A MOUNTAIN BRIDAL.

I was a tarn on the mountain side,
Misty and chill,
Over the hill,
Over and under the pine-woods wide,
Heard I the wandering wind
Moaning, as one who could never find
A place where he might abide.

I was alone in my hollow glen;
Sunset's red gleam—
The moon's pallid beam—
The cry of the beast from his unknown den—
They haunted the lonesome wood,
Only to deepen its solitude;
Was I alive, love, then?

Once, in a darkling dream, I heard—
O, to know where!—
High in the air,
Something that sang to me, thrilled in me, stirred
Life that I knew not was mine;
A ripple of melody, dim and divine;
A far-off, familiar word.

Once, in a noonday trance, I saw
A glimmer of white,
A wonder of light,
A radiance of crystal without a flaw,
Shining through moss and fern,
Glimpsing and hiding, with many a turn,
Yet coming by some sweet law;

Coming to me, O, my brooklet bride!
Yes, it was thou—
Part of me now—
Coming, with grace of a sunbeam, to glide
Into my soul's shadow deep;
Waked by their laughter from sloth and from sleep,
Thee I must follow, my guide!

Mine, O, my blessing, my mountain-born!
Out of the glen,
Down among men,
Winsomely leading me forth, like the morn,
Heaven on thy musical lip,
Fresh from the wells where the holy stars dip,
Rousing me up from self-scorn.

Still at our tryst on the mountain-side
Something we keep
Hidden too deep
Ever to whisper through earth so wide;
Love that we dimly know
Leaves the world fresher wherever we go,
One in our life, O, my bride!

—Congregationalist.

PRIESTLY VESTMENTS.

The solemn mass meeting at the opening of the synod is the votive mass of the Holy Ghost, says the Catholic Review. If the temple itself is full of lesson, what a wealth is there in everything that immediately surrounds the altar, priest and sacrifice? All the scripture, all the theology, the entire Christian tradition, from our own days back to the Mosaic and ante-Mosaic periods when the Messiah was but a promise, are crystallized in this altar, its priest and its rite.

The celebrant, being a bishop outside his diocese, sits at the epistle side at the foot of the altar on a portable chair, known as the faldstool, a well known survival of the chair of the Roman. He is there invested with the mystic dress of his order. Every portion of it, whatever its origin, whether in Mosaic type or in the necessity of the early Christian days, or in the progress of its liturgical science, has now, with its accompanying prayer, a spiritual and allegorical meaning as well as a historical origin.

Attendant on the bishop are an assistant priest and a deacon, who represent the law and the prophets, Moses and Elias, that in the mountain of the transfiguration spoke with Jesus. His sub deacon is John the Baptist, the precursor. The two deacons of honor attendant on the cardinal are David and Abraham, to whom the promise of the incarnation was made. They are the two columns whom the king of peace has placed before the gate of the vestibule of the temple.

The vestments of the Christian high priest are to be examined in a double aspect, in their reference to Christ, whom the minister represents, as well as in relation to the work of the priest himself, and these principals animate the church, as Cardinal Lorthaire points out, in every action that the Pontiff performs in making ready for the sacrifice.

Preparing to announce the gospel of peace, the bishop puts on sandals and buskins, types of the incarnation, for our flesh was as a shoe to the feet of Christ, which He assumed to discharge the functions of his priesthood. The sandals are attached to the buskins, recalling the human soul which serves as the intermentary to the divinity to unite itself to our flesh. As the first sustains the body, so does the divinity govern the world and makes all evil its footstool. The sandals further recall the promise of the Holy Scripture: "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who preach the gospel of peace." The open sandal warns the minister that he who preaches the gospel must be free from every taint of worldly affection.

In this spirit, too, the bishop washes his hands, so that spiritually he may be pure. "To eat without purifying the hands defiles no one. What defile him are the things that come from his mouth and heart—bad thoughts, homicides, thefts, impurities, false testimonies, blasphemies."

The amict, still called the helmet of salvation, was formerly a covering for the head, and is even now worn as a cowl by the Dominicans while going from the sacristy to the altar. It is placed first just on the head and then on the shoulders. It represents the strength of good deeds. The strings that fasten it in front are the intentions which animate our work and the end to which we direct them, so that there may be no leaven of malice or injustice in them, but that they should be accompanied with the azyme of sincerity and truth. Work is the mission of the priest. "Labor like a good soldier of Christ."

The alb typifies the new life of Christ. "Clothe me, O Lord, with the new man, who, according to God, is created in justice and the holiness of truth." Great care is taken in fitting it to the shoulders and to the body, to show that the life of the priest ought to be well-ordered and regulated. Its whiteness expresses purity of heart. It is of linen, because linen represents the justice and virtue of the saints. Still another mystic reason—the fiber of the flax, bruised and torn, received from the bleacher a whiteness that did not belong to it by nature. So the flesh of man, chastised and mortified by penance, receives a grace of purity which it cannot acquire by nature alone. The priest is bound to chastise his body and reduce it to subjection, lest he who has preached to others become a castaway himself. In the Jewish priesthood the alb was straight, because of the spirit of servitude, which, in those days, compelled souls by fear. Under the new law, its ample folds indicate the holy liberty in which are placed the children of adoption. Sometimes the alb is decorated, and this, too, has scriptural significance. It is bound up by a cincture to show that the priest must keep himself chaste, in spite of the stings of the flesh. "Let your loins be girt and your lamps burning." In the Apocalypse the Son of Man carried "a cincture of gold." It is the perfect charity of Jesus Christ, which surpasses all understanding. It is also justice. "Justice," says Esaias, "will be the cincture of his loins, and faith his buckler." The tassels at the end of the cincture are the natural justice taught by Christ. "Do not do unto others what you would not wish them to do to you."

The stole which the bishop puts on his neck, is the obedience and holy service to which the Lord Jesus subjected himself, "who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of a man and in habit found as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross."

What, then, was a humiliation to the first of our priesthood becomes a stole of glory to all that followed Him, take the yoke, which in His service is light and makes the burden sweet.

The stole, as worn by the bishop, hangs pendant and is not crossed, as by the priests. It thus explains its name, "orarium," and indicates its origin, being the fringe of a senatorial robe. The stole is tied up by the cincture, to indicate that the virtues should mutually support each other.

Two garments of kindred form, one somewhat smaller than the other, are now put on, the tunic and the dalmatic. The tunic, retained from the Jewish priesthood, is the figure of the doctrine of Christ, which is proclaimed by the little bells formerly attached to it. This tunic of Christ was spared by the soldiers who slew him. It was left to heresy to rend the unity of Catholic doctrine. To the pontiff the long tunic further indicates perseverance, which alone receives the crown.

The ample dramatic indicate the abundant mercy of Christ. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." "Mercy and not sacrifice have I asked." As an episcopal garment, with ample sleeves, it represents the liberality and generosity of the episcopal order "Share your bread with the hungry and receive under your roof the poor and homeless." Those who recall the charitable work of the deacon, as illustated, for example, in the case of St. Lawrence, need not be told why the dalmatic is the delmatic is the garment of the disconate.

The bishop's gloves recall the skins of goats which Rebacca put on Jacob. "By this skin of kids," says Innocent III, "we must understand the resemblance of sin, with which Rebecca, that is, the disgrace of the Holy Spirit, has clothed the hands of the true Jacob, to wit, the exterior works of Jesus Christ, so that the new Adam might carry in himself an image of these. Jesus Christ has taken the appearance of sin without since itself (Romans viii, 3; Hebrews iv., 15) in order to conceal from the demon. For, like sinners, He was hungry, He was thursty, He knew grief and sorrow, He slept, He labored. For this, after he had fasted forty days and forty nights, He was hungry, and the tempter, approaching him, tempted Him as he did the first Adam. But this spirit of evil was conquered by the second Adam by the same means which gave Him triumph over the first."

For bishops the gloves have this lesson: They are put on after the Dalmatic to indicate that good works are to be done modestly, so that the right hand may not know what the left does.

The chasuble, or little house (casula) was formerly, as even to-day in many rites, a round garment falling from the shoulders to the ground. It was raised at times by the attendant ministers to permit the celebrant to use his arms freely. Of this custom we still have a trace in the action of the server at the elevation, and at other times in high masses. But as time advanced the round garment was cut into its present form. It represents the universal church, of which the old was the predecessor and type. One is separated from the other in the order or of time, by the mystery of the cross. The moral teaching of the chasuble is charity, which covers a multitude of sins. It is the nuptial garment. The amict is made to touch it to show that every good work must be animated with charity. The two parts of the chasuble indicate love of God and our neighbor, "the whole law and the prophets." The extent of the chasuble indicates that charity is all embracing, including even our enemies.

The maniple, forming a kind of napkin, is not assumed by the bishop until after the confiteor. It typifies the vigilance and labor in the service of the Lord which will produce the sweat of the brow in which all must eat their bread. It is worn on the left arm, to show that Jesus Christ, and every true priest, enjoys the recompense of his labor. "They went weeping, sowing their seed; with joy they will return, carrying (manipulos) their arms full of the harvest."

The crown of the bishop is his miter, a crown of glory and honor, it is true, but one which those worthiest of it have always found, on this earth at least, a crown of thorns. "With glory and honor Thou hast crowned him and placed him over the works of Thy hands." On the miter of the Hebrew priest was the ineffable name of God. The miter of the Christian bishop represents, "the name that is above every name," and the honor that is due to the humanity of Jesus, because of its union with his divinity. The miter signifies the science of the two testaments, its horns representing respectively the Old and New Testament, and the two posterior bands, the spirit and letter.

The ring is the gift of the Holy Spirit, who in the Scripture is often called the finger of the Most High. The circle of gold indicates the perfection of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, which Christ has received in a measureless degree. "God has given Him His spirit without measure." This plentitude of the Spirit Christ distributes variously to His disciples; to some the gift of speaking with science and knowledge, to others the grace of curing the sick, to others the power to work miracles. These gifts are made sensible by the ministry of the bishop, who gives to the church priests, deacons and inferior members, each with a power peculiar to his order. The ring also is a sign of the faith which a bishop pledges to his church, his mystic bride, on the day of his espousals.

Were the cardinal celebrating the mass he would wear still another investment, the pallium, the sign of his metropolitan authority. He would also carry the pastoral staff or crozier, the sign of his pastoral charge. This, in fact, he carries while presiding at his mass. Its well-known shape is that of a shepherd's crook, pointed at the end, straight in the middle, and curved at the top. It enables the pastor of souls to punish the lax and remiss, to direct those needing guidance, and to restrain those slipping out of the ranks. It is hardly necessary to recall the faith of the Irish warrior, who stood next to Patrick at Tara, when preaching the Trinity and baptising in its name. The apostle's staff, pointed at the end, pierced the foot of the Prince, who bore the accidental torture unflinchingly, thinking it was a necessary part of the ceremony.

For another reason than that for which a bishop, outside of his diocese, does not ordinarily carry the crosier, the Pope does not carry it in Rome. It is in remembrance of the fact that St. Peter sent his staff to Eucharious, the first bishop of Treves, the apostles of the Teutons.

The color of the vestments of the day was red, red the color of the cross, the color of the sacred heart, the color of the martyrs, the color of the fire of the holy spirit, the color, as it seems, "mejudice," the most beautiful and inspiring among all used by the churches. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful one in his robe, walking in the greatness of his strength?" "I that speak justice, and am a defender to save?" "Why, then, is thy apparel red, and thy garments like their that tread in the wine press?" "I have trodden the wine press alone."

"Red vestments," says Cardinal Lothaire, "are worn on the feasts of the apostles and martyrs, in memory of the blood which they have spilled for Jesus Christ. For it is of them that it is said: "They have come from the midst of a great affliction, and they have washed and whitened their robes in the robes in the blood of the lamb."—(Apoc. vii., 14.) Red vestments appear also on the least of the Holy Cross, upon which Jesus Christ spilled his precious blood for us. 'Why is it,' says the prophet, 'that your garment is red, like that of those who tread the grape in the winepress? On the day of Pentecost also, to indicate the fervor of the holy spirit, who descended upon the apostles in the form of tongues of fire. It is written in Jeremias: 'He has sent from the height of heaven the fire into the marrow of thy bones.' Red is used on the day of the martydom of St. Peter and Paul, but there used white vestments on the feast of the conversion of St. Paul and the chair of St. Peter. Likewise on the nativity of St. Join, white, and on the feast of his decolatian, red; that is to say, in honoring the feast of him who is both martyr and virgin, we elevate martyrdom above virginity, as the sign of the most perfect charity, according to the words of Christ, that 'no man hath greater love than this, to give his life for his friends.'"

A Bootblack's Elegy.

"Brandy is dead!"

So the men said, so the women said, and so the children called to each other as a piece of news.

A drunken, good-for-nothing. A so-called man, whose brain had become dissolved in liquor, whose mind was enfeebled, and who had disappointed everybody by not dying in the gutter, instead of having the roof of a tenement house over his head.

Why should any one grieve when such a vagabond passes away? The world may owe him room for his bones to rest, but nothing further. So in "Brandy's" case men said that he was well out of the way, and women clattered their dishes in the rooms below, and cared not for the presence of the dead.

When the undertaker came to bear the body away a dozen people crowded into the room, and among them was a bootblack. Some said that "Brandy" looked well in a coffin; others spoke lightly about his face having at last lost its ruby color, and the dead pauper was no more than a dog in their minds, and why should he have been? One can be a man or he can be a vagabond. If he becomes a vagabond, let him lose the respect of men. All had a heartless remark except the bootblack. He stood at the head of the coffin and looked from face to face, and said:

"Brandy was low down, and he died like a beast, and you are all sneering at him. Did any one among you ever give him a chance? Did he have a home when he was a boy? Did men try to encourage him and guide him aright? Is there a man in this room who ever took him by the hand and spoke one kind word? Didn't everybody abuse and ill-treat him? Didn't everybody look upon him as a dog?"

There was no answer.

"Aye! Brandy was low down!" whispered the boy as he laid his hand upon the coffin. "He was ragged and hungry, and poor and homeless, and without one single friend. What man among you could have stood out against it any better? Poor old man. They know all about it in heaven. Let me help to carry him down."

And when the dead had been driven away, and the boy had disappeared, more than one man said:

"After all, we might have made it easier for the poor old man. I wonder that some of us never sought to make a manof him, instead of helping him down."—M. Quad.

The Poet of the Sierras.

Joaquin Miller, George Alfred Townsend, Joe Howard, old New York Frothingham, Jennie June Croly, Annie Wakeman, Janet Gilder, and a raft of others, make it their business to tell the countless thousands out of Gotham what is going on here—and a good deal that isn't. Some of them are not. Take the case of a man like Miller—often an interesting writer of prose, always an attractive talker about the wild life of the extreme west, certainly a poet of nature, and generally as full of eccentricity as a locomotive with a wheel off, Miller cuts a striking figure wherever he goes. His present occupation is the furnishing of ten rural journals with a weekly letter written in manifold. In addition, he turns up a random poem now and then, and he makes in all about $7000 a year. His letters bring him about $10 apiece, so that for actually writing a column and a half of matter with manifold pencil, he receives the handsome sum of $100 a week—which is better pay in comparison with the actual work done than any other writer in America receives. I believe the Sierran poet has also had a hand recently in a new comedy for Annie Pixley—a piece of work in which he went "cahoots" with Archie Gordon, who is one of the cleverest and brightest writers in New York. Long ago Miller ceased to receive royalties from the Danites. His contract called for a nightly sum until the total of $10,000 should be reached. He received the final $500 two years ago, and has never turned out another cohesive dramatic work, though I believe he is all the time doing something in the dramatic line. Miller's long hair of former days has yielded to the persuasive shears of the barber, and he is getting be be slightly bald. But he wears his blonde beard just the same, and has never forsaken his slouched felt hat. Miller has a fine large head and a game leg. He got his latter adornment, he says, through the agency of some Modoc bullets. For a long time he lived in a flat in New York, his only attendant being a colored boy who vainly tried to keep the place in order, while Miller did the cooking, slept on the floor rolled up in a buffalo robe, broke the necks from his bottles in preference to using a corkscrew, and otherwise conducted his daily life in a way vaguely reminiscent of his former times on the border. The greatest mistake Miller made was in not staying in London the first time he went over. He was a line on that side of the water, where the quaint freshness of his poem struck forcibly upon the minds of readers unaccustomed to his method. He came back here, was considerably guyed, and for some years lived in more or less poverty. But there proved to be more stuff in him than he was given credit for, and he finally came down to solid, hard work, after giving up the silly notion that he had been intended by high heaven to represent the great American nation as minister to the court of St. James. Miller is pretty well fixed at present, and I hardly think he is likely to lose his head again. He is one of those rarely-found men who have lived down the animosities of early life, and whose eccentricities, if pronounced, are at least innocent.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

An Ant's Brain.

Well may Darwin speak of the brain of an ant as one of the most wondrous particles of matter in the world. We are apt to think that it is impossible for so minute a piece of matt tero possess the necessary complexity required for the discharge of such elaborate functions. The microscope will no doubt show some details in the ant's brain, but these fall hopelessly short of revealing the refinement which the ant's brain must really have. The microscope is not adequate to show us the texture of matter. It has been one of the great discoveries of modern times to enable us to form some numerical estimate of the exquisite delicacy of the fabric which we know as inert matter. Water, or air, or iron may be divided and sub-divided, but the process cannot be carried on indefinitely. There is a well defined limit. We are even able to make some approximation to the number of molecules in a given mass of matter. Sir W. Thomson has estimated that the number of atoms in a cubic inch of air is to be expressed by the figure 3, followed by no fewer than twenty ciphers. The brain of the ant doubtless contains more atoms than an equal volume of air; but even if we suppose them to be the same, and if we take the size of an ant's brain to be a little globe one thousandth of an inch in diameter, we are able to form some estimate of the number of atoms it must contain. The number is to be expressed by writing down 6, and following it by eleven ciphers. We can imagine the atoms grouped in so many various ways that even the complexity of the ant's brain may be intelligible when we have so many units to deal with. An illustration will probably make the argument clearer. Take a million and a half of little black marks, put them in a certain order, and we have a wondrous result—Darwin's "Descent of Man." This book merely consists of about 1,500,000 letters, placed one after the other in a certain order. Whatever be the complexity of the ant's brain, it is still hard to believe that it could not be fully described in 400,000 volumes, each as large as Darwin's work. Yet the number of molecules in the ant's brain is at least 400,000 times as great as the number of letters in the memorable volume in question.—[Longman's Magazine.

Her Self-Control.

The power to keep still is very often a valuable one in critical moments. The lady school teacher in New York who quietly and safely led all her pupils out of a burning school house, before they knew it was on fire, might have put them into a panic and imperiled many lives if she had not possessed the power to control herself. The following little incident on board an English man-of-war flag ship no less creditable to the girl—Miss Susie Prior—who appears prominently in it, because she tells the story herself in a private letter.

After tea I went on deck for the air with Mr. Bill, the commodore's son. As we leaned over the rails admiring the orange sunset, suddenly I had a notion that I smelt a singed smoky odor.

I turned to Mr. Billy, without thinking anything serious had occurred. "If I were on shore I should say that some careless person had allowed the chimney to get on fire," and at the same time I pointed to a particular spot in the ship.

He cried "Nonsense!" but stopped short, and raised his head as he too smelt the faint odor of something burning. In an instant his face became stern, and a hard, dogged light came into his eyes.

"Don't stir, Miss Prior, till I come back," he said. "If I can I'll be here again in a moment," and he hurried away in the direction I had indicated.

Then it flashed upon me that yonder whence the smell of the burning came, lay the powder magazine.

I did not stir from the spot where Mr. Billy had bidden me to stay. It was not many seconds, though it seemed an hour, but the night wind was kind and felt like a cool hand, lifting the damp hair from my temples, and keeping me from falling down in a swoon.

Mr. Billy came back very quietly and spoke composedly, but his voice was low and his lip quivered. "It is all right now and safe," he assured me.

"What was wrong?" I asked.

"Only a stupid fellow who was assisting in moving the stores (the powder)—and who had no business to have the light there—dropped a spark among some bagging and it was getting into a blaze. But I got there in time to stamp it out; and the captain of the gunners finished the business with a wet blanket."

"But how well you behaved, Miss Prior," he said, forgetting his own conduct and appreciation of the danger. "If you had made a row and detained me, nothing short of a miracle could have saved all on board the Conqueror from being whirled into eternity."

"Even if the accident had got wind, and thrown us into confusion, there is no saying how the matter might have ended. I, who am in the secret, shall always thank you for all our lives, and for that of my dear old mother's twice over. Had a whisper of the terrible danger reached her, with my father absent, I am certain it would have cost her her life on the spot."

A Motor that Keely Never Thought Of.

The Bodie Free Press says: "It is reported that Jim Townsend has six of his arastras running to their full capacity. The remaining four will be started up next week." The most interesting thing about these arastras—the power by which they are driven—is, curiously enough, left unmentioned by the Free Press. From a millwright who assisted in putting up the machinery, we have some particulars regarding the novel apparatus, which is Mr. Townsend's own invention. The arastras are placed in a little sandy flat, where only sufficient water for drinking purposes and to moisten the ore is to be obtained. The arastras are actually operated by sand, which drives a large overshot wheel. On this wheels and takes the place of water. It was at first Mr. Townsend's intention to run the arastras by means of a large windmill, or windwheel, but as this wheel would run too slow at times, at other times so fast that it would be liable to tear everything to pieces, and again would not run at all, he hit upon a regulator. This regulator is sand, a great pile of which has been raked up to the works. The windmill runs a belt containing a great number of buckets, and these carry the sand up to a big tank, just as grain elevators carry wheat in a flouring mill. A stream of sand being let out on the overshot wheel, it revolves just as it would under the weight of a stream of water, and the arastras move steadily on at their work. When there is much wind, sand is stored up for use when calm prevails, so the arastras are never idle. After a sufficient quantity of sand has been accumulated there is no more trouble on that score, the same sand being used over and over. —Virginia Enterprise.

Ancient Jamestown.

Changes in the James river have made an island of Jamestown, completely separating it from the mainland, and about all that remains of the first English settlement of Virginia is the dismantled tower of the old church. It was here that Pocahontas embraced the Christian faith, and was baptized by the name of Rebecca. The fount used on that occasion now stands in the chancel of Christ church, Williamsburg. Here also Pocahontas was married in 1613 to John Rolf. A low brick wall encloses the ground occupied by the ruined tower and foundation of the church; and tombstones, some broken and scattered, some leaning against the wall, and all with inscriptions nearly if not quite illegible, have long since ceased to indicate where lies the dust of those who bore their names. Two hundred yards below the ruins and one hundred from the river bank is the stately old mansion built by John Ambler over a hundred years ago. It is the only residence on the island, is in fine preservation, and occupied by Col. H. D. B. Clay, formerly of New York, who owns Jamestown, which consists of 1700 acres, and is between two and three miles in length and three-quarters of a mile in width.—N. Y. Sun.

To Remove Grease Spots.

An excellent mixture to remove grease spots from boys' and men's clothing particularly, is made of four parts of alcohol to one of ammonia. Apply the liquid to the grease spot and then rub diligently with a sponge and clear, cold water. The chemistry of the operation seems to be that the alcohol and ether dissolve the grease and the ammonia forms a soap with it which is washed out with water. The result is much more satisfactory than when something is used which only seems to spread the spot and make it fainter, but does not actually remove it. If oil is spilled on a carpet and you immediately scatter corn meal over it the oil will be absorbed by it. Oil may be removed from carpets upon which you dare not put ether or ammonia by laying thick blotting paper over it and pressing a hot flatiron on it. Repeat the operation several times, using a clean paper each time.

Her Ears Had Been Bored.

"Don't you think ear-rings would become you?" inquired Kosciusko Murphy of Birbie McGee. Kosciuska had been paying Birdie very assiduous attentions of late.

"I don't know," replied Birdie, demurely.

"I suppose the reason you don't wear them is because it will hurt you so to have your ears bored?"

"Oh, not in the least," said Birdie, with animation. "I've had that done already, quite often, almost every evening—in fact, for the last three weeks."

Then Kosciusko reached round to the piano, dragged his hat off the cover and commenced to fade gradually from the room. He fairly melted away into obscurity, and now a wide chasm separates the gallant Kosciusko and the charming Birdie.—Texas Siftings.

Instead of establishing his theory to the contrary, the results of Baron Nordenskjold's expedition to Greenland confirm the general belief that the interior of that country is entirely covered with a thick sheet of perpetual ice.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Eternal drumming is the price of business.

Morristown, Tenn., has a woman barber who does a thriving business.

The women's branches of shoemoker in New York number 1300 members.

Princetown, Mass., has hauled in about 10,000,000 pounds of cod fish this year.

Eighteen thousand and eighty-six homesteads have been entered in Florida during the year.

Tennessee claims to be the second state in the union in the possession of thoroughbred cattle.

Farm and Garden says an acre will produce five or six times the amount of strawberries it will wheat.

Insurance companies claim to have paid out $450,000 in Atlanta, Ga., for losses by fire in the last two years.

A tract of 1840 acres of pine land in Clark county, Wis., was sold to a lumber company in La Crosse for $68,000.

A pasture company recently organized in Dimmitt county, Tex., has 130,000 acres of pasture land and $800,000 capital.

It is said that at the present time between 65,000 and 70,000 French people are engaged in the manufacture of clocks and watches.

There are two or three hundred northern capitalists in North Carolina who were attracted thither by the exhibit of the state made at the Boston exposition.

In Central Nebraska, along the railway, the population of some of the counties has increased 100 per cent. the present year, and still the number seeking lands is increasing.

There are probably 175,000 people employed in the woolen and worsted industry of France, against 200,000 in Germany, 170,000 in the United States, and 310,000 in Great Britain.

Georgia has a population of 1,542,180. There are in the state eighty cotton and woolen mills, or nearly half the number of the entire south, and over 2700 mills of various kinds.

The republic of Guatemala has engaged a Ceylon planter to introduce into that country 500,000 Cinchona trees, for obtaining Peruvian bark, from which is distilled the salts known as quinine.

The demand for cotton seed oil for a variety of uses is increasing, but production is increasing faster. Mills are springing up everywhere in the cotton-growing regions. The result is a discouraging outlook for producers.

Connecticut boasts that it has built more ships this year than in recent years, but the total is only thirteen vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of about 10,000, and all but one of them are designed for the coasting trade.

Pittsburg has an establishment which makes a business of loaning dress suits. Its charge for a first class spike tail is $2.50 per evening, which price is much cheaper than paying out from $75 to $125 for a suit to wear once a year or once in two years.

Thad Stevens' Generosity.

It is related of Thaddeus Stevens that shortly after his removal to Lancaster in 1842 he heard of the sad prostration of an old friend in York, a lawyer, who, pressed hard by necessity, had diverted to his own use $300 due to a certain widow client, hoping soon to regain his financial footing and repay her. But "unmerciful disaster followed faster," until the poor fellow's mental distress was actually killing him. Mr. Stevens hunted up the client, paid her from his own pocket the $300, obtained her receipt, and went to see his friend. "Halloa, old fellow," he exclaimed, on entering his office, "you must wake up. Don't be so down-hearted. Say, don't you suppose you've really gone and paid that woman and then forgotten all about it?" A despairing shake of the bowed head was the only reply. "Well, I believe you did, and I'm going to look through your papers and see if I can't find the receipt." Then he pretended to ransack some pigeon-holes, and a moment later exclaimed: "Well, if you're not the biggest fool I ever heard of. Look here, old man, what's this?" So saying he showed the receipt to his astonished friend, who thereupon recovered his spirits, and, happily, his business fortunes also. Afterward he repaid Mr. Stevens.

FEMININE ITEMS.

Six widows, aggregate age 536 years, live in a bunch on a country road near New Haven, Conn.

Julia A. Moore, the sweet singer of Michigan has disposed of 4000 volumes of her poems.

The widow of Dr. J. G. Holland has presented an organ to the church at Alexandria bay, where she makes her summer home.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts is liberal with her favors. She has recently given thirty fishing smacks to the needy men of Yarmouth.

There are thus far only two colored women lawyers in this country—Mary A. S. Cary of Michigan, and Louise Y. Bryant of Colorado.

A certain Boston belle, endowed with twenty-five dress fans, has fallen into decline. Some thoughtless person reported to her that ex-Queen "Bess" of England had five more, some of them richly jewelled.

A Nebraska widow with twenty-one children is advertising for a husband. There is great virtue in printer's ink; it has brought fortunes to both men and women; but we don't believe a double column advertisement, inserted next to reading matter every day for six months, would bring a husband to a widow with twenty-one children—unless the latter are kept in the background, or underground, or somewhere. We dislike to go back on advertising, but the line must be drawn somewhere.

Returns show that the present year will far exceed any previous year in the export of cattle and sheep from Canada. The total number of cattle shipped, up for which space has been contracted on steamships to the 31st of December, is 55,674; total sheep, 1,137,200. There has been no appearance of disease in the restriction.

Politicians go up the ladder of fame the rounds of drinks.