

BLUE GLASS!

If you wish a soft, pleasant light to read by, get a Blue Glass Lamp Chimney, or a Combination Chimney and Shade from POPE & WARDLAW.

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

We have just received a splendid assortment of HAIR and TOOTH BRUSHES, TOILET SOAPS, from 5c. a cake upwards, and an entire new supply of DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES and FANCY GOODS in general, to which we invite the attention of all, more especially the ladies.

Our stock of

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS,

SEGARS, TOBACCOS, PIPES,

CANDY,

Brandy, Wines and Whiskeys

For Medicinal purposes,

Is full and all recently purchased, which we will sell as LOW AS THE LOWEST, and upon reasonable terms.

PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED

at all hours by our Dr. D. S. Pope, who can be found at night in room over rear portion of our store.

Respectfully,

POPE & WARDLAW,

No. 5, Mollohan Row.

Newberry, May 15, 1877. 20—14.

DR. E. E. JACKSON,

DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,

COLUMBIA, S. C.

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A full stock of Pure Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Goggles and Field Seeds, always in store and at moderate prices.

Orders promptly attended to.

Apr. 11, 1877.

Miscellaneous.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

NEWBERRY JUDGE.

By James C. Leahy, Probate Judge.

Whereas, Ebenezer P. Chalmers, as Clerk of the Circuit Court, hath made suit to me, to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of Margaret Wearn, deceased.

And she therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased, that they be and appear, before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Newberry Court House, S. C., on the 1st day of October next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my Hand, this 3d day of September, Anno Domini, 1877.

J. C. LEAHY, J. P. S. C.

Sep. 3, 36—41.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

COLLEGE.

ABINGDON, VIRGINIA.

This institution, beautifully situated in the mountains of Wall, in the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, having accommodations for one hundred and fifty boarders, for instruction in all the branches of a liberal education. Country around abundant in mineral waters. The College grounds are interspersed with one of the most beautiful walks bordered with shade and fruit trees. The extensive verandas and piazzas afford ample opportunity for exercise in the open air. Chambers all carpeted and well furnished. Music department superior. Board and tuition for four weeks \$100. Session begins 20th September, 1877. WARREN D. PREE, President.

July 25, 30—2m

ADGER COLLEGE.

The Exercises of this Institution will be opened at WALHALLA, South Carolina, on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1877, with a corps of competent professors.

Tuition in Advance—\$20 in Collegiate; \$10 in Preparatory, and \$6 and \$8 in the Primary Departments, per session of five months.

Board, including everything except lights and washing, \$10 per month, payable monthly in advance.

Location noted for health, pleasant climate and good water. For particulars address

J. J. NORTON, Chairman of Stockholders.

Aug 29, 35—1m.

W. H. WALLACE,

Attorney-at-Law,

NEWBERRY, S. C.

Oct. 25, 43—4f.

SCHOOL BOOKS

JUST RECEIVED.

McGuffey's, Wilson's and Sanders' Readers.

Spellers and Primers.

Histories, Dictionaries, Grammars.

Geographies, Arithmetics.

Penny Books, Slates, Pencils.

Chalk Crayons, &c., &c.

Just received at

HERALD BOOK STORE.

Aug. 8, 32—cf.

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country, who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$6 per week in your own home, or you need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We cannot be made so easily and rapidly as any other business. It costs nothing to try any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$50 Outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Aug. 1, 31—14

The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. XIII.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1877.

No. 39.

Poetry.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race, where some succeed,
While others are beginning,
'Tis luck at times, at others speed,
That gives an early winning.
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor,
But keep this wholesome truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel,
By honest, patient labor;
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another;
But while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother.
What e'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose over;
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never.

Choose well the path in which you run—
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing;
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor,
But ever keep this truth in mind,
'Tis better late than never.

[Pen and Plover.]

Selected Story.

THE PICTURE.

It was just in the shadow of the ruined wall which towered above the blue shining waters of the river, and when the tide was high, dropped down the long, trailing ivy vine to kiss the laughing waves—they sat, two women! One, with her arm resting upon a broken column, her dark eyes with the memory of the long ago stirring their brilliancy into life, gazed afar out at the floating clouds, her face a sad reflection of the past; while the other, many years younger, half knelt at her feet, and with a smile upon her red lips, and the light of hope in her glorious eyes, played with the light moss upon the bank beside her.

It was a perfect picture; for the twilight crept in and fell across the foreground just enough to relieve the wondrous beauty into relief.

To the artist eyes of Ralph Bertram, who, wandering down the river bank, came upon them, it was a perfect harmony of light and shade—an exact subject for a masterpiece. Then and there he sat down and sketched until the darkness shrouded the whole and shut it from his view. He took his sketch home, and for hours sat and gazed upon it enraptured with the glorious beauty of the faces. Who were they, or rather who was she? Who was the girl with her dreamy, happy face, and dark, melting eyes, with their hopefulness and trust?

When morning dawned he went down again to the river's bank, and watched and waited for hours; but they never came. He inquired of every passer; but no one knew them. One would say: 'Ah, yes, I have seen them—two women, one old and sad, the other young and happy. I do not know their names.'

Another would declare he was never aware of their existence; and thus Ralph found his search a vain one. He went on working day and night upon his picture, and at last it was complete; and when he went up to his studio in the city, and placed it there, his friends held up their hands in admiration and worshipped it; and before many days it found a place in the most renowned art gallery, and all the world went crazy over it.

Thus Ralph Bertram became celebrated; and orders came upon him faster than he could fill them. He became the lion of the season; and far and near his praises were sung. But to him it was as nothing when thoughts of his beloved picture came; and hour after hour he sat and gazed upon that beautiful face like one entranced.

'I believe, Mr. Bertram, that you are positively in love with that young face,' said a belle, as she came upon him in the gallery. 'Was it from life or your own imagination that you painted it?'

'From life!'

'Impossible! It must have been a dream! No living woman was ever blessed with such beauty.'

'Yes, one!'

The lady went away, and before night one-half the world declared him crazy.

It must be so, for no woman ever possessed such rare beauty. It was a dream, a mere hallucination!

Bertram heard it all and laughed. Perchance the day might come when he could bring this wondrous beauty before them and convince them; and with this hope he labored and sought her far and wide.

It was a cold, bitter night, and round the corners the wind swept, bringing with it fitful gusts of hard, cutting sleet, and penetrating to the bone every unfortunate being who chanced to be abroad. Bertram came briskly down the street from his studio, warmly wrapped in a heavy coat, with a vision of his pleasant rooms before him, and lightly humming an opera. He had turned from the principal street, and was walking along where all was quiet, when he suddenly came upon two women, who stood near the iron railing in front of the house.

'Mother, said one, 'it is but a little further. Do try to keep up! Here, lean upon me! Mother, mother!'

She was vainly trying to support the sinking form, but not all her strength could prevent her from falling. And Bertram sprang forward in time to receive her in his strong arms as she fell back.

'Mother, oh, my mother!' was the wild, despairing cry.

'Don't be alarmed, miss! She has only fainted. My abode is here, close at hand, and if you will assist me, I will take your mother there.'

The young woman obeyed him without a word, and with her assistance Ralph bore the senseless form to his elegant apartments. There was no light within the room, and after placing the inanimate form upon the sofa, he lighted the gas. As the soft radiance shone through the room, he sprang back with an exclamation of surprise and delight. His pictures! The face of his idolized one! At the sound, the younger started up and looked toward him. How beautiful she was, with her hat falling back, and the damp waves of chestnut hair clinging to her broad white forehead, and the great lustrous eyes fixed upon him in wonder! Bertram could not speak!

'My mother!' she began with quivering lips.

'Pardon me! I forgot myself.' And he brought wine, cordials, and labored until the blood stole back in little flushes, and the dark eyes opened. For several moments she did not seem to understand the strange room and surroundings; but when the younger spoke, she said: 'Agnes, darling!'

'Mother, are you better?'

'Yes, yes!'

'Agnes! It was like her. Pure, good, beautiful, saint-like!'

Bertram sat in the window until they called him. The elder was standing in the center of the room, her mantle thrown around her, and one hand resting upon the shoulder of her daughter.

'I wish to bid you good-night, and thank you for your kindness. If it were in my power, I would—'

'Madam, I beg you to sit down. I have spent months in searching for you, and I beg you, now that I have found you, to remain here. If you are willing to confer a favor upon me, remain here to-night, at least.'

'Searching for us! What do you mean?'

'You will learn one day. I owe you all I possess!'

She sat back, seemingly petrified with astonishment.

'Who are you? I never met you! You owe me nothing.'

'Will you remain here?'

'Yes, if you need me.'

After a time, the noble looking woman sat in a comfortable chair near the grate, her lovely daughter at her feet; and Ralph Bertram brought forth the sketch, and told the story.

'And are you the great painter, Ralph Bertram?' asked Agnes.

'I am Ralph Bertram,' he answered, smilingly.

'And the great picture of which we have read, was only poor mama and I, sitting upon the bank of that beautiful river in the country where we visited last summer. How strange!'

Agnes la Grange was happy and contented in the splendid room; and with her head resting in her mother's lap, heard her tell the story of her father's death, their flight from their beautiful home in France, of their struggles and hardships, and their utter loneliness, and smiled when Ralph Bertram gave his hand and begged them to accept his friendship.

The art gallery was crowded, and all the fashion of London was out and promenading up and down the grand saloon, and passing before Ralph Bertram's picture, to admire and comment. All at once there was a buzz, and the crowd parted on either side. Down the opening came Bertram, with a lady leaning on either arm, and as he passed a murmur went around:

'The faces in his picture! How beautiful! How perfect!'

Ralph was never happier or prouder than when he stood with his fair companions and heard their words of praise, and when Agnes whispered:

'It is grand, Ralph, and I am proud of you.'

My darling, your praise is worth more than all else to me, he answered; and he pressed her hand tenderly, and looked into the dark eyes, worshipping her glorious beauty with all his heart.

Once more the world gathered to envy and admire, when the handsome artist and his love stood before the altar in a fashionable church, and were made one.

The great picture brought him a fortune; and the originals brought him comfort and peace.

Miscellaneous.

BEE CULTURE.

AN ESSAY READ BEFORE THE SUMMER MEETING OF THE STATE GRANGE AT ANDERSON, S. C., ON THE 10TH OF AUGUST, BY COL. A. P. BUTLER, OF AIKEN COUNTY, MASTER EDGEFIELD POMONA GRANGE.

At the request of the Worthy Master and Executive Committee, I have written on the subject of bee culture.

From the earliest ages of the world to the present, much has been said and written by the peasant, the naturalist and moralist in reference to the honey bee and has attracted more attention than all other insects.

After the tongues and pens of so many able writers and speakers have been employed on this subject, anything that could emanate from my pen would, in all probability, be but the reiteration of thoughts already expressed.

But as the minute drop of water aids in billowing up the waves of the mighty deep, so I am encouraged to add my "mite" to try to swell that interest that should be taken in one of the most important small industries. In a country abounding in exhaustless bee pasture like ours, this branch of industry certainly demands our careful consideration. Nature is liberal in her gifts, and has given everything to man that is necessary for him to carry out her great plans.

No business in proportion to the investment and trouble is more profitable than bee culture, and the business is not confined to the farmers only, but can be engaged in by all classes, from the crowned heads to the humblest peasant, and it is to be regretted that so many are ignorant of its amusements, pleasure and profit.

Bees seem to be made especially for man's use, producing for him the best combination of saccharine matter to be found in nature. Like everything else which goes into the channels of commerce, honey cannot always be obtained in cities in its natural purity.

Owing to its high price and limited amount, worthless imitations are sold in its stead, and it requires an expert to detect the difference. For the benefit of the unsuspecting I will here state how the adulteration is made and is now extensively sold even in the Southern cities. It is simply the best corn starch or sugar loaf syrup, flavored with vanilla. The following figures will show that the selling of the adulteration is much more profitable than that of pure honey. One pound honey, 28 cents; one pound corn starch syrup, 10 cents; clear profit, 18 cents per pound.

Fortunately the adulteration is not detrimental to health, only affecting the housekeeper's purse. But little progress was made in bee culture until after the introduction of the improved hives and appliances for securing the largest returns of honey.

The movable comb bee hives have many advantages over the common box hives. If the frames are properly constructed, the bees will build straight comb of the right thickness for the young bees. It frequently occurs that the stores of some hives are not sufficient to supply the wants of the bees through the winter. Then by taking one or two frames filled with honey from those hives with abundant stores and given to those without honey and giving the frames of comb to the hives from which the honey was taken, equalizes both hives. The hives can be equalized in the number of bees in the same manner. The movable frames also enable the bee keeper to make artificial swarms, thought by many to be better than the natural swarms. These frames enable the bee keeper to prevent the depredations of the moth, the great enemy of the bee, and these frames also enable the bee keeper to control the bees and investigate their wonderful works.

The honey extractor is one of the improved appliances that removes by centrifugal force the honey from the comb, and indisputably the largest returns of honey. Dr. J. P. H. Brown, of Augusta, Ga., says "the honey extractor should only be used when honey is being collected very rapidly, and when

the outside frames of comb are nearly capped over. If brood comb is capped, the extractor will not injure it, but if uncapped and the machine is too rapidly turned, it will be removed from its position in the cell and injured. Hence it is always best to confine the extraction to such frames and comb as contain no brood. How long the extractor can be used depends altogether upon the length of the honey harvest. Take one season with another, at least one-third more extracted honey can be taken than if box hives are depended upon. The honey extractor can be successfully used in most cases to prevent swarming."

Bees consume as much time in making one pound of comb as is required in making fifteen pounds of honey; hence the great advantage in using the extractor and returning the same comb, which will be again filled with honey in four days, when the season is favorable for making honey.

Manufacturers have arrived at great perfection in making artificial or foundation combs, and many apiarists claim that the hives furnished with this comb have superior advantages over those that have natural comb. Those that are supplied with foundation comb have more laborers engaged in making honey.

The fear of being stung by bees can no longer be urged by the timid as an objection to bee culture. With the improved bee veils, smokers and gloves, the most timid need no longer fear their little appendages.

Much has been said by apiarists in reference to the merits and demerits of the black and Italian bees; the majority claiming that the Italian is a superior bee. The Italians with their golden bands, are certainly more beautiful. A full colony is composed of three classes of bees. The most important is the queen or "mother bee."

She is readily recognized by her wasp-like shape, short wings and dark color. She usually leaves the hive when about five days old to meet the droves in the air which suffices for life—she never afterwards leaves the hive, except when accompanying a swarm. She usually lives three or four years. The drone is a male, has no sting, and is physically unable to collect honey or provide for the wants of the hive. After the swarming season is over the workers destroy them. The worker is an imperfectly developed female, and performs all the work of the hive. The average life of the worker is fifty days, and never survives longer than sixty-three days.

To refer in detail to the many advantages of the movable comb hive over the common box hive, the hiring of new colonies, the combining of two or more colonies into one, the introducing of queens into hives, the rearing of queens, the feeding of bees, would consume too much of the time of this meeting; and to all those who contemplate engaging in bee culture, I would recommend them to subscribe for at least one of the many valuable bee journals and study intelligently the habits and laws by which these models of industry manage their affairs, and remember any one can now make their own hives or have them made, as there is no patent on movable frames. Beware of those bee peddlers, with their "moth traps," and claiming to teach the art of "bee charming;" they are the vilest humbugs.

The question is frequently asked, will bee-keeping pay? Statistics show that in 1860, 23,306,357 pounds of honey were made in the United States during that year; at 20 cents per pound, amounts to \$4,661,271. An appropriate estimate for the year 1875 appeared in the Patent Office Industrial Monitor, placing the value of the honey crop at \$8,800,000. The honey crop of San Diego County, California, amounted to 600 tons, and was sold for \$100,000. Adam Grim, of Jefferson, Wisconsin, reports to the Commissioner of Agriculture 20,700 pounds of honey, the product of one year, for which he realized \$4,100, employing in the management of his colonies only one man and four children. In the province of Lunenburg, Germany, there are 141 hives to each square mile; and a German writer asserts that the proceeds of these hives pay all the taxes assessed and leave a surplus.

The province of Attica, in Greece, supports on every square mile 444 hives, the average yield being thirty pounds per hive and two pounds of wax. There are 29,385 square miles in South Carolina. Allowing 25,000 acres to be available for bee culture; and twenty-five hives to the square mile, and fifty pounds to the hive, would give 31,250,000 pounds of honey, which, at 20 cents per pound, would amount to \$6,250,000.

—enough to pay the consolidated bonds of the State, including the fraudulent ones. I would suggest to those who contemplate engaging in bee culture not to be deceived by those flattering reports in supposing every one could meet with a similar success. Many have engaged in the business without the necessary knowledge, and very soon abandoned it in disgust. In the first place, study the natural history and domestic economy of the honey bee. After acquiring some knowledge of bee keeping, commence with two or three colonies, and increase the number in proportion to the increase in knowledge and ability, and the efforts will be crowned with success.

It has been said that no man ever made a fortune or rose to greatness in any department without being careful of small things. Every good citizen rejoices that a new era has at last dawned in our beloved old State, but we may never realize our fondest hopes financially until we have been made more careful of the small industries. We love to read of the marches and conquests of armies, the valor and heroism of the brave; but when we follow the march of industry we behold the greatest valor, the greatest heroism and the most illustrious achievements that deck the pages of history. As good Patrons, we should husband our resources and utilize everything available.

FOR THE HERALD.

BROADBRIE'S NEW YORK LETTER.

No. 35.

Central Park—Romantic History—Disasters—Fire—A Preacher's Failure—Young Highway Robber—The Rifle Teams—The Markets—Stocks, &c., &c.

A real genuine dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker is probably the finest specimen of the American cockney to be found on the American continent. A citizen of Chicago looks out from the Prairie Queen with sublime indifference on all the rest of the world; a man from Boston knows that the vast globe revolves around his own loved home, and that the sacred associations of American history are circumscribed by Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill; while a fellow from California, studying geography, may possibly have heard that there were such places as Boston and Chicago, but when you come right down to the point of how to live, there sits no place on the earth like San Francisco. To a New Yorker all these fellows are countrymen, mere provincial waifs and strays; he'd have the grass cut out of their backs, and the hay-seed combed out of their hair, before he would consider them entitled to a second-class reception. Manhattan Island covers the area of civilization to him, and all without is a terra incognita. Brooklyn, with its five hundred thousand inhabitants, is looked upon as a country town, and Jersey, on the other side of the North River, is regarded as a foreign land. For sublime egotism and arrogant self-sufficiency there is nothing like him on the globe. This gentleman, speaking of *The Park*, only a few years ago, would have referred to a little seven-by-nine inclosure, extending from the Astor House to Chambers street, and from Broadway to Centre street. There was but one other place dignified with the name of Park in the city. This was St. John's Park, now occupied by the freight buildings of the New York Central depot; but when a New Yorker spoke of *The Park*, he meant the area in which stands the old City Hall. Nineteen years ago the spot on which Central Park now stands was an unsightly, rocky wilderness. From Fifty-ninth street to One Hundred and Tenth street presented as worthless and barren an appearance as could be found in any equal area in the land. Shanties, such as you might find among the mountains of Wicklow or the bogs of Kerry were perched upon the rocks or hidden in the hollows; goats, pigs, and donkeys roamed at large wherever they pleased and found shelter in any house where night happened to overtake them. There were four distinct quarters—The Irish, the German, French and Italian, and Negro. The conflicts occasionally occurring between these rival factions frequently resulted in murder. A coroner's inquest being deemed superfluous, the murderers generally escaped. After dark no officers ever ventured in there, unless amply supported by a posse; and policemen on their rounds generally gave it a wide berth, for it was as good as their lives were worth to attempt to make an arrest. Driving along the Mall on these beautiful autumn afternoons, it is difficult to realize the marvellous change that has taken place. Everything looks so calm, so lovely, and so still. Just where the grand staircase goes down to the lake, stood the cabin of Jim Brady, the river pirate, and close to him was Paddy Finck's, a notorious thief and burglar, who was afterward killed by the police while robbing a house on Fifth street, and near by was Irish Molly's, who died in Sing Sing, and hosts of other worthies who

have perished in prison or on the gallows. Right over near the corner of 63d street and the Boulevard a terrible encounter took place between the United States detective, Billy Kennoek, and Jot Minor, who was arrested for counterfeiting in 1871. The year 1871 was famous for the vast amount of counterfeit money which found its way into circulation—the work being among the finest that had ever been seen in America. Fives, tens, twenties, and hundreds were flooded all over the country, and at last suspicion was directed to one Joshua D. Minor, at that time a large contractor on the Boulevard. It was a miserable rainy night in the October of 1871, that the United States detectives started from their office in Bleeker street to unravel if possible the mystery. A faithless female had given him away, and this Delilah was to deliver him into the hands of the Philistines. The part the female was to play was to receive the counterfeit plates from Minor and give him a sum of marked money in return. As I have said, the night was dark and rainy and the Boulevard was deserted. About eleven o'clock the woman passed rapidly along, and was met by a man muffled to the eyes near 63d street; there was a sharp exchange and as the man moved quickly away he was pounced on by Kennoek the detective. Minor was a very powerful man; Kennoek was wiry and small. The struggle was desperate. There in the darkness they rolled over and over, neither caring to halloo for fear he might alarm the other's friends. A deep cut had been made for a sewer, and into the hole they tumbled, a distance of ten or twelve feet. A roaring torrent was sweeping through the cut, and there, almost dead with fright, Jot Minor surrendered. The case was tried before Judge Benedict, and Minor was finally acquitted.

The Mall of Central Park may be called the Rotten Road of New York. Here, at a fine afternoon, may be seen the wealth, the beauty and fashion of the metropolis. Nor is it the resort of the aristocracy only; the *sans culotte* feels that he has a share in the fee-simple, and airs his nobility and rags with as much satisfaction as if he belonged to the proudest of the F. F.'s. Under the little willow to the left of the landing is the spot where the beautiful Lillie Marion was drowned;—a death as mournful and heart-rending as that of Miss Canda, who sleeps beneath the magnificent mausoleum at Greenwood. Near the large oak on the right of the Mall, not far from the music-stand, is where the unfortunate Mrs. Sturtevant was killed. Her horses took fright and ran away; the lady attempted to leap out of her carriage; her head struck against the fatal oak, and her brains were scattered upon the grass. Within the limits of the park there have been several romantic suicides. A little over a year ago, one bright July morning, two young lovers were found locked in each other's embraces, beneath the trees stone dead. Central Park covers an area of eight hundred and forty-three acres, one hundred and forty-one of which are occupied by the Croton reservoir. Its admirable location is calculated to make it the great aristocratic center of the future. The magnificent Lenox Library, and other public and private buildings, have already cost many millions of dollars, and assure the aristocratic future of the park. Our National Museum is progressing; our zoological collection is being constantly added to; and if I might venture to give a word of advice to my friends on the outside, I should say if you come to New York this fall don't forget to visit Central Park.

Two disastrous fires have destroyed over a million and a half of dollars during the past week,—Hale's piano factory, where many lives were lost, and the oil-works at Greentpoint, which was also exceedingly disastrous. The story of the forging of the \$84,000 check on the Union Trust Company is being gradually unraveled, and it looks now as though some parties who have heretofore stood pretty high might find their way before long to Auburn or Sing Sing. The Rev. J. Halsted Carroll, a dashing preacher of Brooklyn, has gone into bankruptcy for \$177,000, assets 000. We have heard much of the precocity and intelligence of American children, and the events of the past week have made me feel proud of my nationality. We have the youngest incendiary and the most juvenile highway robber on record. A boy of nine set fire to a barn in revenge for a fancied insult, and a little girl of eight knocked another child down in the street and robbed her of a necklace and bracelets. Hurrah for the American Eagle! Where is your British Lion after that? No wonder we feel proud of our country when we reflect on the progress of our advancing civilization. The surplus of labor, the low cost of material