

From Texas comes the report that in some sections there has been so much rain that the grass is rank and washy, preventing cattle from taking on flesh as they should.

The Duluth grain elevators, which now have a capacity of 9,400,000 bushels, will this season add space for 4,000,000 bushels, in hope of controlling the wheat trade of the Northwest.

Making usual allowance for seed and consumption, the export surplus of wheat for 1885 from Australia is estimated not to exceed 350,000 tons has been shipped at the date of advices, the latter part of June.

Wheat in Minnesota, north of St. Paul, has been damaged by blight and insects, and south of St. Paul by hot weather and storms. Corn in the same territory is doing well. In Indiana here is an increase in the acreage of buckwheat and tobacco and a decrease in the acreage of flaxseed and potatoes as compared with 1884.

The number of emigrants landing at Castle Garden since the 1st of January is about 30,000 less than during the corresponding period last year. The decrease was most marked during the first four months of this year. There was quite a marked increase in the number of Scandinavians.

The Georgia Farmers' convention decided to send a committee to the American Exposition, to be held in London in 1886, to gather information on agricultural and mechanical matters, to inquire into agricultural progress in England and the continent, and to aid in the establishment of direct trade between European and Georgia ports.

The Secretary of War has instructed Gen. Miles, in command of the Department of the Missouri, to hold troops in readiness to enforce the President's recent proclamation in relation to the cattlemen on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation. By the terms of the proclamation, the cattlemen will be compelled to remove their herds by September. The troops will be held at Fort Reno.

A scientist claims that petroleum applied to wood renders it less liable to take fire. He has tested this point by experiment and found if there is any difference between the two the oiled wood is less liable to take fire, as there is less of a combustible fuzz to form on the surface. The petroleum enters the pores of the wood and renders it more like cedar. Apply it freely with a coarse brush, and in a few weeks when it has all soaked in and the surface becomes dry, the surface can be painted. Petroleum is a good protection against the decay of out-buildings, fences, etc., without the addition of paint.

Tel's marsh, in Nevada, is the most productive borax field on the Pacific coast. Its deposit covers ten square miles of surface, and is said to include chemically pure common salt borax in three forms, sulphate of soda and carbonate of soda. The basin of Nevada in which it is situated is covered in many parts with dry, efflorescent salts, washed in course of ages from the soda feldspar of the volcanic rocks and ridges of yellow lava which cover the country for miles. The waters of the lakes are heavy, appear like thin oil, smell like soap, possess great detestive qualities, are caustic as potash and easily soporify.

It is estimated that the supply of Brazilian coffees in the current trade year, beginning July, will amount to about 6,500,000 bags, indicating a slight gain over 1883-4, and an increase over the supply of 1882-3 of nearly 1,500,000 bags. The receipts of all kinds of coffee in Europe and the United States amounted to 10,414,000 bags, against 9,595,000 bags in 1883-4, though the general stock July 1 was somewhat smaller than a year previous, the apparent consumption having increased by about 1,150,000 bags. The year 1884-5 opened with fair R. O. coffee selling at 10 cents per pound, and closed at the end of June at 9 1/2 cents.

Ex-Gov. Gleason predicts that the pineapple crop of Florida will soon be more important than the orange. One of the best things he says, about the pine apple crop is that the common scrub and palmetto lands of South Florida seem just fitted to it. Hummock land is not adapted to the growth, as it produces too much plant and inferior fruit, while the scrubland produces just the reverse. Plants set out last October were last week bearing small fruit, and it has been generally considered that a plant would not bear fruit under eighteen months from the time it was first planted. All engaged in the growing of pineapples in Brevard and Dade Counties, he says, are much pleased with the year's yield and hopeful of the future.

ARTHUR'S DEVOTION.

"Elinor," tenderly, "I have loved you so long. Must the devotion of years have been lavished in vain?"

The pleading accents awoke no answering sentiment. The fair, white face was calm. A faint, pitying smile hovered around the tender curves of the sweet mouth.

"Disdain, he thinks, were better than such supreme indifference. 'Elinor!' What a passionate yearning is in the lowery!"

"Don't, please, Arthur, I almost feel as if I must be terribly to blame for your suffering."

"You to blame? Ah, no dearest. I could not help loving you from the moment when, a youth of 15, I first saw you in church. I said to myself then, 'Arthur Gordon, there is the one girl in the world for you!' From that time forth my only happiness consisted in thinking of you; planning what I could do to give you pleasure. After four years of such worship I have been unable to move your heart. I have touched your life so lightly that, were you never to see me again, you would not bestow upon me one regret."

"Indeed, you wrong me," interrupted the young lady, earnestly. "Elinor Garrison never forgets a friend—and who has been a truer friend to the orphan than you, my brother?"

Gordon raised her dainty hand to his lip with reverential gesture. "I accept the title, dear love," he said, gravely, "if I may not be more to you, at least I will be your brother, ever ready to care for your interests, loving you with all my might, yet hoping for nothing in return."

A slight blush stained the pale cheeks. "You are too noble, Arthur, you deserve more. Forget me and find another upon whom to pour out such disinterested affection."

"The world holds no other for me," he answered tenderly, a beautiful smile illuminating his frank countenance.

Meeting those clear, gray eyes, Elinor felt that he was a man to be trusted. Why could she not care for him as she desired? Rich, handsome, upright, what more could any woman demand? She sighed.

"You have heard the latest, of course, Ellie?" gayly inquired a pretty girl, as she tossed aside her gloves preparatory to spending an hour or so with her friend.

"No," answered Miss Garrison. "Why, I thought he must have told you himself, so I ran over purposely to hear all about it."

"Of whom are you speaking?" was the quiet response.

"Of Arthur Gordon. His engagement to a Miss Marion Hepworth, of Boston, is just announced," watching Elinor furtively as she answered.

The latter looked courteously interested—noting more, as she resumed the etching which Olive Lindsey's entrance had interrupted.

"You are not mistaken, Olive?" with a great assumption of indifference.

"Certainly not," with some spirit, as the young lady drew a tiny package of rick-rack from her pocket and began to work nimbly. "Brother Frank heard it at the club last evening. You know, Ellie, I never repeat a story unless very sure of its truth."

Miss Garrison smiled. "I was not doubting you, Ollie," she said soothingly. "I know you are not a bit of a gossip!" A moment later: "Have I shown you my new spring suit?" adroitly turning the conversation.

Once fairly launched upon this fascinating topic, Miss Lindsey forgot to refer again to Gordon's engagement, and after a half hour that seemed interminable to Elinor took her leave.

"So," thought Elinor, while her red lip curled half scornfully, "this was the end of all those protestations of undying fidelity!"

It was a disappointment to find him no different from other men. Her heart beat more rapidly at the recollection of his last words:

"The world holds no other for me."

"Ah, whispered Elinor, triumphant, he loves me only. I wish Miss Hepworth joy of her prize."

In a village one's private affairs are common property. Everyone knew of Gordon's long devotion to Miss Garrison. All were anxious to see how she would stand her knight's desertion.

But none were able to read her real feelings, though many were the surmises.

ble ardor of the man had in one moment swept away the barriers of coldness and pride. Elinor Garrison knew that she loved. But, alas! the knowledge came too late.

Walking homeward, Gordon received so many congratulations upon his engagement that he began to feel annoyed. "Simply because I visited Elinor first, they must need link our names," he muttered. "It is well she does not hear it. I only wish it were so," a smile playing around his firm mouth.

"Well, when is it to be?" called Miss Olive, saucily, as obeying a beckoning finger, Gordon drew near her as she sat by the open window. "Now, do not pretend ignorance," she continued, "for I want to hear all about her. Is she beautiful, rich, etc.?"

"I shall be better able to answer you when I hear the fair one's name," was the laughing reply.

"What an actor you would have made! The lady lives in Boston, whence a certain gentleman has just returned."

"So, then, they have not referred to Elinor," thought Gordon thankfully. "I assure you, Miss Lindsey, that I have no idea of whom you are speaking."

Olive laughed. "Miss Hepworth, I believe her name is."

A tall, slim, drabish spinster rose before Gordon's vision. His mouth twitched, but he said nothing.

"Well," said Olive, inquiringly. "Oh, excuse me, please; good afternoon," and, much to the young lady's surprise, the tall figure was striding down the street.

"Manners," she grumbled, as she closed the window.

Entering the familiar side-door, Gordon stepped lightly into the room he had so lately quitted.

Elinor sprang hastily to her feet. The traces of weeping were evident. She would have fled, but strong arms detained her, gathering her in a close, fervent embrace.

A truthful voice murmured tenderly: "It was all a great mistake darling. How could you doubt me Elinor?"

"Was it not worth while, since it showed me my heart?" was the low reply, as her shy, glad eyes were lifted to meet her lover's.

Drinking A Tear.

The passionate Hebrew metaphor of the beverage of tears, found in several places in the Psalms, is seldom fulfilled literally. But here an affecting instance in real life illustrates the sad truth that few people in this world can do evil without making others weep. The scene is copied from the Arkansas Traveller:

"Boys, I won't drink without you take what I do," said old Josh Spilit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him with astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures down us. You are the chief of mixed drinkers, and I won't agree to your conditions."

"He wants us to run in castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"I'm square. Take my drink, and I'll drink with you."

The boys agreed, and stood along the bar. All turned to Spilit, and looked at him with interest.

"Mr. Bar-tender," said he, "give me a glass of water."

"What? Water?"

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me I admit, and it's a scarce article, I expect. Several days ago, as a parcel of us went fishing, we took a fine chance of whiskey along, and had a heap of fun. Long toward evening I got powerful drunk, and crawled off under a tree and went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey and came back to town. They thought it was a good joke 'cause they'd left me out there drunk; and told it 'round the town with a mighty bluster. My son got hold of the report and told it at home. Well, I lay under that tree all night, and when I woke in the morning, my wife sot that side of me. She said nothin' when I woke up, but sorter turned away her head, and I could see she was chokin'."

"I wish I had suthin' to drink," says I. Then she took a cup wet she had fetched with her, and went up to whar a spring cum up, and dipped up a cupful and focthed it to me. Jest as she was handin' it to me, she leant over to hide her eyes; and I saw a tear drop into the water. I tuck the cup and drank, and raisin' my hands, I vowed that I'd never drink my wife's tear again, as I had been doin' for the last twenty years, and that I was going to stop. You boys know who it was that left me. You was all in the gang."

"Give me another glass of water, Mr Bartender."

"Cheeky Reporters.

Chicago Herald.

The Reality of Unter der Linden—Health of the Kaiser—A National Prospect—Life and Living in Berlin.

Unter der Linden, writes a Berlin correspondent to *The New York Evening Post*, has a very fine sound. The lime tree is as much like an elm as it is like any other tree, and "Neath the Elms" is the idea the American can understand, and the idea "Unter der Linden" is intended to convey, and does convey until the thing has been seen. "Neath the Elms," broad-spreading, thickly shadowing, with grass underneath upon which to stretch one's self at full length and all in the midst of a vast city. Let us start at once, and there make our home.

The reality is sad enough. Unter der Linden is a street, with houses, numbers, shops, palaces, etc., about a mile long, and about two hundred feet broad. In the middle is a dirt walk perhaps fifty feet wide, a row of trees on each side of it, guarded by iron rails supported in very ordinary stone posts. Upon one side of the dirt footpath are about twenty feet of thicker dirt for horsemen; upon the other side about twenty feet of stone roadway. Then come two more rows of trees, those of the roadway being in a narrow plate-bande. Then on each side follow ordinary street and sidewalk reaching to stuccoed shops, hotels, and palaces. The lime tree in its proper growing places is a lovely tree; not very large, but large enough, with dark green and very thick foliage. There are many excellent specimens in the Thier garden, and even in some of the squares where grass is allowed to grow beneath, seeming to require the companionship of verdure. But just where of all places they ought to grow and flourish, just there they will not—that is, at all commensurately with the expectations of hopes of those who put them out. As limes will not grow, experiments are being made with other trees. Maples, elms, and horse-chestnuts have been substituted, but none of them seems hearty.

The one thing to do in Berlin just now is to see the emperor, that one may know of one's own knowledge—so far as eyesight imparts knowledge—his physical condition and prospects. According to my eyesight, the change since the last time I saw him is painfully startling. He is no longer upright, his chest has fallen away so that his orders overlap; he has hardly strength to reach his hand to his helmet; his eye is dull and heavy. The newspapers speak of him every morning as being fully re-established in health, and as having worked for hours the day before with his various ministers and generals. That can not be; there is no more work in that head or in that hand. And what has the Kaiser done for the people? Are there any fewer poor old women and little, half-nourished children, working on their knees in the fields, tugging with feeble fingers at the roots and weeds, as though their lives depended upon it—ah, indeed, they do? And what hovels they crawl into when their day's work is done, and what they eat before they fall dead asleep! All the while strong husbands and brothers are far away, watching lest an irritated foe acquire means or revenge; and all the while, too, the emperor, "Al-terhoehst," is disturbing medals and honors, which they have dug out of the ground for him, though they are poor, sick, ignorant, starving and helpless. There is not a second of rest from labor for either play or prayer; and what the emperor has done the nations about him must also do, or be engulfed. The strain must break soon.

Another and more solemn side of the question: Is the individual German any better mannered than he was twenty years ago? Is he any more cleanly in his personal habits? Is he any more likely to defer to a lady, unless he knows her name and knows she is a countess? Is he any less of a most fearful nuisance when let loose in Switzerland? Is his scholarship less pedantic, are his ideas less vague, is his language less confused, or his cooking less abominable?

There was a time just after the French war when dining in Berlin was tolerable. Of the French prisoners, of course, nearly the whole number knew how to cook. For some years their teachings were remembered and obeyed, but now they seem completely forgotten. I dined yesterday at the Cafe de l'Europe. Each Berlin restaurant has its fixed dinner for the day, and you are expected to take it. The first thing, and a terror, is the dish of hors d'oeuvres—a vast rotating platter, about three feet in diameter, covered with small dishes, at least twenty in number, each dish containing a so-called appetizer: Italtianischer salad, sardines, pickled herring, and all sorts of pickled things unknown elsewhere. Three Germans seated at a table next to me called at the start for champagne, and took enough of the hors d'oeuvres to exhaust any non-German hunger. As to the dinner, I can not (and could not) go through with it. Everything was cooked to death, and everything was swimming in the vilest of sauces.

Berlin is yet a most delightful city, and if Mr. Fendleton will present half a dozen Americans at court every winter, so as to give Americans the social position they have not hitherto enjoyed, there is no reason why the American colony should not rival that of Paris. Above all others, Berlin is the place for work. Everybody is doing something, studying something. The people you meet, of whatever nation they may be, look as if they were making the best of their time, and not worrying with the idea that they were too young or too old to take hold of anything. In classic art Berlin has won the lead. The Pergamos marbles must be seen and closely studied by everyone who would know anything of Greek sculpture. Their creator was the Giulia Romanio of antiquity. I was at once taken back to the Palazzo del Te. Such vast richness of sculpture has not been given to scholarship since the time of Lord Elgin.

Let me close this long letter with a story of his lordship's name: Once upon a time a neoplaton professor was lecturing at Yale college on the

Elgin marbles. At the end of the lecture up stepped anything but a neoplythian professor, and said to the lecturer: "Do you say Elgin or Elg(h)in?" (that is, with the g soft or hard). "I say Elg(h)in, of course" (g hard), answered the neoplythe. "In the course of your lecture you said both Elgin and Elg(h)in. Good evening." And all without a smile.

Table of a Black Cat.

"What fo' yo' keep a black cat," said the colored janitor of a Twenty-third street flat the other day to a lady who had a pet of the kind referred to. "Doan' yo' know," the janitor went on, edging away from the cat, which advanced, purring, toward him, "doan' yo' know that a black cat am a dangerous animal? Don't? Well, look a hyar, missus, I tell you as them cats is dangerous. How'd I know? 'Cause I does. Now, yo' juss lem me tell yo' how I knows. I was fass asleep one ebbin' in bed in my room, I was, and Jim Crane, anudder colored gemman, was along side o' me, fass asleep. There was a chimbley-place in the room and a roarin' wood fire as was roarin' beautifully. 'Least it was when Jim and me fell off asleep."

"I was dreamin' away powerful when all of a sudden I wakened wid a sort o' feelin', an' I sat up in bed straight as a pole. An' what d' yo' think, missus, I saw? I seeed the biggest black cat yo' eber sat yo' eyes on. She sat right straight up in de middle ob de flo', an' her back was humped up like a bow as what's jist gwine fur to shoot, an' her eyes they was fixed right on me. 'Jrus'lem, missus, yo' can jiss bet yo' life I was skeert. I sat juss as still as a mouse, 'speakin' ebry minute she'd jump at me. But she did not; it was a she I'm sho', fur a she black cat hab de debil in her. Well, she looked at me and I looked at she, but you can jiss know as how ebry bone and muscle in me was on de quivah. She didn't move fur 'bout ten minutes, I should say, mebbe 'twan't so long. Then all of a sudden dat ar she cat she gib de 'swish!'—she was up, dat chimbley right over dem hot coals, out of sight. Quicker 'an a blush I woke Jim, and tell him what had happened. Then we jumped up and clapped de blower, fust ting, onto de chimbley. Bet yo' sweet life we didn't tend that cat should git out o' dar agin. Then I opened de blower fur 'nut to slide in some kindlin' wood on top o' that, an' then we let de old fire rip an' roar as if she'd tear the chimbley inside out. Then we piled an old trunk and a lot o' truck 'ginst dat ar blower, an' I thought I to myself, 'Dat ar cat am a goner.'"

"Well, de fire she blaze an' blow an, bust away fur ten minutes or mo', an' I was jist thinkin' ob gwine back to bed, when all of a sudden dar war de dumbest chatterin' yo' eber heard in dat chimbley. That was one ob de biggest yells yo' eber heard, the old trunk and de truck flew in air ways fur Sunday, dat ar blower was busted out o' dat ar black shemale cub, she stood right dar fo' my very eyes, right on de top ob doze ar coal, an' she glared at me an' I'm as dat I was paralyzed. Den she gabe one mighty yell, bigger 'n all de rest, rushed out into de middle ob de room, and, shoof! she was gone. An' d' yo' know, missus, as how ebry blamed window and do' to dat ar room was dead shut? Fac'. Ask Jim Crane. Dat's why I sez as how a black shemale cat am a dangerous animal. She am de debil, she am, sho'."—New York Tribune.

The Seven Days' Fight.

The seven days' fighting, although a decided confederate victory, was a succession of mishaps. If Jackson had arrived on the 26th—the day of his own selection—the federals would have been driven back from Mechanicsville without a battle. His delay there, caused by obstructions placed in his road by the enemy, was his first mishap. He was too late in entering the fight at Gaines' mill, and the destruction of Grapevine bridge kept him from reaching Frayser's farm until the day after the battle. If he had been there, we might have destroyed or captured McClellan's army. Huger was in position for the battle of Frayser's farm, and after his batteries had misled me into opening the fight he subsided. Holmes and Magruder, who were on the New Market road to attack the federals as they passed that way, failed to do so.

Gen. McClellan's retreat was successfully managed; therefore, we must give it credit for being well managed. He had 115,000 men, and insisted to the authorities at Washington that Lee had 200,000. In fact Lee had only 90,000. Gen. McClellan's plan to take Richmond by a siege was wise enough, and it would have been a success if the confederates had consented to such a programme. In spite of McClellan's excellent plans, Gen. Lee, with a force inferior in numbers, completely routed him, and while suffering less than McClellan, captured over 19,000 of his men. Gen. Lee's plans in the seven days' fight were excellent, but were poorly executed. Gen. McClellan was a very accomplished soldier and a very able engineer, but hardly equal to the position of field-marshal as a military chieftain. He organized the Army of the Potomac cleverly, but did not handle it skillfully when in actual battle. Still I doubt if his retreat could have been better handled, though the rear of his army should have been more positively either in his own hands or in the hands of Sumner.—July Century.

Painting Our Stomachs Red.

"I dislike to see you eat cayenne pepper," said a man in the grocery business to a friend. "Why?" said the friend. "The grocer dusted a little of the pepper on the open page of his notebook and drew his finger over it. A number of small red lines showed where grains of pepper had been drawn over the paper." "Because half of this stuff is not pepper. It is regularly adulterated for restaurant use by mixing it with rice, flour and ground mustard husks which have been colored red with red lead. Those red lines on the paper are pure red paint."—Detroit Free Press.

WHY THE EARTH QUAKES?

The Forces Supposed to be at Work Thru'th Miles Beneath Us.

Professor George H. Merriman, of Rutgers college, New Brunswick, has made the crust of the earth a study, and has written on the subject. He says: "While facts enough regarding the extent of the earthquake of Sunday have not come to hand to enable me to speak on the direction of the earth wave or its peculiar features as compared with other earthquakes, yet some-thing may be said as to the latest convictions of students of science on the nature of the earth below the point any man can penetrate. That may lead us to guess intelligently at the cause of earthquakes."

"You know the long received theory of the nature of the interior of the earth was that it is a molten mass, and that we move around on a crust enveloping the earth and caused by the cooling off of this mass on the inside. It is undoubtedly true that about thirty miles below the earth's surface the temperature is so high that everything is in a melted condition. We know this, because we have learned that every fifty feet we penetrate into the earth there is an increase of temperature of about one degree, and at a distance of thirty miles the heat is so great that any substance we know of would melt."

Perhaps the melted mass is in the form of a liquid. That would be certain but for the immense pressure on it. The pressure is estimated at 10,000 tons on a square foot. Of course scientific men cannot experiment with matter at a high temperature with a pressure of 10,000 tons to a square foot, so we can only guess what may be its condition. In talking about this melted mass thirty miles under us the term water substance is used by geologists.

"How great is the distance through this water substance we do not know, but it is certain that its density increases more and more, gradually, until the interior of the earth is solid, probably, from the inconceivable pressure 1,000, 2,000 or 3,000 miles from the surface. Sir William Thompson has demonstrated that the earth must have a core much denser than the land and water we live on. He points out the fact that if a shell only thirty miles thick surrounded a molten liquid mass extending from one side of the earth through the centre to the other side, then the moon, through law of gravitation, would displace the liquid or gas in the interior of the earth to such an extent that the earth's crust would bulge out in the direction of the moon, making a tide in the solid crust of the earth, as certainly as the skin of an orange bulges out when you squeeze the fruit between the palms of your hands. And this would be evident to us because the ocean tides would be almost, if not quite, imperceptible to us. To withstand the attraction of the moon, the earth, Sir William says, must be rigid as steel."

So we have the theory that the crust of the earth floats on and imposes an immense weight on a water substance, which is inconceivably hot. Now, as to the way an earthquake may be caused. Suppose moisture trickled gradually, year after year, through this crust into a heated mass. In our atmosphere steam would be produced. Thirty miles below us the pressure is so great that it is not likely that steam could be generated. One thing, though; the pressure of 10,000 tons to the square foot, a pressure exerted in every direction, would be increased. Some effect must be produced down there, and it is easy to see that if one place in the earth's crust is weaker than another region where the water trickled in, then, 'the weakest place must stand the strain.' It is not unreasonable to suppose that this pressure below might be so great that the earth's covering was shifted a little to adapt itself to the pressure from below. This shifting of the crust is, in fact, the earthquake."

"I believe this theory has the greater reason on its side, because earthquakes are almost always in the region of volcanoes, and volcanoes are almost always in or near the ocean."

"Another theory of earthquakes is that as the earth is very gradually cooling off the crust is thickening on the under side and cracks or fissures on the under side of the crust many miles deep may occur in consequence of the enormous pressure, so that the water substances rushes into a new position with a force that would knock a continent out of shape if it took place on the earth's surface. That motion would be sufficient to produce a vibration thirty miles distant."

"Whatever the cause of the earthquake on Sunday," added Professor Merriman, "I think the earth in the region where it took place has either settled into a new position or is forced back into an old position from which it was pushed by former earthquakes."

Castrating Lambs.

An English flockmaster says he prefers to castrate when the lambs are about a month old, because when treated in this way they become fatter in the leg and more fleshy in the back as they grow up. This is an important consideration, as it gives a more valuable leg of mutton for roasting or boiling, and a fatter, more tender and juicy saddle. He also keeps his nursing ewes in rather high condition, contending that fat dams make fat lambs. Thus treated, the ewes not only give a larger quantity of milk for their offspring, but it is also of a more nourishing quality. This renders the treatment better all around.

The will of the late Stephn Salisbury, of Worcester, Mass., has been probated. The estate is estimated at \$7,000,000. He bequeathed small sums of from \$1,000 to \$5,000 each to a large number of persons, including \$1,000 to each of his surviving classmates of Harvard, class of 1817, of whom George Bancroft, the historian, is one. The American Antiquarian Society receives \$70,000, various other societies secure from \$3,000 to \$1,000 each. The residue of his large estate he gives to his only son, Stephen Salisbury, Jr., without conditions, and he is made executor, without bond.