

# The Fairfield Herald.

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## THE FAIRFIELD HERALD

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### Capital and Labor.

The following extract from an address recently delivered in North Carolina, before a council of Patrons of Husbandry, by ex-Gov. Z. B. Vance, is full of common sense and practical and useful suggestions upon the subject of capital and labor, to workers in any department of life:

Brain manure is our great want; education for young and old, especially in matters pertaining to agriculture. We don't so much need laborers as a proper utilization of that we have. Instead of croaking so much at the negroes, we should work a little more ourselves. At every depot and cross-roads in the State, you may see any day crowds of idlers standing around loose, whittling sticks and spitting at a mark, abusing the negro, as a laborer, lamenting the scarcity of money, and hoping for that issue of \$44,000,000 of reserve lately discussed in Congress and cussed elsewhere. There is really no ground for despondency. Notwithstanding our great losses by war, substantially all that we had here is here. Our mother earth is here, and our tillers to it are undisturbed; the early and latter rains still fall according to the promise, and the genial sunshine still warms and fructifies as of old, whilst the goodness of God still bestows the increase. The strength and courage of our people are still with them; and though, alas! many of our bravest and best are not here, yet all the glorious recollections of our history remain to cheer and bless us. And the negro, too, is here, as good or better than he was before, if we know how to work him. Don't despair of finding a way to do that. You say he won't work unless he is compelled—very well, neither will white men. But compulsion is of different sorts. Formerly you compelled him by virtue of being his master—now, compel him to work by force of his necessities. Show him that you can live without him, put your own hand to the plough and say to him, if you will help, well; if not, well again; enforce the laws against vagabondage, and he will gladly work when he can do no better. At present he thinks he can make a living by voting, but he will come out of that in due season. On the whole, I am inclined to think he is the best laborer we are likely to get in the South; as he is the best tool we have which to cultivate the soil, let us sharpen and improve him in every possible way. And for this great Anglo-Saxon people, whose blood has filled the earth with the most beneficent and utilitarian civilization it has ever witnessed, and strewed the shores of its oceans with mighty cities, reticulated its surface with steam roads, covered the wild seas with the white wings of commerce, and even invaded their unknown depths with the iron-shod pathways of the lightning, for these men to acknowledge that the wheels of their progress are stopped because the negro won't work and keep contracts, is a sorry spectacle indeed! Shame to us, if it be so!

And as to capital, the want of which makes us complain so loudly—are we really suffering for that? I say not. We are suffering from a want of capacity to use what we have, rather. What relief would a fresh issue of government currency do us, unless we had the equivalent to give for it? Suppose that forty-four millions were given to us, how long would we keep it, if our consumption annually exceeded our sales as far as it does now? Like water seeking its level it would soon find its way to those who had a surplus to give it. What is the use of an idle fellow lounging around with hands in his pockets, without a thing in the world to sell, but who buys his very shoe handle and his cabbage from the North, abusing Eastern capitalists for grabbing all the currency? Let him raise a bale of cotton, and see if he don't rob that Yankee of some of his ill gotten gains? Let him grow his own pork, flour, corn, and hay, and see if that bloated bondholder can't have to shell out? To give you some idea of our condition as to capital, I would refer you to two or three points in our State. In Charlotte, which is the biggest town in the United States, we have five chartered banks, with a capital paid in of \$850,000. Their deposits will exceed \$1,500,000, on which they pay 6 per cent.—total, \$2,350,000. Raleigh has, I learn, over \$600,000 on deposit, and Wil-

lington some \$800,000, and their banking capital is about half their deposits—total bank capital in three towns, about \$1,550,000; deposits \$2,900,000. Now, seven-tenths of those deposits belong to our farmers such men as you, down on middle men, and clamorous for more capital. What do they do with it? Will they lend to their neighbors who are in straits and haven't got well on their feet since the war, and secure it by a mortgage at 6, 8, or 10 per cent.? Not one in ten. You haven't confidence in your neighbor, though he mortgages his farm; but you put it in one of these banks on long time at 6 per cent., and your neighbors go to the bank and borrow it at 18 per cent. to raise the wind for the next crop. Or he goes to a commission merchant and buys his supplies on credit, at a cost of over 50 per cent over cash prices, and mortgages his crop in advance to pay for them; and when that mortgage is foreclosed your crop goes, no supplies on hand, and the same process to be gone over again the next year, you say, its want of more capital. O my brother, take no offence, I pray you, at the words of a friend, when I say it is a want of common sense and common charity toward each other. Make your own supplies, and you will not have to borrow so much money. If you have any to loan, let your neighbor have it, unless you had rather see the banker speculate on your money than he. Nobody blames the banker or the commission merchant. If they can run a machine on your money, who should abuse them for it? Not I, for one. Learn to use your capital wisely before you clamor for more. Pour your surplus cash on your farms, or into manufacturing, instead of the banks, and you will knock out a middle man every link.

### The Guibord Case—Why He Was Refused Catholic Burial.

As this case is attracting a great deal of attention, an explanation of it is just now order. Joseph Guibord was a French Canadian. He thought a Catholic, was a member while living of a Library Company at Montreal, which refused to remove from its shelves certain books at the request of the Roman Catholic Bishop of that city. Guibord was the owner of a lot in the Catholic Cemetery.—After his death the bishop refused the widow permission to bury her husband's remains in consecrated ground. The widow appealed to the courts. Conflicting decisions only made the matter worse, until finally the case went the English Privy Council, and an order has been passed directing that the remains of Joseph Guibord "be buried in that part of the cemetery in which the remains of Roman Catholics who receive ecclesiastical burial are usually interred." It cost ten thousand dollars to get this decision. A second attempt is to be made to bury him there, and the dispatches this morning indicate that troops will be required to accomplish it. But for all that—

How little wrecks it where men lie  
When once the moment's past;  
When the dim and glazing eye  
Has looked on earth its last.  
Whether beneath the sculptured urn  
The coffin lid may rest—  
Or in its nakedness return  
Back to mother earth.

### Curious Facts About Capt. Webb, the Great Swimmer.

As Capt. Webb is the greatest swimmer the world has ever known, or is likely to know, any facts about him must, at this time, prove interesting. We learn that he once swam from Blackwell to Gravesend, doing twenty miles with the stream in four hours, and afterwards eclipsed even this performance by making his way from Dover to Ramsgate, a distance of eighteen miles, in nine hours. It was in the second attempt to cross the channel in his life saving dress that Capt. Boyton succeeded, and in view of this fact, and Capt. Webb's previous feats, the Telegraph urged him to "try again." He did "try again," with the success already announced. The Telegraph describes the appearance of Capt. Webb, when stripped for his work, as "very much that of the old Greek statues of Hercules. He is, if anything, a little short of middle height, with a tremendous chest, a great pair of shoulders, and a somewhat liberal allowance of flesh." Sayers, who fought with Heenan, is said to have been about the same build as Capt. Webb. The Telegraph considers that, for hard and severe work, "the best type of man" is one of middle height or even less, with a deep chest, square shoulders, thick neck, and if anything, a slight tendency to fat.

Returns thus far from California give Irwin (dem.) 43,000 voter. Phelps (Rep.) 25,000. Bidwell, (Ind.) 18,000. Legislature is largely y democratic. The democrats have probably elected the Mayor of San Francisco, the first time in several years.

### The Illicit Cotton Traffic.

LETTER FROM JUDGE MACKAY.

CHESTER, S. C., August 31, 1875.  
Messrs. A. M. McMullen, C. W. McFadden, W. P. Ferguson, Joseph Nunery, R. I. White and others, Landsford precinct, Chester county:

GENTLEMEN—I regret that I am constrained by the pressure of my official duties to decline your invitation to attend a meeting of the citizens of Landsford precinct, to be held on the 3d proximo, without regard to race or party, for the purpose of concerting some practical measure to check the system of cotton stealing, prevalent in that section. You are correct in your theory that the practice of cotton stealing derives its chief support from those country storekeepers who buy cotton at night. I shall, therefore, sanction any lawful action that you may take for the suppression or regulation of this dangerous midnight traffic, which is disastrous alike both to the fair dealing country merchant and to the planter and all honest laborers.

My observation satisfies me that beneath every pile of stolen cotton in this section there may be found two active forces, namely: The brain of the white man and the hand of the black; the former bearing the same relation to the latter that the steam in the cylinder of the engine does to its driving wheel. During the past two and a half years 110 persons have been tried in this circuit for cotton stealing, of whom all but one were colored. Of these, ninety-eight were convicted and duly sentenced. Thirteen receivers of stolen cotton, etc., have also been tried. These last were all white men, and all of them were convicted and they paid fines amounting in the aggregate to nearly ten thousand dollars. The juries who rendered the verdicts in these cases were composed about equally of white and colored citizens the colored generally preponderating in numbers. You will perceive, therefore, that the juries are prepared to do their duty whenever legal proofs of guilt are furnished in the court.

I deem it due to our colored population and to historic truth to state that I am convinced, after much research devoted to the subject, and embracing many countries, that they are less addicted to stealing than any class of agricultural laborers in the world who outnumber their employers in the same proportion, and that when they steal agricultural products they are impelled immediately by the want of food for themselves or their families.

In proof of this last statement, I refer to the fact that of the ninety-eight persons who were convicted before me, as stated above, ninety-three received beapn and flour or meat in exchange for the stolen cotton. This deficiency in the laborer's supply of food is due not only to the fact the ration generally issued to him is too small for a laboring man, but if he has any children too young to work, no allowance is made for them in the issue of rations, and as he is paid only at long intervals, where he does not work on shares, the children must starve if the parents do not sometimes steal. One potent means, therefore, of lessening the amount of stealing among the colored farm laborers is to increase the wages or the ration, and to contract with laborers having children under working age with reference to supporting such children with the necessary food during the period of the contract. Trusting that your organized efforts to check the system of buying stolen cotton, which now threatens widespread disaster to the cotton producing section, will be so sagaciously and energetically directed as to accomplish the important end in view, I am, gentlemen, yours respectfully,

T. J. MACKAY, Circuit Judge.

### Hazing.

Sometime ago, Cadet Erwin, at West Point, thrust his bayonet into one of his companions who essayed to "haze" him by throwing him over a precipice. Erwin's action has been we learn, entirely justified by the authorities of the Academy. And now it is said "some foolish students of the scientific college of Yale University hazed a freshman the other day, and by doing so kicked up an international quarrel, for the freshman was a young Chinaman of high rank, and part of the hazing consisted in cutting off his ear. He has there, lost, last, and has been deprived of his allowance by the Chinese educational commission in this country. The Chinese minister at Washington has investigated the matter and sent home a report to his government. The latter may ask satisfaction for the insult." Now, here is a question of international law which might engage the attention of legal gentlemen of the State, when they get through the Supreme Court.—Augusta Constitutional.

### A Modern Samson.

Thomas, or Tom Gardner, as he was familiarly called, was born on the river St. John, one mile above the mouth of Maotaquak stream, in the year 1798. Viewed casually, Gardner gave no evidence of unusual power, but when stripped his muscular development was tremendous, and it is affirmed that instead of the ordinary ribs he possessed a solid bony wall on either side, and that there was no separation whatever. He stood five feet ten and a half inches, erect and full chested, and never exceeded one hundred and ninety pounds in weight.

The late Charles Long informed us that one time he saw Gardner lift from a tubboat a puncheon of corn, containing at least twelve bushels, and, swinging around, deposit it on the sand. In so doing he tore the sole of his boot. On another occasion a number of men were trying to lift a stick of timber. In all the whole crowd only one man could raise it about two inches from the skids. Gardner told four men to sit on it, and then lifted it so high that the men jumped off to save themselves from the fall.

Mr. McKean has frequently known him in lifting to break boom poles six inches thick. He has known him also with one hand to lift, by the rung of a chair, the chair itself and a man weighing nearly two hundred pounds. Once when attempting to lift a very heavy man he wrenched the rug entirely from the chair. Gardner was at one time possessed of a bulky horse with which he exercised great patience; but when patience ceased to be a virtue he would fell him to the ground with his clenched fist, striking him behind the ear. It is related of Gardner's sister that on one occasion a famous wrestler traveled all the way from Miramichi to Tom's home in order to "try a fall with him. Tom was absent, but the sister looking contemptuously upon the intruder, declared she would throw him herself, and, suiting the action to the word, in a fair trial threw him three times in succession. The stranger's experience with the sister was sufficient; he never sought after a future interview with the brother.

The greatest feat which Gardner was ever known to perform was on one of the wharves in St. John. Mr. McKean saw him lift and carry an anchor weighing 1,200 pounds, numbers of other witnesses standing by, some of whom are yet alive. Frequently he has seen him carrying a barrel of pork under each arm, and once he saw him shoulder a barrel of pork while standing in an ordinary brandy box. When about forty years of age Gardner removed to the United States, and never returned to his native province.

It is commonly reported and believed that he met with a sad adventure on board a Mississippi steamer. A heavy ball was on board as a portion of the freight, and the captain, a great, powerful fellow, was concerned as to how he should remove it from its place in order to make more room on deck. While the captain and passengers were at dinner, Tom, in presence of the crew, to their utter amazement lifted the ball and carried it to the opposite side of the boat. When the captain returned he asked how that had been accomplished, when Gardner laughingly remarked that he carried it there, the former gave the lie, and as one word brought on another, he presently struck Tom in the face. This was too much, and for the first time in his life the strong man gave blow for blow; but one buffet was sufficient. The captain never spoke again, killed dead on the instant. Tom made his escape, went West, and has never been heard of since.—New Brunswick Reporter.

Monsignor Jose Taixal, Bishop of the See of Urgel, would seem to be in a very tight place since a criminal prosecution is to be brought against him by the Alfonsist government, and he is now a prisoner near Barcelona. Taixal is the primate of the Carlists, and although it was reported in December that he had abandoned that cause, his subsequent faithful adherence to his post of duty in the face of the difficulties by which he was surrounded seems to stamp the report as of Alfonsist origin. Of course the Madrid Government will have little compassion for a fierce partisan like Taixal.

It is said that orders have been given by Mr. William Butler Dunbar to go on with the building of his new and magnificent seaside house at Newport, and that there is no probability that his family will suffer in the least from poverty. It is the creditors, not the members of the bankrupt firm of Dunbar, Shorman & Co., who are suffering from a lack of funds.—Philadelphia Times.

We love just and wise men.

### How they Fight in France.

We take from Punch the following capital burlesque on the recent fiasco between Henri Rochefort and Paul de Cassagnas.

St. Petersburg, February 1.

MONSIEUR: I have discovered that twelve years ago, you were good enough to accuse me of telling an infamous falsehood. I have taken ten years to obtain a copy of the wretched print in which the libel appeared. That miserable periodical you edited twelve years ago, and if it still exists, you edit it still. You must edit it still, I repeat, because it is too barbarous to be edited by any one less mean, less despicable, less dishonorable than yourself! You hear me! The never-to-be-sufficiently hated journal is, or was, called *Le Gamin De Deux Mondes*.

I courteously invite you to explain to me what is the meaning you attach to the words "infamous" and "falsehood."

I may add, for your information, that recently I strolled into the cemetery in which is situated the grave of your grandmother. I (the writer of this letter—you understand) danced upon that grave!

Accept, Monsieur, my considerations the most distinguished.

HECTOR DE VIN ORDINAIRE.

LETTER II.

BUREAU OF LE GAMIN DE DEUX MONDES, March 1.

MONSIEUR: You will see that I hastened to reply to your base and mercenary communication! You ask me for the meaning of the words "infamous" and "falsehood." I am not surprised. You are a man of education. "Man" is a courtesy title I confer upon you. However, search the Dictionary—the source of your literary inspiration! If that work affords you insufficient information, you will find a full explanation of the two words in the history of your own life!

I have nothing more to say to you but I denounce to the world your late father and mother's uncle as poverty-stricken pick-pockets and low salaried spies!

Accept, Monsieur, my considerations the most distinguished.

AGAMEMNON DE POMMES DE TERRE.

LETTER III.

LEICESTER SQUARE, May 1.

MONSIEUR: I hurry to answer your miserable and pretensions communications. As an explanation it is unsatisfactory; as a contribution to periodical literature it is beneath contempt! If you are not in the hands of the police for having committed petty larceny, I invite you to meet me—to meet me to fight a duel to the death! You hear what I say—to the death!

First let me inform you, however, that you are a villain, a ruffian and a vagabond!

My friends M. Comte de Foie de Veau and M. le Chevalier de Vingt-Centimes will represent me.

Accept, Monsieur, my considerations the most distinguished.

HECTOR DE VIN ORDINAIRE.

LETTER IV.

BUREAU OF LE GAMIN DE DEUX MONDES, July 1.

MONSIEUR: You will see that your weak-minded challenge is accepted at once. I rejoice that spoon-stealing is not punishable with death for the law has thus saved you from the guillotine to fall a victim to my vengeance.

It will be no news to you to hear that you are a bully, a card-sharp and a coward!

My friends, M. le Vicomte Piffaff-Puff and M. le General Boum, will represent me.

Accept, Monsieur, my considerations the most distinguished.

AGAMEMNON DE POMMES DE TERRE.

LETTER V.

PARIS, September 1.

MESSIEURS: We have the honor to declare that we are acting on behalf of our principal, M. Hector de Vin Ordinaire. Our principal (claiming his rights as the insulted party) demands to choose weapons, distance and conditions. He proposes pistols as the weapons; for the distance, three paces; for the conditions, that the pistols be loaded with powder, paper and bullets.

We await with impatience the reply of your principal.

Accept, Messieurs, our considerations the most distinguished.

LE COMTE DE FOIE DE VEAU, LE CHEVALIER DE VINGT CINQ CENTIMES.

tols may be loaded with powder and paper, they must not be loaded with bullets. His honor (which is far dearer to him than life) demands this sacrifice!

The incident must therefore be considered at an end, unless you accept our principal's proposition, which is as follows:

The weapons to be rapiers, the distance four feet, and the conditions to be that the rapiers shall have blades at least three feet long.

We await your reply with anxiety. Accept, Messieurs, our considerations the most distinguished.

LE VICOMTE PIFFAFF-POUF, LE GENERAL BOUM.

LETTER VII.

PARIS, October 1—8 P. M.

MESSIEURS: We have the honor to announce that we have tardily and regretfully submitted the proposal of your principal to our principal. After much and long consideration our principal finds that he can only agree to rapiers and the distance. He objects to the conditions. He feels that his courage, his reputation as a brave man, demand that the rapiers instead of having blades three feet long, should have no blades at all!

Under these circumstances the incident must be considered at an end.

Accept, Messieurs, our considerations the most distinguished.

LE COMTE DE FOIE DE VEAU, LE CHEVALIER DE VINGT-CINQ CENTIMES.

\* \* \* \* \*

And, strange to say, the incident was at an end.

### Simpson's New Roof.

Down in Tuckahoe, N. J., there is a man named Simpson, who has a flat roof on his house covered with tin—so says Max Adler. The roof got to leaking badly, and it happened to occur to Simpson that it would be a good thing to cover the whole surface with the material out of which concrete pavements are made, in order to make it perfectly tight. A man was accordingly engaged, and he covered the tin with concrete to the depth of four inches. The course of Tuckahoe is oats. In warm weather millions of these assemble and hold ratification meetings and rehearsals and general synods out in the backyards and on the roofs. In Tuckahoe the heat is unusually intense, and Mr. Simpson was unusually annoyed by the animated discussions of the cats in his neighborhood. The more he "hooded" them and flung old boots at them the more they yelled. Night after night grew more terrific, and day by day Mr. Simpson observed that the mysterious catawauling continued during all the hours of daylight. Simpson hadn't a bootjack or blacking brush or a rolling pin or a cologne bottle to throw at them.

At last, one moonlight night, the uproar got to be so outrageous that Simpson arose from his bed, determined to ascertain what all this growling meant anyhow! It appeared to him that the noise came from the top of the house. He went up into the garret and put his head out of the trap door. There he found 196 cats snook fast knee deep in the concrete, which had been softened by the heat. Some of them had been there four days. The minute they caught sight of Simpson the whole 196 doubled up their spines, ruffled up their back hair, snaked their tails, and gave one unearthly howl, which shook Simpson's nerves so much that he dropped the trap door and fell down the step-ladder on the head of Mrs. Simpson, who was standing below dressed in a thing with a frill on it, and armed with a palm-leaf fan and a bed-slat, determined to protect Simpson to the death. Simpson has since sold the house to a man who makes sausages and fur tippets, and it is whispered around Tuckahoe that his actual gains average forty dollars a night.

### Bessie and Theodore.

Theo. Tilton is writing a play—a five-act tragedy, one of the "Gorgeous Heavings! All is lost! Ha! ha! ha!" kind, and Bessie Turner is writing a novel, one of the "But," murmured the maiden, "if thou dost not thinkest, Adolbert, that it were better for me if I hadest had no kind, and we don't care much now if the trial comes off or not. With Bessie's new novel, "From Bed to Bed; or, Asleep in the Dark," and Theodore's terrible tragedy, "Hunt to the Wall; or, Tail of a Nightshirt," the American people can struggle through the winter about as patiently as they worried through the spring and summer.—Burlington Hawk-Eye.

### Monster Forest Trees.

A new grove of colossal redwood trees has been discovered in California. One of them eclipses all that have been discovered on the Pacific coast. It circumference, as high as a man can reach standing and passing a tape-line around, is a few inches less than one hundred and fifty feet. This is beyond the measurement of any tree in the Calaveras grove. The height is estimated at one hundred and sixty feet, and a part of the top lying on the ground is over one hundred feet in length.

### Grasshoppers have appeared in Africa in great numbers, and the natives are making dried beef of them for winter use.

The aggregate number of deaths in New Orleans for the week ending August 26 was 108.

### General Early and the Sealawag.

General Early was in a Richmond saloon with a friend, recently, when in walked Rush Burgess, United States Internal Revenue Collector, lately defeated for Congress, together with Hon. Ambler Smith. He at once approached Gen. Early and his companion, offering cigars, which they accepted, supposing him to be an old comrade in arms.

"General," said Rush, "you don't seem to know me."

"No, replied the General, I do not recollect you."

"Well, I am Rush Burgess."

"Are you that sealawag?" replied the general, in his emphatic drawl.

"I am Rush Burgess sir," replied Rush, flushing as red as a turkey-cock; "but you should not speak of me in that way."

"Sir," said the old General, with scorn and contempt in tone, look and gesture, "your impudence in addressing gentlemen deserves much worse, and had I known you, I would not have received your cigar," and he tossed it from him in loathing and turned away.

Burgess made some remark about the General's age, when the old man returned.

"Sir," said he, I am old enough to know what I am saying, and I am young enough to stand up to it."

"Then, sir," cried Burgess, "our acquaintance ends here!"

"Rnds!" exclaimed the General "by heaven, sir, it has never begun!"

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### Odds and Ends.

A Vermont paper has an article on "How to Treat Tramps." For our own part we should most certainly oppose treating them at all.

"Let her drive," is a phrase to be found in the Bible. So also is "skin of my teeth," and "his driving was like unto the driving of John."

A man who was up in a police court recently, gave his occupation as that of a "conchologist," and explained by saying that he opened oysters at the market.

The word reporter has been adopted into the French language, though against the protest of the purists, who claim that *journalist*, or "newsist," answers every purpose.

### Hamlet.

In answer to a correspondent, the *Monde Illustré* gives the following particulars of the Danish prince.—The historian Saxo Grammaticus, who lived in twelfth century, states that Hamlet was the son of a king of Jutland, named Horvendil, and that his mother was the Queen Gerutha. Fenge, the brother of Horvendil, having assassinated Hamlet's father, seized the throne and married his widow. Hamlet feigned madness, and in the meantime prepared to take vengeance on his guilty uncle. King Fenge suspected the sinister designs of his nephew, and sent him to England for the purpose of having assassinated. Hamlet, however, succeeded in gaining the friendship of the English king, and returned the following year to Denmark. There he slew, with his own hand, the assassin of his father, was proclaimed king, and fell some time afterwards in a battle against King Viglet, who was offended because Hamlet had assumed the style of royalty.

### Mountain-Making.

We speak of mountains forming clouds about their tops: the clouds have formed the mountains. Lift a district of granite, or marble, into their region, and they gather about it, and hurl their storms against it, beating the rocks into sands, and then carry them out into the sea, carrying out canons, gulches and valleys, and leaving plateaus and mountains embossed on the surface.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

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State officers in Nebraska have no fess and it takes them an hour and a half to answer a question.

An Illinois father is determined that his children shall all learn the printer's trade, so that they can have free tickets to circuses.

Grasshoppers have appeared in Africa in great numbers, and the natives are making dried beef of them for winter use.

The aggregate number of deaths in New Orleans for the week ending August 26 was 108.