

DESOLATION OF THE SOUTH.

In the Gazette of the 18th inst., we notice an article under this caption, commencing as follows: "Horace Greeley in commenting upon the Rosecrans-Lee correspondence, says of the present condition of the South, 'emigration is arrested; capital shrinks from the citizens and seaports; commerce seeks less congenial but more secure climes; credit is dead; there is no industry, no enterprise, no natural progress, no public spirit; nothing but political chaos and social anarchy.'" The Gazette asks "who is responsible for it," and proceeds to answer, by referring all the depression in the South to the present Republican rule. Let us see how we can answer it, by a reference to other causes. When the men of the South, after the war, endeavored to raise again the fabric of social order, and at the same time forgot to yield submission to the Government, and trampled upon the rights of those who had been made free by the solemn act of Congress, then the Congress of the United States, as it should have done, leveled that fabric with one fell blow. They did it because they could in no other way, without a return to war, enforce a submission to law. The remedy was a merciful alternative to the South, for otherwise, Congress would have been obliged, in the operation of governmental rights, to have exterminated every rebel in the land. The Gazette complains because the property of rebels was confiscated, negro suffrage enforced, rebellious legislatures suspended, contumacious courts overthrown, and the charters and constitutions of States, antagonistic to the Government, were remodeled by the only peaceable means known to the government. This deceitful howl against the Republican party, must find its correction in the common sense of the people. What else could have been done in the exigency then presented? Was it the duty of Congress to permit these irregularities to continue without correction? Could they administer that correction without enforcing some form of reconstruction? The South had returned to the Government from a self styled Confederacy of their own, in which they had declared themselves free and independent. They had covered themselves with the blood of Northern people, in a contest of their own seeking, and which had involved the nation far beyond the power of liquidation. They had been beaten. This was their fortune of war. It was for the conquering power to say whether they should return into the nation upon their old status, or whether they should remain a conquered province, subject to such government as the nation might impose upon them. The North magnanimously received them with open arms, treated them as brethren, and told them to come back into the Union. They came, but not content with the terms of equality imposed, recommenced the work of aggression, and now, if, as a consequence of their own acts, capital shrinks from their country, and men refuse to do business, if their commerce abandons them, and labor becomes demoralized, who is to blame for it? Is it the Government, which is using the most humane efforts to restore this country to its former condition of prosperity, or is it the people who rebelliously dispute its right to do so, and show by their acts their continued hostility to submission? We submit this question to the common sense of our readers. Our neighbor of the Gazette is too well informed not to know that every word of his leader is an unqualified libel upon the fair fame of his Government. The effort to carry this Presidential election by charges like the foregoing, cannot succeed. The American people have had too much occasion for reflection during the past six years, to cease to reflect now. They understand the tenure by which their liberties are held, and the means by which they must be sustained. No specious deceptions will divert their attention and solicitude from the single element of freedom. They have trusted the South once too often already. That was the fault of the South. It deceived again the fault will be their own, and they know it. This they have demonstrated in the recent increased majorities in Vermont and Maine. This they will further prove by the immense vote with which they place Gen. Grant in the Presidential Chair. Meantime, if the South would enjoy its ancient prosperity, let it prove by its submission to Government, and the acceptance of the terms offered for peace, its fitness to resume an equal place in the Union. It is not for Gen. Lee and the fifty other Generals who aided him in the effort to overthrow the Government to dictate the conditions of their status in the Union. Let them first prove that they are worthy the confidence of the nation and they will receive it, but until then, and so long as it has power, let the Republican party preserve and conserve all the rights they have gained in the great contest for free government, which, under their auspices, was conducted to so glorious a consummation.

The Omaha Herald says that Mr. Spade, the new contractor, has perfected arrangements whereby, on and after the 1st of October next, he will transport passengers over a first class stage line, complete in every appointment, with celerity, certainty and dispatch," between the western terminus of the Union Pacific and the eastern terminus of the Central Pacific.

At a recent New England agricultural fair, held at New Haven, Conn., Charles Pierce, of Boston, exhibited a white ox, General Grant, weighing 5,000 pounds.

WONDERFUL ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION.

We have heard of Pandora's Box, Cinderella's slipper, a hundred-headed and fifty-headed Briareus, and Aladdin's lamp, of Simms' excavation, Siamese twins and five legged calves, but never, until we read last evening's Herald, have we heard of such a wonderful and hair-breadth escape from the use of "two revolvers," one held in each hand by the traditional "nigger in the wood-pile," fired with "surprising rapidity" on the same line, "intending to kill both persons fired at," said persons being a couple of Captains who had been holding a momentous half-hour consultation over one of those weighty (?) articles which find place in the columns of the Herald. All this at ten o'clock on Wednesday night last. The friendly warnings of citizens, the kind intimations of neighbors passed all unheeded. These two individuals stood courageously upon the door step, at a residence on Rodney street, not six paces from a wood pile, at 10 o'clock at night. In low tones they were cunningly talking of that article which they had "been preparing," an article which appeared in last night's paper and which was not entitled "Trouble in Alaska" for that was copied verbatim from dispatches, and was published in the Post a week ago; it was not "The Fair Grounds" for the visit upon which that was based took place the next morning. It must then have been the only remaining editorial, "A 'Close Call,'" which by the agency of the wonderfully prophetic abilities of the almost-assassinated aspirants to notoriety had been prepared before the events upon which it is said to have been based, transpired. They nicked themselves that the assassination dodge was a good one. All other expedients for the purpose of obtaining the public sympathies had been resorted to and failed. This scheme certainly would not play them false, and they would at once be placed in the position of martyrs before the public. Stuart placed his head close to that of Fisk, and the two giggled in concert at the game. The fatal moment arrived. Stuart drew his Smith & Weston and removed his hat, through the rim of which he straightaway sent a "lead messenger of death," subsequently inflicting a serious wound in the corner of the kitchen. The neighbors heard the shots and hastened to the spot, but the would-be-assassin had "escaped" in the "confusion." He has not since been discovered, although it is generally understood that the aforesaid "nigger in the wood-pile" was none other than the would-be-martyrs, now begging for sympathy. The idea that anyone should perpetrate so fearful a waste of powder as to fire upon the puerile firm of Fisk & Stuart is absurd. The shooting of "brindle sows" is bad enough, but when we are asked to believe this last story, it is asking of human credulity too much. The truth is, the two Captains simply played, upon that evermore historic doorstep the side-splitting farce, "Your Life's in Danger," and with such success that the whole town is laughing at it. We would suggest an improvement in the details of the play at its next production. The cannon which has so long been planted beside the Herald building for the protection of the Fisk outfit might be brought into requisition, and Stuart be thereby enabled to blow the whole crown of his hat off, and thus immensely increase the effect of the play. The ball would also be much easier to find than a pistol bullet, and would make a much greater show when held up to the gaze of the public. We hope this new comedy company may long live to entertain the community. Its members are so insignificant as to be unworthy the fear of even their worst enemies, and all wish that their years of life may be as numerous as their falsehoods, that they may thus be found still above ground at the sounding of the last trump, and while bent down with age, bubble up and fry in the earthly hell of their own creation.

THE OTHER OX.

There is a monstrous sight of difference in the very moral eyes of the Herald, as to which "ox is ignored." On Tuesday night it published a lot of senseless twaddle and credited it to the "Parson" of the Post. On Thursday we retaliated "in kind." On Thursday night it piteously pleads for "fair play." We think you received it Mr. Herald. We do not often so belittle ourselves as to descend to the dirty tricks which you constantly practice, but for just once we have given you "fair play."

The following fruit trees and vines were set down to Los Angeles county, Cal., in 1867: Apple, 6,500; peach, 9,000; pear, 4,000; plum, 100; cherry, 100; nectarine, 200; quince, 600; apricot, 1,800; fig, 2,000; lemon, 2,300; orange, 15,000; olive, 1,500; prune, 75; mulberry, 250; almond, 200; walnut, 3,000; strawberry vines, 40,000; grape vines, 3,338,000. Wine, 700,000 gallons; brandy, 77,000.

It is reported that the Chinese on the Russian border like English missionaries very much, and extend a cordial welcome to them. The main reason is that the missionaries distribute Bibles bound in leather, and the Chinese make shoes with the bindings and save their shoes at English expense.

THE SLANDER CIRCULATED.

Those statements of that slanderous letter published by the Fall River News, and popularly supposed to have been written by a former attaché of that journal, now connected with the Herald office in this city, are being widely circulated by all the papers in the country, for the purpose of showing what a horrible place Montana is, how low are the morals of its citizens, and at what risk of his life a Union man must live here. The injury that will thus be done to the Territory is almost incalculable. Immigration, more particularly of those of the Republican faith, will be retarded; men will hesitate long before bringing their families here; the reputation of the Territory will be sullied, and Montana's position before the people will be a highly unenviable one. The author of the letter, whoever he may be, should be treated by this community with the contempt which he deserves, and he should be ostracised from society.

SHOOTING OF EX-GOV. BEALL.

In speaking of this subject we shall "nothing extenuate and nought set down in malice." We shall endeavor to avoid any one-sided version of the affair, but content ourselves with giving plain statements of facts, and without any comment save what may be of an explanatory nature. We shall attempt no defense of Mr. Pinney's action, for he neither needs nor desires it. It is not an open question as to whether a man has a right to defend his life when attacked by another, and no vindication of Mr. Pinney's conduct is therefore necessary. The statements which we shall make will be, to a great extent in the nature of evidence, given by other parties, over their own signatures. Without stopping to refer to the remote causes of the trouble between Mr. Pinney and Gov. Beall, we give the following card which relates the details of an interview between the parties named day before yesterday:

EDITOR MONTANA POST.—SIR:—As some excitement exists in this community in regard to the shooting of Mr. Beall by Mr. Pinney, and as there are unfortunately some among us who seem disposed to aggravate rather than to allay this excitement; we, the undersigned, wish to state what we know of this matter:

Thursday, about one o'clock, p. m., Messrs. Beall and Pinney came into the U. S. Marshal's office, as we understood, at Mr. Beall's request. Mr. Beall appeared to be bent upon a quarrel, said he was "spoiling for a fight," "came there to fight," and was "bound to have a fight;" that Mr. Pinney was "a poltroon" and "a coward." He asked Mr. Pinney if he had "the heart of a man," and bantered him to come into the next room and fight it out then and there. He said Col. Howie could place them and give the word. Mr. Pinney replied in substance as follows: "Mr. Beall, you are an old man. I don't want to fight you. I will kill you in a fight of the kind you propose, the community would not justify me. I shall act strictly on the defensive. You had better take a drink with me and go away peaceably." Mr. Beall then took two drinks with Mr. Pinney, but still continued his abusive language. He detained Mr. Pinney about two hours, when the latter told him that he wanted no more talk with him, that he (Pinney) had business to attend to. Mr. Pinney then started to leave the room, when Mr. Beall called him a "coward" and a "poltroon." Mr. Pinney replied with a smile, "Well, you are a rapscallion." "What!" said Mr. Beall, and sprang towards him. During all this conversation, Mr. Beall was constantly putting his hands in his pockets, leading us all to suppose that he had a derring with him. When Mr. Beall advanced, Mr. Pinney stepped back and drew his pistol, saying, "This has gone far enough; now keep away from me; I want no difficulty with you." Mr. Beall then stepped between them, with him, that he (Pinney) then started a pistol, but I shall carry one hereafter, and Mr. Pinney, I shall see you again. I will insult you worse than I have and every time I see you. I mean to force you to fight; you have got to fight." Mr. Pinney replied that he "would defend himself if necessary," and again told Mr. Beall not to press the matter any farther. Mr. Beall then went away.

This all happened on Thursday. None of us were present this afternoon when the encounter took place, but we were all there immediately after it, and believe the account in the "Post Extra" to be strictly correct in every particular, except as regards the use of the word "revolver" in the hand of Mr. Beall, which should read "derringer."

WALTER TRUMBULL,
F. GEO. HELDT,
NEIL HOWIE.

HELENA, Sept. 25th, 1868.

Concerning what transpired from the time that Gov. Beall left Mr. Pinney until the unfortunate occurrence of yesterday afternoon, evidence will be given before the legal authorities at the proper time. We may state briefly, however, that Gov. Beall did not omit to speak threateningly against Mr. Pinney, and that he made repeated efforts to borrow or buy a pistol. He finally obtained one yesterday afternoon, of whom we have not learned, and within a very short time started for the office of the Post. As to what occurred in the counting room of the Post we give the following:

CARD OF CHARLES J. COPP.

EDITORS POST: I submit the following statement as to what I know of the shooting of Ex-Gov. S. W. Beall to day. At about half past two o'clock, while working in the composing room of the Montana Post, my attention was attracted to the Counting Room by loud words, and I heard Mr. Pinney saying to some one, as near as I can recollect, "I don't want to have anything to do with you.

I want you to go out of the office for you have a revolver in your hand." I started for the door of the Counting Room in order to ascertain the trouble, and approached sufficiently near it to see that portion of the counting room in which the difficulty took place. When I arrived near the door I saw Mr. Beall standing in front of the counter and between the small desk and the scales, and some six feet in front of the door of the composing room, with his left hand on the counter and his right hand behind him holding a pistol which was cocked. Just as I got to the door I heard Mr. Beall ask Mr. Pinney to go either out doors or up stairs, I cannot tell exactly which. As he spoke, he brought his pistol in front of him and took aim at Mr. Pinney. The latter hurriedly commanded him to put the pistol away, at the same time springing between the end of the counter and the wall, and drawing his revolver. I immediately jumped back into the composing room, after reaching which I heard a cap snap and two shots fired.

CHARLES J. COPP.
HELENA, Sept. 25th, 1868.

STATEMENT OF JOHN POTTER.

I was in the front office of the Montana Post about 2 o'clock this (yesterday) afternoon, taking a copy of a letter. Mr. Pinney was sitting at a table writing or reading. The door opened and some one stepped into the office. I heard some one say, "Pinney, I want you to come out." Looked around and saw S. W. Beall standing in the office near the counter; heard Pinney say, "Col. you have come here to seek a quarrel; I want no quarrel with you Mr. Beall." Mr. Beall said, "I want to see you in your room." Mr. Pinney said, "Col. you have a pistol in your hand, put it up." Think he told Beall two or three times to put up his pistol. Mr. Beall then made a rush at Mr. Pinney with his pistol in his hand. Mr. Pinney dodged behind the desk and pulled out his pistol and evidently attempted to pass out through the door into the back room. Mr. Beall then rushed at him as before with pistol in his hand, at which time Pinney snapped his pistol, but it did not go off; they both then dodged back, Pinney again attempting to pass through the door into the back room. Mr. Beall again made a rush at Pinney and Pinney fired, at which Mr. Beall made another rush as if to come in close contact with Pinney—he (Pinney) again fired and Beall fell.

JOHN POTTER.
HELENA, Sept. 25th, 1868.

Our "extra" of yesterday, which was prepared in great haste, and which was put in type as fast as written, only differed from the above statements in some of its minor details. Concerning what has transpired since the shooting has taken place we shall say but little, and do not deem it our duty to make mention of what sympathies have or have not been made. Mr. Pinney is now in charge of the United States authorities and will have his preliminary examination before Cornelius Hedges, United States Court Commissioner, at the new Court House, at 10 o'clock this forenoon, at which time the evidence bearing upon the case will be produced. We hope that all our citizens who can do so, will be present, in order that they may be enabled to judge impartially of this occurrence.

STILL WHISTLING.

The Gazette continues its whistling concerning the Vermont election. A few days since it spoke very contemptuously of it, the "Dutch had taken Holland," and the politics of the Green Mountain State were no criterion by which to judge of the probable result of the presidential contest. But at last it thinks it has discovered a Democratic gain there, greater than that of a Republican party, and "Vermont" straightway beams a bright particular guiding star of the first magnitude on the political horizon. The Gazette parades with much gusto an item taken from one of the most rabid Democratic papers in the country, in which the following statement is made:

It is now known that the Radical vote in Vermont is only increased thirty-one per cent; the Democratic vote FIFTY-FIVE PER CENT. The Radical vote has increased 5,187; the Democratic vote has increased 4,637. If the Radicals had gained 10,000 votes, it would not have equalled the Democratic ratio of gain. As it is, there is a heavy radical loss.

This statement is looked upon as very flattering to the hopes of the Democratic party. It looks to us however, as though, even if true, it was very cold comfort to the untrifled, for if the same results should be obtained at every election, it would be necessary for ten years to elapse before the Democrats would be even with the Republicans. But the fact is that the statements made in the Gazette's extract are untrue. Even the New York World admits that the Radical vote was 42,005, and a number of Republican towns still to hear from; this would show an increased Republican vote over that of 1867, of 10,311.

The same authority placed the Democratic vote at the same time at \$15,532 as contrasted with 11,510 last year. It will thus be seen that the respective gains, based on these figures would be nearly thirty-three per cent. Republican as against thirty-five per cent. Democratic. But the figures above quoted were given by the World before all the returns were received, and were slightly altered when all the towns were heard from. The Missouri Democrat gives the correct figures in a short reply to the very item copied in the Gazette, and we here reproduce it as a sufficient refutation to the statement of our contemporary.

At last we have full returns of the Vermont election, and can understand exactly how

much truth there is in the pretence that the Democrats have made "large gains." Thus the Times yesterday said the Republicans have gained 5,187, or thirty-one per cent, and the Democrats have gained 3,637, or fifty per cent. A more audacious combination of untruths we have rarely seen. The facts are these: 1867, Republican vote, 31,094; Democratic, 11,510; majority, 20,184. 1868, Republican vote, 40,988; Democratic, 14,023; majority, 26,965. Republican gain, 9,294, (instead of 5,187, as the Times asserts); Democratic gain, 2,513, (instead of 3,637, as the Times asserts). Net Republican gain in one year, 6,781—more than half the entire Democratic vote of 1867, and over twelve per cent. of the total vote of this year, which is the largest ever cast except in the Presidential election of 1864, and that was only 736 larger. Now if the Times can find any comfort in the facts, it is welcome. We only object to its false statements for the purpose of deceiving its readers. And yet why should we? Men who read the Times must prefer to be deceived. It is their own business not ours.

It will be seen by the above figures that the Republican gain was nearly thirty per cent. of its last year's vote, while that of the Democrats was only about twenty per cent., thus showing that while the champions of the "lost cause" have been increasing in numbers they have been really losing ground. How long it will take the Democrats to carry the Green Mountain State with this rate of increase (?) we leave the Gazette to imagine.

DEATH OF COL. S. W. BEALL.

The death of this gentleman occurred at the residence of Gen. Sol. A. Meredith, at 11 o'clock, on Saturday forenoon last, and his funeral took place yesterday. From a gentleman who was well acquainted with the career of Col. Beall, we obtain a brief summary of his history:

Col. Beall was one of the first settlers of the State of Wisconsin, to which he emigrated in 1829. In 1831 he was appointed Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Green Bay, and was afterwards a member of the Constitutional Convention of Wisconsin. He was Lieut. Governor of the State during Gov. Nelson Dewey's last term of office. He subsequently held the position of Clerk of the Supreme Court. At the breaking out of the rebellion he entered the army and was appointed Major of the 18th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. Nearly the whole of this regiment was captured at Shiloh, before opportunity was given for bringing it into action. Its commanding officer, Col. Jos. S. Alban, of Plover, Ohio, was killed before he had time to mount his horse, and Col. Beall was wounded. He was afterwards transferred to the Second Veteran Reserve Corps. He was a man of considerable literary ability, and has, more especially within the past few years, been a contributor of the Atlantic and other publications. In business habits he was exceedingly active, and in his nature brave, quick and impulsive. He came to Montana only a short time since, and has been considerably engaged in literary labors while sojourning here. During his short stay with us he has made many friends among our citizens, and all sincerely regret his loss.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE.

The San Francisco Morning Chronicle, of the 15th inst., gives an account of the South American earthquake, which it takes from the Panama Star and Herald. Whole provinces have been devastated and almost depopulated. The names of sixteen towns that have been totally destroyed are given, and many others have been partially ruined. A considerable portion of the country which was affected by the shock has not yet been heard from, but the most appalling news is anticipated. The loss of property by the earthquake is estimated at three hundred millions of dollars, one firm alone, the house of Gibbs, having suffered a loss of one million dollars. The magnificent Cathedral at Arequipa, was not entirely destroyed, but the towers are gone, and the building is liable to fall at any moment. At Quito, the buildings were so much injured that the slightest movement will throw them down, and many of the churches and public buildings were destroyed. The course of the earthquake was from south to north, varied with repeated shocks from east to west. It traveled a distance of 140 miles in ten minutes. Efficient measures for the relief of the sufferers are being taken. The United States flag ship Powhatan, sailed from Callao for Arica with supplies, and to render all possible assistance. Messrs. Calderon and Meigs have given \$50,000 each in aid of the sufferers. The following description of the earthquake at Arica, by an eye-witness, will prove interesting to our readers:

The agent of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, writes from Arica: "Arica no longer exists. At about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th, we were visited with a tremendous earthquake. I had barely time to get my wife and children into the street, when the whole of the walls of my house fell—fall is hardly the word, as they were blown out as if they were split at me. At the same time the earth opened probably two or three inches, and belched out dust accompanied by a terrible stench as of powder; the air was darkened, and I could not see my wife who was within two feet of me with the children. If this had lasted any time we must have suffocated, but in about a couple of minutes it cleared, and collecting my household goods together I then started for the hills. How we passed through fallen houses where we saw men struck down, some stone dead, others maimed, is to

me a mystery, but a merciful Providence was over us. We wended our sad way as well as we could toward the hills with the earth shaking, making us stagger as drunken people, when a great cry went up to heaven. The sea had retired. I hurried on and I had barely got to the outskirts of the town, when I looked back and saw all the vessels in the bay carried out irresistibly to sea, probably with a speed of ten miles an hour. In a few minutes the great outward current stopped, then arose a mighty wave, I should judge about fifty feet high, and came in with a fearful rush, carrying everything before it in its awful majesty. The whole of the shipping came back with it, sometimes turning in circles, but all speeding on to an inevitable doom. Meanwhile the wave had passed in, struck the mole into atoms, swallowed up my office as a giant's mouthful, and roaring on swallowed up the Custom house, and rushing down the same street carried everything before it in its irresistible course. The remains of my dwelling house disappeared faster than the change of scene in a Christmas pantomime; my launches had long since disappeared and my ruin was thus completed."

I stood breathless looking at the awful sight, thanking God life had been preserved to me and my loved ones, but each second was a lifetime; looking seaward I saw the ships still hurrying on to their doom and in a few minutes all was completed. Every vessel was either ashore or bottom upwards. The Peruvian war steamer America lost about eighty-five hands. The United States steamer Waterer escaped with the loss of one life; with a small draft of water she was carried bodily on the top of the sea and landed about a quarter of a mile inshore on the railway track. The United States storeship Fredonia was bottom upwards; every soul on board perished (excepting the Captain, Surgeon and Paymaster, who were on shore and were saved). The British bark Chanarillo, of Liverpool, was lying high and dry upon the beach the remains of a hull; half of her crew perished. An American bark, laden with guano, was swallowed up and has not left a vestige to tell her fate. The last of the ill fated squadron, a Peruvian brig, was placed on the railway track, apparently without losing a rope or spar. On what has since happened it is needless to dwell; for nearly two days we lay on the hills without covering and without food, in a constant state of alarm, as the shocks of earthquake were increased.

POLITICAL.

General Fremont will soon publish a political letter, in which he will come out strongly for Grant and Colfax.

The Nation hits the political nail on the head when it declares that the recent Republican gains in Vermont are "because Hampton and Vallandigham were permitted to make themselves the present leaders of the Democratic party."

In Cincinnati the Republicans have formed a Grant and Colfax cavalry battalion. The uniform consists of cavalry jackets, red caps, with white top and yellow band, with a star; body belts red, white and blue.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, after detailing his conversation in Kentucky with various politicians, says: "As a summary of what I saw and heard in Kentucky, I can only say that if the people over there mean anything by their talk, they mean fight, and, in the event of a Democratic victory, will inaugurate it at once. They seem to be desperate over the loss of slavery and political power in the nation, and they now feel like doing what they did not in 1861—going into the fight as a State, as well as individuals."

The White Boys in Blue in Indianapolis, claim to be made up exclusively of men who have "honorable discharges from the United States service." In an examination before a justice, where some of these "honorably discharged" White boys were witnesses, two of them testified on oath that they never were in the service, and two more were members of Morgan's gang of Southern horse-thieves.

EUROPE.

Berlin will have an International Exhibition in 1872.

The ancient bitterness of Europe—Old Gaul.

American carriages are used on the Mont Cenis railway.

Napoleon's feted day cost Paris \$100,000.

Lerol, Eugenio's hairdresser, has \$6,000 salary.

Patti made her first appearance since her marriage at Hamburg, where she was billed as the "Marquise de Caux."

The drought in England is over. While it lasted the rich sent presents of water to their friends.

St. Petersburg has five daily papers—four published in Russian and one in French.

There passes between London and Bombay 30,000 telegraphic messages per annum, at an average cost of \$27 each, or \$810,000 a year.

A man in London kept the body of his dead daughter in the house seventeen days, until he could get up a raffle to pay the funeral expenses.

It is remarked as very strange that Adeline Patti-Caux spends her honeymoon in Paris. It is so fashionable to run off when one gets married.

The Fenian organization which was expected to revolutionize Ireland consisted of 200,000 men, not counting the Fenians of America.

A French photographer, it is said, has succeeded in obtaining very fine and accurate panoramic views of Paris from a balloon 1,000 feet in the air.

An elderly Pennsylvania woman, with her daughter, looking at the marble statue of Girard in the college building the other day, startled the bystanders by exclaiming, "La! Sally, how white he was!"

The inhabitants of Saratoga are said to exert enough from strangers in two months to enable them to live without work the remaining ten.

One of the best operators in the St. Louis telegraph office is perfectly deaf.