D. W. MOORE,
A. J. HEMPHILL, } *Editors & Prop'trs.*

THE COUNTRY DOLLAR,
A Weekly Paper, will be published at the following low

Rates:

1 YEAR IN ADVANCE		$1 00
1 YEAR IN 3 MONTHS		1 25
1 YEAR IN 6	DO	1 50
1 YEAR IN 9	DO	1 75
1 YEAR IN 12	DO	2 00

☞ *No paper will be sent to those who pay in advance after the expiration of the time paid for.*

☞ *All letters on business connected with the office, to receive attention, must be post paid.*

THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Volume I. **Clearfield, Pa., August 24, 1849.** **Number 9.**

PRICES OF ADVERTISING:

1	*square of 15 lines, or less, 1 insertion,*		$0
1	*do*	*do do 3 do*	1
		Each subsequent insertion,	0
1	*do*	*3 months*	2
1	*do*	*6 months*	3
1	*do*	*12 months*	5
2	*do*	*3 months*	5
2	*do*	*6 months*	7
2	*do*	*12 months*	10
3	*do*	*3 months*	6
3	*do*	*6 months*	9 00
3	*do*	*12 months*	12 00
5	*do*	*or half a column, 6 months*	12 00
5	*do*	*or half a column, 12 months*	20 00
10	*do*	*or one column, 6 months*	20 00
10	*do*	*or one column, 12 months*	30 00

Books, Jobs and Blanks

Of every description, printed in the very best style, and on the shortest notice, at the COUNTRY DOLLAR Office.

Mary Brand's Rescue;

Or, a Love of fifteen years rewarded.

A TALE OF THE FAR WEST.

Among the Mormons when they emigrated fram Nauvoo, was an old man, named Brand, from Shelby county, State of Tennessee, with a family of a daughter and two sons, the latter with their wives and children. Brand was a wiry old fellow; nearly seventy years of age, but still strong, and wielded axe or rifle better than many a young man! If truth be told, he was not a very red hot Mormon, and had joined them as much for the sake of company to California, whither he had long resolved to emigrate, as for any implicit credence in the faith. His sons were strapping fellows, of the sterling stuff that the Western pioneers were made of; his daughter Mary, a fine woman of thirty, for whose state of single blessedness there must doubtless have been sufficient reason; for she was not only remarkably handsome, but was well known in Shelby to be the best tempered and most industrious young woman in those diggings. She was known to have received several advantageous offers, all of which she had refused; and report said that it was from having been disappointed in very early life in an *affaire du cœur*, at an age when such wounds sometimes strike strong and deep, leaving a scar difficult to heal. Neither his daughter, nor any of his family, had been converted to the Mormon doctrine, but had ever kept themselves aloof, and refused to join or associate with them; and, for this reason, the family had been very unpopular with the Mormon families on the Arkansas; and hence, probably, one great reason why they now started on their journey.

One fine sunny evening in April of 1847, when the cotton woods on the banks of the Arkansas began to put forth their buds, and robins and blue-birds—harbingers of Spring—were hopping, with gaudy plumage through the thickets, three white tilted Conestoga wagons emerged from the timbered bottom of the river, and rumbled slowly over the prairie, in the direction of the Platte's waters. Each wagon was drawn by eight oxen, and contained a portion of the farming implements and household utensils of the Brand family. The teams were driven by the young boys, the men followed in the rear with shouldered rifles—old Brand himself mounted on an Indian horse, leading the advance. The women were safely housed under the shelter of the wagon tilts, and out of the first mild face of Mary Brand smiled adieu to many of her old companions, who had accompanied them thus far, and now wished them God-speed on their long journey.

The women were sadly down-hearted, as well they might be, with the dreary prospect before them; and poor Mary, when she saw the Mormon encampment shut out from her sight by the rolling bluffs, and nothing before her but the bleak, barren prairie, could not divest herself of the idea that she had looked for the last time on civilized fellow-creatures, and fairly burst into tears.

They had for a guide a Canadian voyageur, who had been in the service of the Indian traders, and knew the route well, and had agreed to pilot them to Fort Lancaster on the north fork of the Platte.—Their course led for about thirty miles up the Boiling Spring river, whence they pursued a north-easterly course to the dividing ridge which separates the waters of the Platte and Arkansas. Their progress was slow, for the ground was saturated with wet, and exceedingly heavy for the cattle, and they scarcely advanced more than ten miles a day.

At the camp fire at night, Antonie, the Canadian guide, amused them with tales of the wild life and perilous adventures of the hunters and trappers who make the mountains their home; often extorting a scream from the women by the description of some scene of Indian fight and slaughter, or beguiling them of a commiserating tear by the narrative of the sufferings and privations endured by those hardy hunters in their arduous lives.

Mary listened with the greater interest, since she remembered that such was the life that had been led by one very dear to her—by one, long supposed to be dead, of whom she had never but once, since his departure, nearly fifteen years before, heard a syllable. Her imagination pictured him as the bravest and most daring of these adventurous hunters, and conjured up his figure charging through the midst of whooping savages, or stretched on the ground perishing from wounds, or cold, or famine.

Among the characters who figured in Antonie's stories, a hunter named La Bonte was made conspicuous for deeds of hardiness and daring. The first mention of the name caused the blood to rush to Mary's face; not that she for a moment imagined that it was her La Bonte, for she knew the name was a common one; but associated with feelings which she had never got the better of, it recalled a sad epoch in her former life, to which she could not look back without mingled pain and pleasure.

Once only, and about two years after his departure, had she ever received tidings of her former lover. A mountaineer had returned from the far west to settle in his native State, and had found his way to the neighborhood of old Brand's farm. Meeting him by accident, Mary, hearing him speak of the mountain hunters, had inquired tremblingly after La Bonte. Her informant knew him well—had trapped in company with him—and had heard at the trading fort, whence he had taken his departure for the settlements, that La Bonte had been killed on the Yellow Stone by Blackfeet; which report was confirmed by some Indians of that nation. This was all she had ever learned of the lover of her youth.

As the wagons of the lone caravan roll on toward the Platte, we must ask the reader to accompany us to a camp in the wilderness, where La Bonte, Killbuck, and a stranger, were sitting before a fire;—Killbuch loquitur:

"The doins' of them Mormon fools can't be beat by Spaniards, strangers. Their mummums and thummums you speak of won't shine whar Injuns are about; nor pint out a trail, whar nothin' crossed but rattle snakes since fust it snowed on old Pike's Peak. If they pack along them *profits*, as you tell of, who can make it rain humpribs and marrow guts when the crowd gets out of the Buffalo range, they are some now, that's a fact. But this child won't believe it. I'd laugh to get a sight on these darned Mormonites, I would.—They're no account, I guess; and it's the meanest kind of action to haul their women critters and their young 'uns to sech a starving country as the Californys."

"They are not all Mormons in the crowd," said the strange hunter; "and there's one family among them with some smartish boys and girls, I tell you. Their name's Brand."

La Bonte looked up from the lock of his rifle, which he was cleaning—but either didn't hear, or hearing, didn't heed, for he continued his work.

"And they are going to part company," continued the stranger, "and put out alone for Platte and South Pass."

"They'll loose their hair, I'm thinking," said Killbuck, "if the Rapahos are out thar."

"I hope not," continued the other, "for there's a girl among them worth more than that."

"Poor Beaver!" said La Bonte, looking up from his work. "I'd hate to see any white gal in the hands of Injuns; and of Rapahos worse than all. Where does she come from, stranger?"

"Down below St. Louis, from Tennessee, I've heard them say."

"Tennessee," cried La Bonte—"hurrah for the old State! What's her name, stran—"

At this moment Killbuck's old mule pricked her ears and snuffed the air, which action catching La Bonte's eye, he arose abruptly, without waiting a reply to his question, and exclaimed,

"The old mule smells Injuns or I'm a Spaniard."

The hunter did the mule justice, and she well maintained her reputation as the best "guard" in the mountains, for in two minutes an Indian stalked into the camp, dressed in a cloth capote, and in odds and ends of civilized attire.

"Rapaho," cried Killbuck, as soon as he saw him; and the Indian catching the word, struck his hand upon his breast, and exclaimed in broken Spanish and English mixed,

"Si, si, me Arapaho, white man amigo. Come to camp—eat heap *carne*—me amigo white man. Come from Pueblo—hunt cibola—me gun breafi—no puedo matur nada; mucha hambra (very hungry) heap eat."

Killbuck offered his pipe to the Indian, and spoke to him in his own language, which both he and La Bonte well understood. They learned that he was married to a Mexican woman and lived with some hunters at the Pueblo fork on the Arkansas. He volunteered the information that a war party of his people were out on the Platte trail to intercept the Indian traders on their return from the North Fork; and as some Mormons had just started with three wagons in that direction, he said his people would make a raise. Being muy amigo himself to the whites, he cautioned his present companions from crossing to the divide, as the braves, he said, were big and nothing in shape of a white skin would live before them.

The Indian was provided with some powder, of which he stood in need; and after gorging as much meat as his capacious stomach would hold, he left the camp and started into the mountain.

The next day our hunters started on their journey down the river, travelling leisurely, and stopping wherever good grass presented itself. One morning they suddenly struck a wheel trail, which left the creek banks and pursued a course at right angles to it, in the direction of the divide. Killbuck pronounced it but a few hours' old, and that of three wagons drawn by oxen.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, "if them poor devils of Mormonites ain't going head first into the Rapaho trap: They'll be 'gone beaver' afore long."

"Ay," said the strange hunter, "these are the wagons belonging to old Brand, and he has started alone for Laramie. I hope nothing will happen to them."

"Brand!" muttered La Bonte, "I knowed that name mighty well once, years agone; and should hate the worst kind that mischief should happen to any one who bore it. This trail's as fresh as paint; and it goes against me to let these simple critters help the Rapahos to their own hair. This child feels like helping 'em out of the scrape. What do you say, old hos?"

"I think with you, boy," answered Killbuck, "and go in for following this wagon trail, and telling the poor critters that thar's danger ahead of 'em. What's your talk, stranger?"

"I go with you," shortly answered the latter; and both followed quickly after La Bonte, who was already trotting smartly on the trail.

Meanwhile the three wagons, containing the household goods of the Brand family, rumbled slowly over the rolling prairie, and toward the upland ridge of the "divide," which, studded with dwarf pine and cedar thicket, rose gradually before them. They travelled with considerable caution, for already the quick eye of Antoine had discovered recent Indian signs upon the trail, and with mountain quickness, had at once made it out to be that of a war party; for there were no horses with them, and, after one or two of the moccasin tracks, the mark of a rope which trailed upon the ground was sufficient to show him that the Indians were provided with the usual lasso of skin, with which to secure the horses stolen in the expedition.—The men of the party were consequently all mounted and thoroughly armed, the wagons moved in a line abreast, and a sharp look out was kept on all sides. The women and children were all consigned to the interior of the wagons; and the latter had also guns in readiness, to take their part in the defence, if an attack was made.

However, they had seen no Indians, and no fresh sign for two days after they left the Boiling Spring River, and they began to think they were well out of their neighborhood. One evening they camped on a creek called Black Horse, and, as usual, had corralled the wagons, and forted as well as circumstances would permit, when three or four Indians suddenly appeared on a bluff at a little distance, and making signals of peaceable intentions, approached the camp. Most of the men were absent at the time, attending to the cattle, or collecting fuel, and only old Brand and one of his young grandchildren, about fourteen years old, remained in camp. The Indians were hospitably received, and regaled with a smoke, after which they began to evince their curiosity by examining every article about, and signifying their wishes that it should be given to them.

The other whites presently coming into camp, the Indians sat quietly down by the fire, and when the supper was ready, joined in the repast, after which they gathered their buffalo robes about them, and quietly withdrew. Meanwhile Antoine, knowing the treacherous character of the savages, advised that the greatest precaution should be taken to secure the stock; and before dark, therefore, all the mules and horses were hobbled and secured within the corral, the oxen being allowed to feed at liberty—for the Indians scarcely care to trouble themselves with such cattle. A guard was also set around the camp, and relieved every two hours; the fire was extinguished, lest the savages should aim, by its light, at any of the party, and all slept with rifles ready at their sides. However, the night passed quietly, and nothing disturbed the tranquility of the camp.—The prairie wolves loped hungrily around, and their mournful cry was borne upon the wind as they chased deer and antelope in the neighboring plain; but not a sign of lurking Indians were seen or heard.

In the morning, shortly after sunrise, they were in the act of yoking the oxen to the wagons, and driving in the loose animals which had been turned out to feed at day break, when some Indians again appeared upon the bluff, and, descending it, confidently approached the camp. Antoine strongly advised their not being allowed to enter; but Brand, ignorant of Indian treachery, replied that, so long as they came as friends, they could not be deemed enemies, and allowed no obstruction to be offered to their approach. It was now observed that they were all painted, armed with bows and arrows, and divested of their buffalo robes, appearing naked to the breech-clout, their legs only being protected by deer-skin leggings, reaching to the middle of the thigh. Six or seven first arrived, and others quickly followed, dropping in one after the other, until a score or more were collected round the wagons. Their demeanor, at first friendly, soon changed as their numbers increased, and they now became urgent in their demands for powder and lead, and bullying in their manner. A chief accosted Brand, and through Antoine, informed him "that unless the demands of his braves were acceded to, he could not be responsible for the consequences; that they were on the 'war trail,' and their eyes were red with blood, so they could not distinguish between white and Yuta scalps; and the party, with all their women and wagons, were in the power of the Indian 'braves,' and therefore the white chief's best plan was to make the best terms he could; that all they required was that they should give up their guns and ammunition "on the prairie," and all their mules and horses—retaining the 'medicine' buffaloes, (the oxen,) to draw their wagons.

By this time the oxen were yoked, and the teamsters whip in hand, only waited the word to start. Old Brand foamed while the Indian stated his demands, but hearing him to the end, exclaimed—"Darn the red devil! I wouldn't give him a grain of powder to save my life. But out boys!"—and turning to his horse, which stood ready saddled, was about to mount, when the Indians sprang at once upon the wagons, & commenced their attack, yelling like fiends.

One jumped upon old Brand, pulled him back as he was rising in his stirrup, and drew his bow upon him at the same moment. In an instant the old backwoodsman pulled a pistol from his belt, and putting the muzzle to the Indian's heart, shot him dead. Another Indian, drawing his war club, laid the old man at his feet; while some dragged the women from the wagons, and others rushed upon the men, who made brave fight in their defence.—Mary, when she saw her father struck to the ground, sprang with a shrill cry to his assistance; for at that moment a savage, frightful as red paint could make him, was standing over his prostrate body, brandishing a glittering knife in the air, preparatory to thrusting it into the old man's breast. For the rest, all was confusion: in vain the small party of whites struggled against overpowering numbers. Their rifles cracked but once, and they were quickly disarmed; while the shrieks of women and children, and the loud yells of Indians, added to the scenes of horror and confusion. As Mary flew to her fathers side, an Indian threw his lasso at her, the noose falling over her shoulders, and jerking it tight, he uttered a delighted yell as the poor girl was thrown back violently to the ground. As she fell, another deliberately shot an arrow at her body, while the one who had thrown the lasso, rushed forward, his scalp knife flashing in his hand, to seize the bloody trophy of his savage deed. The girl rose to her knees, and looked wildly toward the spot where her father lay bathed in blood; but the Indian pulled the rope violently, dragged her some yards upon the ground, and then rushed with a yell of vengeance upon his victim. He paused, however, as at that moment a fierce shout sounded at his very ear; and looking up, he saw La Bonte galloping down the bluff, the long hair and the fringes of his hunting shirt and leggings flying in the wind, his right arm supporting his trusty rifle, while close behind him came Killbuck and the stranger. Dashing with loud hurrahs to the scene of action, La Bonte, as he charged down the bluff, caught sight of the girl struggling in the hands of the ferocious Indian. Loud was the war shout of the mountaineer, as he struck his heavy spurs to the rowels in his horse's side, and bound like lightning to the rescue. In a single stride he was upon the Indian, and thrusting the muzzle of his rifle into his breast, he pulled the trigger, driving the savage backward by the blow itself, at the same moment that the bullet passed through his heart, and tumbled over stone dead. Throwing down his rifle, La Bonte wheeled his obedient horse, and drawing a pistol from his belt, again charged the enemy, among whom Killbuck and the stranger were dealing death-giving blows. Yelling for victory, the mountaineers rushed at the Indians; and they, panic-struck at the sudden attack, and thinking that this was but the advanced guard of a large band, fairly turned and fled, leaving five of their number dead upon the field.

Mary, shutting her eyes in the expected death stroke, heard the loud shout La Bonte gave in charging down the bluff, & again looking up saw the wild looking mountaineer rush to the rescue, and save her from the savage by his timely blow. Her arms were still pinned by the lasso, which prevented her from rising to her feet; and La Bonte was the first to run to her aid, as soon as the fight was fairly over. He jumped from his horse, cut the skin rope which bound her, raised her from the ground, and, upon her turning up her face so thank him, beheld his never-to-be-forgotten Mary Brand; while she, hardly believing her senses, recognized in her deliverer her former lover, and still well beloved La Bonte.

"What, Mary! can it be you?" he asked, looking intently upon the trembling woman.

"La Bonte, you don't forget me?" she answered, and throw herself sobbing into the arms of the sturdy mountaineer.

There we will leave her for the present, and help Killbuck and his companions to examine the killed and wounded. Of the former, five Indians and two whites lay dead, grandchildren of old Brand, fine lads of fourteen or fifteen, who had fought with the greatest bravery, and lay pierced with lance wounds. Old Brand had received a sore buffet, but a hatful of cold water from the creek sprinkled over his face soon restored him. His sons had not escaped scot free, and Antoine was shot through the neck, and falling, had actually been half scalped by an Indian, whom the timely arrival of La Bonte had caused to leave his work unfinished.

Silently, and with sad hearts, the survivors of the family saw the bodies of the two boys buried on the river bank, and the spot marked with a pile of loose stones, procured from the rocky bed of the creek. The carcases of the treacherous Indians were left to be devoured by the wolves, & their bones to bleach in the sun and wind—a warning to the tribe, that such foul treachery as they had meditated had met with a merited retribution.

The next day the party continued their course to the Platte. Antoine and the stranger returned to the Arkansas, starting in the night to avoid the Indians; but Killbuck and La Bonte lent the aid of their rifles to the solitary caravan, and under their experienced guide, no more Indian perils were encountered. Mary no longer sat perched up in her father's Conestoga, but rode a quiet mustang by La Bonte's side; and no doubt they found a theme with which to while away the monotonous journey over the dreary plains. South Fork was passed and Laramie was reached. The Sweet Water Mountains, which hang over the 'pass' to California, were long since in sight; but when the waters of the north Fork of the Platte lay before their horses' feet, and the broad trail was pointed out, which led to the great valley of Columbia and their promised land, the heads of the oxen were turned *down* stream where the shallow waters flow on to join the great Missouri—and not *up* toward the mountains where they leave their spring heads, from which springs flow several waters—some coursing their way to the eastward, fertilizing in their route to the Atlantic the lands of civilized man; others westward, forcing a passage through rocky canons, and flowing through a barren wilderness, inhabited by fierce and barbarous tribes.

These were the routes to choose from; and whatever was the cause, the oxen turned their yoked heads away from the rugged mountains; the teamsters joyfully cracked their ponderous whips, as the wagons rolled lightly down the Platte; & men, women and children waved their hats and bonnets in the air, and cried out lustily, "Hurrah for home!"

Four months from the day when La Bonte so opportunely appeared to rescue Brand's family from the Indians on Black Horse Creek, that worthy, and faithful Mary was duly and lawfully united in the township church of Brandville, Shelby county, State of Tennessee. We cannot say, in the words of nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand novels, "numerous pledges of mutual love surrounded and cheered them in their declining years," &c., &c.; because it was only on the 24th of July, in the year of our Lord 1847, that La Bonte and Mary Brand were finally made one, after fifteen long years of separation.—*Ruxton's Life in the Far West.*

Woman under Paganism.

In many pagan countries the birth of a daughter is regarded as a calamity, and an occasion of sorrow. In some tribes female infants are immediately exposed to certain death, that their parents may not have the trouble of bringing them up.—When the daughter is allowed to live, she is regarded as an inferior being; is frowned upon by her parents and other relations; sold to the highest bidder in marriage; and then becomes the slave of her husband. As respects matrimony she can rarely be said to have a choice; she is given or sold to those who are willing to take her. Such is the disgrace of celibacy in Hindostan, that many women have been known to marry decriped and dying old men just before they drown themselves in the Ganges. Many woman are buried alive with their deceased husbands, or consumed on their funeral piles. In China, women, have been seen yoked with an ox or an ass, while the husband held the plow, and sowed the seed. In Hindostan it is said until recently, not one female in twenty millions was acquainted with the commonist rudiments of Hindoo learning. The American missionaries affirm that in the Island of Ceylon, when they first visited it, not a single woman in a population of two hundred thousand could read; and that it was considered pernicious, if not absolutely impossible to educate a female; and heavy calamities were expected to befall the woman that dared to aspire to the distinction of being able to read and write. Among the aboriginal tribes of our own country, the women do the drudgery; and the men spend their time in war, hunting, and idleness. In many pagan countries, the life of the woman is at the mercy of the husband, and if she offend him, may kill her with perfect impunity, or at most, at the expense of a small fine.

As might have been expected under such degrading oppression and wrong, the women of pagan and Mahomedan nations, are generally low, sensual, vicious and unworthy of confidence.

A TALE ABOUT A HEAD.

Jake, a little buck negro who belonged to Dr. Talafero, was said to have in his little framoa heart as big as General Jackson's. He didn't fear even our respectable fellow citizen, Old Nick—and as for coolness, he was as cool as the tin top of the N. Pole.

One day, Dr. Talafero, upon the occasion of the commencement of a Medical College, of which he held the chair of Anatomy, gave a dinner. Among his guests was a well known ventriloquist. Late in the evening after the bottle had done its work, the conversation turned upon real courage, and the Doctor boasted considerably of his favorite man Jake. He offered to bet that nothing could scare him; and his bet the ventriloquist took up, naming at the same time the test he wanted imposed. Jake was sent for, and he came.

"Jake," said the doctor, "I have bet a large sum of money on your head, and you must win it. Do you think you can?"

"Berry well, massa," replied Jake, "just tell dis niggar what he's to do, and he do it shure".

"I want you to go to the dissecting room. You will find two dead bodies there. Cut off the head of one with a large knife which you will find there, and bring it to us. You must not take a light, however and don't get frightened."

"Dat's all, is it?" inquired Jake. "Oh! berry well, I'll do dat for shure sartin: and for being frightened, de debil aint a going to frighten me."

Jake accordingly set off, reached the dissecting room, and groped about until he found the knife and the bodies. He had just applied the former to the neck of the latter, when from the body he was about to decapitate, a hollow and sepulchral voice exclaimed—

"Let my head alone!"

"Yes sah," replied Jake, "I aint particular; and tudder head 'll do jes as well."

He accordingly put the knife to the neck of the other corps, when another voice, equally unearthly in its tone, shrieked out—

"Let my head alone!"

Jake was puzzled at first, but answered, presently—

"Look a hea! Master Toliver says I must bring one ob de heads, and you isn't gwien to fool me no how!" and Jake hacked away until he seperated the head from the body. Thereupon half a dozen voices screamed out;

"Bring it back! bring it back!"

Jake had reached the door, but on hearing this turned round and said—

"Now—now, see yah. Jes you keep quiet you fool, and don't wake up the woman folks. Master's only gwien to look at the bumps."

'Bring back my head at once,' cried the voice.

"Tend you right away, sah," replied Jake as he marched off with the head, and the next minute deposited it before the Doctor.

"So you've got it I see," said his master.

"Yes sah," replied the unmoved Jake, "but be done lookin at him soon kase de geminan told me to fotch him back right away."

Source of Electricity.

The earth is the great reservoir of electricity, from which the atmosphere and clouds receive their portion of this fluid.—It is during the process of evaporation that it is principally excited, and silently conveyed to the regions above; and also during the condensation of this same vapor the grand and terrific phenomena of thunder and lightning are made manifest to our senses.

In order to form a correct estimate of the immense power of this agent in the production of electricity, we must bring to our view the quantity of water evaporated from the surface of the earth, and also the electricity that may be developed from a single grain of liquid. According to the calculations of Cavallo, about five thousand two hundred and eight millions tons of water are probably evaporated from the Mediterranean Sea, in a single summer's day. To obtain some idea of the vast volume of water thus daily taken up by the thirsty heavens, let us compare it with something more apparent than this invisible process. President Dwight and Professor Darby, have both estimated the quantity of water precipitated over the Falls of Niagara, at more than eleven millions tons per hour. Yet all the water passing over the cataract in twenty days would only amount to that ascending from the Mediterranean in one day. More recent estimate makes the mean evaporation from the whole earth as equal to a column of thirty-five inches from every inch of its surface in a year, which gives ninety-four thousand four hundred and fifty cubic miles, as the quantity continually circulating through the atmosphere.—*Scientific American.*

Coining in California.—Three companies are coining $5 gold pieces in California, respectively bearing their insignia and names. The pieces are rather over weight.