

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

THE FLOWERS' REVOLUTION

VOL. IV.—NO. 2.

MORGANTON, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

WHOLE NUMBER 158.

AN OLD SONG.

An old song, an old song! But the new are not so sweet—
Sweet though they be with honeyed words,
and sweet with facies fair,
With thrills of time in silver troop of an-
swering echoes fleet,
With tender longings slumberous upon en-
chanted air.
An old song? But across its verse what view-
less voices sing!
Through all its simple burden what human
pulses stir!
More intimate with grief and joy than any
precious thing
That the years have wrapped in frankin-
cense and myrrh!
Loves have sung it, summer nights, when
earth itself seemed heaven;
Sailors far off on lonely seas have given
it to the gale;
Mothers have hushed its measure on the quiet
edge of even,
While soft as falling rose-leaves dear eyelids
dropped their veil.
Long since the sailor made his grave between
two rolling waves,
The lovers and their love are naught, moth-
er and child are dust;
But to-night some maiden lifts it, to-night its
sounding staves
Are blowing from the stroller's lips on this
balmy blossom gust.
A part of life, its music flows as the blood
flows in the vein;
Laughter ripples through it, tears make its
charm complete;
For the heart of all the ages beats still through
this old strain—
An old song, an old song, but the new are
not so sweet!

A Woman's Sacrifice.

"Rost assured I shall not cross your path again, if I can avoid it. I will go out of my way at any time rather than annoy you with a sight of me; and the only regret I feel is that our paths ever met."
The speaker, Annie Grey, had been left an orphan at an early age. With-
out property, she was thrown on her own resources for support. Through the kindness of an uncle she managed to keep school and body together by teaching.
For two years she had swayed the "blethen scepter" in the little, brown school house at the end of the shadylane, that formed the principal street of the village of Weston. Here she met Ethel Wynne, the pride and boast of the vil-
lage circles. "Thrown much in each other's society, and of congenial na-
tures, a warm friendship soon sprang up between them, ripening on Annie's part, into a strong attachment—which, unhappily, was not reciprocated by Ethel. When she first loved him, or how long since, she knew not; some-
times she thought it must be an inher-
ent passion existing always in her bosom for him, for she recollected the very first time she ever beheld him how fea-
rfully she had watched his attention to a lady acquaintance.
Ethel, perhaps, realized the true state of her feelings sooner than she did her-
self, and at the time of the opening of our story he told her candidly that he did not love her, and suggested that it would be better if they were less to-
gether.
"I respect you," said he, "very much, and it affords me a great deal of pleasure to be in your society; but I do not love you as I think I should a wife; and I think it wrong to offer you my hand without my heart in it. I have always been your friend, but my bosom never thrilled for you with a warmer feeling than that of friendship."
For the first time Annie realized how dear he was to her; each word pierced her soul like a dagger, while mortifica-
tion and chagrin that her preference was known to him elicited the afore-
mentioned retort.
"I hope you are not crying?" said Ethel in reply.
"Oh, no; you must not think that; but you said we had better not meet so often, and I was merely assuring you that our meetings in the future shall be studiously avoided by me. I shall neither thrust myself into any one's way, nor solicit a friendship not freely given; as for love, my life has not been replete with it and I can live without it."
"My friendship you shall have with-
out solicitation."
"You said but just now that you had been my friend, which means that which has been shall be no more."
"I meant no such thing. You tor-
ture my words into a meaning never intended."
One evening shortly after the con-
versation referred to above, Annie, as was sometimes her wont, remained in the school room after the children were gone, for the purpose of writing a let-
ter. Being busily engaged, she did not notice the approach of any one, until she was startled by the opening of the door, when, glancing up, the tall form of Ethel Wynne met her eye.
"What has brought you here?" involun-
tarily sprang to her lips as she laid her pen aside and rose to her feet; but she checked the exclamation, and bidding him good evening, waited to be informed of his errand.
For a moment an embarrassing silence ensued, which was broken by Ethel's asking for a few moments' conversation with her, which was granted.
Coming over to where she stood and taking her hand, he drew her to a seat, saying, "It's a strange place to come to on such an errand. Annie, do you love me?"
"What right have you to ask me such a question?" she inquired in an angry tone.

"I assume the right and demand an answer."
"I never answer demands; you—"
"Do not be offered, Annie. It was wrong for me to speak in such a man-
ner. But please tell me if you love me?"
"Can't you answer that yourself?"
"I might not answer correctly.—For the third time I ask you, Annie, do you love me?"
He was now straining her to his side and his eyes were bent searchingly on her face. She felt prevarication to be useless as she slowly answered: "I cannot tell you a falsehood, Ethel, you are dearer to me than my own life."
"Will you be my wife, Annie? I cannot offer you my love, but I offer you my name and protection; and I promise you the storms of life shall not fall heavily upon your head if I can ward them off. As I told you before, I cannot love you as I think I should love my wife; and I esteem you very highly, and I know you will be a true and faithful companion. I think we can be happy to-
gether."
Her heart gave a great bound, then seemed to stand still as if she would suffocate. Here was all of earthly hap-
piness that she ever expected to enjoy all temptingly within her reach; she had only to speak and it was hers. But would he be happy? Might not his years of devotion and tenderness win his love to her?
"Ethel, you are good and noble to make such an offer; and to be your wife, and minister to you, and comfort you, and bear in the subsidence of your smile would make earth a heaven to me, but I cannot accept it. One of us must suffer, and it is better that I should. Your life is all unclouded, your path-
way strewn with flowers, while my feet are often bruised and pierced with treading on thorns, and my sunlight often obscured. I am enraptured to heart-pain, and am strongest to bear it. Take back what you have said, Ethel. I cannot be your wife. A loveless union would render your life miserable, and I cannot consent to anything which will cause you to suffer."
"Is this your final decision, Miss Grey?"
"I am sorry that it is."
"It is well; but perhaps you had bet-
ter take time for consideration before you positively decline."
These words were uttered in a freez-
ing tone, which showed plainly he was displeased. He had put her from him, and now stood before her.
"I cannot decide otherwise; but Ethel, do not be angry. Think you not it is hard enough to put you away out of my life, and with you all of earthly happiness that can ever be mine—to live in the same world with you, yet never look on your face, never hear your voice, without having to bear the weight of your displeasure, too?"
"Happiness, life-long happiness, is at your command if being my wife will bring it to you, but I doubt if you are depriving yourself of an earthly para-
dise after all. I guess a fairer prospect lies behind this refusal."
He knew he was wronging her, but her rejection of his suit wounded his pride because it was unlooked for, and because, man-like, he imagined he was doing a magnanimous thing. It had cost him a struggle to do as he had done, but he pitied her and thought it his duty, for he knew that in frequent-
ing her society as he had done, he had encouraged her in believing that he cared for her. And so certain was he of success that he only had pictured to himself her grateful, perhaps eager, ac-
ceptance of his offer. But when he saw the look of agony that crossed her face at his cruel words, he grieved that he had uttered them.
"Oh," he exclaimed, clasping her hands and turning her white face to-
wards him, "urge me no more. You will bless me some day for saving you, and do not leave me in anger."
He regarded her a few minutes in si-
lence, then extending his hand he said kindly, "Goodbye, Annie, I am sorry I have pained you; you must forget this," and was gone.
She laid her face upon the desk, and it bitter anguish prayed that she might die; but death comes not when we most desire it. How long she wrestled there for strength to bear her burden she knew not, but when she emerged from her struggle day-light was dying, and the birds were singing their vesper hymns.

In getting hold of the reins and throw-
ing all her weight on him, thus some-
what checking his speed. Just then the stirrup gave way releasing a fuss with somebody. He was well put to-
gether, seemed to have lots of muscle and no one seemed anxious for trouble with him. By and by an oldish man, who had been watching the fellow for a quarter of an hour, made free to re-
mark:—"You seemed determined to pick a fuss with some one."
"That's what I want, Mister," re-
plied the young man; "I'm just roas-
ting to have someone haul off on me!"
"Why do you wish to fight?" in-
quired the gentleman.
"I'll explain," was the answer. "I never had a fight in my life, and I don't know whether I'd run or stand up to business. I'd kinder like to know how I'd behave. If I stood right up, then I'd have confidence in myself after-
wards; if I took a backseat, then I'd be mighty careful how I told a man he lied."
He slammed around for a few minutes and then went out for a glass of beer. There was a big one-eyed hackman in the saloon to get a bill changed, and the stranger danced up to him and cheerfully called out:—"I'm the boy who can take care of that other eye for you!"
"Don't fool with a wild elephant," growled the hackman as he counted his change.
"Wild elephant be blowed! I can saw you in two in three minutes!"
The fight opened beautifully and closed rapidly. The young man was knocked over a table one way and kicked over it from the other, and a blow under the ear, as he made for the door, helped him ten feet. He trotted into the depot pale as death and head swelling up, as he inquired for water and a towel the gentleman who had conversed with him came forward and inquired:—"Did you find a fight?"
"Got licked all to thunder!" was the lone-
some reply.
"And how about confidence?"
"Haven't a pinch! The minute he hit me I wished there was a ten acre lot between us. That settles that ques-
tion—I don't fight a boy ten years old."

The other day a young man of four and twenty, waiting around the depot, seemed slyly anxious to get into a fuss with somebody. He was well put together, seemed to have lots of muscle and no one seemed anxious for trouble with him. By and by an oldish man, who had been watching the fellow for a quarter of an hour, made free to re-
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Lack of Confidence.

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Burdock's Goat.

Last Monday afternoon the eleven Boblink boys surrounded and caught an enormous, shaggy, strong-smelling goat in the barn. The goat, turned him loose in Burdock's garden, nailed up the gate, and then went home and flattened their noses against the back windows to watch for coming events.
Before his goatship had spent three minutes in the garden, he had managed to make himself perfectly at home, pulled down the clothes-line and de-
voured two lace collars, and a pair of undersleeves, and a striped stocking, belonging to Mrs. Burdock, and was busily engaged sampling one of Burdock's shirts, when the hired girl came rushing out with a basket of clothes to hang up.
"The saints preserve us!" she ex-
claimed, coming to a dead halt, and gazing open-mouthed at the goat, who was calmly munching away at the shirt.
"Shew, shew, shew, there!" scream-
ed the girl, setting down the basket, taking her skirts in both hands, and shaking them violently towards the intruder.
Then the goat who evidently consid-
ered her movements in the light of a challenge; suddenly dropped his wicked old head, and darted at her with the force of a locomotive; and just one minute later by the clock, that girl had tumbled a back somersault over the clothes basket, and was crawling on her hands and knees in a search of a place to die, accompanied by the goat who was butting her unmercifully every third second.
It is likely that he would have kept on butting her for the next two weeks if Mrs. Burdock who had been a wit-
ness of the unfortunate affair, had not armed herself with the family poker, and hurried to the rescue.
"Merciful goodness, Annie! do get up on your feet!" she exclaimed, aim-
ing a blow at the beast's head, and missing it by the shortest kind of inches.
It was not repeated, owing to the goat suddenly rising up on his hind feet, walking toward her, and strik-
ing her in the small of the back, hard enough to loosen her finger nails and destroy her faith in the blessed im-
mortality.
When Mrs. Burdock returned to her consciousness, she crawled out from behind the grindstone where she had been tossed, and made for the house; stopping only once, when the goat came after, and butted her, head first, into the grape arbor.
Once inside the house, the door was locked and the unfortunate sought the solitudes of their own rooms, and such comfort as they could extract from rubbing and growling; while the goat wandered around the garden like Satan in the book of Job, seeking what he might devour; and the eleven little Boblink boys fairly hugged themselves with pleasure over the performance.
By the time Burdock returned home that evening, and learned all the particulars from his arnica soaked wife, the goat had eaten nearly all the week's washing, half the grape vine, and one side of the clothes-basket.
"Why in thunder didn't you put him out, and not leave him there to destroy every thing?" he demanded angrily.
"Because he wouldn't go, and I was

not going to stay there to be killed; that's why," answered his wife excitedly.
"Wouldn't fiddlesticks!" he exclaimed as he came into the garden, and caught sight of the shaggy and highly perfumed visitor.
The goat bit off another mouthful of the basket and regarded him with a mischievous twinkle of his eye.
"You won't go hey?" exclaimed Burdock, trying to kick a hole in the enemy's ribs. "I'll show you what I can do!"
The sentence was left unfinished, as the goat just then dropped his head on Burdock's bosom; and before he could recover his equilibrium, he had been butted seven times in fresh spots, and was down on his knees, and crawling around in a very undignified manner, to the horror of the family, and the infinite glee of the eleven young Boblinks next door.
"Look out the goat don't hurt you!" screamed Mrs. Burdock as the goat sent him flying into a sand-pile.
When Burdock had got his bald head out of the sand, he was dirt all over his clothes, and tried to catch the brute by the horns, but desisted after he had lost two front teeth, and been rolled in the mud.
"Don't make a living show of your-
self before the neighbors!" advised his wife.
"Come in, pa, and let him be!" begged his daughter.
"Golly, dad, look out! he is comin' agin'!" shouted his son enthusiastically.
Mr. Burdock waxed profane, and swore three story oaths in such rapid succession that his family held their breaths; and a pious old lady, who lived in a house in the rear, shut up her windows, and sent out the cook for a policeman and a missionary.
"Run for it, dad!" advised his son a moment later, when the goat's atten-
tion seemed to be turned away.
Burdock sprang to his feet, and fol-
lowed his offspring's suggestion. He was legging it in superb style, and the chances of his reaching the house seemed excellent, when the fragrant brute suddenly clapped on more steam gained rapidly, and darting between his legs, capsized him into the ash-box.
His family dragged him inside, another candidate for rubbing with arnica and a blessed haven of rest.
The back of the house has been hermetically sealed; and Burdock now proposes extending an invitation to the militia regiments of Boston to come down and practice marksmanship off the roof; promising to furnish a live goat for target, and a silver napkin-
ring for the first prize.

Of the 191,000,000 inhabitants of British India, their denominations are given as follows: Hindoos, 139,343,820; Sikhs, 1,174,430; Mohamedans, 40,867,125; Buddhists and Jams, 2,822,951; Christians, 897,682; others, 5,417,304; and "religions not known," 532,227.
The united military forces of the native States are estimated at 300,000 men. The gross revenue of the chiefs amount to £16,000,000, and they pay £275,000 tribute money to the British Government. The British receipts and expenditures for India, average about £50,000,000 a year. The British army numbers 200,000, of which 70,000 are English troops. To these numbers may be added 190,000 native police who also perform frontier service. They are under the command of British officers. There are under British flags, 433,444 villages, townships, etc., of which 480,447 have under 5000 inhabitants. The average number of inhabitants is 211 per square mile. There are forty-four towns or cities. There are seventy-four more than 50,000, with the seven largest being Calcutta, 704,345; Bombay, 684,495; Madras, 397,552; Lucknow, 284,779; Benares, 175,188; Patna, 158,000; and Delhi, 154,417. The whole number of Government and private schools in British India, is something over 53,708, giving instruction to an approach to 2,000,000 scholars. The schools exist in regular gradation, from those which give the humblest elementary instruction to the highest colleges; and the best pupils of one grade are able to pass through the other grade by means of scholarships. To complete the system, at each of the three Presidency cities there is a university established on the model of the London University. The medium of education in the elementary schools is the vernacular languages, into which are translated the best elementary English treatises. There are normal colleges, for the training of Masters. The study of the classical language of India is maintained; and the English language is taught in the Anglo-vernacular schools and colleges established for the education of the middle and upper classes of society.

We were talking to a mission school on Darius throwing Daniel in the lion's den. We made clear as we could the fact that Daniel had a better time that night than the King, slept more sweetly, and all because he had a quiet conscience.
"Darius couldn't sleep, could he?" By unanimous consent, "No, sir."
"And why couldn't Darius sleep?" "Because he was bad."
Having thus developed the conscience point, we launched our final question with a good deal of confidence.
"Well, now, dear children, what is it makes the bed soft?"
Quick as a flash from a four-year-old came the reply, "Faddens." That closed the ethical discussion.

Trotty and the Barn-frolic.
"You are a mean boy, Trotty Will-
iams, and you shan't come to my party; so there!" and Cathie paused to note the effect of her words.
Trotty's face grew long.
"You aren't going to have a party?" he said.
"I am!" replied Cathie, "a barn-frolic; it's this afternoon, and I came to invite you. But I won't have you, now!" and with a flirt of her skirts she turned and hurried down the road.
Trotty stared after her, too much dis-
appointed to think of aught save the unlooked teasing which had brought him into such a sad fix.
"Such a time as they'll have," he said to himself. "Such jolly fun, and I at home alone all day. If I only hadn't laughed at her bouquet? But—'and Trotty, as he always did at trouble-time perched himself on the nearest fence, to think the matter out.
He must bear his punishment, and learn never to make fun of girls' bouquets again. So Trotty was just making up his mind, when suddenly came a thought which changed him into as sunny a ten year old boy as one might wish to see. It was a charming thought; every minute Trotty liked it better; and finally he settled the matter by jumping off the fence, and exclaiming jollily:
"I'll do it, sure as my name is Trotty Williams!"
Trotty wasted no time in carrying out his plan; he wheeled his new barrow into the orchard, and halting under the big bough-apple-tree, began shaking it with all his might. Down tumbled the mellow fruit and into the barrow Trotty packed it with a merry chuckling laugh.
"How lucky they don't have refreshments at barn frolics," he thought, "and how lucky these are ripe!" and his packing finished, he hurried to complete his plans.
Suddenly his voice sounded at the window where his mother sat sewing.
"Mamma, will you please give me some cookies, and—a pot of jam?"
Mamma laughed; she was used to Trotty.
"What for my boy?" she asked.
Trotty looked very wise and shook his head. "I'll tell you to-night," he said, "and I'm sure you won't object," and so mamma, who could well trust Trotty, gave him a plenty of cookies and a pot of jam, and with a smile on her face watched him and the wheel-
barrow go down the road.
As you may guess, Trotty was bound for the barn frolic; and on he went, a little uncertain as to what the girls would say when he got there. Still he thought hopefully: She might resist the apples and cookies, but Cathie likes jam!"
Merry sounds issued from the barn as Trotty came near, children's voices questioning how to finish a game. As he reached the door, he heard Cathie say:
"Trotty Williams is the only one that understands it all, so we may as well give it up."
"What a shame!" cried one.
"It's too mean!" chimed in a dozen voices, and peeping through a chink, Trotty spied the little hostess with a real sorry look on her face.
The next minute Trotty and his wheel-
barrow stood amid the group.
"I wasn't asked, I know," he said, turning to Cathie, "but I thought, as you meant to ask me if I hadn't been here, that I'd try and make up for it and come. So I brought apples and cookies and jam," he added, smacking his lips, "and I'm sorry I laughed at your bouquet, and of course, if you don't want me, I'll go!" and he looked a little doubtful at Cathie's sober face.
But Cathie stepped quickly forward.
"I'm sorry, too," she said, softly, "and you'd be just as welcome if you hadn't brought a thing, Trotty."
"Of course he would," chimed in the merry frolicers; but after all they ate the apples with a relish, they reveled in the cookies and jam, and had a better time, altogether, through Trotty's offer of peace.

Duelling in Florida.
The bowie-knife was a favorite weapon with the Floridians. Only "dead-game" men could stand before this terrible weapon. The usual method of fighting with knives, was to clasp the left hands of the combatants together, and put very keen broad knives in their hands; the seconds then stood within reach of the men, to interfere with a pistol ball if either combatant violated the rules of the fight. There were many affairs with bowie knives in the ante-bellum days of Florida. One of the most noted, was a meeting between Major Jim Jones and Colonel Grinard, a Frenchman. The bowie in this case seems to have been a compromise between the sword of the Frenchman and the pistol of the Floridian. It is said that Grinard was gashed fearfully, and Jones was finally cut into slices across his breast, and killed outright. It is said that this duel was remarkable for having been fought in utter silence. Though the knives slipped in and out of the bodies of each man, neither said a word. With their lips clenched and their teeth set like a vice, they fought in silence. Not a sound came from the mouth of either. And when at last Jones fell in death, Grinard turned, and wiping the blood from his face, spoke for the first time, addressing his second.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—There were buried in Turkey, in Europe, 129,471 Russian soldiers, and of the 130,550 sick and wounded sent home, 47,850 died. Total, 187,321.
—Five butchers' drivers have been arrested and fined in San Francisco for carrying meat on their delivery wagons exposed to public view and dust.
—Adelphi was, at last accounts, laid up at Bergen by an accident to her knee-cap, and her physician stated that amputation might become necessary.
—Despite the cold weather, 150,000 California salmon, hatched at Troutdale, N. J., were recently placed in the upper Delaware.
—The stained glass windows ordered to be placed in Westminster Abbey as a memorial to the late Dr. Livingstone, will soon be finished.
—There are about 24,000 tons of bees owned in San Diego county, California, yielding, it is estimated, a million pounds of honey a year.
—Apparatus for teaching the metric system has been distributed to the Boston grammar schools, and the primary schools will soon be similarly supplied.
—The London *Hornet* announces the death of Mrs. Mann, the mother of the late H. J. Montague, the actor. It will be remembered that she was for some time an invalid.
—Providence, R. I., enacted that lodgers at her station houses, 1878 should work for their entertainment, and the number of lodgers diminished from 5191 to 1608.
—Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines has won another suit at New Orleans which gives her possession of a large tract of land on the Mississippi river, in Ascension parish, La.
—The expenditures for building in Providence, R. I., in 1878, are reckoned at \$1,876,000, which is a decrease of over \$250,000 from 1876, when, however, there was a larger outlay for public buildings.
—The Emperor of Germany and his wife are eminently sensible and good people. They have announced that at their coming golden wedding, they do not desire personal gifts, but would be glad to have the money devoted to charity instead.
—The eldest daughter of the late Princess Alice, a sixteen-year-old girl, is said to be exceedingly little, intelligent and pure in character. She has the scientific tastes of her mother, and promises to be a Princess by right of brains as well as of birth.
—The English Board of Inland Revenue has decided that, in cases where an officer prefers riding on a velocipede to riding on horseback or driving, and where he can do his duty as well, he may draw the extra allowance made to officials that have to keep horses.
—Governor Prescott of New Hampshire, has been chosen President of the association organized to raise money for a monument to be erected on the Bennington battle field. Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts, is one of the directors of the organization.
—Nine hundred and seventeen fall-
en were reported in New York City during the year 1878, the liabilities amounting to \$63,958,403, while the assets were valued at \$18,695,531. This is an increase over the year 1877, the total failures for which were 847, with liabilities of \$1,487,000.
—Mary Francis, of Wallingford, Conn., who died recently, disposed of her property, some \$122,000 in value, in a singular manner. She left it in equal shares to all the heirs of her uncles and aunts. The heirs number, as it happens, about 150 persons, and the assets, accordingly, \$80 each.
—Lieutenant Frank Greene, who was sent by our Government to observe and report upon the Russo Turkish war, received, it is reported by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, a medal of honor from the Grand Duke for his acts of bravery. Lieutenant Greene is descended from General Nathaniel Greene.
—The number of vessels from foreign ports that arrived in New York during the year 1878 was 7348, an increase over the number in 1877 of 1104, and over that in 1876 of 1617. One-third of the arrivals were American vessels, and another third British vessels, there being 28 more of the former than of the latter.
—The Providence Journal gives a summary of all the savings institutions in Rhode Island. The total amount of deposits is \$4,206,882, a decrease in a year of \$530,000; whole number of depositors, 93,053; a decrease in a year of 6873; excess of assets over liabilities, \$1,547,670; amount loaned on mortgages of real estate, \$24,400,000.
—The Belgians, the first of the two steamships for the Red Star (Philadelphia-Antwerp line), has just been launched by the Barrow Ship Building Company. She is of 3700 tons register, 450 feet long and 40 wide, with 30½ feet depth of hold and engines of 500 horse power nominal. The sister vessel will be launched in March.
—Portland, Me., has a venerable Post-office clerk, who thinks he can see nothing without the help of his spectacles. The other morning he took a pair of spectacles from a drawer, put them on, and finished up his work in good shape. On completing it he took off the spectacles to wipe them and found that they consisted of a pair of bows without any glass in them.
—A new benevolent and sanitary plan has been adopted in London. Two weeks of rural life will be given in the village of Hatfield, near Sevenoaks, to poor London children, on the recommendation of any clergyman, surgeon, school teacher or other responsible person. Preference will be given to girls rather than boys, and to delicate rather than robust children. Children will be taken in rotation from March 1, to October 30.
—The English Revisers of the New Testament have finished their second and final revision. The company have held eighty sessions, and have spent 337 days on the work, having begun it in June 1870. The total number of the company is 24, and the average rate of attention throughout has been 15. There now remains the consideration of any further suggestions that may be made by the American Company, and the adjustment of some questions which have been reserved till the end.