VOL. II.

POETRY.

MY NEIGHBOR.

BY GERALD MASSRY.

Love thou thy Neighbor," we are told. " Even on Thyself." That creed I hold But love her more, a thousand-fold!

My lovely neighbor; oft we mee In lonely lane or crowded street: I know the music of her feet.

She little thinks how, on a day She must have missed her usual way,

And walked into my heart for aye. Or how the rustle of her dress

Thrills through me like a soft cares With trembles of deliciou

Wee woman, with her smiling mien. And soul celestially serene, She passes me, unconscious Que en

Her face most innocently good, Where shyly peeps the sweet red blood, Her form a nest of Womanhood!

When ways are miry-I could spread My cloak, but there's my heart instea

Ah Neighbor, you will never know Why 'tis my step is quickened so : Nor what the prayer I murmur low

I see you 'mid your flowers at morn, Fresh as the recebud newly born ; I marvel, can you have a thorn ?

If so, 'twere sweet to lean one's breast Against it, and, the more it prest. Sing like the Bird that Pain bath blest

You knew not, dear, how dear you be; All dearer for the secrecy : Nothing and yet a world to me !

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

I was very young when first put in charge of the night express, but I begun my career as an engineer so early—being only nineteen when I first ran the Middlesex Mail-that I was an experienced hand when put upon the "6:10 Night though only twenty-seven

Linden was our second stop on the run out—thirty-eight miles—and the town with its dull, crooked, half-paved streets, its quaint old cathedral, and pretty out-lying country-sents, was very dear to me, for here Nellie lived when

first I knew her.
I always looked forward pleasantly to our arrival at Linden, for, as our train came thundering up to the depot, on these long summer evenings, Nellie was often there, awaiting my coming, and, while Joe was watering the engine, I managed to have a few pleasant words with her before we were ready to start again. Then, as the bell-rope signalled "go ahead," and I stepped upon the engine, she waved me a pleasant good-by, that seemed to give me heart and strength during the rest of my long

So time passed pleasantly on, until I told Nellie one day the story I had so longed to tell her, and heard the answer, for which my heart had hardly dared to

How light were my labors, with her love to cheer me on! How dear the thousand little evidences of that love, offered in her own sweet, delicate way. We were to be married in the fall and all "went merry as a marriage-bell," when an accident occurred to me as I was running the "Firefly"-my dear old engine-down to Linden which materially altered our plans.

I had started four minutes late, and was going along at a lively speed, when, as we swung around a curve, we saw a man coming down the track, waving a

Whistling "Down brakes," we were soon at a standstill, and, leaving Joe to take care of the engine, I hurried forward with the conductor, to see the cause of the danger-signal. Coming up with the flagman, we learned that a freight train was off the track, a mile further up the road; and for two whole hours we waited on the main track, while the heavy frieght cars were being unloaded and righted. At last "Clear track" was signaled, and I sounded the whistle for "All aboard."

"Put her through pretty lively when you get clear track," said Charlie, the conductor. "I've telegraped ahead, and we'll have right of way from here straight through. Not let her jump, Harry, and we'll make up time before we reach Sadler's."

Twilight was fast coming on us. The switch-lights shead winked their red eyes, and showed a pair of white ones, to tell us all was right; the headlight of our engine was lit, throwing a stream of light down the track, and, with one long shrick from the whistle, we started down the road at a rapid pace, with a clear run ahead of us of twenty-one miles to Marketfields Junction, our first

Ah, if I could have looked sheadonly as far as Marketfields-and could have seen the broken rail which lay waiting for me at an ugly curve, would I have told Joe so earnestly to "keep up the fire, and see that forty pounds were on the boilers, as we must tear along as fast as 'Firefly' could earry us?"

We were bounding across the country at a terrific pace, leaving behind us a long train of sparks and heavy clouds of smoke, the engine swinging from side to side, and almost leaping the track at every turn of the great driving-wheels. On-on-without slackening speed; on, over the great plains and into the woods beyond; under the trees and out into the clearing again; thundering under the great stone archways, flying past the country stations, where the rustics were huddled together to see the great train pass; on-on, without pause or rest, through the valley and into the mountain-gorge, whose rocks echoed back the shrill whistle I sounded as we

swung around the curves. The night was upon us as we neared Marketfields, and Joe and I were seated at either window, our eyes fixed intently on the track shead, watching for any obstruction on the shining rails, which were glistening like silver serpents in the brilliancy of our head-light.

I drew the rope over my head. A long, shrill whistle sounded over the country, announcing our coming. As we swung around the curve, I repeated it.

"Good heavens, Harry! Look! look!

look !" And Joe's hand struck me a blow as he sprang to my side in a sort of terror, and, grasping the whistle rope, sounded, repeatedly, "Down brakes." I had seen it, too—the figure of a

woman upon the track, running toward us, as she wildly waved her shawl in the air, one arm uplifted warningly, her face turned full upon us in an agony of terror, her flowing golden hair lit up in the light of the engine, as we rushed down upon her at a fearful speed.

I reversed the wheels again and again, the whistle hoarsely shricking out its warning; but too late!—too late! We were upon her as she uttered a wild cry of terror, turned from the track, and stumbled, the engine striking her with a fearful shock, hurling her far into the

air, mangled and torn.

Amid the shrieks of the whistle we rushed around the curve, our speed fast slackening, when, with a great bound that shook the engine in every joint, it sprung from the track, plunging into and ripping up the ties, twisting the rails, lunging from side to side, and then pitching into the ditch, with a that flung me insensible from my

When I came to, I was lying on the floor of a farm-house, while close around me were a crewd of anxious spectators, from whom escaped a general exclama-tion of joy as I opened my eyes and looked up at them. What did it all

I raised myself up on one arm, and, passing my hand across my brow, tried to comprehend why I was here, and who were these people about me. All was bewilderment and confusion in my poor orain, and it was some little time before I gathered my scattered thoughts. Then, realization of what I had passed through came back to me, and a cry of horror burst from me as they told me I had killed the woman I had seen upon ings.

"She hard the whistle of the train." the track.

I buried_my face in my hands, as the vision of that upturned face came before me, so full of agony and dumb pleading. Then I roused myself, but they told me to lie still until the doctor came; then, as I insisted I was undurt, beyond a few ugly bruises, they assisted me to rise, when I found myself sore and stiff. My first thought was for Nellie. I knew how anxious she would be. I knew all she would suffer until she heard I was safe, so I asked for pen and paper, that I might send her a telegram, telling her I was well, and would be in Linden that night, where I would remain. This was forwarded at once. They told me, then, in a rambling way, each one adding an item, the story of the

accident. A broken rail had thrown us from the ing home upon the track, and, hurrying forward, had hoped to warn us had miscalculated the distance and speed of the engine, and had been caught under the great wheels before she could turn from its path, having nobly sacrificed herself in order to save the great train and its precious load.

So much had been surmised of her intentions, and Joe and I, of course, confirmed the story. She was a lovely girl of seventeen, the only daughter, they said, of a neighboring farmer-John Dixon.

"Poor girl ! Dear, noble-hearted girl ! I said, wiping away the tears that filled my eyes and choked my utterance. I sat silent for a moment, thinking what I could do to show my sympathy for the poor parents in their terribly sad

bereavement. At last I called a man to my side-one who seemed to be giving orders, and to have the direction of matters, and, steadying my voice, said, quietly:

"Where is she-the poor girl, you know !" "They have taken her home;

took her home as soon as she was identi-fied, poor dear."

"If you please, I would like to go there, if you think they would see me. God knows I did not do it, and He knows that I would give this right arm," I said, bitterly, thrusting it up into the air, "to have saved the poor girl; but I cannot rest easy; I can never have an easy heart until I have gone to them and heard them say, with their own lips, that they forgive me. You see," I said, sorrowfully, "I didn't do it-of course not-I didn't do it. Heaven knows how hard I tried to stop up short. But—the poor thing is dead. It is all over now; and it was 'Firefly' and I who did it. So, if you please, if you wauld be good enough to go with me, I would like to go down to them and tell them, in such words as I can, how their sorrow is mine, and how completely my heart sympathizes with them to-night."

I was very stiff and sore, and it was with some difficulty that I walked across the room, but he kindly gave me his arm, and I knew I could manage to walk lown to the Dixon farm-only a spare nile, he said.

I was putting on my hat in the hall, and adjusting my arm in a sling, preparatory to starting, when the tramp of many feet was heard on the piazza, and the door was flung open. A man step-ped into the passageway, and held the door open for those to enter who were carrying the remains of some poor victim upon a bier.

"Who is it?" I asked, softly, address-ing him who had held wide the door. "The girl," he whispered, as he raised his hat.

Ah, poor creature! All I could do for her new was to bow my head reverently, as they bore her past me, while my off their rough caps, waited silently for

The doorway was filled by those who and all gazing earnestly, almost curious- to be closed for a year at least.

Marketfields lights came in sight, and ly, upon the form resting so quietly and peacefully in the passageway. All was hushed and still—in the crowded doorway, upon the crowded stairway, in the hallway, where stood the six stout farmers who had borne her in on their shoul-

"Ah, poor child," I said, while my heart throbbed quickly, "how gladly would I give my life to restore yours, so

nobly, so generously given!"

Then, in love for her—she seemed near and dear to me in death—I leaned over her, and taking one of the dear little hands within my own, kissed it, and replaced it gently under the white sheet from which it had escaped. There was a bustle in the doorway, as

of some one pressing through the crowd, and sounds as of sobbing and weeping. "Make way for the parents," was heard from the doorway, and the eager crowd fell back respectfully, as a plain farmer and his wife came forward, filling the air with their cries. The sheet was turned back from the features of the

dead girl, and— What! Was I mad? Shriek after shrick burst from me as I flung up my arms wildly, and fell prostrate upon the body of my own loved one-Nellie!

What is there for me to add to my sad tale? Need I tell you of the weary months passed in delirium, the coming to, and realization of the horri-

ble reality?
But of Nellie—my own little darling.
It seems that she had gone to Market-fields that day, and had intended to return upon my train to Linden. While waiting at the depot, she learned that the train was two hours late, and then decided to walk down the track, and then off by a little side-road, which led to the house of a friend. Then, as the time for the coming of the train came around, Nellie started for the depot, accompanied by a young boy, who carried a lantern. While walking up the track, and within a half-mile of the depot, they discovered the broken rail, and Nelli

"She heard the whistle of the train, said the boy afterward, "far down through the hills, and she just stopped for one minute, while she caught hand to her heart, and her face turned as white as snow. 'Run: run, Jammie " she cried out, as though her very heart was breaking. 'Oh, run! run! for heaven's sake!' And with one aw-ful cry, such as I never heard before, she turned an I fied down the track, toward the coming train, away into the darkness.

When they found her lying at the side of the track—my heart grows sick as I write these last words—they mistook her for a young girl of the neighborhood, who had been seen on the track shortly before. Of the joy of her parents at the discovery of the mistaken which might be concealed within them. identity, and of my desolation, I need my grief, nor efface from my mind the vividness of my last ride to Market-

A Story about Capt. Morgan.

According to a writer in the Chicago 'ribune, the Indian chief Cochise claims to be a son of William Morgan, who was supposed to have been murdered by the Masons many years ago. The story is at least a good romance and repeated only as such. In 1826, a party of Apaches lying in ambush near El Paso, Texas, captured a man who was trying to escape from quite a large party of At first he was destined for cruel death, but the Indians grew to like him, and gave him his life, conditional on his promise never to leave them. He married the daughter of the chief, and at his death became the chief himself. He left four sons, the eldest of whom is Cochise, the present Apache This man, says the Apaches, chief. taught their tribe the mysteries of an organization based on Masonic principles, and instituted rites and ceremonies among his Indian warriors. He told them that he was taken prisoner in Batavia, New York, for having divulged the secrets of a great society. He was confined in Fort Niagara, and after-wards driven in a close carriage through Buffalo, to Hennepin, Illinois, and thence taken to the Mississippi river, down which he floated to New Orleans. There he was placed on a vessel and sailed to the mouth of the Rio Grande river, and proceeded up that river on horseback to El Paso, where the Apaches captured him. His companions had intended to give him to some Jesuit priests among the Indians. The writer of this legend appropriately signs himself " Midnight."

The Great Burned District.

A legislative committee of the State of Wisconsin has just now reported upon the condition of the people in the districts which were burned during the forest fires last October. Fifteen hundred and eighty families, or 6,907 persons, whose fortunes were destroyed at that time, have been supported mainly by the relief committees of Green Bay and Milwaukee. The aggregate amount of contributions will not be divided equally among the claimants, who will, however, be supplied with provisions till June next, and will receive agricultural implements, material for building, seed, and provender for their horses and cattle. All this having been amply provided for, there will still remain a surplus with which, should the suggestions of the committee be taken, a permanent fund will established for the relief of the disabled, and the widows and orphans of those who perished in the fires. The report says that the roads through the burnt districts are in a night, and simply warmed in the Etna; most wretched condition, being so block- or a cup of freshly-made tea may be heart swelled with emotion, and in admost wretched condition, being so block-miration of her noble conduct. They ed with fallen timber that in order to go aid her down gently, and then, taking one mile wagons have to be drawn two and three miles, and in some places travel is almost impossible. Moreover, The doorway was filled by those who so greatly are the people impoverished had followed the bier; the stairway by that no tax can be raised for the paythose who had come out from the rooms | ment of teacher's salaries, and it is fearabove, some with lights in their hands, ed that all the public schools will have

Pigs and Venomous Serpents.

RIDGWAY, PA, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1872.

We give below an extract from the Oriental Sporting Magazine, in which the waiter states that he was on two occasions a witness to pigs being severely bitten by cobras without being in the

slightest degree affected. "The first time I witnessed the act was in Ceylon, in 1856. I was returning one morning from snipe-shooting with a tolerably fair bag of birds, when my attention was arrested by a dozen semi-wild pigs belonging to my friend most perseveringly engaged in endeav-oring to turn over with their snouts the half-rotten stem of a palmyra palm, and half-rotten stem of a palmyra palm, and curiosity to see if they would succeed in their endeavors—for I had never seen pigs work so unanimously in concert before—caused me to stop and watch them. After two or three failures, they gained their point, turning the tree half way round, when a whole family of cobras, the state of the After them the pigs scampered helterskelter, showing as much activity, al-though only half-wild, as a Bengal boar though only half-wild, as a Bengal boar would do. A very large cobra, fully five feet in length, was seized by a half-grown sow within twelve feet of me, and whilst she was crunching up the horrible writhing bonna bouche, which had been seized about the middle of the body, I distinctly saw the reptile bite the sow twice on the snout, without the bales of cotton bought during the last fortnight 182 bales were rejected for beabout it; the pleasure of consuming the luscious tidbit entirely compensated for any annoyance or pain that the pig might have felt at the time. I saw the sow mentioned, some days afterward, not the least affected by the bite of the

"The second instance was on a small narrow channel of the sea between Singapore and the mainland. I had gone over to Pulobbin to endeavor to shoot a man-eating tiger which was creating great havoc amongst a few wretched hinese convicts stationed on the island to split granite and ship it to Singapore for building purposes. In this instance, I had been out all the morning in an unsuccessful search for the man-eater, and on my return, feeling rather done up, I stretched myself at full length in the raised portico of the shooting-hut, and was enjoying my pipe, when I no-ticed a large black cobra slowly gliding along the top of the bank within twenty

feet of me. "In the side of the bank were several holes having much the appearance of the nests of English sand-martins, and they had evidently at some time been the nests of either king-fishers or some of the flycatcher family. The cobra, having approached the very brink of the cutting, suspended his head and about two feet of his body over it, and commenced a diligent search in these Suddenly a loud squeak from one of search; and on the snake withdrawing his head from the abandoned bird's nest, a large frog leaped vigorously out, but on reaching the ground seemed to be perfectly paralyzed with the venom of the bite, and in less than a minute died.

"The snake seemed to be fully aware of the deadly effects of its own bite, as it never attempted to follow its victim, though it closely watched it from the bank, its head being thrust about two inches over the bank, its eyes fixed on the frog, whilst the forked tongue was thrust in and out of its mouth, showing the state of excitement that the snak was in at the feed before it.

" Little, however, did the reptile ticipate what was in store for it; whilst gloating over his wretched victim, fine half-grown pig belonging to one of the Chinese ticket-of-leave men saw him and rushed at him. The snake was completely taken by surprise, its head at the moment being about four inche below the surface of the bank, thus pre venting him seeing the enemy approach

ing from behind. "The pig, without one moment's hes tation, seized the snake near the tail, aud commenced chumping him up as savage would eat a string of macaroni. Again and again the reptile bit him, with great violence, twice on the snout, once on the ear, and once on the fore eg. The pig did not seem to care the least about it, not stopping for a moment until it had devoured the hideous reptile. It went off grunting its satis-faction at the unexpected and luxurious repast which fate had thrown in its way. I saw the same pig some days afterward, and it certainly did not then evince signs of speedy dissolution. On another occasion I saw a pig giving chase to a snake, which only made good its escape by reaching the branches of a small guava tree.

"An intimate friend of mine once in formed me that he saw a whole family of fifteen cobras devoured by a couple of pigs when he was taking off the roof of bungalow at Mungledyke, and although the pigs were bitten in more than half a dozen places, it did not have the least effect upon them.

Useful Domestic Article. An English correspondent points to the ments of the little apparatus called the Etna, to be bought at most tinmen's, price about thirty cents. It has simply funnel-shaped top soldered into a stand formed like two patty-pans, with the bottoms turned one against the other. The top can be filled with cold water, then into the rim of the stand a small quantity of methylated spirit be poured and lighted, and in three minutes a pint of boiling water is forthcoming. Tea, coffee, or cocos may be made over procured, by putting a spoonful of dry tea into a small vessel about the size of an egg, with perforated holes, made sky overhead were such that none but elther of tin or silver-plated. This vessel, filled with the tea, should be placed in the boiling water in the Etna for one minute; the infusion should then be poured into a cup, and a cup of tea may thus be had with very little trouble.

False Cotton Packing.

The Houston Telegraph, in an article denouncing the tricks of some Texas

cotton growers, says:
The Superintendent of the City (cotton) Mills of this vicinity, a few days ago purchased two lots of cotton for the use of said mills—one of ten and the other of two bales. The samples taken were really beautiful, and a good round price was consequently paid. But when the cotton was opened for use at the mills, it was found that the outside of each bale, as shown us by samples of both, was a layer of this fine cotton, and the inside under this layer was compos-ed of a most inferior trashy article. The persons who had put up this cotton seemed to have done it with the deliberate purpose to cheat, but the matter will be traced home to them, and the law enforced. We learn also of other similar instances, where sand by the shovel full large and small, glided from under it. had evidently been thrown into the inside of bales to increase their weight, and still others where water had been poured around the centre of the bale to increase the weight, and dry cotton placed around it to hide it. And in a fate number of Flake's Bulletin, a cotton buyer published his experience in the following words:

To give you an example of my own

upon them, and they had to pay it or affer suit as well as in reputation, and after paying it, trace it back to the pro-ducers and demand indemnity of them. sland, yelept Pulobbin, situated in the In one instance brought to our notice, the producer was glad to get off by paying this indemnity. While we rejoice that such instances are rare, it yet is important that our strict law against such offenders should be enforced, and punishment inflicted upon them without mercy

Faithful Dogs.

It would be hard to find a human friend stick closer than a couple of dogs of the spaniel breed mentioned in the English journal, Land and Water.
During a hot day in August, two schoolboys, brothers, went to bathe in a millpool before lunch; a brace of spaniels accompanied them. The younger brother took with him an old hat to wear in the water, to keep off the heat of the sun. While the boys were bathing, the spaniels strayed away some little distance. After they had bathed, the boys separated, each going to a different house for the afternoon. The spaniels met the older brother as he was leaving the pool, but noticing that the younger one was not with him, refused to follow him fer more than a short distance, and when they observed that the younger one was not following him, regardless of track; and the girl whom we had killed not speak. Many years have come and had evidently discovered it while walking home when the track; and the girl whom we had killed gone, but time does not seem to soften come intruder had been successful in its er than another), turned back to the spot where the boys had bathed, and seeing the hat that the younger of the boys had thrown away, they plunged in and brought it out. But still, as if struck that something must be wrong they kept swimming round and round the place where they had found the hat floating. A farmer living in the neigh borhood, who had in the meantime met the younger brother on his way from the pool, passed the spot, and seeing the spaniels, tried hard to persuade them to come away home, knowing to whom they belonged. The dogs, however could not be seduced from the supposed drowned body of their young master, and the farmer left them. Meantime the younger brother had gone home, and had heard from his brother that the dogs had refused to follow him. He went back to the pool, and there, late in the evening, found the spaniels still watching and searching for him. Of course they came instantly away with him, after a dog's usual boisterous welcome

Our Lake Scenery. The scenery and air of our northwestern lakes are beautiful and magical

and why people should go abroad, and breathe the pestilential air of decaying cities and nations, when they can breathe this inspiring air of home, and see this wonderful wealth of natural scenery, passes comprehension. Of all the lakes, Huron presents the grandest waterscaper, Superior the noblest shores and most beautiful islands. In Superior the genuine brook trout is taken about the rocks on the shores, where the water is ten feet deep or more. This is made possible by the coldness of the water. Its temperature never rises much above that of ice water in any part of the lake. Experienced anglers have taken there trout weighing six and soven pounds. They are caught with bait only, and will not rise to a fly. This is the speckled brook trout. mon is taken by trolling, and is often of the weight of thirty to forty pounds. Excitement can be had by running the rapids of the Sault St. Marie with Indians, in a birchbark canoe. It is brief, and there is no danger in it. Ladie may try it with entire confidence. But one should see the grand scenery about Thunder Bay, on the British shore of Lake Superior. Thunder Cape, a precipitous cliff of red rock, thirteen dred feet high, and a mile and a half long, stands on the eastern side of the entrance, while numbers of islands, some lofty and flat-roofed, others low and round; and all of them wooded, are scattered along eastward. The outline of Thunder Cape is superb, though it is tempered and fringed with trees that break the level of its long summit. At evening its beauty is indescribable. The setting sun flooded the mountain and the islands with golden light such as Bierstadt and Gifford and George L. Brown love to paint, and the clouds and l ting of the picture.

Good verus Poor Foundations for Build-

It is a common practice among job-ling luilders to lay down pine or hem-lock planks where the earth on which the foundation-walls are built is porous and sandy. They know better; yet, if the proprietor suggests an objection to the use of planks in such places, they will over-ride all his authority by forcing him into the admission—not be-lief—that wood may subserve a good purpose in such places, although their judgment is against it. The trouble is, that but few men have had sufficient experience in building to warrant them in assuming that the practice is decidedly objectionable, and that planks cannot

be used beneath their walls. One of the best-ways to commence the foundation-wall for a building, when the ground is sandy and porous, s to excavate a channel from three to four feet wide, according to the magnitude of the superstructure, and not less than a foot deeper than the bottom of the cellar; then lay a course of cobblestones as large as a man's two fists over the entire surface of the channel excava-ted; after which, every stone should be rammed down firmly with a heavy rammer. If the ground is sandy, pour in water to wet the surface, so that the stones can be settled down half their width into the earth. After the first course of cobbles is sufficiently rammed down, lay two courses more above them after which, make a grouting, or thin mortar of good cement and sand, and have it so thin that, when poured on the stones, it will fill every interstice Three courses of cobble-stones, well grouted with good water-lime mortar, will make a foundation that will endure like solid limestone.

If the ground is at all disposed to be wet, a channel should be sunk in the bottom of the excavation, in which a row of 2-inch drain-tiles should be carefully laid, with barely enough inclination to carry all the water from one side to the other, where it can empty into an outlet. Such a preparation for the foundation-walls will cost but a few dollars; and after the cement has solidified, the foundation will be almost qual to a solid rock.

Laying the foundation for a dwellingouse or barn is a job that is expected to endure for a lifetime. Mistakes made in performing such work are like errors one's moral career,-not easily rectified. Hence every observing builder will at once perceive the importance of preparing the foundation for a building during the former part of the growing season, so that the cement may have ample time to solidify before cold weather comes on. The same is true in regard to carrying up any portion of a wall. If the mason-work can be done early in the spring of the year, the The Shand and Arizona, 135,000, 1000; Minnesota, 36,876,170; Indian Territory, 154,000.

The old and pleasing exhibition of a mortar will have time before cold weather to become not only dry, but thoroughly solidified; thus rendering the mortar and wall doubly strong, and far more hand of the man who loads the pistol. durable than if the work had been done In a Texas town lately one of these so late in the season that the mortar would not have time to become as dry killed before the audience because the and hard as age would render it.

The correct form of a foundation wall for a large edifice is frequently neglected. by the performer that could be jammed A foundation-stone wall eighteen or twenty inches in thickness is considered sufficiently strong for a two-story dwelling-house. Instead of carrying it up eighteen inches thick, from the bottom of the cellar to the first floor, if the foundation were laid two feet broad, made battering or slanting outwards, so that the top of the wall, when finished, would be ten or twelve inches broad, and the bottom two feet, no more stone and no more mortar would be required, while the wall would sustain a much heavier superincumbent pressure, and would resist a more powerful thrust in a lateral direction. As bricks are all of a uniform size, of course it would not be so convenient to build a brick wall battering, as it can be done with stones. But, whether foundation-walls are made of brick or stone, the mortar should be prepared with cement, rather than with austic lime. The extra expense for ement would amount to only a few dollars: while the work would enhance the value of the edifice several hundreds of dollars .- Industrial Monthly.

A Monkey Mamma.

A New Zealand correspondent of the ian Francisco Alta says : "However strange Mr. Darwin's theory—that man is descended from a monkey—may seem to be to many, the following particulars in the early history of one of the present members of Parliament for New Zealand are related in all sober earnestness by Southern papers. Mr. B.'s early life was spent in When a the wilds of South Africa. mere infant he was one day laid peacefully at rest at the door of his woodland home. His worthy parent, near the cabin, shot the young offspring of a large monkey, at which the feelings of the affectionate mamma were, of course, much wounded. She was however driven away by the approaching hunter, and in passing the cabin door noticed and stole the future New Zealand legislator. The loss was not discovered for nearly half an hour afterwards, and then all efforts to find the robber proved unavailing. Three months after this period a hunting party came across a family of monkeys in the wilderness, and there in the arms of the careful, although un- of defiance. The machine being duly tutored, wet-nurse, was the long-lost child, who chattered and jibbered in the most approved monkey fashion, apparently fully equal to the exigencies of the situation. Could there be any more convincing evidence than this of the affinity between our race and those hairy denizens of the woods? Why did the hunters step in and thus prevent the development of another link in the Darwinian chain? The child was borne home, and under careful nurture and training the evil effects of bad company

An Illinois farmer proposes to plant 1,100 acres with corn this spring.

were removed.

NO. 9.

Facts and Figures. One-seventh of Arkansas has been sold

A twenty acre chicken farm has been

started near Wyandotte, Kansas. Glycerine and lime juice is said to be better for the hair than oils or pomade. A Terre Haute woman administered a sound thrashing to two insolent men the

other day. A Pottsville, Penn., two-year-old en-joys his after-dinner eigar. The wretch-ed little Pottsvillian.

A man in Hartland, Wis., the other

day, threw a club at a cow and hit his little boy and killed him. Audubon County, Iowa, claims to have the loveliest woman in America. Lan-

guage is inadequate to her case. A Southern paper tests our credulity with this: "A Florida negro ate two bushels of dried apples on a bet, refreshed himself at the town pump, and

A cat in Memphis has been trying to sequire a fame like that of Mrs. O'Leary's cow. She overturned a kerosene lamp and succeeded in producing a conflagration which destroyed three houses.

The Great Falls Journal hears of one gentleman in that town who gave up to-bacco New Year's day, chewed gum for two weeks, candy for a month, and still fights the world, the flesh and the devil with a stick of liquorice.

Salt Lake City has now a population of about 30,000, and there are scattered throughout Utah some three hundred small towns, settlements and mining districts, drawing their supplies from that city. It is prophesied by those familiar with the country, that in five years the population of Salt Lake will be 100,000, and that of Utah will contain at least 500,000 people.

The total loss by the Chicago fire is now definitely stated at \$190,000.000, of which \$90,000,000 falls upon insurance companies. Of this amount some \$40,000,000 has already been paid, and the companies now in liquidation may possibly pay \$10,000,000 more, thus leaving a balance loss of \$140,000,000. Of the forty millions paid by insurance companies, a single agency settled six

West of the Mississippi River the United States still owns 973,482,593 acres, distributed as follows: Missouri, Iowa and Arkansas, 16,000,000; Dakota and Wyoming, 145,295,284; Montana, 86,904,605; Kansas, 43,148,076; Nebraska, 55,223,637; Colorado and Idaho, 117,-800,000; New Mexico and Utah, 224,-140,000; Nevada and Arizona, 138,000,-

The old and pleasing exhibition of a "magician" standing up to be fired at wonderful prestidigitateurs was shot and man who loaded the pistol slipped in a genuine bullet instead of one furnished

into powder. There is near Knoxville, Tenn., a spot which nestles between the mountains and rejoices in the appellation of the " Happy Valley," where we are told only one death has occurred in twelve years. The fact would not be very remarkable the side nearest the bank of earth built if only one person had lived in the Happerpendicularly, and the inside were py Valley during that period, but we are left by the local chronicler to sur-mise that it is a populous place, in which the people are practically immortal. If it be so it will speedily become more populous.

> The orchestra of the Boston musical festival will be composed of 250 first violins, 200 second violins, 150 violas, 100 violoncellos, 100 contra basses, 100 first flutes, 12 second flutes, 12 first clarionets, 12 second clarionets, 10 first oboes, 10 second oboes, 20 bassoons, (1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th), 20 French horns, 24 trumpets, 12 alto trombones, 12 tenor trombones, bass trombones, 6 bass tubas, 6 pair tympani, 10 small drums, 4 bass drums, 4 pair cymbals, 1 great drum, 1 great triangle—total, 1,000.

An oysterman can tell the age of bivalves to a nicety. This is not done, however, by looking them in the mouth, but simply by counting the successive ayers or plates overlapping each other of which an oyster shell is composed These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth. Up to the time of the maturity of the oyster these shoots are regular and sucessive, but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and balky. Judging from the size and thickness some shells attain, this mollusk is capable of attaining a patriarchal longevity, and an oyster with fifty or even threescore years upon its back may by chance be met with. They are in perfection when from five to seven years old

The Cleveland Leader mentions the invention in that city of a machine called the Patent Cat Exterminator. This is described as a large sheet-iron cat with cylindrical attachment and steel claws and teeth. The motive power is like that of a clock; the swelled by a bellows in the interior, which also, by a tremolo attachment, causes the patent cat to utter wild cries. wound up is placed upon the roof of the house. Roused by its diabolical yells, every cat within half a mile rushes to action, sometimes from 50 to 100 attacking at once. Then the iron teeth and claws begin to work with lightning rapidity, and all the adver-saries within six feet of the machine are torn to shreds. Reinforcements come up, only to meet a like fragmentary destiny, and soon great heaps of hair, toe-nails, and fiddle-strings are gathered upon the roof. This is proba greatest mechanical invention since Dr. Tushmaker's beautiful machine for extracting teeth, so well described by the