# The Lorest Republican.

18 PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY J. E WENE.

OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

TERMS, 01.50 A YEAR.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

# The Forest Republican.

VOL. XIII. NO. 4. TIONESTA, PA., APRIL 14, 1880.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

A MYSTERIOUS BOX.

It Lies Unclaimed and Unopened in the

Treasury.

A Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes: In the vaults of the treasury department there is a

box which was placed there over thirty years ago for safe keeping. No one knows who it belongs to, or what is to be done with it. It has been the subject of several investigations by officers of the treasury department. On veri

of the treasury department. On various occasions resolutions have been in-

etc., as to its value and ownership. But

eral United States treasurers who have

found the box in their possession, when

taking charge of the office, have recom-

mended that the articles be sold at auction and the proceeds given to some charitable object or monument associa-

There are several stories told as to the

origin of the box. One is that the con-

tents were a present to President Andrew

Jackson from the Khedive of Egypt,

and were placed in the patent office, and afterward placed in the treasury for

"In answer to your resolution of the

articles are remnants of the objects of

an extensive robbery committed a num-

ber of years since at the patent office. They have been in the treasury vaults since 1851. I can see no reason for retaining them longer. They certainly subserve no good purpose in their present conditions and Longett College and Longett College

ent condition, and I respectfully recom-

mend that they be sold at auction and

the proceeds covered into the treasury. Respectfully, etc.,
HUGH McCulloch,
Secretary of the Treasury."

"Sik-In pursuance to your direction

endorsed upon an attested resolution

of the House of Representatives, passed

March 6, 1868, I have the honor to re-

port that the box in the vaults of the

treasury, sealed with the seal of the patent office, and marked "jewels,"

was opened by me in the presence of the

eashier. There was found therein a

Bottle said to contain attar of roses.

One gold plate-inside hinge of

The vial containing pearls and the

one containing the diamonds are both

sealed and were not opened. I should

judge that the pearls numbered from

200 to 300. They are pretty uniform in

size, being about as large as a small pea,

except two, which are quite large and

pearly formed. The diamonds are

small and about 100 in number. The

two lumps of gold, if of mint fineness-

and they seem to be-are worth some

what over \$800. The attar of roses is

probably worth twice as much. The

diamonds and pearls are, of course,

Very respectfully, F. E. SPINNER,

Treasurer of the United States.'

The box, of course, is of no earthly

use to any one. If the contents had

been sold and the proceeds placed on in

taken down once a year when the treas-

of the office. It is dusted, looked over

and placed back on the shelf awaiting

an owner. There is a chance for some

of Andrew Jackson's heirs to have an

act passed by Congress giving them a

The Life of a Western Editor.

Weekly contained, when printed full,

about twenty thousand ems, making forty thousand for the week,

which is the average printer's week's

work, without performing any other

labor. In addition to this week's work

at the case we have looked after the

chores of the office, made up the paper,

cut and wet down the paper, washed the

rollers, worked the press, put up the

bought, begged or stolen the firewood,

We have done our own cooking, and

lived on one meal and a cold lunch a

day, never getting a good square one ex-

cept when a chance half-dollar fell in

our way, and we would feel so rich that

we would rush up to the California ho-

tel. We have lived on boiled beef with

an occasional turnip, and not infrequently a boiled frozen potato and salt

for dessert. We would then change our diet to soda crackers and sweetened

so conducive to health as frequent

changes of diet. For the last week or

steeped in weak tea. What tobacco we

cannot beg we buy on credit. We have not been in bed or lain on a mattress

since last May .- Benton (Cal.) Ben-

chopped it with a borrowed axe.

mails and carried the paper.

title to its valuable contents.

following is a correct copy. to wit:

One vial containing diamonds.

One vial containing pearls.

snuff-box.

and four pearls.

quite valuable.

Two lumps of gold.

norandum in writing, of which the

Off the Coasts of Sleep. A land I know, atar, yet near, emote and dim, yet close and clear-A broad rich realm, by man untamed, Our very own, yet all unclaimed. Out from life's daily jar and fret It shines, in tranquil borders set; Upon its shores earth's burdens fall, And fancy takes the rein o'er all.

Dark closed the day; the twilight chill In deeper gloom wrapped field and hill; The augry winds howled loud and hoarse, And shook the walls with savage force; The air with snow and sleet was piled, For winter's bury gathered wild. Spent with his wrath, I stole away To greet a brighter, kindlier day.

Oh, so't upon that distant coast The flasting waters leaped and tossed; The white sails filled with haloyon air; Green were the woods hung pictured there; trange truitage there the sun dotn kiss; Lapt in those airs, 'tis rile with bliss; It subtle wine my pulses stirred, Like rhythmic music faintly heard.

On sunny slopes thick set with bloom The senses thrill with strong perfume; More vivid, yet more trail, those flowers Than any blown in mortal bowers; They nod, they bend, they glow, they move; They mimic human strite and love, As all things 'neath those far-off skies Do gaily mock our earthly eyes.

Freed from all trouble, pain and care, Our hearts burst into blossems there; Tongues are unloosened; the poet's fire Burns in each breast with new desire; On wondrous harmonies of song The golden hours are borne along. Till soul and sense, transfused, seem one In new-made forms of life begun. -D. H. R. Goodale, in Lippincolt.

## MERCY'S POSTMAN.

"You, Cassius, hath a lean and hungry look. What's up, Norris?"
"I m in for it, old fellow! Fancy
me flying round the streets in a gray
uniform with a leather bag on my back stuff-d with valentines."
"A modern Cupid! Is that what you

are coming to? That's your position in the postoffice department—is it? Are you going to take it?"

"Am I going to take bread and but-ter! Didn't you say that I had a lean and hungry look?"
"I said Cassius had; but it's all right.

ou won't wait till they settle up old Perchance's affairs?" "And in the meantime sweetly starve? No, thank you, I'm too sub-

stantial a Capid to live on dewdrops Blame the bald old eagle! Why couldn't he leave things straighter?" "Who? Old Perchance? It wasn't in him; he even walked like a crab. What irreverence toward your late re-

spected uncle. He was a very bald old party, though. Ye dying or parting Don't, don't, Con, I beg. I don't feel incular. And you are off to-mor-

"Yes. It's hard times for you; but wouldn't worry. On the whole, I should rather enjoy it. You ought to certainly, as you sentimentalize over everything. The love-secrets you will ferret out—the family histories you will make up! I wish I could be here!"

"All the worse for me that you can't be. I don't fancy mooning here by my-self evenings. I shall make calls self evenings. enough during the day to stay at home

"My dear boy, don' get blue. It will only be for a time. If you weren't so deuced proud, I'd make you go home with me"

'We settled that, you know. I'll walk in on you some day yet." "I hope so. My pipe's out. Let's woo the coy goddess, or, in plain Eng-lish, let's go to bed."

Only one of the every-day partings— a hand-clasp, a "Good-by, old boy.' The train moves rapidly off, and Norris Farnsworth turned away alone.

"I am glad I've got to 'go to work," he thought; "for I certainly shall miss

It was a new experience for a man who had always done exactly as he leased, who had walked clear of thickets and brambles, in this thorny way through life. Albeit, he felt a wholesome pride, as he started on his route that spring morning—more of a

man in his independence. The gardens were all green in front of the houses that first day-dandelions plentitully spotting the grass; the lilacbushessending out sweets by the wholesale; spring trade briskly started among the flower-beds, where the buds were bursting from their wrappings, showing the striped, spotted and mottled goods in all the spring shades for the

ees and butterflies to admire. Norris rang furiously at the doors with a sort of feeling that it was incumbent upon him in his capacity as postman to make as much noise as possible and he did it as a matter of principle, wishing all the time that Con Converse

could see him. It mattered little whether it was Biddy washing off the steps, who, wip ing her hands on her apron, took the letter delicately between thumb and finger, or madam, or madam's daughter herself, until, standing with his back to the door, and eyes fixed on a bed of crocuses, hyacinths and tulips in one of the gardens, he heard a little amused laugh, and, turning quickly, came to his senses to see a fair girl waiting for the letter he held in his

with a murmured "Beg pardon," and a little feeling of embarrassment at his inattention, he rushed down the steps procipitately, and directly against a

It took him several minutes to collect

It took him several minutes to collect his scattered senses, as well as his scattered letters, not feeling certain but what he was still being regarded by a pair of brown eyes; he did not stop to see, but was rather more attentive for the rest of the day.

"A blind cupid, sure enough," he thought. "Blame the girl! If it had been a servant, I wouldn't have cared."

In a few days there was another letter for the same house, and the preternatural solemnity with which he handed it in, without raising his eyes, certainly did amuse the young lady who took it.

It got to be interesting finally, when there was a letter twice a week addressed to "Miss Mercy Hoyt," in the same handwriting, and he was semetimes asked to mail one bearing the superscription of "S. Welles Kendrick," and when he was always met by the same brightfaced girl, sometimes watching for him at the years door. faced girl, sometimes watching for him

at the very door.

It was a quiet, blossomy place, and he liked it better than most others, despite his first awkward adventure. He even made up a romance about the two-the girl and the absent man-just as Con had predicted, only he did not tell

Poor fellow! he was very lonely those days, and was too proud to seek his accustomed society; and it is not to be wondered at that he would stand and read over the name Mercy Hoyt, and feel as it he knew the girl who met him twice a week with such a happy face.

As if for having laughed at him at first, she gave him a rose one day, when she saw him stop to smell one—only a common rose, but the foolish fellow coveted no other; and when the slant rays of the sun icll on a royal jacqui-minot that the too full hands of a little child had dropped on his pathway, he left it lying there, feeling almost jealous for his own, then well-nigh faded.

He asked for a glass of water one day, hoping she would bring it herself, as she did; but the next time her letter came he found himself wondering why she must have it, and if it would make any difference to him if she did not.

Then the summer went, and for three weeks he delivered no letter bearing the familiar address; then one with a black border, and in a strange hand Norris believed he knew all about it, and was not surprised that he missed the girl's face at the door, and the letters ceased altogether. He knew then what a hold she had taken on him, and in his sorrow for her grief, as he pictured it, and partly because he wanted the excuse, he sent her flowers, and sometimes books, through the mail; he wouldn't have done it if Con had been there to laugh at his sentimentality. This went on all winter. Then Con wrote:

"DEAR CUPID-Are your wings all flow about the valentines? Giad to hear old Perchance knew what look so much alike." he was about. I'll bet you bought cigars and a new meerschaum, first thing. When are we to see you? Fling your mailbag at your fortunate successor's head and come right on. The guest-chamber is prepared for you, so Yours,

"I'll have to go," thought Norris, but I vow I don't want to. Who would believe I'd live to say that? I'll take a day off, and think about it." So he did, and came to the conclusion he would be Mercy's postman a while

But the first day the latch of her gate clicked behind him, he stopped dumbfounded; for although the sparrows were busy in the vines, and a gray cat dozed on a porch in the sunshine, the house was empty, and "For sale" stared him in the face. He turned away, feel-ing as King Midas must have done when the rose, turning to gold in his hand, lost its perfume.

"That settles it," he thought; "I'll go to Con." But first he tried to find Mercy's address, but was told all letters were to be sent to a certain P. O. box. Con met him with open arms.

Thought you were never coming. Hollo! shaved off your beard? Quite an improvement. What's new? How's the U. S. M.? Awfully glad you are out of it. You must have had a fearfully stupid time all winter.' "Not so very," said Norris. "What have you been doing?"

Con launched forth into a series of acounts until they reached the house. The next morning the two sat smoking on the porch. The horse-chestnuts were opening little green parasols over the primroses, lest they should get sun-burnt, I suppose; a busy little wren

was building her nest in the honey-Con was doing most of the talking, and Norris sat back taking in his surroundings. Finally he became absorbed in watching the movements of a straw hat in the adjoining garden; occasionally it would make its appearance above the tence-sometimes a side view, and he would catch a glimpse of brown hair under it; then a front view less fortu-nate, the least tip of a chin only being visible, and he could not decide if the owner were young or old, pretty or not.

It was getting decidedly interesting. when a hand appeared taking hold of the fence, and, rising from her stooping position, the wearer of the hat stood up. Norris sprang to his feet, ejaculating, much to Con's astonish-By Jove!" ment, who had been puffing away

silently for some moments. "Norris, my dear boy, would you mind telling me what is the matter?" he asked, mildly.

"I only burnt myself with the end of my cigar." he answered. "Let's take a walk. I'll swear it was Mercy," he said, under his breath, and was so silent all the morning that Con began to be

"I'll tell you what," he said, "you've moped so long that you can't get out of the habit. We must do something wild and bold and giddy to rouse you up."

so that she wondered at him.

"I say," said Con, when they came away, "they're not a bit alike."

"I know it," said Norris; "there's

up."
"All right," said Norris. "I'm your

"There's a picnic somewhere to-day.
What do you say to that?"
"Flavors of spiders, ants, mashed

large tree that grew close by, but not in | pies and showers. I'm not bold enough nor giddy enough either, for such an

" Let's take a drive."

"Too hot."
"Oh, bother!" said Con. "No, it isn't. You're too lazy. "I'll take you to see some girls. How does that strike

Norris was silent a moment. "Who?" said he.

"Aho!" eried Con. "That's it, is it? I didn't think you were up to that sort of thing. It's more in my line, you know. Well, we'll go on the warpath know. Well, this afternoon.

Norris quietly acquiesced, hoping thereby to meet his vision of the morn-ing; but no such luck, and he was so abstracted as to drive Con to the verge

"I declare," he said, "I don't know what is the matter with you. You're not half up to the mark."

"Don't mind me," replied Norris.
"I'll thaw out after a while," ashamed to confess what was the matter. The next morning brought another glimpse of the straw hat, and Norris asked, with lazy indifference, looking into the next garden:

"Who's your neighbor, Con?"
"Who — that? Francie Randall —
hasn't been here very long; her grandtather lives there." 'Know her?"

"Yes; used to play with her when we were children. Haven't seen much of her since she came back, though. We'll go there, if you like, shall we?"
"I don't care if we do," said Norris, anxious to find if the nearer view would

dispel the fancied likeness. But it did not, and, during their call, he was driven wild by his conjectures. She was so like-the same expression, the same lit-

"I tell you," he said to Con, after they left, "I've seen Miss Randall be-

"Very likely," replied Con; "she has been staying with her aunt in the city, and has not been back long."
They walked on in silence for a while.
"Do you know where her aunt lives?"
Norris asked, at length.
"No; I had the address, but have forgatten it. I ought to have gone there."

forgotten it. I ought to have gone there, but I didn't. I had not seen Frannie since her father died, you know; that was some years ago. Now that she has come back to her grandfather's, I have felt a little ashamed of my remissness; but it seems to me you are amazingly interested, all at once." terested, all at once.

Norris said nothing for a few moments, then he told part of his story, much to Con's amusement. "It isn't the same girl, of course," said he, "she couldn't have two names, you know, and I know this one's. You're a little daft, I reckon."

"Maybe I am." said Norris, sighing, for I don't believe two persons could

However, he followed up his first call vigorously, and received a lot of chaffing from Con, on account of the sundry excuses he made to go down street, instead of up, and the persistency with which he regularly walked round by the fence, instead of directly by the gate. "I'm an idiot!" he said, one day.

"Just found it out?" replied Con. "When I came on here," he went on, without noticing the interruption, was absorbed in my dream of Mercy Hoyt. I was wild about her. Now I am just as wild about Frannie Randall just because she looks like Mercy. Now, I don't know which girl I care for.'

"Pshaw!" said Con. "iet the other girl go. She wouldn't know you if she saw you, and you don't know but what she is married by this time.

Norris reflected a moment.
"I reckon you're right," said he;
and yet when I think of giving up ever seeing her again, I can't do it.
"Bosh!" said Con. "There' "There's no sense in that, you know. You might live for ever and never come across her, and then there's Frannie." "True," said Norris, thoughtfully, taking up his hat.

"You're off, are you?" said Con. " wish you joy. He soon returned with a horror-

stricken face. "Con," said he, "did you ever hear of such a thing?" She says her cousin,

Mercy Hoyt, is coming on."
"The plot thickens!" cried Con What in thunder will you do? I'll have to take one. I never saw the cousin, or heard of her; but if you like, I'll do the agreeable.'

No," said Norris. "All right. I won't. I'll devote myself to Miss Fran. No," said Norris, again.

"You Turk!-you dog in a manger!" cried Con. "Am I to have no chance? You see, old boy, you can't have both, so make up your mind and I'm your slave. That accounts for the likeness, doesn't it? It's too absurd, though. What fun to watch it. I'm glad I'm not in your shoes." "Ifdeclare," said Norris, "I feel as it

I were going to see a ghost, or as see might feel seeing a face in mirror look-ing over his shoulder, and, turning round, find it gone. Could it be possible to see the real face and shadowy reflection both at once?"

"There you go," said Con. been expecting some such outburst. Anything more? Fire away, old fel-

"Feel shaky?" said he, several hours later, as Norris was about to leave the "I'll go with you. I want to see this act. "Come on, then," replied Norris,

nervously.

In the dim light one could not see very plainly, and it was some moments before Norris, sitting by Frannie's side, dared to look at Miss Hoyt. Then he turned to Frannie in a sort of ecstasy,

a mystery somewhere, but I don't know what it is yet." Well," sai

Norris stood by the fence next morning, Miss Frannie, trowei in hand, on the other side. There was a feeling of expectancy in the heart of each as one catches bits of moonlight through the trees before the moon rises ab ove, and shines out full.

Presently Frannie stooped down and picked a dandelion that had gone to seed, and commenced puffing away the "Give it to me," said Norris; "it reminds me of something. Do you remember how the south wind loved the

dandelion, and, when he came to look for it, he found it blown away?"

"Yes," said she, "I remember."

"That is what I have done," said he "I don't know whether I have found it again or not. If I have, it is called by another ware." troduced in Congress making inquiries, no satisfactory conclusion has even been had as to its true history. Its contents are worth perhaps \$2,000 or \$3,000. The box remains in the treasury vaults, tightly sealed and covered with dust. No one can touch it unless Congress passes a resolution to that effect. Sev-

nother name. Frannie looked at him questioningly, and then he told her of his having been and then he told her of his having been a postman, of Mercy Hoyt. Here she looked utterly amazed. But he did not stop, and went on to tell of his toolish love—that he only dared own to him-self when he believed her desolate by her lover's loss—and how he had sent her flowers and walked by the house to hear her sing; how he followed up the dream until he saw herself, and how he

She did not say anything for a mo-ment, and seemed divided between laughter and tears; however, the laughter had its way, and her merriment brought both Con and Mercy from their safe keeping. Another and probably a more correct history of the box is found in a report made by Secretary McCulloch in answer to a resolution of the House of Representatives. His letter is dated March 10, 1858, and he says:

places.

"What's the row?" asked Con.

"I must tell," said Frannie, looking at Norris, who shook his head. But she went on. "Mercy," said she, "you must thank Mr. Farnsworth for all levely flowers and mysterious

"In answer to your resolution of the 6th inst., inquiring as to the contents of a certain box in the vaults of the treasury, sealed with the seal of the patent office and marked "jewels," an examination has been made by the treasurer and a copy of his report is herewith submitted. It is understood that the articles are represented. books that were sent you last winter."

"Please," said Norris, pleadingly.

"Well, I won't," said she, "but it's
so. Say 'thank you,' Mercy."

Con, seeing Norris' embarrassment, leaped over the fence directly among the carefully tended plants, and made profuse apologies over the mischief he had done, but gained his point by welking.

done, but gained his point by walking off with Mercy.
"I don't understand," said Norris,

presently.

"I do," answered Frannie. "Mercy and I were both making Auntie Randall a visit. Early in the spring Mercy fell on the ice and hurt herself, so that she could not walk for some months. She is engaged to Mr. Kendrick, who, by the way asn't dead a hit hat returned to the way, isn't dead a bit, but returned to the city about the time you thought so. I, having no love affair of my own, naturally took a great interest in hers, and was her messenger. Indeed, I think I was almost as glad as she when the let-

"If you hadn't looked so glad, I wouldn't have made such a mistake,' said Norris.

"I am very "that I looked so. I'll never do it "Never look glad?" said Norris

Please look so now, and tell me if I have found the flower I lost.' "Didn't I give you a rose once?" she answered; but her glad eyes told the

"What a pair of fools we were!" said Con, when it was explained to him. We might have thought of that's being "Why should we?" said Norris. "I

don't care now." "It is so ridiculous," said Con, "to think of your wasted sentiment over the

wrong name. "It wasn't the wrong girl, though," returned Norris.

## Words of Wisdom.

Truth is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line. In the assurance of strength there is strength. The strongest are weak with-

out confidence. He who despises praise will not be likely to practice the virtues that would entitle him to it.

Many a sweet - fashioned mouth is made hideous by the fiery and untamed tongue within it. Memory is not so brilliant as hope:

almost as beautiful, and a thousand times as true. In some apparently amiable natures there are unsuspected and unfathom-

able depths of resentment. Melanthon said: Trouble and perplexity drive me to prayer-and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.

The mind of youth cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will gather elsewhere that which is evil. There is no time in a man's life when

he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of his position, and makes the best of it,

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

An Astonished Chinaman. In some parts of Queensland wild pigs are very numerous. I have never heard of them being ridden down and speared as in India, writes a traveler, but I am certain that very good sport might be obtained. I heard the other day a story of a man on the Warrega river mustering about two hundred wild grunters into a stake sheepyard, and selling them to a Chinese storekeeper for cash down. The price asked was a low one, and 'Johnny" was so delighted with his imaginary bargain that he did not ask | water for a few days. There is nothing many questions; and, of course, the vender omitted to mention that the pigs were wild. On the day appointed for two we have been gourmandizing on ba-delivery, "Johnny" came, accompanied con and beans straight, with crackers by two of his countrymen, to fetch them, paid down his money, and opened "Well," said Con, "you're slow the yard, when to his horror, away the about it. I'd have found it out long pigs rushed to the scrub, and "Johnny" saw them no more.

## Rates of Advertising.

					TO 8 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10			
One 3q	Hare ()	incl	i, one	11190	erttor	n 🕾	81	
OneSq	URTO	. 35	one	mo	nth		- 3	110
One Sq		55			onth			
One Sq		41	one	yea	11 -		10	00
Two S	luares.	one	year		-		15	10
Quarte	r Col.	-8.6			16	-	30	Off
Half	- 11	. 64	-				50	00
One	- (1	11			- 14	E 3	00	60

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

## In a Time of Trouble. As an eagle from the height, Looking down upon the lands,

On forests black as night, Fair fields and desert sands, Sees the traveler below Losing heart, as league on league,

No end to his fatigue ; So faith amid her tears, Beholding far beneath The bright or gloomy bars

Long wilderness show

In the web of life and death; Sees weary hearts that deem The dark breadth is the whole, Sees happy hearts that dream

The bright rays all their Loal. Oh! let this faith be ours-That even 'mid the pain, Above the present towers, And sees the nearing gain;

While breadth by breadth, appears, As from the weaver's hand, The pattern of the years Which God himself has planned.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The first iron steamship was built in

Gold was discovered in California in

Why is the letter D like a sailor? Because it follows the C.

The first almanac was printed by George Von Purbach in 1460.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was per-formed by the hand spinning-wheel. The first steam engine on this coninent was brought from England in

Ships are frequently on speaking terms, and they lie to.—Boston Tran-It is odd, and sometimes melancholy, to see a man trying to "make up his mind" when he has no material on hand

to work with. The difference between a sailor and a pugilist is, that one is lasted to the mast and the other mashed to the last, or ought to be .- Oil City Derrick.

In round numbers 12,000,000, or onethird of the French people, live in cities and towns. In the United States the proportion is one-fifth, and is rapidly in-

The first sovereign who adopted the phrase, "In the year of our Lord," was Charles III., Emperor of Germany, 879. It is now the accepted mode of designating the year in all Christian countries.

The Smithsonian institute has sent a commission to the Pacific coast to make a complete collection of all the fish found in the sea, lakes and rivers of California and the neighboring States and Terri-

One paper containing a gold orna-There are 60,000 locomotives in the ment and a silk tassel belonging to a United States, and each contains 2,800 different pieces, requiring renewal every A paper containing thirteen diamonds ten or twelve years. This conveys a notion of the industries which railroads

> The reduction in the aggregate deposits in the Irish savings banks during the last three years amounts to \$18,290, 000. In the three years of distress, 1860-1-2, the reduction was \$15,375.000, and in 1847-8 the decrease was \$19,725,-

> A Middleburg, Pa., mouse tunneled an ear of corn, built her nest in it, and was living on the grain outside. The ear was eight and one-half inches in length and nine and one-half inches in circumference, and it contained 1,600 grains of corn.

### A Plan to Make New York a Fresh Water Port.

James Cochrane, "formerly of the United States navy," gravely proposes to convert New York harbor into a mill terest, their value would have more than doubled itself by this time. It is pond, for the benefit of commerce and the improvement of public health. In the first place, he would build at the ury officials are making an examination Narrows, and at Throgg's neck, on the sound, artificial dams with locks, which would shut out the ocean tides and convert the bay and the water communicating therewith into a many-armed fresh-water lake, with a level five or six feet above the present level of the water at high tide. Among the benefits promised by the

The vast area of flats along the Jersey We have collected \$55.50 cash during shores would be permanently flooded, the past six months, and lived on that putting an end to their malarious ex-We have given from fourteen to sixteen hours' labor every day, in-cluding Sunday, each week we have printed the Bentonian. The Semivalations The depth of water could be regulated.

change are these:

and would be uniform, thus saving that portion of the large expense involved in handling freight at the wharves, due to rising and falling tides. The danger and cost of ferry bridges would be obvlated, with much of the

difficulty and danger now attending the navigation of ferryboats. The water of the port would be fresh, and fatal to barnacles and ship worms, making the port a desirable one for ship-

ping awaiting freight. The flow of the river would be steadily toward the sea, so that the tedious anchor watch might be dispensed with. The surplus water could be used as

the source of mechanical power. The aggregate saving promised for the olan proposed amounts to millions of dollars every year, and millions of lives in time not stated. But the greatest penefit is modestly withheld. In comparatively few years the vast areas of waste water from Newark bay to Throgg's neck would be filled up by river silt, and under proper cultivation would furnish all the garden truck required by the surrounding cities. The value of such reclaimed land would be enormous; while the narrow channels that would carry off the inflowing fresh water would probably be ample for the needs of all the commerce that would seek New York as an 'nland port .-Scientific American.