Are dying to an echo.

The gay spring
With its young charms has gone, gone with i leaves,
He simosphere of roses, its white clouds
Shumbering like scrapts in the sir-dist birds
Telling their love in music, and its streams
Leaping and shouting, from the up-pied rocks
To make the earth echo with the joy of waves;
And summer with its dews and showers has gone.
Easting upon the more and showers has gone.
Easting into of the storm—its peaceful have
Sendine in their sweet sieep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers and budding trees
And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
Easting upon the mountain tops as crowns
Upon the heads of giants. Autumn, toe,
Has gone! With all its desper giories gone.
Within the property in the street of the world
Like cold winds straying 'mid the forcest Gos.
He cold winds straying 'mid the forcest Gos.
To wake the thousand wind harp; its serene
And holy sunsete hanging o'er the West,
Like banners from the battlewest of heaven;
And its atill evenings—when the moon-lit sea
Was sever throbbing—like the living heart
Of passion have gone with the mooth of the cold with the strength of the past—their deep
Wild beauty has departed from the submerce of death,
Their solemn herald to eternity.
Nor lave they gone alone. High human hearts
Of passion have gone with them. The fresh dust
Be chill on many a breast that burned erewhile
With fires that seemed immortal. Joys that leaped
in this young morn, our, and wandered free
in this young morn, our, and wandered free
in this young morn, our, and wandered free
in this young morn of the past of the pas

and "Freedom; shout Of nations starting from the spell of years, The dayspring—see—'tis brightening in the cial

The watchmen of the night have caught the sign. From tower to towar the signal fires fisch free, And the deep watchword, like the rush of seas, That heraids the voicance bursting fisme, as sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of Hop and Life are on the wing. You slorious bow of Freedom, beaded by the hand of God, is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high archatype of Love and Mercy—on the clouds Tells that the many storms of human life will pass in silence; and the sinking wayes, Gathering the forms of glory and of peace, Beflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.

# A STORY OF AGGRAVATION. In Multitudinous Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

THE AMERICAN VELVET-PLANT. "My dear," said Mrs. Scroggs, "you must get me at once an 'American vel-vet-plant.' I have been reading its description. It is charming." "My dear," said Mr. Scroggs, "there

are several growing out there on the hill. Which shall I transplant for What do you mean?" said Mrs.

Scroggs. "The 'American velvet-plant' is the mullein," said Mr. Scroggs. " Pshaw !" said Mrs. Scroggs.

CHAPTER II. MULLEINS AND BOSES. What has this conversation (which actually occurred) to do with the story?

This is a story of aggravation, and not a Christmas-story, for, in fact, they had no Christmas at all, and it was impossible that they should have had, and they ought to have known better. It is had no Christmas at all, and it was impossible that they should have had, and they ought to have known better. It is written to be read after Christmas, when the bills come in, and the indigestions, and the doctors, and you and your trust it shall not shock you. She was a market-woman; not that she brought eggs, and butter, and fruit, to market. Had she done that, she might have been a rose-woman instead of a mullienand the doctors, and you and your wife have come to an understanding about the current expenses, and the Christmas brightness and the Christmas smow have given way to a raw, dipthe-ritic fog, and no end of slush. Read it

these hungs Mille states.

The state of the

leins, "They live in a world of their own." They will not see themselves as others see them! Talking of art, and stamped indelibly with Poverty, her mark! Condemned for life to flat beer, and dreaming of Amontillado, in Venetian glass! They could not be made to see why it was so impossible to grow at least one little rose from their stalk, just one!

CHAPTER 211.

THEIR CHRISTMAS-FEVER. Now that you comprehend them, you will not be surprised to hear that these people, who were in want, had resolved to keep Christmas.

And you will add almost of yourself that these are precisely the sort of peo-ple who are sure to take the Christmaslever, and to have it hard, and to whom its wreaths and tapers and carols are full of meaning and delicious charm and you would be quite right.

CHAPTER IV.

PARASITES AND NUISANCES. Hitherto I have introduced these people as "They." That was from cowardic Seldom has a writer more objectionable personages in hand. The Mulleins were hree: mother, daughter, and son. I have read recently that women without money were very nearly in the position of "parasites;" also, that "a woman's business is to amuse and serve man, and make his life agreeable, and, when not so engaged, she is a nuisance.' The mother and daughter in question were without money, and there was no "man," as an excuse for their existence; and not even the entireness of love, in which they lived with the Boy, and he with them, can altogether atone. I assure you I feel it; but then what would you have? This is jnot a Christmas story, but a story of aggravation.

### CHAPTER V.

THE CHRISTMAS-EOSE. To begin: It had happened a month or two before that they found themselves in possession of a surplus twodollar note. That is, of a two-dollar note which need not be paid over at once to landlord or shoemaker. This note was deposited by acclamation in the "Sixpenny savings" as a beginning toward growing the Christmas-rose. Henceforth the family leaned much on it, and it often came up in conversation

as "that two dollars, you know."

Then the three Mulleins had each a little plan for growing a Chrismas-rose.

Master Mullein invented what he called the "dodge," as this: There are certain transactions in business, so much a matter of course, that you are startled to reflect on the number of persons who earn a living in these very departments. Who thinks how notes, bills and measages, get about? Yet they certainly don't run on casters, as young Mullein, with his wallet chained about his waist, might have assured you. If you have an eye for rosy boys, I dare say you have seen him; and if you have observed him, arms up, hands clinched, running on a sort of dog-trot, so as always to keep pace with the car or stage in which you were riding, why then you have seen the "dodge." There are have seen the "dodge." There are lines on which a boy of determination may keep neck-and-neck with the horses. On such lines Mullein pocketed the fare and ran the route. There are the fare and ran the route. There are and then came down smiling, and got a letter. A letter. A ners." On these, as a boy of honor, Mullein rode. He reported himself to the house among the earliest of the rinners, and, nevertheless averaged thirty cents a day by the "dodge."

There are six days in the week, 6 x 30=\$1.80. It lacks six weeks of Christmas-tide: 6 x 1.80=\$10.80.

The world is under the reign of laws, and the Mullein household was under a law of necessity, that, do what they would, was sure to levy a tax of, say thirty cents on every lifty cents amassed by the "dodge," for matches, soap, paper, car-fare—something of the sort.
After the "eleventh or eighth" collision
between the "law" and the "dodge,"
it certainly occurred to Mamma Mullein that things looked discouraging; and she sighed. But the young inventor went sturdily on, with a pluck and an undiminished faith in the virtues of the

"dodge," quite delightful to see.

The little woman! such a very little woman! She was preparing to go into trade—in orange-peel and old news-papers—when she could find a buyer. People do buy such things somewhere, you know.

CHAPTER VI. MARKET-WOMAN-BAUL AND PAUL-SIMPLE

And now you are waiting to hear Mamma Mullein's business--that is, if you want to hear anything about it. I woman, and this story could never have been written. But there are so many sorts of markets—as a market where your nice fresh ideas will bring a fair price. Of this order of market-woman And now, they ought to have known better, as I said before, for they were mullein people, and there is nothing in a mullein that can produce a rose. As regards manners, morals, and ideas, they might be American velvet-plants—they were. But, as regards sterility—of resources, and the figure they cut in the world, and the estimation in which they were held, they were mullein people; growing on a very black hill—side, too.

And always haunted by the desire and intention to grow roses! The ordinary mullein accepts the situation. But they more frequently stemp the man or woman subject to them as dangerous. The world is like Saul. It accepts the thought, whether in writing, marble, pottery painting, politics, warfare, preaching, invitations, no matter what, as the Hebrew King did Goliath's head. But it never forgives the David. It "eyes" him; from that time out, look out for javelins! I beg pardon, I have shunted the story off the track; but enly to show you how behave like roses. They were always Mamma Mullein sometimes made money, was not invited to join—for was Mamma Mullein. She was liable

| 9 | Then she figured it out, thus:                                    |                                     |
|---|---|-------------------------------------|
|   | Three appropriate articles, at \$15 each<br>Working-Idyl          | \$45.00<br>26.00<br>15.00           |
|   | Carol. Preach about Babies. Review. Gow that Jumped Over the Moon | 20.00<br>15.00<br>30.00             |
|   |   | \$150.00<br>25.00<br>18.00<br>20.00 |
|   | Balance   | \$87,00                             |

was "that two dollars, you know." After this calculation, Mamma Mulin a new character, as "The Filial Fib." He discovered that all wellregulated boys spent their evenings in unceasing efforts to attain a good writ-

Also, that his only hope of achieving that desirable result was, in copying each evening, till bedtime, numerous pages of his mother's manuscript. good writing-hand.

CHAPTER VII.

THAT TWO DOLLARS"-HOPE LONG DEFERRED. The little woman went into trade. She sold the old newspapers for six cents. The orange-peel speculation resulted in failure. Nobody would buy. Meantime, "that two dollars, you know," was drawn from the bank perforce, to pay the washerwoman-a poor the heart, and was obliged to do that sum about the "Idyls," etc., twice over, before she could quite recover her

A BUSY M usual cheerfulness.

Also the "dodge," though in splendid working order, was so continually tripped up, and circumvented by the "law," that its young inventor might almost as well have spared the car-horses the shame of their defeat. The Christmas-rose will be a very small grewth," they told each other.
One—two—three—four weeks! Such weeks! The hours in them had feet of lead, and were lame besides. Darkest of all, came to be that hour known as the postman's. No such heart-shaking hour in the year, as, if you are a mul-lein person, or like those who joined David in the cave of Adullam, and you are at the crest of the wave, and a letter will tide you over, or dash you down in its gulfs, you very well know. The "Hour" quite overshadowed the Mullein family. When it began, everybody grew nervous; while it endured, every oody started at each tinkle of the bell, and watched slyly out of window. When it ended—oh! the miserable blank; worse even than the torture of suspense! and when the member from outsidewho had been absent meanwhile, returned-there was another trial. The vague expectation, the quick glance at the table and into the faces of the stayers-at-home, the pathetic attempt at indifference on the part of everybody; and the determination of everybody to show no anxiety, and to see none!-ah! let it pass! It is easier to write than to witness.

#### CHAPTER VIII. RETURNS, BILLS, AND BALANCES.

A letter at last, about the "Working-Idyl." "An excellent ides," the letter said; but was there not a touch of nitro-glycerine in it, that, admitted, might blow up society, or some subscriber's idea of society, which would be quite the same thing, as far as newspapers are concerned," and so with thanks, it was returned.

"Christmas comes but once a year,"

and to make all these slips and stumbles then! A Protestant pilgrimage, barefoot, to the Stock Exchange, or some other temple of Mammon, and a closing a check, for the "Preach about Babies," twenty dollars. Another letter, and another check, for the "Review," fifteen dollar.

Fifth Week. — Appropriate articles

for the Chignon not returned—they had been specially ordered, but gone into bankruptcy. The paper had fallen into financial collapse. Broken reeds that pierced her side. Mamma Mullein had scarcely the heart left to subtract forty-fixed collars more from their colors left. five dollars more from their calculations. It was over now. She kept a bright face for the younger Mulleins; but, though there might be still some scanty shreds and patches of Christmas, there

could be no Christmas-rose for them. Sixth Week.—The day before Christ-mas. Returned, the prose version of "The Cow Jumped Over the Moon," with thanks. "The editor would have used it, but he had accepted an article before receiving it, on precisely the same subject, which would appear in the present number." Singular, and yet more singular that the article on the same subject proved to be written by the editor in person. But Mamma Mullein had for her consolation the

of trade. The young inventor and the little woman proposed to invest the two dollars and six cents, after supper, by means of a committee of two, which mamma was not invited to join—for

unaccompanied by an extra fitty cents, or so, in honor of Christmas. thinks they have forgotten it !- forgotand the inventor of the dodge came out ground. Mamma quakes before her, and answers her but feebly. Still she stands! Will she never go? An awful silence. Convicted felons might wear scription of a mammoth cave which has the open and cheerful countenance of the Mulleins. The Nemesis of the wash-tub tosses her head, flounces makes a remark, to the door-knob apwhereupon he acquired his title of whereupon he acquired his title of Eliel File and let us home the the Filial Fib, and, let us hope, the is free to cover her face with her hands,

### CHAPTER X.

THE LITTLE WOMAN AS A BUYER. has been trying to buy a Christmas wreath with her six cents, but there are old woman who needed the money, on | none to be found at a cheaper rate than which Mamma Mullein felt a sinking of a shilling apiece. - Louise E. Furniss,

## A BUSY MART.

The Trade and Commerce of Chicago fo the Past Year-The Receipts and Shipments of Live Stock, Produce, etc. We condense from the Chicago Times the following brief exhibit of the commerce and trade of Chicago for the past year. The receipts and shipments of

| annexed table :            | ALL VILLE        |
|----------------------------|------------------|
| BECKIVED.                  |                  |
| 1874.                      | 1873.            |
| Flour, bris 2,627,402      | 2,180,073        |
| Wheat, bu                  | 23 235,296       |
| Corn, bu 34,804,115        | 38 599,024       |
| Oats, bu 12 937,548        | 16,539,011       |
| Rye, bu 771,877            | 1,106,780        |
| Bariey, bu 3,269,623       | 3,990,774        |
| Total bu (flour reduced to |                  |
| wheat)                     | 94,371,281       |
| 1874.                      | 1873.            |
| Flour, bris 2,287,805      | 2,100,167        |
| Wheat, bu                  | 21.957.253       |
| Corn, bu                   | 36,488,901       |
| Oats, bu                   | 15,245 110       |
| Rye, bu                    | 940,464          |
| Barley, bu 2,462,707       | 4,224,410        |
| Total bu (flour reduced to |                  |
| wheat) 86 050 697          | spin theat ratio |

PRODUCE. The following is a statement of the receipts and shipments of a few of the inent articles of produ

| The state of the s |            |
|--|------------|
| RECEIVED.  |            |
| 1874.  | 1873.      |
| cass reed, lbs39,575,248   | 26,419,00  |
| laxseed, lbs30,872,535   | 21,893.11  |
| room corn, lbs10,654,766   | 7,690,75   |
| otter, lbs 25,765,000  | 19,992 00  |
| Yeol, Ibs  | 32,561,57  |
| otatoes, bu  |            |
| Tides the 18 to non non  | 1,167,48   |
| lides, lbs   | 32,400,11  |
| вигрир,  |            |
| 1874,  | 1873.      |
| rass seed, ibs 28,420,322  | 18,916,19  |
| laxseed, lbs   | 6,134 68   |
| froom corn, fbs 6,189,208  | 6,580,31   |
| lutter, fbs  | 10 266,11  |
| Vool, ths 37,038,377   | 30,556,55  |
| otatoes, bu 263,618  | 400,41     |
| lides, lbs43,196,083   | 29,437,52  |
| GENERAL MERCHANDI  |            |
|  |            |
| The following shows the es   | timated ag |
|  |            |

channels of merchandise for the past vear:

year:
Dry goods proper.
Woolens and wnite goods.
Millinery and fancy goods.
Carpetings, upholstery goods, etc.
Clothing and gents' furnishing goods.

| PARTICIPATION AND DESCRIPTION OF THE PARTY. | THE PARTY OF THE P |              |
|---|--|--------------|
| LIVE S                                      |  | 3            |
| The value of live                           | stock h  | andled in    |
| Chicago during 1874                         | was as f   | ollows :     |
|   | 1874.  | 1873.        |
| Beef cattle handled                         |  | \$35,264,260 |
| Hogs handled                                |  | 53,153,000   |
| Sheep handl d                               | 978,708  | 875,000      |
| Horses handled                              | 2,850,212  | 2,028,902    |
| Total                                       | 894 020 307  | 201 001 100  |

2,757,945 The following is a statement of the had had some trouble will receipts and shipments of live stock and it was agreed that when they again and it was agreed that when they again they should 'meet fighting.' The The following is a statement of the had had some trouble with this man,

| Total  | AHTP          | PED.     | ,191 5,                                     | 390,882                       |
|--|---------------|----------|---|-------------------------------|
| Beef cattle, No<br>Live hogs, No<br>Sheep, No  |               | 554      | 051 2,                                      | 574,181<br>197,657<br>115,235 |
| The follow<br>ceipts and a<br>the past two   | verage        |          |   |                               |
| the bast two   | years :       | 9        | 100   |                               |
| Month.   | Rec'ts, A     |          | Bec'ts, A                                   |                               |
| January  | 561,241       | 2897     | 457,088                                     | 252                           |
| February   | 378,760       | 269 %    | 353,341                                     | 211五                          |
| March  | 271,626       | 231 39   | 238,728                                     | 20134                         |
| April  | 292,903       | 213      | 311,945                                     | 197%                          |
| May  | 261,361       | 21734    | 228,838                                     | 199%                          |
| June   | 245,860       | 233      | 310,072                                     | 206                           |
| July   | 244 550       | 231五     | 231,416                                     | 207                           |
| August   | 234,145       | 23114    | 205,904                                     | 20834                         |
| September  | 239,582       | 241 1-6  | 261,128                                     | 209%                          |
| October  | 325,716       | 23214    | 350,812                                     | 22134                         |
| November   | 616,303       | 26714    | 247,407                                     | 244                           |
| A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH | COLUMN COLUMN | 144.45.4 | A CANADA AND AND AND AND AND AND AND AND AN | The world to                  |

NEVADA'S GREAT CAVE.

Monster Cavern in the Humbold Range-Underground Chambers that Measure Forty by Sixty Feet-Bats that Scream Like Wildcats. A correspondent of the Winnemuccs Silver State writes to that journal a de-

boldt range of mountains in Nevada.

It has been known to the Indians perand the young inventor to press a soft cheek against hers, and call her his dear, good, lovely mamma.

This been all to the finding passage through the mountains to a point opposite where the Humboldt House new stands. A Piute legend says that it has been the home of the evil spirit for many generations, and the bravest warrior of the The little woman, who has slipped tribe will not venture pear its mouth out quietly, comes in and sits down by for any purpose whatever. They say the window, although it is cold. She that before the whites came among them they put bad Indians in the cave to appeace the wrath and hunger of the spirit that inhabited it. The last Indian put in there was not as bad as represented, and was guided to the open-ing on the other side by the spirit. The cave was partially explered in 1863 by Capt. Prescott, James A. Banks (who was since killed by the Indians near Camp Scott), and A. J. Simmons (now an Indian agent in Montana Territory). Some time ago a party of four, of which your correspondent was one, proceeded to explore the cave. We had heard a he different cereals are shown in the great deal about it, and were anxious to see a little of it curselves. On arriving at the place we discovered, to our surprise, that the entrance was fifteen feet above the ground rock on which we stood. The rock rises almost perpendicularly 150 feet above the mouth and for several hundred feet on each side. Having been provided with ropes, one was thrown over a point of rock which projects over the mouth of the cavern, by means of which the entrance was gained. Lighting our pitch-pine torches, we proceeded cautiously in single file about one hundred feet in what appeared like a large mining tun-The ceiling was from ten to fifby means of it the bottom was reached. immediately under the road we had traversed we found large chambers, the largest of which I should judge to be forty feet square and sixty feet high, the entrance to which was scarcely large enough to crawl through. Here in this chamber we noticed a verification of the adage that "constant drop-ping will wear away a stone." In several places drops of water from the ceiling, which continually fell in one place—there being no air current to The following shows the estimated ag-gregate transactions in the different in the solid flinty floor from five to seven inches deep. We explored the cave to a distance of a mile from the

City, Nevada, a man well known every-where on the Pacific coast, shot himself in the head last week, inflicting a wound which soon proved fatal. In wound which soon proved fatal. In noticing his career the Virginia City Enterprise relates the following:

"In Camptonville, Cal., in 1858 or 1859, he had a terrible personal encounter with a man of desperate character, and in the battle received a horrible

wound with an ax. It appears that he solem vow never again "to call a spade a spade," would have relieved Mamma Mullein's overwrought feelings as she subtracted forty dollars from her calculations. Then the tide turned, in a Beef cattle, No. 1874. 1873. desperado, armed with an ax, shortly after came into a saloon, where he saw the Major sitting in his shirt-sleeves. As he advanced the Major arose and drew a large knife. The man with the ax moved cautiously forward, holding aloft his terrible weapon. The Major stood perfectly motionless, warily matching the even of his approaching watching the eyes of his approaching foe. The only movement he made was to constantly turn the wrist of the hand that held the knife, so that the weapon was ceaselessly moving and flashing back and forth. The man advancing

American Architecture.

The resignation of Mr. Mullett, the supervising architect, brings to mind the subject of the architecture of our public buildings, and the question naturally arises: Why should our buildings be formed from the Greeian models? Perhaps because no other is quite so beautiful and so well adapted to the conditions required. But why, with our wealth and diversity of foliage, our abundance and variety of material, the next highest being lard, which is recently been discovered in the Hum-The entrance to the cavern is located about three miles northeast from Star should we not have an American order of architecture? In no country in the world are more or finer buildings going of refined oils was 271,000,000 gallons should we not have an American order of architecture? In no country in the up, and nowhere else do architects reup, and nowhere eise do architects receive more encouragement and support. Why, with all their resources, should they not give us something outside of the conventional five great orders? Mr. Latrobe, a former architect of the national Capitol—and a great architect he was—had the true idea when he developed to a suppose that the home consumption of so useful an article would be equal to if not far exceed the amount exported. This, however, is far from termined to give as much of a distinctly national character as possible, by the introduction of such forms in the vegetable world as would best illustrate the consumers pay more for the article table world as would best illustrate the consumers pay more for the article peculiar productions of the soil and cli- and use four times the quantity. All nate of the United States. This design the best contrivances for mate of the United States. This design the best contrivances for burning kero-led to the ingenious idea of a form of sene in lamps have been invented in celumn so original and so happy in conception and execution as to be deemed worthy to be called the American order. this country, and the mode of procuring a brilliant and unsurpassed light has been reduced to the most perfect An example of it is to be seen in the vestibule of the Law Library in the basement of the Capitol. The shaft is composed of the stalks of Indian corn, the joints of which wind around it will shall be capital corneits of the capital corneits of th spirally, while the capital consists of eign countries has done there what opened to show the grain, with the inter- do here, and a perfectly safe article has mediate spaces filled in by the tassel been secured to our foreign consumers, bent over, and a fillet or rope at the bottom. The base is a plain double mold-oil. Over sixty different nations, ining, the stalks rising out of a circlet of the pointed leaves of the plant. Over sixty different nations, including the stalks rising out of a circlet of the pointed leaves of the plant. President Jefferson gave evidence of his admiration of the design by placing a model of it upon one of the buildings it must prove highly beneficial to the model of it upon one of the buildings of his sest at Monticello. Mr. Latrobe also applied to the columns in the circular vestibule of the old Senate Chamber, now the Supreme Court room, the leaves and flowers of the tobacco plant, of which the capitals are formed, with a pleasing and characteristic of the court of the columns of the tobacco plant, of which the capitals are formed, with a pleasing and characteristic of the columns in the circular vestibule vestibule of the columns in istic effect. It was Mr. Lathrobe's misteen feet high in this distance, arter which it narrowed down to a track just large enough to get through. Suddenly we came to a square jump-off or perpendicular drop of thirty feet. Again the display of his great gifts and varied accomplishments. But with se grand accomplishments. But with se grand accomplishments. The fortune, distinguished alike for his virtues and his genius, to live too early in crease of consumption both here and and with every encouragement given to true merit, with the wealth of material on every hand, there is no reason why we should not have an American order worthy the name. The meeting of the tree-tops gave the Gothic arch; a basket of scanthus leaves resulted in the Corinthisn capital; Mr. Latrobe in Indian corn found a shaft and its capital. Who will complete his work so nobly begun, and give us an American architecture.

An Unorthodox, Rather Domestic Sort of a Holiday Story.

Every one is narrating Christmas cave to a distance of a mile from the entrance, and our lights burning well turn at the mill. It is all about Mr. showed that the cavern is well ventiand Mrs. Shaw, of Biddeford, Me. It entrance, and our lights burning well showed that the cavern is well ventilated. We did not find a passage through, though we traveled for three hours and a half by the watch, and arrived at the entrance very much fatigued. We started two bate at about three-fourths of a mile from the entrance, and they screamed like wildcats when they saw our lights.

A Desperate Encounter.

Msj. George E. Ferrend, of Virginia City, Nevada, a man well known everywhere on the Pacific coast, shot himself cap down under the cover. "Seeyour with touch to the cap down under the cover. "Seeyour with touch to the cap down under the cover. "Seeyour with touch to the cap down under the cover. "Seeyour with touch to the cap down under the cover. "Seeyour with touch to the cap down under the cover. "Seeyour with touch to the cap down under the cover. "Seeyour with touch to the cap down under the cover. "Seeyour with touch to the cap down under the cover. "Seeyour with touch to the mill. It is all about Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, of Biddeford, Me. It is cold at Biddeford, with the thermometer pret'y well down in the minors, and the chamber floors of a morning are like ice to the unstockinged feet. Aware of this fact, Samuel Shaw awoke one morning from a dream of peace, and observing through the window the rosy fingers of Aurora creeping up on the eastern sky, he spoke sharply with his mouth: "Susan, get up and build it yourself, Dickey," said Susan, drawing her night cap down under the cover. "Seeyour with the mill. It is all about Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, of Biddeford, Me. It is cold at Biddeford, with the thermometer pret'y well down in the minors, and the chamber floors of a morning are like ice to the unstockinged feet.

Aware of this fact, Samuel Shaw awoke one morning from a dream of peace, and observing through the window the rosy fingers of Aurora creeping up on the eastern sky, he spoke sharply with his mouth: "Susan, get up and build it yourself, Dickey," said Susan, drawing her night cap down under the chamber floors of a morning and the cha cap down under the cover. "Seeyou-darned first," said Samuel, with touching emphasis, to which Susan replied only with an indignant snore.

Morning furrowed the sky with plow of pearl, then paled in silver light, then turned all Dane to the rising sun; and still the wife and husband slept upon their snowy pillows. The slanting rays of afternoon shot their golden lances in the western window, crept slowly over the spotless coverlid, and lit as with a crown of glory the straggling locks of the fair but obstinate Susan. Then night threw round its shadowy mantle and pinned it with a star, while down through the open shutters looked the wild face of the wondering moon. Naught was heard but the sighing of the wind amid the tree-tops—naught seen but the pale smile of the moonlight, the dark blue

of the midnight sky, and the cold gleam of the far-off pitiless stars. Then Susan stirred softly in her

America Lights the World.

The Titusville Herald gives the folowing statistics of interest: While the oil region is suffering from an unusual depression, it may be some consolation to know that the heaviest item of American manufacture exported is that of our fine petroleum. It foots of an aggregate value of \$37,561,513, and the residuum and crude exported be equal to if not far exceed the amount exported. This, however, is far from being the case. The consumption of the ears with their husks sufficiently legislation in this country has failed to burning kerosene was never more brisk

#### Tunneling Niagara River.

The fact has heretofore been stated that Civil Engineer William Wallace had prepared a plan for tunneling the Nisgara river, at Buffalo, for submission to and consideration by those engaged in the movement for providing additional facilities for travel and business between this point and Canade. A few facts in regard to the proposed plan will be of interest. It con-templates a passenger depot on the Ter-race, near Main street, with a railroad track running through the Terrace to Court street; down Court street to its foot, across the canal; thence down between the canal and the track of the Niagara Falls branch of the Central railroad to a point a short distance south of the railroad bridge over the canal, whence the cutting will com-mence. The tunnel is to run under Black Rock harbor and the river and emerge on the Canada near where the old car-shop formerly stood. After the surface is again reached the track will be continued around the high ground and join that around the high ground and join that of the Canada Southern railway, near the Episcopal Church. The whole length of the cutting, including the tunnel, is 4,900 feet, and of tunnel proper, 2,949 feet. The proposed dimensions of the tunnel are 30 feet wide and 20 feet with the contract of the tunnel are 30 feet wide and 20 feet with the contract of the tunnel are 30 feet wide and 20 feet with the contract of the tunnel are 30 feet wide and 20 feet with the contract of the tunnel are 30 feet wide and 20 feet with the contract of the tunnel are 30 feet with the 30 feet with the 30 feet with feet high. This would give 22,627 cubic yards of excavation per lineal foot, or 65,332 cubic yards in all. In the through cut on this side of the river there would be 12,629 cubic yards of rock and earth excavation—how much of each cannot be determined without test pits. On the Canadian side the rock and earth excavation would amount to 118,317 cubic yards. The roof of the tunnel would be some 16 feet below the bed of the river at the deepest point. The grade from the center is put down at 60 feet to the mile. The estimated expense of the work complete is \$1,500,000. Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

It is better to live in a little, mean, two-story frame house, than in a jail; it is a good thing, when you are talk-ing of another man's defalcation, to make sure that you could have handled man default and the opport what will happen by the opport what who happen b