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A GIRL GOES FISHING.

Forty they set at early morn,
Happy in their hope,
Along the path and through the fern,
And by a grassy slope;
There over a stretch of clean sea-sand,
And reached a slippery pier;
And there the brother raised his hand,
And said, "We'll go into here."
And oh, the trumper of her hour,
As tackle straight they set;
She deemed her brother had more art
Than any angler yet.
And at each little she felt a glow
Of pride, that made her speak
In louder tones; there came a flow
Of blood to either cheek.
At last a catch! the silver sides
Came twinkling over the pier—
She shrieked with joy; but soon the tides
Of joy were changed to fear.
As full she looked upon the thing
That bristled before her eyes;
The heart beat for its surface,
She burst in tears and sighs,
And all her face was clouded dim
With thought she could not speak;
The voice was low; she stood by him,
But pale was now her cheek.
Her first glimpse of the ill and pain
That bristled on the world, that day,
Disturbed her heart, and never again
Was she so glad to play.
Ah, little maid, that mystery
Overshadowed all our work,
And unto many, as to thee,
Has opened the bright to dark.

FROM A GOLD.

"Blithely heart!" splenated Alexis
Veriford, in mingled accents of disgust
and a bad cold in the head.
He stood on the grass plot before the
paternal residence, clutching his knap-
sack, and merrily regarding the lighted
front crossed by an endless procession
of moving shadows and listening to the
strains of a band in full blast that told
the whole story.
"Blithely I don't believe they've
gone and given a party to become me
loves," he commended himself with,
with anything but delighted appreciation
of this mark of attention from the family.
Of course all the pretty girls of his
acquaintance were gathered within.
Equally, of course, every room in
the house was thrown open and trans-
formed into that stream of chatting,
laughing, fun-loving humanity which
would only see the ridiculous side of
his miserable condition—head feeling
as if a saw were at work inside, nose
swollen, eyes watering.
Any one who ever has been afflicted
with influenza knows the deplorable
plight in which Mr. Veriford was
plunged.

Add to this that he was a young
gentleman who rather prided himself
upon his good looks, that he was the
"catch" of his set, for whom the
bellies present were daily angling,
that he had been traveling all day and
wanted nothing in the world just then so
much as a mustard foot bath, a hot
lemonade, and to be tucked away in bed
for the next twelve hours without ques-
tion or hindrance, by which time he felt
that he might recover sufficiently to re-
ceive the affectionate greetings of his
relatives.
And now to be met with the necessity
of facing that merry making throng.
"I'll be hanged if I'll do it—no! if I
camp down in the back yard all night,
Ache! a chee!"
And Alexis's resolve wound up in a
series of sneezes that threatened to be-
tray the presence he was so anxious to
conceal.

Clearly, the camping down operation
was out of the question, and, as he cast
a last despairing glance over the build-
ing, he was revived by the inspiration
of thought.
Aunt Prunella's room!
Nothing brighter than an oil-lamp
burned behind her curtains.
Bless the dear old lady!
Without doubt she was suffering from
neuralgia, or the dolorous, or nervous
depression, or some other of the thou-
sand and one ailments that played hide-
and-seek in her ancient frame, but she
wouldn't laugh at his woe because of
sneezing, nor ridicule the general misery
of his condition.

It was but the work of a moment to
tip-toe around to the side of the house,
to climb up by the lattice-work of the
porch, and tap lightly at Aunt Prunella's
window.
There was a clear fire in the grate,
before which the old lady was comfort-
ably toasting her foot.
A quilted and wadded dressing-gown
was sitting on a chair, and sharing the
stand at her elbow with a formidable
array of vials and pill-boxes was a
deeply ruffled, freshly-erected night-
cap laid out for future use.
Suddenly Miss Prunella put her hand
to her ear.
"Eh?" she remarked, inquiringly.
"Now if I could hear, I should say
that somebody was getting in through
the window."
"Queer how such notions take a body."
"I really believe I'm having a change."
"Now if it's the deafness leaving me,
I ought to turn round and see a fellow
creature—"
"Don't sneer, auntie; it's he, Alexis."
"The Lord be praised for all His
mercy," pronounced aunt Prunella,
solemnly.
"Why, you don't say you were fridened
about be?"
"Alexis, I have suffered the affliction
of losing my hearing, and I rejoice that
it is miraculously restored to me."
"Under Providence I owe it to you,
for your voice is the first I have dis-
tinguished for a week—yes, though the
girls sat here half the day talking about
their party, I never heard a word, and
so I told them."
It was the ostent in the Veriford
household to honor aunt Prunella's
fancies, so Alexis never smiled as she
poured out the trials to which her tem-
porary deafness had subjected her.
How his mother forgot to call her

when the breakfast bell rung, how
Frederick called "Fire! fire!" and she
was frightened half to death, knowing
that she would never hear of it in time
to get out of the house until she dis-
covered that he only wanted Biddy to
put a match to his grate, and how
Lucy walked Pitewitkins into the front
parlor as though they knew she'd be
none the wiser for their lovey-dovey
talk.

Having unburdened herself of her
own troubles, she was quite ready to
sympathize with his.

If there was anything to which aunt
Prunella excelled, outside of her own
imaginary invalidism, it was in nursing
other invalids, so she had Alexis com-
fortably installed in her own deep chair,
well wrapped in her own long dressing-
robe, before he could utter a protest.

"I'll just slip down to the pantry and
mix you a ginger toddy, and get you
something to eat, for if the girls know
you were here, they wouldn't give you
a mile of peace—so disappointed as they
were when you didn't come by the first
train."

"It is for be, den?" asked Alexis.
"Who had you, anyway?"

"Oh, all the neighborhood, and Miss
Lovelotte."

"I am sorry you can't see Miss Love-
lotte."

"Your sisters are wild about her, and
she's a perfect lady—screamed every
time she spoke to me, and never mind
when Lucy laughed."

Alexis was sorry, too, for unknown to
aunt Prunella he had seen Miss Love-
lotte.

He was a little impressed by her, in
fact; without a doubt he would have
fancied it love at first sight, only that,
being blissed with young lady sisters, he
was a trifle distrustful of woman's arts.
If he could not be sure that she was
the guileless and lovable creature she
seemed.

He was dreamily comfortable by the
time the door closed behind his aunt,
and inclined to believe that Fate owed
him some recompense for denying him
the pleasure he would have found in
Miss Lovelotte's society.

It was in this mood that his glance
began to wander to Miss Prunella's
nightgown.

From his boyhood up, this portion of
her wardrobe had always appeared to
him as a thing fearfully and wonder-
fully made.

Such crimps and flutings, such in-
scriptions and garters!

Such an incomprehensible combina-
tion of cambric and lace

An insane dream came over him to
take the thing in his hands, and put it
on his head.

A pair of spectacles from the stand
completed the outfit, and he waited with
some amusement for the moment when
aunt Prunella would return and confront
her bearded doublet.

"In here, Clara."

"It's the old lady's room, but that
doesn't matter."

Alexis gave one wild clink at the
cup-rings which settled them in a hard
knot, and then buried his face in his
handkerchief with a dismal groan.

"What's the matter with her?" asked
a second voice.

"Oh, toothache or something."

"Lucy says if it isn't one thing it's
sure to be another."

"She don't mind us, you see—dead as
a post."

"I screamed myself hoarse trying to
do the agreeable to her yesterday."

"To her—what for?"

"Oh, don't move, you'll get the pow-
der in your eyebrows."

"That's enough, isn't it?"

"What for?"

"Why, you see, there's a nephew in
the case, and believe in making friends
of the family."

"I've set my heart on getting this
Alexis—Alexander, or whatever his
name is."

"Why, I thought you were engaged to
Fernley."

"So I am, but I'd find a way out of
that entanglement if I was sure of be-
coming Mrs. Veriford. Are my lips
too red to-night, Clara?"

"About right."

"You wear your hair dark nowadays,
I see."

"Yes, I don't know what possessed
me to bleach it."

"I'd have to dye it now to the end
of my days."

The poor fellow feels as if he weren't fit
to be seen."

"Wonder how she feels?" muttered
Alexis grimly, tugging at the refractory
strings.

And ever after he had a tender regard
for aunt Prunella's nightgown, which no
member of the family could quite under-
stand.

For Miss Lovelotte—well, words fail
me.

Clara succeeded in consoling Fernley,
but Miss Lovelotte is Miss Lovelotte to
this day.

Clearing Land.

It is sometimes a question with owners
of farming lands, how much they can
afford to do in the way of clearing land
of stumps and stones before commencing
to plough and crop it. In this, as in
everything else, circumstances undoubt-
edly alter cases, and one must use his
own best judgment when deciding how
thoroughly he shall fit a field for handling
before he begins to use it. On general
principles we should say put the land in
good order to work before attempting to
work it. It does certainly seem foolish
to plough and cultivate around a rock
for forty years, and then conclude to get
it out. It is true there is much land
which, at the present time, is not worth
the cost of clearing, but there are other
lands which have a few rocks scattered
here and there over the surface, just
enough to prevent the use of the most
improved machinery, and enough to
endanger such as is used, and which
might be cleared at a comparatively
trifling expense.

Good, strong grass land that can be
easily worked with improved toolsought
to be worth a hundred dollars per acre
in every favored locality in New Eng-
land. It certainly ought to be made to
pay the interest on that sum. Light,
sandy soil is not worth so much, as it
requires a greater and more continuous
outlay for manures, nor does sandy land
usually cost as much in market as good
loamy grass land. If we had land that
would be worth a hundred dollars per
acre after clearing it we should not hesi-
tate to spend nearly that sum in put-
ting it in first-rate order to work, for
until land is fitted for the use of im-
proved machinery, it cannot be appraised
at a very high figure for purposes of
cultivation. A great many rocks can be
sent where they are, cheaper than they
could be disposed of by any other
means. A sunken rock leaves no hole
to be filled, nor does it reduce the grade
of the field and bring the surface down
nearer another crop of underground
rocks. Having sunk all that can be
profitably disposed of in this way, dynamite
or powder may be used for such as
are too large to sink.

A sunken plough run a little deeper
than an ordinary plough, will help very
much in loosening up small stones that
would throw out common ploughs.
There is nothing that will pay better
than the labor of a man to follow the
plough with a light crowbar, and pry
out what stones can be easily lifted
after the plough has uncovered or
loosened them. If land, after clearing,
cannot be made worth the cost of clear-
ing it then it will be better economy to
devote it to some other use than cultiva-
tion, until such time as land is in better
demand. Very rocky land, if naturally
good, may be worked over by swine, if
they are kept in pens that can be moved
from place to place, as often as desired.
Orcharding may sometimes be made
very profitable on such land. But do
not work round rocks half a lifetime,
which ought to be taken out now.

A Mount Vernon Calamity.

Visitors to Mount Vernon will regret
to learn that the gigantic oak, a mon-
arch among trees, which lifted its lustrous
limbs and leafy crown in air midway
between Washington's tomb and the
manor, was blown down in the severe
storm of the 15th of August. No other
tree at Mount Vernon was so closely
associated with the Father of his Coun-
try as this giant of more than two hun-
dred years' growth. Beneath its grace-
ful shade he was wont to sit and look
out over the broad, beautiful river
flowing at his feet; and there, too, he
lingered with Lafayette and others
whose names are dear to every American
heart. It was his favorite resting-place
after the burden and heat of the day
were past, and even during his lifetime
came to be known as "Washington's
oak." But now it lies fallen. After
having withstood the blasts and storms
of a quarter of a century of time it has
been compelled to yield to the inevitable.
Its trunk is shattered and scattered
over the ground in fragments, and its
stagnant limbs are powerless forever-
more. A representative of the Republi-
can brought away some pieces as
relics, and doubtless others who revere
the memory of him whose name they revere
will avail themselves of the first oppor-
tunity to secure a visit to the historic place
where he lived, loved, and was loved,
and where his mortal remains now lie
enshrined in the hearts of his country-
men.

Use of Coffee.

Statistics of the growth and consump-
tion of coffee throughout the world in-
dicate large increases. A quarter of a
century ago the total production was
about 300,000 tons; in 1879 it was 690,
000 tons, or in a fair way soon to double
the former total. From 1828 to 1879,
the increase was something over
150,000 tons. Our own country affords
the greatest market for the article, the
consumption in 1880 having been 180,
000 tons. This was an increase of 20,
000 tons over the average for the 30
years ending in 1876.

Traffic in old Shoes.

A New York correspondent in that
City says the oldshoe trade is confined
almost exclusively to Baxter street, and
along here and there in Sixth and
Seventh avenues are places where better
grades of second-hand articles are sold.
Both men's old boots and shoes and
women's shoes are dealt in. From 5
cents to \$1 a pair is paid for men's
shoes, because the sale for them is not so large.
For women's shoes from 5 to 35 cents a
pair is paid. So long as the uppers are
not completely spoiled the shoes can be
utilized. Shoes that most people would
suppose were entirely past redemption
can be patched up and made present-
able. After soles and heels have been
put on the shoes, and the rents con-
cealed by patches, the price is increased
about 50 cents on the average. A pair
of shoes for which 25 cents were paid
are sold, when repaired, for 75 cents.
The profit to the dealer is from 10 to 35
per cent. The dealers pay their cobblers,
as a rule, 30 cents a pair for reconstruct-
ing shoes, and, in addition to this, they
count the cost of leather in their expenses,
and thus it will be seen that their
profit is not heavy. One of the shop
men was asked how long the shoes
would last. "We don't like to sell
shoes we are liable to float off and leave
the uppers without any bottoms. Maybe
they will wear for one day, and maybe
they will last for one month. We guar-
antee no goods, because the profits are
so small. The cobblers' can't afford
to put in many pairs, and we can't afford
to put in much leather." The reporter
picked up a pair of shoes, and he was
not long in reaching the conclusion that,
like glass, they must be handled with
care. The business is not restricted to
the retail trade, but includes the whole-
sale. A great many cases of the shoes
are shipped to Baltimore, Washington,
Boston and other cities on the orders of
second-hand clothes dealers. The profits
in the wholesale trade range from 5
to 10 per cent, under those in the retail
trade. The busiest days in the
retail trade are Saturday and Sunday,
more particularly the latter. The shops
open, some of them, as early as 5 o'clock
in the morning, and many of them do
not close until midnight. The rent of
the basements is from \$25 to \$50 per
month. This is the greatest expense
to the proprietor, and little wonder is
it that he pulls his customers in by
main force to make up for the heavy
drain. Up on Sixth and Seventh ave-
nues, where better business is done,
from \$1 to \$4 a pair is paid for shoes.
Only the best shoes, not much worn,
will be bought, and the trade is entirely
different. The Baxter street dealers
sell their finer shoes to the men on the
avenues. The largest stock of a Baxter
street shop is 1000 pairs, and often-
er it is much less. Noticing repaired
shoes with stretched-out elastics, the
reporter asked why new elastic was not
put in. He was informed that the cost
was too great. The elastic would cost
forty cents, and that would make the
price too high; besides, the trussers
covered the tops, and it made little dif-
ference.

Finis Sewing.

I called the other day upon a bride
who was actually "doing" plain sewing,
I could hardly believe the evidence of
my senses at first; but it was true—she
held in her hand a piece of fine im-
bleached muslin which she was making
into a pillow case, sewing the seam over
and over in the old-fashioned way our
grandmothers did in the long ago. Soon
the broad hem was turned down by a
thread and sewed. The stitches were
so small and true that one almost need-
ed a microscope to discover them. How
beautiful the work looked! "But why
do you all this by hand when you could
do it so much more quickly on your
mother's machine?" inquired a friend
who was present; "and why do you use
the unbleached muslin?" "Oh, it looks
so much better when it gets my frays
the washing is out, nor does the line
show when hanging on the line, and I
tried like to sew as my mother taught
me before machines were so common.
I had a great deal of sewing and little
leisure on my hands, I should use ma-
chine; but I have an abundance of time
to do all I require. Of course, I might
have had all this work done before I
was married if I had so desired. But
then I should have been so hurried that
instead of helping mother, she no doubt
would have worked herself sick in the
endeavor to assist me. We did at our
leisure what we thought necessary be-
fore the wedding, and then enjoyed
each other's society in every possible
way by laying plans for my future in-
dependent, intelligent, and industrious
people and sometimes taking long ram-
bles together in the grand old wood.
Now I have trunks full of clothes to be
made into household accessories, and I
shall find it a pleasant one. The
bleached sheeting wears longer than
the bleached, and washes easier; that
is why I use it."

The Tyranny of Fashion.

The great aim of fashion seems to be
to render quite needless for this year the
dresses that were highly fashionable
only last season. That is why short
dresses periodically come in and go out
again. That is why the polonaise ap-
pears and disappears in cycles that may
be computed as astronomical
calculate when comets are due in our
skies. That is why crinoline encircled
the fashionable form, and also why it
left off doing so. The tournure is mak-
ing useless the narrow and sheath-like
dresses in which the women of England
encased themselves till lately. The
secret of so skillfully draping a dress
that it shall stand well out at the back
without the aid of wires or buckram is
to make it wide. Last year skirts were
under two yards in width round the hem;
now they must be at least a half a yard
over that measurement. The interests
of trade are really at the root of what
gibed at as the tyranny of fashion.
There is much to be said for her madness,
though it is but little consolation to the
victims of the plethora of petticoats or
digging trains, to know that money is
going into somebody's pockets in con-
sequence of the incoherence suffer-
ed by those who obey the behests of
the mode.

A River Romance.

A writer from Dulague says seated
near by was a lady and her daughter,
about nineteen years old. She, too, was
listening to Captain Asbury's yarns.
They were about his adventures on the
river, his trials and tribulations, his
joys and sorrows. "About eighteen
years ago," he said, "when I was run-
ning between St. Louis and Kookuk,
there came on the boat at Hannibal one
of the handsomest young women I had
seen in all my life. She had a little
girl with her, more handsome than she
was. The lady came up to me, for she
was a lady, and asked me to take her
to Kookuk, as she desired to go to Brin-
gton to her friends, and that she had not
a cent in the world with which to pay
her fare. Her pleading eyes were too
good for mine, and I bade the clerk
conduce her to a steamer, as it was in
the middle of the night. The boat was
delayed by a heavy fog, and we were
compelled to lay at the bank until long
after daylight. The lady approached
and thanked me ever so much, and told
me that she was the wife of a Confede-
rate captain who had been shot and killed
by a party of scouts or guerrillas,
her home had been robbed and burnt,
and she, with her child, succeeded in
fleeing from the scene of carnage, and
was the next day brought to Hannibal
by a kind farmer, in whose home she
had sought protection. Girls, that
woman's story and wrongs and suffer-
ing made my heart sore. I know it
did, and I put my hand into my pocket
and gave her a \$200 greenback, for I
thought she needed it. Well, I haven't
seen or heard of her since, but I hope
she is happy, and that little girl of hers
is a handsome and grown-up woman."

The lady who was listening to the
Captain's little story arose from her
chair, and handed the hand of her daughter,
approached the Captain, saying:
"Yes, we are both happy, and I will
have you judge about the good looks
of the grown-up daughter, for here she is."

Captain Asbury stood as if struck as
dumb as the fellow who caused the
maiden to hurl herself off yonder rock,
for we were near that noted landmark.
He peered into the lady's face, palely
discernible by the reflection of the electric
light, in utter astonishment. The
Captain recognized the lady and even
the now grown-up young lady, and ex-
pressed himself pleased to see them
again. After mutual greeting and in-
troduction to the girls, the lady, Mrs.
Russell, went into the cabin and soon
returned up in the "roof" with a piece of
paper in her hand, which she handed to
the captain. It was a check for \$200 which
she desired to return to him for his
kindness eighteen years ago. Captain
Asbury refused the proffered check, and
no persuasion could induce him to ac-
cept. Of course Mrs. and Miss Russell
were attracted to our circle, and the
trip up the river was made more joyous
than ever, as she proved to be a very
intelligent, worthy lady, and her
daughter proved to be as lovely in
disposition as she was beautiful in
face and form.

Frugal Diet.

Cyrus, King of Persia, according to
Xenophon, was brought up on a diet of
bread, bread and honey, till up to his
15th year, when honey and raisins were
added; and the family names of the
Fabi and Lentuli were derived from
their customary and possibly exclusive
diet. Eggs and apples, with a little
bread, were for centuries the alpha and
omega of a Roman dinner; and, in
earlier times, even bread and turnips, if
not turnips alone, which the patriot
Cincinnatus thought sufficient for his
wants. It is singular that our temper-
ance societies direct their efforts only
against the fluid part of our vicious diet;
a league of temperate eaters would find
it a large field for reform. But in
the thing was attempted by Luigi de
Corno, a Venetian nobleman of the
fifteenth century, who restricted himself
to a daily allowance of 10 ounces of
solid food and six ounces of wine, and
prolonged his life to 102 years. Though
he did not organize his followers into a
sect, his example and his voluminous
writings influenced the manners of his
country for many years. Corno would
not have gained many converts in Rus-
sia and Germany; but throughout
Southern Europe frugality, in the truest
old Latin sense, is by no means rare.
I recall, a Marseilles longshoreman, car-
ried from 10 to 20 francs a day, loaned
money on interest, and gave alms, but
slept at night in his basket, and subsist-
ed on 14 onions a day, which preserved
him in excellent health and humor, but
got him the nickname of *quatre oignons*.

A pound of bread with six ounces of
pork cheese, and such berries as the
roadside may offer, constitute the daily
ration of the Turkish soldier on the
march, and the followers of Don Carlos
contented themselves with even less. A
correspondent of the *Daily News* was
served with a dish of minishes in a Cat-
alan tavern, and ventured the remark
that minishes were taken after meals in
Northern Europe. "You can get some
more after finishing these," was the re-
ply. The minishes constituted the dinner.

Not that men should, but that they
can, live on bread alone, is abundantly
proved by the records of Old-World
heroes. Silvio Pellico, the Italian
patriot and martyr, subsisted for seven
years on coarse rye bread and water,
which experience had taught him to
prefer to the putrid pork soup of his
Austrian captives. The prisoners of the
Klebe were fed on rice and Indian
corn, till the prayers of the French re-
gents and his American officers induced

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Hills last year produced 3,000,000 bushels of rye.
—The list of the English Clergy con-
tains 26,000 names.
—Constant use of the telephone is
said to cause deafness.
—Canada caught nearly \$16,000,000
worth of counterfeit gold year.
—Nazzari, in the Her Land, has a
telegraph office, by order of the Sultan.
—India raises 41,000,000 pounds more
of tea than 10 years ago.
—No clergyman is eligible to a seat
in the house of commons.
—Messrs. Moody and Sankey will re-
visit this country next spring.
—Boston's present valuation is \$672,400,
400,100, a gain of \$6,935,500 over 1872.
—The district messengers boys at
Newport, R. I., are to be provided with
bicycles.
—There are 219 churches and 30,000
church members among the Indians of
the United States.
—The people of the United States
spent \$16,500,000 on theaters last year
—A large fun fund.
—The Baptists in the South number
altogether 1,715,754, of whom 775,100
are white, and 941,654 negroes.
—Cattle valued at \$14,000,000 are
now grazing in what was six years ago
absolutely an Indian country.
—It is said that the steam power
actually in use throughout the world is
equal to 13,500,000 horse power.
—The first exportation of orange-
peel ever made from the United States
was shipped to Havre last week.
—A tract of 80,000 acres of land has
been purchased in Sumatra, Fla.,
for a colony from Duluth, Minn.
—A French paper says that English
soldiers clear their throats of dust by
taking teaspoonfuls of built sugar.
—It is proposed to build an under-
ground railroad in Paris. The cost of
its construction is put at \$30,000,000.
—The Paris Municipal Council has
purchased 200 portraits of Washington,
to be given as prizes in the city schools.
—The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicho-
laevitch, uncle of the Czar, has been
put on an allowance of \$4,000 rubles a
year (\$55,272), with a residence, horses,
etc.
—A whole ship arrived recently at
Sheffield from North Greenland with
200 bottle-nosed whales and 500 seals
on board.
—It is estimated that 600,000 acres of
freedom's soil are given up to tobacco,
and that the crop will reach \$10,000,000
or \$50,000,000.
—It is believed that superstition is
the reason why the Italians will not
cremate Garibaldi's body, in accordance
with his last request.
—The farmer who leaves his plough
to rot in the fields all winter is usually
the one who has the most fanit with
the condition of the country.
—A large part of the Bahamas Islands
is devoted to pineapple culture. A
million and a half of fruit have been
collected from a single acre.
—The cultivation of mushrooms is a
paying branch of gardening in France,
where this section is estimated every
year to the value of \$1,800,000.
—There are over 150,000 orange trees
in Florida, and the number is rapidly
increasing annually. The product this
year is put at 60,000,000 oranges.
—Cuba bears an enormous burden in
the way of taxation. The rate for the
coming year is something over \$20 to
each man, woman and child on the Is-
land.
—The Iowa capitol, work on which
was commenced in 1871, is nearing
completion. The cost of the edifice will
be about \$2,500,000, and it is to have a
gilded dome.
—The city of Boston, by establishing
its own shop for the repair of apparatus
belonging to the Fire Department, has
reduced the yearly expense from about
\$60,000 to \$12,000.
—Some of the pests that have
troubled the vineyards of France have
been discovered in Switzerland, to the
great alarm of the producers of wine in
the neighborhood of Geneva.
—Prof. Charles P. Boerner, the State
Observer of Iowa, Ind., reports the
remains of a meteorite, of a size
that locality in July, 84 inches falling
on the last day of the month.
—A great Northern Railroad train,
with an eight-foot single driver outside
cylinder engine, lately ran from Leeds
to London, 1864 miles, in exactly three
hours—fifty-two miles an hour.
—It is estimated that during the year
1881 there were 244 shocks of
earthquake, eighty-six occurring in
Winter, sixty-one in Autumn, fifty-six
in Spring and forty-one in Summer.
—The committee that lives in charge
of the erection of a monument to the late
Lord Frederick Cavendish have en-
trusted the execution of the work to
Albert Bruce Joy, the English sculptor.
—Among other things shown by the
recent census report was the fact that
the number of working oxen in use on
the farms of the United States had de-
creased twenty-five per cent. since 1870.
—The regular army of Great Britain
is composed of 183,912 non-commissioned
officers and men. The total estab-
lishment of reserve forces is 444,170
men. Of the regulars, 97,099 are
abroad.
—The number of schools in France,
where the system of a savings bank had
been adopted, was 16,494 at the close
of last year, against 14,372 at the be-
ginning. The average number of de-
pupils was twenty-one per school, or
against seventeen the year before.
—At Goodwood races, in England,
the Duke of Norfolk came over with
his Duchess and a large party from
Arundel Castle in the old-fashioned
dual style. The duke's carriage con-
sisted of four carriages, each drawn by
four splendid grey, with outriders on
saddles of the same color.
—The census of 1880 showed that
there were 14,850,349 whites in the
United States, 11,945,035 being white,
and 1,487,314 colored. There were
8,270,518 natives by birth, and 4,072,
487 foreigners.
—A mammoth tree, felled on a farm
at Mexico, Me., measured nine feet
through near the ground, was 110 feet
high, the first limb growing at a height
of thirty feet from the base. The tree
was cut up into 800 rails, 360 fence
posts, and 10 cords of firewood.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Hills last year produced 3,000,000 bushels of rye.
—The list of the English Clergy con-
tains 26,000 names.
—Constant use of the telephone is
said to cause deafness.
—Canada caught nearly \$16,000,000
worth of counterfeit gold year.
—Nazzari, in the Her Land, has a
telegraph office, by order of the Sultan.
—India raises 41,000,000 pounds more
of tea than 10 years ago.
—No clergyman is eligible to a seat
in the house of commons.
—Messrs. Moody and Sankey will re-
visit this country next spring.
—Boston's present valuation is \$672,400,
400,100, a gain of \$6,935,500 over 1872.
—The district messengers boys at
Newport, R. I., are to be provided with
bicycles.
—There are 219 churches and 30,000
church members among the Indians of
the United States.
—The people of the