

PORT AND ROYAL STANDARD AND COMMERCIAL.

VOL. V. NO. 3.

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1876.

\$2.00 per Annum. Single Copy 5 Cents.

The Teetotal Mill.

Two jolly toppers once sat in an inn, discussing the merits of brandy and gin. Said one to the other: "I tell you what, Bill, I've been hearing to-day of this teetotal mill."

"You must know that this teetotal mill has been built."

"Of old broken casks when the liquor's been split."

"You go up some high steps, and when at the top, you give a paper to sign at the teetotal mill."

"You promise by signing this paper, I think, that you will abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and you give up your wine without much self-denial, but my cigars have become a necessity!"

Maggie.—"Oh, Charlie, don't say that! It makes me shudder; not that smoking is so very distasteful to me, but your plea of necessity looks so like a surrender of manliness to the power of an evil habit."

Charlie.—"Well, to my sorrow, I must confess that whenever I have attempted to break off the habit I have failed, and I have come out second best every time."

Maggie.—"Perhaps you did not try in the right way."

Charlie.—"I just tossed my cigar into the street, and said I wouldn't use another, and didn't until I lost my appetite, trembled all over like a leaf, lost my power of recollection, and really thought I would go crazy, or break down in a general collapse, then I took the weed and was soon all right again."

Maggie.—"Did you crave it all that time?"

Charlie.—"Crave it? I was stark mad for it; dying for want of it."

Maggie.—"Have you never heard of a method of cure, perfectly painless, instantaneous, and so complete that the craving never is felt?"

Charlie.—"Bosh! there isn't a medicine on earth that will do all that."

Maggie.—"But suppose that a number of credible witnesses testify that they have been personally cured in that way?"

Charlie.—"If they are really credible witnesses, and testify to acts in their own experience, I suppose they must be believed, but I should want to cross-examine them pretty closely first."

Maggie.—"They will not object, and, if agreeable to you, we will visit one of them, Mr. B. to tea to-morrow, when you can quiz him all you like."

Charlie.—"All right; but now let us have some tea to-night, after which I will enjoy my Havana (if those terrible statistics will keep out of my head), in anticipation of the marvelous revelations of to-morrow."

(Charlie, Maggie and Mr. B. seated at the table.)

Maggie.—"Have your cup filled, Mr. B."

Mr. B.—"No, thank you. Since I was cured of my tobacco habit, I feel less in need of stimulants than formerly, hence rarely take more than a single cup of tea."

Charlie.—"That wouldn't serve me at all. My thirst calls for a greater quantity than that."

Mr. B.—"Perhaps not so much thirst is the cry of suffering nerves for stimulants under the depressing influence of the narcotic in your cigars."

Charlie.—"Well, whatever it be, another cup, Maggie, please; and now, Mr. B., will you have the kindness to tell us about that wonderful cure?"

Mr. B.—"With pleasure. The story is very short. I had been a slave to tobacco in various forms for many years. Had striven in vain to break off the habit, taken various substitutes, but judging of my condition by the imperviousness of the craving, I was more enthralled than ever. That thought alarmed me; then, too, I resented the implied impeachment of my manhood, and at last resolved that, come what might, I would sometime give up its use. But the terrific strain of former efforts deterred me from beginning at once. While in this state, I casually mentioned my purpose and dread to an old friend who had been converted not long before, and had abandoned all his bad habits together, when he surprised me beyond measure by exclaiming: 'Why, B., it's all useless to have any 'fuss about the thing. Just go to the Lord Jesus on your knees and ask Him, not merely to help you to abstain, but also to keep you from craving for it, and He'll do it! I know He will, for I tried it, and have never had a desire for it since. Just the same with the desire for wine, and I have been free man ever since. Glory to His blessed name!' The earnestness and sincerity of my friend affected me, and at once caught the inspiration of the hope. I laid my tobacco quietly on the shelf in plain sight, sought a place of retirement, and there on my knees asked God to take away the appetite, and believed that He would do it immediately. I felt no change beyond a consciousness of trust in Him to keep me, and returned to my seat; the sight of my tobacco kindled no desire, and I have had none since. The victory was perfectly easy, and grandly complete."

Charlie.—"Well, I've left the piety of the household pretty much to this good wife of mine, but if that's what the Lord does for those who trust Him, I'll take some stock in that concern before it rises on the market."

Mr. B.—"It is 'without money and without price,' salvation 'unto the uttermost,' and 'now is the accepted time,' was not Charlie's decision, though quaintly expressed, wisely made?"

HARD TIMES.

THE CAUSE AND CURE.

Charlie.—"Well, little wife, got on your thinking cap, eh, instead of welcoming your tired and discouraged husband home after a hard day's work doing nothing in the store?"

Maggie.—"Yes, Charlie, your complaints about hard times have been running in my head ever since dinner, and I have gone into a calculation."

Charlie.—"A calculation! well, my sweet, mathematical financier, can you show me how we are going to live this year, with the fall of fifty per cent, and twenty per cent. of the bills that we do make good to the dogs?"

Maggie.—"Perhaps I can, by-and-bye, but I have just finished a general estimate of what might be done to cure the hard times."

Charlie.—"Better yet! Come, lassie, out with the figures, and I will have them posted on the bulletin, and quoted on 'Change' before nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

Maggie.—"Don't be sarcastic, Charlie; there may be more sense in this 'goose head,' as you sometimes call it, than you think."

Charlie.—"All right. Proceed to business."

Maggie.—"Well, first, I must 'preliminate,' as Pars-o-B. says, that hard times come from waste."

Charlie.—"Our Bridge's waste, for example!"

Maggie.—"Be quiet, please, and do not interrupt the speaker."

Charlie.—"Bye pardon. I am all attention."

Maggie.—"In the United States, in 1870, \$1,500,000,000 worth of intoxicating drinks and \$610,000,000 worth of tobacco were consumed; the expenditures for licentiousness were as much more, giving a total of \$4,220,000,000 wasted in the gratification of three appetites. Suppose this sum was saved. It would give to each of the 8,000,000 families in our land a free rental of \$200 four barrels of flour at \$7-\$8; one barrel of pork, \$22; one barrel of beef, \$13; six barrels of potatoes at \$2-\$12; three barrels of apples at \$4-\$12; 100 pounds of sugar at thirty-cents, \$30; one suit of clothes for the father, \$40; one suit of clothes for the mother, \$45; three suits of clothes for the children at \$25-\$75; annual premium on a life insurance policy of \$1,500, \$47. Total, \$526 for each family, still leaving \$8,500,000 surplus unexpended."

Charlie.—"Maggie, you astound me! You have surely made some great mistake!"

Maggie.—"Well, run over the figures for yourself. You are no more surprised than I was, but I can find no error in the calculation. The amount of

liquor and tobacco consumed is as officially reported in the United States census. The estimate of the amount wasted in licentiousness is my own, but certainly far within the truth. Now, if we could have our proportion of those articles given to us this year, I think that we might live comfortably, even with the diminished trade. Certainly if all this amount were saved but for a single year, the hard times would vanish."

Charlie.—"You're a jewel, wife! If hard times are to remain until men cease their indulgences, I fear that prosperity is very far off. As for myself, I can give up my wine without much self-denial, but my cigars have become a necessity!"

Maggie.—"Oh, Charlie, don't say that! It makes me shudder; not that smoking is so very distasteful to me, but your plea of necessity looks so like a surrender of manliness to the power of an evil habit."

Charlie.—"Well, to my sorrow, I must confess that whenever I have attempted to break off the habit I have failed, and I have come out second best every time."

Maggie.—"Perhaps you did not try in the right way."

Charlie.—"I just tossed my cigar into the street, and said I wouldn't use another, and didn't until I lost my appetite, trembled all over like a leaf, lost my power of recollection, and really thought I would go crazy, or break down in a general collapse, then I took the weed and was soon all right again."

Maggie.—"Did you crave it all that time?"

Charlie.—"Crave it? I was stark mad for it; dying for want of it."

Maggie.—"Have you never heard of a method of cure, perfectly painless, instantaneous, and so complete that the craving never is felt?"

Charlie.—"Bosh! there isn't a medicine on earth that will do all that."

Maggie.—"But suppose that a number of credible witnesses testify that they have been personally cured in that way?"

Charlie.—"If they are really credible witnesses, and testify to acts in their own experience, I suppose they must be believed, but I should want to cross-examine them pretty closely first."

Maggie.—"They will not object, and, if agreeable to you, we will visit one of them, Mr. B. to tea to-morrow, when you can quiz him all you like."

Charlie.—"All right; but now let us have some tea to-night, after which I will enjoy my Havana (if those terrible statistics will keep out of my head), in anticipation of the marvelous revelations of to-morrow."

(Charlie, Maggie and Mr. B. seated at the table.)

Maggie.—"Have your cup filled, Mr. B."

Mr. B.—"No, thank you. Since I was cured of my tobacco habit, I feel less in need of stimulants than formerly, hence rarely take more than a single cup of tea."

Charlie.—"That wouldn't serve me at all. My thirst calls for a greater quantity than that."

Mr. B.—"Perhaps not so much thirst is the cry of suffering nerves for stimulants under the depressing influence of the narcotic in your cigars."

Charlie.—"Well, whatever it be, another cup, Maggie, please; and now, Mr. B., will you have the kindness to tell us about that wonderful cure?"

Mr. B.—"With pleasure. The story is very short. I had been a slave to tobacco in various forms for many years. Had striven in vain to break off the habit, taken various substitutes, but judging of my condition by the imperviousness of the craving, I was more enthralled than ever. That thought alarmed me; then, too, I resented the implied impeachment of my manhood, and at last resolved that, come what might, I would sometime give up its use. But the terrific strain of former efforts deterred me from beginning at once. While in this state, I casually mentioned my purpose and dread to an old friend who had been converted not long before, and had abandoned all his bad habits together, when he surprised me beyond measure by exclaiming: 'Why, B., it's all useless to have any 'fuss about the thing. Just go to the Lord Jesus on your knees and ask Him, not merely to help you to abstain, but also to keep you from craving for it, and He'll do it! I know He will, for I tried it, and have never had a desire for it since. Just the same with the desire for wine, and I have been free man ever since. Glory to His blessed name!' The earnestness and sincerity of my friend affected me, and at once caught the inspiration of the hope. I laid my tobacco quietly on the shelf in plain sight, sought a place of retirement, and there on my knees asked God to take away the appetite, and believed that He would do it immediately. I felt no change beyond a consciousness of trust in Him to keep me, and returned to my seat; the sight of my tobacco kindled no desire, and I have had none since. The victory was perfectly easy, and grandly complete."

Charlie.—"Well, I've left the piety of the household pretty much to this good wife of mine, but if that's what the Lord does for those who trust Him, I'll take some stock in that concern before it rises on the market."

Mr. B.—"It is 'without money and without price,' salvation 'unto the uttermost,' and 'now is the accepted time,' was not Charlie's decision, though quaintly expressed, wisely made?"

The First One.

Some time ago, at a conclave at a hotel, generals, majors, etc., were each, with much declamation, giving an account of an incident of the war. A quiet man stood by, and at last said: "Gentlemen, I happened to be there, and perhaps might be able to refresh your memories as to what took place;" and he gave, succinctly and inoffensively, an exact detail of a smart action. The hotel keeper said to him: "Sir, what might have been your rank?"

"I was a private," was the reply.

Next day the quiet man, as he was about to depart, asked for his bill.

"Not a cent, sir; not a cent," answered the proprietor. "You are the very first private I ever met."

Up the Rocky Mountains.

We leave Denver, says a traveler, for a short stay among the Rocky Mountains, bound first for Central City. After riding for about an hour, we change cars on a narrow gauge railroad, and from this point the scenery is of the very wildest description. The road itself, built as it is along the banks of streams, and through cuts in the solid rock which now rises so high above your head, that it almost shuts out the sky, is a tribute to man's superiority to the obstacles nature has placed in his way. As we stop a minute before a very steep ascent, I go forward and ask permission of the engineer to ride by his side, believing that one cannot obtain an adequate view of the magnificent scenery through which we are about to pass while sitting in the cars. The engineer, however, says that, as the road is narrow gauge, the cab is only just big enough for himself and the fireman. "But," says he, "many Eastern men ride up this canyon on the cowcatcher. After assuring me that it is perfectly safe, as he can by no means travel at express speed, he places a broad board on the cowcatcher, and, when I have taken my seat, with my hand firmly grasping the signal flag, the engine gave a shrill whistle, and off we start. For the first five minutes I really enjoy my novel manner of locomotion. "This," said I, "is the very place of all others from which to view the mountains!—to be pushed slowly up the gorge with nothing before you on the track, a towering mass of rocks on the one hand, and on the other, far below, a quickly flowing stream, hissing and gurgling over stones and fallen trees and old mill wheels. Another five minutes pass, and I begin to speculate as to what will happen to me, if, getting a little dizzy, I leap off the engine. If I spring aside to the right, I shall be crushed between the train and the towering rock; if I jump to the left, I shall be dashed to pieces on the stones of the stream far below. The result will be the same in either case—death. Still, the quickly throbbing engine pushes me on. As we pass through a village the inhabitants turn out and stare at the engine, amazed at the novel figure head that it carries. The village is left behind; we are again alone, making our way up the canyon; the hot breath of the engine stifles me; the continual swaying from side to side affects my head; I call aloud to my engineer, but the sound of my voice is drowned in the roar of the wheels. I try to grasp the little flag staff more firmly; it turns in its socket, and I am compelled to trust to my hold on the bars of the cowcatcher. I do not know how long I can endure this. I almost feel that I may faint. A village is in sight! Do we stop? Yes, for our engine gives a loud whistle, the brakes are put down, the wheels turn more slowly; we come to a standstill. I leap off the engine and seek the engineer. "How far have we traveled since I got on to the engine?" "Eight miles," is the reply.

An Affecting Reunion.

David Barber, of West Bloomfield, called at the Detroit police station, the Press says, and said that he was in the city for the purpose of finding a dog which had been stolen from him two or three days previously by a colored man who was at work for one of Mr. Barber's neighbors. The officers at the station took a description of the dog and promised to try to find him, and Mr. Barber left, saying that he should stay in the city until his search was successful.

Two days after Mr. Barber returned to the station apparently very much discouraged, and had been there but a short time when he saw a roundsmen coming down the avenue leading the lost canine. He arose quickly and stepped to the front door, where he stood with tears in his eyes, watching the approach of the dog, who, when about one hundred feet from the station, saw and recognized his master. With a powerful and lightning-like spring he broke away from the officer, and the next instant master and dog were showering each other with manly and affectionate caresses, totally unconscious of the presence of a dozen officers. When the meeting had resolved itself into comparative quiet, it was seen that not only were tears coursing down Mr. Barber's cheeks, but the dog was actually shedding tears of joy.

Upon being questioned as to the reason of his extraordinary affection for a dog, Mr. Barber related the following story: "Three years ago this dog and my boy, then three years old, went together to Straight lake, a short distance from my home, and while there my boy clambered into a boat that lay upon the beach. In their sport the boat became loose and floated away with the boy. The dog did not see the boat and its load until quite a distance from shore, when he immediately jumped into the lake and swam after him. He was none too soon, for when the boat was about twenty rods from the shore it capsized, and my boy was thrown into the water. He had sunk twice when myself and several neighbors who had gathered on the beach saw this dog seize the boy by the shoulder in such a way as to hold his head high above the water. Then he swam toward us. He approached steadily, but we became impatient and waded out as far as possible to meet them. When he reached us the boy was not only as far as possible, but strong arms lifted the dog and carried him also. Do you wonder now that I love him?"

Defenses of Constantinople.

Col. Valentine Baker has made a careful report presenting the outlines of a plan for defending Constantinople on the land side. Few cities in the world are so well situated for defense as Constantinople. A properly devised torpedo system, with both movable and stationary torpedoes, supplemented by ironclads, could make it impregnable to the fleets of Europe, while its land approaches may be engineering skill made almost impassable against which armies might long dash in vain. If Russia captures Constantinople a feat of arms likely to be beyond her power, especially as England could not submit to the star's planting his flag in the Bosphorus.

THE CHARMERS OF HINDOOSTAN.

Marvels that a French Traveler Says that he Witnessed in the East.

Many of these Hindoo jugglers who live in the silence of the pagodas perform feats far surpassing the prestidigitations of Robert Houdin, and there are many others who in magnetism and the occult sciences have not made great discoveries in the questions which have recently been agitated in Europe.

On one occasion while I and others were in a cafe with Sir Maxwell, he ordered his dobochy to introduce the charmer. In a few moments lean Hindoo, almost naked, with an ascetic face and bronzed color, entered. Around his neck, arms, thighs and body were coiled serpents of different sizes. After saluting us, he said: "God be with you, I am Chibh-Chondor, son of Chibh-Gont-Mara."

"We desire to see what you can do," said our host.

"I obey the orders of Siva, who has sent me here," replied the fakir, squatting down upon one of the marble slabs.

The serpents raised their heads and hissed, but without showing any anger. Then taking a small pipe, attached to a wick in his hair, he produced scarcely audible sounds imitating the *atapapa*, a bird that feeds upon bruised coconuts. Here the serpents uncoiled themselves, and one after another glided to the ground, as soon as they touched the ground they raised about one-third of their bodies, and began to keep time to their master's music. Suddenly the fakir dropped his instrument and made several passes with his hands over the serpents, of whom there were about ten, all of the most deadly cobra species of India. His eye assumed a strange expression. We all felt an indefinite uneasiness, and sought to turn away our gaze from him. At this moment a small shocra, whose business was to hand fire in a small brazier for lighting cigars, yielded to his influence, lay down, and fell asleep. Five minutes passed thus, and we felt that the manipulations were to continue for several minutes more, and we all fell asleep. Chondor then rose, and making two young serpents rise, and without uttering a word, he offered fire to his master. It was pinched, pulled about, till there was no doubt of its being actually asleep. Nor would it move from Sir Maxwell's side till ordered to do so by the fakir.

We then examined the other cobras. Paralyzed by magnetic influence, they lay at full length on the ground. On taking them up we found them stiff as sticks. They were in a state of complete catalepsy. The fakir then awakened them, and they then returned to their normal state, and again coiled about his neck and arms, as if he could make us feel his influence, he made a few passes over our legs, and instantly we lost the use of these limbs; we could not leave our seats. He then released us as easily as he had paralyzed us.

Chibh-Chondor closed his séance by experimenting upon inanimate objects. By mere passes with his hands in the direction of the object to be acted upon, and without leaving his seat, he palmed and extinguished lights in the furthest parts of the room, moved the furniture, including the divans upon which we sat, opened and closed doors. Catching sight of a Hindoo who was drawing water from a well in the garden, he made a pass over his head, and the man suddenly stopped in his descent, resisting all the efforts of the astonished gardener. With another pass the rope again descended.

I asked Chibh-Chondor: "Do you employ the same means in acting upon inanimate objects that you do upon living creatures?"

He replied: "I have only one means."

"What is it?"

"The will. Man, who is the result of all intellectual and material forces, must dominate over all. The brahmins know nothing besides this."

Boys and Their Mothers.

Some one has written beautifully to the boys in the following manner. Here is a whole sermon in a few sentences: Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is a pure love, noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out bad" who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect his wife as a true knight who will love his wife as much in the serene-leaved autumn as in the daisy springtime.

Raising a Panic.

A few evenings ago, among the passengers who returned to Easton from the Centennial, were a number of ladies from that place, one of whom had purchased a good sized toy balloon. An Easton paper says: When she alighted from the train at this place the crowd was so great that she was jammed in, and another lady was pushed against the balloon, when it burst with a loud noise. The lady who had caused the explosion fell into the arms of a companion and declared that she had been shot. Her cries attracted the attention of the male passengers, who fearing that some one indeed had fired a pistol, became much excited, and for a while it was feared that the rush to get out of the cars would result in some one getting trampled under foot. The cause of the alarm was finally explained, and the supposed wounded lady was escorted to her home without delay.

In a Scientific Way.

The following extracts from Professor Draper's lecture summarizes some of the achievements of the United States in the way of science: We have sent out expeditions of exploration both to the Arctic and Antarctic seas. We have submitted our own coast to a hydrographic and geodesic survey not excelled in exactness and extent by any similar works elsewhere. In the accomplishment of this we have been compelled to solve many physical problems of the greatest delicacy and highest importance, and we have done it successfully. The measuring rods with which the three great base lines of Maine, Long Island and Georgia were determined, and their beautiful mechanical appliances, have excited the public expression of admiration of some of the greatest European philosophers and the conduct of that survey their unstinted applause. We have instituted geological surveys of many of our States and much of our Territories, and have been rewarded not merely by manifold local benefits, but also by the higher honor of extending very greatly the boundaries of that noble science. At an enormous annual cost we have maintained a meteorological signal system which I think is not equaled, and certainly is not surpassed, in the world. Should it be said that selfish interests have been mixed up with some of these undertakings, we may demand whether there was any selfishness in the survey of the Dead Sea? Was there any selfishness in that mission that sent a citizen of New York to equatorial Africa for the finding and relief of Livingstone, any in the astronomical expedition to South America, any in that to the valley of the Amazon? Was there any in the sending out of parties for the observation of the total eclipse of the sun? It was by American astronomers that the true character of his corona was first determined. Was there any in the seven expeditions that were dispatched for observing the transit of Venus? Was it not here that the bi-partition of Biela's comet was first detected, here that the eighth satellite of Saturn was discovered, here that the dusky ring of that planet, which had escaped the great European Herschel and was first seen? Was it not by an American telescope that the companion of Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens, was revealed and the mathematical prediction of the cause of its perturbations verified? Was it not by a Yale College professor that the showers of shooting stars were first scientifically discussed, on the occasion of that meteoric phenomenon in 1833? Did we not join in the investigations respecting terrestrial magnetism instituted by European governments at the suggestion of Humboldt, and contribute our quota to the results obtained? Did not the Congress of the United States vote a money grant to carry into effect the invention of the electric telegraph? Does not the published flora of the United States show that something has been done in botany? Have not very important investigations been made here on the induction of magnetism in iron, the effect of magnetic currents on one another, the translation of quality into intensity and the converse? Was it not here that the radiations of incandescence were first investigated, the connection of increasing temperature with increasing refrangibility shown, the distribution of light, heat and chemical activity in the solar spectrum ascertained and some of the fundamental facts in spectrum analysis developed long before general attention was given to that subject in Europe? Here the first photograph of the moon was taken, here the first of the diffraction spectrum was produced, here the first portraits of the human face were made—an experiment that has given rise to an important industrial art!

Puts his Foot Down.

Thomas Carlyle, in a recent conversation with an American gentleman, took occasion, in a very concise but emphatic way, to express his opinion of Darwin and the man who adopted his views. Said he: "A good sort of man, but with very little intellect. Ah, it's sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking around in a puerile fashion and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretense, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog spawn: the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes—'To glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside."

The Centennial Exhibition.

The attendance at the Centennial Exhibition, compared with international exhibitions of other countries, shows the following:

Year.	Place.	Number of Visitors.	Receipts.	Days.
1851.	London.	6,039,195	\$2,530,000	141
1855.	Paris.	5,152,380	640,500	200
1862.	London.	6,211,103	2,860,000	171
1867.	Paris.	10,000,000	2,822,933	210
1873.	Vienne.	7,254,687	2,000,000	186
1876.	Philadelphia.	9,907,125	3,850,000	159

An important fact in connection with the above showing is that the aggregate population within seven days' travel of the Centennial Exhibition does not exceed 45,000,000, while the aggregate population within seven days' travel of either of the other great exhibitions was not far short of 200,000,000.

Very Greasy.

The latest London industry is the collection of oleaginous deposits in the mud of the Thames. It is quite profitable, the mud gatherers making three shillings and sixpence a day. Small globes made of cork and lined with hair are planted in the mud at low tide and the fatty substances in the water adhere to them. This miscellaneous grease is manufactured into fresh butter for the London market.

What a Noted Judge Says.

A reporter interviewed Chief Justice Church, of the supreme court of New York, on the great question of the day. "I have always apprehended," said Judge C., "that the greatest source of danger to the peace of the country would be the counting of the Presidential vote after a close canvass. The danger seems to me to lie in the machinery of the present electoral system."

"Is there a better way to elect the President? Have you any sympathy with the notion of a popular vote?"

"Not the least."

"Why?"

"It would be contrary to the genius, the structure of our institutions. It would tend to obliterate State outlines, to erase the rights of the minority, to concentrate and consolidate the government. These are things we ought ever to avoid."

"How about an electoral district system—a system dividing each State into electoral districts similar to Congressional districts, and letting the people of every district vote for their own separate Presidential elector?"

"That would have a similar effect—to obscure State divisions, to dwarf States, to prevent them from acting as units. I should oppose anything which had a tendency to detract from the dignity of the several States and thus to magnify the influence upon States of the general government, whose sufficient functions are defined in the Constitution. It is a curious fact," continued the chief justice, "that every great national disturbance has been produced by the intervention of the Federal government in affairs which concerned States. The United States bank disturbance, the nullification disturbance, were cases in point. So, when the South demanded that Congress should decide the question of extending slavery into the Territories. So, when Congress, at the behest of the North, undertook to adjudicate upon the slavery and other questions, the decision of which properly rested with each State by itself."

"The South forgot its doctrine of State rights when it thus applied to Congress?"

"Yes, or had not then formulated it."

"Have you, then, no idea in your own mind of a better system of electing the President and Vice-President?"

"An idea, yes. But I have not considered the subject thoroughly in the light of present circumstances. My opinion is that it would be an improvement to allow each State to vote by itself directly for the candidates for President and Vice-President, instead of for electors as now. This would do away with the existing electoral machinery."

"The vote of each State, when finally counted, to appear by the majority on one side or the other, as the vote of that State?"

"Yes."

"This for the reason that the States' autonomy as such would be preserved in the election, while by a popular vote, or by electoral districts, there would be practically a general election irrespective of States?"

"Yes."

A Venomous Beast.

There are but four venomous beasts among the fauna of the United States. These are the rattlesnake, the copperhead, the moccasin and the Spitz dog, and of the four, the latter is by far the most aggressive and deadly in its hostility to man. Were any of our citizens, says an exchange, to insist upon keeping pet rattlesnakes, and permitting them to run at large in the streets, the law would soon convince them of the propriety of weaving their affections upon less dangerous pets. But the law, with what is now seen to be a glaring inconsistency, allows every man to keep a Spitz, although the bite of the latter is far more dangerous than that of the former. A rattlesnake's bite can be whirled by saturating the system with opium, but there is no cure for the bite of a rabid Spitz.

The facts as to the monopoly of rabies in which the Spitz in this climate indulges are within the reach of all. They should be made the basis of an act of the Legislature, directing the immediate slaughter of every Spitz dog in the State, and punishing, by a heavy fine, the importation of a Spitz from any other State or country. The few mis-guided persons who are the accomplices of this notorious beast cannot have their perverted tastes gratified at the cost of the safety of the whole community. The Spitz and the rattlesnake deserve nothing but extermination, and when the former has completely disappeared and his place has been taken by dogs full of sweetness, light, and gifted with calm, well balanced minds, we shall hear no more of hydrophobia, and shall have no pretext for the annual St. Bartholomew dog massacre every summer.

Foolish Fellows.

The ways of the buffalo as described by travelers in the far West are as strange as those of the Heathen Chinee. If a herd of these animals gets on the north side of a track, it will stand stupidly gazing, though the locomotive passes within a hundred yards of it. But if two miles from the track on the south side the whole herd is thrown into the wildest commotion. Regardless of consequences it will make for the track, and if the train is in its way, each individual buffalo will go at it with the desperation of despair, plunging against or between the locomotive and the car. There was a notable instance of this in the severe winter of 1871-72, when the ponds and small rivers were frozen solid, and the buffalo was forced to the larger rivers for water. The collection of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, after having trains ditched twice in one week, learned to have a very decided respect for the idiosyncrasies of the buffalo, and when there was a possibility of striking a herd on the rampage for the north side of the track, stopped the train until it passed.

Items of Interest.

If a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, is a mole in the face worth two in the ground?

A cricket ball struck a boy, aged thirteen, behind the ear, in London. He fell senseless and died within two hours.

The wine crop of France this year is unusually large, being a third larger than the vines promised at the outset of the season.

The annual death rate in London now averages eighteen per 1,000; in Edinburgh, twelve; in Glasgow, twenty-one; in Dublin, nineteen.

Dr. Carpenter believes in confining an habitual drunkard long enough to have new food, without alcohol, produce new, healthy tissues of the body.

Mrs. Trimmell's terrible mode of suicide, in Sterling, Ky., was to saturate her clothing with kerosene and set fire to it. She was religiously insane and believed that the flames would wait her to heaven without burning her.

Admirers of a former mathematical professor at Dartmouth cite, as proof of his wonderful gift of calculation, that when he went to Europe, he estimated his expenses so accurately, that he took just enough money to pay all his bills, and returned with one cent left.

Senator Norwood, of Georgia, is forty-six years old, and the son of a tanner. When elected to the United States Senate he said he did not know thirty members of the Legislature that elected him. He is known as "Tanyard Tom," and can beat any man in Georgia telling a joke.

The good old days are dead and gone; the rich coloring has faded out of the warp and woof of the past, and yet we rejoice that it is still true that a pretty woman cannot ride by her lover's side through a tunnel without emerging in a hat that looks as if it had been struck by lightning.

Mrs. Polk, the widow of the ex-President, says a correspondent, now lives in Nashville, and takes a lively interest in affairs of State. Her husband's tomb is laid in the lawn in front of her house. It is a solid block of gray stone, under a flat abutment of the same stone, raised above by four stone pillars.

A merchant, having sustained a considerable loss, desired his son not to mention it to anybody. The son time promised silence, but at the same time requested to know what the father could intend it. "If you divulge the loss," said the father, "we shall have two evils to support instead of one—our grief and the joy of our neighbors."

Along the Virgin river, in Nevada, are some of the most remarkable salt formations in the world. They are mountains of crystal salt, extending for more than thirty miles. The salt lies under a shallow covering of earth, and is raised by blasting. Most of it is perfectly pure, and is so clear that fine letters can be read through pieces of it a foot in thickness.

President Chadbourn, of Williams College, during a lecture was telling the freshmen class that the notion of allowing girls to enter the college for the sake of their good influence on the boys was not as sound as it might be, when a freshman raised his hand and eagerly inquired: "Don't you think it would have a good influence on the young ladies?"

Though a Mohammedan who marries a French girl is not required to renounce his religion, he cannot contract a valid marriage with another woman during her lifetime. These unions usually turn out well, and are extremely prolific, and the Arab husband submits passively to the domination of his French consort, as though he tacitly acknowledged himself of an inferior race.

An English company has proposed to Governor Smith, of Georgia, to put on a first-class line of steamers between Savannah or Brunswick and Liverpool at once, and keep them running steadily, provided the State will give them a bonus of \$50,000 a year for three years. They guarantee besides that they will land three hundred immigrants per month on their shores.

The recent report of the French minister of the interior gives the immigration from France from 1865 to 1874 as 60,245; the agricultural elements constituted thirty-seven per cent, one per cent, and of women twenty-nine per cent. During the same period the immigration of permanent settlers, chiefly by the eastern frontier, reached 63,026.

The Sea Serpent.

The interesting specimen in natural history, the sea serpent, has been seen again, this time between Malacca and Penang. The fortunate spectators were the officers and passengers of the steamship Nestor, who "unanimously vouch for the fact." The commander, John W. Webster, has published a card on the subject, from which I take the following account of the serpent: Being on the bridge at the time (about ten A. M.) when the first and third officers were surprised by the appearance of an enormous monster going in our course, and at an equal speed with the vessel, at a distance from us of about six hundred feet. It had a square head, and a dragon black and white striped tail, and an immense body which was quite fifty feet broad when the monster raised it. The head was about twelve feet broad, and appeared to be occasionally at the extreme about six feet above the water. When the head was placed on a level with the water, the body was extended to its utmost limit to all appearance, and then the body rose out of the water about two feet, and seemed quite fifty feet broad at those times. The long dragon tail with black and white scales alternated in which at one time the head, at another the body, and eventually the tail formed, each in its turn, a prominent object above the water. The animal, or whatever it may be called, appeared careless of our close proximity, and went on our course for about fifteen minutes on our starboard side, and then finally worked round to our port side, and remained in view to the delight of all on board, for about half an hour.