

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

VOL. III.—NO. 35.

MORGANTON, N. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1878.

WHOLE NUMBER 139.

WHAT IS MAN?

A few evenings before the death of Daniel Webster he wished to be carried out on the piazza to see for the last time the stars and stripes. After gazing a few minutes in silence, he repeated those beautiful words of the Psalmist: "When I survey the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and stars which Thou hast ordained, Lord, what is man, &c."

Yes, what is man, O Lord of all! That Thou of him shouldst mindful be, A speck upon his native ball, An atom in immensity. These thoughts the soul of David bound Till utterance came in language meet; Sublimed words are rarely found Inscribed upon the sacred sheet. For he so great amongst Israel's seers Nightly surveyed with reverent eye The radiant host of blazing spheres. That burned across Judea's sky. Until the day's declining flame. Lumed the fair courts of Zion's towers, And brighter rays with morning came To bathe her walls in golden showers.

Lucia's Folly.

"There goes the most provoking man in the whole country!" said Lucia Dare, as she stood at the window and watched Professor Lee go down the path—really the most provoking. Sometimes I'm sure he's in love with me, and going to tell me so, and then, again, I'm sure I'm mistaken, and he's in love with somebody else, and he's in love with anybody. He's so bashful when he's with a woman that he doesn't dare say his own name in his own way. I'm sure I don't see why he should be afraid of me! I like him, and if he could see two inches ahead of his nose, he could see it."

Lucia heaved a little sigh, and sat down at the piano, where half an hour before she had been singing "Annie Laurie" for the Professor.

"I wonder what he wanted to see Dora for?" she thought, as she thumped the keys in a low accompaniment to her thoughts. "It can't be that he's in love with Dora, for he must know she's engaged. And yet, he's such an odd creature that it wouldn't be at all strange if he was. If he ever heard she was engaged, he's probably forgotten it. I wonder what he wrote to her? It must be something that he considered quite important, for he wanted me to be sure and give her the letter as soon as she came home, and it took him half an hour to write it."

She got up, went to the table, and took up the letter Professor Lee had written to her sister.

"I wish I knew what was in it," she said, holding it up to the light. "He looks as if he might be proposing marriage. If I thought it was a proposal—"

Lucia's face colored a little at the thought which came into her mind. She laid the letter down and walked to the window, and stood there for some time. By-and-by she turned, came back to the table, and took up the letter—a guilty look on her face as she did it—and dropped it behind an old carved cabinet which stood in one corner of the parlor.

"It's a mean thing to do," she said to herself, as she went back to the piano, "but I've done it. If it *was* a proposal, it is just as well as it is, for Dora would never marry him; if it *wasn't* a proposal, it won't matter very much, probably."

Two weeks after that Dora came home from a visit to a friend, with the news that Professor Lee had resigned his position as teacher of languages in the academy at Wybrham, and accepted an offer from a new college in the West.

"Are you sure it is so?" said Lucia, with an effort to hide all traces of agitation.

"Quite sure," answered Dora; "Heley Templeton told me, and she had the news from Professor Lee himself."

"When is he going?" Lucia tried hard to act unconcerned, but her voice sounded unsteady.

"Very soon," answered Dora; "this week, I think."

And it was only two or three days after that that Dora came home with the announcement that the Professor had gone.

"Gone!" Lucia's face was pale as she repeated the word. At that moment a tender hope died in her heart.

"Yes," answered Dora, "he went this morning. I think he might have come to tell us good-bye."

Lucia got up without another word and went to her room.

"Poor Lucia!" Dora said, "She did care for him, after all."

Up stairs Lucia knelt down by her window and had a real woman's cry. She did not know till then how much she had cared for Professor Lee. She had always liked him, and had hoped that some day she might call him by a dearer name than that of Professor. Now she knew that she loved him.

"But it was all on one side," she sobbed. It must have been, or he would not have left me in this way, without so much as a word. But I did think he cared for me a little."

It was two years after that when Lucia came across the letter that Professor Lee had written for Dora that afternoon—the letter which he had left with her to give to her sister, but which she had taken care her sister should not get.

she said, picking it up. "Dora's married and gone away, so there's no harm in my reading it now. It was just as honorable in my reading it then as to do what I did with it."

She opened it and read it through, with a face that was very pale before she finished it.

"MISS DARE—I called to see you this afternoon, but your sister said that you were away, and would not be home for a day or two. I wanted to ask you something, and perhaps it is better for me to ask you this way than any other. I think you must have seen that I love your sister. But I have never told one so before. I have never hinted it to her in any words, but she has probably understood me well enough. I heard yesterday that she was engaged. I ask you frankly to tell me if this is so? If she is, of course I will never tell her of what I hoped might be."

If there is nothing which should keep me from seeking to win her for my wife, let me hear from you at once. If there is, I shall understand it from your silence.

Yours, etc., STANWOOD LEE."

Lucia Dare got up, with a very pale face, and a great ache at her heart. She had been guilty of doing a disgraceful thing, and that very act had been the means of bringing to her the one great sorrow of her life.

"You are terribly punished, Lucia Dare," she said to the white face in the glass that stared at her as she crossed the room. "By that one dishonorable act you have destroyed your life's happiness."

She sat alone that night when the house was still, and thought about it. It was torture to think how near she had come to the realization of the sweetest dream of her life, and to know that by her own folly she had lost it all.

Before she went to bed she took the letter and enclosed it to Dora. She wrote only a few lines:

"Professor Lee left a letter for you one day when you were not at home, and I did not give it to you. I found it today and send it to you. I have read it and know how near happiness came to me."

She could not bring herself to confess in plain words why it never had been given. But her heart accused her bitterly enough, and she slept upon a pillow wet with tears of sorrow and repentance. Hard, indeed, was the punishment of her wrong-doing.

It was a peaceful Sabbath day. The air was sweet with scents of new mown grass and clover, and the birds sang in the elms under the open windows of the little church, and all the world seemed in a Sabbath mood.

Lucia Dare heard a little ripple of surprise run over the congregation just before the sermon began, and raised her head to see, coming down the aisle—Professor Lee!

He came straight to her pew. She made room for him, while her heart was in a great flutter of hope and love and gladness, reaching out her hand in a wordless greeting, which held a powerful eloquence in its long, close grasp.

Lucia heard not a word of the sermon. Her heart was too full of many emotions for that. She was glad when it ended.

When the benediction was over he turned to her with:

"I have come to ask you a question. I should have asked you long ago. May I walk home with you and tell you what it is?"

At last they were free from the crowd of old friends who clamored for a hand-shake with the Professor, and drew her hand within his arm.

"I received a letter from your sister two days ago, and the few words she wrote sent me here," he said, when they were out in the pleasant street alone. "You know the question I have come to ask you."

"Let me tell you what I did," she said, while her eyes filled with hot tears of shame and her cheeks burnt; and then she confessed the disgraceful deed which had kept them apart so long.

"You have had your punishment," he answered, gravely. "If what you did was done for love of me, I am sure that I may hope you will not tell me no when I ask you to be my wife. This is the question I have come to ask. What answer have you to give me?"

What her answer was, you know, reader, as well as if I were to tell you.

A Human Skeleton Inside of a Horse.

A miner in the Black Hills, writing to a friend in this city, tells of a horrible reminder of the fearful snows of last winter, and of the perils of those who were caught out and lost their way upon the plains. He says that recently, while he and two others were crossing the country, they came upon the skeleton of a horse, within which was the skeleton of a man, with the grinning skull looking out at them from between the ribs of the animal, like a prisoner peering through the bars of his cell. The man had killed his horse, cut him open, and crawled inside of him, thinking to thus escape perishing of cold, but the flesh of the animal froze solid, and the man was as much of a prisoner as if he had been shut in by walls of iron. The wolves and carrion birds had stripped the greater part of the flesh from both skeletons. The miner concludes his description by saying: "It was a sight I shall never forget. I can see it now whenever I close my eyes."

My Donation.

I had a donation once. I was somewhat disappointed. I had read of donations as painted in fancy colors by grateful recipients of overwhelming bounty. The turkeys, the chickens, the hams, the barrels of flour, the suits of clothes, the purses of money, and all the other articles that gladden the pastor's heart, as tokens of the esteem, the affection, the kind thoughtfulness of his parishioners, haunted me with tantalizing daydreams when waking, and gave me the nightmare when sleeping. I went to the larder and found it empty; I examined my wardrobe and found it becoming threadbare; I examined my purse and found it light—very light. My last three months' income had been just five dollars, owing to the forgetfulness of my treasurer to collect any funds for me. I felt I needed a donation. As my people seemed to take no thought of such things, I ventured to gently remind them of their duty. I preached from the text—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." As an illustration I read an extract from an account of a donation that had been given to a brother minister, and gave point to the illustration by remarking that his people had laid up treasure in heaven by their generosity. I contrasted their thoughtfulness with the thoughtlessness of others who never gave donations, and mentioned the loss the latter sustained by never lending to the Lord. My hint was taken. I saw that the sermon produced the desired effect. It was touching. I received notice formally drawn up and signed by my Sabbath-school superintendent, class leader, exhorter in board of stewards, President of the Ladies' Home and Foreign Missionary Society, the members of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, and a few others, that on "Wednesday of the present week, at six o'clock, my friends of the parish would manifest their esteem for their pastor by giving him a donation."

It was no use to try to study till that was over. I threw down my pen and rushed down stairs to my tired little wife. I found her trying to make my oldest little boy, a boy of twelve, a pair of pants out of an old pair of mine. I snatched them from her hand, took her in my arms, and danced around like one "possessed." She wanted to know if I was crazy. I told her—"No. Our people were going to give us a donation. I expected a new suit for myself, a new dress for her, a lot of cloth for the boys' dress for her, a round sum of money. My people did appreciate me.—I knew they did."

I was a little hurt that she seemed to take it so very coolly. She said "she would wait till it was over before she expressed her opinion."

I told her we must make great preparations. I examined my purse, and found just nineteen dollars and seventy-five cents. I went down to market and spent nineteen dollars in chickens, flour, eggs, butter, raisins, nuts, etc. My wife worked late and early getting everything ready. Wednesday afternoon she was about exhausted, but she showed me with considerable pride the result of her labors—chickens roasted, ham boiled, pies and cakes without number almost. I sighed as I thought that those good things represented all the available funds of the firm, and my winter coat was not laid in yet. I resolutely drove away the feeling of anxiety, and cheered my wife with the hope that it was well invested.

About half-past five a committee of ladies came in, and said that they were instructed to take charge of the house; we were to do nothing; we were to be entertained. At the hour appointed our people came trooping in, and the young people were a little noisy; but I thought donations did not come very often, and I must put up with the little drawbacks. A royal feast (of my wife's good things) was spread in the dining-room, and we were seated at the head of the table. I was pleased to see what an appetite our friends had—how the chickens, pies and cakes disappeared. After supper, Brother—our Sabbath school superintendent, called me into the parlor, and I found everybody waiting.

After quite an eloquent speech he gave me an envelope containing some money and asked me to accept that as a mark of their esteem.

I replied very feelingly, and thanked him. In a short time we were alone. My wife was fatigued, and desired to go to bed. I told her we must see what we had before going to bed. We went to the dining-room and found the table covered with dirty dishes, the bones, the crumbs, the remnants of "the royal feast." My wife sighed as she saw the "debris," and said it would require considerable labor to straighten things. We went into the parlor and found our chickens, pies, cakes, and all the good things my wife had prepared had disappeared, and in their place we found one pumpkin, a plate of doughnuts, and a mouldy mince pie. We went up to my study, and found on the back of my study-chair a calico dressing gown; on my desk a pair of slippers and one penny-wiper (my gold pen was gone). My wife found in her room one little cotton handkerchief, four rollin-pins (old ones), and three potato mashers (old ones). I was a little discouraged. We went into the parlor, and found one lamp broken, and the oil all over our best carpet; one mirror cracked; a choice chromo marked with dirty fingerprints; three choice books lying on the floor, one with the back half torn off, the other two soiled and torn. I then thought of the envelope contain-

ing the money. I had forgotten to open it. I did so now. It contained one dollar and thirty-two cents; at first I saw the fifty cents was counterfeit. I spoke my mind. My wife did not say much, but I could see she was thinking. We did not sleep much that night. To make things more aggravating, I remembered that as soon as supper was over they sang "There is Rest for the Weary," and just before leaving, all had sung "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair We wretched sinners lay."

I thought it betokened a spiritual revival. Now I know there was no more for them to eat and they could do no more mischief. The next Saturday was quarterly conference, and they handed me a piece of paper headed:

| ACCOUNT OF DONATIONS. | |
|---------------------------|-------|
| By | Dr. |
| One dress gown..... | \$ 30 |
| One pair slippers..... | 25 |
| Two pumpkins..... | 15 |
| Four rollin-pins..... | 10 |
| Three potato-mashers..... | 10 |
| One handkerchief..... | 25 |
| One sock potatoes..... | 10 |
| One plate doughnuts..... | 10 |
| One mince pie..... | 10 |
| Total..... | 712 |

This was to be credited on my salary. They gave me thirteen dollars, and said that money was close, and I must try and be economical.

The following Sabbath I preached from the text: "I was an ungarbled and ye gave me no meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, I was naked and ye clothed me not. And those shall go away into everlasting punishment."

I told them the fact about the donation party, and expressed my feelings emphatically, and ended by saying, that when I preached to heathens I would go to heathen lands; they were at liberty to hunt another preacher. I am now an insurance agent. I have had no donation since, and, if any one thinks of proposing such a thing to me, for the sake of his family I would advise him to insure his life first.

Flesh Food.
The flesh of some of the wild and domestic animals which have the same chemical composition as man's flesh is also used as food by the majority of mankind; but there is a class of reformers in this country who refuse to use animal flesh for food, and bring forward some pretty strong arguments against its use. They contend that when the unorganized material becomes organized by the vegetable and is then raised still higher by the animal organism that any further use of it tends to degeneration, and therefore it is not suitable for man's food. While this is a very plausible argument, it can hardly be deemed conclusive. We find a class of men in the wilds of Mexico and in Western Texas who live almost entirely on the flesh of the wild cattle of that region, and whose power of endurance exceeds that of any class that can be found in the country. Their lives are spent almost entirely in the saddle, and it is not unusual for them to ride fifty to sixty miles without dismounting. But history furnishes a stronger example in favor of a purely vegetable diet in the person of the Roman soldier in the early days of the Empire. Perhaps there has never been so perfect a physical machine as the Roman soldier in the time of the first Caesar. He could endure more hours of continuous marching on foot, carrying his sixty pounds of baggage, than can the Mexican herdsmen in his saddle, and then fight terrible hand-to-hand conflicts after his march was over. And yet the diet of this man of such wonderful power was made up almost entirely of a single article, the grain of the Triticum Vulgare or wheat grain. If his appetite demanded food while on the march all he had to do was to reach in his knapsack and, taking the whole grains of wheat in his mouth, chew them until well masticated and swallow. If resting in camp the wheat grains were cracked between stones, boiled until soft and then eaten. And such a dietary as this built up the most perfect physical manhood the world has ever beheld. From these facts it is safe to conclude that wheat is a perfect food in every particular, and it cannot be claimed that animal food is essential to human existence even in its highest development.

A Ship in a California Desert.
By many it has been held as a theory that the Yuma desert was once an ocean bed. At the Yumas, pools of salt water have stood for a while in the midst of the surrounding waste of sand, disappearing only to rise again in the same or other localities. A short time since one of the saline lakes disappeared, and a party of Indians reported the discovery of a big ship, left by the receding waves. A party of Americans at once proceeded to the spot, and found imbedded in the sands the wreck of a large vessel. Nearly one-third of the forward part of the ship or bark is plainly visible. The stump of the bowsprit remains, and portions of the timbers of teak are perfect. The wreck is located forty miles north of San Bernardino and Fort Yuma road and thirty miles west of Los Palmos, a well known watering place on the desert. The road across the desert has been traveled for more than one hundred years. The history of the ill-fated vessel, of course never be known, but the discovery of its decaying timbers in the midst of what has been a desert will furnish important aid in the calculations of science.

A Grand Scheme.

We were returning from business last week, the evening being lovely. We remained on the stern deck of the ferryboat that we might enjoy the tranquility of the scene. The sun had just set, and twilight floated serenely in on viewless wings.

"Oh, this is divinely beautiful!" we soliloquized, as we puffed our cigarettes indolently.

At that moment our attention was diverted by a man who approached us and opened a conversation with the remark:

"May I trouble you for a light?"

"Certainly," we replied, extending our cigarettes.

"Ah, this is luxury," he continued, "but I am going to get up something that will just knock the tops out of a cigar!"

He was silent for a moment, and just as we were about to address him, he continued:

"Yes, I'm just a-goin' to revolutionize things generally. I'm gettin' up the biggest scheme ever heard of."

We were on the point of asking him some questions about the plan, which, if carried into effect, was to be of such especial benefit to mankind; but he anticipated our intentions, and exclaimed:

"You shall know all!"

Then, at his suggestion, we sauntered into the cabin and took a seat.

"You see," he commenced, "I'm going to do it. After a while smoking is going to cost only, on an average, five cents a day. This is my plan: I'm going to have great furnaces in some central locality. The furnaces are to be kept going all the time, and the only fuel used will be tobacco.

"Each furnace is to burn a different brand, and tubes will be run to the residences of patrons, who, when they desire to smoke, will only be obliged to go over to the wall, take hold of the tube, turn on, and smoke to their hearts' content."

"Over each tube will be marked the brand, whether it be 'Perique,' 'Durham,' or 'Caporal.' Just think of it, being able to have a smoke without striking a match! Besides, nobody can borrow your tobacco. I tell you, it's the biggest thing ever heard of. You shall have a tube running to your house for nothing."

He paused for a moment, and then continued: "I had my pocket picked this afternoon, and if you'll lend me enough to take me home, I'll—"

He didn't finish his sentence, for we rushed into the crowd and managed to escape the bore.

An Indian Race Meeting.
Originally a place of Hindoo pilgrimage, Sonopore has come to be famous as one of the great fairs of India, known for its horses and elephants, its workings in wood, gold and ivory, and specialties from Benares, Delhi and Bombay; and still plous pilgrims flock to the temple of Mahadeo, on the banks of the Ganges, and bathe in the sacred waters when the moon of the month Katik is at its full. But it is neither fair nor pilgrims that we have to do. Sonopore is a word of meaning to the residents of Patna and the surrounding districts. There, in magnificent mango-wood, close to the race-course and safely removed from the fair and its odorous crowds, they pitch their tents, invite their friends, and spend ten days or so in boundless hospitality and graceful relaxation. That mango top has made the fortune of Sonopore. A central road traverse the trees, and on each side, forming a sort of street, the "camps" are placed. They are all much of the same pattern. In the center you will see a large canopy, supported on poles, called a Shaolanshi; to this the Lady of the Camp has probably transported her drawing-room furniture, piano and all. A little behind will be a large closed tent, this serves as a dining room. Round these two as a center some twenty small tents are grouped; these are the private rooms of the visitors. Camps are usually formed by the leading civilians of the district, by the regiment stationed at Dinapore, and last, but not least, by the jovial indigo planters of Tirhoot. At the extreme verge of the wood is situated the grand stand, in front of which the course sweeps round an ample plain. Inside the stand is a large ball-room with—oh, luxury!—a boarded floor, for it is a luxury to us in India, where we generally have to use Terephichore on dead springless chunam, with a dancing on their cheeks. No sleep after that, a brass band perambulates the camp, waking up the lazy, Johnnie Cope, are ye "wauking yet?" No sleep after that! Up you get and make for the races. These last for about two hours; but as I cannot profess any admiration for the Indian turf, I will pass them over. With appetites sharpened by the cold air of a November morning, we hurry back to breakfast—always a jolly, jovial meal; at Sonopore; the men in good humor and the ladies with real English roses on their cheeks. After breakfast, you can sit out under the trees, and interview the various travelling merchants with their wondrous silk-work from Cashmere and their stocks of Delhi ewelry. Possibly a travelling juggler may drop in. Every one has heard of Indian jugglers; but to appreciate them, you should see them sitting on the grass

with no table, and no apparatus but a cloth spread in front of them, performing the same tricks that gave fame to Anderson and Stodare. This sort of thing, with perhaps a little visiting, passes the time till luncheon, after which you can go and see the fair from the back of an elephant. The sagacious beasts take you very comfortably through the crowds though every now and then they draw down on you the wrath of some obese provision dealer by helping themselves en passant from his stall. Afterwards, you can ride or drive on the course, or if skilled therein, join as good a game of Polo as any to be found in India. One year they got up tilling at the ring for ladies; but as each ring was a silver bangle, and as the fair performers were so situated thereby, they had at last to give it, lest the race fund should be raised. After a more breathing-time comes dinner, and after dinner, every other evening, we have a dance. A dance at Sonopore is much like a dance elsewhere. I suppose, so we may pass these evenings by. But on the alternate one, when the regimental band and a roaring bonfire call us all to the camp of H. M.—th, you will see something that is probably new to you. A cheerful fire crackling and flaming up till it nearly reaches the lower branches of the trees, round about a semicircle of ladies in evening dresses, with a background of men in black or scarlet, white tents showing here and there through the trees, with the Sonopore moon shining down over all, form a picture that gives one a very favorable idea of Indian life. Between the times, you will perhaps hear a song or two of more or less merit and the muffled claret goes round merrily. Presently the ladies sit off like ghosts through the moonlight, and round the now dying embers, the details of many a pig-sticking hunt are recapitulated, and many a long bow is pulled with a skill only to be arrived at by a lengthened apprenticeship in the gorgeous East. And so the day ends; and so life goes on nearly a fortnight more or less, and the Sonopore race-meeting comes to an end.

Worse than Bad Weather.
Dr. Swickley was passing along Front street, one of the hottest days of the week, when he noticed a large crowd gathered in front of a tenement house a short distance ahead. The doctor hurried forward, and elbowing his way through the crowd, found a man lying prostrate on the sidewalk.

"Press back, good people, press back," said the kind hearted doctor, "and give the man air, and he'll probably—"

He will bring him around presently. I see how it is, the man is sunstruck. This heat is terrific, and the people will soon die like sheep, if the weather doesn't change. Somebody run for a piece of ice."

A blue-eyed woman, with a gaunt, hardened face, edged forward and said: "Do you say that man is sunstruck, Doc?"

"Certainly, madam, certainly; the symptoms are clear and well defined."

"Well, then, all that I've got to say, is, that the symptoms lies like all blazes," said the woman, putting her hands on her hips, and winking at the crowd.

"My dear madam, what do you mean? Would you contradict the opinion of a professional man, backed up by all the truths of science?" said the doctor, squeezing his ear down tight against the man's chest.

"If you say that man is sunstruck, you don't know nothin' about it," said she doggedly. "The sun never touched him, not once. The good-for-nothin' lazy whelp, takes mighty good care not to give it a chance at him. About all he does is to fill his hide with sloop and set round in the shade, while his poor, hard workin' wife has to drudge her life out to keep the children from starvin'."

"What's the matter with him then?" asked a fatherly old gentleman on the inner edge of the crowd.

"Well, sir, I struck him myself, and I'd do it again; that's what's the matter with him. The bloot was two-thirds drunk, and pitched on to his wife—that pale little body crying over him—an' began poundin' her out of all mercy, an' so I jest waited in with a bag o' sand that I kept for scourin', an' I straightened him out, jest as you find him. I s'pose I've kind of stunned him a little, for you see he's rousin' up a little, but the pity is that I didn't finish him altogether the mean, ornery, trifling loafer."

"Sunstruck!—well, now, Doc, you was sold, but then I am a regular old crusher, an' it ain't to be wondered at, if I'd a went at him with my bare fist, you'd a swore he'd been struck by lightning! I'm worse than a bad spell o' weather, I am."

The Wren's Trick.
While the good little hen is sitting on her eggs, the cock pretends to be employed in building a nest for her, so that nobody should know he has in reality long ago completed his work, and that she is busy now on hers. He makes as many as half-dozen nests near where his own nest is, but in conspicuous places, while the actual nest is hid away as safely as possible. And the clever wren, though he makes the nest, does not take the trouble to line it on silk under the trees, and interview the various travelling merchants with their wondrous silk-work from Cashmere and their stocks of Delhi ewelry. Possibly a travelling juggler may drop in. Every one has heard of Indian jugglers; but to appreciate them, you should see them sitting on the grass

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—In England and Wales there are 68,138 persons of unsound mind, an increase of 1,902 over last year. The ratio to population is 25.57 to 10,000.

—The Engraving and Printing Bureau at Washington now employs 175 plate printers and nearly 300 girls, besides numerous clerks, watchmen, messengers, &c.

—A bronze fence is to be placed around the Army and Navy monument at Boston. The city offers a premium of \$50 for a design. The cost is not to exceed \$2,000.

—It is estimated that Detroit employs a capital of over \$18,000,000 and 18,000 hands in her manufacturing industries. Their annual product is valued at \$36,000,000.

—The Louisiana sugar crop of 1877 is set down at 127,753 hogheads, against 109,221 hogheads for 1876. The largest crop ever raised in the State was the 1861 the yield was 459,410 hogheads.

—The Fall River, Mass., assessors report the real estate valuation in that city at \$26,042,330; personal, \$14,884,225; total, \$40,926,555. Rate of tax, \$13.50. The valuation is \$4,888,589 less than last year.

—Eighty young men appeared for examination for admission to the Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass., on the 12th inst., and more can be accommodated is assured.

—The Marquis of Bute has given \$25,000 toward the erection of a Roman Catholic Cathedral at Dundee, Scotland, to commemorate the re-establishment of the bishopric of Dunkeld which ceased nearly 300 years ago.

—According to the records at Castle Garden, five millions six hundred and eighty-three thousand and some odd hundred immigrants arrived there since 1847. Of this number four millions were German and Irish.

—Some idea may be formed of the extraordinary development of the co-operative system in London from the fact that during the half year ending June 30th, the profits of the Civil Service Supply Association amounted to \$98,000.

—It is proposed at Montreal to build a vice-regal residence in that city at a cost of \$100,000, with the expectation that the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise will accept it as their home, and thus add to the attractions of the city.

—A handsome marble tablet, with an appropriate inscription, has been fixed in the transept of the Cathedral, at Brisol, England, to commemorate the philanthropic labors of the late Miss Mary Carpenter in that country and India.

—Near Bromley, Ont., stands a log house erected more than two years ago, of poplar and beam of glead logs, which can now be seen growing, sprouts being the same as the log house, inside of foliage.

—The Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire have ordered 250,000 California shad eggs for the headwaters of Merrimac river this season, of which 100,000 will be placed in Lake Winnipiseogee, and the rest in the Penikesee river.

—The canning of meats, fruits and vegetables has become a profitable business in Maine over 5,000,000 cans of corn are packed annually, the sales of which amount to \$1,150,000, giving employment to 10,000 people during the packing season.

—The bones of the intrepid explorer, Pere Marquette, have been discovered near Point St. Ignace, Mackinac, about thirty yards from the former Jesuit Church, and probably within the fence which once surrounded the dwellings of the missionaries.

—The Chinese are said to be exempt from yellow fever, and one of them, Hong Chin Foo, who was taken to Memphis to try his cure—pipes of a peculiar construction, in which a compound of oil and opium is to be smoked.

—The old Bassett house, in North Haverhill, Conn., which was built in 1712 and recently demolished, showed many huge oaken girders, rafters and beams apparently as sound as when they first came from the forest. The property has always remained in the Bassett family.

—The letter-boxes at Liverpool have a spring attached to the flap, and when the letter is pushed in a plate moves and shows the hour of the last clearance. People can thus tell if they are in time for a certain mail, and a check is had on the postman charged with emptying the box.

—The largest cotton mills in the world are those at Narva, in Russia, on the Gulf of Finland, eighty-one miles from St. Petersburg. One company there owns 400,000 spindles. The Harlow Mills, Cohasset, N. Y., having 275,000 spindles, are the largest in the United States.

—An acre of soil one foot deep contains 4,000,000 pounds. An average acre of American soil, six inches deep, is estimated to contain 17,333 pounds of potash, 12,500 pounds of lime, 16,000 pounds of magnesia, 6,000 pounds of soda, 5,730 pounds of sulphuric acid, 4,000 pounds of phosphoric acid and 500 pounds of chlorine.

—The Relief Committee of the Hartford, Conn., Common Council have requested that body to add a sum of not less than \$5,000 to the appropriation of \$55,000 to be expended by the street department during the present fiscal year, in order to give employment to laborers who cannot get work.

—Blackie, General Meade's old war-horse, lives at Alderthorpe, Pa. He is as handsome as ever despite his twenty-four years. He comes of Black Hawk stock, was wounded at the battle of New Market Cross Roads, in June, 1862, but served the remainder all through the war and until a short time before his death.

—The Norwegians complain that foreign sportsmen, especially English, are likely to exterminate the reindeer and wild fowl. More than fifty reindeer are now seldom seen on the Hardanger table-land, where 800 or 400 could formerly be found; and Professor Fris, the greatest Norwegian sportsman, says there are only 5,000 or 8,000 in the whole country. A couple of sportsmen, moreover, are said to have shot 1,200 young wild fowl in a week.