

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

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WE PARTED.

We parted one eve at the garden gate,
When the dew was on the heather,
And I promised my love to come back to her
Ere the pleasant autumn weather—
That we twain might wed
When the leaves were red,
And live and love together.

She cut me a tress from her nut-brown hair,
And I kissed the lips of cherry,
And gave her a ring of old-time gold,
With a stone like the mountain berry—
As clear and blue
As her eyes were true—
Sweet eyes, so bright and merry!

"The wealth of my love is all in turning
To give you," she said in haste,
"The gold that wears—like the radiant stars
In yonder blue vault burning!"
And I took the trust,
As a lover must
Whose name is love's youngling.

Fate kept us apart for many years,
And the blue sea rolled between us;
Though I kissed each day the nut-brown tress
And made fresh vows to Venus—
Till I sought my bride,
And fate defied.

That faded from love to wean us,
I found my love at the garden gate
When the dew was on the heather,
And we twain were wed at the little kirk
In the pleasant autumn weather;
And the gold that wears
Now soothes my care,
And we live and love together.

Elizabeth's Revenge.

"Law sakes! What's the child afeard of? G'long, Liz, straight away; the dark won't hurt ye."

It was eleven o'clock of a summer night. The heat was intense, and the sky as black as ink. Occasionally a low growl of distant thunder was heard and among the heavy trees the fitful wind complained with unearthly moaning.

On the piazza of the Marks farmhouse, in the dull, yellow light that fell through the open door, stood a girl possibly twelve years of age. She made a most grotesque and unpoetic picture with her bare, tanned feet, her untidy frock, her tangled, coppery hair, and her small, brown, sultry face.

"Come, Cinderella, make haste," laughed a beardless young man, who sat smoking by the window; "who do you think would hurt such a lazy, ugly little imp as you are?"

The darkness and the sounds of the night were appealing to the child; and the offensive manner and speech of this indolent, idle young man roused the anger and dislike she had for him.

"I don't go to the spring to-night for you nor nobody else," she declared, her young voice shrill and her big eyes blazing defiance.

"How dare ye talk like that to a gentleman, and my nephew, too, ye vicious little beast," cried Mrs. Marks angrily. "If ye don't start for the water this minute, Liz, ye'll repent it. I won't spare the rod to spile ye, as sure as yer a living."

"Nelse Marks is no gentleman and never will be, neither," persisted the child. "I guess I know."

The poor little creature had no small reason to know the fact so recklessly asserted, as she had been the especial target of his unkind pranks and ridicule from the hour she saw him first; and ignorant as she was, she felt that the true gentleman would never waste his wit on an object so insignificant as herself.

"What's that the creature sez?" demanded Mrs. Marks.

"Never mind, aunt," returned the young man; "I think I can manage Miss Impudence."

He flung aside his cigar and striding out on the piazza, seized the luckless child roughly by the arm and thrust her headlong down the steps.

"I think you will go now," he said, with an unseemly, witless laugh as he returned to his seat.

Little Elizabeth's fall was slight, and physically she was unhurt; it was her undisciplined, resentful human spirit that suffered.

"I'll run away, I will," she sobbed, as she sped out into the black night like a wounded, hunted animal.

The darkness no longer terrified her, she no longer feared ghost nor goblin, nor did she hear the growling thunder nor the roaring wind.

As she ran on, panting and weeping, she rushed blindly against a gentleman who was hurrying up the path, and who instantly caught her in his arms.

The child struggled and shrieked with fright, but he held her fast.

"Why, is it really you, child?" he said as he recognized her; "where were you going at this time of night?"

"O, Mr. Raymond!" she cried gladly, becoming calm at once.

And then, while David Raymond listened kindly and patiently, she told him all her childish trouble, much of which he already knew, as he was spending a few summer weeks in the mountain village, and was a college friend of Nelson Marks.

"And so you meant to run away, Elizabeth," he observed consolingly.

"That was very wrong and not wise. You must be patient, little girl. You must let me take you back to Mrs. Marks."

She went with him obediently enough, holding fast his kindly hand all the way.

Nelson Marks laughed loudly when he saw them.

"Where did you find the little animal?" he inquired.

"So rude an appellation insults her unhappy childhood," responded David, gravely. "That girl, Nelson, may yet make a good and lovely woman."

Elizabeth never forgot those words, nor did she ever forget him who spoke them.

She little dreamed just then, however, that in a few months more she would leave Mrs. Marks forever, and begin a new and less shadowy sort of life. But so it happened.

Early in the following winter a sister of her dead mother came for her and took her away.

Mrs. Bardolph was a wealthy, fashionable woman, and had up to this time ignored her orphaned niece, whose impetuous and ignoble father she had thoroughly despised. But when she learned that the father was dead, she adopted Elizabeth, and treated her in all things as a daughter.

Ten years brought many pleasant changes to the fortunate girl, who at twenty-two was a very beautiful and elegant young lady, idolized by Mrs. Bardolph and loved by many friends.

During a season at Newport, she met again for the first time since that long-ago summer-night Mr. David Raymond and Nelson Marks.

In the admired belle and heiress, neither recognized the little barefooted girl whom possibly both had utterly forgotten.

Nelson Marks was a not unsuccessful barrister, a widower, and quite a brilliant and distinguished person.

Elizabeth fascinated him from the first, and he fancied that she was not averse to his devotion; nor was he discouraged when Mr. Raymond became his acknowledged rival.

And yet she puzzled him; for a young lady superior to coquetry, her behavior was certainly tantalizing, and caused him often to fear that his attentions were not felicitous, however agreeable to her they might seem.

"One can't always understand her," he said to Mr. Raymond one day. "If one could know just what she likes and dislikes, he could be sure of pleasing her. One don't know whether her most gracious sayings are ironical or bantering."

But each day he loved her more and more, and ultimately became so bitterly jealous of Mr. Raymond as to deeply pain that gentleman.

"You are wrong," said he; "although I love Elizabeth Bardolph as I never thought I'd love any woman, and as I never can another if she pretends to be just the same. Let us be fair and friendly rivals, old friend."

"Friendliness certainly, though fair we can scarcely be," demurred the other; "our positions are too unequal. I have nothing but my profession, while your wealth is quite as great as hers."

"And you are brilliant and honored, while I am a prosy sort of fellow without any social distinction, smiled Mr. Raymond, as he left his friend, whose mood was not enviable.

Hate was already working in his heart, uprooting the friendship of a lifetime.

"I think it is about an even thing between us," was his mental conclusion; "and if I know myself I can yet gain the advantage, I shall gain it too. Fair or unfair I shall venture a risk to win or lose all."

He visited Elizabeth that afternoon.

The young lady was unwontedly gracious, and he was gratified and flattered when she saw she wore the flowers he that morning had sent her.

But his satisfaction was spoiled when he saw lying near her a small exquisite portrait of his rival.

"The artist has flattered our friend has he not?" he observed, while a hateful expression disfigured his handsome face. "Poor David! I left him comfortless an hour ago."

"Indeed?" returned Elizabeth, "I he troubled—and why?"

"I ought not to have mentioned it," answered Mr. Marks, assuming the confidential and sympathetic; "but the truth is, David is in a quandary. He has lost his heart, and doesn't know how to find it."

"Why should he wish to?" asked Miss Bardolph, smiling at the words so suggestive of a not particularly elegant nursery rhyme.

"O, David, as I suppose you know, is a very, an absurdly, proud man, and he has discovered that the lady, although she is a beauty, is a belle, and is a disgracefully poor family, or something of that kind—I really did not quite catch the whole of the story. He wishes to retract, but feels that he has made his attentions too pointed to do so without unpleasant comment. I did not ask who the lady is."

He uttered the fiction gracefully enough, but somehow Elizabeth's cool eyes made him uncomfortable, and he mentally wondered if she guessed how basely he was falsifying?

"I think I know the lady," asserted she slowly. "Years ago, when she was a child, she lived with your Aunt Marks."

"I remember no such child," he returned, sincerely surprised but pleased that she seemed so readily to believe him. "Do you know Aunt Marks?"

"Mrs. Bardolph does," she answered, evasively. "There was such a child—a little, lazy, ugly animal, I believe, they called her."

Nelson Marks remembered then, but guessed nothing of the truth.

"I recollect now," he laughed.

"Did Mr. Raymond admire her in those days?" quizzed Elizabeth.

"How could he, if he called her what

you say?" answered the man, only thinking how he might traduce his rival.

And then he began talking of more agreeable things, and finding the lady in what seemed an auspicious humor, he presently told her in passionate tones and poetic phrases of his great love for her, and begged her to be his wife.

"Would you marry one whom so just and sensible a gentleman as Mr. Raymond esteems unworthy?" she asked him when he had finished.

"I do not understand you Elizabeth," he replied, frowning.

"I am the lady of whom you are speaking," she returned, coldly; "you thought I believed your falsehoods, did you not? But I know you have belied a noble gentleman, one who was kind to the child you disgracefully treated when it was her misfortune to serve your Aunt Marks."

He grew white with passion.

"Elizabeth," he pleaded; "forgive me. The man is kinder and more considerate than the thoughtless and rude boy always. You have taught me to love you. Why have you done so?"

"Purposely," she answered mercilessly; "I dislike you now as much as I did then, and I despise you more, for you have wickedly falsified a gentleman whose servant you are not worthy to be. You have shamed the name of friendship, and lost the small amount of esteem I began to feel for you."

He left her more humbled and humiliated than he had ever been in his life before, and much too ashamed to wish to meet again his successful and more generous rival.

Elizabeth was soon after happily married to David Raymond, and among the bridal gifts she found a floral heart pierced by an arrow bearing the words "Elizabeth's Revenge."

Girls Capturing a Deer.

There was a dance near Porter's Lake in Pike Co., Pa., on the 23d of November, that was attended by numbers of the best youths and maidens of the neighborhood. They began dancing early in the evening and continued it until morning. The region is sparsely inhabited, and the means of communication few; therefore, those who attend such gatherings frequently go on foot for miles to be present at them. Three maidens—Miss Cox, Miss Brink, and Miss Jennie Lane, live on the northwest bank of Porter's Lake, and to get to the dance rowed over in a small boat. After the breaking up, they started to return home in the same manner. Miss Cox, the eldest of the three, taking the lead, they discovered an object moving in the water before them which at first they supposed was a dog, but which upon nearing they ascertained to be a big buck. It circled round and round in the water, a sure indication that it was wounded. After a consultation, the boat was pulled to within a few feet of the buck, and the oars were unshipped. Miss Brink taking one and Miss Cox the other. They drifted closer, and when within striking distance, at a given signal, both girls brought their weapons down upon the deer's head. He sank beneath the water for an instant, but when he came to the surface his eyes shone and his hair was turned straight toward his head. The girls both struck a second time, bringing the oars down upon his neck. He sank again but coming up sprang from the water and placed his fore feet against the side of the boat. The girls had to use all their strength to keep it from capsizing. They managed, however, to strike the animal another blow on the neck, which proved fatal one. Tying their handskerchiefs together, the girls secured the prize to the boat and towed it ashore. It weighed 244 pounds. There was a fresh wound in the right side and one hind leg was broken. It has doubtless been given to the water by hounds.

A Time to Marry.

Only a day or two ago a pair of nervous young people leaped hurriedly into the office of Justice Trulock. The young man was fashionably dressed in a pair of brown overalls, a "boiled shirt," and an old straw hat, broadcloth coat and huge boots that didn't seem blacking since three days before the Christmas era, and he carried a wagon wheel in his hand. The young woman, who bore indications of great haste in her arrangements, was a young woman looked out of the window and the Justice, and the young man slammed the door shut with a bang like a Rodman gun, felt for the key, and not finding it backed up against the door, braced his feet firmly on the floor, and said in a hoarse whisper: "All right, Judge, fire away! I got to be home before dark, and I've got 17 miles to drive in a powerful bad road; I ain't a minute to spare. Shoot her off!"

"Well, but see here," began the Justice. "I don't—"

"Hang it all, Squire!" said the young man, shuffling his feet in nervous anxiety. "Don't go for asking questions; just bang away, it's all right I tell you, go ahead, Squire!"

The young woman flattened her nose against the window, and transferred a large clean spot to the dingy glass and a very dirty one of corresponding size to the end of her nose as she tried to look two blocks down the street and around the corner.

"Oh, Sam," she whispered, wringing her hands, "tell him to hurry!"

"Gauling it!" whimpered the excited young man, lifting his feet in rapid alternation, as though the floor was hot, "that's what I'm trying to do, Squire," he added, pleadingly, "rush along, won't ye? Shove her ahead, Squire; talk it right off jest as short an' quick as the law'll let ye; give 'em the gad, Squire, an' let 'em go. Say, Squire?"

The amazed Justice looked from one to the other of the young people in speechless wonder. "Why, certainly," he said, "if you'll only collect yourself and tell me—"

"Squire!" exclaimed the young fellow, with solemn earnestness, "I'll tell ye everything, every blamed thing, I swear to Jude I will, as soon as its over with, if ye'll only stave ahead and finish the business fust. I'll tell ye the hull thing from the very start, can't I, Elviry?" And the girl turned from the window and kicked him and blushed at him. "She means yes, Squire," said the young man, fairly dancing with excitement. "Go ahead with the papers, Squire. Drive on, Squire, land o' Goshen, Squire, what air ye waiting for? Why?"

The Justice interrupted him, and made one more effort to ascertain what these excited clients wanted.

"Well," he said, "let us make a start, anyhow. What?"

The young woman stopped tying knots in her bonnet strings, (she was making, at a low calculation about sixteen knots a minute), and looked around, and the young fellow shouted: "Them's the ticks, Squire! Keep her ago'n' now right at that gait, an' we'll get through like I o'clock. Go ahead, Judge!"

"What," asked the Justice, at the first opportunity, "what's your name?"

Blank disappointment settled down over two faces like a Summer cloud.

"Je-roo zulum, Judge!" shouted the

young fellow, while the young woman burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. When you want to stop an' talk gossip for'den you see I'm in such an all-fired hurry! Why, Squire—Je-roozulum!"

And he jumped clear in the middle of the room as a heavy tread on the stairs terminated in a tremendous kick against the door.

The next instant an elderly man, who never had a taste of anti-fat in his life, who was about three feet broad at the shoulders, who was wheezing so terrifically that he couldn't speak, and carried a walking stick that looked like the fender of a den, walked into the room a step or two and halted, gazing at Justice Trulock, the girl and the young man in turn, as if undecided which of the three to immolate first, while the Justice gazed upon the singular tableau with unutterable feelings. Finally the old man, with a terrific snort of defiance, made a step towards the young man, who eluded him by dodging nimbly behind the Justice's desk, then the old party captured the weeping girl, tucked her arm inside his own and tramped wrathfully down the stairs and so out of sight. The young man followed slowly, after peeping out of the window, with infinite caution, to see that the old man was not lying in ambush at the foot of the stairs, and as he passed out at the door he turned a mournful glance on the Justice, and said pathetically:

"See what ye've did, Judge; dad sian the thunderin' luck, see what ye've been and done with your god twisted prevarication! But I'll bet you a yoke of red steers I'll marry that gal yet, if I've to get up at 1 o'clock in the morning to do it. Dog gone it, Judge—"

But he was down the stairs and out of hearing, and it seemed to Justice Trulock that the office felt quiet and the little lonesome when they had all gone away.

Thirst in the Arctic Regions.

The use of snow when persons are thirsty does not by any means allay the insatiable desire for water; on the contrary, it appears to be increased in proportion to the quantity used; and the frequency with which it is put into the mouth. For example, a person walking along feels intensely thirsty, and he looks to his feet with coveting eyes; but his good sense and firm resolutions are not to be overcome so easily, and he withdraws the open hand that was to grasp the delicious morsel and consumes his thirst in a journey of a few miles.

his thirst is every now and then, and feels quite hot and oppressed; at length his good resolutions stagger, and he partakes of the smallest particle, which produces a most exhilarating effect. In less than ten minutes he tastes again, and again, always increasing the quantity, and in half an hour he has a mastic stick of condensed snow, which he masticates with avidity, and replaces with assiduity the moment it has melted away; but his thirst is not allayed in the slightest degree; he is as hot as ever, and still perspires; his mouth is in flames, and he is driven to the necessity of quenching them with snow, which adds fuel to the fire. The melting snow ceases to please the palate, and it feels like red-hot coals, which, like a fire-eater, he shifts about with his tongue, and swallows without the addition of saliva; he is in despair, but habit has taken the place of his reasoning faculties, and he moves on with languid steps, lamenting the severe fate which forces him to persist in a practice which in an unguarded moment he allowed to begin. I believe the true cause of such intense thirst is the extreme dryness of the air when the temperature is low. In this state it abstracts a large amount of moisture from the human body. The soft and extensive surface which the lungs expose twenty-five times or oftener every minute to nearly two hundred cubic inches of dry air must yield a quantity of vapor which one can hardly spare with impunity. The human skin throughout its whole extent, even where it is brought to the hardness of horn, as well as the softest and most delicate parts, is continually exhaling vapor, and this exhalation creates in due proportion a demand for water. Let a person take a walk in the open air at a low temperature, and the accumulation of condensed vapor which he finds there will convince him of the active state of the skin. I often found my stockings adhering to the soles of my Kilby's boots after a walk of a few hours. The hoar frost and snow which they contained could not have been there by any other means except exhalation from the skin.

Paper Bottoms for Iron Ships.

After getting used to paper car wheels, we need not be surprised to learn that a new coating for the bottom of iron ships consists of brown paper attached by a suitable cement. It is the invention of Captain F. Warren, of England, and the substance he proposes to use is a preparation of paper-mache. It is stated that weeds and barnacles will not adhere to paper, and that the special cement by which the paper is secured may be applied cold, hardens under water, is unaffected by comparatively high temperature, and possesses great tenacity. A plate thus protected on one side has been immersed for six months, with the result that the protected side was found clean, while the unprotected metal was covered with rust and shellfish.

Wine-Making in the Charente.

Picture, if you please, a wide stretch of open, undulating, thoroughly cultivated country. In front, the soft blue waters of the bay of Biscay, stretching away to where Napoleon Vendee and Brittany are faintly visible in the distance; in the rear, on the one hand the city surrounded by its grass-grown battlements, itself half hidden amid a wreath of foliage, but with its cathedral and towers; on the other, a landscape dotted with chateaus and farm houses, and occasionally a village, with here and there a clump of trees, or a plateau of aged willows marking a watercourse; shining down upon all this peaceful scene, a genial October sun completes the picture and gives to it a richness and warmth of coloring which no painter could hope to reproduce. Where two cart roads intersect each other in about the centre of M. Godet's vineyard of 150 acres, the vintagers, a motley group of men, women and lads, are taking their noonday rest as we approach. One cannot but recall the pictures he has seen in the past, unconsciously rich in color are the costumes of these 50 laborers, gathered together mostly at random by the proprietor, from the crowds who have offered their services. Great tubs stand full to overflowing with tempting clusters of white grapes, and a lad, picturesquely clad in a red shirt and flat blue cap, presses them down with a club, mercilessly mulling them in the common mass of pulp and juice. Scattered around upon the grass, stretched at full length, some upon their backs with their heads high in air, others upon their sides and sleeping soundly, lie the men, weary with having labored since 4 o'clock in the morning. Most of the women, too, in their white caps, short skirts and hideous woaden shoes, lie nestled away in some grassy nook with great blue umbrellas standing over them to protect them from the sun. A solitary dog keeps watch at the outposts, an ill-favored cur who at our approach beats an ignominious retreat and devotes himself to sundry bones and crusts with which the vintagers' midday meal has strewn the adjacent sod. A pleasant scene, one would exclaim; and so it was. Yet these vintagers, dreaming away their noonday hours and careless of the morrow, have, after all, no easy task. The grapes, which they have gathered over the vineyard, are now to be crushed, and the juice to be pressed out of them. The French Societe Generale, in its experiments in lighting the Piazza della Colonna and the Via Nazionale, in Rome has entered into arrangements with a majority of the shopkeepers on the Corso and the Via Condotti for lighting their establishments at a considerable saving of expense.

The steam heating project is causing considerable agitation in Troy, N.Y., the latest suggestion being that the city shall receive a direct benefit from the franchise in the form of a fixed percentage of the yearly earnings of the company or companies to which the privilege of heating the city by steam is extended.

A curious case of restitution is mentioned in the Belgian journals. In August last a box containing 18,000 francs' worth of securities was stolen from a farm-house at Ronquieres, in the Commune of Hainault. A short time ago the box was found to have been deposited during the night in the garden belonging to the cure of Hainport, who at once handed it over to the police. It still contained 16,000 francs.

Mr. J. A. Daggett, of Farmington, Me., recently picked up a rare specimen of petrified fish, which he found on his intervals, 100 rods from the river, where the water in the late freshet backed up and overflowed at this point, leaving this relic. The fish is two feet in length, and is supposed to be one of the salmon which made their trips up and down the Sandy river before the days of mill dams.

The Commissioner of Patents in Washington has issued a circular which requires that after January 1 letters patent and certificates of registration must be perfected and ready for delivery upon receiving the signature of the Commissioner. It has been the practice heretofore to sign the letters patent previous to the printing of the same, thereby causing a delay to the patentee in receiving his papers.

During the first three quarters of the current year 40,750 pounds of vanilla were sent to France alone from the Island of Reunion, and a further quantity of 17,250 pounds was received from Mexico, an increase in each case of about 15 per cent., on the figures for the first three quarters of 1877. The total import from all sources was 91,000 pounds, of which over one-third was re-exported.

The statement of our grain crop shows a production this year of about 1,600,000 bushels, which is forty bushels for each man, woman and child in the country. It is estimated that the actual consumption is about fifteen bushels per head, which would give us one thousand million bushels surplus, which at the low value of one dollar per bushel, would place our export trade on this at one thousand million dollars, or half the public debt of the country.

Of the twelve marble figures intended to adorn the base of the dome proper of the new Capitol at Hartford, Conn., a position on the dome tower, elevated seventy-five feet above the roof, five or six are already nearly finished. These statues are variously symbolic figures, eight feet high, and when placed in position will add much to the effect of the dome. They are out of blocks of imported marble that weigh about eight tons apiece. Next spring the work of elevating the statues to their position will begin.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

It is proposed in Chicago to appoint an elevator inspector whose duty it shall be to see that the elevators in use throughout the city are in a safe condition.

The New Orleans Times has offered \$100 as a prize for a poem, written by a Southerner, which shall record the noble charity of the North during the yellow fever.

The catalogue of the University of Vermont shows 82 students in the academic department—18 seniors, 23 juniors, 25 sophomores and 18 freshmen; there are 7 female students.

An itemized report by the Treasurer of the Howard Association of Vicksburg, Miss., shows that it received contributions amounting to \$188,138 during the prevalence of the fever.

The Moffett Registers show that in fifteen months the Richmond liquor sellers have sold 1,897,205 gallons and 3,003,523 malt drinks, on which the tax was \$56,650 61.

The Archduke Rudolf, Crown Prince of Austria, accidentally shot himself in the hand with a pistol a few days ago. The wound is not dangerous.

Since November 1, to Saturday last, Chicago packers have slaughtered 1,406,228 hogs, against 936,733 for the corresponding period in 1877, and 953,058 in 1876.

The King of Greece has bestowed the Gold Cross of the Order of the Sacred Spirit upon Mr. Blanchard, in token of his distinguished labors in the cause of Christianity and freedom in the East.

The annual report of the Public Printer in Washington shows that the actual cost of the Government of the printing, binding, engraving and lithographing, &c., in that office, for the last fiscal year, was \$1,638,700.

Taking all existing appropriations into account, the Comptroller of New York State estimates that there will be a surplus of more than \$1,000,000 in the Treasury at the close of the fiscal year ending September 30th, 1879.

A case was recently decided in the English Court of Chancery involving copyright in the title of a book, and it was affirmed, the second to use the title being restrained by injunction, which did not, however, extend to copies of the book already sold.

Mrs. Ann Scarlett, of West Chester, Pa., celebrated recently, at that place, the one hundredth anniversary of her birth. The exercises incident to the remarkable event took place in the form of a reception. Among those present was "Aunt" Graham, who is 103 years of age.

The will of Ansel Lee, of York, Pa., was admitted to probate for being a valid will, and the executor was appointed. The testator had two children, a son and a daughter, but two before he died. He left a large estate, and the executor is expected to distribute the same to the children.

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