"Why you certainly mean to marry John Brant? "Assuredly I do not. He is passa-

ble, that's all. "Prou it will be Harry Rogers."
"Poves! Harry Rogers is not en-

"There will be to bellette, the May Somethers has not vill singer of the gunthaness proposes to you. and you

Tipy were both proposed, and both been retused with to the past tweatythink of that? He en't I just a little bir of spirit and independence"

Whe, May Saunders, sou are & sit-Is girl to refuse sither of these gentiemen. You have made the trat great mistake of vour lite. Reconsider what gen have done, and accept one or the other of them.

"I will do no such thing. I'll live and de an old mad before I marry either of them, or any other man, for the matter of that." We will both live long enough to

see things come out differently." Oh, I hope we will both live to a rips old age, but in the end you will

find that I have kept my word. This bit of a dialogue took place between my int mate friend, May Saunders, and myself on her twenty-fourth birthday, and I had been rallying her because she only had one more milestone to pass until she entered the domain of old maidom-if allowance be made for coining the word-and I had been advis ng her to marry before she erossed the | orderland.

John Brant was bookkeeper and Harry Rogers was cashier in the bank of Iveson & Co., and both were excellent young men. I knew that both were devoted admirers of May, but I was greatly surprised to learn that the money, Mr. Brant. both had proposed, and still more dismayed to learn that both had been rejected.

"Tell me Mary," I said, "what objection could you have to Harry Rogers? He is an exceptionally splendid young man, and no one stands higher in the public esteem in the whole town of Dayton.'

"I presume," she replied, "that I dislike him because everybody praises him. He is unselfish, I grant it, and gentle and courteous, and all that, but to my mind he lacks self-assertion. without which no man's manhood is complete or perfect.'

"Well, that charge does not lie against John Brant. He has self-assertion enough for any one man-a little more in fact, than I admire, but perhaps none too much to suit your taste and fancy.

"John Brant is well enough so far as that goes," May re o ned, "and I do not mind telling you that I like him infinitely better than I do Harry Rogers, but not well enough to link my fate with his."

"And why not?" 'I can hardly tell. There is something about him that I cannot comprehend-something that is unfathomable, and a secret monitor whispers to



"I'll do no such thing. I'd live and die old milla."

me never to murry him, even if I should full in love with him, which assume most only absurd but impossible." I was quite overcome with the peru-Atte situation of affice, and easy that it counted by a wayte of time to relunteer she sort of advice or undertake a soinbon of the imony problem. So I conshaded to berry the notation to the deft Music time grang grantlemen continued

the par these award attentions to Marhas greendone of this to are were in ignortome of the face that in the bad alread been rejected and consequently there mediag to interfere with their men olius was as to which would win her

I wanted my tempe surrouply, and become to trans caution is sounded ign formingen med and de up an minut that is was soly a question of time until Miles Mitter Compositive symmetries in Mis. John Bernot. Mer partiality was softold to shirt and woods of handows the

From cong Brent I wate 8 to learn that he more wheel Beauty Rogans as a rival -and a rival whom he loth feared and hated, nowith tanding their close

business relations. But I was ent rely unifiele to discover that Harry Rogers looked upon Brant

as a rival in any sense of the word. On several oceas ons he confided in me far enough to express both his

amazement and pain that Mary should so persistently reject his love without giving him any reasonable explanation. "Perhaps she thinks you lack self-assertion," I said to h m, in a way of

suggestion. That is what she told me herself. but I cannot understand it. I attend to my business and don't meddle with other people's. There has never yet been an occasion when it was necessary for me to set my opinion in opposition to my business superiors. I do not know whether I would have the proper amount of self-assertion to do so successfully, but I certainly would

stand by my convictions of right.' There was a commotion one day in o

When the doors were closed in the innocence will be made to appear-\$500 short.

taking a part in the work, but there was no way of accounting for the deficit.

The payments made during the day were few in number, and Harry Rogers was able to remember the whole list, and before night he had called on each of them, hoping to discover that he had made an overpayment to the amount and now he found in her a champion of his deficit in one of them. But he had not.

At last it was concluded that a thief bad snotched a package of bills when the cewhier was not looking.

But Harry mentally refused to assent to sue such idea, athough he could give no sort of on explanation for the disuppearance of the money. He was cout each to be more circumspect in the future, and all the bank employes were enjoined not to speak of the occurrence.

Harry Rogers was able to delinitely settle one point that the missing moner consisted of five \$100 bills, and the ch et of police was informed of the matter and instructed to keep a quiet lookout, through the detectives, for the appearance of such large notes in the hands of susp cious persons.

While Harry Rogers was at home that evening vainly trying to find some tenable theory about the stolen funds, John Brant was spend og the time with May Saunders and finally told her of the mysterious loss.

But how did it escape getting into the evening papers?" inquired May. "Ch, its a great secret and isn't to be spoken of outside of the bank," was

Brant's reply. "Well, then you are an excellent hand to keep a secret, Mr. Brant, I must sav.

John Brant winced under this re-"How do you account for the loss of

'I don't account for it. There is only one man who can.

"Who is that?" "Harry Rogers, the cashier. The money was in his custody, and he

ought to know what became of it." John Brant, what do you mean?" "Well, nothing; only that Harry

Rogers ought to know what became of the money in his charge.' "I think I can fathom your meaning. Mr. Brant, and it is ungenerous, if not unjust, and without good grounds.

There was something in May's voice which suggested to Brant that it was the part of discretion to drop the subject, and he quickly invented an excuse for saying good evening.

After he had gone May noticed that letter had dropped from his overcoat pocket in the hall. The business envelope was addressed to "John Brant, care of Iveson & Co.," and its contents evidently related to bus ness affairs.

If May had any curiosity, she was too well bred to examine the letter, and threw it into her workbasket and covered it from sight, until its rightful owner should call again.

"I believe he is ungenerous enough to charge the theft to Harry Rogers." Nay said to herself half aloud, after But I am sure Harr, Rogers is above

any such base suspic on. This was the birst time she had ever heard a reflection cast upon Harry Rogers, and instinctively she became

his advocate and defender. Two weeks passed and there was no clue to the theft, but one day another similar amount was missing from the

cash er's funds. Again there was an anxious investigation with no result. At its couclusion Mr. lveson said:

This is inexplicable, Mr. Rogers, You are responsible for the funds placed in your hands, and we all expect you to make the bank whole for the losses already sustained. When the bank opens to morrow you will be expected to make good the los-es, and then it will be decided whether you will longer cont nue as eashier.

"And if I fail to make good the loss?" asked Mr. Rogers. "Publicity will be given to the affair

and the law will take its course. But until to-morrow not a word is to be spoken of this matter outside the present. Harry Rogers went home agitated

and mystified. He knew he was innocent of wrong doing, but had to contess that all the circumstances were aga ast b co. He was barely able to make good

so would be almost a confermen that he had stolen the money. John Brant found it convenient to

call on May Saunders, and it was not ong ased be bad told her of the second ore, sont the aveson's suspicious and the delies preition in which Harry

Begare had twee placed. dismission him on the plea of indispoetion. heatile dispatched a note to seed Bosers by Boereant, requesting nim to call co ber at once and Without

bis o's ved, but the unexpected mimmons did not wothe or all & his ag to

tion. May dispensed with all preliminaries and began: two weeks you have lost \$500 from the since.

funds in your charge in the bank. That is true; but how come you to know it? It was a bank secret-"It does not matter how I found it out. And you are suspected of taking

the money yourself. "Hardly so bad as that." "It may not be put in just my words but that is the meaning of it. You are required to make good the loss to-morrow morning. What answer are you going to made to that demand of the

Harry Rogers didn't know how he would answer that demand until he looked into the depths of May's earnest blue eyes, and then he said with a firm and earnest voice:

"I shall tell them that I did not take the money, and, therefore, will not replace it. "And then?" queried May with an

eager voice. Then I will be arres ed for theft and embezzlement."

the banking house of Iveson & Co. are innecent-I know that-and your new settler.

afternoon and the cash was balanced how, is hard to tell, but I am confident cash er Rogers was found to be just as to the result. I respect you because you ass me the risk to vind cate your Every transaction of the day was good name. I am interested in this gone over, the members of the firm matter. You are not aware of it, but one half the Iveson interest in the bank belongs to me, and it is wild in the name of Ive-on in accordance with my

father's will until a certa n event oc curs which possibly never may occur.' Harry Rogers went home bewil-dered. He had for years been one of May's employes without knowing it, and a firm believer in his innocence.

When he visited the bank the next morning and, declaring his innocence of the suspicions against him, declined to make good the deficit, except on the judgment of the court and to prevent his bondsmen from paying it. Mr. Iveson



"Then I am ready to be taken in custody," was Harry's reply.

Rogers that he would have to institute r m nal proceedings against him unless the loss was made good.

"Then I am ready to be taken into custody," was his reply. "The soon-er we begin to sift this mystery, the sooner we will get to the bottom of

It was one of the greatest of Dayton sensations when the arr st of Harry Rogers was made public and the story told in the papers with half a dozen different vers ons.

The bank employed a detective to secure corroberative evidence of the young cashier's guilt, and although but little could be found, his prospects were dark indeed, for he found it impossible to throw any reasonable light on the mysterious disappearance of the two missing packages of money.

May concluded to employ a detective also, without letting anyone know what she was doing. An officer was summoned from a neighboring city. and called at Miss Saunders' residence to get his instructions.

In the course of an hour's conversation May gave him a history of the affair, and how she came to learn of the loss of the money and the suspicions entertained against the cashier.

The detective, of course, soon discovered that both the bookkeeper and the cashier were in love with the she had placed the letter out of sight. young lady who had called his services into requisition.

"So it was the bookkeeper that told you the secret in the first place?" inquired the detective. ·Yes.

"And what was the motive?" "I haven't the remotest idea."

The detective acc dentally struck his foot against the work basket and overturned it. With an apology for his awkwardness he began to replace the contents.

"Oh ves, Mr. Officer," explained May, "there is a letter that Mr. Brant dropped on the night he told me of the first robbery, and I had forgotten to return it to him."

"Let me see it," said the detective. He opened the letter and exclaimed "What's this? Why, here are the identical five one bundred dollar bills stolen on the first occasion! And Mr. Bookkeeper dropped them. He wanted to drive his rival, the cashier, out of the field and then marry Miss May Saunders. You needn't blush nor you needn't deay it. Say nothing for the

The naknown detective called at the bank the nest day and had a conversation with Mr. Iveson, and Bookkeeper Brant was called into the confer-

Why d'd you never make inquiry for the Sixt you dropped at the resithe thousand dollars' less, and to do deme of Miss Saunders the evening after the sum ruyster ously disappeared from t'ashier Rogers' drawer?" quired the detective.

Brant was thunderstruck. "Tell us about it " demanded Mr.

Tenson. Brant made & full confession, the substance of which was that he abatracted the mones while Mogers' tention was distracted, and did it for the sole surposs of ruining the casties and winning N ss Saunders. He bad intended to replace the money, and would do so now if permitted to leave

Dayton and pever return To this Mr. Iveson and the other member of the firm consented, and that night John Browt disappeared, "On two different occasions within and has never been heard of in Dayton

> Simultaneous with the detective's revelation and Brant's confession, the proceedings against Harry Rogers were discontinued and he was not only restored to his place in the bank, but

promised a partnership interest. May Saunders, that used to be, is Mrs. Harry Rogers now, and the banking house is Iveson and Rogers. May insists that I am mistaken when I tell her that she once said she would live and die an old ma'd before she would marry Harry Rogers. We will not argue the po'nt with her.

The juice of the Bartlett pear, in some medical cases, is used in California, both as food and drink. At first the inval d grows thin upon the diet.

but in a few weeks gains strength. A prominent New England farmer predicts that Massachusetts farms. which were tilled with success by the Pilgrims and their immediate progeny. "But you will not be convicted. You some day form a proper field for the

A RACE WITH FIRE.

The Story of a Railroad Ride Related by a Dying Engineer Eighty Miles an Hour Over a Crooked Track, Pursued by

"I don't expect to live much longer, and after I am dead I want you to put in the papers the story of that ride I had from Prospect to Brocton in 1869."

The speaker was Duff Brown, an old locomotive engineer, who was lying at his home in Portland, N. Y., dying with consumption. This was several months ago. On the 7th inst. he died. He was nearly sixty rears old, and one of the oldest engineers in the United

States. His story of the awful ride is tins: "Is 1869 I was running a trein on the Buffalo, Corry and Erie Railroad. The track from Prispect, or Massille Summit, to Brocton Junction is so crooked, that while the distance is actually only ten miles, the curves make it by rail fourteen. The grade for the whole distance is over seventy feet to the mile. About 9 o'clock on the night of August 17, 1869, we reached the Summit with a train of two passenger-cars, six oil-cars, and a box car. The latter contained two valuable trotting-horses and their keepers with them, on their way, I believe to Chicago. There were fifty or sixty passengers in the two cars. I got the signal from the conductor to start and pulled out. We had got under considerable headway, when looking back, I saw an oil car in the middle of the train was on fire. I reversed the engine and whistled for brakes. The conductor and brakemen jumped off. They uncoupled the passenger cars and set the brakes upon them and brought them to a stop. Supposing that the brakes on the burning oil cars would also be put on, I called to a brakeman on the box car to draw the coupling-pin between that car and the head oil tank. backing so that he could do it, intending to run far enough to save the box car and the locomotive. As I ran down the hill after the pin bad been drawn, what was my horror to see that the burning cars were following me at a speed that was rapidly increasing. The men had not succeeded in putting on the brakes. I saw that the only thing that could be done was to run for it to Brocton, and the chances were that we would never reach there at the speed which we would be obliged to make around those sharp reverse curves where we had never run over twenty miles an hour. When I saw the flaming cars-for the whole six were on fire by this time-plunging after me, and only a few feet away, I pulled the throttle open. The oil cars caught me, though, before I got away. They came with full force against the rear of the box-ear, smashing in one end and knocking the horses and their keepers flat on the floor. The heat was almost unendurable, and do my best I couldn't put more than thirty feet between the pursung fire and ourselves. By the light from the furnace, as the fireman opened the door to pile in the coal, I caught sight of the face of one of the horsemen, opening in the end. It was pale as death. and he begged me for God's sake to give her more steam. I was giving her then all the steam she could carry, and the grade itself was sufficient to carry us down at the rate of fifty miles an hour. We went so fast that the engine refused to pump. Every time we

struck one of those curves the old

girl would run on almost one set of

wheels, and why in the world she did not

topple over is something I never could

understand. She seemed to know that

it was a race of life or death, and work-

ed as if she were alive. The night was

dark, and the road ran through deep

woods, deep rock cuts, and along high

embankments. We were thundering

along at lightning speed, and only a

few paces behind us that fiery demon in

full pursuit. There were fifty thou-

sand gallons of oil in those tanks at

least, and it was all in flames, making a

flying avalanche of five hundred feet

long. The flames leaped into the air

nearly one hundred feet. The roar was

like that of some great cataract. Now

and then a tank would explode with a

poise like a campon, when a volume of

flame and pitchy smoke would rise high

shove the body of flame and showers of

burning oil would be scattered about in

the woods. The whole country was

lighted up for miles around. Well, it

wasn't long going at the rate we made.

before the lights of Browton came in

sight down the valley. The relief I

felt when these came in view was short

lived, for I remembered that train 8 on

the Lake Shore would be at the june

tion about the time we would reach it.

Right was the Cincinnati express. Our

only hope all slong the rore had been

thet the switchman of the junction

would think the enough to open the

switch these connecting the cross-cut

Back with the Lake Shore track, and

let us run in on the latter, where the

grade would be against us, if anything,

and where we would soon get out the

way of the cil cars. The switch would

be closed now for the exprese, and our

last hope was gone unless the express

was late or some one had sense enough

thinking of this we saw the train tear-

ing along toward the junction. Could

we reach the junction, get the switch,

and the switch be set back for the ex-

press before the latter got there? If

not, there would be an inevitable crash,

in which not only we, but scores of others would be crushed to death. All

this conjecturing did not occupy two

seconds, but in these two seconds I

my fireman, 'what are we to fto?' The

he was a brave little fellow

-that. I should whistle for

the switch and take the chances. I

did so. That whistle was one pro-

longed yell of agony. It was a shriek

that seemed to tell us that our brave

old engine knew our danger and had its

fear. Neither the fireman nor myself

spoke another word. Thanks be to

replied-and

fireman promptly

flag the express. While we were

only one thing could save us. He whistled for brakes, and got his train on a standstill not ten feet from the switch. The switchman now answered our signal, and we shot on the Shore track and whizzed on by the depot and through the place like a rocket. The burning cars followed us, of course, but their race was run. They had no propelling power now, and in three hours there was nothing left of them but smoking ruins. "My firenish and I were so work when we brought our laromoters to s

pursuit of us, knew in a moment that

stop that we could not get out of our cab. The two horsemen were unconscious is the law on. The bosses have reingt And how long do you think we were making that asteen miles? We ran two miles up the Lake Shore track. Inst twelve minutes from the summit to the sput where we stopped A plumb eighte miles an hour, not counting the time lost getting under headway and stopping beyond Bros-

Peter Stuyyesant and Pocahontas.

New York Letter to Commercial Gazetta. Dr. Edward Eggleston, who wrote Hossier Schoolmaster" and the "Circuit rider," and a number of interesting stories based on the early life of an itinerant Indiana preacher, has given up fiction of late, and is devoting himself to the more substantial work of the "American colonies." He has pretty well exhausted the field here, however, and will go in May to London to obtain the benefit of the is to be found in the world. I should not wonder, however, if this delving into colonial history would bring forth from Dr. Eggleston's pen a new series of American novels based on the scenes of the day. Walking through the beautiful little patch of green in the east side of the city know as Stuyvesant Square, s few days ago, it occurred to me to ask Dr. Eggleston what he thought of the tradition that old Peter Stuyvesant, whose statue is in a niche in one of the down-town buildings, had given that park to the city, that being the reason assigned for the absurd custom of locking the park gates at sunset each even-

'There is nothing further from the truth," Dr. Eggleston remarked, "than most of the things set down as traditions. Now I do not suppose that Peter Stuyvesant-or silver-legged Peter, as the Indians called him, probably from the fact that around the wooden peg which served him for a leg he wore a silver of some kind-had anything to do with the bequeathing of this park. In the first place, when Peter Stuyvesant lived here there was no more use for a Park in this locality than there would be for one in the midst of the Catskill Mountains. This was all wild land then, and the city lay miles below. Some later member of the family probably made the donation, and as Peter was the most famous member of the family later generations gave him the credit for it.

"It is a good deal like the tradition of Pocahontas and John Smith, I suppose?"

"No. There is a good deal of foundation for the story of Pocahontas. When in Richmond and Jamestown, where my parents came from, and where I have recently made some research in connection with other matters concerning the Virginia colonies. I found what I think is the true story of the friendship between those two people. I doubt if it has ever been truly stated. When John Smith sailed up the James river, Powhattan was the chieftain of a very large band of Indians, who were at first inclined to be friendly There seems to be good authority for the statement that by some means or other, Smith fell into their hands. I do not believe that he was ever sentenced to death or resened, as the story goes, but Pocahontaswhose name in the Indian language stands for "little Wanton," or as we would say, a "Little Minx"-probably claimed Smith as her slave. From that there is but little doubt that a very strong attachment sprang up between them. Smith went back to England. however, and when Rolff came over he had doubtless heard of Pocahoutas, and also got to know her. He wanted to marry her, but Pocahontas still rememhered John Smith, and there is authority for the statement that it was only after they bad made her believe that Smith was dead that she consented to there she learned that they had deceived her and she was broken down by the

an noun comeut." Blow to Breathe. One of Philadelphia's leading physicians, a specialist in discasses of the lunge, says that imperfect respiration is at the bottom of much trouble. In such a case he shows the patient how to swell out the whole chest full and round by a deep inspiration, elevating and throwing back the shoulders; and then, when he has gotten into his lungs the last atom of air possible, to hold it in tightly for a little time, and then let it. When they moved to the right I disoff slowly, blowing out every atom of it if he possibly can by forcible expiration, drawing the shoulders forward and pressing in the chest to the smallest possible compass, thus Browing out most all of the residual air, and all this through the nose, with mouth tightly closed. "Let him take a half dozen or more such forced respirations a dozen seconds, but in these two seconds I times a day," says the doctor, "and he lived years. "Good God!" I said to will soon double his vital capacity and relieve himself of most of his supposed chest trouble. Such forced respiration will compel every air cell possible to freely admit wholesome air into the little spaces and to expel it also, and some air cells that do not often perform mated that the completed building their functions healthy will be compelled | would cost \$5,000,000, but it has cost to do so."

The conviction and imprisonment of God, the engineer on the express train, a prominent mormon for polygamy, is seeing us tearing down that mountain having a good effect already in making with an eighth of a mile of fire in close polygamy as dangerous as it is odious.

THE MAGIC ART.

Remarkable Stories of Illusions and Soms Unexplained Professional Tricks.

"It's rather a curious fact," said a gentleman and unprofessional prestidigitateur to a Philadelphia Times reporter, "that none of the shows and circusses that use so many adjectives in describing what they have got do not bring to this country a rankly me trought of magicians.

"The Inget exhibition E ever with ussai, o recumed the speaker, "was mi India. I was traveling through the constay with a party of Gorman officials, when we stapped one night at an inn, magicians were resting. There were six of them, font men and two women, all very small, except one who was a fleshy giant, resembling the typical wrestlers. I some made their acquaintance, as I was then greatly interested in legerdemain, and soon won their good

The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves or hide anything. At their request I examined them and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the inclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a close ring about them. The light was now turned down a little, and in a moment the woman's face began to be illumined by a ghostly light that extended quickly over her entire body. She then began to move round and round, uttering a low, murmuring sound British museum, where the most ex- the while, gradually quickening tensive collection of American archives the pace until she was whirling about like a top. A moment of this and the light that had clung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force and assumed a pillar like form before her, As soon as this was accomplished she stopped, turned, and began to mold the light with her hand, and though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if were a cloud, it began to assume human form. We saw the arms, hands, and legs all molded, and finally a face and head gear. She next called for a light, and, the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger, a native seem. ingly evolved out of cloudland. He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand; his hands were moist, as if with prespiration, and he was a very healthy spirit. After he had talked and drank a glass of rack he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about.

"The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few moments the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar or form of light and then attaching itself to the woman and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time, before the eyes of at least fifty people, and not ten feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterward. Now, this would be explained by the spiritualist as a materialization and by the psychological society as some new sense or power, etc., but, between you and I, who know that all things can be explained by cold facts, it was merely a clever trick, so skillfully done that I

did not discover it in any way or shape. "The man next took his place in the ring, and handing me a large, highly ornamented saber, he said: 'In five minutes by the clock I wish you to be-head me.' I objected, of course, but he insisted, and said it had been done a dozen times, so I finally agreed. He was searched, and in the dim light began to contort himself, in strange positions until he seemed to grow perceptibly smaller, and finally stood before us so gauzy that I thought I could see with the whites, but were afterward ill- right through him. It was now five treated perhaps, and became hostile. minutes, so I took the saber and struck a light blow, only sufficient to knock a man over, when to my horror the blood spurted into my face and the head dropped with a thud upon the floor. As soon as it fell the body stopped and picked it up, held it in the air, then placed it upon the shoulders. The full light being turned on, there stood the giant, grinning and warm.

"The following day another perform-

ance was given at midday that was even more wonderful. The giant, as I called him, caused the audience to sit on a grass plat, leaving a circle of about twenty-five feet across, and in this the jugglers took their places, the giant opening the entertainment by taking a roll of ribbon and by a dextrous toss sending it up fifty feet or so, where we distinctly saw a small hawk dort at it and carry it up higher until we nearmarry. She was taken to London and Is lest sight of it. It then seemed to enter a sloud that, I assumed, was consed by something burning on the ribbon, but from the cloud coms slaling down, first, a dog, then a snake-a good, big one too-thee wriggled off the moment in touched the ground, and was captured by one of the men. Then a larger object was seen gliding along, and one of the women leaping forward received and held it out to the crowd, a laughing native baby. The giant had all this time held the end of the ribbon, and releasing it it seemed to disappear in the air, at any raise we saw it no more. A few moments latter they all joined hands and began to move about rapdily. tinctly counted twelve persons in the circle, when they changed the movement we saw only eight and some appeared to be standing in the center.

> The new capitol of the State of New York will be, when completed, the costlest edifice in the United States. But it is not yet completed, and though spoken of as the new capitol, it is not fairly entitled to the name, since it is already over twenty years old. The present legislature has just voted \$1,-250,000 for the prosecution of the work on it. When first begun it was estinearly a million a year, and no one now estimates its whole cost when completed at less than \$20,000,000.

The Dubuque census is completed and shows population of 26,830, an increase of four thousaid since the enumeration of 1880.