VOL. X.

lost her senses, Adam would be equally

him standing at her side.

As Adam drew her to him it was not only the mist or the darkening evening

that blinded Drew so that for a moment

or two he saw neither of them.

People say Drew's luck has turned

come down there once or twice a year,

with their children, for a breath of sea air and to visit old friends.

The history of bells is full of romantic interest In civilized times they have been intimely associated, not only with

all kinds of religious and social rites,

but with almost every important histor-

the massacre of the Huguenots

France to the number, it is said, of

Bell founding attained perfection in Holland in the sixteenth and seven-

eenth centuries, and the names of

Bell ringing by rope is still a popular art in England. The first regular pea

Cambridge, and was for 300 years the largest peal in that country. At the be-

ginning of the sixteenth century sets of

eight bells were hung in a few churches

The great bell at Moscow, Czar Kol-

okol, which, according to the inscription, was cast in 1733, was in the earth 103 years, and was raised by the Emperor Nicholas in 1836. It seems never

to have been actually hung or rung, hav-

ing been cracked in the furnace. It stands

on a raised platform in the middle of a

square, and is used for a chanel. It weighs 440,000 pounds; height, 19 feet 3

inches; circumference, 60 feet 9 inches; thickness, 2 feet; weight of broken piece, 11 tons. The second Moscow bell, the

largest in the world in actual use, weighs 128 tons. The great bell at Pekin weighs 53 tons; Nanking, 23 tons; O.mutz, 17 tons; Vienna, 17 tons; Notre

Dame, 17 tons; Erfurt, one of the finest beil metal, 13 tons. The Kaiserglocke of Cologne cathedral, lately recast

The Force of the Wind on the Body.

be an unimportant consideration, the skin being stimulated to a proper de-

gree of tension, and the underlying ves-

sels suffering no compression; but, in

the case of persons of low vitality, this

"bracing "may not occur, or almost in-stantly subside, and congestion of deep organs may then be mechanically pro-

luced by prolonged exposure to the

force of a strong wind. Sometimes numbness and even paralysis of the

nerves may result from the same cause.

In the old coaching days facial paral-

ysis was a well-recognized result of sitting with the face to the open win-

dow. In the more rapidly moving rail-

way carriage of to-day the angle of in-

cidence and reflection throws the cur-

rent of air on the passenger sitting one seat removed from the window, or the

current of air strikes the back of the

carriage, and is passed round behind the necks of the passengers, as any one

may demonstrate with a lighted match.

In all these instances it is the force as

much as the temperature of the jet of

air which produces the results some-times experienced from "sitting in a draught." The question arises whether

this little fact, taken in connection with others, may not hereafter be found to

throw some new light on the nature of a "cold" and its morbid phenomena.

in part, at least, a process in which the blood is forcibly driven out of a particu-

Perhaps, after all, "cold-catching'

(1875) weighs twenty-five tons.

Hemorry, Dumery, and the Van d Ghens stand as the princes of the art.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1880.

[The incident parrated in the following lines setually occurred pear Avon, N. Y., and the innocent victim of the joke is a lady nearly minety years of age, greatly beloved and venerated in the community where she resides.]

A lady of age, and experience rare, Sat knitting and rocking her old-time chair; When on the cold wintry air there came to

Through closed windows and doors, distinct and clear, The tell-tale cackle of hone from the barn;

And laying aside her bright necdies and yarn She sighed, "Oh! to be young! But I'm not too old now
To go hunting again for eggs in the mow.
For since the far-time when but a wee girl,
No ladder e'er scared me or made my head

That old dominic ben thinks her nest hid

But I know her trick-she has laid in the So straightway she entered the barn's open door,
Where a ladder invitingly stood on the floor,
And mounting as fearless as any ball stair,
She climbed the steep ladder with dexterous

One step at a time, one round after round, And a nest in the crisp, fragrant hay is scon

Now a soft faint peep from a corner is heard, And she doubts it the voice can be chicken or Heard again and again; after searching and The chickens appear and their fidgety mother: Fresh eggs, ill-timed chicks and hen well

In apron all snug, the long-searching endured; To the mow's edge she comes, not dreaming what work

Had been done by a peripatetic barrel of pork— Or what would have been pork in a day or (What a pity it had not been made so before); Now a pig's not a dance, tho' pig-headed,

tis true, And has plans of his own and can cleverly do A thing to surprise one—as this rhyme aims

to show; for while the lady was busied, piggie was Now the hen's silly cackle reached this phil-

osopher's ear, And he reasoned, "the barn door's now open, to me it is clear

Someone has forgot it—how else could that hen
Go in and come out?—I'll try my luck then;
I remember the sheaves and piles of sweet

Some tew grains, perchance, are yet left to eat.
'Tis good for my diet—for die-it I should,
One cannot always eat corn be it ever so good." One cannot always ear corn be rever so good.
So rousing himself from his nest near the door,
A clear coast he viscens and the coveted floor.
To the inquisitive pig came disappointing
surprise—

Scarce a grain could be see with his black, beady eyes; Twas all salesy stored or transformed into gold,
For autumn had gone; t'was winter and cold.

But bent on discovery, this acquisitive pig Round the barn floor begins to snuff and to With his long strong nose—soon the ladder he

"Why, what is this ladder up here for?" he ories; "Of what use is it now, for the summer is And the tresh, cool grass and sweet-smelling

And the result of the colorer clover of the policy of the control of the color of t

And nothing's left piggie save corn and At the thought of his grievance he got madder and madder; And somehow upset this most useful, long

Or, it may be, to judge this poor beast with due charity, He assayed to ascend it himself, for a rarity, And ignorantly trying its wrong side, we sup-

A hard push he gives it and over it goes Unsuspecting and careless of the misch Like thousands of human ones under the sun

He hastes in affright to get salely away, White the poor lady above him is exiled in The wintry halt-day is tast nearing its close,

That she has been there alone a long time she It is strange she is missed not-that no one And vainly she cal s, she's so far none

Now it chanced that the household knew not of her going, But believed her still basied with reading or

sewing; But the quietness there, too profound and too and many another, until the days long, Hint surely what research proves, something is wrong.

Long searchings, loud callings, prove quite to

In her chair only Bible and knitting remain-All the house and the garden, hunted over and

No trace of dear grandma can any discover: When at length from the barn, cries a wellknown voice. At which all the household exclaim and re-

joice; "Girls, the ladder's fallen-I guess the pigs Please put it up for me, I am here in the

So the ladder is placed; "angels" ascend and Like the angels of Jacob, and grandma attend.

Half laughingly, seriously, they chide her and "Until all mischievous pigs are packed down It is saler by far, than to hunt eggs in the

To be in your own room with needles and

" " Pilikia" is a Sandwich Island word meaning in a tight place," or, " in a corner" —S. P. Walsworth.

A RARE CASE.

Mattie's story was simple enough. The orphan child of a former servant in a wealthy family, Mattie had shared and the play of the young daughter of the house, until a time came when it was convenient to turn the humble companion adrilt to work for herself. It may have been a piece of the ill-luck his neighbors ascribed to Drew, that it should have been to his farm the girl came as help to his sister, or it may have been a piece of his good-nature that made him agree to take under his roof this pretty lass, untrained for service and educated far above her station.

Drew's widowed sister, Mrs. Bankes, who lived with him, and whose child it was Mattie had come to nurse, amongst when the farmer brought nome the

young, lady-like, delicate-looking girl.
"We want a strong, hard-working, lass! This one does not know her right hand from her left. She is as good as a lady—or as bad—and has never milked a cow in her life! What were you think-ing of to bring her here?"
"Ah! that's just my luck; well, we

Apt to learn, willing to be taught-grateful for the real kindness she met with. Mattie was soon the best hand at milking for miles round, soon devoted to the baby. Three years passed quietly, and then came the romance of Mattie's

life.

She was twenty that summer and Adam Armitage, a grave man, was fully ten years her senior. A great traveler, member of a world-renowned scientific society, a student and discoverer—he was between two scientific expeditions. was, between two scientific expeditions, refreshing hear; and brain by a walking tour through the home counties.

Adam's walking tour ended at the farm Drew had taken only a year before, and the dwelling house it had been found more convenient to inhabit than the smaller building on the old land close to the road. Mr. Armitage found the pure air of the Downs good for him. He made friends with all the family. To Mattle it was delightful to meet once more some one with all the tricks of speech and manner of the more refined society amongst which her youth had been passed. Little Harry followed this new friend wherever he went; Harry's mother called him a right-down easant gentleman; the farmer called

thim a good man.

They all missed him when he went away. Mattie most of all; but the following summer saw him there again, a welcome old friend this time, and no stranger.

Drew, a keen observer of all that vent on around him, was not so much went on around him, was not so much taken by surprise as his sister was, when one day, toward the end of this second visit, Adam and Mattie were both mysteriously missing. A strongarmed country lass made her appearance before night. She was the bearer of a note from Mattie, confessing that she and Mr. Armitage were married, and hoping the servant sent might sup ply her place so that no one would be neonvenienced. Drew might shake his head and look thoughtful, but Mr. Armitage was his own master, and it was not the first time a gentleman had married a country lass. Besides, the deed was done and past recall. They had gone quietly to one of the churches in the town from whence the sound of bells floated up to the farm, and had been married by special license. Adam had taken a lodging for his bride, and there they passed one brief, bright week of happiness; then one morning walked quietly back together. Mattie blushing and smiling, and looking so lovely and ady-like in a simple dress that she used to wear before she came to the farm, that they hardly knew her.

Adam explained that he meant to leave his wife for two days—no more — in the care of her old friends; at the fetch her. There were arrangements to make with regard to the scientific expedition about to start immediate.y. It would sail without him now, but it be-hooved him to do his best that his place should be as well filled as might be. There was also his mother to see, and to

prepare for receiving Mattie.

Mattie walked a little way with her husband and the farmer along the breezy uplands, and then Adam sent her back, and hastened his own steps in the way a man hight do who has lately been roused from a bad dream and has some trouble to collect his thoughts.

"That has happened," he said, which, if it had not befallen me myself direction of the little station at the foot of the Downs. When he came again, he ence, I should find it difficult to believe said, laughing, that it would be from possible. A strange thing has happened and yet "—here the old smile they realong the track, the only approach to a

arriage road leading to the farm. Mattie went away smiling as he meant she should do, and only paused now and then to look after the two men as long as they remained in sight. It was natura that she should afraid of this unknown lady, Adam's mother, but that fear was the only shadow on Mattie's path. It was an idyil, a poem, as true a love story as the world has seen, that had written itself here in this out-of-the-way spot on the lonely Sussex Downs.

On the third day they might look for Adam to return, but that day passed, weeks, and the weeks months, and he neither came nor wrote. Mattie remembered how when she had turned to look back for the last time upon that homeward walk, she had seen his figure dis-tinct against the sky for one instant, and in the next lost it entirely as he passed out of sight over the swelling line of hills Just so she seemed to have lost him in one instant out of her life. And yet, she never lost faith and trust in him; never ceased to watch for his

coming again. Drew after a time, either goaded to the step by his sister's loud-voiced argu-ments, or prompted to it by his own sense of what was due to Mattie, not only took pains to ascertain that the marriage was real enough, but the further pains of searching for and find-ing the address of Adam Armitage in London. It was strange how this girl and her former master both trusted Adam in the face of his inexplicable silence; in the face of even a more silence; ominous discovery made by Drew when in town-the discovery that he had never mentioned Mattie's name to his mother, or alluded to Mattie at all. As for Adam. Mrs. Armitage had declared he was not with her then, and that she could not give an address that would find him; an assertion that confirmed Mattie in the idea that he had started on those far-away travels he had so often

spoken of to her. As autumn passed and the evenings grew chill with the breath of the coming winter, Mattie's health seemed to fail The deep melancholy that oppressed her nreatened to break the springs of life. In order to escape from Mrs. Bankes the girl took to lonely wanderings over the Downs; wanderings that ended always at Stonedene; until, with the instinct of a wounded animal that seeks to endure its pain alone, or from the ever present recollection of the last words of Adam. when he had said it was by way of Stonedene that he would return, she besought the farmer to send away the woman in charge of the house and allow

her to take her place.

Drew yielded to the wish of the wife, whose heart was breaking with the pain other duties too numerous to mention, of absence, and the mystery of silence, for there was but one servant kept—and Mattie, on this foggy day had alprew's sister exclaimed in despair ready lived months at Stonedene, on the

watch always for the coming of Adam.

The fog increased instead of diminishing with the approach of evening. Drew could not see his own house until he was close to it; as he had remarked, room of their apartment in the Champ the mystery of Mattie's affairs was not Elysees. She was not a bad woman, he was close to it; as he had remarked. more impe etrable than the vell hiding but the temptation was too strong to al-all natural objects just then. When he had put up the horse and gone into tea what would turn up. If the girl were

must do the best we can with her. If the steward had never mentioned her to me, now—but then he did mention her, and here she is."

There she was, and there she stayed, Apt to learn, willing to be taught.

Apt to learn, willing to be taught.

"She" had come to mean Mattie in the vocabulary of the farmer and his "About as usual in health," Drew replied, lifting the now five-year-old Harry to his knee; "but troubled in mind; though, to be sure, that is as

lost her senses, Adam would be equally free from her, or measures could be taken to insure so desirable a result. Mrs. Armitage tore the letter into pieces and waited by the brazier until the fragments were charred. Adam asked no awkward questions, and was not even surprised at receiving no answer to his epistle, since in it he had announced his coming. The first day his health admitted it, he set out alone for England. Such was the story. When Drew had told of his efforts to seek Adam, and had mentioned that no letter had reached Mattie, Adam was at no loss to understand at once the part his She is out of her mind," exclaimed

"She is out of her mind," exclaimed Mrs. Bankes, irritably. "Every one but yourself knows that; and if you do not know it, it is only because you are as mad as she is—or any one might think so from the way you go on."

"Nay, nay," said Drew gently, as the butter-dish was set upon the table with a vehemence that made the teacups rattle. "There are no signs of madness about Mattie—unless you call her trust

about Mattie-unless you call her trust in her husband by so hard a name." "Husband! a pretty husband, indeed!
I've no patience with him, nor with
you, either. As if it was not a common tale enough! It would be better
to persuade the girl to come home and get to work again than to encourage her in her fancies, while you pay another servant here—and times so hard as they

are."
"I was thinking to-day," the farmer went on, softly passing his broad palm over the blond head of the child upon his knee, "I was thinking as I came along of how it stands written: 'He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he bath not seen?""

At that instant the shadowy form of some one going round to the front door passed the window, against which the fog pressed closely. Drew set little Harry on his feet and rose slowly, listening with intentness and a surprised look that made his sister ask what ailed

"Rover—the dog does not bark; who
by the mercy of heaven, it is the man
himself!" cried Drew, as the door opened with a suddenness that caused Mrs. Bankes to drop the plates on the brick floor. For Adam Armitage stood upon the threshold; Adam, pale and worn, a shadow of his former self, but himself unmistakably.

Adam looked around the room as though seeking s om cone, smiled in his old fashion at Harry, gave a half curi-ous, half indifferent glance to Eliza Bankes, and then turned to the farmer. "Drew," he said simply, "where is my wife?" "Mrs. Armitage is waiting for you at

Stonedene sir; there was some talk of your coming back that way."
"Waiting!" Adam threw up his hands with a passionate gesture; what can she

have thought?" She has thought you were gone after in the care of her old friends; at the all upon that voyage, and that your let-end of that time he would return to ters had miscarried. Sometimes she has thought that you were dead, Mr. Armitage, but never—" Drew broke off and held out his hand: "We knew you could explain what has happened, sir," he concluded.

Adam drew his own hand across his eyes, in the way a man might do who

in a fly through the Stonedene gate and membered so well broke slowly like light over his face-" and yet a thing not more strange, as the world goes, than that you-I say nothing of Mattie-but that you should have trusted in throughout. I detected no mistrust in your voice, no doubt in your eyes, not ven when they first met mine just now. They call mine a rare case, triend; they might say the same of your belief in me. But—Stonedene, did you say? Walk with me there, and hear my tale

"This evening; and in this mist; and you, sir, looking far from well," began Eliza Bankes. "Mattie has waited so Eliza Bankes. "Mattie has waited so long already that one night more will make but little difference.

"One night, one hour more than I can help will make all the difference between willful wrong and a misfortune that has fallen on both alike," said Adam. He would not be dissauded from setting out at once, and in another minute the two men were pursuing their way through the driving mist, Adam talking as they went.

After parting from Mattie he had taken train to London, where arriving in due course he drove in a cab toward his mother's house in Grosvenor street, within a few yards of which his cab overurned and Adam was thrown out, talling heavily upon his head. After a long interval, however, he opened his eyes and recovered consciousness; and as he did so slowly at first, after a time more fully, the astounding discovery was made that memory was entirely

However, this state was one from which, so said his friends, science could at will recall him, and the operation necessary to restore Adam to himself was deferred only until his health ad-mitted of its being attended by a mini-

mum of risk.

It was while Adam was in the state above described that Drew had seen Mrs. Armitage. A proud woman, she was ill-pleased to hear he had married a farm servant; for that was the one fact that, stripped of Drew's panegyrics upon Mattie's superior education and

refined manners, alone stared her in the Hastily resolving that there was no need to embitter her own life by an attempt to recall to her son this ill-fated marriage, she did not hesitate to deceive her unwelcome visitor. Change of scene had been ordered for the patient, and before Drew called at the house in Grosvenor street for the second time Adam and his mother were gone. It was in Paris, months after, that the operation was finally and successfully performed, and then the first word of Adam's was Mattie's name. The first effort of his newly-recovered powers was to relate to his mother the history of his marriage and to write to his wife "God grant the suspense has neither killed nor driven her mad!" he ex-

It was to his mother's hand the letter was confined, and with that exclamation of his ringing in her ears, Mrs. Armitage stood beside the brazier filled with charcoal and burning in the ante-

dead, why no harm had been done, and this terrible mistake of her son's was rectified at once. If the other alterna-tive were to prove true and Mattle had The Country Weekly.

At the banquet given by the Wheeling (W.Va.) Sunday Leader in honor of its sixth birthday, A. O. Bunnell, editor of the Dansville (N. Y.) Advertiser, responded substantially as follows to the toast—"The Country Weekly; next to the city daily the first power in the land."

In the first place, the country weekly is older than the city daily by nearly one hundred years. We cannot be expected to take a back seat for a junior. Secondly, the country weekly has edu-cated the most brilliant and versatile editors and the most profound writers who ever gave character to the city Can't stand below a scholar of daily.

reached Mattie, Adam was at no loss to understand at once the part his mother had played. But he never spoke of it, then or at any future time.

The house door at Stonedene stood ajar; evening had closed in now, and the chilly fog was still abroad, but the figure at the gate was dimly discernible.

Adam hastened his steps.

"For heaven's sake, sir, be careful! the suddenness of it might turn her brain," cried Drew, laying a detaining hand upon the arm of his companion.

Adam gently shook him off.

"Suddenness," he repeated. "Aye, it is sudden to you—and to Mrs. Bankes, but for me and for Mattie, whose thoughts are day and night, night and day full of each other, how can it be sudden?"

Drew stood still and Adam went on ours! Thirdly, the country weekly outnumbers the city daily many times over, and we would like to see the majority giving way to the minority in a republican country like ours. Bad precedent!
Fourthly, the country weekly is Antees multiplied indefinitely. At thousands of events it touches the people, its mother earth, and its strength is thereby continually renewed and absolutely in-exhaustible. It defies the Hercules of the city daily to lift it from the ground

to its death.

Fifthly, it molds public opinion as no city daily can. The city editorial, be it never so brilliant and powerful, comes from afar, and in a sense is vague and unreal as its author is unknown and intangible. Whereas, the writer for the country weekly knows, and is known by nine-tenths of his subscrib-

Drew stood still and Adam went on alone until his footsteps became audi ble and Mattie turned her head to see ers, who are are his champions through thick and thin. Adam had been right; no fear was there for Mattie's brain. All excitebut what's the use of sparring a dead man? Those who believe in punishment of the control of the contr ment, all surprise and wonder came afterward; at that first supreme mo-

ment, all surprise and wonder came afterward; at that first supreme moment, and with a satisfied sigh, as of a child who had got all it wants, Mattie held out her arms to him with one word—
"Husband!"

As Adam drew her to him it was not only the mist or the darkening evening. to dispose of those, for it can be easily shown that the country weekly subor-dinates them all. It has a larger con-gregation than the minister, a wider from the day Stonedene found a tenant It is newly done up and prettily fur-nished now; Mr. and Mrs. Armitage range of subjects than the orator, more attractive and more practical lessons

than the pedagogue. The fact is, we cannot bring to mind just at this moment any peer of the country weekly.

But, seriously, we thoroughly believe in the country weekly, and our heart rejoices in the glorious estate to which it has attained. Yet

No Minerva-born thought is this same country press, Springing forth from some brain in the pride of its prime, god from the first in its panoplied dress, But the slow-going, slow-growing triumph

ical event. Their influence in architecture is not less remarkable, for to them indirectly we probably owe all the most It represents the work of many brains famous towers in the world. Belis early for many years. Its power for good or evil is not computable. While we receip in its glory and its strength, we tremble, in view of the responsibilities which have grown with its growing power, and in conclusion, joining hands summoned soldiers to arms, as well as citizens to bath or senate, or Christians to church They sounded the alarm in fire or tumult, and the rights of the burghers in their bells were jealously guarded. Many a bloody chapter in history has been rung in and out by bells. On the third day of Easter, 1282, at the ringing of the Sicilian vespers, with the city daily, we echo the senti-ment of a lamented journalist recently dead: "The press of America is its hope. 8,000 French were massacred in cold blood by John of Procida, who had thus ts prophet and its guardian-woe be tide press and nation too, if the former planned to free Sicily from Charles of Anjou. On the 24th of August, St. Bartholomew's day, 1571, bells ushered fails of its opportunity and its trust."

The Printer,

B. F. Taylor once paid the following tribute to the toilers at the case: The orinter is the adjutant of thought, and this explains the mystery of the won-derful word that can kindle a hope as no song can—that can warm a heart as no hope—that word "we," with a hand n-hand warmtn in it, for the author and printer are engineers together, en-gineers indeed! When the little Corof bells sent to England was in 1456 by Pope Calixtus III. to King's college, ican bombarded Cadiz at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very riumph of engineering. But what is that range to this, whereby they bom-

pard ages yet to be? There at the "case" he stands and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and Engish. And what can be nobler than he equipment of a thought in sterling -Saxon with the ring of spear Saxonon shield thereon, and that commissioning it when we are dead to move gradually on to the "latest syllable of recorded time." This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying

The printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs, toil. Oh, it is not work, but a sublime rite that he is performing, when he thus sights the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grander curve than missile e'er be fore described—fling into the bosom of an age yet unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; we but wonder, the rather, that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground.

It is doubtful whether attention has been sufficiently directed to the part the force of wind plays in producing altera-tion of the blood-pressure in localities of the surface. In full health this may A little song was uttered somewhere, long ago—it wandered through the twilight feebler than a star—it died upon the ear. But the printer caught it up where it was lying there in silence like a wounded bird, and he equips it anew with wings, and he sends it forth from the ark that had preserved it, and it flies forth into the future with the olive branch of peace; and around the world with melody,

like the dawning of a spring morning. How the type have built up the broken arches in the bridge of time How they render the brave utterances beyond the pilgrims audible and eloquent -hardly fettering the free spirit out moving-not a word, not a syila ble lost in the whirl of the worldmoving in connected paragraph and period, down the lengthening line of vears.

Some men find poetry, but they do not look for it as men do for nug gets of gold; they see it in nature's own handwriting, that so few know how to read, and they render it into English. Such are the poems for a twlight hour and a nook in the heart; we may lie under the trees when we read them, and watch the gloaming, and the faces in the clouds, in pauses; we may read them when winter coals are glowing, and the volume may slip from the forgetful hand, and still, like evening bells, the melodious thoughts will ring on.

A ton of gold or silver contains 29,166 66 ounces. A ton of gold is worth \$602,875. A ton of silver, at the present lar area of the surface, while the vitality of its nerve is diminished by mechanical depression. A small jet of rate per ounce, is worth about \$32,000. A cubic foot of gold weighs 1,200 pounds, and is worth nearly \$3°0,000. A cubic foot of silver weighs 600 pounds, and is worth about \$10,000. The value of gold coin, bars and bullion in circulation in the world is estimated at \$3,500,000,000. air, playing continually on a limited space, will give some hyper-sensitive individuals a severe "cold."—London New York city consumes 1.500 bushels This would make in a mass a twenty-

five foot cube.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Forty per cent. of the Chinese of San Francisco have been back and forth between the United States and China four or five times. Most of the Chinese go back once in five years, and rarely any one stays longer than eight years continuously in this country. Many Chinese merchants return regularly to spend the Chinese New Year at home.

Bartholdi, the French sculptor, says there is no doubt that the great statue of Liberty enlightening the world will be ready for its place in New York har-bor in 1883, the year in which New York's great world's fair is to be held. This statue, when erected, will be the largest in America. It was presented to the United States by the French people, and Bartholdi is hard at work at it

Buckley is a Texas horse thief and murderer, for whom the law officers searched long and fruitlessly. A man called on the governor, introduced him-self as a friend of the outlaw, and said that he was prepared to buy his pardon by giving information against other criminals. The governor was inclined to make such a bargain, and sent him o the attorney-general, who recognized him as none other than Buckley him-self. The rascal drew a long knife out of his bootleg, but was overpowered and locked up

The New York Bulletin makes a comof the New York Buttetin makes a com-pilation of crop reports which shows— so far as can be shown at this time— that the wheat production of 1880 will fully equal that of 1879. Iowa and Kansas will fall off, but their deficiency will be fully made up by gains in Illi-nois, Ohio. Minnesota and Pennsylvania. If present promise shall be verified, that will be the fourth successive great grain crop in the United States—a continuance of prosperity almost if not quite without precedent.

The New York State fish commis-sioners are advocating the culture of carp. The experiments at the govern-ment ponds in Washington have been very successful, fish that were put in there three years ago having grown much larger than in Europe under the same circumstances. They are an easy fish to raise. Any kind of a pond, no matter how restricted, can be used. Providing that the water is not too cold, carp thrive, no matter how impure it is. No natural water has been found too warm for them. They thrive on plants growing in the water, on boiled grain or even offal. A pond may be dug in arable land and used for three or four years as a carp pond, after which the land may be again cultivated.

A correspondent of the Leavenworth Time: calls attention to the similarity between the stand storm in Kansas and one in the island of Sicily, in the Meditterranean, two days afterward, and be lieves both were of meteoric origin. The Kansas dust was composed of brown and black impalpable matter, and so abundant that on the next day traces of the deposits could be seen on the surface the deposits could be seen on the surface of the ground, and on a north porch sufficient to receive the imprints of a cat's feet. The writer says: The near coincidence of dates between the phenomenon in Sicily and here, with a parameters of the control of the c parent similarity in the physical properties of the dust, might suggest a common

The act incorporating the New York world's fair of 1883, in celebration of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States, provides for the subscription of \$12,000,000, which is \$2,000,000 more than the centennia exposition estimate was based upon, the commissioners of that celebration limiting their financial operations to \$10,000,000. This extra \$2,000,000 does not by any means represent the increased magnitude of the proposed exposition over the last one held in the United States, for it is confidently expected that the receipts alone, owing to the metropolitan location of the exposition and its ready means of access to all parts of the world, will be immensely greater than at the Philadelphia exposition. Besides this, the commissioners having in charge the projected fair believe there will be no difficulty in raising the amount mentioned in the act, or even more.

Women are doing a good work in foreign fields under the direction of the Woman's Union Missionary society, whose nineteenth anniversary was celebrated recently at the Broadway taber-nacle in New York. In Calcutta and Rajpore 1,162 women and girls are under the instruction of one lady and her assistants. An orphanage has been established at Calcutta, where more than 500 children receive care. Twenty-five pupils are now boarding at the mission in Pekin, and there are also a large number of day scholars. Moreover, village schools are being opened in China. In Cyprus a school has been opened for Greek girls, and about sixty are in attendance. In Allahabad, India, where there are about 450 pupils under instruction, the carnestness of the women in their mission work has been rewarded by a gift of \$4,000 from the government.

Railroad Statistics. T ere are some 85,000 miles of railroad in the United States operated by

some 600 different companies. There are over 20,000 stat ons. On these lines are 13,000 locomotives, 13,000 passenger cars, 5,000 baggage, mail and express cars, and some 500,000 freight cars. No reliable statistics show the number of men employed on this 85,000 miles of road, but it is estimated that there are about 40,000 engineers and firemen 20,000 passenger train conductors and brakemen, about the same number of baggage, mail and express men, and as east 50,000 men on freight trains. Add station agents and clerks, train dispatchers, telegraph operators, yardmen, roadmasters, truckmen, watchmen, flagmen, freight laborers, machinists; car-builders and repairers, employees in roundhouses and shops, and last, but not least, presidents, general managers, su-perintendents, the auditor's department, treasurer's department, etc., and we have almost 1,000,000 men employed in the railroad business of the United States. Add to this the num-ber of men employed in the manutacture of railroad supplies, in car and lo comotive works, in rolling mills, in cutting ties, etc., and, perhaps, we could bring the number of men who derive their living from railroads in our country alone to nearly 2,000,000.

Clothed in White.

NO. 15.

Clothed in white-a happy child at play. Herface all radiant as the hues of morning-With fairy step she trod; creature levely as the flowers of May. Who could bewitch us with her childish

scorning,

Or rule us with a nod. Clothed in white-with blossoms in her hair. A maiden whom to love appeared a duty-A spell around her hung;

sense of all that nature makes most fair, That filled with rapture all who watched her beauty,

Or heard her silver tongue Clothed in white-she heard the wedding-

chime, Blushing beneath her crown of orange flowers,

As her soft answer flows Like music, with no presence of the time When o'er her life, which love so tondly dowers,

The shadowy grave will close.

Clothed in white-her form we seem to see Shine in the glory of a new existence, Detving time and night, And from all earth born memories set free;

While we, like travelers toiling in the dis-Yearn for the coming light. -Tinsley's Magazine.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A display of American plants is to be neld annually in Hyde Park, London. "My work's dun," remarked the col-lector as he started out in the morning. -Marathon Independent.

Two Iowa men had a cow race the other day on a bet of \$50. The best time was seven minutes.

The latest London fog: First pedes-trian—"Is your lantern out?" Second pedestrian—"I don't know; I'll feel." A Cuban eigar manufacturer made for the King of Spain 1,000 eigars, for which he received \$1,000, and refused

to duplicate the order. In the six New England States there are nearly 2,000 divorces every year, and with twenty years the number

has fully doubled. The cattle on a thousand hills Contribute to the milkman's wealth, So does the water from the rills

That's slipped into the cans by stealth. The Canadian senate lately rejected by thirty-two to thirty-one, the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister or a deceased brother's wife.

A man who offered for five dollars to put any one on the track of a paying in-vestment, seated an applicant between the rails of the Boston and Albany rail-road.—Rochester Express.

Wirst the world is in need of is fewer

sward in the front yard is kept smooth and unobstructed, and yet a man will stumble on the lawn mower during the next few months more than in any other part of the year .- Keokuk Gate City.

The Anichkoff palace, the residence of the exarevitch, is now connected with the St. Petersburg Alexandrinsky theater by the telephone, and the czare vitch and his wife listen to the music without having to go to the theater. That which takes the conceit out of a ising young statesman as quick as any

hing is to be caught in the for a cent's worth of yeast in his native village. He feels like p tting himself in the hands of his friends .- Picayune. A man had \$100 with which he was told to buy 100 cattle. He went into the market and found he could buy cows at \$10 each, sheep at \$3 each and pigs at fity cents a head. He bought 100 animals with his \$100. How did he make up his assortment?

An old miser, who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser; "I have tried various means for getting fatter, but without success. Have you tried victuals?" inquired a

When a man comes limping into his place of busine s late in the morning. and presents the general appearance o having had his spinal column stattered by a railway accident, his friends need be alarmed; he has been working in the garden.—Albany Argus. A report to the annual conference of the Mormons says that the Mormon population of Utah is 111,820, that the

church in that Territory has lost 600 members and gained 1,500 in a year, and that the church receipts in that period were over \$1,000,000. A colored man at Danville, Ill., offered to drink all the whisky that a barroom party would give him. The

those who had supplied the beverage

for \$15,000 damages, but a jury cut down the valuation of the drunkard to The summer days are here, and the perspiring editor dreams of green fields and babbling brooks and soft breezes laden with the fragrance of June rosesand awakens to the sad fact that there is such a thing as a composing room and a horde of printers hungry for

copy. A third-of-s-century plant is attract-ing much attention in Greenville, Miss. Thirty-three years ago a lady, now liv-ing in Greenville, was married, and this plant was in bloom and some of its nowers graced the wedding breakfast. The owner has carefully tended the plant ever since, and this season it has burst into flower for the first time since the wedding day.

There is a long grade on the Terre Haute and Logansport railroad in Indiana. A heavily-loaded freight car broke loose from a train and started down this incline. It gained a frightful rate of speed, and was going in the direction from which a last passenger train was soon to come. A dreadful col-lision was thus imminent. A occumotive was quickly sent in pursuit of the runaway. The chase was most excit-ing. The engineer, by forcing a speed of sixty miles an hour, finally overtook the freight car, fastened to it, and drew it in a reverse direction, just in time to prevent a disaster,