Enquirer Southerner.

"ALL POWERS, NOT HEREIN DELEGATED, REMAIN WITH THE PEOPLE."—Constitution of N. C.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 50.
NEW SERIES, VOL. 1.

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1874.

NO. 44.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.

MAYOR—John Norfleet.

COMMISSIONERS—Benj. Norfleet, Joseph Cobb, H. C. Cherry and George Mathewson.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER—Robert Whitehurst.

CONSTABLE—J. B. Hyatt.

TOWN WATCH—Harry Redmond, Bill Battle and James F. Simonson.

COUNTY.

Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—H. L. Staton, Jr.

Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.

Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.

Coroner—

Treasurer—Robt. H. Austin.

Surveyor—John E. Baker.

School Examiners.—H. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Duggan and R. S. Williams.

Keeper Poor House—Wm. A. Duggan.

Commissioners—Jno. Lancaster, Chairman, Wiley Well, J. B. W. Norville, Frank Dew, M. Exem. A. McCabe, Clerk.

MAILS.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & W. R. R.

Leave Tarboro' (daily) at - - - 10 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at - - - 2.30 P. M.

WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FALKLAND AND SPARTA.

Leave Tarboro' (daily) at - - - 6 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at - - - 6 P. M.

LODGES.

The Nights and the Places of Meeting.

Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. Lawrence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.

Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gatlin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and third Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.

Repiton Encampment No. 13. I. O. O. F., Dr. Jos. H. Baker, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

Edgecombe Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., J. H. Baker, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.

Edgecombe Council No. 122, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. G. T., meets every Wednesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall.

CHURCHES.

Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.

Methodist Church—Services every third Sunday at 11 o'clock. Rev. C. C. Dodson Pastor.

Presbyterian Church—Services every Sunday, Rev. T. J. Allison, Stated Supply. Weekly Prayer meeting, Wednesday night.

Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 2nd Sunday in every month, at 11 o'clock, Rev. T. R. Owen, Pastor.

Primitive Baptist Church—Services first Saurday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

HOTELS.

Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Sts. O.F. Adams, Proprietor.

Mrs. Pender's, (formerly Gregory Hotel,) Main Street, opposite "Enquirer" Office, Mrs M. Pender, Proprietress.

BANKS.

Bank of New Hanover, on Main Street, next door to Mr. M. Weddell. Capt. J. D. Cumming, Cashier. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

EXPRESS.

Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 9¼ o'clock.
N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

ADAMS' HOTEL.

Main Street, Tarboro', N. C.

O. F. ADAMS, Proprietor.

THIS HOTEL IS NOW OPEN FOR THE accomodation of the traveling public, and no pains will be spared to make all who stop at this Hotel comfortable and pleasant. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and served up by experienced hands. The proprietor only ask a trial, for the public to be convinced.

O. F. ADAMS.
Jan. 2, 1874. tf.

WEBER'S BAKERY!

THIS OLD ESTABLISHED BAKERY IS now ready to supply the people of Tarboro and vicinity with all kinds of

Bread, Cakes, French and Plain Candies, Nuts, Fruits, &c., &c., &c.,

embracing every thing usually kept in a First Class Establishment of the kind.

Thankful for the liberal patronage of the past the undersigned asks a continuation, with the promise of satisfaction.

Private Families can always have their Cakes Baked here at shortest notice.

Orders for Parties & Balls promptly filled. Call and examine our stock, next door to Bank of New Hanover.

Nov. 4-1y. JACOB WEBER.

CHAMBERLAIN & RAWLS.

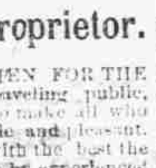
PRACTICAL

WATCH MAKERS

AND

JEWELERS.

DEALERS IN FINE JEWELRY, FINE Watches—Sterling Silver Ware—Silver Plated Ware,



SPECTACLES,

Fine Watches Repaired Faithfully and Scientifically, and Warranted.

TARBORO, N. C.

Jan. 5, 1872. 1-tf

STI[illegible]

GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT PIANOS

Have received upwards of FIFTY FIRST PREMIUMS, and are among the best now made. Every instrument fully warranted for five years. Prices as low as the exclusive use of the very best materials and the most thorough workmanship will permit. The principal pianists and composers, and the piano-purchasing public of the South especially, unite in the unanimous verdict of the superiority of the STIEFF PIANO. The DURABILITY of our instruments is fully established by over SIXTY SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES in the South, using over 300 of our Pianos.

Sole Wholesale Agents for several of the principal manufacturers of Cabinet and Parlor Organs; prices from $50 to $600. A liberal discount to Clergymen and Sabbath Schools.

A large assortment of second-hand Pianos, at prices ranging from $75 to $300, always on hand.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, containing the names of over 2,000 Southerners who have bought and are using the Stieff Piano.

CHAS. M. STIEFF,
Warerooms, No. 9 North Liberty St., BALTIMORE, M. D.
Factories, 84 & 86 Camden St., and 45 & 47 Perry St. June 12,-tf.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

[illegible]

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, [illegible]

[illegible]

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelminitics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California, and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

NEW BOOKS!

NEW BOOKS!!

Just received at the

Tarboro Book Store

a supply of

New Novels,

by

Standard Authors.

Also quite an assortment of

Miscellaneous Books,

at New York retail prices.

April 10, 1874. tf.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY.

Is certainly a family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

After over Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it as the most

EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC

for all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Spleen.

THE SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately costive and lax; Headache; Loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility, Low Spirits, a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and Eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not Regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and Death will ensue.

For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, Sick Headache, Colic, Depression of Spirits, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, &c., &c.

The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

Manufactured only by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Macon, Ga., and Philadelphia.
Price $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

Piedmont Air-Line Railway.

RICHMOND & DANVILLE RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. W., N. C. DIVISION, AND NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. W.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE

In effect on and after Monday, Aug. 10, 1874.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Charlotte	7.45 P. M.	8.35 A.M.
" Air-Line Jun'n	8.35 "	8.56 "
" Salisbury.	10.44 "	10.54 "
" Greensboro'	2.25 A. M.	1.15 P.M.
" Danville.	5.05 "	3.36 "
" Dundee.	5.25 "	3.48 "
" Burkville	[illegible]	
Arrive at Richmond.	2.22 P. M.	11.04 "

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Richmond	[illegible]	11.04 P. M.
" Burkville	4.41 "	2.07 A. M.
" Dundee	[illegible]	7.40 "
" Danville	[illegible]	7.41 "
" Greensboro	[illegible]	11.00 "
" Salisbury	[illegible]	1.21 P. M.
" Air-Line Jun'n	[illegible]	3.25 "
Arrive at Charlotte	6.22 "	3.30 "

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.
STATIONS.	Mail.	Mail.
Lv'e Greensboro'	2.35 P. M.	Arr. 11.15 A M
" Co. Shops	4.50 "	10.00 "
" Raleigh	8.19 P. M.	6.41 "
Arr. at Goldsboro	11.30 "	Lv'e 2.30 P. M

NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. R. (SALEM BRANCH).

Leave Greensboro	2.00 A M
Arrive at Salem	3.30 "
Leave Salem	9.20 P M
Arrive at Greensboro	11.15 "

Passenger train leaving Raleigh at 5.41 A. M., connects at Greensboro' with the Northern bound train; making the quickest time to all Northern cities. Price of Tickets same as via other routes.

Trains to and from points East of Greensboro' connect at Greensboro' with Mail Trains to or from points North or South.

Trains daily, both ways.

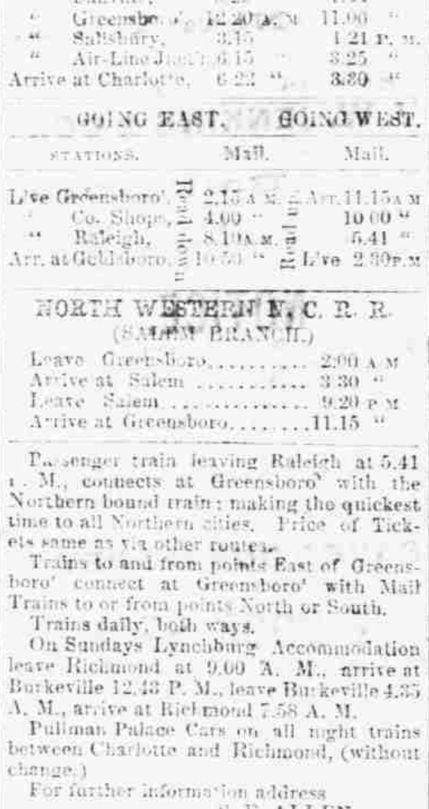
On Sundays Lynchburg Accommodation leave Richmond at 9.00 A. M., arrive at Burkeville 12.43 P. M., leave Burkeville 4.35 A. M., arrive at Richmond 7.58 A. M.

Pullman Palace Cars on all night trains between Charlotte and Richmond, (without change.)

For further information address

S. E. ALLEN,
Gen'l Ticket Agent,
Greensboro, N. C.

T. M. R. TALCOTT,
Engineer & Gen'l Superintendent.



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GENERAL GROCER

AND DEALER IN

PROVISIONS,

Boots & Shoes, Tin and Wooden Ware, &c.

Main St., Tarboro', N.C.

CONFECTIONARIES,

CIGARS, &C.,

For sale by J. M. SPRAGINS.
Tarboro', Mar. 13, 1874. tf.

THE

Enquirer-Southerner.

FRIDAY. : : : : OCT. 30, 1874

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

Extract from a Speech of Gen. Cullen A. Battle, at Tuscumbia.

During winter of 1863–'64 it was my fortune to be President of one of the courts martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the winds howled around the camp, I left my bivouacfire to attend the session of the court. Winding for miles along uncertain paths, *I* at length arrived at the court ground at Round Oak Church. Day after day it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army, charged with violations of military law; but never had I, on any previous occasion, been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of 'The Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper,' was called—charge, desertion. A low murmur rose spontaneously from the battle scarred spectators as a young artilleryman rose from the prisoner's bench, and in response to the question 'Guilty or not Guilty?' answered 'Not Guilty.'

The Judge Advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution when the Court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed and enquired of the accused, 'Who is your counsel?' He replied, 'I have no counsel.' Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the Judge Advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, 'I have no witnesses.' Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, *I* said to him. 'Have you no defence? *Is* it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy *without any reason?*' He replied, 'There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court.' I said: 'Perhaps you are mistaken; you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions.' For the first time his manly form trembled and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the President of the court he presented a letter, saying as he did so, 'There General, is what did it.' I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court until all had seen it, and those stern warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles wept like little children. Soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession, *I* read the letter as the defence of the prisoner. It was in these words:

MY DEAR EDWARD: I have always been proud of you and since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying. *I* called and said, 'What's the matter, Eddie?' and he said, 'Oh, mama, I'm so hungry!' And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. And, before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die.

YOUR MARY.

Turning to the prisoner, I asked, 'What did you do when you received this letter?' He replied, '*I* made application for furlough and it was rejected; again I made application and it was rejected; a third time I made application and it was rejected, and that night as I wandered backward and forward in the camp, thinking of my home, with the mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy, and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me! *I* went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me, her angel arms embraced me; and she whispered, 'Oh! Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough!' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and catching her breath at every word, she said, 'have you come without your furlough! O! Edward, Edward, go back! go back! Let me and my children go down together to the grave, but O, for Heaven's sake, save the honor of our name!' And here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court.'

Every officer of that court martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beatific vision, the eloquent pleader for a husband's and a father's wrong; but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty, though the lightning's flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict, 'Guilty!' Fortunately, for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the Commanding General, and upon the record was written:

Headquarters, A. N. V.

The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned, and will report to his company.

R. E. LEE, General.

During the second battle of Cold Harbor, when shot and shell were falling 'like torrents from the mountain cloud,' my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the enemy.—When I reached the battery, every gun but one had been dismantled, and by it stood a solitary Confederate soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me, he elevated his voice above the roar of the battle and said: 'General, I have one shell left; tell me have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?' I raised my hat.—Once more a Confederate shell crushing through the ranks of the enemy, and the hero sank by his gun to rise no more.

Heaven knows, my countrymen, I loved that lost cause, but this, in which we are now engaged is no less sacred. We will do our whole duty in this campaign, and, if need be, in the moment of death, fire the last shot in our battery for the honor of Mary and Lucy.

A Story of Nature

A little incident related the "Life of Audubon," forcibly illustrates the patient, persistent, painstaking manner in which men of Science, as well as men of Letters prosecute their investigations. *It* was while he was hunting in the forests of Louisiana that he discovered a tiny little woodbird hitherto unknown to the ornithologist. It was not so big as a wren, and was clad in a coat of such plain, sober gray, that none but practiced eyes would detect it flitting in and out among the similar colored branches of the peculiar species of trees it inhabited. But, however humble the bird might be to Audubon it was one of a charming and curious race of beings that interested him above all other livings and to ascertain its history and habits was matter of as much importance as though it were chief of the tribe. He, therefore, bent every energy of his intense and eager nature to the study of it. One night he came home with the exciting news that he had found a pair which were evidently preparing to build a nest. Next morning he was up and off to the woods at day-break taking along with him a telescopic microscope. Erecting this under the tree that sheltered the almost invisible little creatures he was anxious to observe, he made himself a pillow of moss, and then lay quietly down on the ground, with his eye to the instrument, and remained throughout the live-long hours until nightfall, watching the movements of the secret and unsuspecting architects. This course he repeated every day for three weeks, without respite or intermission, and then he was able to tell, with minute and accurate detail, just what material these builders in the heart of the wild wood choose for their dwellings, just how they put it together, and the number of days required to complete the process of incubation.

The Head of a Whale.

The head is one-third the entire length of a sperm-whale, and in obtaining the valuable spermaceti which it contains the whalemen divide it into three parts—the 'case,' the 'junk,' and the bone. The junk,' is first hauled on board and stowed away, and then the 'case' is bailed. The 'case' is a massive part of the head, cellular in the interior, the walls of the cells running vertically and transversely. It is filled with an oily substance of a faint yellow tint, translucent when warm. The oil-bearing flesh forms about one-third of the mass, and in a large whale it has yielded three and a half tons. The case also contains the respiratory canal, and a cavity of extraordinary depth filled with oil. An opening is made at one end for the purposes of bailing, and it is next hauled to a vertical position beyond the reach of the water. A deep and narrow bucket attached to a line and pully is then lowered, and brought up full of transparent spermaceti, mixed with silk integuments having the odor of freshly drawn milk.—The sore hands of the crew, bathed in this rich substance, are relieved and healed, and the greenhorns dabble in it with the ineffable satisfaction displayed by city youngsters in a mud puddle.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Wan Lee as Paper-Carrier.

BY BRET HARTE.

His next performance, I grieve to say was not attended with equal success. One of our regular paper-carriers fell sick, and, at a pinch, Wan Lee was ordered to fill his place. To prevent mistakes he was shown over the route the previous evening, and supplied at about daylight with the usual number of subscriber's copies. He returned after an hour, in good spirits and without the papers. He had delivered them all, he said.

Unfortunately for Wan Lee, at about eight o'clock indignant subscribers began to arrive at the office. They had received their copies; but how? In the form of hard-pressed cannon balls, delivered by a single shot and a mere *tour de force* through the glass of bed-room windows. They had received them full in the face, like a base ball, if they happened to be up and stirring; they had received them in quarter sheets, tucked in at separate windows; they had found them in the chimney, pinned against the door, shot through attic windows, delivered in long slips through convenient keyholes, stuffed into ventilators, and occupying the same can with the morning's milk. One subscriber who waited for some time at the office door, to have a personal interview with Wan Lee (then comfortably locked in my bed room), told me with tears of rage in his eyes, that he had been awakened at five o'clock by a most hideous yelling below his window; that on rising, in great agitation, he was startled by the sudden appearance of "The Northern Star," rolled hard and bent into the form of a boomerang or East Indian club, that sailed into the window, described a number of fiendish circles in the room, knocked over the light, slapped the baby's face, "took" him (the subscriber) "in the jaw," and then returned out of the window, and dropped helplessly in the area. During the rest of the day wads and strips of soiled paper, perporting to be copies of "The Northern Star" of that morning's issue, were brought indignantly at the office. An admirable editorial on "The Resources of Humboldt County" which I had constructed the evening before, and which, I had reason to believe, might have changed the whole balance of trade during the ensuing year, and left San Francisco bankrupt at her wharves, was in this way lost to the public.—*Scribner's.*

A Paradise of Birds.

Another thing that would be quite sure to strike my eye on this my first ride across Brittish soil and on all subsequent rides, was the enormous number of birds and fowls of various kinds that swarmed in the air or covered the ground. It was truly amazing. *It* seemed as if the feathered life of a whole continent must have been concentrated upon this island. Indeed, I doubt if a sweeping together of all the birds of the United States into any two of the largest States, would people the earth and air more fully. There appeared to be a plover, a crow, a rook, a blackbird and a sparrow, to every square yard of ground. They know the value of birds in Britain—that they are the friends, not the enemies of the farmer. It must be the paradise of crows and rooks. It did me good to see them so much at home about the fields and even in the towns. *I* was glad also to see that the British crow was not a stranger to me, and that be differed from his brother on the American side of the Atlantic only in being less alert and cautious, having less use for these qualities.

Now and then the train would start up some tempting game. A brace or two of partridges or a covey of quails would settle down in the stubble, or a cock pheasant drop head and tail and slide into the coase. Rabbits also would scamper back from the borders of the fields into the thickets or peep slyly out, making my sportsman's fingers tingle.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

The power of chemical agency has a singular illustration in its modifying effect upon the properties of cotton. When examined by a lens, the fibre of cotton is found to exist of a flattened or ribboned-shaped tube, but when treated by chemical process, with a cold strong solution of caustic soda, it appears to shrink, and assumes the form of a simple cylinder; thus, three important and very remarkable alterations occur at the same time—that is, the fibre becomes stronger, it acquires increased attraction for coloring matter, and it becomes smaller. In most cases where chemical agency is employed in the preparation of vegetable fibres, either to remove impurities, to destroy color, or indeed for any other purpose, the object in view is generaily attained at the sacrifice of a little strength, but in this case there is increased tenacity imparted.

The Sagacity of Animals.

The services rendered by elephants to the English army during the Abyssinian expedition have suggested an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by M. Guidoz, on the use of these animals in warfare. Such an elephant as that described by Major Skinner, whose narrative is quoted by M. Guidoz, would be a valuable auxiliary at any time. According to this account, the Major was riding in a forest near Kandy, when he heard a muffled sound of *ourmph, ourmph*, the peculiar cry of the elephant, and soon came upon a tame animal of this species, who, being left to himself, had undertaken the task of conveying away a large beam, which he carried across his tusks, progressing, however, but slowly, owing to the narrow limits of the path, which forced him to turn his head first on one side and then on the other, uttering *ourmphs* of vexation. Seeing the major approach, he threw down his load, and stood aside to let man and horse pass. The major's steed now trembled in every limb, when the sagacious beast, noticing his terror, backed still further into the jungle, uttering his *ourmph* in a gentle and encouraging tone; and as soon as the horse had summoned up courage to proceed, he reappeared, took up the beam once more, and resumed his arduous undertaking. It seems almost sacrilege to contemplate employing animals so considerate and reasonable in the questionable operations of man against man.

Birds of Paradise.

The birds of Paradise received their name from the idea, entertained at one time, that they inhabited the region of the Mosaic paradise. They live in a small area in Australia, including Papua or New Guinea, and a few adjacent islands. They are not easily tamed and kept confined, and few have been brought alive from their native locality, Mr. Beale had one at Macao, China, that had been in captivity nine years; but very few have been carried to Europe, although specimens of the skins and prepared birds were taken more than three hundred years ago. In form and size they somewhat resemble our crow or blue-jay, but some are smaller. They are usually included in the tribe of cone-bills, though their bills are quiet slender for that group, and a little compressed. The bills are covered at the base with downy or velvety feathers, which extend over the nostrils; their wings are long and round; the tail consist of ten feathers, two of them, in some species, very long legs and feet very long, large and strong; outer toe longer than inner, and joined to the middle one toward the base; hind toe very long; claws long and curved. But they are chiefly remarkable for the wonderful development of various parts of their plumage, and for the metallic splendor of its rich hues. The sides of the body, and sometimes the head, neck, breast, or tail, are ornamented with lengthened, peculiarly developed, and showy feathers.

How to Put Children to Bed.

Not with reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any time but bedtime for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep, you could never do this.—Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come when, all too soon, they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both. Let them, then, at least have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license, The judicious parent will not so mistake my meaning. If you have ever met the man, or the woman, whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustingly to its mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home "dignity" and "severity" stood where love and pity should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children, too much love not one.—*Fanny Fern.*

Explosive Oils.

'A warning to the public' is given by the Maine State Assayer and Inspector of Oils, Mr. Bartlett, in regard to certain 'non-explosive' oils, so called, now being sold by 'agents' throughout the State under various names, such as 'areline,' 'gasoline,' 'liquorine,' etc. *Also*, in some cases, under the name of 'kerosene.' He has recently tested samples of the liquids, and in every case it has proved to be in some form of benzine or naphtha, taking fire in some cases below a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and giving off explosive vapor at a temperature below heat of an ordinary sitting room. Two of the samples could not be distinguished from commercial benzine, and the others were a trifle better. One sample was called kerosene, which, on testing, proved to be nothing but purified 'benzine.'

Little Graves.

Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations are the little graves in the church yard. They are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joy, half unfolded buds of innocence, humanity nipped by the first frost of time, ere yet a canker worm of corruption has nestled among its embryo petals. Callous must be the heart of him who can stand by a little grave-side and not have holiest emotions awakened to thoughts of purity and joy which belong alone to God and heaven, for the mute preacher at his feet tells of life begun and ended without stain; and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief sojourn among us! How swells the heart of the parent with mournful joy while standing by the earth-bed of lost little ones? Mournful a sweet treasure has been taken away—joyful, because that precious jewel glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.

Beautiful Sentiment.

I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used—Heaven is said to be a place for those who do not succeed upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a concience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, 'which die and make no sign;" there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake; heroes without the laurel conquerors without triumph.

How we Fade.

As the trials of life thicken, and the dreams of other days fade, one by one, in the dim vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the long continued struggle, and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climed to the pinnacle of fame or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs by the wayside, and like him are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says an eloquent writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when the Creator commanded her to be. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world has the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she once had for ourselves, and that she now has for our children.

Rain and Fine Weather.

"I don't like the rain," said little Octavius, "it hinders my running about and getting a good game of play in the garden."

"I like it," answered Colin, the gardener's little boy, "It comes just in time to spare my father the trouble of having to water the flowers and vegetables."

This is a history of the world—what pleases one displeases another; but nothing *God* does is wrong, and when you are inclined to grumble at the rain coming to hinder your out-of-door amusements, think of the poor gardener, who is, perhaps, old and weak, and who now will not have the trouble of watering the plants.

The ruins of Iona, so venerable in the history of Presbyterianism, are about to be repaired. Mr. R. Anderson, of Edinburgh, has been commissioned by the Duke of Argyle to repair and restore as far as possible the long neglected ruins in Iona. On digging into the mounds at the walls, recently, Mr. *An*derson found several relics of ancient sculpture, and altogether saw enough to satisfy him that a thorough search would bring to light many characteristic features of the old cathedral, The mounds are to be opened, and material so recovered will be used in making good, defects in the cathedral's walls.

THE NATIVITY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—In relation to the nativity of Jefferson Davis, a writer in Notes and Queries says: 'I have no recollection of having heard him state that he was of Welsh extraction; referred incidently to it. On one occasion, during his recent visit to England, in describing some operations in a slate quarry in Wales, he expressed astonishment at the large number of workmen, whom he likened to swarms of flies, saying 'he never thought hr had so many cousins.''