

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

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WHOLE NUMBER 175.

NIGHT AMONG THE HILLS.

So still! So still!
The night comes down on vale and hill!
So strangely still, I cannot close
My eyes in sleep! No watchman goes
About the little town to keep
All safe at night! I cannot sleep!

So dark! So dark!
Save here and there a glittering spark.
The firefly's tiny lamp, that makes
The dark more dense. My spirit quakes
With terror vague and undefined!
I see the hills loom up behind.

So near! So near!
Those solemn mountains, grand and drear,
Their rocky summits! Do they stand
Like sentinels to guard the land?
Or jalous, fierce and grim as demons,
To shut us in till day re-urns?

I hear a sound—
A chirp faint—low on the ground,
A sparrow's nest in a tree, I know
The bird's nest is there three days ago;
Yet still return each night to rest
And sleep in the for fork nest.

No fear! No fear!
Sleep, timid heart! Sleep safely here!
A million help-as creatures rest,
Securely on Earth's kindly breast;
While Night in solemn silence keeps,
He wakes to watch who never sleeps.

Love in a Hood.

"An express package for you, sir," said the porter, as he came into the room where Reginald Hathaway sat by the cheerful grate fire, smoking his evening cigar. "Indeed!" said the gentleman, as he took it from the porter's hands, mentally wondering who had sent it and what it contained. As he untied the outer wrappings of the package a little note dropped out and Hathaway instantly recognized the address to be in the handwriting of his favorite cousin, Sue. "I had quite forgotten that it was only a few days of Christmas," he said to himself. Sue never forgets a gift when she gives one. Opening the note he read as follows:

DEAR COUSIN REGINALD—I send you these slippers with my best Christmas wishes. I think they will be a good fit, because I had them modeled after that old shoe you left here last summer, a reminder of the pleasant trips we had together at that time. Always your loving
Cousin Sue.

The gentleman took the cover off the box, and, unfolding the soft tissue paper which inclosed the Christmas gift, saw—not a pair of slippers, but a small, round, velvet-lined hat. This is certainly very suggestive, but it will take more than that to make me give up my comfortable bachelor quarters and habits. He immediately sat down and wrote:

DEAR SUE—I received by express to-night a blue and white hood. I dare say it would be becoming to some styles of beauty, but I am entirely too dark for that combination. Furthermore, it is too small for this weighty head of mine, so I will spread a net in sight of any bird. "Missy loves company." Because you went and got married last year, you want your friends to do the same. A very pat hint, but I must certainly return the hood, without leaving any threads of romance in its soft meshes. My motto is, "Let well enough alone," and I am well enough. You married people say you are happy (except to your lawyers), and you feed on the madder of your delusion until your bones are red with it. It's right enough you should. Somebody says something about slaves hugging their chains. But to a reverend practical point. I suspect you made a mistake, and this hood is intended for one of those "dearest, sweetest girls," you used to rave about in your school days. I shall await your commands. In the meantime I shall put it on the topmost shelf in my closet—so far from sight that it shall not have an evil influence over me as true in the old days.

REGINALD.

The letter was sent in the evening mail, but the hood was not resigned to the top shelf until the next morning.

"I suppose the bows are what they call 'gaussian blue,'" he said, as he laid the hood down in his lap. "I wonder what kind of a face it is intended to grace—a blonde, of course," and the gentleman folded the soft tissue paper over it and, leaning his head on the back of his easy chair, resumed his cigar, and was soon off in a reverie of smoke—a reverie which was very inconsistent with the letter he had written.

In a few days an explanatory letter came to hand from the Eastern cousin.

"That husband of mine," she wrote, "made an awful mistake. He sent you the wrong box. The hood was intended for Love-Scranton, who has just moved to Denver. She is the embodiment of goodness and loveliness—a great deal too good for you, so you need not be so concerned as to think I am making a manoeuvre toward getting up a match for you in that direction. The slippers have gone to Denver. I have written to have them returned to you. Please forgive my blundering matrimonial alliance, and send the hood on to Love at Denver."

The next evening, after Reginald received his express package, another one was delivered at the residence of Elisha Scranton, in Denver.

"It is for you, Love," said the father, "as there is no other Miss Scranton in the house."

"For me, papa!" exclaimed a young lady, as she left her seat at the piano.

at the address. Then she read aloud the contents.

DEAR LOVE—Here is the hood which I crocheted for you. I selected blue and white because you always look as 'sweet as a peach' in those colors. I only wish I could kiss your good face when you get it in. In haste, your loving friend,
Sue Ashley.

"Sue is just splendid!" she exclaimed, lifting the cover of the box. But in an instant more a look of disappointment covered her face. "There is no hood here, mamma," she said. "Only a pair of slippers, and they must be for papa. Of course they are a great deal too big for me," and she laid a No. 9 slipper on the carpet and placed her dainty No. 2 foot beside it. "Yes, they must be for you, father," said Sue, who is a grand mother about Christmas time, in her multiplicity of cares while sending Christmas gifts to her friends, has forgotten to inclose the hood."

"They are too big for me," said Mr. Scranton, who was a small man; "they must be intended for some one else. Mrs. Ashley will find out the mistake and inform you of it. Meantime do not let our treat for the evening be interrupted."

And the loving father led his daughter back to the piano, and he sang the good old song of his boyhood—"Bonnie Doo," "Jingle Side," and "Kathleen Ma-vourneen." Her voice was specially adapted to those songs, because of its peculiar sweetness.

"I don't care anything about your operatic songs, Love," he said, "but it does my heart so much good to hear you sing those songs which are so full of pleasant memories of the days that will never come to me."

The father pressed his darling child to his bosom and imprinted upon her cheek a warm, loving kiss. He had always put far more in his thoughts the day that night when another should take her from him.

"Of course, nobody could help loving her," he said to his wife that evening, after Love had retired to her room. "But it will have to be a paragon of perfection in the shape of a man who will get my consent to take her away from us and our home."

In due time the exchange of express packages had been made, and "Love" and "Sue" looked "sweet enough to kiss" in her blue and white hood—so the young men of Denver said.

Reginald Hathaway's feet rested every evening from their daily labors in the comfortable slippers. The circumstance of the exchange had been almost forgotten by the gentleman until a few weeks after Christmas, when riding home in the street cars one afternoon, he found himself in a seat opposite the identical hood. He was positive that he was right in his conclusion, because he was sure he could swear to the identity of that hood if he were called upon to do so.

The lady as much as he wished—a stranger in a street car. But he was privileged to pull the bell for her when he saw her making endeavors to catch the conductor's attention.

Her "thank you, sir," echoed as sweet music in his heart after he sat down alone in his room that evening.

"Where and when shall I ever see her again?" he said to himself. "I ought to have seen where her destination was, but, of course, I would not follow her."

The next day Reginald Hathaway received an invitation to a party at Judge Courtland's. At first he thought to send a regret, but for policy's sake he knew it was best for him to accept. He was a rising young lawyer, and Judge Courtland's attentions to him were not to be scorned.

Reginald Hathaway was what the ladies called a "splendid-looking man," and when he entered Judge Courtland's parlor that night, with such grace and ease, the artillery of bright eyes from all corners were leveled upon him.

"My friend, Miss Scranton, from Denver," said the daughter of the hostess, as she presented her visitor to the stranger.

Instantly the gentleman recognized the face he had seen in the horse cars a few days before. Love Scranton, all unconscious she had ever heard of the gentleman before, was perfectly natural in her manner, and met him as she did all of her friend's guests.

Soon as pronounced amid the crowd of newly-arrived guests surrounding her, Reginald Hathaway found two waiters with Love Scranton that evening, and was fortunate enough to wait upon her to the supper room.

"Do tell me what that gentleman's name was," said the daughter of the hostess, as she presented her visitor to the stranger.

"Which one do you mean?" she asked.

"The one who took me to supper," she replied.

friend, Miss Courtland, the fact that she had never seen a gentleman she thought half as nice as Mr. Hathaway. So when Miss Courtland received an invitation for herself and friend to take a moonlight sleigh ride a few evenings after, she declined with a woman's never-failing excuse—headache—but whispered in Love's ear:

"I have learned to know that two is company, but three is a crowd—especially under certain conditions."

That evening when Reginald Hathaway helped Love Scranton into the sleigh, he had no intention of love-making, but he knew that Cupid had stolen a march upon him, and had hidden himself within the warm folds of the buffalo robes.

"Do you know, Miss Scranton," said the gentleman, "what a dilemma I was in about your address, when I received Sue's letter to forward the hood to you. Just like a woman, she did not give any Christian name but 'Love,' and of course I knew that was her pet name for herself, and not a proper one for a stranger to use toward another stranger."

"But everybody calls me Love," replied the lady. "I have been called by that name ever since I was a child. My real name is Louise, but it has never been given to me, only at my christening."

There was something so fascinating in her eyes and in the tones of her voice, that Reginald Hathaway almost involuntarily said:

"If everybody calls you 'Love,' may I not call you so, too?"

"Of course you may," she replied, looking into his face with the sweetest of smiles. Just then Cupid took advantage of the position and shot an arrow of love deep into the lady's heart that he said:

"If everybody calls you 'Love,' may I not claim a particular privilege and call you my love? I do not like to have anything in common with everybody else."

Love Scranton had been influenced by Cupid's presence in the sleigh as much as the gentleman, but the situation was getting to be a serious one. "What would papa say to it all?" She did not answer then, but she allowed her lover to take a warm, loving kiss from the pretty face encased in the blue and white hood, which was so very becoming.

"Here, wife," said Mr. Scranton, a few days after. "It has come—I knew it must come some time, but I didn't expect it so soon. And he handed his wife a letter from Reginald Hathaway, asking the hand of his daughter, adding that he knew he had her heart already. "That's the way," said the father, as he wiped a tear from his eye. "Thus it is our daughters leave us."

"Here is a letter from Love, too," he said. "Do, dear papa, say—I know I will never see her again, but I will let you do it. If you refuse to let me have her, I will never marry anybody else."

"It is no more than you did twenty years ago," replied the wife.

"People look at things in different lights from different standpoints, though," he added.

The wedding is to come off in April. Love Scranton has gone home to get ready for the great event. Reginald Hathaway Cretes a letter to Denver every day. Cousin Sue is delighted with the prospect, and says: "That husband of mine tells me that he made the mistake on purpose, and is delighted that his scheme succeeded just as he intended it should."

Hotel Deadbeat.

"Yes," said the affable clerk at the Palace, the other day, as he lifted his stomach on the office counter, and selected another toothpick, "they are up to all sorts of dodges—these hotel beats—and we fellows have to keep a very sharp lookout for 'em, bet your life."

"Do, for instance, about four months ago a nice old gentleman came in with a stick in his hand, and a bag of money. The old man took me aside, and said he was forced to run over to Hong Kong himself on the next steamer, but that he would leave his son with us. The latter, he confidentially explained, was just then sowing wild oats, and he wanted to see that the old gentleman was not a swindler. He said, 'I am a disappointed I dare not leave any money with him, and I especially desire that none be furnished him by your cashier—not one single cent, remember. For fear, however, he gets into any real trouble during my absence I will deposit in your hands this package of gold notes. Use it freely if imperatively necessary, but do not let him suppose you have any more recklessness and dissipation.' If anything should happen, we were to write to the old party, care Rothchild's Hong Kong agency."

"Well, the young fellow raised merry Ned around this edifice for about three months. He beat Smith and I out of \$400 at pedro; gave queer little supper parties in his room; got drunk and tried to hold the elevator man's head overboard so that the next landing would cut it off; was chased round the corridors by some married man with a pistol nearly every night of his life, and, in fact, was a regular snorter in every way."

"Should think so."

"Of course he never paid any board—we didn't expect this, having his governor's bundle of securities locked up all night in the safe. But one day he did something so blamed outrageous that we couldn't stand it—had a chicken fight in the ladies parlor, or something—so we wrote him a warning note."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing but 'ta-ta,' and left the hotel that very day; vanished—disappeared. As we didn't get any remittance from Hong Kong, we opened the package last week, and what do you suppose was in it?"

"Dunno—counterfeit money?"

"Not such luck. Something can be done with real gold—ahem! Why, there was nothing in that bundle but a couple of old *Morning Calls*. Think of it, *Morning Calls*! Ugh! It makes me sick to think of it even now," and the genial hotel official lifted his stomach down again, and went sadly to his fifth meal.

—William Wilson, of Millville, Mass., aged 28 years, was at work in his field recently, when he should get a good example to younger men.

A Good Horse.

"I can't explain what a real good horse is," said one of the best trained dealers in the street. They are as different as men. In buying a horse, you must look first to his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him anything, any more than you can a half-witted child. Next that tall bay, there, a fine-looking animal, fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well, I'll show you a difference in heads; but have a care of his heels. Look at the brute's head—that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad, full place below the eyes. You can't trust him. Kick! Well, I guess so! Put him in a ten-acre lot, where he'll get plenty of swing, and he'll kick the horn off the moon."

The world's treatment of a man and beast has the tendency to enlarge and intensify bad qualities, if they predominate. This good-natured placid creature could not refrain from slapping in the face the horse whose character had been so cruelly delineated, while he had nothing but the gentlest caresses for a tall, docile, sleek-limbed sorrel, that pricked her ears forward and looked intelligent enough to understand all the horse's foot. "She's as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes. You couldn't hire that mule to act mean or hurt anybody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small, thin ear, and want a horse to throw his ears well forward. Look at the picture which rises in our minds when we think of Southern Patagonia. These dreary pampas, home of the ostrich and the guanaco, extending uninterrupted for 30 or 40 miles, swept by fierce winds, with a sterile, sandy soil, covered with stones, present to the eye nothing more than an occasional tuft of coarse, withered grass or a patch of stunted juncos bushes, which furnishes a poor enough nocturnal shelter. Suddenly, however, the traveler who has fallen a little in the rear of his companions will be surprised at their sudden disappearance, and on following their footprints will find that the plain has terminated abruptly, and that they are descending in a zig-zag and almost vertical precipice to another plateau, some hundred feet below; or it may be that they have reached one of those grand ravines or canons where alone it is possible to find a stretch of verdure on any alluvial soil. Yet Mr. Patagonia tells us that, with their impressive stillness and their grave immensity, had for him a stronger fascination that the most gorgeous tropical scenery, and for a time he found himself quite able to enter into the intoxicating feelings of delight with which the ostrich-hunter shakes off all conventional requirements, and clad in his fur cap, with his horses, dogs, and bolas, and one or two staunch companions, commits himself to the life of the plains. The Patagonian, therefore, of love, as much as inclination for a free, untrammelled life, leads men to devote themselves to ostrich-hunting. So prolific, however, are both the bird itself and the guanaco, which provide the hunter with furs, skins, and even shoes, as customers for these careless easy-going fellows is able to obtain everything which he counts as necessary, as well as the few luxuries for which he cares. Mounted on one of his hardy horses, he follows his five or six greyhounds, who give chase to the prey, and when within distance swings his bolas round his head and discharges them with precision that they become firmly twisted round his body, effectually keeping it prisoner until he can come up with it, and give it the coup de grace. The bolas are either round stones, or pieces of lead covered with leather, and united by a thong. Much skill is required to throw them well, and not a little cleverness is also needed to manage the caps, or long fur robe, made by the Indian women, in which the hunter wraps himself, and by which he is effectually protected from the searching winds of the pampas. The horses, numbers of which are owned by the plains and are captured and trained by the Indians, are of remarkable endurance, 70 or 80 miles a day being as nothing to them, and at the end of such a journey they will start off after an ostrich as gamely as if they had been only just saddled. They will rarely, however, allow themselves to be approached on foot, even by their owner, the only way of catching them is by the lasso, although, when once it is bridled, the horse will stand on one spot for hours, and not attempt to run away. Saddling in the pampas is a serious operation, since bed and coverings are always carried with one. Two or three folded blankets are tightly smoothly laid on the horse's back, to be followed by the "carona," two thick pieces of leather sewn together, upon which is placed the saddle, firmly secured by a broad leather girth, and over this, again, are strapped sheep-skins, furs and other coverings. A pack-horse carries a tent, provisions, and cooking utensils. The dogs of which there were 18 in the company to which the writer attached himself, being the food-providers, must of course be tolerated; but their slavish propensities, as well as their tendency to creep dripping wet into their owner's fur, pass the night in his close proximity, do not always render them very pleasant companions.

The Musk-Ox.

The musk-ox measures only about five and a half feet from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail, closely approaching in size the smallest of Highland cattle, but is much stouter in proportion and is much more compact in the structure of the bones of the neck and length of the dorsal processes which support the ponderous head. The weight is usually greatly over-estimated by travelers and writers, being placed approximately at 500 pounds, 300 pounds would probably be nearer the weight of the largest. This error is doubtless due to the apparent size of the animal which owing to the huge mass of woolly hair with which it is covered, has given rise to the common statement that it rivals in size the largest English bullocks. The outer hair or fleece is long and thick, brown or black in color, frequently decidedly grizzled, and prolonged to the knees, hanging far below the middle of the legs. Underneath the shaggy coat, and covering all parts of the animal, though much the heaviest upon the neck and shoulders, is found a fine soft wool, of exquisite texture, of a bluish, drab, or cinereous hue, capable of being used in the arts and of forming the most beautiful fabrics.

—Another very rich gold discovery is reported at Madoc, Ont.

which the water or the mineral has upon the rod?"

"It is electricity or magnetism and nothing else, as I can prove to you by standing upon glass insulators and making the experiment. These are non-conductors, and the switch is not influenced in the least."

"There is then some science about the divining rod?"

"Oh, yes; it merely obeys a law of nature. Some of these days the divining rod and the dowser will not be laughed at as they now are. Why, doesn't Edison go upon the same principle when he talks of inventing a machine to discover the presence of ores? The Miner lode, in Clear Creek country, was discovered by R. A. Miner, of Illinois, by this means."

"Can you tell the depth of the body you seek?"

"Oh, yes; the switch commences to turn at an angle of forty-five degrees from the object. To arrive at the depth requires but a simple mathematical calculation."

"And how to the amount?"

"I believe that that can also be determined. I have a uncle who can tell, but I don't know that I can."

Ostrich-Hunting in Patagonia.

Far-stretching and apparently boundless plains, of absolute aridity—diversified only by the deceptive glitter of the salinas, or salt lakes, which wander two or three hours, with vagabond instinct, over such a vast and desolate landscape. Look when we think of Southern Patagonia. These dreary pampas, home of the ostrich and the guanaco, extending uninterrupted for 30 or 40 miles, swept by fierce winds, with a sterile, sandy soil, covered with stones, present to the eye nothing more than an occasional tuft of coarse, withered grass or a patch of stunted juncos bushes, which furnishes a poor enough nocturnal shelter. Suddenly, however, the traveler who has fallen a little in the rear of his companions will be surprised at their sudden disappearance, and on following their footprints will find that the plain has terminated abruptly, and that they are descending in a zig-zag and almost vertical precipice to another plateau, some hundred feet below; or it may be that they have reached one of those grand ravines or canons where alone it is possible to find a stretch of verdure on any alluvial soil. Yet Mr. Patagonia tells us that, with their impressive stillness and their grave immensity, had for him a stronger fascination that the most gorgeous tropical scenery, and for a time he found himself quite able to enter into the intoxicating feelings of delight with which the ostrich-hunter shakes off all conventional requirements, and clad in his fur cap, with his horses, dogs, and bolas, and one or two staunch companions, commits himself to the life of the plains. The Patagonian, therefore, of love, as much as inclination for a free, untrammelled life, leads men to devote themselves to ostrich-hunting. So prolific, however, are both the bird itself and the guanaco, which provide the hunter with furs, skins, and even shoes, as customers for these careless easy-going fellows is able to obtain everything which he counts as necessary, as well as the few luxuries for which he cares. Mounted on one of his hardy horses, he follows his five or six greyhounds, who give chase to the prey, and when within distance swings his bolas round his head and discharges them with precision that they become firmly twisted round his body, effectually keeping it prisoner until he can come up with it, and give it the coup de grace. The bolas are either round stones, or pieces of lead covered with leather, and united by a thong. Much skill is required to throw them well, and not a little cleverness is also needed to manage the caps, or long fur robe, made by the Indian women, in which the hunter wraps himself, and by which he is effectually protected from the searching winds of the pampas. The horses, numbers of which are owned by the plains and are captured and trained by the Indians, are of remarkable endurance, 70 or 80 miles a day being as nothing to them, and at the end of such a journey they will start off after an ostrich as gamely as if they had been only just saddled. They will rarely, however, allow themselves to be approached on foot, even by their owner, the only way of catching them is by the lasso, although, when once it is bridled, the horse will stand on one spot for hours, and not attempt to run away. Saddling in the pampas is a serious operation, since bed and coverings are always carried with one. Two or three folded blankets are tightly smoothly laid on the horse's back, to be followed by the "carona," two thick pieces of leather sewn together, upon which is placed the saddle, firmly secured by a broad leather girth, and over this, again, are strapped sheep-skins, furs and other coverings. A pack-horse carries a tent, provisions, and cooking utensils. The dogs of which there were 18 in the company to which the writer attached himself, being the food-providers, must of course be tolerated; but their slavish propensities, as well as their tendency to creep dripping wet into their owner's fur, pass the night in his close proximity, do not always render them very pleasant companions.

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A Chinese Marriage.

Charles Samson, and interpreter of Chinese and English, has in China, but educated in San Francisco, was married recently, a la Chinoise, to a young Chinese girl named Ah Qu, which, being translated, means "Alice, the Angel." At about five o'clock the female chaperones conducted the girl in their charge to the rooms of her husband, but before she could cross the threshold of the door they threw a heavy handkerchief over her head and shut out everything from her sight. This, they told her, was to warn her that in entering the married state she was groping in the dark future; but that, with implicit faith in her husband and relying upon him to guide her, she need not fear making a mistake. She was then conducted to the first room and the room adjoining, where she met the man that was to become her husband. He was standing by a bed in the room, and as she approached the handkerchief was removed from her head and both sat on the edge of the bed. In sitting down he intentionally sat on a portion of the long sliver skirt she wore. "She made no attempt to remove the garment, and by allowing him to remain seated on it gave proof that she was his captive and willing to submit to his orders. Had she, however, drawn the garment away from her head, it would have been proof that she would not be submissive, and would not obey him unless she felt inclined to do so. The pair then knelt before a small altar, from which hung ancestral tablets, and each offered a prayer, after which they went into the other room, where they seated themselves by partaking of the mixture. The bride, accompanied by the chaperones, followed by the groom and some relatives, formed a procession and left the house, amid the explosion of firecrackers, and marched through Stout's alley to the restaurant on Jackson street, where the guests had assembled and were waiting on the third floor. As the party ascended the stairs an orchestra played an air which a stretch of imagination might construe into a wedding march. As the bride entered the room where the guests were assembled, she was supported by the two chaperones, and had her face hid from view by a large fan. She was then seated around the table, and as she approached she courted a good business just now, and are running full-handed and on full time.

The Irish people of Wilkes-Barre, Penn., are raising a fund to erect an orphan's asylum.

There are 86,961 children of school age in Baltimore, and of this number 46,778 attend school.

The striking glass-blowers of Pittsburgh received \$5000 in help from outside sources.

Austrians smoke more and more. In 1877 the whole amount paid for tobacco was 46,000,000 florins, against 38,000,000 last year.

From the debris of the coal mines, France makes annually 700,000 tons of excellent fuel, and Belgium 500,000 tons.

The Confederate monument in Augusta, Ga., cost \$17,500. At each of the corners of the base stands a marble figure of Lee, Jackson, Walker and Cobb.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, during the month of April, averaged daily about five car loads of emigrants for the West.

The amount of timber rafted to market this year is estimated at just double the amount sent last year. The prices are only fair.

The vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, London, has resolved, by a vote of 33 to 1, to allow a statue of Byron to be placed in St. James street.

The potteries in the vicinity of Trenton, N. J., are reported as doing a good business just now, and are running full-handed and on full time.

It is proposed in the oil regions of Pennsylvania to invite the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise to make a tour of that territory.

—The twenty-first musical festival of the German Saengerbund of North America will be held at Springfield Musical Hall, in Cincinnati, on the 11th of June. The grand chorus will embrace 1971 singers, besides 150 instrumental musicians.

Mr. H. J. Jewett, President of the Erie Railway, receives an annual salary of \$40,000. Col. Scott's yearly income as President of several railroads, Vice-President of eleven, and director of thirty-four, is over \$100,000.

For the three months ending March 31, 1878, there were imported into the United States of iron—pig, bar, hoop, sheet and railroad—7,252 tons, and for the same period last year 11,926 tons—being an increase of imports as between the two periods of 6.694.

It requires 300 cubic feet of the finest quality of pine lumber to make the yearly supply of Lucifer matches for the United States, and it takes 100 cords of fine hard wood to make our shoe-pegs. It takes 40,000,000 ties to supply our 90,000 miles of railroad.

The City of Paris commenced last year the publication of a general inventory of the artistic riches contained in the different municipal edifices of the capital. Two volumes have already been issued. The number of edifices in the twenty arrondissements is so great that the task is far from being terminated.

The latest estimates of church accommodation in England give the Established Church 5,500,000 sittings; the Wesleyan Methodists, 1,702,724; Independents, 1,211,101; the Baptists, 912,765; the Primitive Methodists, 743,687; and all other religious bodies a total of 1,560,103—making a grand total of 12,531,400.

Of potatoes, Ireland produces 23 bushels to each inhabitant; the German Empire 18.1 bushels; Holland 24.5; Belgium 11.6; France 10.2; Scandinavia 9.9; Austria-Hungary 8.5; Russia and Finland 4.5; Great Britain 3.3; Italy 1.1. In other European States this crop is quite insignificant.

—One of Charles Dickens's daughters in-law, Mrs. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, has met a terrible death in Australia, where her husband has, for several years, been living and prospering. Mrs. Dickens was driving out with her little daughter, when the horse became frightened, and, running away, finally overturned the carriage. The child was killed, and the young wife was so dreadfully injured that she died in a few hours.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Iowa has 224 brass bands.

—The billion value of our standard silver dollar is now just \$0.8372 in gold.

—There are \$10,000 miles of telegraph wire under ground in London.

—Pius IX witnessed the death of one hundred Cardinals during his life.

—Mark Twain appears on the Hartford tax-list assessed for \$57,880.

—King Humbert has been forbidden to smoke by physicians.

—Atlanta, Ga., has 275 female clerks in her stores.

—The amount of United States fractional currency outstanding is about \$10,000,000.

—A dynamite cartridge factory has been established in Saginaw county, Mich.

—A carrier pigeon made the distance from Monson to New London, Conn., 61 miles, in 61 minutes, on Friday.

—In London the Fishmongers Company has given \$250 to the Female School of Art.

—The Irish people of Wilkes-Barre, Penn., are raising a fund to erect an orphan's asylum.

There are 86,961 children of school age in Baltimore, and of this number 46,778 attend school.

The striking glass-blowers of Pittsburgh received \$5000 in help from outside sources.

Austrians smoke more and more. In 1877 the whole amount paid for tobacco was 46,000,000 florins, against 38,000,000 last year.

From the debris of the coal mines, France makes annually 700,000 tons of excellent fuel, and Belgium 500,000 tons.

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