ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1874.

VOLUME III.

ANTITHESIS. Death gives us more than life. - Stray Poem Aye, more: if gives repose, .

Sweeter than any life can e'er impart;

Vast depth of peace, where every burdened

heart At length will lose its wees.

I know my prison-bars:
I build no topling towers on shifting sands;
I reach not upward with decaying hands
To grasp the lofty stars.

The lowly grave is dear,
And has no terrors; it is free from pain;
Its could is downy; and no secret baue
Wrings the regretful tear.
And life—its wild uproar,
Its fruitless hopes, its wilhered, blighted days,
Its hours of auguish, turn the fainting gaze
Toward the "voiceless shore."

OLD DIGGLYBONES.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER. You would think from his name that he was old and wrinkled, bent and brown, with a dreadfully cunning, wicked face; but he isn't at all. His cheeks are round and soft and downy, and pink like peaches; and he has such a bright, innocent look that he walks into your heart at once without knock-

We call him Digglybones because he is so fond of the play in which a dread-ful wicked old man steals all the lady's children and turns them into pies; the poor lady, heartbroken for her loss, goes to the baker's to console herself with a self. pie. She calls for gooseberry but no sooner has she received it than she ex-

claims:
"Mercy me! This is my daughter
"Disclybones ories back, and the poor mother has to go pie-

buying again.
You would never think that our little round-cheeked boy would be able to run fast enough to make a successful Digglybones, his legs are so fat and so short, but he can catch the mother and get Amelia back four times out of five. He has a big sister named Rose; he alls her Wosie with his little unmanageable tongue, and thinks she is the most wonderfully wise, perfectly beau-tiful, dearest and best sister in the wide

Wosie is eighteen and still goes to school, where her anxions teachers haven't half such a high opinion of her as Digglybones has; though they can't help liking her after knowing her a little.

There is a tall young fellow with black eyes and a great mustache who comes to see her sometimes, and I really believe that he quite agrees with Digglybones in his high opinion of Wo-sie; at least the little boy put his raugh-

door-bell.

"Land!" cried grandmother, nearly leaping out of her seat. "What do people want to ring that bell in that style for? It's set me all in a flutter. Run to the door, pet."

Grandmother doesn't call him Digglybones: she thinks it is a dreadful name.

bones; she thinks it is a dreadful name. When, after no small amount of tugand don't let the grass grow under your feet another time."

Digglybones was so astonished about said:

the grass that he let the letter fall out of his hand, and did not shut his mouth had disappeared, and might have stood there longer if his mother had not called out to him to shut the door quick, before the house was full of flies.

When he took the letter into grandmother the good old lady read the di-

rections out lond:

"Miss Rose Stillingfleet. City."

"Land!" she said, "I guess that's from Mr. Alford. I wouldn't wonder if Rosie would give the best two bits she ever saw to get this letter. Well, put it "Hungr on the table in her own room, dear.

Digglybones trudged off up stairs with it, thinking all the time, as hard as he could think with his busy little brain; he had never breathed a word of his putting his eye up to the keyhole, for he had a strong suspicion that everybody, from grandmother down, would strongly disapprove of such a performance on his part; but he hadn't forgotten it all, and he "guessed" that Mr. Alford, the owner of the black mustache, was the most dangerous rival he had; and he thought to himself that Wosie would give two bits to get the

After a while Digglybones knocked down his Indian fort and went out of doors to play; he knocked at Jimmy Lee's back door and asked Mrs. Lee, in his sweet voice, "Could pease Jimmy come out doors and play soldier?"

But Mrs. Lee said Jimmy had gone in town with his auntie, and wouldn't be back until lunch-time; so Digglybones played soldier by himself for a little

while.

But he found it exceedingly duil to be captain, lieutenant, company and every-thing, and began to wish he had some

who had been reduced to the verge of bankruptcy by Digglybones already.

"I want some tandy."
"It isn't good for you," replied grand. "Some of these days some

little boy any teeth?' and somebody soon cleared, and he replied, very

will have to answer, 'Because his naughty grandma gave him so much candy.'"

"Then I can buy teeth like yours,"
head is all covered with 'em."

answered Digglybones; "I want some tandy anyway."

But grandmother shook her head, and that day she was proof against teasing, although Digglybones teased his best.

He found his mother equally untractable, and then his busy little brain began to think; and he th ught, among ingleet attends gabool here?'

Head is all covered with 'em."

Whereupon the gentleman took out his handkorchief and wiped his eyes, and shook very hard; Digglybones looking on wonderingly.

Just then a young gentleman said:

"Can you tell me if Miss Rose Stilling the steps and the young gentleman said: although Digglybones teased his best.

He found his mother equally untractable, and then his busy little brain began to think; and he th ught, among other things, that Wosie had some "five centses," and if he gave her that letter she would give him some of them. Grandma had said that she would give two bits to get that letter, and he was sure there was a good many "five centses" in two bits; and visions of an unlimited amount of candy passed before him.

He knew the school where Wosie went, and was sure he could find it; he had watched her go down street so many

times. So, without saying a word to anybody, he put the letter in his little jacket pocket and started off. The letter stuck up so high that it scraped his soft skin, so he doubled it up and crowded it down. He walked along very compla-cently, with his ragged straw hat on one side, totally unconscious that his face was dirty and his hair in his eyes; in fact, he felt perfectly satisfied with him-

By and by it occurred to him that he was pretty hungry, and it was queer that he did not find the high school. "My dacious!" he thought to himself, Amelia!" Then old Digglybones cries out 'Pie, pie, pie," and chases her home. If he catches her he gets Amelia little rest would do him no harm, so he letter extended in his dirty hand. found a nice, shady doorstep, and sat

cessity, he much wondered if that some-thing hard wasn't something to eat.

"Perhaps," thought Digglybones to himself, "it is five cents. I dess it is; and I dess Wosie would just as lieve

dive it to me as not."

He could not imagine a tenderer mark of affection on Mr. Alford's part than

his inclosing five cents to Wosie.

He opened the letter as carefully as his clumsy little fingers could do it, and out slipped—not something to eat, and not five cents, but a round, firm curl clipped from Mr. Alford's black, curly

head.
"O dear!" said Digglybones, dis-

He tried to slip it back again, but his small fingers were "all thumbs," and it slipped down to the sidewalk beside him; he thought, however, that he had got it in again all safe, and he stuffed the let-ter back into his pocket, feeling rather dubious about what Wosie would say when she found that he had opened it. ste; at least the little boy put his raughty eye up to the keyhole of the parlor door one day and saw the black mustache as near wosie's mouth as his own sweet lips ever got.

One fine summer morning while Digglybones was building an Indian fort with his blocks on the dinning-room table, there came a terrific peal at the door-hell.

The f rther he walked the more forcibly it occurred to him that it was queer th the did not find the High School; and the more certain he was that he felt

decidedly hungry.

These two circumstances together caused Digglybones' spirits to descend to zero, and putting his fingers in his mouth and rubbing his eyes with his

deen at home, stopped Digglybones and

"What's the matter, little man?" Digglybones took his fist away from or pick the letter up until the postman his eye to see who it was that had spokswered:

"Please, sir, I want to find the high school; and Lhain't had no lunch, and I'm huagry!"

The last words came out with a bellow that would have made grandmother's heart ache for her pet if she could have

"Hungry !" said the gentleman, who could not suppress a grin at the nature of Digglybones' complaint. "Well, well,

This was a poser for Digglybenes, who instantly clapped his finger into his mouth again to consider the sub-ject; and he came out bravely.

"I want to find Wosie," he said.
"Ah, ha!" said the gentleman. Rosie your sister?"

Digglybones nodded.
"Take my hand," said his new friend,
"and we will find some hing to eat first, and Rosie afterward.'

They walked along together very confidentially indeed; for the indiscreet Digglybones told the gentleman all about Wosie's letter, and what grandmother had said, and what his naughty eye saw at the parler keyhole, and the ourl of black hair that had dropped out of the letter; all of which made the gentleman laugh so upreariously that Digglybones was profoundly astonished. He filled his little companion's pockets with cakes, candy and nuts, however, so that the little boy could not feel

thing, and began to wish he had some candy, or somebody to play with, he didn't care which.

"Grandma," he said, straying into the house, "I wish you would dive me five cents."

"What for, pet?" said grandmother, "What for, pet?" said grandmother, he had been reduced to the your effect of the high school.

"What for, pet?" said grandmother, "Beautiful and the said shook it, but no curl fell out; then the gentlemen took the letter and shook; shook it, but no curl fell out; then the and all in vain.

6) will say, 'Why hasn't that nice and worried for a moment, but his face —disappearing.

ingfleet attends school here?'
"Yes, sir, she does," said the young

girl. "Will you take this little boy so that he can find her?"

"Good-by, then, my boy," said the brown-eyed gentleman, patting Digglybones' head, and then, walking away.

Perhaps he told his brown-eyed children that night about the funny, dirtyfaced little boy whom he met, out hunting for "Wosie."

The young girl led the way up-stairs and, opening the door, ushered poor, shocking-looking little Digglybones into a room full of neat, pretty young ladies.

"This little boy wants to see Miss Stillingfleet," said the young girl to the teacher.

Rose stood up, her face scarlet and

In tun; the did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

The dirt on Digglybones' face was now so mixed with crumbs of cake and bits of candy that it was hard to tell what the color of his round cheeks might be; his tangled hair straggled down from under his regard straw but

"Here, Wosie," he said, in his clear, sweet voice, with a smile which would have done honor to a seraph, "here's Mr. down.

When he put Mr. Alford's letter into his pocket he had felt something hard in it, and now, being reduced to great nelit, and now, being reduced to great nelits he much wondered if that some-

He added the last entreaty in consequence of a look on Wosie's face which he had never seen there before.

The young ladies giggled; how could they help it? Even the teacher smiled. The tears rose up so thick in Wosie's eyes that she could hardly speak to ask the teacher if she might take the innocent little offender home,

The lettershe put in her pocket. She did not scold, but she refused to take hold of his haud and made him walk faster than his poor little legs could conveniently go.
When they reached home Digglybones

realized that the way of the transgressor is hard, and from that day to this he oyes Wosie's letters with fear and scorn, and nothing will persuade him to touch

The Grasshopper Army.

To the thousands of our readers who have for the past few years, and especially few months, heard and read of the grasshopper, the mighty spoiler of the husbandman's labors, but who have never seen or heard described the appearance and nature of the pestiferous insect, it may be that a picture of the creature and its doings would not be uninteresting. When the grasshoppers originally appeared in the northwestern states to any damaging degree, a num-ber of years since, they first attracted When, after no small amount of tugging, he succeeded in opening the door,
he found the postman there, not looking
so very pleasant as he might, because he
had been kept writing as a feet and putting his higher had been kept writing as a feet and harder every minute,
had been kept writing as a feet and putting his higher his higher had been kept writing as a feet and putting his higher his higher his higher his higher his higher hi had been kept waiting so long. "Here, bub," ho said, "here's a letter for you; and don't let the grass grow under your had a half-dozen little brown eyed chila dangerous, ravenous and devouring army of innumerable pigmy enemies. They came in swarms, darkening the beavens as far as the eye could reach, and alighting upon the green field like a black shroud, and only leaving it when nothing verdant remained out of their myriad stomachs. They were not near as large as were the domestic grasshoppers, neither green in color, but a brownish colored insect, of half the size. They hopped with all the power of the old green specimens, but when it came to using their wings the "old inhabitant" grasshoppers were nowhere. The invaders (early named the "raiders") were very eagles in minature, and would on a still day soar from a ruined corn-field directly toward the sun and away from human vision. People not experi enced in the devastating propensities of these pests can scarcely believe that so small an insect, and one hitherto looked upon so lightly as a powerless inhabit-ant of the farm, can do the harm which has been ascribed to them. But they can do mighty this gs on account of their numbers. It can hardly be credited that they come in sun-darkening clouds and cover the meadows, fields and roads to the depth of from one to five inches of wriggling and hungry life, but they do. It can hardly be believed that they light upon the fences, and gnaw away at the boards and posts with such as-siduity that they leave them looking haggled and scarred, but they do. It can hardly be understood that they will stop a team by driving like a hail storm in the horses' faces, that they coush by hundreds under the feet which step among them, and even stop railroad trains, with their grease when run over on up-grades, but it is tru . Any farmer in the infested region who is experi-enced in their ravages will affirm these hurt at his laughter, and took him to apparently extreme statements to be only tame facts in the presence of the ac-tual "raiders"—the Egyptian plague of Minnesota and the terror of the husbandmen of the whole northwest .-Chicago Journal.

> "Why, my boy," he said, "what will Rosie say to you? You've lost the curl of hair."
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> -A Mormon at Salt Lake proposes to make a human body appear and then disappear before the audience. He ful--A Mormon at Salt Lake proposes filled his programme by appearing, Digglybones looked a little puzzled getting the money of his audience, and

state Purchasing Agent to the Grangers.

We extract the following from a com-unication published in the Prairie armer from the Illinois state purhasing agent:

Never since the granges have been ganized did the members of the order they do at present. Starting out with the theory that so far as the purchasing or farm supples was concerned, that the long lines of middlemen could be dispensed with, and that a more direct trade, and consequently a less expensive system could be adopted, we formed organizations all over the state with a rapidity that surpassed our most sanguine anticipations. We promised manguine anticipations. We promised man-ufacturers that those of them who would dismiss their agents who were overrunning the country in the fine car-riages and with fast horses, forcing sales in the most expensive manner (all of which came out of the farmer's pocket) that we would supply the defect by contracting our trade and giving it to them in preference to all the others. With a promptness that was flat-tering to the feasibility of its proposition, many of the manufacturers, from all parts of the country, offered to meet us upon that platform, giving us the usual discounts allowed to the trade, thereby talking the business out of the nands of middlemen and depending upon the integrity of the order to false. upon the integrity of the order to fulfill their promises. It needs no philoso-phical argument to convince any one that the manufacturers acting in this way incurred the united displeasure of those belonging to "rings," together with that of the whole army of agents on both sides. This inaugurated a

fierce contest. No sooner was this move discovered than the "rings" and their agents low-ered the prices of their goods to those offered by our manufacturers, at the same time boasting that they would break down the system by decoying the trade away from those who dealt with us. To more effectually accomplish this, many of them sold goods during the past season at even lower prices than had yet been offered to us. Some of the boldest of them have declared that they will sell at even-less than cost for a time, depending upon making up for it in future trade, when they drive us from our position. There are hundreds of thousands of dollars band-ed against us this year to accomplish this end. As a general thing they have the be riest capitalists on their side, and, as it is a matter of life or death to them, they will fight us desperately. They know full well that we do not hold out a compromising hand to them, and they feel, too, that they have gone so far that they cannot give up while there is a ray of hope, and consequently it must be fought out on this line. Some of them attempt to decoy us away from our standard by experience. away from our standard by assuring us that they can manufacture goods cheaper now than formerly, and the price need not be as high. We know this is not so to any great extent, as material and labor and interest on money are about as high as ever. If, too, they

were in earnest why do the "rings" fight us and our principles so bitterly? Strange, indeed, that their conversawhere the pressure is not so great, that their conversation is not as complete as

it is here So far then as the Patrons in Illinois are concerned, they have accomplished all they started out for, and now the ground they fought for is theirs. The question now comes to every one, will you retain it, or will you forfeit it? This is a question fuller of meaning than mere common interrogatories. Hence the assertion made by me in the first sentence of this article. If you say you mean to occupy the position you now do, it is done only upon the fact that you fulfill to the very letter your promise to g ve your support to those who came out from the old system of agencies and declared themselves with us. Before this change we had no responsibility. We were mere tools in the manufacturer's hands to gather in the wealth of the country to the tills of

rings. It is not sufficient to say now that it is no matter where you purchase, since machinery, etc., is as low outside as inside the order. If in many instances this is the case, pless tell me to whom is the reduction due? Then let every true Patron stand by the stars and stripes of the grange, and see that the banner that led us to victory is not forgotten.

Rushing Into Danger.

The insane haste with which people often rush to their death is utterly la-mentable. Persons, to save the delay of a few minutes, heedlessly rush in front of a swift-moving train, or worse than foolishly jump upon a moving car, running the risk of an accident, sooner than wait the short time necessary to insure them perfect safety. If only themselves were the sufferers, the fate that often overtakes them would be well merited; but unfortunately they are the least hurt by the catastrophe. Several fatal accidents have recently occurred at the east-all of them resulting from criminal heedlessness. A young lady, wishing to show her friends how nimble ahead of a coming 1 comotive. She did cross, but her dress was caught in the passing wheels, and she was drawn back under the crushing weight of the train. Another instance was that of a man. His wife, looking from her chamber window, saw him step from the seut as a judgment from God upon him train which daily brought him from the for opposing the Church of England.

city. She ran down stairs to meet him city. She ran down stairs to meet him at the door, but he was not there. She thought he had hidden and called to him, but there was no answer. She saw a crowd of men coming up the street; they stopped at her gate, opened it, and came up the path bearing his dear body. He did alight in safety from the train. There was another train coming from the epposite direction; he would not wait the minute it would take to pass. but sprang in front would take to pass, but sprang in front of it, the wheel of the engine caught his boot he l, wheeled him around, and threw him upon the track. Hardly a day passes but some accident occurs from attempting to cross the streets in front of an approaching vehicle, and all to save a minute of time, certainly not so very valuable to one who helds his life at so small a price.

About Salt Lake.

A correspondent of the Baltimore A correspondent of the Battmore American, writing from Salt Lake City, says: "The city of Salt Lake is at the foot of the range of the Wahsatch Moun-tains, and extends somewhat on the upland plain. A long valley lies beyond affording fine cultivation for those am affording the cultivation and garbitious to extend their farms and garbitious to extend the city suburbs. The dens beyond the city suburbs. The mountains rise like the sides of a basin, containing in many places deep rifts of snow upon which the sun's rays have no visible effect. The most attractive feature about the city is their method of irrigation. A mountain stream is turned from its natural course, to form clear, from its natural course, to form clear, beautiful brooks, flowing over pebbly beds, on either side of the streets, which are themselves one hundred and thirty-three feet wide. The old houses are adobe, but many fine buildings are noticeable, and judging from the freshness of their appearance, the city must have greatly changed in the past few years. It is now laid out in wards, twenty in number, of eight blocks each. twenty in number, of eight blocks each. Every ward has a bishop presiding over it, subject to the chief of the council of bishops. This arrangement accounts for the entire absence of beggars. The Tabernacle stands on one of the principal streets; adjoining it the foundation of the new temple, which, if ever com-pleted, will be very elegant. On the same street are the Lion House and Bee Hive—homelike, comfortable buildings—and the prominent houses of the pres-ident. Still further on is the family ident. Still further on is the family school-house. A solid stone wall encloses all these buildings, leaving the stranger to wonder what such a life can be, for n.t a sign of animation reveals its workings to the outer world. On the opposite side of the street Brigham Young is building a spacing residence. Young is building a spacious residence valued at one hundred thousand dollars. Houses of other wives are scattered about in the neighborhood, and the neat little cottoge of Ann Eliza stands vacant. They tell us there are eighteen ladies who answer to the name of Mrs. Young in Salt Lake, and others in the Young in Salt Lake, and others in the towns throughout the Territory. Mrs. Amelia Young is an adept in the very important art of nursing and is also an educated lady, and this is a key to all that is mysterious about Mormon women. As a class they are not educated and they containly do not belong to ted, and they certainly do not belong to the order of fine ladies. They come from a laboring class of people, where labor means hard and continuous teil, with no time or thought to devote to the refinements of life. Some were peasant girls from European countries to whom higher wages out at service was the inducement offered. They do not look like happy women, and the natural inference is that they are not; but they zealously defend their mode of life because they consider it a part of their religion, and there is no bigotry so difficult to overcome as that founded upon religious convictions.'

Courage and Self-control.

Of students who begin a term with high aims, how many year after year fail to fulfill them, not from want of opportunity, but from want of resolution! The poet Cowper was once consulted by his friend, Mr. Unwin, about some man's character. "All I knew," he wrote, "about him is, that I saw him once clap his two hands upon a rail, meaning to leap over it; but he did not think the attempt a safe one, and so took them off again." This story typifies the career of not a few who prorised something better. Let me counsel you to keep your hand upon the rail, even if you fail to clear it at the first leap, or, at all events, only to remove it in order to try a humbler height. You are often exhaustal You are often exhorted to aim high that you may secure a lower

"Who aimeth at the sky, Shoots higher much than he that means

But I am not sure that it is not wiser to select for the immediate mark, how-ever ambitious your ultimate hopes may be, something fairly within your power, and pertinaciously to strive until you hit it.

.The attempt to substitute moral sussion for corporeal punishment in the government of pupils in the public schools of Chicago has been entirely successful. The report of the school board dwells upon this fact with pardonable complacency. Last year there were fewer suspensions, in proportion to the attendance than ever before, Nine schools, having an average attend-ance of 6,500, report no suspensions and she was, attempted to cross the track no corporeal punishment. Six schools, ahead of a coming 1 comotive. She with an attendance of 4,500, report one suspension each.

> -Mr. Spurgeon, in his Sword and Trowel, acknowledges the receipt of a letter informing him that the gout was

NUMBER 28.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

-A doctor's motto is supposed to be: Patients and long suffering.

-It is success that colors all in life; success makes fools admired, makes villains honest, -Thomson.

—The sponge business in Syria yields about \$125,000 a year, not an hundredth part as much as is yielded by the spong. ing business in America.

—At Decatur, Ill., the streets are drained by sinking wells forty feet, at which depth there are quicksands which do the work very effectually.

—Miss Thackeray says, the sum of the evil done by a respectable and easy going life may be greater in the end, perhaps, than that of many a disastrous career.

—When a Chicago woman feels par-ticularly spiteful toward mankind, she sleeps with her feet out of the window, so as to prevent people from seeing the comet.

—A Kansas school ma'am wouldn't dismiss achool to let the scholars sec a circus procession go by, and the board of trustees have secured a teacher who isn't so stuck up. -A Wisconsin man has just been par-

doned, after seven years' service in the penitentiary, it having been ascertained that he did not commit the murder of which he was accused.

—Flour will extinguish the flames of burning coal oil, according to some-bedy in Wisconsin. As soon as it becomes generally understood that coal oil is dangerous, this discovery may prove of great service. -Detroit Free Press: "A young lady

in Milwaukee fainted away when her lover called and found her bare-footed, but a Chicago girl would have kicked his hat off as she cried 'good morning.

The daughter of Kicking Bird is described as a "lively, piquant little thing, with arch, soulful eyes." The elk teeth with which her cloak is or, namented are valued at two hundred and offer mules. and fifty mules

-Engaging candor: Papa-"And pray, sir, what do you intend to settle-on my daughter? and how do you mean to live?" Intended—"I intend, sir, to settle myself on your daughter, and live on you !"

—"I believe my fate will be that of Abel's," said a wife to her husband, one day. "Why so?" inquired her husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night." -Some singers at a concert were somewhat startled the other evening by

finding that the selection, "When wearied watchers sink to sleep," had been printed on their programmes, "When married wretches," etc. —Within the past five years 27,785 miles of railroad have been constructed in this country at \$40,000 per mile; the cost of these works has been \$1,111,-400,000. The population of the country increases at the rate of 2.50 per cent. annually. The earnings of our rail-

reads increases in about sixfold greater

-Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It gives harmony to the soul, and is a perpetual song without words. It is tantamount to repose. It enables nature to recruit its strength; whereas worry and discon-tent debilitate it, involving constant wear and tear.

—Danbury Bailey writes from London: They ask me if there are such drinks as brandy smashes, claret punches, gin-slings, and the like, and when them I am not quite sure, but think I have heard those things mentioned by worldly people in the states, they say, "Ah, how wonderful!" I hope I have not deceived these people.

-Stanley writes, "No drunkard can live in Africa. The very fever discovers his weak point, attacks him and kills him. I knew nothing much of this terrible recurring malady previous to my African experiences, but I had good cause before I ended my mission to know that a drunkard is least able to withstand a tropical and malarious climate.

-Pestered with "contributions in yerse," from a persistent rhymster, till his patience gave out, an American editor wrote to his correspondent thus: "If you don't stop sending me your sloppy poetry, I'll print a piece of it some day, with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your sweet-heart's father." The poetical fountain was spontaneously dried up.

-A cholera conference is to meet in Vienna in the course of the autumn to discuss the best methods of preventing the propagation of the disease. Professor Pettenkofer, who has carefully watched the progress of cholera in Munich since its outbreak nearly a year ago, will be present, and will no doubt have valuable information to contribute. The number of deaths, which last winter amounted to 55 a day in Munich (as a maximum), had sunk last month to two per diem.

-A Montreal paper says: "The la-dies of this city will be gratified to learn that the woman's rights movement is advancing with giant strides. A Papineau road brickmaker employs women in his manufactory. Heveral women could be seen yesterday in his yard piling bricks. The happy, con-tented expression visible on their sunburnt features showed plainly that they enjoyed their work. Their hands enjoyed their work. Their hands moved nimbly, and they can throw eight bricks in the time a man takes to throw four."