

The value of the churches and the land on which they are erected in this country up to July 1, 1897, is estimated at \$330,000,000.

In the German Reichstag recently, Herr Hammaner said that in the coming century European Nations will be obliged to co-operate to preserve their existence in the struggle with America.

An eccentric Londoner asserts that with a machine he has just completed he can write the entire contents of the Bible four times in a space one inch square. The writing point of the machine is said to be a diamond so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

Over 100,000 horses were imported into Belgium during 1896 for food for the poorer classes, 4000 being killed in Antwerp alone for the twenty shops where this meat is sold exclusively. Large quantities are sold in Paris, both openly and in disguised form at cheap restaurants throughout the city.

The expense of a medical education in Great Britain averages more than in America. To obtain a degree or qualification in any medical school in England, Scotland, or Ireland, a course of study covering a period of at least five years is compulsory, and entails an expenditure of a no less sum than \$2000.

The Baltimore American says: "There has been during the last two years, and there still continues, a very marked movement from the West to the South. Hundreds of industrious and thrifty men, after a hard and unsuccessful struggle in the West, have given it up and come to the South, to find good homes and splendid opportunities to make a living for themselves and their families. They are pleased with the change they have made, and the success of the new Maryland colonies has far exceeded even the fondest hopes of their projectors."

Beware of the Klondike. This is the conclusion that has been reached by John D. McGillivray, an expert on gold, who sends a letter telling of the conditions which gold seekers are confronted with in the Yukon region in Alaska. Mr. McGillivray had been studying the situation in Dawson City and the mines for several weeks when the letter was written. He calls particular attention to the fact that all the claims on the richest of the gold creeks have already been taken up, and that new comers must prospect for themselves or work as laborers in the mines already opened. Wages at \$15 a day are a myth, he says, and for the poor man there is nothing but misery.

A writer in Scribner's says that the Western Powers are beginning to view Japan's activity in navy building with amazement. A generation ago she had literally no navy. Even at the beginning of the last war with China her modern equipment was confined almost exclusively to a half dozen unarmored cruisers—the best of their class, to be sure—and fifteen gunboats. The war brought many substantial additions to her navy, and now she has no less than forty-eight sea-going vessels in commission, including two first-class battle ships of 12,800 tons each. These figures are not so imposing, absolutely considered, except as an evidence of quick growth; but the additional modern war vessels that Japan is building in England, Germany and the United States are of such magnitude and excellent construction that Charles A. Cramp, our own famous ship builder, pronounces Japan's progress to be more notable than that of any other country in the world, except England.

It is quite possible, admits the New York Observer, that in devoting itself so generally to scientific pursuits and neglecting metaphysical studies, the scholarship of the age has deteriorated in intellectuality. A writer in the London Spectator declares that the intellect developed by the stress of modern life is a mentality in the mass, in the average man, where it does not exist in a profound form. "What seems most obvious to us in considering the modern world," says this writer, "is, first, the growing dearth of the rarer and deeper kinds of intellect; and, secondly, the pressure brought to bear by the rising, eager, democratic mass on the few finer minds. We do not produce to-day a Kant or a Spinoza, but clever critics who write about these men, who have read everything, and can give us all the latest views. We have not the deep, constructive mind whose operations move in a vast orbit, but we have eager minds which, comet-like, dart into sight, astonish by their lustre and quickly disappear."

If every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done;

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend,
And to each other's wants and cries
Attentive ears should lend;

If every man, and woman, too,
Should join these workers small—
Oh, what a flood of happiness
Upon our earth would fall!

IF I

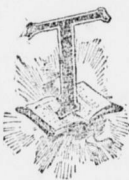
How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, oft watch to see
If other folks are true;
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us to do.

—Lutheran Observer.

AN EPISODE.



HIS is a charming spot—for two," he said, sending himself comfortably at her feet.

"We are lucky to find it unoccupied," she said, "especially at one of Mrs. Gordon's garden parties. She will be pleased. I don't believe there is a square inch of the lawn to be seen."

"The whole world is here. I know, Miss Lindsay; I have shaken hands with it."

"It is one of the penalties of being a great author."

"Or of being notorious?"

"You are too modest, Mr. Holland. Have you not shared the honors of the afternoon with the Prince and the latest lion—just imported from South Africa, was it not?"

"And felt like a martyr all the time. But there you have the proof, Miss Lindsay. Don't think I am complaining. Fame and notoriety mean the same—in London. And in this—he indicated the screen of shrubbery which cut off the little nook from the rest of the garden, but did not shut out the strains of the Blue Hungarians or the hum of many voices—"in this I have my reward. I forgive the lion-hunters."

"It is a relief to be out of it," she admitted. "Do you know, Mr. Holland, that those books—yes, there are more of them—are a pet idea of Mrs. Gordon's?"

"I must thank her. She is a woman of genius."

She laughed merrily. "Oh, no, she is only an incorrigible match-maker—and finds them useful."

"So she, at least, believes in love?" he asked, picking up the thread of a former conversation.

"Or in marriage. It is not always the same thing, is it?"

"It should be," he replied, with an air of the deepest conviction. He was looking up into her eyes.

"What does somebody say—that in woman love is a disease; in man it is an episode."

"I seem to recollect that," he said. "But it is nonsense; love cannot be summed up in an epigram."

Again she laughed. "I am afraid you have a very bad memory, Mr. Holland. The sentiment appears in a brilliant study of society, entitled 'Providence and Mrs. Grundy,' for which, if the title page is to be trusted—"

"Ah! I remember now. Please spare me, Miss Lindsay. You don't know the evil effects of phrase-making—it saps a man's morals until he has not even a nodding acquaintance with the truth. And you have taken your revenge."

"But, really, Mr. Holland, I trusted to your knowledge of human nature, shall I say? I was glad, for my own sake—"

"For what, if I may ask?"

"That, in man it was an episode." It makes life so much easier to believe so."

"You will let me retract in sackcloth and ashes, Miss Lindsay? Honestly, I have some reason to do so. It is three years since I wrote that miserable book. Can you guess my excuse?"

"It seems to infer a compliment—somewhere," she said, rather doubtfully.

"I am very much in earnest," he said, getting up and standing above her; and he looked it. "I didn't know you then. If I had, the thing—call it an epigram if you like—would never have been written. How could it, when—"

Here the bushes were parted, and a face—a tanned, handsome, open face it was, although just now the expression was not too pleasant—showed in the interstices. Miss Lindsay nodded brightly.

How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, oft watch to see
If other folks are true;
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us to do.

—Lutheran Observer.

"You and he are old friends, Miss Lindsay?"

"We were brought up together."

"Like brother and sister?"

"Exactly. We quarrel quite as much, at least."

"And make it up, I dare say? But I am sure the quarrels are not serious. Apropos, am I forgiven?"

"Was there a crime, Mr. Holland? Really, I have forgotten."

"We were discussing—"

"George Meredith, was it not?"

"Then I am not forgiven for that unfortunate fault of my youth? You are very hard, Miss Lindsay. You have taught me the error of my ways, and yet you refuse to credit the conversion! How can I convince you? I am quite serious—"

"Oh, I hope not," she said. "It is too warm for anything but frivolity." He reddened a little, and nervously plucked the grass round him. Miss Lindsay watched him with some curiosity out of the corners of her eyes: the symptoms were not unknown to her. "There is a green thing on your coat, Mr. Holland," she went on.

"Thanks." He flicked the insect off. "I have something to say, Miss Lindsay—a kind of confession. It is stupid, but I don't quite know how to say it."

"Is it necessary?" she asked innocently. "I don't like confessions, Mr. Holland. We are Low Church people."

"It means a lot to me," he continued, and again there was silence. Then he rose for the second time, perhaps feeling that an upright position conduces to a proper dignity.

She perceived her opening, and rose also. "This time we were returning," she remarked.

"Don't go just yet, Miss Lindsay," he pleaded, putting out a hand to detain her.

"I want you to listen to me for a moment. I won't keep you if—"

But already she was half-hidden by the shrubbery, and her only answer was a bewildering smile. He had perched to follow.

"It seems more crowded than ever," she said as they picked their way through the thicket. "Ah! there are my mother and Captain Havelock. Shall we join them?—I hope you are attending to your duties, Ralph? Mr. Holland and I have been discussing Meredith—and things, Tired, mother? Oh! you must be. Mr. Holland, will you find my mother a seat somewhere—near the band, if you can? The Hungarians are so good."

"Delighted," he replied. Then lower: "I may see you again before you go, Miss Lindsay?"

"If you can," she repeated.

She watched them until they were lost in the crowd, and then deliberately led Captain Havelock back to the little nook. Some girls have no originality. But it was still empty.

"Better sit down, Ralph," she said, taking her old place.

"Thanks; I prefer to stand," he said stily.

"It is a matter of taste—or of comfort." She gave him a swift glance.

"Not up to Simla, is it?"

"I'm sick of it. Beastly pack. I haven't had a chance of speaking to you all afternoon, Nell."

"Philanthropy is its own reward," she said.

"It's not that—Mrs. Lindsay is all right. But there's that scribbling fellow who's always dangling after you."

pose you mean to marry the beggar, Nell?"

"His name is Holland," she suggested.

"I know that. You can see his portrait in any illustrated paper for a sixpence. It's in them all."

"Which is really no reason why he shouldn't be addressed properly, is it? I have some idea that I have seen another portrait in the same places, with the letters D.S.O. after the name."

"You need not get nasty. Besides, you haven't told me yet if you are engaged to him."

"Well, you see—here she ventured another glance—"he hasn't asked me yet."

"I suppose you will marry him, though," he persisted. "It's natural enough, perhaps—he's a genius and all that—and of course I'm not. Wait a minute, Nell! I can't stand this any longer, and I'm bound to have it out for good. You know what I've wished for ever since I was an unlicked cub at Eton. I wasn't afraid to tell you then. You remember, Nell?"

"I remember thinking that those lockings—which you did not get—might have done you good."

"Well, you didn't say so! And all the time I was stewing in India it was the same; and when I was down with fever in the plains I kept shouting one name—so the doctor told me."

"It was in very bad taste," she murmured.

"Oh! Then that fort on the frontier, with the Waziris howling round—and not five minutes' sleep on end for fear they should rush us—and the grub running out—and the only idea in my head was to see it through somehow, and get home to ask you to marry me! There, Nell, it's out at last!"

She was looking at him now, but there was a world of reproach—and perhaps something else—in her eyes. "You haven't asked me yet!" she cried.

"But, Nell—good heavens!—you don't mean to say—"

And then—well, in some mysterious fashion he managed to gain possession of her hands, and to say the rest without words. As for her:

"You might have seen it, you foolish boy!" she said.

And that was all.

Except that, a little later, she met Mr. Holland.

"I have been looking for you, Miss Lindsay," he said; "I have something to say. Not going already, surely? I may call to-night, then? I need not tell you what it is—perhaps you can guess—I hope so."

"I think it would be better not to come, Mr. Holland," she replied, giving him her hand. "I am sorry, but will you oblige me by considering the episode as closed? I am engaged to Captain Havelock."—David L. Johnston, in Chambers's Journal.

Caught Fish by the Bushel.

An abundantly stored fishing ground, where several varieties of the finny tribe can be scooped out of the water with baskets as easily as shoveling coke with a pitchfork, has been discovered near Holmesburg Junction.

The new fishing ground is a pool located in an abandoned quarry hole near Pennypack Creek. The quarry covers an area of half an acre or more, and the water, with which it was recently filled to a depth of twenty-five feet, ran in through a shallow and narrow ditch from the creek. The carters, who have been engaged for some weeks in hauling dirt away from the deep cut being dug on Rhawn street to do away with the grade crossing of the Pennsylvania Railroad at that point, have been dumping earth into the quarry at the rate of 1000 cartloads per day. Over 30,000 cartloads have thus been thrown into the pool, which has consequently been growing smaller every day. By Saturday both the surface and the depth of the water had been so far reduced that there was but a few square yards of it left, and the bottom could almost be seen. The pool was then found to be teeming with toothsome fish, which had presumably found their way through the ditch from the Pennypack.

The congress of fishermen and fisherwomen that speedily assembled landed eels three feet in length, carp weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds and reaches as large as robust herring, to say nothing of other edible varieties.—Philadelphia Record.

Cut Off His Own Leg to Save His Life.

Tattooing is not nearly as common among savages as it was before the influence of missionaries began to be felt. Many of the natives of the South Pacific islands, however, still keep up the practice. Every native boy, when he reaches the age of eight years, must submit to the needle. It is a peculiar fact that all Samoans are tattooed alike. Devices representing animals are never used. The tattoo marks run from the waist to the knees in intersecting lines resembling the small checks sometimes seen in cloth fabrics. The lines are so close together that at a distance a nude native appears to be clad in a pair of blue knickerbockers.

As an illustration of the capacity of the Samoan to endure pain, the following incident will suffice: A boy, eighteen years old, named Mua, injured his foot on a jagged piece of coral. Gangrene set in and he realized that his leg would have to be cut off to save his life. No surgeon was at hand and the boy decided to perform the operation of amputation himself. He tied a string tightly around his leg above the knee, and, seating himself on the ground, severed the member at the knee with an ordinary sailor's jackknife. The rude flaps of flesh were bound together, covered with healing leaves, and, strange as it may seem, the lad recovered. Samoans regard any exhibition of the consciousness of pain as an evidence of weakness.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

A Farmer on Toll Roads.

A veteran Michigan farmer, writing to the Grand Rapids Press, says: "Toll roads do not meet the wants of the farmer; he wants free roads, not toll roads, and wants all who use them to help make them at a cost that will not be burdensome on the farmer."

The toll roads are too costly for the farmer. To get the products of the farm to market he now pays enough taxes in the way of tolls to pay for the toll roads in five years at a price they could be built for now. Though the tax is paid indirectly it is paid. Farmers, as a class, are opposed to monopolies, and yet they grant franchises to toll road companies which are, on a small scale, greater monopolies than any of the railroad corporations of the State.

"These toll roads are not only a public nuisance, but the owners of them are the worst tax dodgers of the State, railroad corporations not excepted. The farmers in many parts of the county cannot get into the city without being compelled to pay a toll, or else drive a long distance out of their way. The farmer's wife cannot get into the city with a small basket of eggs, or a few pounds of butter, without paying toll almost as much as she receives for what she has to sell."

"The farmer is opposed to high rates of interest, and if he wants to borrow money and the lender charged him fifteen per cent. for the use of it, he would decline the offer with indignation, and yet the same farmer votes franchises to corporations which make him pay, though indirectly, but none the less surely, over twenty-five per cent. on the money used to build toll roads for his accommodation, if the cost of the roads was figured at what it would cost to build them at the present time. The railroads of the State are required by law to pay taxes on gross receipts, but the toll roads lobbyist, when at Lansing, beats the railroad lobbyist two to one. You truly say that it is somewhat surprising that the farmers, in view of all the facts, are not more generally in favor of a system that will give better roads."

Education in Road-Making.

The Rhode Island Agricultural College has made a new departure in its work of education that deserves imitation by other institutions of that character. Its faculty has established a special department for instruction in the theory and practice of road-making. The word curriculum is etymologically applicable to the proposed course of instruction, which covers two years, and the announcement of the details is interesting. The plan is about to be put into operation after consultation with General Roy Stone, the road expert of the United States Department of Agriculture, and its advocates are enthusiastic in their predictions that it will bring intelligent industry to bear in improving the highways and byways of the tidy little commonwealth.

It is required that graduates from this school shall be competent to draw specifications and contracts, to manage all the machinery used in scientific road-building, and to be familiar with every detail of the profession of road engineering. For instance, candidates must pass an examination which includes algebra and geometry to the extent required for admission to any college. The instruction includes English literature, higher geometry, trigonometry, surveying, electrical mechanics, physical geography, mineralogy, geology and steam engineering.

But this is not all. That there is no "royal road to knowledge" will be sternly impressed upon the aspirants to the degree of road engineer by a novel requirement. For one month each spring the students will be expected to work ten hours a day at actual road-making, including all the mechanical appliances, from yielding the pick and shovel to running the most elaborate machinery. While their colleagues are training in such athletics as rowing, running, leaping, baseball and football, these sturdy youths of Rhode Island will be bending their backs, strengthening their muscles and expanding their lungs in improving and extending those highways which are the bands of civilization. May their ways be ways of pleasantness and all their paths be peace.—New York Mail and Express.

Instruction in Road-Building.

The opportunities for instruction in building different kinds of roads afforded occasionally at fairs and institutes, and by sample sections that have been laid under Government auspices, have been very valuable, and have aroused the people somewhat to a realization of the importance of regular instruction on this subject. The Worcester (Mass.) Gazette suggests that it would be well if the State spent a portion of the enormous sum appropriated annually for the highway system in holding institutes of instruction for highway supervisors, commissioners, selectmen, and all others who have to do with road-building. It thinks the trouble with the highway builder usually is that he does not consider his business a profession, and needs to learn from the experience of others. "By establishing a school for instruction in road-building, the State could do a greater service to the public than by using the amount such a school would cost in building macadam roads through the country."

Aid From the Railways.

In a number of States the railroads have shown a disposition to help the cause of better highways by transporting material for road building.

very low figures. It is now reported that a railway in Indiana is hauling without charge, and dumping at any designated point along its right of way, all the crushed stone needed by the commissioners of Green County. If one will do it, others certainly will follow.

POWER OF A METHODIST BISHOP.

Eighteen Men Who Have Spiritual Rule Over Many Millions.

The Methodist Church is one of the most highly organized, or rather is the most highly organized, of all the Protestant denominations. But without going into minute detail we may say briefly that the Board of Bishops is the highest Order in the Methodist system. It consists of twenty-one persons who are elected by the general conference to fill vacancies by death or deposition—a bishop cannot resign. It is within the power of the general conference to enlarge this number if, in its opinion, the needs of the church require. The new bishop is ordained with elaborate ceremonies, and, Methodists claim, with true apostolic succession through the Wesleyes.

Of these twenty-one men, eighteen have supreme and well nigh arbitrary jurisdiction over world-wide Methodism, and two of these are practically retired, thus reducing the active force to sixteen. How this supervision shapes itself into routine may be indicated to show the extent and character of this authority. There are in the Methodist Church 124 conferences, 103 of which are in this country, while twenty-one are distributed through India, China, South America, Mexico and Europe. These conferences may be called the grand division of Methodism. They are always subdivided into two or more districts, and represent from fifty to 300 or more "charges" or churches. Each of these conferences holds an annual session, at which a bishop must preside. He has associated with him in authority of such occasions what is known as the "cabinet," a body composed of the bishop and the presiding elders of the conference. The presiding elder, it should be said, is the chief executive of each district conference, and is himself a person of great authority. At each conference the bishop, in consultation with his cabinet, decides upon, appoints and announces the pastors for the coming year, and from this decision there is no appeal. A Methodist minister must either take his assignment or disobey orders and practically quit the ministry.

Thus, theoretically at least, these twenty-one bishops have in their arbitrary power the location and work of the 30,000 ministers of the Methodist Church—a power which cannot find a parallel outside of the Roman Catholic Church, if indeed it be equalled there.

It will be observed that the Methodist bishops are not confined to a diocese. Roughly speaking, each bishop visits the whole church in from twelve to fifteen years. The bishop, however, has an episcopal residence, though he may not be much at home. These residences are fixed by the general conference, and the choice is then made by the bishops themselves in the order of their seniority. Thus it happens that a bishop often officially resides at a great distance from the scene of the work with which he is most prominently identified. Bishop Vincent's home, for example, is at Kansas City, though he is commonly associated with Chattanooga interests.

In addition to these varied and important tasks within the bounds of our country, two or more of the twenty-one bishops are chosen to visit the foreign conferences. These men should be carefully distinguished from what are known as missionary bishops, the only Methodist bishop corresponding to the Anglican bishop—that is, with a well-defined and permanent diocese, and who therefore correspond pretty closely to a presiding elder, though he has presiding elders under him. These visiting bishops travel throughout the world and are effective everywhere.

It will be seen from this cursory sketch that the group of Methodist bishops are vested with more power than any body of ecclesiastics in the Protestant Church. As Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church remarked: "A Methodist bishop has more power in his little finger than I have in my whole body." It only remains to be said that this group of men exercise their enormous powers with rare wisdom, moderation and fidelity.—Church Economist.

When Gloves Were Only For Ornament.

It is interesting to recall the fact that gloves as a badge of elegant dress seem to antedate the use of gloves as a protection to the hands. The Romans, Greeks and Persians wore gloves on state occasions. As early as the days of Charlemagne the glove industry of France was started by granting to certain monks the right to manufacture gloves from the skins of deer which were killed for venison.

Water For Typhoid.

An eminent physician states that typhoid fever can be washed out of the system by water. He gives his patients what would amount to eight or ten ounces an hour of sterilized water. In cases of cholera, where the system secretes a large amount of fluid, enormous quantities of hot water are of great benefit.

The czar's Scepter.

The Russian scepter is of solid gold, three feet long, and contains among its ornaments 268 diamonds, 360 rubies and fifteen emeralds.

A Malesse cat brought from Topeka, Kan., to Shelbyville, Ind., walked back to its old home, six hundred miles away.

MADE BY EARTHQUAKE.

QUEER HISTORY OF THE LARGEST LAKE IN TENNESSEE.

Forty Miles Long and From Three to Five Miles Wide—Dates From 1811—During Its Formation the Mississippi Ran Up Stream—A Great Place For Sportsmen.

Reelfoot Lake, which lies mostly in Obion County, and partly in Lake, is the largest sheet of water in the State, it being forty miles in length and from three to five in width. It is fifteen miles from Union City, the nearest railway point. The first view a visitor obtains of the lake is one of surpassing beauty. The road circles around a high bluff; and, suddenly, several hundred feet below, the lake, in all its loveliness, breaks full upon the vision, its dancing, sparkling waters away as far as the eye can reach. Just under the lofty, picturesque cliffs nestles the little village of Wheeling.

The lake, which evokes rapturous comments from even the most indifferent observer, was formed in a few minutes by an earthquake, which, according to the best authorities, occurred between 2 and 3 o'clock on Saturday morning, November 16, 1811. There were two, terrific shocks about thirty minutes apart, and many lighter ones between and after. The earth rocked violently, a deafening noise like thunder struck terror to the ear, the atmosphere was heavily laden with something like smoke and vivid and almost constant flashes of lightning illuminated the surrounding country; and in less time than it takes to write it thousands of acres of land had sunk far below the level of the mighty Mississippi. The Fathers of Waters rushed into the sunken country, and the snation was so great that for three hours the river ran up stream, and rafts and boats below the lake were torn from their moorings and went whirling into the seething, maddening vortex. As soon as the newly formed lake was filled, the river went majestically on its usual course, leaving to Tennessee one of the finest fishing resorts in the country, which is annually the Mecca of thousands of sportsmen.

Reelfoot Lake is not the only memorable break of the seismic monster of 1811, for it sunk thousands of acres of land in Arkansas and Missouri, and formed Open Lake, in Lauderdale County, about twelve miles from Ripley. This lake is ten miles long by three or four in width, and is also a great resort for hunters and fishermen. New Madrid, Mo., suffered considerably by the quake, several of its score or more of inhabitants being killed and its cemetery caved into the Mississippi River and the bodies were swept away by the current.

Reelfoot Lake is known as the hunters' and fishers' paradise, and deserves that appellation, which it has borne almost since its formation, eighty-six years ago. Around its borders can be found bear, deer, turkeys and squirrels, while within its depths abound a great variety of fish, including bass, trout, croppies, bream, perch, pike, buffalo, drum and catfish. Then there is a fish in the lake known as "alligator gar," which is almost as voracious as a shark. It grows to the length of twelve or thirteen feet, and has an immense head, armed with large, formidable teeth. The loss of several people in the lake has been attributed to this fish. Several years ago a young man was bathing in the lake, when he suddenly threw up his arms and called loudly for help, exclaiming that something had him. Several of his companions, who were in a boat, rowed quickly to his assistance, but before they could reach him he was drawn beneath the surface of the lake, and the bloody water where he had gone down proved that he spoke truthfully when he cried that he was in the grasp of some dreadful monster. His friends believed that he was the victim of an alligator gar, as there is no other fish in the lake so large or voracious.—Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.

The Capitol Crypt.

The clearing out of the old brick partition from the crypt of the Capitol, which was begun some time ago, has been completed, and the whole place has been painted. The effect is even more wonderful than it promised to be. I doubt if there is anything more impressive in the architecture of this Capitol City than is this crypt. It is solemnly, sombrely grand. Its grandeur disclosed for the first time in twenty years, it seems as if it had just been dug from the earth, where it had lain buried since an age of architectural splendor. There is nothing ornate about it in color or form. It is simply a forest of perfectly plain columns standing close together and filling in an immense circle—as large as the rotunda above—the columns supporting a network of interlacing arches. The intersecting arches make sharp angles, though the swell of each arch is full and round. The vaulted ceiling thus formed is low enough, together with the short, thick columns, to give the chamber the appearance of great size and to render it grandly sombre. I believe it would be impossible for any one to enter this crypt, as it now is, its entire outline and proportion disclosed, for the first time without pausing at the entrance with a sense of awe and wonder.—Washington Letter.

Horse Hair For Upholstering.

Three hundred bales of horses' manes and tails to be used for upholstering furniture have been landed in Philadelphia by the British steamships Maine and Michigan from London. They come from far-away Siberia and are taken from horses used by the Cossacks, after the animals have out-lived their usefulness. Horses are cheap in Russia, and, after having seen better days, their manes and tails are the only thing left of a commercial value.