

THE November number of the Oysterman and Fisherman, Hampton, is a "thing of beauty". May it continue a "joy forever". And so it will—so long as Harry Houston is at the head of it. He is putting a beautiful and interesting superstructure on the foundation long and laboriously laid by Brother Davis. Mr. Houston, several times member of the legislature from Hampton, gives this pungent reason why he should be qualified to run our Virginia trade journal—and we do not demur to his claim—

"I have come up with oystering, crabbing, fishing, clamming and the like upon all sides—within eye-shot of mammoth oyster shell piles and within nose-shot of crab factories—and believe I should have absorbed something."

As the primary principal makes its way through the country, new obstacles are thrown in its path. Here in Virginia we have the dominant faction of the Democratic party opposing improvement and legalization of the plan, with the apparent purpose to discredit the principle among the voters of the State. —Richmond Evening Journal.

The above appears rabid and uncalled for, hardly worthy of the big men and paper charging it. All men cannot—and should not—think alike. The Journal and the Times-Dispatch happen to agree upon the convention question, but they are wide apart on others. Which is wrong or which insincere in its espousal at such times?

A WAIL is going up from the eastern shore that their beautiful hollies are a thing of the past. The little return they got for the desecration is spent and forgotten; and now the beautiful red holly berries are strangers to that section. The same will be true of our Northern Neck if a check is not put upon a class of sordid, selfish, grasping residents that denude our forests for a pittance from Yankees who garner the cream. Denounce it, friends, and berate any citizen so miserable as to sacrifice our native beauty.

"PLENTY of oysters and they are realizing fair prices for good stock." says correspondence of the Accomack News. That's the case everywhere in Virginia, and "bully good" and fat. Now will somebody cage the national pure-food faddists, let the inland folk get over their fright, and we will have market and money in abundance.