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City Judge.—J. H. Davis.
Clerk.—J. H. Morehead.
Marshal.—Pat Cunniugham.

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County Attorney.—H. A. Tyler.
Circuit Court Clerk—John C. Gardner; Tapp. Bynum, Deputy.
County Court Clerk.—Jno. A. Wilson.
Sheriff.—R. E. Millet; office in W. [illegible]
Deputy Sheriff.—R. S. Chapman.
Coroner.—Thad. W. Thomas.
Jailor.—G. W. Stubblefield.
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☞ Watch kept at all hours.
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THE greatest care given to the comfort of her guests; and charges reasonable. april 25—9m

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THE utmost care given to the comfort of guests, and charges less than at any other hotel in Nashville. A share of the traveling patronage respectfully solicited.

A CURIOUS BOOK—A beautifully illustrated Book, worth a thousand dollars sent free on receipt of Fifty Cents, by addressing Prof. John Vanderpool, No. 30 Clinton Place, New York City.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A Tale of Thrilling Interest.

He turned away to make some preparation for his horrid work, when a heavy sigh, which seemed to bear on its breath the word "Mercy!" recalled him to the side of Caroline; he seized her wrist; a feeble, fluttering pulse vibrated thrillingly to his touch.

She opened her eyes, gazed around her, saw the surgeon and all his accompanying horrors. She sprung from the board, and threw herself at his feet; her own disarray affected her not, the feelings of this world she believed had passed forever; but in the most earnest accents she articulated:

"I know not whether I am in the presence of God or a devil, but I am innocent!"

"Innocent!" repeated Ebreson, in his sepulchral voice.

"Yes," she continued, wringing her hands, "in pity torture me not! or say that this dismal place is your purgatory, that I do deserve it, that I might put an end to my own life rather than be his, but of the crime for which I suffered he knows me guiltless, and thou canst read in my soul that I speak the truth. Oh! thou look'st just! this will not last eternally. Spare me! and I will worship thee. Such an appeal, in such circumstances, and under such a delusion, could not for a moment be rejected. Ebreson, in a transport of gratitude, poured over that dear, bruised throat the vinegar, which he had kept at hand as a disinfectant, weeping forth, "Be calm, my child, and fear me not—you are with a fellow-creature who believes you and will protect you. This earth, and the life so miraculously preserved, shall be endeared to you."

Instantly screening her limbs from the chill air, he led her to his own room, consigned her to bed and brought her food and wine, while his servant slept; and would have left her to rest, but that her state still bordered on delirium. He sat all night, like an elder brother, beside her. But now, what was to be done? To announce her existence to the world, cruelly as it had used her, and branded as was her lowly name, might but provoke fresh persecution; she had no power to provoke the crimes of Gortz; her new benefactor's bare assertion of her innocence would not have impressed others with a like conviction; for Ebreson was, as yet, an obscure and needy man. The only course left her was to fly, call herself something else, and in a distant part of the country live in retirement; but how could she gain a living, while unable to mix with her kind? Ebreson resolved never to abandon her; he could toil for them both. He would trust no one with his secret. Caroline would no longer be exclusively his, he thought, if he shared the knowledge of her life with his dearest friend. He had one brother in the place, a Catholic curate. Locking up his treasure, he stole out at dawn, awakened this holy man, and vowed all his money by telling him the facts and a quarter consequent on his marriage forced him to change his residence. The priest charged himself with forwarding all his goods. Ebreson then hired a swift conveyance, bade Caroline array herself in his attire, and packed up his books, instruments, and wardrobe, and started.

When the servant rose, the curate was ready to account for everything. Ebreson found in his poor Caroline such intellect and virtue that he married her. The good curate settled with them, and they knew not what become of Gortz, save that he had left the theatre of his wickedness. One night Frere Basil entered their abode with a face of dismay.

"Brother," he said, "I came from a shocking sight, the death bed of an aged man who has long resided here. He will have no physician, though the people about him think he cannot see another sun-rise; yet poverty is not the sole cause of his recklessness. He refused the last sacrament, calling himself unworthy of it; so I hastened to secure your charitable aid."

"What is the unhappy patient's name?" asked the wife.

"Gortz, sister."

"Now all gentle saints be praised!" she cried; "no questions, brother; our neighbor, the notary, must accompany us. Pray heaven we are not too late!"

This party accordingly hurried to the wretched abode of the dying man. As they entered his chamber they heard him rave:

"Talk not to me of sealed confessions; the whole world gaped on her degradation and I have wandered for twenty years, like the accursed undying Israelites; still no rest from that thought. I can give you nothing, mercenaries. If ye find any gold, bury it at the gallows' foot, or lay it out in masses—but no! no! no hopes of pardon, for thy murderer, innocent Lina!"

Caroline drew aside his curtain. At first he stared without recognition; when she called him by name, believing that he beheld her spirit, he coweringly hid his face; but she, removing his hands from his eyes, whispered: "Peter Gortz, take courage. I bring you peace and pardon. You are no murderer. The queen of heaven enabled her true servant wondrously to save me from death, and you from despair. I am a happy wife and mother. Yonder is my husband, come to serve you if he can."

The moment Gortz was assured of her life, he started up—retributive justice again—begged for one hour's—for but one half hour's breath.

Some potent restorative," he cried; "my poor girl's fame must be cleared to all the world, and as much atonement made as wealth can do."

The draught was given, the notary was ready. To him Peter deposed that, believing Caroline herself entirely dependent and in his power, her rejection of his suit and threats of departure had stung him to vindictive madness. She told him she had packed up, ready to set forth with the first light, and insisted on leaving the house to seek a conveyance, telling him that she had left her trunk open, he might search it if he would, for she had stolen nothing. These brave words gave his hitherto indefinite desire for revenge a feasible shape; and during her absence he had actually sewn into her raiment the plate and money, which he concealed at the bottom of her box, leaving it apparently just as he found it; and when she returned, bidding her farewell with a semblance of relenting, ere he retired for the night. Having made this statement, he formally consigned the whole of his long-headed wealth to her, and sunk into a peaceful slumber, from which he never woke in this world.

A ROYAL SCANDAL.

The Great Truth About Queen Victoria—Her Peculiarities and the Causes of Her Unpopularity.

Two years ago, or thereabouts, a writer in a paper, published in Lausanne, England, indulged itself in some [illegible] stories about the Queen of [illegible]; and the British representative, or one of his subordinates, [illegible] to the libel into [illegible] JACKSON STREET [illegible] the journal [illegible] MAN, [illegible] Victoria four[illegible] done at shortest [illegible] before this [illegible] proceedings began to find disciples [illegible] open expression. A weekly paper, called the *Tomahawk*, was started in [illegible], and it made itself famous at once by a cartoon entitled "A Brown Study." The artist represented a heavy looking Scotchman, of the lower class, without [illegible] and sporran, standing on the steps of the British throne, while the British lion gazed from below with wondering and puzzled eyes at the audacious and [illegible]-*talent* intruder—somewhat as the Emperor Alexis Commerius, in Scott's novel, looked astounded at the Frank Count Robert of Paxis, lounging on the Imperial seat. The cartoon in the Tomahawk was admirably executed; it was the work of a man of genius in his way—Mat Morgan one of the principal scene-painters of Convent Garden Theater. The paper, which had not then and has not had since any literary merit whatever, became celebrated and popular in a moment. People were scandalized, shocked, amused, aroused. Tomahawk's cartoon had, in fact, illustrated what everybody had been talking about, wondering at and grumbling over.

This is the scandal about Queen Victoria. In her personal service, her most constant and close attendant is a Scotch groom, or gillie, named John Brown. He rides on the box of her carriage, he hands her in, he hands her out, he cloaks her, shawls her, opens doors for her, is always near her. Popular rumor, avers that he sleeps on a rug outside her bedroom door; and, although this certainly is not his habit, it is beyond doubt that he has done so occasionally, while the Queen was travelling. He has been so closely indeed, in attendance on the Queen, that unquestionably there might be grave cause for scandal were he a Bismarck or a Potemkin, even though she be not a Mary Stuart or a Catharine of Medicis. Add to this that the family of Brunswick have for generations been always [illegible] *a son But*," said [illegible] lady to George [illegible] Princess and the Earl [illegible] her into consideration [illegible] all the West End tradesmen, milliners, cooks and [illegible] utterly detest Queen Victoria, because of the dulness created by her long [illegible]ment; and that it has become an article of faith with all that class that the [illegible]ession of trade and even the financial collapse of England are to be directly attributed to the Queen's protracted and inconvenient seclusion.—Think then how delighted all that class must have been when it first became whispered about that the sorrow of the royal lady was not quite heavenly, after all. Is it wonderful that the scandal was eagerly and delightedly spread? In fact, people busily spread it who did not in their hearts believe it; and before long it became the universal talk—a whisper of London. The Queen began to be spoken of in slang phrase as "Mrs. Brown." *Punch* one day published, under the head of "Court News," the announcement that "Mrs. John Brown walked on the slopes yesterday." Great mirth was created once by an odd jumble of names in a London daily paper, which giving a report of some popular demonstration said the proceedings closed with the singing of "God Save the Queen and John Brown"—the fact meant to be conveyed being that the meeting sang the national anthem, and also our famous hymn to the memory of the Harper's Ferry Martyr. Things went so far that the Queen in her recent book actually inserted a passage explaining the position of John Brown in her household. It is needless to say that those who love scandal and like to believe it none the less because of this well-meant attempt at explanation.

Why is the exact truth in all this? The Queen is a good, pure, true-hearted woman, a little given to eccentricity at the best of times, lately so shaken and even s[illegible] in nerves as to be occa-

[illegible]

This [illegible], an honest, [illegible] Scotchman, was a faithful servant of Prince Albert. His face and name are associated with the memory of some of Victoria's very happiest days. How tenderly she loved her husband, how she delighted in his society, nobody needs to be told. The classic woman who followed the ashes of her dead lord did not love more wholly and absorbingly than did the heavy-featured uninteresting Queen of England. She clings to the faithful servant of her husband as she might to her husband's dog. But it is beyond all question that a certain taint of nervous excitability—one does not like to call it madness—is an element in the feelings which inspire the Queen to defy scandal in England. It is commonly said by those who defend the Queen that she labors under the delusion that the son of Prince Albert has been transfused into the homely frame of John Brown. This is a wild exaggeration; but it is quite true that the manner in which the Queen connects the memory of Prince Albert with the presence of John Brown has something morbid, fantastic, and almost monomaniacal in it. If it is not madness (yet that way madness lies,) she has frequent fits of nervous irritation, which would seem to those unaccustomed to them to border upon frenzy. Not long since (this story is the simple truth) two of the cabinet ministers were at Osborne, conversing in a sort of informal council with her Majesty. A page, charged with some message, tapped at the door—two or three light taps. The Queen, who had been talking and listening with great interest, became so startled by the sound that she screamed, sprang up, paced the room in the wildest alarm, and for a long time was utterly unable to settle down to calm and rational conversation of any kind. Under the influence of morbid attacks like these, there is sometimes little reliance to be placed on what the Queen may say, or determine, or do. She was always somewhat inclined to be head-strong; now she is apt to form sudden plans, or take sudden resolves, from which nothing can divert her. She will leave London, rush to Osborne or to Balmoral, at the most critical period of a session, at a moment when a change of ministry may be impending; and, when she has resolved on any such *escapade*, no remonstrance or advice can dissuade her. In this way she has persisted in keeping John Brown as her personal attendant, and allowing him to be conspicuous in his attentions everywhere; and no servant's hall or club scandal can induce her to send him into the background. [illegible] but Queen Victoria is not in a mental condition from which wisdom can be always expected. She is not mad—that is all any one can venture to say.

She is unpopular—widely and profoundly unpopular. Not in the active, aggressive sense—not as George the Third was once unpopular, when brickbats and stones were pelted at his carriage; not as Adelaide, wife of William the Fourth, was unpopular, when a tumultuous meeting at Charing Cross threw up handkerchiefs in delight at O'Connell's daring allusion to Whitehall and the sovereign who lost his head there because he allowed himself to be guided by his foreign wife—in no such sense is Victoria unpopular. But the mass of her people have ceased to care about her, the West End dislikes her, gentility slanders her, flunkeyism girds at her. Of personal loyalty to her there is little or none. A few high-minded politicians and their followers respect her virtues and pity her great sorrows; but ardent loyalty to her is dead. A distinguished Nova Scotian, lately in London, and fresh with all the fervor of the old fashioned colonial loyalty, confessed to the writer of this article the profound disappointment which came over him when he found that, to go where he would in the British capital, his loyal professions were received with wondering, puzzled, half-contemptuous incredulity.

Does any one in England desire that the Queen should abdicate? The West End tradesmen, milliners, and lackeys, perhaps; but surely no one else. The Prince of Wales is not a person whose accession to the throne any rational and disinterested being can look forward to without anxiety. He is a fat, heavy, loutish young man; growing every day more and more of the regular Brunswick mould and feature. He is not over attentive to his wife—the one member of the family who is really popular; he has low and vulgar tastes; he has a tainted reputation. Scandal pursued him from London to Paris, from Paris to Berlin, [illegible] actors and still lower comic singers. When he goes to the opera, he soon falls asleep; unless, indeed, when Pauline Lucca is singing—and then he is all ears and eyes. Nobody worth thinking of wants him for a King. He is a Prince Napoleon, without eloquence, without genius, without democratic sentiments, without love of letters and art, without a grand imperial face; and just think what Prince Nepoleon would be without all these redeeming merits! No! if the English people must have a sovereign, let them hope that God may save the Queen as long as possible. Whatever her unhappy difficulties and failings, seldom comes a better; and the better is certainly not in sight just now.—*New York Independent.*

The Difference.

Sambo is shrewed enough to know the difference between his old Southern master and the sniffling Abolitionist "philanthropist" and he "thusly" explains it. As we clip it from a New England paper, we hope no offence will be taken in that quarter:

Now, white folks I'se gwine to tell you the difference 'tween a Southern man an' de Yankee.

Well, de Southern man he stop at the hotel, he ax for a room, he get de key; he says: "Here Jim take my valise." When he get de room, he say, "Jim, you black rascal, brush my coat and boots and be in a hurry." While I's doing dat, he wash hisself, comb his har and take a drink, and when I gives him de boots he hands me a dollar.

When de Yankee stops at de hotel he say, "Mr. Johnson, please brush my boots—Mr. Johnson please carry this note to Mr. Smith at the railroad depot. Mr. Johnson I guess I'll have to trouble you for a pitcher of water—Mr. Johnson please carry dis message to de telegraph office—Mr. Johnson I guess I ought to have a cigar—[illegible] ob course he gib me 'bout two dollars, and instead of given me de money, he ax me to take a seat, an ax me 'bout my grand-father, and grand-mother, my brudder and sister, and my cousin, and my old master, and how much I's making and how old I is, and sich nonsense, and den after a while he say, "Well, Mr. Johnson, I guess I'll have to give you a dime fore I leave here." Now, white folks that's the difference 'tween the Southern man and de Yankee, and it's every word truf.

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds of the papers, copied, we believe, says the National Intelligencer, from the Missouri Democrat, a Radical sheet, stating that the number disfranchised in Missouri are some 25,000. From whatever source taken, this is a shameless falsehood. The actual number disfranchised is notoriously from 80,000 to 90,000 persons. The Radicals show no disposition whatever to relax this proscription, but, by means of their registration, have resolved to keep the power of the State in their own hands.

The question, "Shall we ever learn to fly?", according to the statement of a Russian journalist, is about to be solved. In a letter addressed to the Lemburg Slavo, he mentions the invention of a machine for navigating the air. The motive power is steam, and the inventor estimates the attainable speed at eighty miles per hour. Patents have been granted him by several European governments.

COLFAX.

Semi-Official Declaration of the Future Policy of the Dominant Party.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 5.—Hon. Schuyler Coxfax, Vice President elect, arrived here this evening. He was met at the Union depot by an immense crowd, who received him with enthusiastic cheers, which he acknowledged by bowing. He is here in fulfillment of a promised visit to Gen. Morehead, who met him at the depot and took him to his residence in the Eleventh ward. Here Mr. Colfax was entertained at a sumptuous banquet, a large number of prominent citizens being present. During the evening he made two brief speeches. He complimented the citizens of Allegheny county upon its magnificent majority for the right on Tuesday. He said there is a trinity of principles of the victory of Tuesday—liberty for all—justice for all—[illegible]tion for all—and by the [illegible] young and patriotic party succeeded. It declares we ought to enfranchise rather than enchain, elevate rather than crush, build up rather than trample down, and because we bore our cause down to the humble and helpless, though denounced by all the enemies in this broad land, we went forward and won salvation for the Union, and as we went we gave emancipation to the slave.

In this contest we were the only party in this broad land that dared stand by the down-trodden and helpless people of the South, the only party that dishonored us as a nation, and when upon our heads were invoked the blessings of those who loved our country. I know that you rejoiced on the night of the election over the victory which we won. I know how you rejoiced over the result.

But some were rejoicing in their hearts who did not show what were passing their minds; they were tried Union men of the South, who did not rejoice in the public square, but hanging on the outskirts of the hostile crowds to learn whether they were to have protection or whether their dearest rights should be outraged, and when the wires spread the news that the majestic voice of the people had spoken that there should be protection to them. The loyal men of the South gathered around their hearthstones and thanked God that Providence had protected them. [Cheers.]

There are two sharply defined questions which have been settled by the voice of the people. The Democratic platform declared, in that portion of it written by Wade Hampton, that the reconstruction measures of Congress were unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, and the American people trampled that platform under their feet, as they had trampled the platform which four years before declared the war a failure, and declared for a cessation of hostilities.

The voice of the people, from whose decision there is no appeal, has declared that the reconstruction measures of Congress are not revolutionary, unconstitu[illegible] the voice of the people is to be obeyed, and the laws are to be enforced, whether rebels like them or dislike them. The second principle which has been settled by the popular vote is that every man has the right to go South or North, East or West, so long as he is devoted to the principles of our flag, and be protected by it against outrage and wrong.

To-day the only place in this broad land where the people are prevented from singing the battle song of war, such as "Down with the traitors and up with the stars," is on the blood-stained fields of the South. You could sing those songs among the banditti of the Alps, or among the Thugs of India. The only place where you could not sing them is over the graves of dead soldiers.

But we are going to have a land so free and so loyal and presided over by a man so true to his country that you may sing those songs anywhere. I speak of President Grant from his own utterances. You will find before he wrote those magnetic words, "Let us have peace," if you look back to his acceptance speech, when the committee waited upon him, and I remember hearing the words, as I afterwards read that he said he was for peace and quiet and protection everywhere, and what he says he generally does. [Cheers.]

He will bring to the duties devolving upon him as President the same energy, the same will, the same spirit that has hitherto characterized him; and when he says there shall be peace and quiet, and peace everywhere, let traitors beware, for what he means he will carry out. [A voice—"String up Wade Hampton."]

I can tell you one thing, my friends, this party which has been struggling for supremacy, and carried two Northern States, New York and New Jersey, by unblushing frauds; that has carried six Southern States by the votes of men who had no sympathy with your flag; that [illegible] will never appear before you again [illegible] they have hooked new leaders. [Cheers.] And they will have to get some new principles besides.

I do not think Wade Hampton will make any more platforms for the Democratic party. I do not think Vallandingham will nominate any more Presidents. I do not think Preston and Forrest will nominate any more Vice-Presidents.

Under the administration of President Grant I look forward to an era of peace and prosperity, an era of development in all manufacturing and all agricultural industries, which are the very backbone of any nation beneath the circuit of the sun, with Grant's zeal to stop every wasteful expenditure of your treasury and his opposition to every event to imperil your business.

With Grant, who under a divine Providence has been called to fill the Presidential chair, I trust we shall have a future of unexampled prosperity. [Prolonged cheers.]

ONE of "our girls," who is earnestly striving to obtain light, asks the meaning of the "G" in Masonic emblems, asks if it doesn't mean "girls;" "for," says she "you can't get along without them somewhere in your institution." She is right.

TIT FOR TAT.—The New York Times proposes Horatio Seymour for King of Spain. The Courier des Etats Unis proposes Isabella for Queen of the United States.

Grant's Cabinet.

A Washington special to the Cincinnati Commercial says:

The Washington politicians are already busy on the future Cabinet. They, of course, know nothing, as coming from the President elect, but they make up their stories on the political pressure which has been gradually forming in that direction ever since the October election.

The New York crowd here, known as original Grant men, and representing A. T. Stewart, Pierrepont & Co., unite on John S. Cisco, of New York, for Secretary of the Treasury, Motley for Secretary of State, Sanford for Secretary of War and Admiral Porter for Secretary of the Navy. The Pacific Coast politicians are going to demand the Secretaryship of the Interior.

The Illinois men say that the first commission Grant issues will be to Washburne, as Minister to Berlin, thus following up Lincoln's example in the [illegible]d. Such [illegible] among the Washington officials and politicians.

ROB. MORRIS, formerly of Louisville, the Masonic explorer of Syria and Palestine, lectured in New York a short time since. He said he found eight Masonic colleges in Smyrna, and attended a Masonic picnic in Ephesus. Abd El Kadir, whom he met at Damascus, is a Mason. In the famous city of Tyro, the seat of King Hiram, he could not find, after three days' search, a single Mason; in Gebal, the ancient seat of all learning not a single person who could read. Ancient traces of the Order were numerous. On the keystone of an arch under Solomon's Temple the Masonic compass is found deeply cut in the stone.

AN INDIAN JUSTICE.—"Pale face, what be you?" "Justice of the Peace, John." "You pale face justice—me Injun justice. Me go home t'other day, and the tribe me big man, too." "Ah," answered Col. K., who enjoyed the joke as well as most men. "Ah, John, I am glad to hear it. "Have you had any cases yet?" "Yes, me had one bad case, berry bad." "Tell me about it, John. What kind of a case was it?" "Me find Injun with a big jug of fire water."—"That was bad, indeed. What did you do?" "Me take him jug away and drink him myself." And he strutted out self-satisfied; while those in the office agreed, as well as they could for laughter, that his idea of justice was fully as legal as many of the decisions of some who had whiter skins.

IF a man is poor, we like to hear him confess it on proper occasions. We despise to see him trying to make out he is rich—working himself to death—not to save enough to get rich, but to make the impression that he is already so.

It is miserable, too, to see poor people trying to keep up appearances—that is, to live as they used to, now that they are broken in fortune, and everybody knows it. Half the Southern people have been ruined by war. Let them come down to their circumstances, and there will be some hope for them. But, there is no chance for the man or woman, who has not the moral courage to spend less than he or she makes.

THANKSGIVING.—President Johnson has issued a Proclamation setting apart the 26th of November as a day of Thanksgiving. The President says:

"The annual period of rest which we have reached in health and tranquility, and which is crowned with so many blessings, is by universal consent, a convenient and suitable one for cultivating personal piety and practicing public devotion."

EATING CLOUDS.—Dr. Livingstone, relating his adventures in Lake Nyassa, thus tells one curiosity which he fell in with: During a portion of the year the northern dwellers of the lake have harvest which furnishes a singular kind of food. As we approached our limit in that direction, clouds, as of smoke arising from miles of burning grass, were observed bending in a southeasterly direction, and we thought that the unseen land in the opposite side was closing in, and that we were nearing the end of the lake. But next morning we sailed thro' one of the clouds in our own side, and discovered that it was neither smoke nor haze, but countless millions of minute midges called "kungo," or cloud of fog. They filled the air to an immense hight, and swarm up the water too light to sink in it. Eyes and mouth had to be closed while passing through this living cloud; they struck upon the face like fine drifting snow. Thousands lay in the boat after emerging from the clouds of midges. The people gathered these insects by night and boiled them into thick cakes, to be used as a relish—millions of midges in a cake. A kungo cake an inch thick, and as large as the blue bonnet of a Scotch plowman, was offered to us; it was very dark in color, and tasted not unlike caviare or salted locust.

A THREATENED FAMINE.—Northern India is again threatened with a famine that may revive the recent terrible scenes in Orissa, where two millions of people died of starvation. There was scarcely any hot weather in May and June, and the rains, which began a month before the usual time, have done immense damage. The rice crops, including those which have been sown a second time, are ruined. Orissa and all the districts between Calcutta and the sea, have been deluged. The price of bread has greatly advanced already.

IT may not be generally known that New York horses chew tobacco, but they sometimes do. On the ferryboats it is not unusual to see men giving their horses a "quid," which the animals not only chew, but swallow, and there is a popular idea that the stimulant is good for their wind.

THE pork crop of the approaching season will probably be the largest ever raised in the United States. The weather has been favorable for the corn crop in Illinois and other States, and it is said that it will be the heaviest ever grown in this country. Stock hogs are said to be plenty and in fine condition. The present price of pork in the West is much higher than at the same time last year.