is immense in the aggregate, and can be utilized, while the capital required to purchase sheep is comparatively small. The wool produced in the Southern climate is of a most excellent quality, as is shown by reports published by the Department of Agriculture at Washington. Mr. Cockerill, for instance, whose flocks are in Mississippi, furnishes the following evidence among a vast amount of the same kind: "I have about 1,000 sheep were imported in 1824 or 1826—I cannot say which—and I find as yet no falling off in the quantity or quality of their fleeces; on the contrary, I believe a little improvement in both points, and 10 more yolk which well provided for; which you know does not much abound in the Saxon breed.—In addition, the fleeces are a little more weight, and from our mild climate the staple has become longer. I assert that the cotton region I am now in (Madison county, Mississippi), in about thirty-two degrees north, is better than any country north of it to grow wool, as the sheep can be kept all the time grazing, by sowing small grain; for, if grazed off it quickly grows again in a few days. And the wool of the fine Saxon sheep in this climate is softer and more cotton-like than any I have ever seen, although I have samples from all parts of the world. I have traveled from this very place to Boston, sampling all the sheep of note on the way, and I have found nothing on my journey or at Boston as good as the wool I have grown; and so said all the wool-staplers whom I met with, and they were not a few. I presume, in reality, that the blood of my sheep was no better than many I saw; but the superiority of my wool I ascribe to our climate, and the provision for the sheep of sound food the year round."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Fables and Anecdotes.

BY LITTLE JOHNNY.

Some natif niggers in Africky they had a big wuden idle wich they wershup; cos they said it was a god, and one day they shet up a pig in a pen wich was built around the idle, cos they said: To morrow we will sacrifice that pig and make a burnt offer to our god.

But nex mornin wen the preests went to kil the pig there was a missionary preacher he laift like he wud bust, and he sed: "I got you now, you galloos, jest look wot kind of a god you got wich pmits such libbertys as that, cos he cant help himself."

So they looked, and there they seen the pig a scratchin hisself against the idle and granin like it was mity nice.

Jest then the pig it stop scratchin and went to rootin with the snoot of its nose, and bime pi it got it under the idle and asset in an aminit in the mud. Then the missionary preacher he danced, and slapt his leg, and hollered wild, and sed: "Wot a all powlie feller yare God is, to be sure, set him up agin, hooray."

Then the high priest was the furriest feller yore ever saw, and he jumped in the pen, and kicked the idle as hard as ever he cud, and bust all its head with his combyhook, and all the natif niggers they sed: "Wot a golly be dump busted ole frod that idle was, jest like the missionary preacher sed."

Then the preacher went rite of and held a thankgiveness preach, and rode his bishop the joyfe news about the natif niggers change of hart. But wen he cum back with a bole of wotter for to baptise em they was all down on their knees a worshipin the pig.

Pigs tails roasted is splendor then—cut this, but a Sunday School book is the feller for me.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

Republican Leakage.—Senator Salsbury showed the other day from Mr. Bristow's report of stealage in 1876 from the government crib that Republican officials were chargeable at that time with \$5,500,593.93 which has gone out of sight in the capacious pockets. The postmasters got away with \$373,371.74 of it, and the collectors of internal revenue "accoped" to the extent of \$2,312,544.20, and the one hundredth part of the stealings were not recorded. When Boutwell was treasurer he admitted that the delinquencies in one department alone amounted to \$120,000,000.—*Charlotte Observer*.

A High-Priced Mistake.

How a Pittsburg Man Blundered in a Matter of Bullion.

Two miners sat down in the wilderness of Southern Utah a few months since to munch their bread and then pursue their wanderings and their search for wealth. They were "prospectors," who, having left the beaten track of treasure-seekers, wandered off, to the amusement of their fellows, into the comparatively level country, where months of searching had revealed nothing.

"We had better get back into the mountain country, Jim," said his "pard."

As he spoke his tool struck something a few inches under the sand, and the prospector found a fracture on the rocks and picked up a small, yellowish piece of stone.

"What's that?" said Tom, as he saw with that feverish earnestness his "pard" examined the piece.

"Egad! I think it's horn silver!" They were out of provisions and clothes; they had not means with which to pay the fee for securing their "find." After opening up their prize sufficiently to show that a vein of ore existed, they offered it to Mr. Ben Morgan, of Pittsburg, who is operating smelting works a few miles below Salt Lake City, for \$18,000.

Mr. Morgan sought the advice of the Superintendent of the Ontario mine. Together they carefully examined the new "find," and, unfortunately for the genial Ben, they decided it was not worth risking the money on. The miners continued to open their vein, but soon again were stranded, when one of them wrote to two Irish friends who had already lost money on supposed "finds," and besought them to try their luck once more. After much importuning they invested enough money to give the miners a good start, when the development of the mine proceeded rapidly. Four shafts were sunk and a number of intermediate galleries run which connected the shafts. The work was pushed slowly with a view to show the magnitude of the deposit. It was the marvel of the whole country. Conservative old engineers measured the ore-bodies actually in sight, taking nothing for granted, and made numerous analyses in all parts of the mine to determine its richness, and the most cautious calculated the silver in sight as worth \$27,000,000. J. J. Cooke, hearing of this prize, secured an option of a one-half interest for \$25,000 for a short time, and hastening eastward he induced a number of Englishmen in New York to invest, and they took it at this price, the four original owner declining to sell the remaining half at any price. This is the now famous "Horn Silver Mine," or "New Bonanza," around which a town has in a few months clustered called "Frisco," and to which one mile the Utah Southern railroad will this summer be extended nearly three hundred miles.—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.

The sheep husbandry in the comparatively new State of Texas has grown to be immense. There was recently held at San Antonio a convention of sheep growers, numbering 181. These 181 men represented 652,000 sheep, or an average of 3,600—three thousand six hundred—to each grazer. Think of this! farmers of North Carolina and learn a lesson of thrift wisdom. In addition to the above it was stated there 200 other sheep pastures in the State whose flocks, estimated at a smaller ratio, would number 720,000 sheep in the possession of fewer than 400 persons. But for those who make sheep farming their exclusive business, a flock of 3,600 is a small matter. The rapidity with which a flock increases under such favorable conditions as are found in the South is astounding; the men of the smallest means, who embark in the industry and pursue their labor with diligence and intelligence, become possessed of bewildering wealth within the space of a few years.

Gov. Roberts, of Texas has been presented by one of the grand juries of the State as unfit for the position he occupies and as countenancing crime by his acts.

HEADQUARTERS FOR FRUIT JARS.—We are selling Fruit Jars lower than any other house. Don't take our word for it but come and see and save money.

HOUSTON & BROS.

Headquarters for Groceries.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!!!—To those who are in need of carpets we would announce that we have received a lot of Brussels carpets on consignment which have to be sold within 30 days or returned.

Please call and examine the goods and prices.

C. & M. PRETZFELDER.

"Call and see a 'Solon Shingle' Cigar at Geo. B. Yates, next to Post Office April 16, 79.

Syrup just received by

E. M. CALDCLEUGH.

JUST RECEIVED.—Pineapples, Citron, Raisins. Nice small pig hams. Also another lot of Tinsley's Tomatoes, at

J. W. SCOTT & CO'S.

Chow Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

A new stock of plain and French candies, just received at E. M. CALDCLEUGH'S.

How to Make Money.—Buy Prepared Chemicals from J. W. Scott & Co. and make your Fertilizers at one third the cost of Manufactured Fertilizers. The experience of good practical farmers proves that it can be done.

Lemons, oranges, cocoanuts and raisins just received by

E. M. CALDCLEUGH.

For Boots, Shoes and Slippers go to

C. & M. PRETZFELDER'S.

Extra sugar cured hams just received by

E. M. CALDCLEUGH.

The Valley of Silence.

Do we who are Protestants realize that there are those in the Catholic Church who are to-day living grandly beautiful and saintly lives? We lately came across following poetry, written by Father Ryan, a Catholic priest, and it is not surprisingly beautiful! Surely no one could have written these lines unless living in the closest companionship with God. Who read the seventh stanza in particular without being struck with its almost seraphic beauty!—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

I walk down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless Valley alone,
And I hear not the sound of a footstep,
Around me but God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago I was weary of voices
Whose music my soul could not win;
Long ago I was weary of places
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago I was weary of places
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,
Yet I craved what the world never gave;
Yet I lived in the world each ideal
Which the world could not give to me;
I was on the shores of the real,
And I slept like a dream in the grave.

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,
And I heard a voice which was not mine;
And I sighed when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human,
And I groaned 'mid the masses of men;
Till I knelt alone at the altar,
And I heard a voice call me, and then
I walked down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond human ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis the trusting-place with the Divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And I heard the voice said, "Be Mine."

Then rose from the depths of my soul,
An echo, "My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep and I dream and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dew
That fall on the roses in May;

And my prayer like the perfume from censers
Ascends to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I hear the sweet voice of the Holy;
And the music floats down the dim Valley
Till each finds a word for a wing;
And to men like the doves of the Deluge
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
Which shall break on the beach,
And I have heard voices in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!
They were holy words on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard.
They pass down the Valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley,
To hearts that are hallowed by care?
It lies afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mountain of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

Resolution of Thanks.

At a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Saturday, July 13th, it was unanimously resolved, That we return our thanks to the ladies, who so kindly and generously helped us on Friday evening, and that a committee of three be appointed to inform them of this resolution.

And now ladies it has been made our pleasant duty to lay our wreath at your feet. It seems almost a work of idle repetition, inasmuch as the universal medal of praise has been rendered doubly precious by the overflowings of joy and satisfaction on Friday night. But though language may be lame, and words but dull, compared to the sparkling eyes and kindling upturned faces—still we put it on record, that you deserve our gratitude.

Somebody has said, and it was not we, that:

"When a woman smiles, she will,
And when she weeps, she won't,
And that's an end on't."

This couplet has generally been "used to pacify a sulky and sullen" about our sisters, that we unhesitatingly pronounced a slander—and yet we use it literally, and in the best of senses, "Faith without works, is dead."

At the middle of July, with the thermometer high in the 90's, and the dog star raging, when friends failed in duty, and consistency seemed obsolete, we appealed to sufficient reasons for our boldness, and should have it your word as proof of your bond, and though difficulties thickened around our pathway—and, man looked on helplessly—you laughed, at impossibilities, and went "right on, right on."

Many daughters have done virtuously, but you excel them all. PROX. XXII, 29.

On behalf of our Association to you individually and collectively, we thank you, and add our personal gratitude for your kindness and success.

May heaven bless you all!

Respectfully,
SAML C. SMITH,
R. L. VEENON, Com.
H. N. ALFORD.

District Convention I. O. G. T.

The Owl-Critic.

A LERSON TO FAULT-FINDERS.

'Who stuffed that white owl?' No one spoke in the shop; The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop; The customers, waiting their turn, were all reading.

The Daily, the Herald, the Post, little bleeding The young man who waited out a question; Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion; And the barber kept on shaving.

'Don't you see, Mister Brown?' Cried the youth, with a frown, 'How wrong the old thing is, How pretentious each wing is, How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—

In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck!

I make no apology, I've learned owl-ology; Two pained eyes and a hundred coliculations, And cannot be blinded to any deficiencies Arising from unskillful fingers that fall To stuff a bird right from his back to his tail, Mister Brown, Mister Brown!

The take that bird down, Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!

And the barber kept on shaving.

'I've studied owls, And other night birds, And I tell you, What I know to be true: An owl cannot roost, With his limbs so unloosed; No owl in this world Ever had his claws curled, Ever had his legs slanted, Ever had his bill bent, Ever had his neck scored Into that attitude.

He can't do it, because The agent all had laws, Anatomy teaches, Ornithology preaches, An owl has a too That can't turn out so! I've made the white owl my study for years, And to see each job done moves me to tears! Mr. Brown, I'm amazed, You should be so glibly craned As to put up a bird In that posture absurd!

To look at the owl really brings on a dizziness; The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!

And the barber kept on shaving.

'Examine those eyes, I've fixed with surprise Taxidermists should pass On you such poor glass; So unnatural they seem They'd make Andrus and Sears, And John Burroughs laugh To counter such a claim. Do take that bird down, Have him stuffed again, Brown!

And the barber kept on shaving.

'With some sand and bark I could stuff in the bird, An owl better than that, I could make an old hat Look more like an owl Than that horrid bird, Stick in there a stuff like a side of coarse leather.

In fact, about him there's not one natural feather.'

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal look, The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch, Walked round and regarded his fault-finding critic.

(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance amuse.

And then fairly howled, as if he should say: Your learning's at fault this time anyway; Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray. I'm an owl, you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!

And the barber kept on shaving.

—Harper's Magazine.

In troughs, near by their resting place, two or three times each week, place a composition of salt, soda, red pepper and ginger. To four parts of the first two articles, add one part of the latter. Our common red peppers will do very well; they should, however, be well-pulverized, and all the ingredients thoroughly mixed. Most healthy animals will readily devour salt. To obtain it they will also take the alkali and the stimulant. The compound will not injure bird, beast, fish or man. It is not offered as a patent remedy, but simply as a preventive of the injurious effects of the foul gases and the pestiferous filth in which hogs have been allowed to wallow. Continue their usual summer feed, whether clover, bran, meal or corn.

How to Buy a Horse.
The Rural New Yorker says: 'An intending purchaser should have the horse brought out before him, and watch the animal as he stands at rest. If the owner is continually starting the horse into motion and urging him to "show off," something may be suspected, because it is when the horse is at perfect rest that his weak points are divulged. If the horse be sound he will stand square on his limbs without moving any one of them, the feet being placed flat upon the ground and all his legs plump and naturally posed. If one foot be thrown forward and the toe pointing to the ground and the heel raised, or if the foot be lifted from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease or tenderness may be suspected.'

Chapman Pease.
Professor J. P. Steele, Mobile, Ala., makes bean poles of the common canes or reeds growing in abundance in Southern swamps. Choose specimens about the size of a man's little finger, set three to each limb, in triangular form around the plants, bring together at a convenient height and bind with a bit of fine wire, then clip the tops off even with pruning shears. Three supports, the professor finds, are much better than for the vines to lay over each other, as they are compelled to do in the ascent of a single pole.

Domestic Hints.
SALAD DRESSING.—Three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, oil, mustard, salt and one cup of vinegar, and one cup of milk. Beat the eggs and add the other ingredients; then stir all together over a kettle of boiling water to thickness of boiled custard. This will keep good two weeks in a closed bottle if kept in a cool place.

HOMINY SUPPER.—Take two cups of very fine hominy, boiled and cold; beat it smooth and stir in three cups of sour milk, half a cup of melted butter, two tablespoonsful of salt and two tablespoonsful of white sugar; then add three eggs, well beaten, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, and one large cup of flour; bake quickly.

CARE OF HANGING BASKETS.—Hanging plants, whether in baskets or in suspended pots, are more apt to become over-ripe than others, and need special care. Baskets are best watered by plunging them in a bucket or tub of water, allowing them to get thoroughly soaked through; or of course dripping moist earth before they are returned to place.

KILLING FLEAS ON DOGS.—Dip the dog into a decoction of pennyroyal once a week, or scatter the herb in the dog's kennel once a week. If you cannot procure the herb, buy the oil of pennyroyal, saturate a string with it and tie it around the dog's neck; the string must be saturated with the oil once a day for one or two weeks, when the fleas will be driven off.

BEAN SOUP.—Take a cup and a half of white beans and boil in two quarts of water till soft, then pour into a colander and force the beans through it; put into a pot a spoonful of lard, a slice of bacon cut into small pieces, two spoonfuls of flour and an onion cut fine; stir the ingredients until the flour is brown, then add the bean liquor and beans; boil a short time, and before sending to the table toast some bread and put into the soup.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS.—Take the weight of four fresh eggs in the sugar, and half the weight in flour, mixing with the latter half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda very thoroughly, or the eclairs will not be light; beat the yolks of the eggs until light, add slowly the sugar, as for sponge cake, having it just light; alternate the beaten whites of the eggs with flour, and bake in pans having compartments, dropping a spoonful of batter in each, or in a paper-lined and well buttered pan, making the cakes as nearly round as the lady's fingers as possible; the oven should be quick, and when done take out, place two together, allow them to cool, and cover with the chocolate.

A Base Proposition.
A Detroit who has the reputation of being hard pay was waited on the other day by a man who began:

'Mr. Blank, I hold your note for \$75. It is long past due, and I want to see what you would do about it.'

'My note? As for yes, yes, this is my note, and so forth. Have you been to the note-shaver with this?'

'I have, but none of them would have it.'

'Wouldn't eh? And you took the bank's?'

'Yes, sir; they wouldn't take it.'

Female Beauty.
Let us consider some of the customs of the women of various nations. The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eyebrows black and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around the eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and the rows of the Indian paint them red. The women of the Indies paint their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and then drawing them through. Hindu females, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, tumeric and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, lips and tongue and the whole body.

In New Holland the females cut themselves with shells, and by keeping open the wounds a long time, form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular addition is made to their beauty by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand at the second joint. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but the Samatran mother carefully flattened the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also in Sumatra and Aracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull in order to flatten it, and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it.

In China small, round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which in childhood are so compressed by bandages as effectively to prevent any further increase in size. The four smaller toes are turned under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere; and the poor girl not only endures much, but becomes a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in having finger nails so long that the castings of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea the nose is perforated, and a large piece of wood or bone is inserted.

On the northwest coast of America an incision more than two inches in length is made in the lower lip and then filled with a wooden plug. In Guinea the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth, and the points resting on the chin. The Tunisian woman, of moderate pretensions to beauty, needs a slave under each arm to support her when she walks, and a perfect belle carries flesh enough to load down a camel.

One of the Wonders of the Earth.
A traveler in Australia, in describing the beauty of the mountain of Rotomahana, says: 'Eminent geologists who have examined this district pronounce it the most wonderful natural curiosity in the world. Let the reader fancy himself standing upon the shores of a lake some twenty-six miles long and from five to seven miles wide, its margin indented by advancing promontories and receding curvatures. On his right stands a lofty precipitous, broken by terrace upon terrace, irregularly formed of boulders and covered with clinging vines. Beyond, a narrow strip of water pierces the land, its transparent bosom reflecting every light and shade cast upon it by its colossal neighbor. Into this arm of the lake empty innumerable streams, each of which has a different temperature, ranging from the tepid to the boiling point. Beyond this is seen the steaming hill, so called from its being continually enveloped in a cloud of steam that rises from a thousand crevices in the rocks. Innumerable small lakes are next seen, all of which are constantly at the boiling point. The remainder of the lake shore is a succession of terraces, formed by the overflow of smaller lakes, whose waters being strongly alkaline, and possessing a delicate coloring matter, have tinted the terrace formations a beautiful pink.'

A Natural Artist.
Harper's Monthly in a superbly illustrated article on the wonderful growth of America art, gives a sketch of a prominent artist, and how he came to take to the easel. Chester Harding was a farmer's son, who after an apprenticeship in agriculture took up the trade of chair-maker at twenty-one. After this various other projects, including those of peddling, and the keeping of a tavern, and then took his wife and child and floated on a flatboat down the Allegheny to Pittsburgh, then a mere settlement, in search of something on which to earn a bare living. There he took to sign-painting, and it was not until his twenty-sixth year that the idea of becoming an artist entered his head. An itinerant portrait painter coming to the place first suggested art to Harding, who engaged him to paint the portrait of Mrs. Harding, and took his first art lesson while looking over the artist's shoulder; and his first crude attempts so fascinated him that he at once adopted art as a profession, and in six months painted one hundred likenesses, such as they were, at twenty-five dollars each, and settled in Boston, where he seems to have been taken up with the characteristic enthusiasm which the modern Athens bestows on the favorites she deigns to honor. On going to England, Harding, notwithstanding the few advantages he had enjoyed, seemed to come here more favorably than the other portrait painters there that he was patronized by the first nobles of the land.

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Co-operation in England.
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Bright brocades and wild flowers mix prettily in seaside hats.
Kilt fronts are seen on nearly all the promenade dresses in New York. Black lace button dresses are likely to supersede woolen gowns. A profusion of lace and Hamburg embroidery decks summer costumes. Ladies' places of fancy chervier are to take the place of linen traveling wraps. Old conceits are worn in scarf-pine and bouquet holders; the newest and oddest is an owl with ruby eyes.

India muslin jackets, trimmed with Breton lace, will be worn both with black and colored costumes this summer. White muslin neckties are worn around the throat inside the linen collar. It is not considered stylish to wear them outside.

The Leonie sleeve is a new caprice. It is only fastened to the waist under the arm, and the wearer looks as if her dressmaker's work had been badly done, and as if her gown were coming to pieces.

New breakfast caps have long lace or muslin ends that cross in the back, and are brought together again in front low on the bust. The showy Brabant lace is used for the crown and frills of other caps. Peacock blue satin ribbon, in looped clusters, or in one large Alexander bow on top, is very effective trimming for muslin caps.

For a stout girl of fourteen make percale and lawn dresses with belted basques and very simply draped overskirts that have quite short aprons, and perhaps a kilt-plaited skirt. Make her white dresses with a bouffant polonaise. The Polonaise pattern will be good for a stout lady's dresses; either grenadine or wash dresses may be made by this design.

HINTS ABOUT DRESSES.
Corsettes are most varied in detail, scarcely any two being made alike. The only settled fact is that all basques are shorter, except those that are cut in English coat shape, to serve as a street garment without an extra wrapping. The front has two darts, but no cross basque seam, and this sometimes compels the use of an underarm dart, which gives the effect of two side forms in the armhole, and in many cases the second also; but the long side forms, beginning in the shoulder seams, have proved so becoming to most figures that the attempt to give them up has been a failure, as many ladies insist upon having them. There are, however, fewer seams in the back than when the long corset-like corset was so popular. The middle seam is usually retained, though not always. Some of Worth's handsomest fitting waists are made with merely the two short side-form seams in the back. There is less effort to make the figure taper toward the waist line; hence all the forms of the back are equally broad at the narrowest part. The greatest changes are made below the waist in the skirts of the dress, but is seen on the basque as well. Sometimes the side-forms are cut quite long and broad, and are piped on the front edge and at the bottom, while the back edges are laid in three or four plaits, and are brought to gather quite high up, nearly to the waist line, on the middle forms, where they are further enlarged by having a shell-bow of satin plaited upon them; this bow conceals the joining of the plaits. The ends of the middle forms are in this case laid quite flat, and are shaped to form two wide flaps. Such a basque as this is quite bouffant of itself, and adds to the general panier effect. This design is excellent for black grenadines, with satin bows for trimming. —Harper's Bazar.

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The Nation's Wealth.
A writer in a current magazine recently made a strong presentation of his opinion that the working classes of the present day are far better fed, clothed and lodged, or, in other words, are richer, than were their predecessors a generation or two ago. But now comes Alexander Delmar, with figures showing the average man, woman and child of the present to be poorer than were their ancestors. At the beginning of the century the 'wealth per capita,' which we take to mean the total of each individual's possessions, on an average, he says, was \$690, and in 1878 was \$520. To be sure, the figures rose as high as \$850 in 1840, but on the other hand they fell as low as \$400 in 1820. The 'product per capita,' which he puts at \$190 in 1800, was \$105 in 1878, which bearing in mind the progress of labor-saving processes, seems a very strange statement. The aggregate wealth and annual product have, however, largely, and for the most part steadily, increased—the aggregate wealth from about two billions of dollars in 1791 to twenty-five billions in 1878 and the total annual product from five hundred and forty million dollars in 1791 to five thousand millions in 1871. The largest increase of wealth in any decade was in 1850-60, when it nearly doubled. The figures are certainly ennobled, but from the complexity of the problem, they are necessarily scarcely more than careful estimates, rather than certain statements. They seem to suggest conclusively that as the country grows older there is a tendency toward aggregation of capital in individual or corporate hands. In other words, the old anti-slavery argument that 'money does not breed' is shown by experience to be false, and the increase of wealth as a country becomes older is again seen to serve to emphasize class distinctions by making the rich richer and the poor poorer.

South Carolina's Cotton Mills.
A letter from Greenville, S. C., gives cheering reports from the cotton mills in that State. Despite the general depression in business from various causes, among them yellow fever, last summer, the cotton goods increased in quantity and improved in quality, and found ready sale. The chief obstacle in the way of success was the scarcity of competent operatives; but with the aid of a few taken from Northern mills, a sufficient number of young native women and men have been taught to feed and direct the machines. They are furnished with neat cabins in the vicinity of the mills, and their pay ranges from twenty-five cents to three dollars a day, according to their usefulness. The increase of local sales is especially noteworthy.

What a Poem Should Be.
Mr. Joaquin Miller gives the following as his idea of a poem: 'To me a poem must be a picture; and it must be a picture, if a good poem, so simple that I can understand it at a glance, and see it and remember it as I would see and remember a sunset. I also demand that it shall be lofty in sentiment and sublime in expression. The only rule I have for measuring the merits of a written poem is by the hold that it takes on my mind and memory. I do not want to remember the words, but I do want to remember the picture and the feeling that it conveys. I want to feel that it is a part of my existence.' Mr. Miller cites 'Evangeline' as answering his requirement, being a succession of pictures and beautiful in language.

He Understood the Sex.
A woman in a Kansas Pacific railroad car sat facing a man who, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant and said, 'Why do you look at me so, sir?' He said that he was not aware of having done so, but she insisted, 'I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, is it not?' lifting his finger to his left eye. 'Yes, sir, it's that eye.' 'Well, madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye, madam—any glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But, upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman.' The explanation and the compliment combined put the woman in a good humor.

No Envy There.
On a high street yesterday a boy of ten, richly dressed, sat on the steps eating an orange, and a boy with a cartload of picked-up wood stood across the street looking at him. The contrast was very great, and a pedestrian who saw the situation said to the poor boy: 'That chap over there is pretty well fixed, isn't he?' 'Yes, sir, the boy is fixed. 'Lives in a big house and wears good clothes.' 'Yes.' 'Probably has lots of spending money.' 'Yes.' There was a minute of silence, and then the boy with the cart started up his load, saying: 'But I don't care a cent about it—he has to eat with a fork and say "yes, ma'am," to everybody.'

According to recent computations, it is shown that in these days of death-dealing war implements, the percentage killed of those who go into battles amounts to eight to eleven per cent.; during the days of smooth-bore guns the percentage was twenty-five, and in the times of sword, bow and spear it amounted to thirty-three. The smaller ratio in these days of the old hand-to-hand conflicts, is accounted for on the ground that battles are fought at comparatively long range, no general danger to rush men to the certain death of a close encounter.

An alleged negro horse thief met with a horrible fate at Nashville, Tenn. He set fire to the log jail in which he was confined, with a view to effecting his escape, and the flames were not discovered until they were blazing all around him. An ax was passed him through the bars, while the people outside attempted to help through a log. Others tried in vain to batter the door-lock to pieces. Before the fire could arrive with the keys the unfortunate wretch fell back into the flames and was burned to death.

It transpired in an investigation before the New York legislature that the N. Y. Central railroad carries twenty carloads of milk into the great city every night, each car containing 200 cans of nearly five gallons each. The company receives four and a half cents per gallon for transportation.

The Charleston, S. C., custom-house cost the government \$4,000,000, and was twenty years building.

Passion is the drunkenness of the mind.
An appropriate name for a belle—'Nell.'
A 'tishoo' of falsehood—A pretended sneeze.
Mr. Moody will conduct his work in St. Louis next winter.
Isn't a billiard player a baize ball player? What think you?
The man who was injured by a burst of applause, is recovering.
When is a man obliged to keep his word? When no one will have it.
There are 9,000,000 pairs of corsets made in the United States annually.
There is one kind of canned goods that goes off quicker than any other—gunpowder.
In the public schools of Richmond, Va., more than one-third of the pupils are colored.
When does the rain become too familiar with a lady? When it begins to patter on her back.
Why is conscience like the strap on the inside of an omnibus? Because it is an inward check to the outward man.
It is a most mortifying reflection to any man to consider what he has done compared with what he might have done.
Kentucky has a father of thirty-seven children. He once lived in Rhode Island, but had to move out of the State.
I am thy father's spirit, as the bottle said to the little boy when he found it hidden in the wood-pile, and wondered what it was.
Two glances make one bow, two bows one howl, and six howls one do's do's conversation, four conversations one acquaintance.
The seashore season has opened and the hotel proprietors have packed away their consciences in camp, not to be disturbed until cold weather arrives.
The Birmingham Republican tells of an old lady in the Fifth ward who can't see why baseball players change pitchers so often. She thinks they ought to get one that would hold enough in the first place.
The man who goes a-fishing and sits in a cramp-inflicting posture on a narrow thwart from early morn till dewy eve, and calls it fun, is the same chap that never goes to church because the pews aren't comfortable.
Edward A. Gay, of Cincinnati, gave his fortune of \$40,000 in charity, and goes about doing what good he can, refusing all pecuniary consideration, saying he is working for the Lord, who will reward him.
The season is at hand, says the Boston Courier, when a whole family will carry their dinner three or four miles into the woods and sit down among the logs and snags to eat it. They call it a picnic.
An overseer in a French workshop has literally become 'blind with rage,' having burst the blood vessels in the rear of his eyes, and thereby destroyed his sight, in