

turer, upon the head of the barrel, cask, or package, the weight prescribed for such barrel cask or package by the inspector, when such weights are in conformity to the rules and regulations prescribed by the inspector in that regard, and if such weights do not correspond to the rules and regulations, he shall cause the same to be repacked so as to conform thereto.

(1480.) Sec. 23. The inspector and his deputies, in their daily examination of the several salt manufactories, shall examine all bins of salt for the purpose of ascertaining whether any salt is packed contrary to the provisions of the foregoing section.

(1496.) Sec. 39. In case of any vacancy, from any cause, in the office of the inspector, the deputy who has been longest in office shall possess the power and perform the duties of inspector until such vacancy shall be filled; and the bond of the inspector and his sureties shall continue to be liable for the acts of all the deputies until such vacancy shall be filled.

(1500.) Sec. 43. In case the inspector shall, at the time of making any annual report, have a surplus of money arising from the inspection fees in this act provided for, in his hands, he shall apportion back and pay such surplus to the persons, firms or corporations for whom salt has been inspected during the last preceding year in proportion to the amounts paid by them respectively for inspection fees: provided, that in no case shall the state be held liable for any obligation or expenditure in consequence of any of the provisions of this act.

#### Matches to Come to an End.

The Paris correspondent of The London Daily News has been shown a simple apparatus which will probably sweep away the match trade. It is called the electrical tinder-box, and is small enough to be carried in a cigar-case. Opening this box, you see a platinum wire stretched across. Touching a spring, the wire reddens sufficiently to light a cigar. At will you can introduce into a tiny scone a mesh of cotton steeped in spirits of wine or petroleum, which, taking fire, does service as a nurse's lamp. The hidden agency which heats the wire is a very small electrical battery, set in action by the touching of the spring. The trade price of the "electrical tinder-box" will be half a franc, or fivepence. Its inventor promises that it will be an economical substitute for the lucifer match.

#### Uncle Billy's Objections to Civil Rights.

I "interviewed" Uncle Billy, a good old colored friend of mine, the other day, on the question of civil rights.

"Don't want nuffin mo'," said Uncle Billy. "Got too much already fur dis niggah."

"How is that, Uncle Billy? Is it not a good thing to be equal before the law?"

"Now, Marse Boss," grunted Billy, plaintively, "dar's just whar the misery comes in. We're ekal befo' de law, and dar you hit our weak pint. Befo' de waw, ef niggah stole chicken an' pig, yer jerked him up, guv him thirty-nine lashes, an' let him go. But jist let a cullud pusson try it now! Yer hauls him 'fore court, and sen's him to de penitentiary, jist like he was one of yer poor white trash. Dat's what 'tis to be ekal 'fore de law!

I suggested to Uncle Billy that this might be obviated by being a little more honest.

"Marse boss," interrupted Billy, "we can't run agin natur'. It's nat'rul for niggah to steal pig and chicken, fryin' size. Yer knows it is, an' 'tain't no use tryin' to stop us. Now, we uns are willin' to let you uns alone, and you all jist let us alone on this pint. We're powerful weak on dis pint, Marse Boss."

Just here a perverse and disloyal spirit tempted me to hint to uncle Billy that the colored people were indebted to their republican friends for this change in their status.

"Well, den, Marse Boss," said he, "all Ise got to say is, de law's got to be changed. Mus' hab a law for de white man and a law for de black man."

Strange as it may seem, some of our best citizens echo Uncle Billy's sentiment. They are inclined to view the negro's minor transgressions in a lenient light, and I know that some of our democratic judges impose lighter penalties upon colored men for small offenses than they would do in cases where the guilty parties were white.

Before Uncle Billy left I asked him how he would like to sit down at the table with white folks in the hotels.

"Great Goddlemighty!" exclaimed the good old man. "I allow youse tryin' to make fun o' dis ehila. Why, you knows yourself dat no cullud pusson ebber let a white man see 'em eat ef dey can help it!"

This is strictly true. The ordinary Southern negro will not eat in the presence of a white spectat'or.

"Well, Uncle Billy." I said, "it is very