

To Him Who Waits. Many a castle I've built in Spain, With turrets and domes that were passing fair, But the first wild storm of wind and rain Has proved my castles were made of air.

But I sometime think there will come a day When my heart's fond wishes I shall attain— When walled and towered in grand array, Shall stand secure my castles in Spain.

The Confederate's Ruse.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

I was the last of the fortunate few that escaped from Point Lookout prison, he said, in the fall of '64. The enclosure—known as the Bill Pen—in which the prisoners were kept, consisted of a paling about 14 feet high, with an outside platform, not far from the top, where the sentinels dived and night was led their beat in sight of the prisoners.

On the eastern side of the camp was the Casapeake; and here, if we kept within musket range, we could bathe or fish at any hour of the day—a privilege greatly appreciated by those who could stand the exertion.

For some it became a daily practice, whenever the weather permitted the sport, to fish in the forenoon; and this we did either standing in the water, sometimes up to our elbows or armpits, or sitting on long-legged, crane-like tripods, which the more ingenious contrived for themselves out of pieces of cracker-box.

Every morning large tubs of garbage from the cook-houses and slops from the hospital-tents were brought to the beach to be emptied; and those who happened to be bathing at the time had as much as they could do, in returning to the shore, to keep clear of the fish. To one of these "vessels of ignominy" it was that I owed my escape. It chanced in this way:

I had waded out with my fishing-clothes on somewhat further than usual, when I saw a tub floating upside down and drifting toward me. As soon as it was near enough, I watched my chance, and, as no one observing me, dived and got under it.

There I was, like Falstaff in the buck-basket, with "the roughest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril." For a moment I thought I should suffocate; and doubtless such might have been my fate but for a bung-hole in the side of the tub, which I fortunately discovered, and through which I got enough light and fresh air to supply my necessities. As my head was entirely out of the water, I had but to turn my face to this aperture and follow the tide.

The weather being cool, the bathers that morning were comparatively few; but the beach was lined with groups of prisoners, and why neither they nor the sentinels saw me, I have never yet known.

Once out of musket range, I was safe so long as I managed to keep my footing. My fear was of stepping beyond my depth, and so losing the tub; or else of arousing suspicion by going too fast for the tide. It was necessary, therefore, to move with precaution, and so slow was my progress for the first two miles that it took me fully an hour or more to lose sight of the prison. Even then it was only at intervals that I dared to peep out; and not until noon did I finally venture to doff the tub and make for the beach.

So weak and cramped and dizzy was I when I got ashore, that all my remaining strength was exhausted in dragging on slowly across the sand to the pine woods beyond. Once under the whispering trees, however, and stretched on the sweet-smelling, pine-needle carpet, I felt fast asleep. When I woke I did not know where I was, nor whether the sun, which was then quite low, was just rising or setting.

The greatly refreshed by my five hours' rest, I was desperately hungry, and the question now uppermost in my mind was of something to eat. I knew that the people in that part of St. Mary's were, most of them, kindly disposed to the South, and that very night brought a proof of it in the warm hospitality extended to me at a neighboring farm-house.

On the following morning I left this retreat, not only relieved of my present wants, but provided with what would supply my necessities for at least a week longer.

The adventure that closed my career of danger is the only one, after I quitted the coast that deserves to be mentioned. I had been traveling mostly on foot since I made my escape; and now, a ter-

many a tedious delay, there remained but one critical step to be taken to determine my fate. A distance of ten or twelve miles was before me and I had to pass through the village of _____ to reach my destination. For greater security I was advised to make this last stage of my journey by night, and by no means to enter the village till dark, as there were known to be spies in the place always on the alert.

At sunset, coming in sight of the settlement, I halted to rest and to see where best to conceal myself while I waited for night.

There stood, a little to the left of the road, a clump of thick evergreens, to which, as the nearest refuge, I straightway directed my course. On reaching the spot I was greatly assured to find it a graveyard. This, of all places, I thought, is the one most fortunate for me; so, leaping the low stone wall, I proceeded to examine the surroundings. A family vault, in a crumbling condition, bore the name of the village; and some of the tombs were of older date. In one special corner of the enclosure was a group of fresh graves, where I took it to be that the soldiers were buried; and among these I noticed a newer mound, which, from the flowers upon it, I thought had been raised that morning.

I read the inscriptions from tomb to tomb till it got too dark to decipher them. Presently lights from the distant houses began to appear; and I was just thinking it time to go, when the sound of some vehicle coming my way arrested the thought.

Listening in breathless suspense, I soon found that the wheels were much nearer than I had supposed, the stealthiness of the approach alone having kept me from hearing them. Before I had time to collect myself, a close-covered wagon stopped outside the wall, and I saw two men get cautiously out of it— one to open the gate, and the other to lead the horse in. The time, the place, the mysterious approach—everything tended to agitate me, and I was in the point of taking to flight, when the trunk flashed upon me. Preceding at once to the new-made grave, the robbers, each with a spade from the wagon, began forthwith to remove the loose earth, with a skill and rapidity that proved beyond doubt their professional character.

It may be imagined with what profound interest I watched their operations. In less time than I had conceived it possible the coffin was raised, and the body, around which they threw a long cloak, removed to the wagon. The work of re-lifting the grave was soon done; and hardly an hour from the time they came in the rascals were out of the graveyard and on their way homeward. The wagon had no sooner turned from the gate than I started to follow it.

There was no moon, and the night was dark; but, luckily for me, the robbers drove slowly, and, though at some distance behind the vehicle, I never lost sight of it.

When about half-way back to the village we came to a stop; and I saw the two men, to my great satisfaction, get out at the door of a public house, leaving, meanwhile, the cart and its occupant alone in the road.

Just as the tavern door closed again I quickened my pace, and, impelled by a sudden inspiration, leaped forward and into the cart.

There bolt upright against the front seat, sat the stolen corpse, a hat pulled low down over the face, while the cloak before mentioned completely enveloped the rest of the figure.

My purpose was, first, to remove the corpse, and then, having put on the cloak and hat, to take its place and await what might happen.

I need not have hurried my task as I did, for the men took their time. When they came out at last, it was evident that they had been drinking freely inside; and I saw with delight as they entered the wagon that one had a bottle along with him to imbibe on the way. They resumed their seats, one on each side of me, and we started again.

Hitherto, I am inclined to believe, not a word had been uttered upon the road by either of my companions; but the alcohol doing its perilous work, they began to talk openly. I learned now that it was not their intention to stop in the village, but at a vacant house six miles beyond; and this place was, as I further discovered, within easy reach of my own destination.

By the time we were fairly out of the village the bottle had already twice been produced, with results that greatly confirmed my hopes of the scheme I was meditating.

My comrades, soon in this maudlin state, became silent and drowsy; and just here it was that my part began. Very gently at first, and by slow degrees, I inclined myself more and more to one side.

"By George, it is you that are shoving it now! I'm almost smothered! Pull up the blame thing, will you?" he cried, "and don't let it slip over this side again."

Denying the charge with an oath, the other leaned over, and drew me into position. So ludicrous was it becoming to me, that, but for the stupefied state of the rogues, I must have betrayed myself. The game, however, was not yet done, and my stakes in the issue were far too great to allow it to stop. The question was now of a second move.

I was projecting another descent upon the left wing, when, as if to anticipate such a design, the enemy hemmed me in on both flanks; and there I sat, pinned between the two, like a handcuffed prisoner.

A nudge of both elbows at once, on the ribs of my sleeping guards, was a shock that loosened their jaw-bones, and brought the cold sweat to their faces.

"What are you up to?" each questioned the other in a tremulous voice. "I didn't touch it," said Jim, in dismay.

"The deuce you didn't!" exclaimed the other. "Don't tell me a lie! Put your hand under the cloak there, and feel if the muscles are drawn." "Jim meekly obeyed. 'Great Cæsar!' he panted; 'if the thing ain't hot!'"

"Hot?" I yelled, tearing the cloak apart; "You would be too, if you were in my place!"

The two wretches cast but one look at me, and then, tumbling bodily out of the wagon, took to their heels.

That was the last I saw of them. The coast thus clear, I seized the reins and drove rapidly on. Next morning discovered me safe at home the happy possessor of a wagon and horse, the spoils of the enemy. —[New York Independent.

Missouri's Iron Mountain. There have been sold from Iron Mountain 3,000,000 tons of ore, says a letter to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. But there is in sight today more ore than James Harrison saw when he came here forty-odd years ago and figured out fortunes for himself and associates.

The product exceeds 3,000,000 tons. The more exact figures are 3,085,000 tons. What does this mean in dollars? It is hard to say. But there has been times when Iron Mountain ore was worth \$10.50 a ton loaded upon the cars. It is even remembered that once a car load made up of picked ore brought \$15 a ton. This was an extra lot wanted for some special work at Peckham's Kummiswick furnace, and it brought an extra price. The bulk of the product has gone at \$9.88 and \$7, with prices now ranging still lower. Perhaps, for a rough estimate, \$8 a ton may be taken as a fair average. That means \$25,000,000 for the product.

Early operations were primitive. The ore was picked up from the crest of the mountain in chucks, trundled down the mountain side on tramways, and loaded on the cars ready for shipment. Pick and shovel dislodged the masses. Gravity furnished the power, for the loaded car going down pulled the empty one up. That was picking up dollars. One workman was good for six or eight tons a day. Ore was worth \$9 and \$10 a ton, and 100 cars a day left the mountain for the furnaces.

There were periods when the shipments went over 1000 tons a day, and every ton meant a \$5 bill to the stockholders. A net income of \$5000 a day! A profit of \$15,000,000 from \$25,000,000 gross income.

And yet here stands the mountain today, reduced in size, scarred and furrowed and tunneled, with more ore in sight than there was in 1844.

Saved by the Telephone. A very peculiar accident recently happened to Mr. Rush Fay, a book-keeper for Messrs. J. L. Danforth of Louisville, Ky. About 8 o'clock he entered the vault to secure some papers, and while busily engaged there his fellow book-keeper, not dreaming any one was inside the safe, threw the combination, entombing Mr. Fay. The latter gentleman remained buried alive for some time, and, not being able to make himself heard, was about giving up the ghost when he remembered the telephone was situated inside the vault. He telephoned his situation to the Central Telephone Station, and assistance was sent the gentleman. It came not much too soon, for Mr. Fay was about exhausted from the stifling air in the vault. —[Cincinnati Enquirer.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

"I Beat You Up Today." Tell me what's become of you, pretty Nelly Martin, Little Nelly Martin, with your golden yellow hair That glistened in the sunshine of the bright unclouded morning, And was blown in fluffy ringlets by the will plum-scented air.

As you stood there in your "nighty"—it was warm and nice in May, And shouted from your porch to mine: "I beat you up today-ay-ay!" Like a baby saint you seem to me as I look back with yearning, Little Nelly Martin with your eyes so big and blue, To the days when hearts were pure and clean beneath our gingham aprons, And the only bit of rivalry that came between us two.

Was in getting up o' mornings—I can almost hear you say, In that gay, triumphant voice of yours: "I beat you up today-ay-ay!" I wonder where I'd find you now, pretty Nelly Martin; I wonder if your hair is yet that pretty golden brown; Is that baby love of ours by you, too, unforgotten?

Mayhap you have your little ones a-clinging to your gown, But, though you be a matron and your locks be swept with gray, You're still the little girl that sang: "I beat you up today-ay-ay!" —[Chicago News.

Infant's Japanese Punishment. When little boys or girls in Japan are naughty and disobedient they must be punished, of course; but the punishment is very strange. There are very small pieces of rice paper called moxi, and these are lighted with a match and then put upon the finger or hand or arm of the naughty child, and they burn a very much. The child screams with pain, and the red-hot moxi sticks to the skin for a moment or two and then goes out; but the smarting burn reminds the little child of his fault. —[St. Nicholas.

On a Boat. The single big sail of a catboat is peculiarly dangerous when she is running dead before a fresh breeze. Have you ever noticed how she rolls when in that position? Well, any one of those downward lurches is liable to throw the end of the heavy boom so deep into a wave that the boat is tipped up and capsized before you can realize what is happening. At the same time, any one of those upward lifts is liable to stand the boom on end alongside of the mast. The sail whips around the tail stick in the most maddening fashion, the young sailor in charge of the boat is unable to regain control of it, and with the next heave of the sea or blast of wind over goes the unmanageable craft, leaving its occupants to swim for their lives. Again, the single sail of a catboat of any size is so powerful that its sheet must be belayed with several turns in order to secure it in a lively breeze. While thus fastened it is very likely to become jammed in the cleat, in which case the result of a sudden squall would be almost certain disaster. A catboat is a fine, handy craft for skilled boatmen, but I would as soon give an inexperienced boy who had never been on horseback in his life an unbroken colt to ride as to put him in a catboat. —[Harper's Young People.

Two Brave Little Girls. Tiny and Trip, the two little cousins, were up in the luggie in Tiny's yard, playing with their dollies. It was a splendid place to play. "I like to be up here so high, out of the way of everything, don't you?" asked Trip.

"Yes," replied Tiny, "it's ever so nice. Nothing can't get us up here, and I ain't afraid of nothing."

"Nor I," said Trip. "If a bear should come in at the gate, I should just sit here and look at him, and laugh."

"So would I," added Tiny. "And if a elephant come in here, I would take the whip, just so, and snap it at him, just so, and say, 'Go away, you great old elephant!' and wouldn't he go just capering down the road?"

Then both the little girls laughed loud and long, they felt so safe and happy. A few minutes after two cows came running along the road, and turned in at the gate. The gentle, old moolie cows had found the bars down when they came into their yard at night, and so had come out on the road to see what they could find.

When those two cows coming into their yard, they just went to screaming as loud as they could.

How they did shriek! You would have supposed that a bear and an elephant were both after them at once. Tiny's mother ran out to her door, and all the neighbors ran to their doors. And then they saw the two little screaming girls in the luggie, and a man driving out the two gentle old cows that had frightened them so.

When the cows were gone, Trip and Tiny climbed down out of the luggie, with very red faces, and went home. —[Youth's Companion.

SPONGE FISHING.

Diving in Mediterranean Waters for this Fibrous Material. A Shrewd Austrian Professor Grows Them Artificially.

In the Tunisian waters of the coast of Africa the sponge fishery is carried on most actively and profitably during the months of December, January and February. The late autumnal storms have by that time cleared the sponges of the seaweeds and other plants which concealed them. It is considered, calm weather and a transparent sea being indispensable, that not more than forty-five days can be counted upon each season. The men employed in the Tunisian sponge fishery are almost exclusively Greeks or Sicilians, and the former are found the more skillful. There are several modes of collecting sponges. They are plucked with the hand by help of a diving bell, they are harpooned, or they are dragged up with an instrument which resembles the sort of drag used where there is a hard bottom, and the harpoon is the instrument mainly employed by sponge-fishers.

The Arabs go out in parties of five, six or seven persons in a small boat. One man holds the trident and watches the bottom of the sea, striking where he sees a sponge; but the Arabs are rarely successful in a depth of more than eight or ten metres. The method of the Sicilians is almost the same as that of the Arabs, except that their boats take only two men, one to row and the other to strike. The Sicilians fish in deeper water than the Arabs and secure more sponges than they, and of a better quality. The Greeks who for the most part come from Kalimno and Syria are the chief employers of the drag. But the great majority of these also hold to the trident which they use with extraordinary cleverness.

The island of Kalimno, on the southwestern coast of Asia Minor, between Cos and Leros, contains a population of about 12,000, all the adult males being engaged in the sponge fishery. They leave the island in May, and return in September at the latest. The islanders of Kalimno exercise their profession of sponge-fishing off the shores of the islands of the kingdom of Greece, of the Rhodens Sporades, and specially of Rhodes, of Crete, of the whole extent of Syria, of the island of Ruad, and finally of Tunis, where their vessels are so large and so well manned that they drive the Arabs and Sicilians completely out of the field. They take the sponges back to Kalimno, where they are sold, the council of the island constituting a court which decides all differences between fishermen, captains, proprietors, merchants and retail purchasers. The Kalimnites usually fish at a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet; below this there are no sponges which possess any commercial value. The divers have to be men of adult age and of great physical strength; they can in no case remain at the maximum depth of twenty feet for more than two minutes. They select the good from among the bad sponges by touch, tearing away those which seem to be the best, and place them in a pouch fastened round the neck. Quite recently a new method has been adopted, the wearing of a water-tight diving dress, made of metal and provided with glass windows; in this dress men are able to remain at the bottom of the sea for two or three hours and collect the sponges at their ease.

The Kalimnites fishermen are in the habit of dividing the sponges which they sell into three classes—those of fine quality, those which are large in size, and those which are inferior in quality. The island possesses 200 vessels engaged in this industry.

An industry in artificial sponges is in progress of creation. M. Oscar Schmidt, professor at the university of Graz, in Styria, has invented a method by which pieces of living sponge are broken off and planted in a favorable spot. From very small cuttings of this kind Professor Schmidt has obtained large sponges in the course of three years and at a very small expense. One of his experiments gave the result that the cultivation of 4,000 sponges had not cost more than \$45, including the interest for three years on the capital expended. The Austro-Hungarian government has been so much struck with the importance of these experiments that it has officially authorized the protection of this new industry on the coast of Dalmatia. —[Chamber's Journal.

A Careful Borrower. "Issy, Fred, lend me a dollar, will you?" A dollar bill is produced. The borrower looks at it a moment thoughtfully, and then exclaims: "By the way, Fred, just remembered that there are counterfeit one-dollar bills in circulation. To prevent mistakes, suppose you take this back and lend me a two instead. Thanks! A fellow can never be too careful in money matters, you know. So long! see you later." —[Boston Transcript.

Freshening Oysters.

A new system of treating oysters is now practised at Baltimore, by which their value is very much increased," said a large dealer to a New York Mail and Express reporter. "The oysters obtained from Tangier sound, Lynnhaven, and the kind called sea-side oysters are rather small, although inclosed in large shells. These oysters, when dredged and brought to the Baltimore market, are sold there at about sixty cents a basket, but when freshened their value is enhanced at least 150 per cent. The manner of proceeding is somewhat different from the common practice of 'floating' oysters, so much in vogue in the east.

"The oysters are transferred from the puggies onto the decks of covered scows that will each carry a deckload of about 600 bushels of oysters. The scows are then lowered to a point in the Patuxent river where the water is quite shallow, and then sunk by letting water through a valve in the hold. The scows are left in this position during two flood tides, when the water is pumped out and they are then towed to the city wharves. The change from the salt to the fresh water swells the oysters until what were originally comparatively insignificant oysters, worth but sixty cents a bushel, become plump and luscious, fill entirely their immense shells and command when put on the market for sale \$1.50 to \$1.75 per bushel. Two of the largest packing houses in Baltimore are engaged in this business, keeping twelve scows constantly employed. The whole operation is under the supervision of one man, who undertakes the freshening for a consideration of ten cents a bushel, the packing house, of course, furnishing all the appliances."

Coney Island Profits. I picked up some information about Coney Island here the other day, says a reporter in the Brooklyn Citizen, my informant being the superintendent of a well-known restaurant. "I had charge," he said, "of a beer counter down at the Island part of one summer, and really think I learned how to sell more frothy and less beer for five cents than any other man in the business. For every keg of beer that was tapped I had to turn in \$9 to the boss, and if I failed to do so he deducted the difference out of my wages. That very seldom happened though. The beer cost the boss \$3 a keg, and I have sold as much as \$13 worth of beer from one keg; that meant \$4 for me, after I had settled with the boss. I liked to see a party come in and commence drinking; ponies of beer. The usually got about a tablespoonful of beer at the bottom of several inches of froth, and it was wonderful how the keg would hold out. Then I had charge of the lunch counter for a short time and did pretty well there. The boss bought the leanest hams he could get, averaging about twelve pounds each, and I had to turn in \$10 for every ham. We sold the sandwiches for ten cents, cutting the ham so thin you could almost see through it, but then we had the bread thick enough, and gave plenty of mustard. I made out pretty well at that work, but the beer counter paid me the best. What profit is made on a roll and a sausage? You pay five cents for it, and one-half of that is profit."

Ribbon Enough to Girdle the Earth. Ribbon for trimmings is in greater demand than ever, and an enormous length of silk ribbon is manufactured in Passaic county, N. J., yearly. In Paterson alone is made about 36,675,000 yards a year. This is 110,025,000 feet, or a little less than 22,731 miles. This would reach from Washington to Java and back. It is two and a half times the distance to Canton, China, three times the distance to the Cape of Good Hope, and seven times across the ocean from New York to England. Three-quarters of all the ribbon made in this country is manufactured at Paterson, and about one-tenth as much more is imported. It is impossible to estimate how much is consumed in America, as a considerable quantity is exported, but a careful calculation would perhaps make it about 30 (30) miles a year, or considerably more than enough to put a silken belt around the earth. —[New York Star.

A Magnificent Hothouse. The first magnificent attempt at hothouse building was that of Francis I. of Austria in 1753. They were in five ranges, extending altogether to the length of 1290 feet, many of them being thirty feet high. Landscape gardening, and the adoption of the English style, rapidly spread into France, Germany and Russia after the year 1762. In the latter country there are several magnificent conservatories, only surpassed by those of Kew, Chatsworth, and the Regent's Park, London. The earliest hothouses for the cultivation of fruits seem to have been those of the Duke of Rutland, erected at Blisvoir, in 1755. In modern times, the best constructed or most improved kitchen and forcing gardens are those of her Majesty, at Frogmore. The Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew are unequalled in Europe, while those at Chatsworth, Eton Hill, and Trentham are models of taste and judgment. —[New York Dispatch.

The Song of the Heart.

As I will sing you a song tonight, Since the thrum you leave to me, The sweetest and best, my heart's delight, For the burden, dear, is of the song And though short the song, As a human life can be.

For love is the best of all refrains, The dearest the heart may hear, And welcome as ever summer rains, Descending the earth to cheer; And the love I sing Is the love I bring, For my life, to thee, my dear! This is the song of my heart tonight, Its chambers with joy resound, And warm and free is the mellow light That falleth on all around. Let thy blessing be, Dearest heart, on me And the love that we have found. —[Mercury.

HUMOROUS.

All's fair in base ball, even a foul. The cheeky man is one of 'em tal—usually brass. An Arab's favorite musical instrument—The loot. The word pantalooning is coming into use among pantaloonatics. None but a man who is well loaded will attempt to shoot the Rvpsis. Talk is cheap, unless you have just eaten a philopona with young lady friend.

It is said that the lawn order society is responsible for the 'Keep off the grass' edict. While reaping machines have robbed the cradle, they have contributed considerably to the grave. It is quite consistent and proper for the seaside bolles to come off the bathing beach wringing wet. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried the Boston girl as the ball player said to third. "He has reached the tertiary period."

The man who went into an artificial limb factory and asked for twelve inches, wanted a foot, but why didn't he say so? "I notice you never try to shine in conversation, Bromley?" "Well, no. Fact is, Darrington, it keeps me busy trying to conceal my ignorance."

The building site at the garden gate. His tail is short but his teeth are long. And soon those molars will grind and grate When the limits of the pedestal come along. An old adage says that "courtesy opens many doors." Yes, and lack of courtesy leaves them open. Won't somebody invent a new adage that will tell what will shut many doors?

As they do it in Boston—Elderly lady (to platform guard, at Boston and Albany station).—"Which car do I want to take?" Police railroad man—"You will pardon me, madam, for answering your question with another, but the solution of the proposition depends, to a somewhat broad extent, on where you want to go."

A Ball Fired Fourteen Miles. The ever-increasing length of cannons recently gave rise to the question as to the length of the longest piece of ordnance ever successfully fired. The surprising reply was, "Fourteen miles." The term "ordnance" is taken to mean anything that carries a projectile and the piece of ordnance in question is the straight iron tube which conveys natural gas from Murrayville to Pittsburg, Penna. The projectile fired through this tube was a large "gumball," which fitted closely the interior of the pipe. This was inserted at the gas well and the gas turned on in full force. The ball was driven the entire length of the tube, coming out at the further end in a "few minutes." It thus appears that the arts of peace may produce longer guns than the art of war. —[Seaboard.

The Salvation Army. The Salvation Army was organized in London in the year 1865 by the Rev. William Booth, the present General-in-Chief. It was brought up in the Church of England, converted among the Methodists, and afterward became a traveling preacher among them, and labored as such until 1861, when he gave himself up with his wife to evangelistic work. The army has divisions and divisional headquarters in Sweden, Switzerland, France, Germany, Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania and the United States. Sixteen weekly papers, each known as the War Cry, are published in these different countries. Their aggregate circulation is 26,000,000 copies a year.

Iron Freight Cars. A New York company is now making railroad freight cars of iron, for which many advantages are claimed. It is said that they are lighter than wooden cars, and yet have a capacity of 60,000 to 100,000 pounds of freight. The cost of repairs is claimed to be very light, and when they have worn out the material can still be sold for scrap iron. "This," the manufacturers' Record hints, "opens up the possibility of a new industry for the South. With cheap iron of the best quality at hand, the South could no doubt make iron cars at a lower cost than any other place in the country."