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THE COLUMB IAN,

THE LADIES' TREE.

My husband and I remained on Mr. Cardewe's Dorsetshire property for more than a year, and after that Mr. Cardewe wrote to Charley to come up again to the Manor, as he wished to have him look after the young plantations which were

wing formed. The first news that greeted us was that Mr, Hemphill, who had always been kind to us, was as good as engaged to be married to Miss Anderson, whose parents lived near Bournemouth. She was a very lovely girl; and every one was pleased to think that Mr. Hemphill and he had made it up together, after all. There was a little story connected with this young lady. She was something of an heiress, it was known, and many people had made offers for her to her parents. Capt. Martyn Henry, who had been at the Manor, and who was again expected this same summer, had, I knew, been one of her admirers. But although everything seemed satisfactory, the impending rumored engagement was ended. Capt. Henry went abroad in a hurry, and people said very unkind things concern-ing him. But Miss Anderson was evi-

dently fond of him.

However, after awhile she appeared as pretty and cheerful as ever. Mr. Hemp-hill on his part seemed quite happy, Miss Anderson rode to the hounds to the very middle of April, and he wanted to marry her in June. Everything was preparing. She was certainly a fine girl. Such eyes!-bold black ones. Such lovely hair, and a figure which was, in her riding-habit, perfection. Her manner was quiet and shy at first, but they told me she "improved" wonderfully after awhile; and there was no daring or almost reckless thing she would not do if she was defied to it. That is not my idea of improvement, but being only a dressmaker, I hardly know,

However, she came and stayed with the Cardewes; and Mr. Hemphill rode over day after day. One day it was very thundery and stormy, and just as the rain was beginning, into our little house the young pair came for shelter. When the thunder stopped rolling they went into the porch; and the day being hot and sultry, though only May, the house-door was open. I was washing things, and could hear their voices, and sometimes even what they said, without

minding.

The tones in which Miss Gladys contradicted poor Mr. Hemphill, and the mild, submissive way in which he put up with it all, astonished me. That any man would behave as he did I couldn't have believed! I'd like to see Charley put up with such "tantrums" as Miss Anderson's! Now, I said to myself, I see the reason of Capt. Henry's and Mr. Elliott's sudden "crying off." They could not put up with her temper, of course; and I wonder Mr. Hemphill did. He

eemed afraid to contradict her. The shower passed. The sandy soil licked up the drops, and everything remained as parched and dry as possible. A single match dropped in the underwood would have set the whole plantation and all the gorse in a blaze. The keepers were particularly desired to be on the watch for smokers, who might in a moment, by accident or for "fun," set fire to the whole of the furze, and burn us

Mr. Hemphill and Miss Anderson discussing this when Dr. Joliffe rode past, and stopped suddenly. He was a special friend of the Andersons, and often visited them, dined, and even slept there at times. Mr. Hemphill greeted him at once, but Miss Gladys looked sul-

len when he came up.
"I wish I had seen that fire," Miss Anderson was saying; "I would give anything to see a good fire. Some day we will have another."
"Have another!" cried Mr. Hempkill:

"you can't frean that, Gladys!" "Have you seen Capt. Martyn Henry, Mr. Hemphill?" inquired the doctor. "No, has he returned?"

Miss Anderson's face was pale as "Is there anything the matter, Gladys?" asked Mr. Hemphill.
"Nothing" she said. "Dr. Joliffe, will you come back to the Manor with us?"

and they rode away. When Charley came in he was in a terrible hurry. "Let's have tea, Lucy," he said almost before he was well in the house. "I must go out at once and keep an eye round the plantations. There has been

some "tippers" across to-day, and I doubt they'll have left something after them, and the place is all as dry as tinder. A A spark would burn us in our beds." Just then a messenger rode up from Mrs. Cardewe for Charley and myself to go to the Manor. She wanted to see me about some dressmaking. Mrs. Cardewe made me stay and take tea with Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, and she sent two of the boys to find Charley, and tell him to come back to the Manor when his work was over, and fetch me and baby. Then Mrs. Jones and I seated ourselves for a nice long chat, not that I care much for gossip, as a rule, but when with friends a little exchange of sentiments is pleas-

Swain came in all excited.
"Oh, mum!—awful, mum! Mr. Farmer he has sent me for help. The gorse is a-fire and the plantation's in danger. It's bad,

I jumped up and called the girl Emily.
"Here, Emily; hold baby till I come
back. The gorse is a-fire, and Mr.
Farmer is there. Quick!"

I put on my things; and by the time I was ready the men and helpers were hur-rying away to the place where the fire The smoke was already curling over the tree-tops; and as we knew the whole place was as dry as tinder, the fire would spread rapidly.

As I came out I saw Miss Anderson and Mr. Hemphill. He was trying to dissuade her. "Gladys, my dearest-" "Mr. Hemphill, please do not interfere You have no right to prevent me. I will go to this fire. I particularly want to see it. You need not come unless you

He looked at her almost with tears in als eyes. But he was patient with her and said: She drew herself up haughtily. I could have boxed her ears had she been my girl. He was too gentle with her. Some

vomen don't value a man unless he is

oretty hard with them, and poor Mr. Hemphill wasn't hard enough for Miss She set off by herself, and he followed her; the doctor and all the stable-men had already gone. Bill Swain came with me. Round in the farm-yard the men were calling out for help; and the coun

try was up.

All the men turned out—servants, grooms, boys, laborers. All hurried off towards the plantation, where, beyond the fir-wood, the flames, stirred by a westerly wind, were already advancing in their flery progress. We had not got clear of the high road before we could perceive the flames high in the air, and great rolling curls and puffs of smoke rising over the tree-tops. Men with branches of trees, and spades and forks, A DVERTISERS: Send for our select branches of trees, and spades and forks branches of trees, and spades and forks were running along the road, and ther

up the lane towards the furze common, which was well alight. The young trees were standing out dark in front of the

fire. It was a grand sight, and one I shall not easily forget. A fine sight, in-deed, but terrible! Beyond the belt of flame, in front of it, a number of men were endeavoring to cut away the trees and gorse so as to deprive the fire of its fuel. Close behind the flames, and at the sides, were men with branches of trees beating the fire out as well as they could. But more than once they had to retreat, as the tongues of fire darted suddenly at them, and licked up the grass and gorse almost under their feet. Three parties of men were converging towards an old decayed tree-a hollow dry trunk, as dry as touchwood. In a few minutes that tree would be in the very heart of the fire; nothing

Then the wind suddenly changed, and we saw the fire spread. We waited, and watched the great towering flames. Mr. Hemphill, the doctor, and other gentlemen came rushing up, darting hither and thither, beating, calling, directing. Mr. Cardewe, at the head of the laborers, was equally active. The fire was increas-Nothing could save it. Poor old tree! Every one was sorry. It had been a The old solitary oak was doomed landmark for years and years, and was called the "Ladies' Tree," There was There was some tradition, some old prophecy about it, as it marked Mr. Anderson's roperty where it was divided from Mr. Hemphill's.

I knew the legend well. It was to the effect that when the tree was dead the Hemphill's would be childless -"When passes away the Ladies' Tree, No Babes in Hemphill's hall shall be." The verse came into my mind, and I

aid to the ladies' maid, who had rur out with the rest to see the sight: "A poor look-out for Miss Gladys!" But we had no time to talk much The men, whether they believed in the legend or not, were doing all they could prevent the fire from reaching the ree. They did not succeed. The flames seemed to rush round, and even to spring from the tree itself. We cried out, "Save the tree!" but no one could get near it, until the flames had united ro the trunk and utterly concealed it, so

fierce was this famous "bush-fire,"
"My gracious me, Eliza, what's that There is something in the tree! I exclaimed. "There is something alive!" Sure enough, it looks like it!" Eliza. "See, it comes out! It's a voman!"

A cry of alarm and horror rent the ir-a groan of anguish from all. The figure was now plainly seen—the woman was standing upon one of the ower branches, waving her hand wildly! It was Miss Anderson herself! vas calling for help. Help, indeed! But t looked as if no help could ever reach ier. I heard her voice plainly now; and -you will scarcely believe me-she was aughing, a queer, wild laugh. "Save her! Save her!" screamed mer

and women. But no one would venture. The flames formed a barrier impassable. Death—a cruel death—awaited any one who crossed the terrible belt of fire, which roared and crackled like the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar.
Mr. Anderson spurred his horse reck-

lessly toward the belt of fire. The animal reared and nearly threw him. Miss the tree thinking herself safe, but a sudden shift of wind had carried the flames toward her, and she seemed doomed.
"Five hundred pounds to the man who will make the effort! Five hundred apiece to any of you!"

One man had not waited. A man with his nose and mouth tied up in a wetted handkerchief rushed through the smoke. It was Mr. Hemphill, true to the last. But his courage was of no avail. He nearly reached the foot of the tree, but Three men rushed in, but only two reached him; the third, black and scorched, came out again staggering, blinded, burnt. The others did succeed in reaching him, and at the peril of their lives dragged Mr. Hemphill to the wind-

ward side of the flames, which were still oaring to leeward, as Charley said. We were all silent and horrified, when addenly a loud shout came over the fields. A man, riding a beautiful black horse, leaped the hedge, and dashed spurring hard, across the common land. The horse was blindfolded, and rushed recklessly on. The rider scattered the workers and spectators. They paused for a moment, and then, with a cheer the horseman plunged into the flame and smoke, which were passing away from the tree now at the base, but the tree itself was burning. In another momen the rider was off his horse, which rushed away blindly by itself. The gentleman swung himself into the smouldering tree with desperate courage, tore Miss Ander son from her place between the branches, where she sat, half-insensible, and low-

ered her to the ground. She fell in a heap, apparently dead.

The gentleman dropped down and lifted her up. By this time some labor ers had summoned up courage too, and rushed in as the fire sbated. Between them they lifted and carried off Mis Anderson, who was borne to our little house, quite insensible. I hurried after them, and met them at the door. There I came face to face with Capt. Martyn Henry! He had saved Miss Anderson,

then! Poor Mr. Hemphill! She remained insensible for some time but we got her round by degrees; and in our house she remained for three weeks. than once a day, and at last was per-mitted to see her. She was sitting up then, and gave him her hand. You can imagine his greeting; but she was very quiet, and scarcely spoke. At length, after awhile, she said (I heard her: I couldn't help it, as I was in the next

"Arthur, you have been very kind and brave. I hear you risked your life to save mine. How can I thank you? You have suffered, too, I see. And for me!" "My darling, there is one way in which you can make me supremely happy. If you will become my wife-"Oh, don't, don't please! I can not! Oh, Arthur—Mr. Hemphill—I can not

speak of that!" Well, not just now perhaps, Gladys, darling. But when you have quite recovered—when I am more presentable then we will arrange it all." She murmured something, and then she said, aloud, as if she had nerved her-

self to speak out:
"Arthur, would you think me very
wicked if I said I can not—I would rather not marry you? Oh, forgive me!
I can't marry you; indeed I can't!"
Poor Mr. Hemphill's scarred face be came white. I peeped out, and saw him "You do not love me, Gladys! Is that the reason? I have fancied so when you

were so harsh towards me. But I neve

thought that you would have consented

"No," she interrupted; "I didn't know -all. But now I do. . I-can not marry She blushed, hung her head, and he finished the sentence for her. "Because you love some one else.

that so, Gladys?"

rose, and continued in such a manly, yet

"Gladys, my dearest, my hope in this world has been to call you my wife. You have flattered me with the idea that you would be mine. But I have seen my error. Perhaps, had I rescued you, you might have loved me."
"Oh, no, no!" cried Miss Anderson.
"Indeed, I always liked you, but when I

consented to try and love you my heart had already gone. I told you that." "Yes, you did; and this man Martyn Henry is my rival still. Oh, my darling, must I give you up? Give me one word of hope. What, not a word? Not one? Oh, Gladys, Gladys! I have worshiped you. My whole heart is yours, and you deny me even a crumb of comfort. All is over. Is it really true?-really true? The tears were running down her cheeks. His eyes were dry, but so mild

and sad, as he turned away. "Good-bye, Gladys. Our first meeting three weeks, and our last for ever! God bless you, and-forgive you!" He kissed her and went out, leaving her in a torrent of tears. I believe she cared more for him at that minute than she ever had done before. I know she declined even to see the captain when he called with her father. Poor Mr. Hemp-

He went away almost immediately, Miss Anderson soon got about, and be-came really engaged to Capt. Martyn Henry again, and will marry him in the autumn, as all has been made up.-Adapted from Lucy Farmer in Cassell's

The Transporting Power of Water The carrying or transporting power of water increases as the sixth power of the as may be inferred from the fact that a stream having a velocity six times as great as another will be able to transport material weighing 46,656 times as much as that carried by the slower stream. The data from which engineers commonly calculate the effect of a scour on a river bottom are about as follows: A stream flowing with a velocity of three inches per second barely produces an effect on fine clay; six inches per second will raise fine sand; eight inches per second will raise sand of the coarseness of linseed; twelve inches per second will sweep along fine gravel; twenty-four inches per second (or one and one-third miles per hour) will carry pebbles of about one inch diameter; thirty-six inches per second (which is about two miles per hour, or about two-thirds the rate of speed of a moderate walk) will sweep along fragments the size of an

egg.-Boston Budget. Persian Pattern of a Tent. It formerly belonged to a Persian gen-eral, who used it when accompanying the king or the army in the field. It was of a pattern peculiar to Persia, where it has been the custom for the court to spend the summer in tents. Consequently, the making of tents has been carried to great perfection in Persia and has given good scope to the decorative

talents of the native artists. My tent was of the sort called kalemkar, the designs of the interior being done by hand, and the colors being also applied or stamped by hand. Nothing could exceed the extraordinary beauty of the intricate designs which completely

ered the interior of this tent. Each panel had in the center an agree able representation of the conventional figure of a cypress or tree of life, which leaf pattern when we see it on Cashmere express that is intended in this design. Around this figure were wreaths of flowers, interwoven with birds of paradise, and at the base of the picture were groesque elephants pursued by hunters orandishing cimeters.

Over the junction of the panels was a pair of exquisitely comical lions of the nost ferocions aspect, bearing naked swords in their right paws. This is but a feeble description of the graceful and fertile fancy displayed in this intricate and lovely system of decoration. As in all Oriental decoration, the individuality of the artist was apparent in a score of repetitions; for while repeating the same neralplan in each panel, the artist al-wed himself to vary the arrangement of the color in several places,-The Cen

tury. The famous Pictured Rocks on the Evansville pike, about four miles from and speculation for more than a century and have attracted much attention among the learned men of this country and Europe. The cliff upon which these drawings exist is of considerable size and within a short distance of the highway

The rock is a white sandstone which wears little from exposure to the weather, and upon its smooth surface are deline-ated the outlines of at least fifty species of animals, birds, reptiles and fish, bracing in the number panthers, deer, buffalo, otters, beavers, wildcats, foxes, wolves, raccoons, opossums, bears, elk, crows, engles, turkeys, eels, various sorts of fish large and small, snakes, etc. In the midst of this silent menagerie of specimens of the animal kingdom is the full-length outline of a female form, beautiful and perfect in every respect, Interspersed among the drawings of animals, etc., are imitations of the footprints of each sort, the whole space oc-supied being 150 feet long by 50 wide. To what race the artist belonged, or what his purpose was in making these rude portraits, must ever remain a mystery, but the work was evidently lone ages ago.-Morgantown (W. Va.) Letter.

Queen Victoria's Daughter-in-Law. If reports be true, the princess of Wales is an eminently elever milliner and gives finishing touches to all her own bonnets and hats, and judging from the individ-uality of her taste in the direction, it is quite likely rumor may be safely credited. A very pretty story has long been current as to the royal lady's gift of art. Not a member of the royal family, not a person intimately attached to the court, could venture to suggest that after long years the queen's mourning might with be lessened, whereupon the princess of Wales gently took the matter

Without a word to anybody she re modeled the queen's somber bonnet, removing the "weeds," and, with a few artistic touches, relieved her majesty's ead-covering of its mournful aspect. Silently the queen submitted to the change, but all the court knew she did so for her daughter-in-law's sweet sake. -The Housewife. Singers Do Not Trust to Luck.

Adelina Patti sang a new song, called "Darling Mine," in London recently, with extraordinary effect. The author of the song relates that after having tried it over and over again some time ago, she sang it on the morning of the concert four times through, and in the artist's room, before going on the stage, she studied every note and floritura, as i her fame depended on the performance She then turned around and asked him:
"Etes-vous content?"—are you satisfied?
Thus it is that great singers do not trust to luck.—Chicago Times. CROWTH OF BOYS AND GIRLS

the Body During Childhood. During the international medical conference held in Copenhagen in the sum-mer of 1884, a paper read by the Rev. Mailing Hanson, principal of the Danish in-stitution for the deaf and dumb, was listened to with marked attention and interest. It gave the results of the daily weighing and measurements of which he had carried on for nearly three years on the 130 pupils—seventy-two boys and fifty-eight girls—of the institution, and demonstrated facts as to the de

velopment of the human body during the period of childhood that perfectly

startled and astonished the bled medical authorities, opening an entirely new field for investigation and reflaction. his observations, and, though he has yet a tremendous amount of work before nim, he believes himself able to state now the outlines of the results he has obtained. The children are weighed four times daily in batches of twenty-in the

morning, before dinner, after dinner, and at bedtime—and each child is measured once a day. The common impression is, no doubt, that increase in oulk and height of the human body during the years of growth progresses evenly all through the year. This is not so. Three distinct periods are marked out, and within them some thirty lesser waverings have been observed. bulk, the maximum period extends from August until December; the period of equipoise lasts from December until about the middle of April, and then follows the minimum period until August. The lasting increase of bulk or weight is all accumulated during the first stage; the period of equipoise adds to the body about a fourth of that increase, but this gain is almost entirely spent or lost again

in the last period. The increase in height of the children shows the same division into periods, only in a different order. The maximum period of growth in height corresponds to the minimum period of increase in bulk, and vice versa. In September and October a child grows only a fifth of what it did in June and July. In other words, during a part of the yearautumn and beginning of winter—the child accumulates bulk, but the height is stationary. In the early summer the bulk remains nearly unchanged, but the vital force and the nourishment are ex-pended to the benefit of height. While the body works for bulk there is rest for the growth, and, when the period of growth comes, the working for bulk is suspended. The human body has, consequently, the same distinctly marked periods of development as plants.-

The turbot lays 14,000,000 eggs, well knowing that 13,999,999 will be eaten up in the state of spawn or devoured by enemies in helpless infancy, or drifted out to sea and hopelessly lost, or otherwise somehow unaccounted for. The fewer the casualties to which a race is exposed the smaller the number of eggs or young which it needs to produce in order to cover the necessary

In fish generally it takes at least 100,-000 eggs each year to keep up the average of the species. In frogs and other amphibians, a few hundred are amply sufficient. Reptiles often lay only a much smaller number. In birds, which hatch their own eggs and feed their young, from ten to two eggs per annum are quite sufficient to replenish the earth, Among mammals, three or four at a birth is a rare number, and many of the larger sorts produce one calf or foal at a

In the human race at large, a total of five or six children for each married couple during a whole lifetime makes up sufficiently for infant mortality and all other sources of loss, though among utter savages a far higher rate is usually necessary. Even making allowances for necessary deaths and celibacy, however, I believe that as sanitation improves and needless infant mortality is done away with, the human race will finally come to a state of equlibrium with an average of three children to each household,— Cornhill Magazine.

The Source of the Ice Supply There is hardly anything about which families should be more careful than in scrutinizing the source of their ice supply. I do not mean this in seasons of expected epidemic, when people are afraid of cholera or yellow fever. Those plagues are principally feared so much because they are uncommon, but where they kill one in our climate, scarlet fever, diph theria and those classes of disease kill hundreds. Now, it has been shown repeatedly that fatal outbreaks of such dis ases that have occurred in otherwise healthy localities, and which at first seemed mysterious and unaccountable, have been due to ice taken from stagnant or polluted waters. Ice that seemed as clear as crystal has been found to contain disease germs, which only needed the application of warmth to restore to fatal activity. Such things have been demonstrated time and time again, and I repeat that too much precaution can not be taken in ascertaining the sources of family ice supply.--Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Mme. X., who has never been outside of Montmartre, has the innocent fault of trying to make her acquaintances believe that she has traveled all over Europe. "When you were at Venice," inquires a visitor one day to whom she was telling the story of her travels, "did you see the lion of St. Mark's ?" see him !" replied she, "What a ques tion! Why, I saw him at the very moment when they were giving him his dinner, and I gave him a piece of meat

myself!"-Paris Figaro. In olden times ghosts were supposed to maintain an obdurate silence till interrogated by the person to whom they made their special appearance.—Boston

Coal Formed in the Arctic Regions. covery of coal within the Arctic Circ Greenland, Mr. W. Mattieu William expresses himself as dissatisfied with the prevailing notion which demands a suitropical climate for the formation of carboniferous deposits. He has himse described the deposition of coal that is in actual progress at the present time in Norway, within 4 degrees of the Arctic Circle, and believes that similar deposit may be found much farther north. very violent alteration of climate, there fore, need be assumed to explain the Greenland coal.—Boston Budget.

French experiments on the transmis-sion of power by electricity have resulted less successfully than was hoped. Theo retically the plan is feasible, but it is found to be more economical and practicable for manufacturing purposes to us the power directly at the source of supply. Modern railway facilities make it cheaper to transport goods than power, with its attendant loss of 50 per cent., not to mention its uncertainties. Scientific Journal.

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THE SILVER CLOUD.

I saw a silver cloud at eventide, At eventide a little silver cloud; With outstretched, moveless wings, a paly

She sailed toward the west, and thus she said: Ab. joy was mine! He bathed me in his beams. He bathed me in his beams, and all day long

Over a thousand fields, a thousand groves, My happy shadow floated like a dream. "Kies, kiss once more my lips, my pallid lips. Bring me once more the blush I knew at

morn; Cast thou thine arms about me, ere I die, Ere in a mist of tears I melt away: While yet she spake her cloudy pallor changed, And she became a wreath of flaming fire That did to scorn the sober evening star; But ah! she darkened visibly as she went.

Slowly she darkened, slowly, till she was Whiter than ashes or the face of death. Then came a cold, low wind, and breathed on

-John Philip Varley in The Atlantic.

G. Washington as an Aristocrat. Washington's pompous ways were severely criticised at this time. His gor geous, cream-colored coach with its six horses was talked of, and they said that it was ridiculous for one who posed as the great champion of American liberty to keep men in livery and to own 500 slaves. There was probably some truth in this charge. Washington was a great well, and he liked to strut about and swell, and he liked to strik about and have his fellow-men tondying him. He believed in high honors being paid to the president of the United States, and his receptions as president were of the stiff-est kind. He dressed in the richest of clothes, were silk, satin and lots of gold lace, and I doubt not he was a little proud of his figure, which was tall and

well formed, with the exception of the chest, which was sunken. Washington had probably as fine an establishment in America as any man in the country at the time he lived. He kept the finest of horses in his stables, and had an army of liveried servants. At Mount Vernon he had 100 cows, and he entertained like an English lord. He always had wine on his table, and he drank several glasses at every dinner. His wife was addressed as Lady Washington in those days, and his friends gave um the title in private life of "your excellency." I have seen manuscript pri-vate letters to Mrs. Washington, and I doubt not that during the first admini tration of our government she was toaded like a queen. She and the president had their coat-of-arms, and George Washington had buttons made, at least there are such buttons in existence, with his initials on them. The Washington family had the finest of china. They liked good furniture, and even now at Mount Vernon one might keep up an establishment which would not discredit the times of to-day .-- Cor. Cleveland

A Christening Dress for the Baby. The christening dress of the first-born of the young Princess di Galatro Colonna (formerly Miss Eva Mackay) is perhaps the most unique specimen extant of the finest point d Alencon lace of great beauty and rarity. The dress, made as a loose slip, is bordered with antique lace of a quarter of a yard in width, the remainder of the garment being woven to correspond, and having the arms of the Colonna family designed in lace upor the corsage. The Princess Anna Murat declared that the dress surpassed beauty the famous christening robe of

The lace is the most superb that has been seen in Paris for years. Even the wedding flounces of the queen regent of Spain can not be compared to it. Mrs. Mackay, the mother of the princess, has a collection of lace that surpasses any of the royal houses of Europe-so it is said, at any rate. She possesses the cele-brated tunic and flounces in point d'Alencon manufactured for the Empress Eugenie in 1869. This lace was copied from a piece originally in possession of Mme. de Pompadour.—London Court

OUR NAVY DURING THE WAR. The growth of our navy was one of the marvels of the age. It cost the gov-ernment, incound numbers, \$480,000,000, or \$120,000,000 for each year of the war \$10,000,000 per month, or nearly a third of a million dollars for every day of the

It employed over 600 vessels of war and over 50,000 men, which force greatly exceeded that of any other nation in the world. including bays, rivers, etc., effectually

preventing the importation of arms and

unitions of war, and so compelling the earlier exhaustion of the Confederate It captured the immense number of 1.165 blockade-runners, many of which were fine steamers— a ratio of nearly 300 captures per amana, or almost one each day during the entire war. The money value of its captures was at least \$60,-000,000, or \$15,000,000 worth for each

year of the war and \$1,250,000 in value for each month of the war from first to It co-operated with the army wherever there was water enough to float a gunboat, while on the high seas our navy covered itself with glory. The river work of the navy on the Potomac, the York, the James and the Mississippi, with its branches, the coast-line work from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi, and its work on the high seas totally eclipse in martial valor and brilliant suc cesses all other naval achievements of the world. While history records the names of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Island No. 19, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Fort Jackson, Fort St. Philip, Fort Sunter, Charleston harbor, Mobile bay, Hatteras inlet, New Orleans, Port Royal and Fort Fisher, and a score more of such famous names, the American navy will be universally honored while such deeds as the sinking of the Alabama in square naval battle will eve be named among the most brilliant

victories of the age.
It opened the harbors by the perilons work of removing obstructions, torpedoes etc., and by utterly destroying the hostile patteries which commanded them. It held in check the hostile elements of many a city and rural section while a dreaded gunboat quietly lay before it; in short, it displayed heroism of the noblest type and made our reputation on the seas equal that of any nation.—Admiral Porter's Book. The City of Palatial Residences

senators have erected magnificent domi ciles within the past twelve months. A structure that costs less than \$50,000 i now considered scarcely worth remark-ing in the abundance of architectural beauty seen everywhere at the capital.— New York Star.

Washington is becoming pre-eminently

the city of palatial residences. Fifteen

Dechinite, or vandate of lead and zine, has been discovered in Montana. Ore of this nature is worth \$10,000 a pound.

The Hotel Mail says that frozen fish or game is about as fit to eat as stewed shingles with shaving sauce.