AN INCOMPLETE REVELATION.

RICHARD AND ANDERSON IN OCTOBER CENTURY. While Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty
years ago,
When conts were drab and gowns were plain, and
recet was staid and slow.
Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single friz or There dwelt 'm'd Panfi lds pescelul shades, an uld Univ Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's gard was of her sect. Devoid of far. She spoke rebake to vanity, from bonnet to her Sweet red-bird was she, all disguised in feathers of with dainly float and perfect form and eyes that dreamt of leve.

Sylvenus Moore, a bachelor of forty years or so, A quality plous, wearined soul, with besid and A quality plous, wearined soul, with besid and har of tow, and queer, thin lery, and shuffling walk, and orswling passt tone. Was prompted by the spirit to make this maid his own

He knew it was the spirit for he felt it in his breast. As oft before in meeting time, and sure of his re-Produced the pea mit in due form. On Fourth-day of that week
He let Buth know the message true that he was moved to speak.

*Buth, it has been revealed to me that thee and must weed.

I have sporen to the meeting, and the members all have said have said
That our quiou seems a righteous one, which they
will not gainsay,
So, if convenient to thy views, I'll wed thee next
Third-day."

The cool possession of herself by friend Srivanus Monte aroused her hot resentment, which by effort she (She knew he was a godly man, of simple, childish and checked the word "Impertinence," and an-

"Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home and wait until The fact that I must be thy wife revealed unto me.'
And thus the left him there alone, at will to rumi Sore pursled at the mysteries of Love, Free Will and Fate.

THE BREWSTER DIAMONDS.

"And you say the diamonds were very valuable?"

"Worth twenty thousand dollars, Mr. —what may I call your name?" asked Harold Brewster of the plainly-dressed man seated upon the opposite side of the

"Oh-Smith," responded the man. "Quite a common name, that; but I suppose it will suffice as well as any," said Mr. Brewster. "Precisely."

A short interval of silence then elapsed. It is quite evident that the two are studying one another-Mr. Brewster because he is a stranger, and the latter because it is bis calling.

Finally Mr. Browster broke the silence

by asking: "You are a detective?" Smith acknowledged this by simply

bowing. "And do you think, Mr. Smith, that you can help me to recover the jewels?" I can try-"

"So can any one try," quickly interrapted Mr. Brewster.
"Let me finish, please," said Smith.
"When I try I succeed. If you wish my services give me some points. Tell me who the diamonds belonged to. Give me some explicit idea as to their form,

number, and the like. I cannot work in the dark, and blindfolded Mr. Brewster.' "That's a fact. Well, in the first place, the jewels are old family heirlooms. They consist of a necklace, eardrops and a pair of bracelets. Ah! by the way, I can give you a better idea by these, said Mr. Browster, taking from a drawer a box. He took the cover off; and there,

perfect mass of glittering, shimmering Smith uttered an ejaculation of sur-prise as his eyes fell upon the sparkling

ensconced among downy cotton was a

"You seem surprised, Smith; well, they are pretty fair counterfeits," said Brewster, as he laid the diamonds upon the table.

"Counterfeits, did you say?" asked Smith, as he bent lower to examine them.

"Precisely; they are but paste repre-sentations. They are the same in size and number as the originals; were made expressly for such an occasion as this. Please examine them closely, Mr. Smith, for by these must we recover the origi-

nals. The detective took the pieces up one by one and examined each closely. He counted the stones; noted the quaint,oldfashioned setting, which was intricate, delicate, and a marvel of skilled handiwork. "And you say these are 'bogus."
"Yes, sir. If the originals were here

you could then compare the two sets." "Who usually wore the real ones?"
"My daughter, which was seldom; for she is an invalid and goes in society but

little. Poor Lucy! she does not even know that the diamonds are missing." "Does not know? What do you mean,

Mr. Brewster?
"The two sets are kept in a secret drawer in my desk at home. The originals in a plain white box; these in a blue

box, as you see."
"Precisely; go on."
"If possible, I would like to recover the diamon's before my daughter finds out about the matter. You may proceed in your own manner, Mr. Smith; if you succeed in recovering the jewels, and punishing the thief, I shall not hesitate

"Of course you will allow me to take these," said Smith, pointing toward the

"Certainly; they are only paste," said Mr. Brewster, as he laid the bogus jewels back in their downy nest. Smith took the box, rose, buttoned

his coat and turned to leave, when he suddenly asked as he looked over his "Does your daughter know of the ex istence of these 'bogus' jewels?"

"She does." "Let me see -you have a son!" asked Mr. Smith.

'Is he a member of the firm?" No. sir.

"What does he do?"

'Sir, my son is a gentleman of leisure.' "That's all; good-night," and the door closed behind the officer's form.

Jack Smith was one of the best men on the force. He was sharp, cunning, and knew not the meaning of the word fear. As he wended his way from Harold Brewster's office he began to cogitate, to wonder if there was no possible light ahead concerring the case in hand. Just as he was about to pass a jewelry store a sudden thought illuminated his mind.

He stored in and the case in hand in the condemned to death; they have something else to listen to besides mere words. Days, and even weeks, before a sudden thought illuminated his mind. He stepped in, and showing the "bogus" timber is raised or a nail has been driven through the model of the proprietor, asked him one question. When Jack Smith emerged this poor creature, however, was not from the door a strange look was upon troubled in that way; she had not the net may

The Charge Wheels

his face, and he hugged the box more closely to his breast as he threaded the great Broadway throng.

Fred. Brewster was one of those gay petted darlings of society, of which New York has a surfeit. He toiled not, neither did he spin, yet no one of the fashiona ble set in which he moved had finer raiment nor spent money more lavishly Perhaps if Fred had had some aim it Perhaps if Fred had had some aim in days in Lancashire are, and as I entered life, his lot would not have been as vapid ber cell the sound of rain on the roof is rapidly going to the dogs. He knows scene to an extraordinary degree. To it, and his boon companions know it; those who knew the circumstances of the career as they did. He was petted by his mother and sister, and his father condoled his many foibles by saying:

"Let the bey sow his wild cats; he'll settle down soon enough."

The young man gambled; was a fre quenter of sporting circles of every de cription, and did not disdain to bet hundreds of dollars on a brutal prize ring affair. Upon the evening following the interview between Harold Brewster and the detective, while Fred was in one of the noted gambling resorts on -

him careless in his play. The conse-quence was when he rose from the game he found that he had lost five hundred dollars. He went to the bar and called for brandy. After drinking it he took his departure. The middle-aged man who had watched him so closely was at his heels.

"Look bere, stranger," said Fred turning to the other when the pair had reached the walk, "am I such an object of curiosity that you must needs keep your eyes upon me?

"Be calm, Mr. Fred Brewster. I ar-rest you in the name of the law," said Jack Smith; for he it was in many of his

"My God! Arrest me? For what?" gasped the young man, starting back.
"No matter; come with me," simply returned Smith.

The young man saw now that it would be utterly out of the question to offer resistance, and so accompanied the officer. The pair passed into Broadway, and after reaching and passing through Bond street, went down the Bowery.

A strange expression of fear came upon Fred Brewster's face when the officer told him to step into a pawnshop with him, near Canal street crossing. "The ticket, please," said Smith.

Fred trembled in every limb; his face was the picture of abject despair.
"What-what do you-mean?" he ejac ulated.

"The pawn-ticket for the diamonds, whispered the detective.

Fred took his pocket-book out, and

extracting the slip of paper from its con-tents, passed it to Smith.
"Now, friend Jacob, I'll take that lot of diamends in the white box, please," said Smith, handing the ticket to the Jew

behind the counter. "Yes, mine frent, but I must haf mine monish. Twenty-five tollar, and fife for te use of te monish returned the Jew.

Smith banded him the required amount and took the diamonds. After the pair had reached the street, the detective said to the thoroughly as tonished young man:

"Now, my young man, let me give you a piece of advice; mend your ways; change your manner of living, and be a

man for your mother's sake."
"And—am I—at liberty?" asked Fred. as the other turned to leave. "You are; go and do the right thing

hereafter. But recollect there's one man who knows of your crimes, and will not hesitate to use this incident against you From if you ever give him occasion. The next day, while Harold Brewster

was seated in his office, he was startled by the appearance of Smith, the detec-"Ah, Smith, I see by your face that

you have succeeded." "I have; there are your diamonds," said the detective, laying the two boxes

upon the table. "I am so happy! Are they not beau-ties?" asked Mr. Brewster, lifting the jewels from the white box.

"They are fair," responded Smith smiling. "Fair! What do you mean? They are worth twenty thousand dollars. Compare them with these," said Brew-

ster, taking the jewels from the blue "Suppose you tell me which are the originals, the genuine ones," said Smith. Mr. Brewster looked up quickly and

asked:

"What do you mean?"
"Simply this. Mr. Brewster—the real diamonds have not been stolen at all." "Eh?-pot stolen! I-bless my soul What-do you mean, man?"

"It is the truth, Mr. Brewster. The boxes must have get changed, or rather the contents. You gave me the real diamonds, and I have recovered the bogus ones."

The listener was so thoroughly astonished that he could not speak at first. Finally he added; "How did you learn of it?"

Smith then told the astonished merchant how he had stepped into a jewelry store and asked the proprietor to examine the jewels and tell him their value. He told Mr. Brewster how he had found the paste gems in a Bowery pawn

"And did you not espture the thief?" asked Brewster.
"Don't press that part of the case,
Mr. Brewster, please. I guess he has

had a lesson. After receiving remuneration for his services the detective took his departure. Mr. Brewster never questioned his son because of his changed manner of living, but he imagined he knew the reason of

Fred's change for the better.

Curious Experience.

"One of the most curious experiences that ever befell me," writes an English government official, "was when I was governor of a jail in Lancashire. Of course, the most ignorant, as well as the | musical. most degraded, came my way. One of them was a woman of sixty, a murderess. The chaplain could do nothing with her thing else to listen to besides mere words. Days, and even weeks, before a timber is raised or a nail has been driven in, they hear the gallows being put up.

imagination for it. She had not even the instinctive foretaste of her fate that the dumb animal feels on the threshhold of the slaughter-house. There was no 'good-bye' to make, for she had neither relative or friend in the world; the world she was to leave on Monday. On Sanday night she sent for me. It had Sunday night she sent for me. been a pouring day, as most November as it is. But, as the case now stands, he heightened the melancholy effect of the but he cared as little for his mistaken case, she was scarcely an object of pity, for the murder she had committed was a most brutal and appailing one; but it was impossible to behold her without sharing her wrotchedness. She was standing under the barred black window with her eyes fixed upon it, listening apparently to the splash of the storm, but she turned quickly round as I came in and faced me. 'Guv'nor,' she said, 'is it true that I am to be hung to morrow? It was not easy to reply to such a question in words, and I only inclined my head gravely. 'Is it far from here-I mean the gallows?' 'About fifty yards; the noted gambling resorts on street, he found that a plainly-dressed mean the gallows? 'About may gates,' man of middle age was watching him directly in front of the gaol gates.' 'Ay, ay, I mind the place well; I closely. I was a young gal. Then one will walk to it, won't oue?' There was a touch of disappointment in her tone which I could not understand, though I guessed the reason of it afterward. Yes, we shall walk.' 'Very good! I've been thinking of summat as I should like to do. Will you grant me a last favor, guy'nor?' I told her, of course, that anything that lay in my power, and which my duty permitted mo to do, would be done for her. 'Well, to morrow will be wet, you see, that's certain. Now, never in all my life has it happened to me to walk under a silk umbrella. Will you let me do it just this once?' I gave her, of course, the required assurance, and her warders reported that she went to bed in good spirits and passed an excel-lent night. Her first words on being awakened in the morning were to inquire if it had rained, and on being informed that it did, she expressed her satisfaction. The rest of the sad ceremony seemed to interest her very little, but never shall I forget how her dull hard

A Canadian Romance.

face brightened up at the sight of the

new silk umbrella that was presented to

her. She held it over her head to the

gallows' foot, with a hand, if it trembled

at all, did so with conscious pride.—Bow Bells.

Thirty-six years ago there lived in that pleasant little town down the river called Sorel—very little it was then—a youth and a maiden. The name of the youth was George Beaupre, the name of the maiden Mary Ann Pearce. They belonged to families of moderate circumstances. He with the strength and devotion of honest young manhood, loved this young maiden, and wooed her with that earnestness which only such a lover can. He was given every encouragement; was, some say, actually accepted; was congratulating himself, at least, on the smooth coursing of true love, when suddenly a rival appeared, and every-thing for him turned black. The rival was one Jacob Savage, of the same town. Pretty soon she and Savage were married and settled down in the place, and then young Beaupre's hope died out. He tried to work on as before, but could not. He closed up his business, settled up his affairs, and started to the far West, toward which so many adventurous spirits were about that time shaping their

From that day to within a few ago he had not set foot in this part of Canada. He had worked hard, saved carefully, prospered and laid up property worth at least \$200,000. He had never married. He was getting up towardsixty years of age. Several weeks ago be took an idea to come back once more to see his friends, and he started east. He searched out relatives in Sorel and Mon treal, but found few that he remembered. He inquired for the woman who, as a girl, had so many years before thrown him overboard for a rival. They told him she was widowed; her husband had been dead many years; she had been liv-ing several years in Montreal; went to call upon her; met her, and then- He found her getting old, in poor circumstances, with several children, but that made no difference; he saw only the girl of thirty six years before. On Saturday they were married by his lordship Bishop Fabre, the wealthy bridegroom being content with no other dignitary than the highest in that part of the country. He has bestowed all the happiness that wealth and affection can upon his bride and her children, and in a short time they will go to his home in the Black Hills.—Montreal Star.

The Four Blind Musicians of Uniontown.

The four blind musical brothers of Uniontown reads more like the captain to a tale in the "Arabian Nights" than a simple statement of facts. A family of this singular description have, however, been living in a suburb of Washington, D. C. Uniontown is a little settlement that has grown up across the east branch of the Potomac, within easy reach of the navy yard. It is a sleepy tumble down village, whose chief claim to aristocracy is the nomenclature of the streets, which bear the name of every president to Buchanan. Its chief citizen is, perhaps Frederick Douglas, who owns a fine country place near the river's bank.

Some years ago a family moved into this village from Baltimore of the com-mon name of Smith, but of very extraordinary family make-up. There were or had been twelve or fifteen children, every other one of whom in regular succession had been born blind. Of this numerous and singular progeny, all who were born with sight died but one-a girl—and at present only five children are left, this girl and four blind broth-ers, named James, Ignatius, George and Alfred. They are all smart and happy, all are masters of some trade and all are

When in a frolicksome mood each in turn will play on the family fiddle while the others dance. One of the brothers is quite an accomplished musician, and supports himself by giving lessons on The remaining brother is a cabi net maker, with a special knack at coffins.

The oldest of the brothers has a high reputation in Uniontown. Not only can he make the best broom in all that region, and make the violin sing, but he is endowed with a wonderfully acute sense of touch. It is said, for instance, that he can tell a five from a ten dollar bill by feeling the two notes.

One of the brothers is married and has a large family. The sister is the wife of an elderly carpenter. They all live to gether with their widowed mother and seem to be a happy and affectionate household.

Opossum Hunting In Australia.

Prof. H. N. Mosley in his Challenger Notes," speaks of a visit be made to the domain of Sir William McArthur, at Camden Park, forty miles from Sydney, New South Wales, and gives his experience in hunting the oposaum. He says: The park is 10,000 acres in extent. Here I went out on several occasions to shoot opossums by moonlight. The opussums are out feeding on the trees at night, or are out on the ground, and rush up the trees on the approach of danger. They are very difficult to see by one not accustomed to such work, but those who hab itually shoot them discover them with astonishing ease. In order to find the animals, one places himself so as to get successive portions of the tree between his eye and the moonlight, and thus searching the tree over, at last he catches sight of a dark mass crouching on a branch, and usually sees the earspricked up as the animal watches the danger. This is called "mooning" the opossums. Then, with a gun in one hand, one fully realizes for the first time the meaning of the saying, "Possum up a gum-tree," The unfortunate beast has the toughness of his skin alone to trust to. "Bang!" and down it came with a thud on the ground, falling head first, tail outstretched; or it clings with claws or tail, or both, to the branches, swaying about wounded, and requires a second shot. It must come down at last, unless, indeed, the tree be so high that it is out of shot, or it manages to nip a small branch with its prehensile tail, in which case it sometime contrives to hang up even when dead and remain out of reach. Nearly all the female opossums which I shot had a single young one in the pouch. The young seemed to be attached with equal frequency to the right or left teat. the animals in the hopes of obtaining young in the earlier stage, but found none such. Among stockmen, and even some well-educated people in Australia there is a conviction that the young kangaroo grows out of a sort of bud on the teat of the mother within the pouch. We killed about twenty opossums in a couple of hours on each occasion on which I went out.

Tea Testing.

Edward Newman, the newly appointed tea inspector for the port of San Fran-cisco, recently examined forty-four different brands of tea, each of the samples having been procured by govern-ment officials. The Examiner thus describes the process of testing and the adulterations: "Only two lots have been condemned. One lot was of fifteen and the other of one hundred chests. The condemned chests contained six pounds of sand to one hundred pounds of the mixture, in which an occasional tea leaf was discovered. The bulk of spurious tea is manufactured in England and shipped to New York. Old tea leaves which have been used are picked up and taken to places where they are regularly faced and refabricated. The methods of testing are chemical and microscop-ical, and an expert cannot be deceived into certifying the spurious to be the genuine article. Tea can be adulterated in various ways. The most common practice is to paint the leaves of the beech," elmwillow, clove or hawthorn with some pigmentary substance, such as graphite, plumbago, chalk or China clay. "Lie tea" is not tea at all. It is made of tea dust, foreign leaves and sand, mixed up by means of starch into little masses, which are afterward painted so as to resemble either green or black gunpowder tea. Some of these mixtures might deceive the tea tasters, but would be rejected on a chemical analysis. Volatile oil is sometimes mixed with the spurious article, and the stuff is doctored up so that it loaks and tastes like A N. 1 tes. An interesting but sim-ple process of determining the genuineness of leaves is to incinerate them and then examine the ashes. If it contains eight or nine per cent, of silicia the substance is spurious.

The Marriage of the Elder Booth.

The Baltimore Sun in a late issue says: "The encyclopedias speak of the late Junius Brutus Booth as the oldest son of the great tragedian of the same name. without mentioning the fact that the elder Booth had been twice married, and had one son by his first wife. In the old Cathedral cemetery in Baltimore the elder Booth's first wife lies buried. Her tombstone may yet be seen there, with its inscription. The stone is four feet above the ground. It is 50 feet from the bed of Winchester street, and between Winchester and Calhoun streets. The inscription which it bears is as follows: 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph, pray for the soul of Mary Christine Adelaide Delannon, wife of J. B. Booth, tragedian. She died in Baltimore, March the 9th, 1858, aged 66 years. It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead. May she rest in peace.' This lady resided in Bal-timore for a number of years before her death. She had one son, Richard Junins, who is understood to be yet living abroad. His mother was a French woman, married to Booth in Belgium, and divorced from him in Baltimore. Junus Brutus was the oldest son by the second wife, who was a Miss Holmes, of Reading, England, and who was the mother of Edwin, John Wilkes and several other children.

"014" Whatshisname.

How unlike women do men meet the enemy, age? The first time a man no-tices that the years are mastering him he is singularly surprised, but it never en-ters his mind to undertake to dodge old Father Time or to keep him at a respect-ful distance. One night he is at the theater, and before the curtain rises he is entertained in his indolence by the chatter of two youthful snips who just sit in front of him. Suddenly he hears his cwn name mentioned and is startled by the strangeness of it. It is the younger

of the gabblers who refers to him, and the reference is surprising. The man of forty hears bimself spoken of by the boy of seventeen as "Ohi Wilson," or whatover may be his surname.

The little three lettered adjective falls upon him like a 100 pound weight of astonishment. "Old Wilson," he repeats over and over to himself, trying to get accustomed to the queerness of the un-flattering appellation. Sitting there in the blaze of the lights, with the throng of play-goers about him and the music filting the air with sentiment, he loses homself in reminiscences of his youth. which he never before dreamed had slipped away from him.

He does not hear the overture or see the curtain rise. He is away in the primrose spring, young again. re-tracing those forty years in memory. He is trying to think when he first noticed lines upon his face and silver in his hair. He is looking at himself mentally to see if he is really old. He thinks of it as he goes home, and that evening becomes to him forever afterwards the milestone which marks the boundary of his youth. He may have been old to others before, but never until then was he old to himself. He cannot think of it for a long time without a sudden sinking of the heart. Strangely enough he accepts the charge of being old without a disputations word or thought. Never once does he say: "Oh, infidel mistake!

Oh, pagan no sach thing!" The next time he finds himself protesting against some little plan for recrea-tion which he once delighted in he thinks of himself in his character of "Old Wilson," laughs gravely and says, a little sadly, that he believes he is getting old. From that time he speaks of it often and without violence to his feelings. He drops into elder ways quite submissively and loosens his grip a little upon the world. He does not resent the usurpations of age. He submits because it is his destiny and because his religion and his philosophy both teach him that it is folly to fight the inevitable. But he never sits in a theater again that be does not experience anew that sudden sinking of the heart at hearing himself called

Villard's Deadheads. It is now said that \$250,000 was ex-

pended in feasting Villard's deadheads

from many lands on the occasion of the formal opening of the Northern Pacific. This lavish expenditure was incurred in the hope that the guests would tak up the road on their return, so that there would be a general rush for the bonds. But the reverse was exactly the case. The bonds and the stock went down, and none of the deadheads considered it to be his duty to bolster them up. For men who had capacity enough to con-struct a great continental highway, the project was a very childish one. Instead of producing great results it provoked social animosities. Some deadheads would not associate with the other deadheads. An English Earl who was enjoying Villard's wines and cigars was too exclusive to mingle with any of the crowd. But he had no objection to be fed and transported gratis. It is the concurrent testimony that foreigners who begged piteously for an invitation were the most exacting and exasperating of the whole lot. Some of these deadheads are living for the railroad, yet They are junketting about the country at its expense. They are drawing free rations and cigars at the New York hotels. A more ravenous or conscienceless crew probably were never before gathered together. When they return to their homes they will abuse the Northern Pacific and everybody connected with it instead of celebrating it. The gorged deadhead, titled or otherwise, is neually destitute of all gratitude.—S. F. Bulletin.

Pet Names at Home and Abroad.

Far from disliking pet names in the nursery or in the retirement of the family, they seem to us very fit and beautiful there, but there they should be kept. Cutside acquaintances have no right to call a young girl Sis, or Pussy, or Birdie, or Pearl, or any other pretty or affectionate name which may be given her by her father or mother, brothers and sisters.

Wives, too, seem lacking in the reverence which all true women and highbred ladies show to their lords, when they speak of them in society as Ned, Tom or Dick. Nor does a husband pay his wife the honor which every gentle-man should, when he alludes to her in a room full of strangers or acquaintances as Polly or Fan. It is very much better to be found too formal than too free and easy; and society is the gainer wherever people are on their guard about these ming trifles.

It is in the power of a few women in any community, to elevate the tone of the place, and to make good manners fashionable, by simply setting an exam-ple of careful attention to them in their own practice, and exacting the same from their own families.

The Egyptian Workman.

The suppleness of the Egyptians in general is predigious. Most workmen use almost as often their feet as their hands. The turners, who make moncharabiehs, hold each bit of wood with the great toe, just as they could do it with any single finger. The women who collect in the streets rags and bits of paper take them up with their great toe just as dexterously as our rag gatherers do with their crook. Generally they seize an object with their great toe, then bear it to their hand, with which they throw it into the basket behind their shoulders. But I have seen one that simplified the movement by lifting the foot without the least difficulty, and with a rapid move-ment, as far as the basket. The Egyp-tians move their legs just as our arms; it seems that all their members are attached with the same suppleness and possess the same flexibility. It is an anthropological peculiarity that brings them near enough to spes to gladden the hearts of transmutationists.—Five Months at Cairo and in Lower Egypt.

The charming Madame V., at the coast, changes her dress three or four times a day. Walking one day along the beach, she meets a friend who does not bow to her. "Well, don't you recognize me?" she exclaimed; and the other answered: "Oh, I beg pardon; but as you had on the same dress two hours ago, I did not believe it could be you."

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Printers' type and engravers' blocks are now made from celluloid.

.The domestication of buffalo calves is being attempted in Arkansas.

The whole country, with the exception of Wall street, is prosperous.

Florida has 630 factories, working 2749 hands, with a capital invested of \$1,697 .-

The largest creamery in the world is at West Andover, Ohio. It works up milk of 1500 cows. The United States treasury now holds

more money in its vaults than ever before since it was established. A new substance as brilliant and hard,

and withal fireproof, has been invented to supersede celluloid. A South Carolina inventor, named Me-Clain, proposes making wash tubs, buckets, etc., of annealed glass.

A St. Helena, M. T., paper estimates that that place has lost \$100,000 by holding over last year's hop crop. Distilleries with a capacity of more

than 1000 bushels per day, will not be taken into the Western whisky pool. This year Colorado raises more wheat than it will use. Pretty well for that section of "the great American desert,"

There are about thirteen hundred thousand acres of Government land in Missouri, subject to sale and homestead entry.

The public credit is higher than that of England, and the Secretary of the Treasury is about to recommend a two per cent. bond.

Kansas has raised a fine sorghum crop this season, to supply the demand of the recently established sugar factories in that state. A man who had started a steam laundry at Corpus Christs, Texas, found the competition of the Mexican women too

In England the tendency is to a decreased acreage devoted to wheat culture. In nine years this decrease has reached 28 per cent.

A Grange co-operative store at Meri-dian, Miss., which started business in 1879 with a capital of \$50, sold last month \$5860 worth of goods.

The distrust of "business paper" has had the effect to increase the supply of money loanable on collateral, and Wall street is deluged with money. The James River Iron Works at

Lynchburg, Va., which originally cost \$296,000 have just been sold for \$75,-000 and are to be turned into a nail fac-The semi-annual dividends payable in

Boston in October, aggregate \$7,480,-601. Last April they amounted to \$8,-144,776 and in October of last year to 87,000,000. It is found that tea and cocoa are Ceylon's most paying crops. Cinchona, too, is rapidly increasing in production. Crop prospects there are decidedly bet-

ter than last year. The chronic borrower thinks it strange that with money down to 2 per cent. per annum in New York, and dull at that, he is finding it so difficult to obtain lit-

tle accommodations on long time. This is indeed a prosperous country. Once was the time when our wealthiest merchants were not ashamed to carry home their marketing. Nowadays the poorest paid clerk would scorn to do it.

A machine has been invented and set in operation down in North Carolina which rolls out several thousand cigarettes per minute. This will tend to sange of cigarette smoke.

York farm, on Chester river, Kent county, Md., owned by S. Merritt Wilkins and containing 400 acres, has a peach orchard of 18,000 trees, which from 1875 have produced 311,500 baskets of fruit, bringing in \$103,000. In 1878 the sales netted \$66,000.

Picking up the bones of dead buffaloes is one of the industries of Texas. The bone mills of St. Louis pay \$14 a ton for the best grades of this harvest gleaned by the squaws, who wander about the plains in search of the bleached skele-

The St. Joseph (Mo.) Hersid at last speaks a good word for ex-Senstor Tabor. It complains of the way in which he has suffered from the wild vagaries of the humorists, and expresses the hope that the republicans of Colorado will elect him governor of the state.

A party of Philadelphia capitalists have 1000 acres in sorghum at Rio Grande, N. J., and expect to turn out 1,000,000 pounds of good sugar this season. The sorghum seed is fed to pork, and in addition to the sugar the farm is expected to yield \$30,000 worth of pork. Two-thirds of the cattle raising in Wyoming and Montana is in English

hands. It costs \$3 to raise a three-yearold, and the animal is then worth The more cattle a man owns, the smaller the cost of raising and caring for each animal. Most of the grazing is done on public lands. There is great activity in western Pennsylvania in all the territory from

which a flow of natural gas can be obtained, and the Pittaburg Post reports several large enterprises of capitalists based upon the use of this fuel. Tarentum, on the West Pennsylvania rallroad, is to be the site of several large glass manufactories, employing millions of dollars in capital.

A PRETTY POWERFUL PRATER.—The first stationed Methodist minist r in Troy, Ala., was the Rev. Mr. Kelley, who had charge of the church there in 1857. There was in the town a ten-pin alley, which was a great nuisance to the religious and moral portion of the community, and the Rev. Mr. Kelley desired very much to have it abated. He was a very gifted and earnest man in prayer; so, one Sabbath morning, he prayed most fervently and devoutly that the Lord would send a wind to blow the ten-pin alley down. Wednesday afternoon following a wind came and did blow down the house which contained the alley and immediately ceased, doing no other damage. There has not been a ten-pin alley in the place since then. This is an actual fact, which came under the observation of the writer, and which will be verified by any of the citizens of the place who resided there then and still survive.—Montgomery (Ala.) National Union. 1857. There was in the town a ten-pin