

ONE OF MORGAN'S RAIDS.

"Yes, Morgan was a much greater soldier than he was generally considered," said Colonel Thomas H. Hunt, of New Orleans, the other evening, to a representative of the Picayune, after a rambling discussion of the merits of the various Confederate Generals.

"Well, Colonel, I know you led one of the most gallant Kentucky regiments in the Southern army, and are familiar with the country in which Morgan gained his fame; were you ever with him?" was the query.

"Yes, sir; it was my good fortune to be under his command when he made the attack on Hartsville in 1862. That has been pronounced by able military critics the most brilliant achievement of the war, and I was so impressed with the military genius of the man on that occasion, that I shall never cease to regard him with the highest veneration."

Upon being pressed the Colonel went on: "In the winter of 1862, while the Confederate army lay in camp at Murfreesboro, Tenn., General Morgan got exact information of the position of the enemy across the Cumberland, and decided to strike one of those quick and decisive blows for which he was famous. General Harlan's division of 8000 men was encamped at Castilian Springs, while a force of 2000 Federals were posted eight miles below him. The problem was to cross the Cumberland, whip, and, if possible, capture this latter force, and escape before Harlan could come up."

"He asked for two regiments of infantry to accompany him, and mine, the Fifth Kentucky, was chosen as a part of the force. The boys were ragged and many shoeless, and after an inspection I selected those who were well shod and comfortably clad. It was bitter cold and the men must have suffered intensely."

"When we reached the Cumberland a council of war was called, and when I was informed of the position, I suggested, of course, that Harlan would come up as soon as he heard the firing and capture our whole command. 'No,' said Morgan, 'he will not. He will get his troops in line and wait for a courier to inform of the situation, and I will take care that the courier shall not reach him by posting a line of scouts across the country.' This was an exhibition of one of the highest qualities of generalship—knowledge of what the enemy would do under certain circumstances. Well, sir, he actually accomplished his purpose. With a force of 1200 he marched 50 miles in a deep snow, crossed the Cumberland twice, captured 2000 prisoners and much plunder, and brought them into camp, all in thirty hours."

"What did you do with the prisoners, Colonel?" "They were paroled the next day and permitted to go home. As we were recrossing the river at a ford below Hartsville, Morgan ordered the cavalry to carry the prisoners over behind them on horseback, as the thermometer was far below freezing point. The men in blue crowded around him and exclaimed: 'Well, if we had caught you we would have treated you to the rope, but we know now you are not as bad a man as we thought.'—[New Orleans Picayune.]

RESURRECTION OF A PREHISTORIC RACE. About ten miles from Cincinnati, along the Little Miami River, is a locality which has long been known to the country people as the "Pottery field." The ground was strewn with fragments of pottery, bones, arrow points, and other remains of a primitive people.

Whereas considered to be the site of an ancient workshop. The primitive carefree still occupies the locality, and it is made up of oak, beech, elm, maple, low walnut, etc. All around are found numerous mounds or tumuli, most of them small. A few of these were opened by Mr. Florian Gianque, in 1876, and some interesting things found. But, in 1878, Dr. Charles Metz and other gentlemen interested in archeology commenced a systematic exploration of the country thereabout, and so much has been found that we are enabled to form some idea of the habits, and get a glimpse into the life of the people who once lived in the immediate vicinity of the city of Cincinnati.

During the four years that the excavations have been carried on, between 650 and 700 skeletons have been brought to light. Many of them are in an advanced state of decay, and crumble to pieces on the slightest touch, while others again are in a very good state of preservation. It can, therefore, hardly be overestimated that because some of the skeletons are much decayed, they are necessarily very old; for, though we have well preserved remains of bones from Babylon, Ninevah and Egypt, which are certainly twenty-five hundred or more years old, still the remains are exceptional in the lapse of many years. Different kinds of soil and differences in climate have much to do in the matter; for in a dry and arid climate, bones may resist for a long time the influences which would cause their decay, while in a moist climate and with sudden and extreme changes of temperature, such as we have here, any bone, unless buried in peat, or subject constantly to heavy pressure, so as to become naturally fossilized, is liable to soon decay.—[Popular Science Monthly.]

She decorated her room with bric-a-brac and pictures, and placed her husband's photo on the topmost nail, and she sat down to admire her work, and blissfully remarked: "Now everything is lovely and the goose is high."

A REAL CURIOSITY.

Had His Throat Cut, was Hanged, Stabbed and Frozen, but Still Lives.

A FEATURE IN THE CASE INTERESTING TO PHYSICIANS.

Professor E. F. Ingals introduced an interesting subject to the class at his clinic at Rush Medical College yesterday afternoon—a man who had his throat cut from ear to ear, been stabbed and hanged and had his feet frozen and yet is alive to-day and enjoying excellent health. The name of this remarkable person is Simon Ladinski. He is a native of Roumania, aged twenty-eight, and has a wife and four children. He is quite intelligent, and has picked up a fair knowledge of English during four weeks spent in London and three weeks in this country. A reporter saw him last evening and learned his story, which was substantially this:

He lived in Jassy, and April 15, 1877, while he and twelve other wine-growers were returning home from Vasin, where they had sold their produce for about \$20,000, they were attacked by a band of gypsies numbering twenty-one. Ladinski and his whole party were left for dead, scattered over the ground. Ladinski, however, who had been stabbed in several places, and whose throat was cut—the windpipe being severed, but none of the large arteries injured—came to, and seeing the thieves quarreling among themselves about the plunder, tried to escape by crawling into the brush. He was discovered and strung up on the limb of a tree. Luckily the rope was placed above the cut, and though he soon became insensible, he continued to breathe. After he had been hanging for ten minutes or so, being apparently lifeless, he was cut down and thrown among his murdered companions. Forty-eight hours afterwards some passers-by found that he was alive, his feet in the mean time having been frozen. He and one of his townsmen, who was also breathing, were taken home, where the latter died. Ladinski was sent to Vienna for treatment, and remained in a hospital there for five years under the care of Dr. Schroetter. He could not swallow anything for two years, nourishment being given him by enema. His throat finally healed, but it was found that there was no opening through the upper end of the windpipe to the mouth. So a little tube was inserted to dilate it, and the size of the tubes gradually increased until one-quarter of an inch in diameter could be inserted in the hole. Ladinski was then taught how to use the instruments, and he can now put in one measuring three-eighths of an inch. And he has a special tube which he uses every night for placing in his windpipe above the cut a half-inch plug. When he has dilated the hole so that he can insert a little larger plug, a competent laryngologist can close the hole in his neck through which he now breathes, and enable him to respire like the ordinary mortal.

The feature of his case which is interesting to the medical profession is the opening of the glottis above the cut. There are not a few people who breathe through a tube inserted in the neck, but it is rare to find one whose windpipe has been restored after inflammation has closed the part leading to the mouth. Its restoration, therefore, is a great triumph. Ladinski can breathe now as well as ever, but cold air hurts his lungs, as it has no chance to get warm before it reaches them. He is on his way to San Francisco, where his brother and family are, but before he leaves he will visit the other Chicago medical colleges and give the students an opportunity to see his vocal chords in operation.—[Chicago Tribune.]

A FINE POINT OF LAW. There are points of law so fine that the judicial mind alone can grasp and digest them; yet, upon close examination, it may be found that there is, after all, a point perceptible, on which to hang a decision. One of the finest of these points is that mentioned by Blackstone, in illustration of a principle of law which he has set forth, as follows: In speaking of the right of dower of widows, he says: "If the land abide in the husband a single moment, the wife shall be endowed thereof." That is,—if it can be shown that a man fell into possession of a property, no matter how, or for how long, the wife has her right of dower. And he then adds, that this doctrine was once brought to a very fine point before a Welsh jury.

Two men,—father and son—an only son,—were hanged, upon the same gallows,—being dropped from the same cart. Both were married, and left widows. Now, when the men were dead and buried, the two widows both claimed right of dower. Had the son died first, of course his widow could never have claimed the right, since his father having outlived him, the land had never been his. But it was proved, to the satisfaction of the jury, that, in this instance, the father had ceased struggling several moments before the son; so that it was reasonable to suppose that the son lived the longest. By a fiction of law, the son was in possession of the land, perhaps, fifteen seconds, and to his widow the right of dower was given!

In 1882 Germany consumed 830,000,000 gallons of beer.

MRS LANGTRY'S LAST APPEARANCE IN CHICAGO.

Before the rise of the curtain it was quite evident that the gallery people had come to "guy" all they saw, as they started in on George Bowron, the leader of the orchestra, and made audible comments upon his bald head as it loomed up among the footlights. Then they propounded the old question as to why it was the man with the bass viol in the orchestra always had a head devoid of hair, but no satisfactory conclusion was arrived at. The first two acts of the play called for no especial remarks from the gallery gods, but when Mrs. Langtry appeared in "doublet and hose" and asked what she would do with them when Orlando appeared, one of the gods emitted an audible groan, and this was the signal for the "guying" to begin. None were spared, and every personage who appeared on the stage was commented upon, generally unfavorably. The gods pelted candy upon the stage, and a large piece of taffy adhered to the head of the bass drum. The unfortunate gentleman who attempted to sing the solo was howled at, and the lower part of the house appeared to catch the infection and join in with the gods. Charles, the wrestler, was dubbed "Muldoo," and every god constituted himself a referee in the wrestling bout. The actors were all at sea and cut their lines without stint, while the star was very much embarrassed at the gallery gods constantly calling out for some personage named "Freddie." In the last act she ordered the curtain rung down before she recited the epilogue, evidently fearing that her bluff about kissing those who had berufs that pleased her would be called. Taken altogether, the Lily received a farewell in Chicago that will not likely permit her to forget this city in many a day.—[Chicago Tribune.]

HOW BANK NOTES ARE MADE.

Every one may not know that the Government money is printed on paper made in Dalton, a Massachusetts town, in a mill that had its origin in colonial times. As the grayish pulp passes between heavy iron rollers, bits of blue and red silk thread are scattered over its surface. From the pulp room to the vault, where it is stored until shipped to Washington, where it may be used immediately or remain in the vault for years.

During the past year there was printed by the Government \$46,000,000 worth of legal-tender notes, \$68,000,000 of national-bank currency, \$87,000,000 of bonds, \$38,000,000 of silver certificates and \$684,450,615 stamps for the internal revenue. In the Bureau of Printing and Engraving more than 1000 persons are employed in wetting, plate printing, examining, pressing, numbering, separating, binding, perforating and engraving. The bank-note plate and stamp dies are kept in vaults that require three men's time a quarter of an hour to open. All the Presidents down to Garfield have been portrayed on bank notes, and three Vice-Presidents, twenty-four Secretaries of the Treasury, ten Secretaries of State, six Secretaries of War, three Postmaster Generals and Chief Justices have been honored in the same way, beside twenty-six Senators and Representatives and a few other noted persons in Science and literature.

The highest denomination of legal tenders is \$10,000. The next is \$5,000, and \$1,000, \$500, \$100, \$50, \$20, \$10, \$5, \$2, \$1 follow. The highest value in national-bank notes is \$1000. The printing of a bank note requires twenty-two or twenty-four days, and during the process it passes through the hands of fifty-two persons. A woman in the counting department has counted for seventeen years and never made a mistake in that time.—[Providence Journal.]

BIG FARMING OPERATIONS.—The Laguna Farming Company are prosecuting farming operations on the Laguna Rancho on a grand scale. A Times reporter in passing the other day counted twenty-four big six-mule teams at work tearing up the soil, seeding and harrowing in the grain. They have already about 9000 acres seeded and will continue operations as long as the season seems favorable. The entire area seeded will probably amount to 12,000 acres. It is an exhilarating sight to see the big teams following each other, with the big gang plows turning over the earth. It looks like business on a grand scale. The stables, sheds and granaries to accommodate this machinery, stock and grain occupy a plot of ground several acres in extent, and, built in a semi-circular form, reminds one of an extensive fair ground at exhibition time.—[Los Angeles Times.]

Postoffice administration in Russia has one feature not yet adopted in this country in spite of our "progress." Registered matter is taken here only at the sender's risk. There the Government insures the safe delivery of any letter for 1/2 of 1 per cent of the value of the inclosure, or 12 1/2 cents on \$100. Large sums of money are transmitted under this safeguard, and losses are very infrequent, so that the department makes the honesty of its employes a source of revenue. The law provides for forfeiture in the case of false valuation by the sender of the inclosure, so that the Government is not very often cheated by the mailing of large sums upon insurance payments for small ones.

When Fogg heard that cigars were largely made by machinery, he said he had noticed a stationary Indian in front of nearly all the cigar shops.

BIG PAY.

Exorbitant Salaries that are Paid to Foreign Actresses and Singers.

PATTI, NILSSON, MODJESKA AND THE ENGLISH LILY.

There are four ladies to-day in the United States, all foreigners, who are making large sums of money. They are Patti, Nilsson, Modjeska and Langtry. Madame Patti, as is already well known, receives \$4400 a night. Of this she pays \$400 a night to M. Franchi, her agent. This gives her \$8000 a week. Sometimes she sang in New York three times a week, and her pay then was \$12,000. She will, during her stay here, sing altogether thirty times under the management of Mapleson, for which she will receive, net, \$120,000. She will, therefore, carry away with her about \$100,000. Signor Nicolini in addition gets \$6400 a month, or \$800 each time he sings. On a basis of thirty times, he will take away with him \$24,000. We do not know precisely what Madame Nilsson gets for her services, but it amounts on the average to \$4000 a week for two concerts. She has no expense whatever, as Mr. Abbey pays everything. On a basis of fifty concerts she will make, therefore, about \$100,000, not much less than Patti, though the latter sings fewer times. Mme. Modjeska is doing exceedingly well this season. Her terms with Mr. Stetson are to reserve for her individual services thirty per cent of the gross receipts nightly. Supposing her to play nightly to \$1000, this would give her \$300, or \$1100 weekly. But this is a small average, because the receipts often exceed that. During her recent engagement at Booth's, at regular prices, she did much better. Her last week came up to \$11,000, very nearly. Say \$10,000, and her individual share would be \$3000. She is to play thirty weeks, and on an average of \$2000 a week would make \$60,000. Allowing the extra profit for expenses, that is about the net sum she will make in the season. But Mr. Stetson is doing very well, too. He pays on an average of twenty-five per cent to play in theatres outside of New York. This would leave him, after paying Modjeska, 45 per cent of the gross, or say on a business of \$7000, which is not an exaggerated one, \$3150. He can run the business for \$1150 easily, which would leave him a profit on the grand average of \$2000 a week, or for thirty weeks, \$60,000. From this must be deducted the \$8000 it cost to get Sargen's contracts, so that, all things being equal, he will come out \$50,000 ahead, besides which is added the profit of playing some twelve weeks of the season in his own theatres in New York and Boston, for Modjeska returns in the spring to the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Mrs. Langtry's contract with Henry E. Abbey is to receive 33 per cent of the gross receipts each night. Mr. Abbey pays the company and all other expenses. Supposing a business of \$1500 a night—and thus far the receipts have exceeded that, as Mrs. Langtry plays to higher prices than other dramatic stars—she would be receiving \$3500 a week. Whether the business will be kept up when curiosity is satiated is questionable, but even thus far Mrs. Langtry has received for her share in New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Chicago some \$30,000. That sum will probably be trebled before she leaves here. Mr. Abbey, on the other hand, has 67 per cent left to him. Supposing he pays an average of 27 per cent for theatres, this would leave him 40 per cent, or \$4200 per week. He can run the company and his other expenses easily on \$1200, which would give him a profit of \$3000 a week. But there are large cities where he has to pay more, say 30 and 35 per cent of the gross for theatres. Even then on a season of thirty weeks, supposing business to fall off, he can come out winner of from fifty to sixty thousand dollars at the end of the season on his contract. These are large sums. It is interesting to note that four stars will carry with them out of the country \$350,000 by the time this season ends.—[Byrne's Dramatic Times.]

A MUTUAL SNUB.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago, ere the Royal Academy of Arts had migrated from the National Gallery to Burlington House, there was a certain pompous and pragmatical R. A., who was anything but a favorite with the students. He once rebuked a young gentleman in the painting school for not using a "gentlemanly palette," whatever that might mean. It is related, however, that he on one occasion met his match. He had been making himself especially disagreeable to the majority of the students, when it came to pass that a young Scotchman fell under his admonitory eye. After examining this student's work with severe attention, he turned to him, and, in a voice of depressing solemnity, said: "Have you any private means?" "I beg your pardon, sir?" replied the youth, literally in a Scotch manner. "Is it your intention to make painting your profession?" "It is," rejoined the Scot. "I am sorry to hear you say so," pursued Mr. R. A., with augmenting austerity, "for you will never make a living as a painter." "I am not sure about that," observed the student. "You seem to have made a pretty good thing out of it." Tableau.

THE WANDERING WIT.

A man who crossed the Atlantic for the first time said he did not think he was much of a sailor at starting, but when he was one day out he felt as if he could heave up an anchor.

The first young man that paid fifty cents for a secret that would show him how to double his money without risk was told to double up the biggest bill he could find before putting it in his pocket.

A large head is not a sign of great intellect. If it were, there would be lots of men wandering around early every morning claiming to be statesmen and editors.

Old Curmudgeon was very ill and correspondingly repentant. "Wife, you will forgive me?" he squealed from his sick bed. "Oh, yes, dear," responded his weeping better half, "I'll forgive and forget." O. C. still lives.

Beecher intimates that he will go on with his "Life of Christ." This must be an important work if the time ever comes when Brooklyn rejects the Bible entirely. And now, the story of the Saviour told in the Bible is probably as good as any Beecher can write.

One of the most interesting curiosities exhibited at a fair in St. Louis is said to be a bottle of Madeira wine which has been all round the world with a wealthy gentleman who did not open it. It is suggested that the man rather than the wine should be put on exhibition.

"Yes, sir, I'm proud of that man," excitedly exclaimed a Western man; "I'm proud of him because he made a name for himself. Why, sir, when he and I were parads, just before the war, he was simply Sam Smith. Now, sir, begad, he's called 'Cheeky Charley from Cheyenne!'"

A man nosing about claims to have heard this in a store: "That article in the window is marked \$15, and although any one might know that it is worth more than that, no one comes to buy; but I will fix it so that it will go in an hour. I'll put on it a big card marked 'Reduced to \$25.'"

Hon. Tug Wilson is reported indisposed. A cable dispatch says that while going from the "Game Chickens Retreat" to "English Jack's Hole-in-the-wall" he caught cold in his head through an insufficiency of wraps. The distinguished Englishman did not catch cold while in this country. Prof. Sullivan of Boston took care that he had a sufficiency of raps.

Sleight of hand—Refusing an offer of marriage. It is true "every man has his price." It is also true that many a man does not get it.

Coroners have easy work with drowned persons in Paris. They simply announce that they died from being in-Seine.

It is Jem Mace's testimony that this is not a "bloomin' country," his friend Tug Wilson to the contrary notwithstanding.

When a writer has ideas for which there is no English, he may be excused for using a foreign language. "That is art that conceals art," as the thief remarked when he slid an expensive oil-painting under his coat.

An exchange says the city of Washington is full of Congressmen and thieves. Why this redundancy of expression.

Congressman Springer of Illinois says of Senator-elect Cullom: "No, he's not a great man. He'll never set the world on fire. But if it were on fire he'd put it out."

A country debating society is nerving itself up to wrestle with the question, "When a woman and a mouse meet, which is the most frightened?"

A Cleveland paper says: "A man who gets a reputation for eccentricity will not be expected to return borrowed money." Won't he? Then where does the eccentricity come in?

A philosopher informs us that a bonnet is no longer a bonnet when it becomes a pretty woman. And the inference is that a woman is no longer a woman when she becomes a "poke."

A believer in the Mosaic account, referring to the theory that men are only developed monkeys, asks: "If the doctrine of evolution is true, why is it not as easy to evolve a man as a monkey at the start, and a much more practical and economical way of reaching the same result?"

Among the languid Hispano-Americans who slumber their years away in one long siesta amid the vineyards, ranches, and adobe dwellings in and around Santa Barbara, she [the Princess Louise] will breathe an atmosphere which is that of somnolence itself. The population still continues, to all intents and purposes, Spanish, Catholic, pious and primitive. Few of the old people can speak English, and the soft Castilian tongue is the younger language of nine-tenths of the younger folks.—[London World.]

"The very next time I meet you," exclaimed an angry man to a passer-by. "I'll whack you till you can't stand up." "What's the matter?" asked an acquaintance. "You see, I owe the fellow, and he persists in meeting me." "Does he insultingly remind you of your obligation by speaking of it in the presence of others?" "No, he never says anything." "Then what right have you to complain?" "Why, he knows that it is embarrassing for me to meet him, and that it makes me feel bad, but when he sees me coming he doesn't get out of my way. Why doesn't he leave town until I pay him?"

Dining is a fine art. So is getting an invitation to dinner where you are not particularly wanted.

THE NEW FIVE-CENT COIN.

Upon the recommendation of Superintendent Snowden, of the Philadelphia Mint, the Secretary of the Treasury has approved a change in the devices, inscriptions and diameter of the five-cent nickel-copper coin. The Philadelphia Telegraph says: The present coin was issued under act of Congress approved May 16, 1866, and made the weight five grammes and the diameter two centimeters. This was the first attempt in the history of our coinage to prescribe by law the diameter of a coin. This had always been left to the discretion of the mint officials, whose judgment could be better trusted than that of Congressmen, who, of necessity, have but little expert skill or knowledge upon such subjects. The result of this attempt was the issue of a coin without due proportion of thickness to diameter—without sonority of ring and devoid of beauty. The object of this unusual legislation was an attempt on the part of the advocates of the metric system to make a coin useful in educating the public to a knowledge and acceptance of the metric system in our daily transactions. This attempt to educate by legislation has proved a signal failure. As the law had to allow of a divergence of two grains above and below the prescribed standard, it was inaccurate and unreliable as a weight, and as the diameter of the coin could not be made uniform owing to a want of uniform ductility of the nickel-copper alloy, it was obviously no standard to use as a measure. The devices on the coin were also inartistic. The shield on the obverse side was made so large as to crowd the other work and compel the use of very small figures in the date, and a very narrow border around the periphery of the piece. The motto "In God we trust" above the shield was forced so near the edge of the coin as to excite apprehensions that it would not be able to hold its place. To remedy these defects and also to make the inscriptions and devices conform to the requirements of the coinage act of 1873 and to good taste, Colonel Snowden prepared and submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury a coin of increased diameter and new devices, inscriptions, etc. The coin is to be 21 millimeters in diameter. On the obverse is a classical head of Liberty, with the inscription "Liberty" on the tiara, and the date below, and all surrounded by thirteen stars. On the reverse of the coin is the Roman numeral, indicating the denomination of the coin, surrounded by a beautifully arranged wreath, composed of cotton, wheat and corn, products of the country, and all surrounded by the inscriptions, "United States of America" and "E Pluribus Unum." The coin is a great improvement on its predecessor, and is beautiful in its design and execution, and reflects credit upon the taste and skill of the officers of the mint.

A WINTER'S MORNING EXPERIENCE. You get to a town that has only one tavern and consequently no runner and no landlord, and you carry a valise in each hand three-quarters of a mile through an icy, biting wind, until you can't tell your numbed, frozen fingers from the insensate handles of the grips, and then you find the house quiet and cold; or when you have to get up at 4:15 a. m., dress in a cold room and hoof it down to the station because the "bus doesn't go to that train, and about half way you discover you left your arctics in the office; you think of them when you step on a glaze of ice, and, falling like a pile-driver, strike a frozen clod of the great round earth with such terrible force that the end of your spine lifts the hat off your head; there is nothing in all this world so adamantly hard and so cruelly unsympathetic as the frozen ground; there is some elasticity about a granite boulder or an ingot of steel when you fall on either one, but a frozen clod standing two inches above its fellow, feels that it has the whole firm earth at its back; it is a part of the great globe itself, and it stands on its external base, fixed, immovable; and when the external contact is made and the point of primal impingement is noted, you have the impression that you have been struck by the whole great whirling terrestrial ball, as though some titanic hand had thrown it at you, like the impressive ball with which, oftentimes weeping and with much rubbing, you used to play "sock-about."—[Bob Burdette.]

MUD STORM.—While the sand storm was raging in Kern county a few days since it was raining in Fresno county a hundred miles further north. The sand was carried by the Kern county storm up into the upper stratum of air, when it was carried northward, and coming into the rain storm of Fresno county, descended with the rain. The Examiner mentions the fact of a mud storm, but cannot account for the real estate portion of the mixture. The past week has been a phenomenal one from a meteorological standpoint on this coast.

The shipment of a cargo of corn in bulk from Savannah to Liverpool last week was an event in the grain movement. The corn was grown in Tennessee; it was carried to Savannah by rail and thence shipped on the steamer Marcia for Liverpool. There were twenty-two carloads of it. There is a grain elevator at Savannah, recently erected, and it is thought it will attract other lots of bulk corn from the Southern States to go abroad in the same way.

In one shoe factory in Lynn are thirty women who are all divorced wives.