

# HEAVY STORMS.

## A CLOUD-BURST IN PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

A RAPID RISE IN THE LEHIGH RIVER - PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 14.—A terrific cloud burst occurred here this morning. Streets were washed out, cellars flooded and the sewers choked so that the water spurted out of the manholes to the height of 10 feet.

On Hamburg avenue the sidewalks were washed away and a woman was swept several blocks toward the river before she was rescued by three men. In some places the water in the streets was four feet deep. Patsburg had a similar experience.

EASTON, Pa., Aug. 14.—A rain storm here to-night was the most violent ever seen in this section. Within two hours the water in the Lehigh river rose eight feet. Two bridges and a dam on the Clinton branch of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and all Warren county bridges between Phillipsburg and Stewartsville, have been swept away. The banks of the Morris Canal have broken in two places. The damage to the streets in this place will amount to about \$2000.

LOCK HAVEN, Pa., Aug. 14.—A destructive hail storm passed over this county this afternoon, accompanied by an unusual electric disturbance. One house in this city was struck by lightning, but the inmates were not seriously injured.

At Woolrich hail stones as large as hens' eggs fell, doing great damage to crops.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Aug. 14.—An extremely severe rain storm early this morning was followed by a heavy thunder storm this evening. Reports from the county tell of great damage to corn. The Lehigh river here is rising at the rate of two feet per hour, and the lowlands are inundated. A serious landslide occurred on the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad, at Treibler's station to-night. The tracks are blocked for about 220 yards. Passenger trains are held on both sides, and it will be morning before traffic can safely be resumed. A freight train just passed over the mountain when the slide occurred. No one was injured as far as can be learned.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—Lightning struck the building used as an office by the Ordnance Board, at Ocean Beach, near Sandy Hook, this morning, totally consuming the structure and its contents. Private Thomas Thorpe, acting as watchman at the time and barely escaped with his life. He was obliged to flee down a burning stairway in his bare feet, but sustained no injury therefrom. Thorpe gave the alarm to the detachment, who were breakfasting at the quarters, a quarter of a mile off, all of whom responded at once, as did also Captain J. B. Ayre, who commands the detachment, and Lieutenant W. W. Gibson, but, as there is no apparatus for such emergencies, all hands were obliged to stand by and view the destruction of the building, which was but a mere shell, and dry as tinder. The building contained a number of valuable instruments used in various ways for testing ordnance, all of which, together with the detachment records, were destroyed. The value of the building and its contents is estimated at \$10,000.

# A RAILROAD CRASH.

## TWO TRAINS COME TOGETHER AT MOORESTOWN.

NO PERSON KILLED, BUT SEVERAL INJURED.

MOORESTOWN, N. J., August 12.—A railroad accident occurred here this morning, in which two engines crashed together, damaging both to a considerable extent, breaking up one of the passenger coaches, and resulting in injuries to a number of the passengers, none of which, however, were of a fatal character.

The second section of the west-bound train from the seashore, Beach Haven and Tuckerton, due at East Moorestown at 9 o'clock, was under the schedule, obliged to go on the siding there, in order to allow the Long Branch express to pass. Engineer Enos Reed acted as conductor, Elam A. Gross, had only a few minutes before been referring to the "meet" at Moorestown, and the conductor supposed, of course, he would take the siding. But instead of doing so, Engineer Reed pulled the throttle and started for West Moorestown. The engine had hardly passed the Chester avenue road crossing when Conductor Gross pulled sharply on the bell rope.

Noticing that the train did not slacken its speed, he again gave the engineer the bell, at the same time pulling on the cord that operates the air brake. By this time the engineer was doing his best to stop the train, which had just stopped when the Long Branch express came dashing around the curve that obstructs the view at that point. A collision was inevitable. Engineer Reed tried to start his train back, but seeing that he had no time, both he and his fireman, William Emmons, jumped for their lives. Both escaped unhurt.

Before they could turn around the crash came, and both engines were locked together. The forward car on the east-bound train reared in the air and then settled down on the rails, while the tank was driven half way into the forward car on the west-bound train, and the tender was knocked all out of shape.

The frightened passengers slowly crawled out of the cars, while a few remained in their seats, as if too much frightened to move. A report that the boilers were about to burst caused a momentary stampede, but the scare was soon allayed by the statement that both boilers were all right, and that there was no further danger from that quarter. Both engines were so severely damaged and one of the

car platforms smashed. This was the extent of the damage to the rolling stock.

The passengers immediately received the attention of the citizens who had been attracted to the scene by the crash, and who came in crowds to see the wreck. There were quite a number of passenger who received slight injuries in the shape of cuts from broken glass and bruises from being thrown from their seats. These were promptly looked after by the citizens. Dr. J. C. Stroud and Dr. F. G. Stroud both went to work to dress the injuries as fast as they could, in which they were assisted by Dr. Williams, of Philadelphia, who was a passenger on the train and who escaped unhurt.

THE INJURED. The injured ones, with a few exceptions, gave their names, which are as follows:

Richard S. Ridgeway, Assistant Prosecutor of the Pleas of Camden, head cut and side injured.  
H. B. Smith, Philadelphia, head cut and ear partially severed.  
Marla N. Robinson, Germantown, head and neck injured, also suffering from concussion.  
Mrs. Roberts, Philadelphia, head injured and teeth knocked out. Her infant child also had its head cut.  
Edward Mason, Camden, baggage master, bruised about the body.  
Bertie Balm, Camden, head cut and bruised.  
Jack Huston, engineer, sprained ankle.  
John Huston, engineer, bruised about the shoulders.  
Herbert Wiley, Camden, hip wrenched.  
C. H. Cranmer, Manahawkin, cut by broken glass.

Frank Gowle, Camden, thrown through a window, slightly bruised. The injured passengers were despatched to their destinations as soon as the wreck could be cleared away, and after several hours' hard work on the part of the wrecking crew travel was resumed.

The east-bound train was in charge of Conductor John Clark, of Camden, and "Jack" Huston was the engineer. In accordance with the time-table, he was making for East Moorestown, where he should have met the other train, when the accident occurred, which Huston did all in his power to avert, and when he saw that a collision was inevitable, bravely stuck to his post and took the chances of being crushed and scalded to death to save his passengers, all of whom were loud in his praise.

Engineer Reed was very much cast down over the affair, and said: "I don't know what I could have been thinking about. The fireman was shoveling in coal, and somehow I thought I would make for West Moorestown. I realize that the fault is mine. The conductor pulled the bell-rope, and I stopped as soon as I could."

Conductor Gross's version of the affair was virtually the same. An inquiry will at once be instituted by the railroad officials.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Martin Burke, the Cronin suspect, in custody at Chicago, was on the 12th identified by Mr. and Mrs. Carlson, the owners of the cottage in which Dr. Cronin was murdered, as the man who rented it from them, giving the name of "Frank Williams." Caroline Knop, aged 15 years, was shot and instantly killed on the 11th at her home, near Canton, Ohio, by Harry Smith, aged 13, who claimed that he did not know that the revolver which he used was loaded. The Hollis brothers, who were accused of the murder of Mrs. Gillis and her two daughters, in McDowell county, West Virginia, on the 9th, were captured by a vigilance committee, hung up by the heels to the limb of a tree, and then shot to death.

John Wainans, of North Second street, Philadelphia, a brakeman on the New Jersey Central Railroad, was struck and fatally injured on the 12th by an overhead bridge near Roselle. He was taken to Elizabeth. Miss Alma Bender, of Chicago, was struck by a train and fatally injured at Wheaton, Ill., on the 11th, while attempting to drive across the tracks in a buggy. Her companion Michael Graff, of Wheaton, was seriously injured. William Rott, of Evans Falls, was killed at Tunk hannock, Penna., on the 12th, during a drunken quarrel with Jesse Phelps by being struck on the head with a monkey wrench.

Harry See, a farmer of St. Joseph, Illinois, was found dead on the afternoon of the 12th in his home, with two bullet wounds in his body. It is believed that he was shot in self-defense by his wife, who was cut and bruised and bore many marks of ill usage. She refused to say anything about the matter. Warrants were issued on the 12th for Amel Goch, a farmer in Kent county, Michigan, and his hired man, Charles Bralley, for stealing a quantity of wheat. On the evening of the 12th Deputy Sheriff P. J. Sinclair, and his brother, D. A. Sinclair, went to the farm to arrest the men. As they drove up to the house a shot was fired through the door from the inside, and D. A. Sinclair fell mortally wounded and afterwards died. The deputy sheriff returned the fire, killing the hired man, Goch, escaped.

The boiler in Thomas Anderson & Co.'s stove factory, at Dawson, Kentucky, exploded on the 12th. James Jackson was killed, Eaton Menger and Dennis Purdy were fatally injured, and four others seriously injured.

An epidemic of diphtheria has broken out at Auburn, New York, where, within three weeks, 21 cases and 12 deaths have been reported.

An "infernal machine," containing dynamite, was left at the office of D. L. Baxter, of the Louisville, Kentucky, Leader, on the 12th, but the machine failed to explode because the percussion matches did not ignite. It is supposed it was intended to blow up Mr. Baxter and the Leader office.

A dispatch from Fayum, New Memphis, says that the summit of

Mt. Washington was on the 13th covered with snow to the depth of an inch and a half, and that the guests indulged in a lively game snow-balling.

A despatch from Birmingham, Alabama, says that three negro men, while under the influence of a religious delusion that they would pass through the fire unharmed, walked into the cupola of an iron furnace near Bessemer, and perished. They were persuaded to do so by an old negro, Tobias Jackson, who proclaims himself "Daniel the prophet."

Two men entered a broker's office in New York on the 13th, and while one of them leveled a pistol at the broker's head the other secured a sum of money which was lying on the counter, after which both ran off. Aid was summoned and one of the robbers was captured.

A despatch from Reading, Pa., says that on the evening of the 12th, 15 trains boarded a Philadelphia and Reading Railroad coal train, near Reading, cut it into three parts, and after seizing the brakeman, robbed the rear carboose and escaped.

All of the western trains entering Kansas City, Missouri, on the 13th, were delayed as the result of the flood of the previous day. The roadbed of the Santa Fe Railroad was seriously damaged for a distance of ten miles out of Topeka. The Union Pacific tracks were also submerged, and the bridges on the Southern and Santa Fe were swept away. At Leavenworth the Missouri Pacific tracks were blocked by a large wreck of other points were reported. Nearly 20 miles of the track of the Burlington and Missouri, near Tecumseh, will have to be rebuilt. The losses at Pueblo, Colorado, by the recent floods are estimated at between \$75,000 and \$100,000. On the West Cliff branch of the Rio Grande Railroad seven bridges, in a distance of seven miles, were carried away. A severe electrical storm, accompanied by a high wind and clouds of sand, but no rain, was reported at Albuquerque, New Mexico, on the 13th. Lightning struck and killed a driver and team and stunned several persons.

Superior Judge W. L. Pierce, of San Diego, California, was shot in the back and seriously wounded on the 12th, by W. S. Clendinning, against whom a judicial decision had recently been given by Pierce. During a quarrel in a Cincinnati police station, on the evening of the 13th, W. W. Haines was shot and fatally wounded by Turner Taylor Herbert. C. P. Sevener, Superintendent of the Kansas City Coal and Coke Company Mines, was shot at from ambush on Walker county, Alabama. Some time since he employed several officers to stop moonshiners from selling "mountain dew" to the miners. It is supposed moonshiners shot him. Bunt Hanes, a well-known detective in Covington, Kentucky, was shot and fatally wounded early on the morning of the 14th by Taylor Herbert, turnkey at the jail. Hanes had been drinking and resumed an old quarrel.

Ex-Judge David S. Terry was shot and killed in a railway dining room at Lathrop, California, on the morning of the 14th, by Deputy U. S. Marshal Nagle, who was detailed as a special guard for Justice Stephen J. Field, of the U. S. Supreme Court. Terry had struck Judge Field and was about to repeat the blow when Nagle fired, killing Terry instantly. An encounter had been feared and the United States Marshal was detailed to accompany the Justice by order of the Department of Justice. Nagle was arrested and Justice Field proceeded to San Francisco. Chief of Police Gaston, of Jacksonville, Tennessee, was shot and fatally wounded on the 14th by negroes in the vicinity of the jail. It was supposed that an attempt would be made to lynch a negro prisoner, and when discovered by Gaston was fired upon. They returned the fire with the above result.

James Connelly and Owen McDonald were struck and killed by an engine on the 14th, at the South Omaha, Nebraska, stock yards. James McLarkey was buried by a cave-in in the Hammond Colliery, at Girardville, Penna., on the 14th. Three other men narrowly escaped the same fate. Willie Hawkes, aged 12 years, of Boston, was shot and fatally wounded on the 14th at St. John, New Brunswick, where he was visiting. Bennett found a loaded 12 year old. Bennett was playing with it when the other boy appeared, whereupon he pointed the weapon at Hawkes and fired.

J. W. Ackerman, of Rathway, New Jersey, shot and probably fatally wounded his son-in-law, J. H. Thorp, on the evening of the 14th. This is said to have been Ackerman's second attempt to kill Thorp, and resulted from family differences. During a disturbance at a ball following a wedding at Covington, Kentucky, on the morning of the 15th, Harry Terlan, aged 21 years, was struck in the head by a woman with a beer glass and fatally injured. Antonio Brenio, an Italian, who was stabbed with a paper file by Joseph Denova, on the 4th inst., was found dead in an outhouse on the evening of the 14th at Patterson, N. J. The weapon was found to have penetrated the spleen. Denova has not been apprehended. Frank Willer, Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue for the Tallahassee Division, was shot and killed near Westville, Holmes county, Florida, by John Brownell, an illicit distiller. Willer had gone to the house with a Deputy Marshal to arrest Brownell, who jumped from the window and escaped.

During a fight between Italian railroad laborers and a party of newly arrived negro laborers at Petersburg, Pennsylvania, on the evening of the 14th, one of the Italians was killed and several others were hurt. Thomas F. Thomas, of Roslyn, Wisconsin, was shot and fatally wounded on the evening of the 14th by Fred Loshman during a quarrel over a debt of \$2. Loshman was on the 15th taken from the jail and lynched. J. P. Dupichin,

Trust.  
A picture memory brings to me  
I look across the years and see  
Myself beside my mother's knee.  
I feel her gentle hand restrain  
My selfish moods and know again  
A child's sense of wrong and pain.  
But wiser now a man grey grown  
My childhood's needs are better known,  
My mother's chastening love I own.  
Grey grown, but in our Father's sight  
A child still groping for the light  
To read his word and ways aright.  
I bow myself beneath his hand;  
That pain itself for good was planned,  
I trust but cannot understand.  
I fondly dream it needs must be  
That, as my mother dealt with me,  
So with His children deals He.  
I wait and trust thereof will prove  
That here and there below above  
The chastening heals, the pain is love!  
JOHN G. WRITTELL.

## THE EMPEROR'S PROCLAMATION.

In a gloomy though magnificent apartment, from which the light of day had been resolutely shut out, a pale, wasted woman, clad in deepest mourning, weeps and prays. It is the Empress of Austria, the once proud and envied Maria-Theresa!

Her woman's courage has failed her utterly at the thought of retaining the reins of government in her widowed hands, and she has just insisted on her son Joseph being proclaimed Emperor, that she may transfer all authority into his hands.

Joseph II. was therefore proclaimed Emperor of Austria in 1765, his mother, although retaining the title of Empress, having—at least for a time—abandoned all the cares of the Empire.

The young Emperor felt the time to be now come, for him to put in practice some of the many reforms in the condition of the people which he had longed for and dreamt of throughout his boyhood, when, as the Archduke Joseph, he had sighed in vain for the power of redressing wrongs. He determined he would lower the taxes and pay the difference himself, by renouncing his paternal inheritance of twenty-two millions.

He at once refused to attend to representations made through officers of the household, and issued a proclamation that at a certain hour every day he would receive without distinction all who desired to speak with him. He determined to see for himself the wants of the time; to reward the good, and punish the bad.

Accordingly, one fine Autumn morning, dressed as a citizen of Vienna, with a three-cornered hat upon his head, a black wig over his hair, and a little fur-bordered cloak upon his shoulders, he prepared to use his own eyes in the streets of his capital. As he looked at himself in the glass he could hardly keep from laughing, and said to himself that the man who would recognize him would have more than ordinary penetration.

Not many steps from the palace he met a young girl, neatly though poorly clad, carrying a bundle under her arm, and weeping bitterly. "What troubles you, my poor girl?" he said, in a kind voice; "why do you weep?"

"Because I am unhappy," she said, with a timid glance at her questioner. "Do not be afraid of me. Where are you going in your distress?" "Where I never thought I should have to go—to sell what is in this parcel."

"And what is that?" "The clothes of my mother!" "Then you are very poor?" "So poor that we are at our last straits for a bit of bread."

"And when you have spent this money, what will become of you?" "Then, if God does not work a miracle in our favor, we must die of hunger. We shall go to where my father is gone before us, and we shall say to him, 'You shed your blood for your country, you died of your wounds, and now our Empress allows your wife and child to die of hunger!'"

"And your father was a soldier?" said the Emperor eagerly. "He was an officer, and served throughout the Seven Years War. He was always expecting some acknowledgment of his services, but died unnoticed, and we shall soon follow him."

"Why did you not apply to the Empress? She is always disposed to grant pensions to those who deserve them."

"Pensions, sir, are for those who have influential friends at court, and know how to play the hypocrite. We are unprivileged, and my mother would never consent to the meanness of pretending to sentiments we do not feel."

"Why not apply to the Emperor?" "Yes, to get a refusal," said the poor girl; "they say he is proud and haughty, and refuses all petitions."

"He repulses every petition that comes to him through a third party; but do you know that from twelve to two every day his cabinet is opened to all, and he does justice himself to all who come to him in person?"

"So they say, but no one believes it. The guards are not likely to let anyone in the palace but the rich or titled, and no one else would try to get an interview with the Emperor."

"Is that all the confidence they have in their Emperor? Do they not believe in his good intentions, his kind heart?" "His heart!" interrupted the young girl, "they say he has none; that he cares only for himself; that he has often been cruel to his mother. Good and kind as she is, he takes pleasure in her

tears. They even say that he refuses to pay the pensions granted by his mother."

"Only those that were obtained by false representations, so as to rectify abuses which were weighing on the exchequer."

"Ah! that was his excuse. He only wants to heap up money. They say he's a miser."

"He a miser! Has he not given up his share of his father's inheritance, so as to lessen the taxes of the people?" "It has been said, I know. But how can one believe it of a prince so avaricious and incapable of generous actions?" Joseph could hardly remain master of himself, and for a moment his eyes flashed fire. But a sad smile shone from them, as he said: "My child, they have deceived you, and greatly wronged the Emperor; if you only knew him, you would do him justice. Go home at once, and write upon a sheet of paper the statement you have to make, and at twelve o'clock come to the palace. The guard will conduct you to me, and I will make sure that your letter reaches the Emperor. Rest assured he will do you justice."

The girl gave her benefactor a look of gratitude, but tears choked her utterance when she tried to speak.

"Your mother is ill," he said, "and in need of care; do not sell her clothes. Here are twelve good pieces which I will advance to her. Meet me punctually at the palace at twelve o'clock."

Poor Joseph! with what sad reflections he pursued his way! He who had such good intentions for the good of his people was believed by them to be heartless, cruel, miserly and unjust!

It would take too long to follow the Emperor throughout his morning's round. He saw much, rectified many abuses, and returned to the palace a little after mid-day.

"How it would rejoice my heart," he thought, "to see that girl already waiting for me!" And as it was the hour for the public audience, he entered the palace by the great gate. The sentinel allowed him to pass unrecognized, and, thanks to his disguise, he was able to reach the ante-chamber adjoining the reception-room undiscovered by any of the servants.

The little petitioner was already there. As soon as she saw her benefactor, she rushed up to him. "Ah!" she said, "you have kept your word; I began to be afraid you were making game of me. You see I was right when I told you no one had any confidence in the Emperor, for at this public hearing I am the only petitioner. People know it is useless to apply to him; he never attends to those really in want. Though I am come, I have not the courage to attempt to go to him—he would be sure to send me away. I am only come to beg you to grant me one favor more; tell me your name, that we may always mention it when we pray for God's blessing, and then let me go back to my poor mother."

"That is a favor I cannot grant. I must show you that they have slandered the Emperor, and that he always attends to the petitions of the unfortunate. Give me your paper, I will take it in myself; you will find me in his Majesty's chamber, and then I will tell you my name."

So saying, Joseph gave a nod of encouragement, and disappeared by a side door. In a few minutes the ante-chamber was filled with petitioners on their way to the audience-chamber, and the young girl became alarmed at finding herself in such a crowd, till a servant appeared who came straight up to her, and told her he had orders to take her to the Emperor. She followed him through a number of apartments, each more splendid than the last, till they came to one in which a number of officers were assembled. "Wait here a minute, miss," said the young man, "while I tell his Majesty that you are here." And almost immediately the young girl found herself in the cabinet of Joseph II. A man in military uniform was looking out of the window, but turned as she entered, saying, with a kind voice: "You wish to see the Emperor; here I am."

The poor girl uttered a cry, and fell on her knees pale and weeping, as she recognized her benefactor. It was surely he, with that same sympathizing voice; and she had dared to tell him that the Emperor was cruel and unjust!

Joseph broke the silence, for he pitied her confusion. "Rise my child; I have read your petition," he said, "and am convinced that you are telling me the truth. I am glad to be able to set right an involuntary omission of the Empress, who thought your father had left no family behind him. In future your mother will receive a pension equal to his pay, which will be transferred to you on her death. And now rise from your knees; we should only kneel to God."

"I cannot rise, sir, until you have granted me a full pardon for all the sad things I have said of you in my ignorance."

"They are already forgiven and forgotten. Go home to your mother, and carry her my good wishes. But stay—you asked to know my name, that you might remember it in your prayers. I will tell you now, and you must use it every day in asking God to give me more of His heavenly wisdom for the government of my people. My name is Joseph."

It must be the spur of the moment that makes time go so fast.

## The Worn Out Potato.

The philosophic poet of the Babalad warns "elderly men of the bachelor crew" that if they insist upon committing matrimony late in life "their babes will be elderly, elderly, too." That is just what has happened to the poor potato. For lack of frequent healthy crossing the entire vitality of the race has been slowly dissipated; the entire stock has grown old together, and we stand now face to face with the awful possibility of a potatoe universe. But why can't we go back to the fountain-head once more, and start afresh with brand new potatoes from their native forest? Aye, there's the rub, as Hamlet justly puts it. We can't discover the fountain-head any longer. Nobody knows where the potato comes from; the native forest itself is dead. The aboriginal wild potato seems extinct in our day the wide world over. This is often the way with important plant foods. Nobody can trace with certainty the ancestor of wheat or of Indian corn, the primitive father of the plantain or the banana. The fact is whenever a plant lays by these rich stores of material for its own use, either as seed or root, or bulb or tuber, man, greedy man is sure to divert it to his own purposes as ruthlessly as he robs the bees of their honey and the cows of the milk they have prepared for their calves in their own udders.

Every important human foodstuff is essentially at bottom a seed or a tuber, eggs in the animal world answering to the one and fatted beasts answering roughly to the other. Wheat, barley, Indian corn, peas, beans, dates and cocoanuts are instances in the first direction; potatoes, turnips, yams, beet root are instances in the second. From the very first moment, then, that the ancestral potato began to lay up its starches and foodstuffs for itself in its own underground tissues, we may be perfectly sure that rodents, monkeys and other animal enemies did their level best to circumvent its innocent design by digging them up and incontinently eating them. Presently man, as the red Indian, arrived upon the scene, and subjected the incipient and starchy potato to some rude cultivation. In one way he was less destructive, no doubt, than the rodents and monkeys who had gone before him, because while he rooted and grubbed out more indefatigably than they, he kept a little back for "seed" for the future. He cut up his potato into many small pieces with an "eye" in each, the eye being, in fact, an undeveloped leaf-bud, whence branches would issue in another season. Thus he insured in some way the continuance of the plant; but alas! he only cared for his own squaws and paposes in the immediate future, and took no thought for the convenience of the intrusive white man in this then remote nineteenth century. And considering how little the white man thought of his convenience some ages later, perhaps his remembrance in this respect is not to be wondered at. At any rate, what the red Indian seems to have done was just this: As in almost every other case of primitive agriculture, he brought the wild plant into cultivation and improved largely its special yield, but in so doing he destroyed its native type altogether. Whether he grubbed up all the wild ones and ate them on the spot, or whether he merely encroached upon their feeding grounds and so crowded them out, as farms and fences are crowding out the buffalo in the Far West, does not appear; but what is certain is that the wild potato itself does not now appear either. We have lost all count of the primitive stock, so that we can't go back to it to cross it with its own degenerate descendants or to develop anew from its barbaric tubers the succulent Regent or the ash-leaved Kidney.

## Russia Tobacco Producing Country.

Among the tobacco exhibits at the Paris Exposition, that from Russia is one of the most interesting. Russia is a much larger tobacco producing country than is generally supposed; and, although for a greater part of very inferior quality, there are several provinces in the south, and bordering upon the Black Sea, that raise some of very fair quality suited to the manufacture of cigarettes, and the prices are at present reasonable. The object of the display will more particularly be to open up a trade in the Western markets. Every source from which an improvement in cheaper cigarettes may be derived is worth the attention of our makers. The ordinary run of our cheaper cigarettes is far from satisfactory; and quantities of the imported Egyptian are decidedly nauseous. As with most things, a larger demand produces inferior quality, until a commodity is commercially ruined by its own success.

## Perseverance.

Let no man admit to himself that he has been baffled in anything while he has health and strength for another attempt. "Up and at it again!" is the motto of true courage. The feeble have achieved what the strong pronounced impossible. Sustained by an unbending will and aided by an intelligent brain, there is scarcely anything short of the miraculous which perseverance cannot accomplish.

TRYING to satisfy our desires with wealth is like trying to stop up a rat hole with sand; the rats will soon dig out somewhere else.