

A Travesty on Justice.

Secretary Sherman very properly characterizes the Potter investigation as a "vulgar burlesque, a travesty on justice and fairness." The Potter committee and resolution cited the allegations of the democrats that the vote of the Feliciana parishes was fraudulently obtained by the returning board, in accordance with a plot to which Mr. Sherman was a party, and instructed the committee to inquire into the circumstances of the canvass and the connection of Mr. Sherman with the action of the board.

But when Mr. Sherman offers to rebut this charge by showing not only that there is no evidence to implicate him in any plot, but that there was no plot, the action of the returning board having been perfectly proper, lawful and equitable, the committee coolly refuse to admit his witness! "What's the use," says Mr. Morrison: "if they swear one way, there are others just as respectable who will contradict them. We really cannot be bothered with testimony about murders and intimidation in the Feliciana!"

This is not only a "travesty on justice," but it is an outrage upon the moral sense of the public. For if the institutions of the American republic are valued for anything, they are valued because they afford equal rights before the law.

To arraign a citizen before a committee of the national house of representatives on a charge that he was a party to an alleged crime, and to then deny him the privilege to summon witnesses to prove that the alleged crime was not committed and that consequently he is innocent, is one of the greatest of political outrages and ought to forever condemn to public obloquy the party that countenances it.

The whole business turns on the one question, whether there was democratic force, fraud and intimidation in the two Feliciana parishes of Louisiana. It is useless to attempt to prove Secretary Sherman's connection with any "plot" if the basis and motive for the plot do not exist. If the democrats used force, intimidation and fraud to carry the two Feliciana parishes, it is the duty of the Potter committee, under the resolution appointing it, to investigate that fact. If there was no force, intimidation and fraud then it is equally the duty of the committee to establish that fact. But instead of seeking the truth the committee coolly inform Secretary Sherman that they will not hear his evidence, and that they will testify to the contrary.

This is a display of judicial spirit in the committee of the American house of representatives. It will not hear your witness, and the learned judge, "for if you prosecute an attorney will bring in evidence; the court therefore find you guilty without trial." And this is the democratic idea of fairness and justice!—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Where the Laugh Comes In

A Washington special of June 30th to the *Inter Ocean*, says: The interest in the Potter investigation has quite died out here. Potter himself seems discouraged and disgusted. Mrs. Jenks' specific declaration that she alone is responsible for what was supposed to be Sherman's letter, and that the Secretary had nothing to do with it, let the bottom out of the whole matter so far as he is concerned. Potter's dignity collapsed under mere suspicion that he has been made the victim of such a trick. Butler, taking up the one which Potter dropped, and pined by his own discomfiture at the woman's hands thus far, makes no more out of the case than his professor did. The only peg on which the presentation still lingeringly hangs is Sherman's original indefiniteness in denying flatly that he ever wrote a letter which he had no recollection of, but which contained some sentiments which he did not disapprove. Unprejudiced folks are quite disposed to laugh the Potter committee out of court, unless unexpected and positive testimony refuting Mrs. Jenks can be produced.

Minister Noyes is generally admitted to have come out with a clear record. No shadow of reflection upon him is developed by the testimony. This helps to discredit the whole proceeding as a fearful blunder, inspired by partisan prejudice and hate.

Repeal of the Resumption Act.

I take issue with them there. We agree we will resume on Jan. 1, 1879. Your greenbacks to-day are worth as much as silver; they are only 1 per cent below gold. Silver is a legal tender, and can redeem paper. Practically we are resumed to-day. Why repeal the law? Your greenback does not promise to pay a dollar at any time. The statute is the only thing of record upon that point, and its effect is to make every greenback promise to pay a dollar on that date. Why should any sane man want that act repealed, to let your greenback depreciate again? At one time I advocated an increase of the greenback circulation, and I did it in good faith; but I never wanted the paper dollar robbed of all promise to pay a dollar. The Independents, or Greenbackers, or Communists, want it; we do not. They say the stamp of the government is what makes it a dollar. I say it does not. The Southern Confederacy issued notes just like ours, but they made some gold money at the same time. I have seen one or two Confederate \$20 gold pieces. What is that paper money worth now? Absolutely nothing. But the gold is worth as much as ever it was. They say the government stamp makes the paper a dollar. Could the government take a cow and stamp it, "This is a horse," and thus make a horse of it? From *Gen. Logan's speech in Illinois State Convention.*

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

No Republican can read the platform adopted in the recent State Convention by his party, without feeling his very soul swell with pride and satisfaction at the brave words it contains. It presents nothing but the unadulterated grape and caustic of politics—meets the issues with a fearless, square-toed common sense, which in these times of Presidential imbecility and political serenity, of mock reform and "Greekish" pandering to high treason, stirs the honest Republican to the very core of his being.

Not an issue now before the public is left out—not a single demand of the hour is lost sight of. It speaks simply of the grand principles of the Republican party, utterly ignoring persons, in that elevated tone that characterized her in times past, that tried men's souls.

Thank God, we are tenting on the old camp ground—are recognizing the grave responsibilities of the hour, and presenting a firm undaunted front to the shafts of the foe. Everywhere in our young State, Republicans are dropping their arms and rallying around the standard with the dauntless enthusiasm that characterized them in 1864-5 and 6—it is the beacon that will inspire the Republicans of the entire nation, the battle cry before which the cohorts of the enemy will be forced to surrender and retire in sullen defeat from the field.

An honor to the men who had the pluck to give us such a ringing platform—who could and did squarely meet the demands of the hour, with that vim and dash, that poetry of politics that wakes to new life and enthusiasm the sleeping giant, and prompts him to don anew the armor—thus creating or rather cementing a union in our ranks, that has already created consternation in the ranks of the foe.

An Honest Platform.

The platform adopted by the Republicans at their State Convention last week at Des Moines is the plainest and clearest avowal of principles that we remember of ever reading as emanating from any political body. There is no ambiguity or hidden mysteries in it. It speaks what the Republicans mean, and they mean what the platform says. It is a distinct, plain open avowal of the Republican sentiment of the State. No man can be deceived by it. It is clear, and rings like a sweet silver toned bell. It is a strong, vigorous, manly and honest expression of sentiment. It neither flatters nor stoops to criticize the peculiar course of President Hayes. It sends out no gusts of whirlwinds with side eddies in which to capture stray Greenbackers, Communists, Socialists, or any guerilla political parties.

Good corn can only be produced by plenty of good timely work. Work it thoroughly and often, early and late till ready to lay by. Don't let the weeds get any foothold. The greater the drouth the more cultivators should run through it.

No animals, unless well fed at all times, can give a constant return for the food consumed, and no pasture is safe from injury by over-feeding if overrun in dry weather by a herd of poor, hungry animals.

Old-Time Militia Musters.

The "rude militia" companies, according to law, met twice a year at their respective headquarters for a day's drill and instruction. The regiment was assembled once a year, usually in the month of May, at the county town, where it was manoeuvred and instructed rather after Dryden's system than either of those prescribed by Congress.

Preparatory and for three days immediately preceding the general muster, the officers of all arms were assembled and drilled together as a light infantry company, commanded by their field officers. They were instructed in the manual of arms, company tactics, regimental manoeuvres, and wound up by a ceremonious rehearsal of the part they were to play in the grand review next day.

Although this company exhibited the *cote of arms* of its regimental splendor, glittering with tinsel and flaunting with feathers, a more heterogeneous and unsoldierly parade could scarcely be imagined. There were sometimes marched to the rendezvous barefooted, carrying their boots and soldier clothes in a bundle—the ambitious cobblers, tailors and plow-boys from across roads, handlets and remote rural districts, short, tall, fat, skiny, bow-legged, sheep-shanked, cock-eyed, hump-shouldered and sway-backed—rumped by art as economically, awkwardly and variously as they were endowed by nature, uniformed in contempt of all uniformity, armed with old flint-bark muskets, horseman's carbines, long squirrel rifles, double-barrelled shot-guns, bell-mouthed blunderbusses, with side-arms of as many different patterns, from the old dragon sabre that had belonged to Harry Lee's Legion, to the slim basket-hilted rapier which had probably grazed the thigh of some of our French allies in the Revolution.

The officers of the volunteer companies, on the other hand, were generally selected for their handsome appearance and martial bearing, and shone with a certain elegance of equipment, each in the uniform pertaining to his company. There was also a sprinkling of ex-veterans of 1812, recognizable by a certain mariner precision in their deportment, and a shadow of contempt for their ex-comrades, but quick to resent any extraneous comment derogatory to the service. A city dandy who undertook to ridicule the old-fashioned way in which some officers carried their swords, was silenced by the snappish reply: "Young man, I've seen the best troops of Great Britain beaten by men who carried their swords in that way."

This hodgepodge of equipment, costume, and character was duly paraded twice a day, marched through the streets, and put through its manoeuvres on the green common adjoining our village, much to the satisfaction of all emancipated school-boys, negroes, ragamuffins, idlers, tavern-keepers, and cake and beer vendors, and somewhat, perhaps, to the weariness of our Quaker element, industrious mechanics who had apprentices to manage, and busy housewives who depended on the little negroes for help. Then came the great day of days, when all vulgar industry was for the time suspended, and all hopes of domestic discipline deferred. Even the law commentaries on Black-stone, and their commentaries on Black-stone, were learnedly observed (between a glass of whisky and a quid of tobacco), "Inter arma silent leges."

But how we school-boys leaped at the first tap of the reveille, eager for the realization of our golden dreams! How hopefully we scanned the eastern horizon for assurance of a clear day! With what miserly delight we counted over our stock of coppers, hoarded for the occasion, and calculated their equivalent in cakes, beer, and sticks of taffy! How doubtfully we considered the worn effigy of "Georgius Rex" on a coin we had found in a dirt pile, and wondered if we could pass it on old Murquhart for a "gunger!" Then how we watched the dusty roads as the wild mountaineers came trooping in to swell the buzzing swarms already gathered around the taverns, groceries, and street corners! And with what sublime emotion we mingled with the crowd, saw the plumed heroes hurrying to and fro, as with ceaseless rub-a-dub-dubbing, sound of bugles, waving of banners, flashing of swords, with "the thunder of the captains and the shouting," this incoherent and refractory mob was at length marshalled into some semblance of a line of battle! Then the march afield, with its exciting accidents and incidents, several hours of tactical manoeuvres, such as we might imagine Sitting Bull and staff would execute with a herd of buffaloes. Then the return of the dusty, thirsty veterans of the day's campaign, and the final resolution of martial organization into a storm of drunken anarchy and fistful fights. For besides the prescribed military duties, it was well understood that general muster day, being reckoned among the *dies non* in civil law, afforded the people a convenient opportunity for settling all the standing accounts, jealousies, rivalries, quarrels, horse trades, and swindles of the current year, after their own fashion; and the solution of these difficulties by whisky and judicial combat was considered quite as satisfactory as a resort to lawyers, and far more economical. For all in all, it was a day worthy of six months' eager anticipation and six months' pleasant remembrance.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Over 2,000 farmers in Maine have taken hold of the beet sugar enterprise and are raising this root for the factory in that State.

Don't let the grass get too ripe before beginning to cut for hay. Don't let it be exposed to the sun too long. Put it in cocks to cure. Put it in good stacks, or under shelter, as soon as cured. Don't let the storms bleach all the substance out of it.

A Nebraska farmer claims to have made 600 pounds of bright sugar and 153 gallons of amber syrup from two acres of cane. The seed planted was of the early amber variety. The sugar was obtained by hanging the thick syrup in coffee sacks after it began to granulate.

Gems of Thought.

Denying a fault doubles it. Knavery is the worst trade. Quiet conscience gives sleep. Boosters are cousins to liars. Foolish fear doubles danger. Modesty is a guard to virtue. Ideas are pictures in the mind. Knowledge is ascertained facts. Notions are ideas partly formed. Be just before you are generous. Upright walking is sure walking. Richest is he that wants the least. Virtue and happiness are near kin. Strong reasons make strong actions. The sleeping fox catches no poultry. Blunt people often say sharp things. Caudal thoughts are always valuable. Progress is born of doubt and anxiety.

You can never lose by doing a good turn. Liberty is a priceless jewel of the soul. Working is the acquiring of knowledge. Humility is the mother of contentment. Be lively, but not light; solid, but not sad. Keep good principles, and they will keep you. Try to get good, and you are sure to get good. A page digested is better than a volume hurriedly read.

The voice of joy and health is in the dwelling of the righteous. There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults. He who thinks he can do without others is mistaken; he who thinks others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.

John Wesley says: "Get all you can without hurting your soul, body or neighbor; save all you can and give all you can; be glad to give and ready to distribute." Each man and woman was sent into the world not to be like somebody else, but to do his own work and bear his own burden, precisely the one work which God has given him, and which can never be given to or done by any other.

Ant Wars in South Africa.

Mr. F. E. Colenso writes to *Nature*, from Maritzburg: "I noticed one morning that along the bottom of the front wall of my house, on the veranda, there lay a quantity of reddish-brown powder; there was enough to fill a coffee-cup, on looking closer I saw that it was made up of small and larger fragments which glistened, and on inspecting some in my hand they turned out to be the heads, legs, trunks, etc., of countless ants. A number of these animals were still on the wall above, and my attention being now arrested, I watched them, and saw that they were contributing to the carnage beneath. This species of ant is a small, comparatively harmless one, the chief sin of which is that it makes its way to every species of food and swarms on it. As is usual with ants, the general body of insects is accompanied by larger individuals, which are provided with heads and jaws quite disproportionate to their bodies, and with these jaws they do all the cutting up. Among the ants on the wall there was a large sprinkling of these "soldier ants," and the whole community seemed to be bent on destroying them. The proportion of heavy-jawed to ordinary ants was about one to ten. I saw a group of little ones fastening on to a big ant, which made desperate efforts to release itself. At first the big one bit several little ones in two, and the parts dropped down from the wall; but after a while the little ones severed all the legs of the big one, and finally got on his back and cut him in two. The group then dropped down to swell the mass below. Similar scenes were enacted elsewhere on the wall. The commencement of one combat was as follows: A big ant walked along till it met another one, and the two shook antennae. Just then a little one seized hold of the hind leg of one of these big ones. Neither took any notice, but continued a rapid conversation. Suddenly other small ones came up, when the big one, whose leg was grabbed, turned furiously on the little one and seized him by the middle. This could not be done until the big one had doubled himself up; as soon as he had hold of his small antagonist he lifted him in the air and snapped him in two. Meanwhile all the big one's legs had been seized by the little ones, and the party seemed to turn over and over, little bits tumbling down, now a leg, now half an ant, till the big one was vanquished. The ant is most assuredly subject to passions. The way in which the big ant turned on the little one was singularly indicative of rage. The determined manner in which he had hold of the little one was quite human. If I had had a magnifying glass, the scene would have been really exciting."

Coined money was known among the Chinese in the eleventh century before Christ. New Orleans is built upon a forest of cypress trees. For 600 feet down this is the foundation. Rows upon rows of the stumps to the cypress are found lying over each other, super-imposed, each of which layers it is calculated has required a thousand years to form.

The Department of Agriculture announces that the climate and soil of Florida, Lower California, and portions of Texas are well adapted to the growth of the coffee plant. Great warmth of climate is not essential to its development. It thrives best in regions where extremes of heat and cold are not experienced. In Lower California and Florida, wild coffee, with many characteristics of the cultivated plant, is very abundant. The importations of coffee into the United States during 1876 were nearly 340,000,000 pounds, at a cost of nearly \$57,000,000.

HUMOROUS.

The city fathers of Paw Paw, Michigan, are nothing more or less than city Paw Paws. "On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep," are the fish which they clean and charge for, so steep. She that plaiteth heavy dry goods bills in her polonaise becometh a pull back to her husband.

The following may be seen on a tombstone in a town near Dublin: "Here lies the body of John Mound. Lost at sea and never found." "Are you the mate of this ship?" said a newly-arrived passenger to the cook. "No, sir, I am the man that cooks the mate," said the Hibernian.

The just published report of an Irish benevolent society says: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year." Nice little girl: "Oh, do let me see you drink?" Capt. Grosvenor: "Why, my dear?" Nice little girl: "Because massy you drink like a fish."

"Belinda," said Clarissa, "why is a kiss like that sewing machine of yours?" "Oh, I don't know. Don't bother me." "I'll tell you why. It's because it seems so good." Clarissa is going to be married next week. "Speaking of the different kinds of taxes," queried the teacher, "what kind is it where whisky is taxed?" "I know," said one boy, holding up his hand. "Well, what is it?" "Sin tax," shouted the young grammarian.

Professor: "Can you multiply together concrete numbers?" The class are uncertain. Professor: "What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" Freshman (triumphantly): "Hash." Did you ever dabble in stocks? asked a lawyer of a witness who was known to have fled from his native land and to this day is of the free. "Well, yes, I got my foot in 'em once, in the old country," was the reply.

Mother: "So you enjoyed your walk, Kate. Did you go all that distance alone?" Daughter: "Oh, yes, mamma, quite alone." Beastly brother: "Then how is it, Kitty, you took out an umbrella and brought back a walking stick?" "What," asked Professor Miller of the smart bad boy in the history class, "what did the Pilgrim Fathers first do after landing at Plymouth Rock?" "Licked a hackman," replied the smart bad boy, who went to Niagara with his parents last vacation.

A clothier has excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted on his sign. When asked for an explanation, he inquired: "If it hadn't been for an apple, where would the ready-made clothing stores be to-day?" Two Germans met in San Francisco recently. After affectionate greetings the following dialogue ensued: "Fen you said you had arrived?" "Yesterday." "You came dot Horn around?" "No." "Oh! I see; you come dot Isthmus across?" "No." "Den you hef not arrived." "Oh, yes! I have arrived. I come dot Mexico through."

A Troy inventor will shortly take out a patent for a cataphone. By means of wires stretched along back-yard fences and house-tops he conveys, with the aid of some simple machinery, all concatenated caterwauls into an air-tight barrel. By another simple contrivance the sound in the barrel can be compressed, and can be used in quantities for fire and burglar alarms. The inventor predicts that he will give to the boys something that will make Rome howl in place of dangerous fire-crackers for Fourth of July celebrations. For blasting rocks, he says, it is just the thing.

Toys at the World's Fair.

John Thomas, the Paris correspondent of the *New York Graphic*, describes the toy department of the World's Fair: "But when to-day I saw the millions and millions and lots and cords of toy fish here, as big as California salmon, which would swim in a tub of water as well as any live fish when wound up by a key which went into their backs; when I saw the real toy locomotives and steamboats which had real machinery and went with real steam; when I saw the toy balloons, some of them made in the shape of a man, and as big as a real man, which you could hold while he went up in the air and floated and blotted in the clouds on his back; when I saw a toy girl in a bathing dress, about half as long as your arm, in a tub of water swimming around just as well and a great deal better than many live girls, for she struck out with her arms and kicked with her legs just as natural as life and wound up like the swimming fish, by a key that started some hidden machinery in the small of her back, which went until she ran down, and then she floated around loose; she could swim on her back, too, when you turned her over. I say, when I saw all these things and a great many more that never were heard of or made at all when I was a boy—when we had little tops, old clay marbles, corn-cobs, clam-shells, and sand hills to play with—I felt sorry that I hadn't put off being born until a little later in life, that I might have had some of these toys to play with."

The Empire of Japan is made up of 3,800 islands. The total number of flowering plants and ferns in the tropical regions is very large, perhaps as high as 40,000 to 50,000. The British Empire has 235,000,000 inhabitants; the Russian Empire 86,000,000; the French 41,800,000; the Ottoman 41,700,000.

As a corn growing state, Tennessee ranks sixth. The average annual production of this great cereal is from 4,000,000 to 55,000,000 bushels. It is said that there are 8,000,000 pupils enrolled in the public schools of the United States. The average daily attendance is 4,500,000. The estimated population between six and sixteen years of age is 10,500,000.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Nut Cake.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of water, half a cup of butter, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of flour, and one cup of nut-kernels. **Cream Pie.**—For a large pie, two eggs, a tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar (or more, if like sweeter), a little nutmeg and salt; fill up with cream.

Ishod Island Preserves.—One cup of sugar, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter or lard, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus; stir in flour to make a stiff batter; drop in spoonfuls in hot fat.—*Huldah Franklin, Westfield, Wis.*

Butter Pie.—Very rich. Take a piece of nice butter, not too salt, large as a hen's egg; two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one cup of sweet cream, one tablespoonful of flour. Stir butter, sugar, and flour together; then stir in the cream; add nutmeg, if liked; pour into a crust; put crust in strips across the top; bake until slightly browned.

Pie-plant Pudding.—Take slices of stale bread, butter them, put a layer in the bottom of a pudding-dish; next a layer of pie-plant, plenty of sugar, and a little nutmeg; do so until the dish is full, having bread on the top; don't be too sparing of the butter; put in about two cups of water, more or less, according to the size of your pudding-dish; it must not be too dry nor too juicy; cover with an earthen plate, and bake three-quarters of an hour in a brisk oven.

Love with the First Empire.

Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte, as she is commonly called, is not too old—she is about 93—to defend her rights, judging by the fact that she recently appeared as plaintiff in a lawsuit in her native city of Baltimore. Standing by her rights is something she has always done; her unwillingness to relinquish any part of them having rendered her historic. It is more than 74 years ago that she accepted the hand of Jerome Bonaparte during his visit to the United States, and was married at once by the Bishop of Baltimore, John Carroll, brother of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Jerome remained in the country a year, visiting various cities with his wife, and embarking for Europe in the Spring, (1805) arriving safely at Lisbon. The news of the marriage was anything but pleasant news to the Emperor, partly because his brother had taken a wife without consulting him, and partly because he had more ambitious views for his family. Consequently, he refused to recognize the American union, and forbade the couple to land at any port under French authority. Jerome parted from his wife with great tenderness at Lisbon, to hurry to Paris, hoping to change the resolution of the Emperor, and ordering the vessel to sail to Amsterdam. Reaching there, Mme. Bonaparte was not allowed to quit the ship, and so she was obliged to go to England. She made her residence at Camberwell, near London, and in the following July gave birth to a son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. She never saw her husband after his leaving her at Lisbon, except once many years after when she met him accidentally, without speaking, in the picture gallery of the Pitti, in Florence. Jerome, originally much in love with her, tried in vain to soften his imperial brother, and was finally compelled to wed the Princess Frederica Catherine, of Wurtemberg. Napoleon labored hard to induce Pope VII. to declare Jerome's first marriage null and void; but the Pontiff stubbornly declined. Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte has spent most of the last 50 years in Baltimore in the enjoyment of abundant means and in an intense admiration of the Napoleon tribe, notwithstanding their outrageous treatment of her. She was a most enthusiastic advocate of the Emperor while he lived, and has always cherished, and still cherishes the hope, it is said, that some one of her descendants will ascend the throne of France.

A Peculiarity of the Human Mind.

There appears to be a peculiar tendency in the human mind to cling to customs and practices having an ancient origin, notwithstanding the fact that the teachings of science and the march of events would cause one to believe that things having an ancient origin should be regarded with the utmost suspicion, and never accepted unless they will bear the most scrutinizing examination. Why, the monarchial form of government was of ancient origin, and even to-day a large portion of the inhabitants of the eastern continent believe in the divine right of a king to rule over the people and take from them whatsoever he will to maintain himself in luxury. Education, science, and the march of events has taught us to believe differently; aye, to know differently.

Anciently human slavery had its origin. Anciently women were kept in a condition of complete servitude, and were regarded as little better than brutes, except as objects for the gratification of the lustful passions of avaricious and unfeeling men. How utterly do we despise these ancient customs when we have once broken away from them. How we loathe them. We almost hate the people who believed in them.

Now this question of a metallic basis for money comes up by force of circumstances for the especial consideration of the American people. Like the slavery question it is forced upon us. The defenders of it, as did the defenders of human slavery, plead its ancient origin as one of its chief claims for a continuance in use, and strangle to say, we find men, influenced by this peculiar tendency of the human mind, referred to, who are willing to accept this claim without investigation. This should not be done. The mind should be divested of all prejudice which may attach to this question, and then the investigation should be made. This will result almost invariably in enabling the intelligent mind to see clearly that the metallic basis for money has been a rank enemy to progress and civilization, has caused more suffering and crime in this world than anything else we can think of, and should be ranked along with despotism and human slavery as relics of barbarism.—*Indianapolis Sun.*

A Fable. One cold winter evening a number of animals were seated with their backs to the fire, discussing the late election returns, when the fox cried out that some one's tail was burning. Each one in turn denied the accusation, although several of them declared that they smelled something quite plainly. But the fox, who had been snubbed in the appointments, and failed to secure a foreign mission, had long wanted an opportunity to make himself conspicuous, and declared that the thing should be investigated if he had to do it himself. So he returned about for that purpose, when it was discovered that his own elegant brush had been singed bare as a rat's tail.

Moral.—Investigations are sometimes retroactive.—*Indianapolis Sun.*

The California peach crop will be small, and the fruit inferior this year, says the *San Francisco Bulletin.*

The largest strawberry farm in the country is that of John R. at two miles from North Haven, N. Y. It was over 500,000.