

## SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

### ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

#### Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

SAVILLIAN BEEBE, of Salem, 1893, made a big haul with his eel spear a few days ago, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Last July, among the people who sojourned in Essex, was a wealthy Cincinnati family. A young lady member of this family went out boat riding one evening and during the trip she lost a valuable gold bracelet from her arm. The bracelet was in the form of a gold chain that fastened with a hook. A few days ago Beebe, who usually makes about two eeling trips to the Connecticut River during the year, hitched up his horse and drove down. He worked all day like a beaver and succeeded in getting but one very small eel. He then ran his knife into the eel's throat and shoved it toward its tail. When about half way down the point of the knife struck something that refused to be cut. He slashed into the eel's middle. To his astonishment a long metal chain, as bright as if new, lay lengthwise in the stomach. He showed the chain to his wife. Mrs. Beebe took the thing and examined it. On the heel of the clasp the name of the young woman who lost the bracelet last summer was engraved. The circumstances of the lost bracelet were known to the people of Salem, and after breakfast Savilian hitched up his horse and headed for Essex, where he delivered the bracelet to the people with whom the Cincinnati family boarded and received the \$20 reward.

JOHN CARROL, Jr., of Cincinnati, after four years of hard work, has completed an invention which he hopes will make him famous. Mr. Carrol conceived the idea that he could make a machine which could be propelled in the air. He is a mechanic of unusual ability. His model was completed and tried a few days ago, and it worked successfully. The machine, which is a neat piece of mechanism, weighs about forty pounds, and is made of sheet iron. It is capable of carrying about 250 pounds weight. Mr. Carrol tried the machine and worked it very easily, and rode through the air at a height of about fifty feet for quite a distance. He was a bit bashful in attempting the trial in daylight, so he did it after nightfall. The inventor has an idea that with some alteration he can contrive a machine which will be capable of travelling at least eighty miles an hour, and that he will also be able to continue this rate of speed even against a strong wind. Some day, shortly, he intends to give a public exhibition of his new machine, and Cincinnatians will then be afforded the novel sight of seeing a man fly through the air like a bird. Mr. Carrol's machine is box-like in form, and is propelled by means of rotary shuttles.

STRANGE freaks are played by wind-blown sands in the New Mexico River valleys and mountain canons. In the canons one may see cliffs and natural stone pillars cut into fantastic forms by the natural sand blasts formed by the winds sucking up and down these narrow passages. In broad river valleys, the Rio Grande especially, great areas of sand hills are seen tossed up like giant waves of a sea. These shift their positions slowly, traveling in the direction of the prevailing winds, until they scatter on the plain or encounter some obstruction, such as a mountain side, against which they heap. Not only valuable lands but towns may be buried in this invading element. Thus along the Pecos River, at distances from twenty to forty miles below the town of Eddy, in southeastern New Mexico, there are five old deserted pueblos or villages built by ancient agricultural Indians which, it is estimated once contained a population of from 10,000 to 15,000 people. Now the villages are nearly buried in sand blown from the hills that bound the valley. Vestiges of a canal to these towns have been discovered leading from a canon near by which once furnished water but is now filled with sand.

PRUSSIA is conspicuously a music-loving and music-making country. As the inhabitants of its cities, however, for the most part live in flats, they are not allowed to play or sing in their own apartments after 10 o'clock p. m., unless with the express consent of the persons residing immediately above or below them, whose innate right to enjoy unbroken rest "o' nights" they are bound to respect. Nor may they keep on their premises any furred or feathered animals addicted to the nocturnal utterance of sounds that "murder sleep," and give rise to irritation of temper. The conscientious dog, prompted by a sense of duty to bark all night long; the sentimental hound that gives vent to its tender feelings in a protracted series of melancholy howls—these and other varieties of the canine species, if notoriously vociferous, have to be severely eliminated from the precincts of a Prussian town house, or the local police will make a point of "knowing the reason why," and acting upon their knowledge with unflinching promptitude.

FIFTY years ago Almeron Higby, of Watson, N. Y., then nine years old, planted in his father's dooryard the stone of a cherry that he had eaten. A tree grew from the stone, and from the time the tree began to bear fruit it was known as the boy's tree. He sold the cherries the tree bore from year to year, and always put away the money that he received for them,

even after he grew to manhood and was married and had children of his own. Last summer, his health being poor, and the cherry tree beginning to show signs of decay, Higby cut the tree down. He had the trunk sawed into boards, from which he made a coffin for himself. A short time ago he became seriously ill. He sent for an undertaker and had the coffin trimmed. He died and was buried a few days ago, and all of his funeral expenses were paid from the money that he had received and saved from the sale of the cherries borne by the tree from which his coffin was made.

We find a somewhat remarkable advertisement in the columns of the Vossische Zeitung. It is as follows: "A very pretty little boy, aged a year and a half, who has had the misfortune to lose his dear mamma, wishes in this manner—as he seldom comes in contact with ladies—to find a new mamma, who, however, must also be capable, by tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, of affording a faithful companion for life for his papa. My papa," the advertisement goes on, "suddenly forsaking the ties of the third person, 'is an architect, who fills an important social position; therefore I am unfortunately obliged, besides delicacy of sentiment, to look out for some fortune, so that my papa may be content with my new mamma in every respect. I repulse all go-betweeners with all the energy I possess, and beg that communications may be made direct."

At Madras, some time ago, a valuable lion, having incautiously allowed its tail to stray into an adjoining cage, the tail was seized by an evil-disposed leopard, close to the lion's body, when as the lion attempted to escape, almost the whole of the skin of his tail was stripped off. This was followed by such an amount of inflammation that the lion's life was in danger. Surgeon Major Miller, brother of the late Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, the surgeon to the Governor of Madras, volunteered to perform amputation. The lion was seized in his cage and his head covered with a cap containing a considerable quantity of chloroform. He was then dragged to the edge of the cage and the tail passed through the bars, where Dr. Miller cleverly performed his operation. The animal made a good recovery.

It is amazing to think that there are people in this country who have never seen a looking-glass, but it seems to be the case. Charles Patterson, a farmer living near Gallipolis, Ohio, has never had one in his house. He went to town the other day and bought one. That evening his ten-year-old son saw it for the first time in his life. When he saw his image there, it frightened him dreadfully. He thought it was a ghost, or some equally uncanny thing, and seizing a shotgun, fired at it, shattering the new mirror into a thousand fragments.

The Mohave Indians of the far West have one curious superstition that is supposed to be of comparatively recent origin. They refuse to eat the flesh of the beaver, and declare that who so eats beaver's flesh will have swollen necks. An agent who has lived for some time among the Mohaves conjectures that some of the Indians must have eaten the flesh of beavers poisoned for their skins, and died with swollen necks. The memory had been handed down through the tribe, and no Mohave eats a beaver's flesh since that day.

A rich foreigner settled in Marcellus and built a very costly villa. Two years ago he made elaborate preparations for dying by his own hand whenever he decided that the moment had come. He built a vault, which could be hermetically sealed, in a corner of his garden, furnished with a reclining chair, two candelabra, and two pans, filled with charcoal, ready to light. He entered the vault frequently, but not until a week ago did he close the door and lead the charcoal. He was found dead in the chair.

Mrs. G. F. ROUTHON, wife of a West Newton, (Ind.) pioneer, was buried at that place recently. She was fifty-eight years of age, and was an exceedingly large woman, weighing 352 pounds. This necessitated a casket six feet long, twenty-eight inches wide and nineteen inches deep. A few weeks ago an attempt was made to rob a grave at West Newton, near the lot in which Mrs. Routhon was buried, and this led the relatives of Mrs. Routhon to have a ghoulish-proof grave vault of iron made.

In the window of a cigar store on Columbus avenue in New York is to be seen a freak of nature that attracts much attention. It is a goldfish that has no fin on its back. Otherwise it is perfectly developed, and seems to suffer no inconvenience from the absence of this part of the anatomy. There is said to be but one other such specimen in the country, and it is a stuffed one in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

MARY MARTIN, of Oakland, Cal., had a little lamb which followed her to school one day. Instead of making the children laugh and play, and having fleecy as white as snow, the lamb butted the teacher over a stool, upset a quart of ink and rolled in it, and then jumped through a window and carried the sash along. Mary's folks ate lamb chops that evening and the teacher had three helms.

One of the patients in the Kankakee (Ill.) Insane Asylum has the delusion that he must not under any circumstances subsist on any other food than ostrich eggs. He refused to touch hen eggs or duck eggs, but they deluded him with the eggs of a goose, and he is perfectly happy. The doctors say that his whim having

been gratified the chances for his recovery are increased.

THE Instantaneous Cellar Digger," is what an ingenious Texan called a contrivance which he designed for use in case a cyclone came up suddenly. The first time he tried it he was blown thirty feet and landed in a creek. His cellar digger is probably still sailing through space.

A COMMON barn door hen at Further Barton, England, recently laid an egg measuring 4 1/2 by seven inches in circumference and weighing six ounces. On this egg being carefully broken a second perfect egg with a hard shell of ordinary size was found floating in the contents of the outer one.

Mrs. MARY MCGREEVY, of Indianapolis, does not seem to share the supposed feminine desire for an elaborate wedding. She was married the other day to John Perry, and the ceremony occupied 2 1/2 seconds by the watch.

A GRAY fox on a Westchester (Penn.) farm is on terms of friendship with a lot of young beagle dogs and frequently sleeps in the same pen with them.

A LIVE snake was hewn out of a piece of rock by stonecutters at work on a new courthouse at Hartford City, Ind. The creature was fourteen inches long.

## HOW GOLD IS LOST.

### Various Ways in Which the Precious Metal Disappears from Use.

The two most eminent living writers on the precious metals, Suess and Soebber, have recently published a very alarming statement. It is to the effect that the total amount of gold dug out of the earth annually suffices only to supply the present demand for the valuable substance for use in the arts. Not a bit of the new product of the mines is available for coinage. Trinket use and waste in manufacture exhaust the whole yield. If this is correct, then gold must vanish from circulation before long, because the output of the gold mines of the world is diminishing rather than increasing, and there are few fields left to explore. But Uncle Sam's metallurgists say that it is not so. The writers quoted fail to consider the fact that the gold employed in the arts is utilized over and over again. It goes through a sort of cycle.

Articles of jewelry often disappear, but are seldom lost. When through accident they pass out of the possession of the well-to-do, they go to the poor and sharp-eyed, who sell them or pawn them. Some jewelry is lost by fire and some in the sea, and these losses are absolute and hopeless; but jewelry otherwise is certain, practically all of it, to find its way sooner or later to the pawnshops or into the hands of dealers in old gold. Thus it is melted up eventually and reappears again in other shapes. This is what is termed the "invisible supply" of the metal.

There are a number of unavoidable causes of loss of gold. The first and most important of these is by abrasion. Jewelry loses much weight in that way, especially rings, which are usually 18-carat, and are worn rapidly. Coins suffer much less, but still considerably from wear. All gold leaf is a total loss to the gold stock of the world. Where used for decorative purposes it is never recovered. It is not employed for filling teeth nearly so much as formerly, "porous gold" being substituted. But, of course, the gold utilized for teeth is a total loss, and in the aggregate it is enormous. If it be supposed that the average dweller in cities in this country has 50 cents' worth of gold in his or her mouth, which is placing the figure very low, it will be seen how great is the waste in this form. Each succeeding generation takes so many millions of dollars' worth of the metal from the world's stock in this way.

Some gold is lost in remelting, though all possible means are taken to reduce it to the lowest possible figure. Not only are the floors swept and the dirt treated for the recovery of the yellow substance, but the wooden planks are burned eventually with the same object. Even the shoes of each man who works with the metal are subjected to the chemistry of fire, yielding a small "but-ton" of the precious material. At Tiffany's workshop in New York each artisan engaged in polishing gold, stands in front of a big funnel, with a wide mouth, which has a strong suction draft. This draft takes in all dust and floating particles from the air. It swallows the filaments ground from the buffing wheels, and these, with whatever else has been caught, are deposited in a receptacle, forming a sort of felt. This felt is scraped out, pressed into bricks and burned, being thus made to yield the gold it contains. Incidentally, the workmen get pure air.—[Washington Star.

### Demanding Gold for His Cotton.

A few days ago Mr. Cole Nail was asked by a big farmer in this county to go out and buy his cotton, which he had not sold for three years. Mr. Nail went out, weighed and classified the cotton, which amounted to \$14,000. Mr. Nail was about to write a check for that amount when the farmer said he would not accept anything but five-dollar gold pieces. Mr. Nail went to the New South Savings Bank and got 2,800 five-dollar gold pieces and carried them to him, whereupon the farmer got out a jug and counted them into it for burial purposes.—[Barnesville (Ga.) Journal.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### LULLABY.

The moon burns soft behind the hill;  
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep,  
I hear the plaintive whippoorwill;  
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep,  
Its throat is mellow with a lay  
I never knew before to-day;  
I wonder what grieves its heart  
away?

The night winds rustle on the hill;  
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep,  
The stars are sighing for the morn;  
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep,  
The night another morn has born;  
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep,  
The stars gleam on another grave,  
The dew's another tombstone lay;  
Where larkspur bloomed but yesterday;

The night hangs pressing on the morn;  
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep,  
The winds have sobbed the stars to rest;  
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep,  
The whippoorwill sleeps within its nest;  
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep,  
Two little teeth begin to show,  
Two little eyes give back the glow  
That beamed on me one year ago,  
Baby's sobs would break her rest,  
Sleep, little rosebud, sleep.

—[Alfred Bryant, in New York Advertiser.

### FACTS ABOUT TOPS.

Now that the top season is in full swing it may interest the boys to know that nearly all the tops they spin are made in Pennsylvania. In one town in that state there is a factory which employs over 200 hands. Tops are made of boxwood, maple and lignum vitae. Taking all kinds of tops together, a larger number of maple are sold than of either of the other woods; boxwood comes next, and next lignum vitae; but in the aggregate amount of sales of each kind the boxwood tops are first, the maple next and the lignum vitae last. Not many lignum vitae tops are sold, on account of their cost. The lignum vitae tops are sold more in the South and in the Northwest than in other parts of the country. It may be of interest to note that most of the iron pegs used in jags are cast in Newark, N. J.—[Hartford Post.

### A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

Soon after the foreign war vessels arrived in the New York harbor local newspapers told the story of a brave little girl who carried telegraphic dispatches from the Jersey shore to officers on board the cruisers. Her name is Lizzie Doyle, and, although it is not now so famous as Grace Darling, yet there is no knowing but that it will be some day. Lizzie's father is the telegraph operator at Fort Lee, and one stormy night some important messages came for Admiral Gherardi on board the United States flagship Philadelphia, and Admiral Sir John Hopkins, of the British cruiser Blake. The wind was blowing a gale, the water was rough and the night was dark, but Mr. Doyle took the messages and started to deliver them to the admirals. On his way a sailboat ran into his skiff, capsized it and sailed on in the darkness. There were only two things for Mr. Doyle to do. One was to swim ashore and the other was to drown. He decided to swim ashore and finally reached the telegraph office very much exhausted. Then it was that Lizzie rose to the occasion. She obtained another rowboat and started out to deliver the messages herself. She reached the Philadelphia and Blake in safety and Admiral Hopkins when he heard her story said that she was a little heroine and himself handed her down to her boat, in which she returned alone to the shore. On another occasion when Lizzie was delivering a message to the cruiser Chicago, her boat was overturned and she had to be pulled out of the water by a sailor who saw her. Nevertheless, the little girl was very happy and proud to be of service on so important an occasion. She can swim like a duck and does not mind a wetting.—[The Life Boat.

### THE STORY OF THE LEAVES.

"Oh," cried the leaves, as a gust of wind whirled them away, "why can we not rest in peace!"

"Because the wind is angry with us, and will not let us rest," sighed a green and gold leaf, as it went scampering away with its forlorn companions.

"It is a mad wanderer," said another, "and would have us for company. Oh, for some quiet place to rest!"

But the wind was in a merry mood and only whistled louder at these complaints. Far and far away it wafted the shivering leaves, over hill and valley, and its merry whistling drowned their frequent sighs. Sometimes it would pause where the birds were singing the last songs of the faded summer and let the leaves rest a moment in the soft and mellow sunlight. Then it would take them up again and continue its journey, carrying the melody of the bird-songs, too.

At last the wind came to a valley, and in the heart of the valley there was a lovely spot, where children were at play, and the wind paused a moment to toss their golden curls and play at hide-and-seek with them. It forgot the leaves, and they fell in golden masses at the children's feet. And they laughed and said: "See what the wind has brought us! Let us make a playhouse of the leaves!"

The poor little leaves were glad to rest, and the children made merry with them. But by and by the mother called the children home and they left their playhouse in the

leaves. And all night long the leaves dreamed of them.

The children came again next day but one of them was missing. Then the leaves said: "Where is the little one of the gold curls and rosy cheeks?"

The children answered: "She has gone away and will never play with us again."

Then the wind, in passing over the beautiful valley, remembered the children and the leaves, and it came down and kissed the children and took the leaves away.

And "Oh!" cried the leaves, as the wind bore them along, "Oh! that we might have lingered in the valley with the children, for now we may never see them again!"

But the wind did not answer. It only sighed and bore the leaves away.

"Why is the wind so gentle and so sorrowful?" the leaves asked one of another. But the wind did not answer. It only sighed and bore them far away—until at last it came to a new-made grave. And then it paused and let the leaves fall gently and tenderly upon it, until it was transformed into a couch of gold.

Then the wind sang a low, soft, sorrowful song, and kissed the leaves goodby.

And the wandering leaves were sorrowful, and they said: "This is the place where the little lost child is sleeping. The wind stole her away from us yesterday, and it has hidden her here. It has sung her to sleep. Let us hide the gold curls and rosy cheeks forever, away from the wind and rain!"

And all the winter long the kind leaves lay and dreamed there, until the spring came and decked the little grave with violets.—[Frank L. Stanton.

### Meteoric Dust in the Sea.

A meteorite—or an aerolite, for they are convertible terms—passed over central and western Connecticut, going south, soon after dark Saturday evening, attracting much attention by its brilliancy and its bright train. As usual in the case of such phenomena, when it exploded and fell, each observer, whether in Hartford, New Haven or Bridgeport, saw just where it fell, and could locate the exact spot. This is an optical illusion. The object, in reality, probably fell hundreds of miles from Connecticut. But so strong is the conviction of every beholder that he can go right to the place (or very near it) where the meteor fell that nothing but the equal confidence of others, fifty miles away, that they can locate the very place, will convince him that he is mistaken. In the case of the meteorite of last Saturday evening, it probably fell into the sea—where for ages most of these visits from outside space have fallen—at some point nearer the West Indies than Connecticut. Deep-sea dredging brings up from the dark and almost motionless abysses of the ocean a great deal of one or another kind of ooze, and with it a great deal of more or less microscopic matter which clearly once belonged to these plunging meteorites. A great many of them, of course, also hit the solid land; and these unlike the rest, are apt to be heard from. But it is a very rare occurrence that a house or a human being is crushed by these visitors from regions outside the earth. This fact (like the other, that gives most of them to the sea), is in harmony with the law of mathematical chances; for only a relatively small area of the land of the globe is occupied by human habitations—and the sea is three times as large as the land.

Another interesting fact about these aerolites is that none of them reveal any element not before known on earth. They are made up of iron, nickel, cobalt, etc., but in proportions wholly unknown in any earthly mineral.—[Hartford Times.

### "Acting Congressman."

A new profession has been established in Washington. It is the profession of "acting congressman," and a large number of men are following it with, profit to themselves and, apparently, satisfaction to their employers. Whenever the house relaxes its rules so that members are not kept on hand by fear of arrest there is an exodus of representatives to their homes. These gentlemen can only be called back to the city by the mandate of the sergeant-at-arms, and they come complaining of the fate that makes them attend to their business. In their absence, however, their business is not altogether neglected. That is where the "acting representative" comes in.

While the congressman is at home looking after his personal interests his representative in the form of a secretary stays in Washington and looks after everything the member cares for, answers letters and in all ways is a representative pro tempore, except that he cannot vote or attend the meetings of committees. There are fully fifty men in congress who practically delegate their duties to a secretary, and who have seldom been seen at a committee meeting since the present congress met. They appear to consider that they should not be called upon to do any work except where their personal interests or the interests of their districts demand it. They draw their salaries, however, with the same regularity as those who attend congress and occupy their time daily with the consideration of public affairs.—[Washington News.

Paris has 78,600 steam engines, aggregating 5,350,000 horse power.

Russia has 180,000 blind persons within the limits of the Empire.

## EPISODE OF THE WAR.

### Mosby's "Greenback Raid," with Its Unexpected Capture of Currency.

Mr. Charles E. Grogan, of the Southern Society, was a lieutenant in Mosby's command during the war. It only requires a reference to the old guerrilla chief or to the famous raids in Loudoun county to remind Mr. Grogan of a story, and the story is always worth listening to. A few nights ago Mr. Grogan was asked by one of his friends:

"Did Mosby ever take any of the plunder that was captured in those raids?"

"No," he replied, promptly, "he never took a cent of it. I remember one occasion when we made a raid on a railroad train and captured \$150,000. The money was divided among the men, share and share alike, but Mosby did not take a cent of it. Perhaps you never heard the story." Of course no one had ever heard it in detail before, and Mr. Grogan, after reflecting to recall the incidents, told it as follows:

"This raid is known throughout the South as the 'greenback raid.' It was near Duffield station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, between Baltimore and Martinsburg. There were about sixty-five of us, with Mosby by himself in command. We took it into our heads to ditch a train, thinking that we'd find one full of Yankees going to the front. We hadn't the slightest idea what kind of luck we were going to have or what we would encounter.

"We selected a spot where the railroad ran between two steep banks. There were two tracks there, and we tore up one of them, I forget which. Presently a train came along on the other track and passed us. To take no more chances, we at once tore up the other track. Then we hid ourselves at the top of the embankment and waited.

"Presently a train came along—I think it was moving westward—and we all got up and watched it. When it came to the spot where the rails were torn the engine quietly turned over on her side and fell against the embankment. The whole thing was over in a few seconds without a bit of noise or fuss. Nobody was hurt except the fireman, who was killed, I believe. The cars all remained standing.

"Our men at once went through the cars and ordered everybody out. There were a great many immigrants on the train, and we had a hard time explaining to them to get out of the cars. We noticed two men who seemed to be rather anxious about their baggage. One had a tin box and the other a carpet-bag. We relieved the gentlemen of their burden, and to our great surprise we found the bag and the box full of greenbacks and Treasury notes. It turned out that the two men were paymasters going to the front with money for the army.

"When we got this money, Mosby put it in my charge, and told me to get across the river with it as fast as I could. Two men and myself immediately set out for Loudoun county with the money, and rode hard all night. I remember distinctly that one of the horses slipped, and the rider was thrown to the ground, scattering the greenbacks he carried right and left. I remember, too, that the other man and myself laughed while he picked up the money and teased him.

"The next morning Mosby and the others caught up with us, and we all stopped under a tree to divide the money. The money, I believe, amounted to about \$150,000. We weren't very enthusiastic about it, because we didn't know whether it was good for anything or not. The Treasury notes were fresh from the mint, and some of them bore coupons. The men called it money with tails to it. Mosby insisted on the money being divided equally among the men, but he did not take a cent.

"I do not remember how many prisoners we took. One of our men, J. Monroe Huskell, gave \$50 of his money to a Major whom we had captured. Some over-zealous guerrilla had relieved the Major of his overcoat, his pocket-book, and his small change.—[New York Sun.

### Royal Holders of Gotham Bonds.

It is generally known to the inhabitants of New York that the securities offered by the metropolis of North America at one time attracted the attention of old-world capitalists. Few, however, are aware that the bonds of the municipality are held by some of the aristocracy and crowned heads of Europe, who have also invested large sums in New York real estate.

The latter holdings are usually concealed under the name of some person or firm empowered by the real owner, as such ownership is prohibited by law. It is well-known, however, that Louis Napoleon, late Emperor of the French, when his throne became unstable, threw out an anchor to windward by placing large amounts here. The real estate then bought is still in the hands of Louis Napoleon's widow, the ex-Empress Eugenie.

Queen Victoria, too, has appreciated the advantage of New York as a field for investment, and no considerable portion of that royal income which the House of Commons periodically endeavors to reduce has been incorporated into handsome brownstone fronts on fashionable avenues, and lots of ground occupied by business structures on leasehold tenure. A leading banker of Wall street, conversant with foreign business of this description, estimates that probably one-eighth of the value of New York real estate is held by foreigners.—[New York Mail and Express.