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THE HOME AMONG THE HILLS.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

Midway between these towering hills
One solitary human dwelling;
The criss-cross culture sweeps
The little history telling.

On either hand the meadow land
Make fair the mountain's spaces
With golden reach of buttercups
And silver drift of daisies.

Behind the massive forest wall
Before the river running
And close about the little cot
The signs of human cunning.

Thou art so homely and so sweet
That draw us to each other,
And make the daily life of man
Familiar to his brother.

We know the hand at early morn,
That cottage hearth-fire kindling;
We watch the dropping of this corn,
And wait the purple spinning!

Alas! how we in all the toils
Of these our mountain neighbors;
A portion in the precious east may fall
Heaven winnows from their labors.

We taste their trials, share their feasts,
And, with a passing wonder,
We linger even while we go,
Their choices, their lot to ponder.

Amid the grandeur and the gloom
On every hand abiding,
A flower of human blossoming
This little home is hiding.

What tender wind of Providence
The small seed hither drifted,
Where yet these shadows cast may fall
On village spires uplifted?

Less awful seem these hills abrupt,
Less lone the valleys glooming,
Since in this wilderness the rose
Of human life is blooming!

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

"If there is anything in the world distasteful to me, it is a sudden railroad journey," says Jasper Longworthy, confidential clerk in the house of Lemon Bros., outlers, Bradbury street, to his wife, who very carefully packed his portmanteau with a change of linen, one extra pair of grey tweed trousers, a fancy checked waistcoat, a box of fine paper collars, a neck-tie made of a piece of Mrs. Longworthy's wedding dress, made the night before stealthily, and designed by the good lady as a sort of talisman or amulet by which her husband might, or ought to be preserved through untold, undreamt-of dangers. That Mr. Longworthy failed to evince sudden emotions at sight of the ever-to-be-remembered pure-colored silk, with its white diamond figure, was simply an evidence of the utter heartlessness of men, for it is not to be presumed that any man could forget the dress in which his wife was married. The packing continued until six tiers and a small flask of brandy and peppermint had been squeezed in and the lid screwed down, whereon a maiden in a scarlet riding-habit with yellow buttons pranced gaily over an orange meadow on a purple horse, and Mrs. Longworthy came forward to procure Jasper's assistance about strapping the portmanteau, her hands trembled so.

"Shan't I put up a nice lunch, dear—a half of cold chicken, two or three slices of ham, some tongue, pickles, and a quarter of whortleberry pie?"

"Merely woman," says Mr. Longworthy with fine disdain of this wifely solicitude, "as if there were nothing eatable between this and Tibury! Lunch, certainly not. What a figure I should cut, like that troublesome man of Dickens', always going about with a huge white-brown parcel in a chronic state of falling to pieces. Now if I were going for pleasure, my dear Harriet—but it is a nasty piece of business my love, and I shall have plenty to think of besides whortleberry pie."

Snatching a mouthful of cake, a gulp of coffee, and a hasty kiss, Mr. Jasper Longworthy and his portmanteau went down the front steps two at a bound, and Mrs. Longworthy was left in a very desolate house, with odds and ends to pick up, soiled linen to count and put up for the wash, the day before's mutton to hash and—oh yes—Jasper's cast-off pockets to go through.

"This is a business, at which every woman goes with expectancy at half-cook—a kind of sickening dread that she will find that which the plying gods should snatch from her by a sudden alarm of fire, or the tumbling of a neighbor's child into the cistern—anything to take her mind off the interdicted and forbidden regions of the waistcoat and coat, where men insist only duns and disagreeable memos are kept, telegrams, life insurance policies and price records.

"Poor Jasper; he does hate to be sent off in this way, without hardly a moment's warning, and the cars make him so sick. I remember the summer we were married, when we went down to Woodstock to visit Aunt Calmy Ann—"

The investigation had been briskly going onward, and with a deadly palor in her cheeks, and her heart beating like a trip-hammer, Mrs. Longworthy turned over and over, before daring to unfold it, a delicate-looking letter, ruled in water-lines and smelling of hedyocmia.

"They never sent price-lists nor policies, I'm sure," springing the abject semblance of the deceitful Jasper under her left arm by the skirts, and sitting down on a couple of tomato cans.

Slowly the reading began, every letter seemed reeling away in a mad sort of jig, until the little woman's eyes burst in their sockets as if they had been roasted beans. "Dear Jasper could have seen her then?"

"My own darling! In spite of everything, my dearest, I think I shall be able to quit town early Monday, and will meet you at the little station on the E. and B. road, Paxton, where I will wait for you, if you are not there when I arrive. From my own, we shall be beyond them all. Ever yours until death,"

"Susie."

"Oh, the deeply-dyed villain!" said

little Mrs. Jasper, feeling at first that the proof thing would be to faint dead away on the sitting-room floor, with this evidence of perfidy looked in her hand. Visions of having died in this state, with her cruel and heartless husband chafing her clay-cold hands, repenting of his misdeeds, alas! too late, and wetting the white fluted frock they would, of course, lay flat out with his tears, passed through her mind with other agreeable reflections, such as that he would lose the confidence of his fellow-men, and become prematurely bald.

But what was the use of fainting, or dying? She was all alone in that dreadful house; the house-maid had gone home with the toothache, and the cook had gone to the green-grocer's for the tomatoes to can, and if she came back and found her mistress insensible, she would perhaps douse her with nasty cold water, or take the color out of her new morning gown with ammonia.

Flinging the hateful letter from her as if it smelled of brimstone instead of hedyocmia, Mrs. Longworthy, who was a practical little body, albeit a trifle romantic, got up from her uncomfortable position and wished that Jasper Longworthy were there so that she might scratch his eyes out. But he should see she was not to be trampled on. Was she not a Wimbledon? And were they not characterized by animal courage and noted for spirit?

"I shall go back to mother's this very night, and never look on his deceitful face again. Brother Tom shall make him repent of the way he has used me, Susie indeed! The awful minx—calls him her own darling! Well, she can have him now, I'm sure." And at this dreadful signing over, mentally, of all right to Mr. Jasper Longworthy, five feet seven in his stockings, thinking of his general appearance as if called on to make out a passport, Mrs. Jasper staggered to her big one-seat rocking-chair, fell into it, and burst into a violent fit of weeping, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Halloo! halloo!" says a big bass voice in the sitting-room, and sure enough there was brother Tom, in his usual creaky boots, coming in unexpectedly to make Hattie the usual quarterly visit, just to see how things were.

"What's the row, old girl, and where's Jasper—not dead, I hope?"

"Oh, don't mention him, brother Tom; I wish I were dead, I do. I can't bear to stay here, Tom. You must take me back home immediately; we must never look on his face again." A great burst of sobs and tears.

"Take you back home—never look on his face again. If he has been abusing my sister to this extent I'll break every bone in Mr. Jasper Longworthy's unmanly carcass; that's what I'll do," said Tom, bluntly, and meaning every word of it, too.

"No; let him go, Tom. He'll get his deserts"—this in a dramatic tone, very touching. "He never beat me, you know, and I wouldn't kill him if I were you." Tom growled like a mastiff and began opening upboards recklessly and poking down spider webs as if Mr. Longworthy was concealed in a pickle closet.

Between sobs and tears Tom's abused sister threw her things into a trunk, as Tom had decided to take her home first and go on an animated hunt for Longworthy afterwards, whom he should propose to annihilate on sight. He had already pitched Longworthy's tale-telling coat and waist coat into the back yard, when that unsuspected gentleman, having left by the train, arrived on the scene in a high state of excitement and perspiration.

"Good gracious! What's the matter, Mrs. Longfellow? Howdy, Tom—"

"You're a nice one, now aren't you," said Tom, promptly knocking Longworthy down, portmanteau and all; "now then, sir, explain yourself; what does this mean?"

"I'll be hanged if I know," said Mr. Longworthy, picking himself up, with very much the expression of a man who has suddenly broken in on lunatics. He ought, in the absence of an argument, have knocked brother Tom down, but the fact of it was that Tom was a deuced big fellow, with muscles like whip-cord, and it wouldn't do.

"Only to think of that cravat, too, Mr. Longworthy. Oh, what a deluded woman I have been; what would you care for my wedding dress so long as you had your own ever till death Susie, I know all about it; look at that letter; I have read every word of it. Can you face me after this?"

Here Mr. Longworthy had the bad taste to laugh, long and loud, an evidence that the humor of the place was catching, since no man in his sober senses, who had just received a black eye from his wife's brother, would have laughed like this.

"This is too good, by George! Come here, Tom, I'll tell you what this is; it's no use to explain to Harriet, she wouldn't believe me. This letter was sent to young Bigelow, our clerk, who absconded with two thousand dollars three days ago. The firm intercepted it, or rather, with the sanction of the law, used this as a means of detecting the chap, who had made arrangements to elope with old Barker's daughter, it is supposed. I was sent on with an officer to Paxton to help bring him back. But, confound it, I got left, as usual."

"And you don't love any other woman, Jasper?"

"This very presently."

"Not that I know of," said Jasper, wondering if his eye would swell much.

"I don't think I'll ever marry, old boy," said Tom, rather sheepishly; he and Jasper had always been such friends.

"If you find a woman who isn't

curious in the least, marry her, Tom, but always burn your letters, or any body else's which you happen to get into your possession." By this time the cook had let the tomatoes spoil, the dinner was late, and poor Longworthy cursed young Bigelow from the bottom of his soul, and taking a half-holiday went out of town with brother Tom.

BLACK HILLS WONDERS.

A Veritable Eden—Discoveries of Gold, Lead, and Indications of Silver.

The following is part of the official report of Gen. G. A. Custer to the assistant adjutant general of the department of Dakota:

On the evening of the 22nd we halted and encamped east of and within four miles of the base of Inyan Kara. Desiring to ascend that peak the following day, it being highest in the western range of the Black Hills, I did not move camp the next day, but taking a small party with me, proceeded to the highest point of this prominent landmark, whose height is given as 6,800 feet. The day was not favorable for obtaining distant views, but I decided on the following morning to move due east and attempt the passage of the hills. We experienced considerable delay from fallen timber which lay in our pathway. With this exception, and a very little digging, rendered necessary descending into a valley, the pioneers prepared the way for the train and we reached camp by 2 o'clock, having marched eleven miles. We here found grass, water and wood of the best quality and in great abundance.

On the following day we resumed our march up the valley, which I had explored several miles the preceding evening, and which led us by an easy ascent almost southeast. After marching nearly twelve miles we encamped at an early hour in the same valley. This valley, in one respect, presented the most wonderful as well as beautiful aspect. Its equal I have never seen; and such too was the testimony of all who beheld it. In no public or private park have I ever seen such a profuse display of flowers of the most exquisite colors and perfume. So luxuriant in growth were they that men plucked them without dismounting from the saddle. Some belonged to new or unclassified species. It was a strange sight to glance back at the advancing columns of cavalry, and behold the men with beautiful bouquets in their hands, while the

heads of their horses were decorated with wreaths of flowers fit to crown a queen of May. Deeming it a most fitting appellation, I named this Floral valley. Gen. Forsyth, at one of our halting places, chosen at random, plucked seventeen beautiful flowers belonging to different species, and within a space of twenty feet square. The same evening, while seated at the mess table, one of the officers called attention to the carpet of flowers strewn under our feet, and it was suggested that it be determined how many different flowers could be plucked without leaving our seat at the dinner table. Seven beautiful varieties were thus gathered. Prof. Donaldson, the botanist of the expedition, estimated the number of flowers in bloom in Floral valley at fifty, while an equal number of varieties had bloomed or were yet to bloom. The number of trees, shrubs, and grasses were twenty-five, making the total flora of the valley embrace 125 pieces.

Through this beautiful valley meanders a stream of crystal water so cold as to render ice undesirable even at noonday. The temperature of two of the many springs found flowing into it was taken, and ascertained to be 43 and 44 degrees respectively.

As there are scientific parties accompanying the expedition, who are examining into the mineral resources of this region, the result of whose researches will accompany my detailed report, I omit all present reference to that portion of our explorations until the return of the expedition, except to state what will appear in any event in the public prints—that gold has been found at several places, and it is the belief of those who are giving their attention to this subject that it will be found in paying quantities. I have upon my table forty or fifty small particles of pure gold, in size averaging that of a small pin-head, and most of it obtained to-day from one panful of earth. As we have never remained longer at one camp than one day, it will be readily understood that there is no opportunity to make a satisfactory examination in regard to deposits of valuable minerals. Veins of lead and strong indications of the existence of silver have been found. Until further examination is made regarding the richness of the gold no opinion should be formed. Veins of what the geologists term gold-bearing quartz crop out on almost every hillside. All existing geological and geographical maps of this region have been formed in error. This will not seem surprising when it is remembered that both have been compiled by guess-work and without entering the country attempted to be represented.

The editor of the Burlington (Ia.) Hawkeye has discovered a woman who will get up at six o'clock, kindle the fire, get breakfast, rout out the family, wash the dishes and six children, sew a button on the neck of her husband's shirt and hunt his hat, go to a mission Sunday-school and teach a class, attend church, rush home and have dinner over and the things cleared away in time for afternoon Sunday-school, read the Sunday-school papers to the children, go to church at night, and talk on her way home about Sunday as a "day of rest."

AMERICAN INQVILITY.

What Dr. J. G. Holland Has to Say on the Subject.

There is, most undoubtedly, something in the political equality established by American institutions which interferes with the development of civility among those who occupy what are denominated the lower walks of life. It is hard to see why this should be so. One would naturally suppose that political equality would breed reciprocal respect among all classes and individuals, no less than self-respect. Certainly there could hardly be a better basis of good manners than self-respect and respect for others; yet, with everything in our institutions to develop these, together with a respect for women which is entertained in no other country with which we are acquainted, it is not to be denied that among the workers of the nation politeness is little known and less practiced. A man who steps into Washington market, with a good coat on, looking for his dinner, will receive the utmost politeness of which the stall-keeper is capable, and this will consist in calling him "boss"—a boorish concession to civility for the sake of trade. The courteous greeting, the "Sir," and the "Madam," the civil answer, the thousand indescribable deferences, and attentions equally without servility or arrogance, which reveal good manners, are wanting.

It all comes, we suppose, of the fear of those who find themselves engaged in humble employments, that they shall virtually concede that somebody somewhere is better than themselves. It is singular that they should voluntarily take a course that proves the fact that they are so unwilling to admit to themselves and others. The man who undertakes to prove that he is as good as a gentleman, by behaving like a boor, volunteers a decision against himself; while he who treats all men politely builds for himself a position which secures the respect of all whose conduct is not condemned by his own. The American is a kinder man than the Frenchman, and better natured than the Englishman, but the humble American is less polite than either. One of the charms of Paris to the traveling American grows out of the fact that it is one of the first places he visits, and that then, for the first time in his life, he comes into contact with a class of humble people who have thoroughly good manners. He is not called "boss," or "hoss," he is himself put upon his good behavior, and the thoroughly courteous treatment he receives among railway officials, shop-keepers, waiters at cafe and hotel, cab-drivers, etc. The "bien! Monsieur," and "bien! Madame," which responds to one's requests in Paris, is certainly very sweet and satisfactory after: "All right, boss; you can bet on it."

Where the cure for our national trouble is coming from, it is hard to tell. There was a time, fifty years ago, when there was a degree of reverence in American children, and at least a show of good manners. Great respect to those of superior age and culture was then inculcated, and at least formal courtesy exacted. Those of country breeding who are old enough remember the strings of school children at the road side, who arrayed themselves for the formal exhibitions of courtesy to the passenger. Certainly all this training is done with, and such a sight as this we presume has not been witnessed in America within twenty-five years. Even the men and women—fathers, mothers, and teachers of fifty years ago, had receded from the courteous habits of previous generations. In the old, colonial and even later days, great respect was paid to dignities. The clergyman was revered because he was a clergyman, and occupied the supreme position of teacher of the people. He was revered not only because of his holy calling, but because he was a scholar. All this has gone by. The clergyman, if he is a good fellow, is very much liked and petted, but the old reverence for him, and universal courtesy toward him, are unknown.

Are the people any better for all this change? We think not, and we do not doubt that the change itself has much to do with the habits of iniquity of which we complain. Men must have some principle of reverence in them, as a basis of good manners, and this principle of reverence in the modern American child has very little development. He comes forward early, and the first thing he does in multitudes of instances is to lose his respect for his parents. Indeed, courtesy toward parents is in no way exacted. Poor men and women try to give their children better chances than they had themselves, and the children grow up with contempt for those whose sacrifices have raised them to a higher plane of culture. They call the teacher "Old Snooks," or "Old Bumble," or whatever his name may happen to be. It is not unjust to declare that there is in America to-day no attempt distinctly and definitely made, to cultivate a spirit of reverence in children.

We acknowledge that we have no faith in any attempt to reform the manners of the adult population of the country. Our efforts to make sober men out of drunkards, and total-abstinence men out of moderate drinkers, are failures. Our temperance armies are to be made entirely out of children. We can raise more Christians by juvenile Christian culture, than by adult conversion, a thousand to one. So it will be in this matter of national politeness. The parents and teachers of the country can give us a polite people, and this by the cultivation of the principle of reverence not only, but by instruction in all the form of polite address. With a number of things greatly needed to-

day in home culture and school study, this matter of training in good manners is not the least. Indeed we are inclined to think it is of paramount importance. It should become a matter of text books at once. A thorough gentleman or lady, who has brains enough to comprehend principles, while proficient in practice, could hardly do a better service to the country than by preparing a book for parents and teachers, as at once a guide to them and to those who are under them. Children must be trained to politeness, or they will never be polite. They must drink politeness in with their mother's milk; it must be exacted in the family and neighborhood relations, and boys and girls must grow up gentlemen and ladies in their deportment, or our nation can never be a thoroughly polite one—polite in soul as well as in ceremony, and kind in manner as well as kind in heart.

The Sonorous Sand of Kuna.

W. H. Frink, of Honolulu, has sent some strange sand, taken from a bank on the island of Kuna, to the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco. In his letter he thus describes its peculiarity: "The bank, which is composed of this sand, commences at a perpendicular bluff at the southwest of the island, and extends one and a half miles almost due south, parallel with the beach, which is about 100 yards distant from the base of the sand bank. This sand-drift is about sixty feet high, and at the extreme south end the angle preserved is as steep as the nature of the sand will permit. The bank is constantly extending to the south. It is said by the natives that at the bluff and along the middle of the bank the sand is not sonorous. But at the extreme south end and for a half-mile north, if you slap two handfuls together there is a sound produced like the low hooping of an owl—more or less sharp according as the motion is quick or slow. Sit down upon the sand and give one hand a quick circular motion, and the sound is like the heavy bass of a melodeon. Kneel upon the steep incline, extend the two hands and clasp as much sand as possible, slide rapidly down, carrying all the sand you can, and the sound accumulates as you descend until it is like distant thunder. In this experiment the sound was sufficient to frighten our horses, fastened a short distance from the base of the drift. But the greatest sound we produced was by having one native lie upon his belly and another taking him by the feet and

carrying as much sand as possible with them. With this experiment the sound was terrific, and could have been heard many hundred yards distant. With all the experiments that were made, it seemed the sound was in proportion to the amount of sand put in motion with a proportionate velocity. Another consideration seems requisite—that is, its perfect dryness. The dry sand would sound on the surface where six inches beneath it was wet; but if any of the wet sand became mingled with the dry, its property of sounding ceased at once. The sand appears to be the eye like ordinary beach sand, but ordinary beach sand will not produce the sounds. It has been said that it lost its sonorous properties when taken away from the bank. But I can discover no diminishing of its sonorous qualities, even with the bottle uncorked, and we have had rain frequently and an atmosphere more than ordinarily moist for this time of year. Perhaps if exposed to a very damp atmosphere it might absorb moisture enough to prevent its sounding."

The Steamer Elephant.

Mr. Thomas Hartshorn is still able to throw a little light on the annals of the steamer "Elephant." Captain Jim Homer remembers the "Elephant," and bears witness to her speed. He remembers that she had a tin elephant on her jackstaff, and one painted on each wheel-house. All questions as to the existence of such a boat are thus put at rest. Mr. Hartshorn says, by way of further recording the exploits of the Elephant: "She was comin' up from Orleans on one of her trips, and struck a wood-yard just below Shirt-tail Bend. The wood-yard was about a mile long, and the current set strong again the shore and wooded. She started again the current, and dura me if she didn't wood three times at that yard. She was the broadest boat across the stern, I reckon, that you ever saw. She had two rudders, one at each side, and when she was moving she made a sort of suction or eddy behind her so strong that if a man fell overboard he would follow the boat all day. When a man tumbled off they used to look at the books to see if his passage was paid. If it was paid they pulled him aboard, and if it wasn't they let him slide."

"The Elephant," continued Mr. Hartshorn, "made one trip to St. Louis just after she was built. She was in sight of the town about two days before she got there. All the steamboat people were out lookin' at her chimney and pilot-house, and trying to tell what boat she was. Finally one of the pilots on a Cincinnati packet, who'd passed her two or three times on her way round, sez, 'I'll bet, by gad, she's the Elephant.' And sure enough she was."

The death rate in London, England, is only half as great in proportion to population as it is in New York. This indicates that there is something wrong in the habits of our people and in their sanitary management. Poverty and crime, the great accessories of death must be far greater among the crowded millions of the British than the American metropolis.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Nine thousand bushels of peanuts from Africa arrived in Boston the other day.

—How Patrick proposes to get over his single blessedness—By proposing to Bridge it.

—In Boone, Iowa, the young ladies of the period meander through the streets playfully kicking over dry goods boxes and punching one another's nats off with their parasols.

—Gent (calling at the house of a lady friend)—"Is your mistress in?" Mary—"She is, sur." Gent—"Is she engaged?" Mary—"Faith, she's more ner that; she's married."

—The reason an urchin gave lately for being so late at school was, that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing-down by his daddy, and he waited to hear him "howl."

—It was "darling Gworge" when a bridal party left Omaha; it was "dear George" at Chicago; at Detroit it was "George," and when they reached Niagara Falls it was "Say, you."

—"I don't want to make any sacrifices uselessly," said her husband, as he rolled up his sleeves and stood over the wash-tub, while his wife executed a *pas seul* around him with a potato-masher.

—People talk about the christian spirit of forgiveness to be met with in America, but let a young man sit down on a new plug hat at a Sunday-school excursion and it mars the harmony of the whole assembly.

—It may not be generally known, says a Chicago paper that the enormous arches which support the Chicago and St. Louis bridge were copied from a cast taken from the instep of a prominent St. Louis belle.

—A little girl remarked to her mamma, "I am not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma. "I was a little afraid once when I went into the pantry to get a tart." "What were you afraid of?" asked the mamma. "I was afraid I could not find the tart."

—A Hartford man was drowned, and friends brought home the dead body to his afflicted wife. As they came to the front door with the corpse the new-made widow appeared and sadly remarked: "I guess you had better take him around to the back door, so he won't drip on the parlor carpets!"

company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, in 20,000 shares of \$50 each. The company is formed, it is mentioned, "for purchasing and slaughtering in Canada or elsewhere cattle or other stock, and exporting meat to Great Britain or elsewhere."

—"Missus Snowdrop," said a gentleman of color the other afternoon during a shower, to a lady of his acquaintance, "as de wedder is somewhat amphibious, will you do me de honor to step under my umbrella en form a quorum?" "Thank you, Mr. Billups, I will. In dis wedder an umbrella is rather cosmopolitan."

—Mr. Alfred Organ, of Sumpter, Wisconsin, has an acre of teasles that are now in the burr, and are looking remarkably fine. Teasles are extensively used in woolen factories for raising the nap on cloth, and owing to the small production of them in this country, the market is seldom, if ever, overstocked, particularly in the west.

—The latest novelty in earrings is probably the singular pair which were sported by a dashing Parisian belle at a recent wedding. From each ear hung a small gold griffin, on which was laid a heart formed of garnets, the idea to be conveyed, says a gushing correspondent, being that of a bleeding heart upon the fiery coals of love!

—A young husband took his wife to a soda fountain last evening, and, looking solemnly at the man who asked them "what syrup?" said he would take "crusade." Imagine his horror when she said she would try some too. He laughed feebly, but the cold sweat stood in great drops on his clammy brow; but, fortunately, the soda man never lost his presence of mind, and while the husband threw in an extra dose of "crusade," his wife made a very dry face over ginger. She will never try "crusade" again.

—A tricolor flag on the summit of Metz cathedral, which has been a constant eyecore to the Germans, was recently removed, a reward of \$75 having been offered for the feat, which was attended with considerable danger, as, after the top of the gothic tower was reached, two balls had to be sealed to reach the flagstaff. A man named Demange, a house-painter at Metz, lately made the attempt and brought down the obnoxious emblem of French rule, substituting therefor a German flag of black, white, and red. Provisionally, seven Germans had tried to accomplish the task, but two lost their lives and the other five failed.

—The Founder's medal of the Royal Geographical society was granted to Dr. Schweinfurth, and the Victoria medal to Major Warburton, who has lately crossed the interior of Western Australia from the McDowell ranges to the coast north of NiCol Bay, passing over eight or nine hundred miles of territory never before trodden by the foot of a white man. The country traversed proves to be eminently barren and uninteresting in an agricultural point of view. For three months the expedition had nothing to live upon but dried camel's flesh and such roots and bulbs as they could gather.