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THE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S.

BY RUFUS SARGENT.

In a huge and smoky foundry close by the wharves in the town of R——a gang of workmen were getting ready to cast the largest bell of the St. John's Cathedral chime. Only an hour more, and they would let the glaring, bubbling metal flow from the huge furnace into the mold which was buried deep in the black earth close by.

It was just at evening, and in the gathering twilight the lurid blue flames that burst from the top of the tall chimney flashed unearthly gleams upon the neighboring windows and house tops.

The scene within the foundry was weird and almost awful. The swarthy forms of the workmen, partly lighted by the yellow glare, moved about like Tartarian shades, and the sooty beams and ponderous chains crossing half black, half golden, under the golden roof, recalled the engines of Cyclops under Mt. Aetna.

The town clock struck six. It was time for supper. All the men threw down their tools, and ran and put on their outer clothing.

'Be back in half an hour, sharp,' cried the foreman. 'We shall make the cast at a quarter of seven.'

'All right, sir,' cried the men in response.

'I hear some of the town folks are coming down to see the work,' said one.

'Yes,' said another, 'it'll be something to open their eyes. There was never such a bell cast in the whole State as this one will be.'

In a moment more only one workman and the foreman were left in the foundry. The former was to stay and watch the 'blast.' He had brought a double allowance of dinner, and he would make a supper of what remained.

'Perhaps we can get the 'Inventor' to stay with you, George,' said the master laughing, as he prepared to go.

'Yes; where is he,' returned the man in the same jesting tone.

'He's been around the works long enough to know when anything goes wrong. Hollo! hollo! I say! where's the 'inventor?' Come here. Ah, there he is.' And in silent answer to the summons a shock-haired fellow, with large gray eyes, and a pale, vacant face, appeared from behind a pile of castings. He had on his back a gray shirt, much soiled with dust, and he wore a huge pair of pantaloons, held up by a single suspender.

'Well, Mopus,' quoth the man George, clapping him rather roughly on the shoulder; 'I suppose you've got wit enough to yell if anything's the matter?'

The young fellow looked stupidly around and nodded his head.

'Then sit here and look at that furnace, and don't take your eyes off.'

The poor lad smiled and meekly did as he was ordered, just as an obedient dog would have laid down to watch his owner's coat.

A queer fellow was this 'Mopus;' stupid enough in ordinary things to need a world of watching, but withal wonderfully fit to watch a furnace. He knew all the working of the foundry by what seemed a sort of brute instinct, though really his strange sagacity in this was a remnant of a once bright mind.

If anything happened or went in an unusual way he would always notice it, and say what ought to be done, though he could not tell, perhaps, why it ought to be done.

Two years before he had been an intelligent, promising lad. He was the son of a designer connected with the foundry company, and had always been allowed free access to the shops, and to mingle with the men and watch their work. But one day a great lifting chain broke, with its load, and an iron fragment struck him on the head, inflicting a serious injury. From this he partially recovered, and only partially, for his reason was impaired. But his natural love for machinery and mechanical experiments remained, and as he regained his bodily strength he spent most of his time making small wheels and shafts, and puttting together odd contrivances, which he would exhibit with immense pride and satisfaction.

This peculiar trait in the young fellow gained for him the humorous title of the 'Inventor.' All the men felt a great kindness for him, even though their manner toward him was occasionally harsh and impatient.

Such was the person left to help watch the great blast for the casting of the king bell of the chime of St. John's. Faithfully he kept his place before the furnace, while the man George sat down at a little distance and began to eat his supper. Doubtless the latter intended to keep a general oversight, but he certainly made the inventor's eyes do the most of the looking. Whether he felt a kind of reckless trust in the instinct of his half witted companion, or indolently concluded that nothing wrong could happen, he was sadly to blame for charging himself so little with the important duty before him.

Not a word was said by either watcher, and only the deep roar of the furnace was heard through the vast foundry.

George finished his supper, and sauntered into one of the tool shops to find his pipe. 'Inventor' sat alone before the great blast. The one rational faculty of his feeble mind enabled him to comprehend what it meant, and even something of the magnitude of the enterprise that was ripening inside those burning walls. He knew that the furnace was full of valuable metal, and that close beside him, buried out of sight in the deep sand, was the huge mold, so soon to be filled with the precious cast. He knew and could see that all the channels for the flow of the fiery liquid were ready, and that near the mouth of the furnace stood the long iron rod that was to be used when the moment came to let out the molten stream.

All this his limited thoughts took in by habit. Dimly conscious that something was soon to be done, he sat with his eyes on the furnace absorbed and intent.

Suddenly something startled him. There was a slight noise, and a burning crack appeared near the top of the furnace. Then another crack, and a scorching brick fell out and rolled to the ground at his feet.

The lad opened his mouth to shriek, but so terrified was he that the sounds stuck in his throat, as if he had been in a fit of nightmare.

A thin red stream followed the fallen brick, and trickled down the furnace side like running lava. Then came another alarming noise, and a thin gap half way down the masonry let out more of the hissing metal.

Where was George? Was the unfaithful fellow still hunting for his pipe? The furnace was bursting with only a poor, half idiot lad to guard it.

What could he do? He did what perhaps a lad in his right mind would not have dared to do. Rushing to the mouth of the furnace, he seized the long iron rod that stood near, and tapped the vent. One desperate thrust with a sharp point up the terrible tunnel, a few quick prying strokes. Stand back now. The confining clay fell away, and the yellow-white flood spurted out with resistless force. It leaped into the clay-lined troughs, and hissed its way, flaming down to the mouth of the bell mold.

The 'fool' had done a deed worthy of a general on a field of battle.

Was it too late? Every moment new fissures opened in the doomed furnace. Some of the upper stones toppled over. Still the metal poured out into the mold. But the waste was great from those gaping flaws. The pressure was relieved by the open vent, but the leaks multiplied continually. It was art running a race with ruin.

Poor 'Mopus' stood powerless before the coming catastrophe. His knees knocked together and his head swam. A great heap of red hot bricks and rubbish fell at his feet. He had barely thought to get out of the way and save his life. He heard a wild shout of human voices in the distance, then an awful roar behind him, and he saw and felt himself pursued by surges of seething fire. Sharp, blistering pains pierced his flesh at a hundred points. The rest was all a horrible, unintelligible dream. It was as if he had suddenly sank into the earth and had been swallowed up forever.

By seven o'clock comparative quiet reigned again on the scene of the disaster. Ruins lay everywhere. The engines had quenched the flames that had caught the buildings, and the men, blackened with smoke, stood in silent groups around the ains of the furnace. It had fallen to pieces and nothing was left but heaps of steaming rubbish.

Poor "Inventor," who had been found with the tapping-rodain his hands, laying on his face in the sand, frightfully burned, had been carried to his home.

Little was said, but the few words spoken uttered with no mild emphasis the natural wrath of the master and hand against the man George, whose excuse for himself only exaggerated his offense.

"See what he has done," said they, a few days later, as they stood in the half burned foundry. Five thousand dollars gone to waste in one minute! The best job in twenty years spoiled! The rascal, to go hunting for his pipe, and leave that stuttering idiot to watch! Is that all he can say for himself? Out upon such carelessness! Why, the boy didn't even know enough to bawl out when he must have seen the furnace tumbling to pieces.

The master, who had more at stake than the men, of course felt the loss more keenly than they. He almost wept with mingled grief and rage. Suddenly something peculiar caught his eye among the debris, and he cried in a startled voice:

'Hallo! What's this? What's this?'

He snatched up a fragment of one of the troughs which had led from the mold. There were traces of the stream of bronze still running in it. Then the possible meaning of the iron found in the injured boy's hand flashed upon him.

'Bring me a shovel, quick!' he shouted.

A spade was put into his hands, and he began nervously to heave away the hot mass that lay piled over the bell mold. It was a herculean task, but he worked like a giant, and three or four of his men took hold and helped him.

Brick bats, ore, slag, and ashes flew in every direction. Presently the master's spade penetrated the sand and touched something hard. He stooped down. Then he leaped up like one half frantic, and plying his spade with redoubled energy, tore away the remaining sand, disclosing what looked like a great metallic ring.

'Men,' he cried out, lifting his flushed face, 'the bell is cast!'

'Who did this?' asked every excited voice, as soon as the cheering died away.

'Come with me two or three of you!' cried the master. 'I think I know who did it. It's a miracle!'

They hurried away to the home of the half-witted boy. The attendant met them with his finger on his lips. 'The poor boy is in a brain fever,' said he.

'Does he say anything in his delirium?' whispered the master.

'Oh, yes, he raves all the time about the big bell mold. "I hope it will fill—I hope it will fill," he says.'

The men exchanged glances. It was indeed true. The idiot had cast the great bell of St. John's. Just then the physician came out. 'Perhaps he will recover his reason by this shock and sickness,' he said. 'Such things have happened.'

'Do you think so? Pray heaven he may!' solemnly ejaculated the master and his men; and turned away deeply moved.

Two months later the great bell hung from a huge derrick in the lathe room of the factory, and beneath it stood a heavy truck upon which it was about to be lowered. A silence fell upon the group of workmen as the pale face and feeble form of 'Inventor' appeared, borne in upon a small reclining chair. He had recovered his reason, and was fast getting back his strength. His large gray eyes instantly fastened themselves on the bell, that splendid masterpiece, whose making meant so much to him. They had told him the whole story of the casting, and the disaster in the foundry, but it all sounded like a wild romance to him.

'I remember nothing that happened,' said he, shaking his head with a smile. 'It's all new to me; all new and strange—so strange!'

'Yes,' said the master, devoutly; 'it was God's hand.'

Every eye turned upon the invalid.—Some of the men felt almost afraid, it was so much like a resurrection to have him there among them, the boy they had known so long underwitted, now a young man, keen and intelligent, as if charged into another being.

'I should like to strike the bell once,' two men lifted him up and put a small hammer in his hand. He struck one gentle blow. A deep, sweet, mournful tone, solemn as the sound of distant waterfalls, rolled from the great bell and echoed through the foundry. Tears filled the eyes of the rough men as they heard it.

'Ah,' said the master, 'there's a hallelujah in that, and it may well begin here. Long may this bell praise God! He saved it in the ruins of the furnace by one wise thought in the ruins of a human brain. Our furnace is rebuilt, and behold, this dear boy has his reason again! The bell and the boy shall glorify God together.'

'Amen,' murmured the listeners.

Then the great bell was lowered, and as the truck was rolled away with its melodious burden the boy was lifted and carried after it, and both went out into the sunny day together, the rough men standing in the doorways waving their hands.

'Little Inventor' afterwards well proved his claim to the title so lightly given him in his unfortunate boyhood. His name is now read on many a bell whose matchless riches of tone his genius and skill in music alone created.

The silver bullion which is now being received at the Philadelphia Mint for parting, is mainly from the Consolidated Virginia mine, in Nevada, and contains forty per cent. of gold, fifty per cent. of silver, and ten per cent. of base metal. The bullion is known as the dore, or silver containing gold. The mint is supplied with bullion as rapidly as is required for coinage purposes. In addition, the Assay Office in New York supplies the mint with fine silver sufficient to insure a coinage of $1,000,000 per month in subsidiary silver coin. The standard fineness of the coin is made of 900 parts of pure silver and 100 parts of pure copper alloy. The law of 1873 has somewhat increased the weight of the subsidiary coin, so that the coins at present issued are a trifle heavier than the coin issued prior to the 1st of April, 1873, and are made to correspond in weight with the French coin. At present the subsidiary coins now issued are the half dollar, quarter dollar, twenty cent piece and dime. The half dollar weighs 192.3 grains. This piece formerly weighed 192 grains. The quarter dollar now weighs 66.45 grains; it formerly weighed 90 grains. The new twenty cent piece weighs 77.16 grains, and the dime weighs 38.58 grains; the latter formerly weighed 38.04 grains. These are the only silver coins authorized excepting the trade dollar, which is a commercial piece, and weighs 420 grains. Since the 1st of last January there has been issued from the Mint of Philadelphia, between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000 in subsidiary silver coin. This coin has been transferred to the assistant treasurer, at Boston, where it will remain until such time as the Secretary of the Treasury sees fit to commence the work of redemption. It is stated by the chief coiner, Col. Snowden, that if the mint was worked to its fullest capacity, it would turn out $50,000 in small silver coin per diem. During last month the Mints at San Francisco and Carson coined over $1,000,000 pieces of the twenty cent coin.

Mrs. Joblink's Experience.

'When I first jined the church,' said an A street matron yesterday, as she leaned out of the window, speaking to a younger and severer-looking female, 'I had jest them kind of notions myself. But I got more light as I growed older.'

'But, Mrs. Jobklink,' said the other, 'duty is duty, and each must act out his mission.'

'Yes,' rejoined Mrs. Joblink, patronizingly, 'that jest the way I used to feel till I got married. When you have a husband coming home of nights an' fallin' up stairs you wont think the Lord requires so much of you. I used to pray for Joblink till he started in to make a stump speech to the hat-rack at 3 o'clock in the morning, and then I got more light. The Lord helps them as help themselves, an' I find now that a metal backed hair brush does better with Joblink than all the prayers you can shake a stick at.—You'll see when you get married.'

The younger lady sighed and inquired if there were any poor people in the neighborhood who would be benefitted by a tract on 'The Sin of Dancing.'

A Pennsylvania preacher who is the father of twenty-six children is puzzling how to spend his summer: for the hard times.

Burr's Musket.

A musket which Aaron Burr captured while serving under Benedict Arnold at the attempted storming of Quebec, on the night of December 31, 1775, is on exhibition at Norwego. The gun is of the Queen Anne pattern, and weighs 27 pounds.

The blight which has covered the memory of Burr does not even spare the services he rendered his country in the hour of her extreme peril. Because he shot Hamilton in a duel, and attempted to build up an American Empire in Mexico he is set down as a murderer and a traitor, of whom it is not possible to say a good word.

The fact is that his military record is very brilliant, and so far as he had an opportunity for showing the stuff that was in him, he displayed the highest qualities of a soldier. While still an undergraduate at Princeton, he joined Arnold's expedition to Canada, as a volunteer, and, though yet a young boy, he behaved like a veteran, and speedily won the admiration and esteem of the whole army. It was necessary to find some one who would risk his life in reconnoissance beyond the Canadian frontier, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the French portion of the population were disposed to co-operate with the advancing Americans. Nobody else caring to embark in such a desperate enterprise, Burr offered himself.

On foot and alone he made his way across the enemy's line—obtained a large amount of information, aside from the special object of his mission, and returned in safety. It was this exploit which attracted the attention of General Montgomery, and gave him a position on the staff of that gallant and unfortunate commander. Burr was by Montgomery's side during the fatal assault upon the fortification of Quebec, and endeavored to carry the mortally wounded hero from the field. In the hottest of the fire he threw the almost lifeless body on his shoulders, and staggered through the blinding snow storm toward the rear guard. Not until the sharp pursuit of the British threatened to cut off his retreat did he relinquish his precious burden. Next to Montgomery, Burr reaped the most laurels in this defeat which came so near being a victory.

It is a curious and significant fact, which gives us a glimpse of the character of the man, that he never would make any reply to the assaults upon him, even when, as in many instances, he could have overwhelmed his foes by documentary evidence. So far as we are aware, he never published or caused to be published a line in his own behalf. In the closing years of his life a friend remonstrated with him upon his obstinate silence, telling him that uncontradicted falsehoods soon came to be regarded by the general public as truths, and that he had suffered infinite injury by thus keeping back his side of the case. "I believe you are right," said Burr. "It was a ruinous mistake on my part, but it is too late to remedy it now." That any defence could have wholly redeemed his reputation was, of course, impossible, but that reputation need not have been as black as it is, had he not chosen to go to his grave with sealed lips.

More than fifty years after the siege of Quebec, the father of Rev. Doctor Gardiner Springs was visiting his son in New York. He inquired for Burr, and insisted upon being taken to see him. He was told that it would not do; that Burr was under a cloud, and respectable people did not notice him.

"What is the matter?" said the old man, who had evidently been living outside of the range of newspaper information.

"He is a traitor," was the reply.

"It's a lie," shouted the wrathful relic of '76. "Didn't I see the little fellow scrambling through the snow, with Montgomery on his back, at the Quebec fight? I will go and see Burr!" And go and see him he did.

And now this old Queen Anne's musket, with Quebec scars on its venerable wood and iron, salutes the eye of the Centennial to remind the present generation that they owe at least a trifling debt of gratitude to Aaron Burr. The struggling Colonies would have thought it a great misfortune had a bullet struck the life out of the young student just as he grasped the trophy which to-day flings a fitful, fading lustre around his darkened name. But what a blessing it would have been for Esther Edward's son had he died with the old musket in his hands where Montgomery fell!

The Diagonal Waltz

[Chicago Tribune Tribune.]

Boston fashionables have invented the diagonal waltz, which is said to have unmathematical beauties. The stage directions are: Begin at the top of the last line forming the letter W, and complete the letter without turning your partner; back and advance diagonally at an angle of about 45 degrees. Meanwhile hug your partner as closely as she will permit, and project your elbow at an acute angle into the stomach of your awkward fellow or anxious mamma who seeks to interfere. The diagonal waltz offers a rare opportunity for a short cut into the affections of any susceptible young woman.

A Brooklyn girl is engaged to be married to an Italian Count, and in the course of four or five years she may be looked for on the street with a hand organ playing the usual tunes.

Childhood.

Childhood is beautiful for its happiness; for the madness of its joys, and the revelry of its glee; for the pretty wildness of its unmingled laugh, for the heartiness with which it gives itself up to the impression of the moment, forgetting the past and unanticipative of the future. How often does man in the journey of life pause on his weary way, exclaims a contemporary, and sighingly gaze on the joys of childhood, enjoying them without the malignity of envy! On the worldly prosperous and rich, on those whose cup runneth over, men look too often with an evil eye, hating the happiness which they desire; but the richest man in the world is not so happy as a laughing child. And wherefore cannot man be as happy as a child? Wherefore, but from want of purity and from want of faith? Sad recollections press upon the spirit, and doubts, with a cloud-like density, darkens the way of life; so that when we are lifted up a while by the light-heartedness of a transient gayety somewhat above the ordinary level of the tenor of life, we look to the past, and there is the darkness of remorse; we look to the future, and there is the mist of doubt and fears; and sadly we sink down again, moralizing on the vanity of human joys. However, it we love joy, and cannot have it pure in ourselves, it is something that we can sympathize with it as it exists in the sweet smiles and musical laughter of children. So the sight and thought becomes instructive to us; it is delight and it is philosophy; it is a looking-glass to the mind—a moral looking-glass—a meditative looking-glass, helping to correct the deformities it reveals. It is a merciful and considerate wisdom that thus arranges our lot in life, mingling the mass of society, so that youth and manhood, childhood and old age form our community; thus all are sweetly dependent on each other; and for the protection which maturity bestows upon childhood, a return is made by childhood in the lesson which it teaches and in the picturesque beauty of its moral character, which renders it so delightful an object to contemplate. So, mutual dependence and obligation form the bond of society and the principle of mercy, and the dependence of all on the Supreme forms the basis of devout gratitude and the principle of religion.

Every well regulated family newspaper has its column in which the marriages and deaths are noticed, and some of the more advanced make a note of the births that happen in the community in which they circulate. As, for instance: "Born, to the wife of John Thompson, a son. Weight, 10 pounds. Name, William Henry." These things are all well enough, and sufficiently interesting to those concerned. But the following announcement rather caps anything in the line we have yet noticed. It is from the Turf, Field and Farm, the leading sporting paper in the United States:

Gordon Setter Produce.—On the 10th inst., Yubie, a very fashionably-bred Gordon, belonging to Col. Farnsworth, of Albany, N. Y., had four well-marked whelps by Waddell's celebrated black-and-tan stock setter, Duke.

We regret exceedingly that this paragraph does not inform us whether the "very fashionably-bred" Mrs. Yubie is doing as well as could be expected or not. It is cruel to keep us in such a state of anxiety. We can only console our feelings by whistling the plaintive air of the old ballad—

"Kaiser don't you want to buy a dorg?"

A Touching Scene.

The Richmond Enquirer says that as soon as the funeral services, prepared by an Episcopal clergyman, at the grave of Colonel Thomas Jefferson Randolph were concluded, and before the grave was filled up, a veteran negro stepped forward and asked if there was any objection to a service by his people. He was told that such a tribute would be acceptable to the family, and then a scene that should go down in history was enacted. Quietly Mr. Randolph's former slaves assembled around him, and then swelled up from a hundred negro voices that most pathetic of hymns—

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

A gentleman who was present says that in his whole life, extending over seventy years, he never witnessed anything so touching. When the last notes died away amid the oaks of Monticello there was not a dry eye in the vast assemblage.

In the Vermont Journal of March 31, 1874, there is the following epitaph on a lawyer:

Beneath this stone lies Robert Shaw,
Who follow'd forty years the law,
And when he died,
The devil cries—
"Ha, Bob! give us your paw."

Let every man who owes a debt to his neighbor pay something on it, and thus put money into circulation. In times like these, some people take an unfair advantage and refuse to pay little debts that they are perfectly able to settle. Such a course only makes matters worse. The payment of a single debt results in the payment of a dozen more with the same money. Men should help one another in hard times, and they cannot more effectually do it than by paying their debts.

That poem about Mary and her lamb has been translated into Chinese, and this is the way it begins:

Was gal named Mall had lamb,
Fleece all same as white caw,
Every place Mall gal walkee
Ha, ha, heppee long too.

A Truthful Sketch.

Let a man fail in business, what an effect it has on his former creditors! Men who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug their shoulders and pass on with a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented that would not have seen the light for months to come, but for the misfortunes of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good; if not, the scowl of the sheriff, perhaps, meets him at the corner. A man that has never failed knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity he sails along gently, wafted by favoring smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his name and spotless character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move or to do this thing or the other; there are spies about him, a writ is ready for his back. To know what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and stop paying once in his lifetime. If he has friends then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral seive, it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will are not and do not constitute real friendship

The Right Path.

The road of life is a turnpike road. It is a path which every one must find for himself, by the help of such directions as Heaven has given us; and there are so many other paths crossing the true one in all quarters, and the wrong paths are so well beaten, and the true path in places so faintly marked, so many, too, are always going the wrong way, that between the number of paths to puzzle him, and the number of wrong examples to lead him astray, a man, if he does not take continual heed, is in great danger of turning into a wrong path, almost without perceiving it.

An Arkansas Eulogy.

[From the Little Rock Gazette.]

Mr. Speaker, as I rise to address you in commemoration of our colleague, Colonel Yell, of Yellville, my thoughts recur to the last time when we had the privilege of listening to his eloquence in this house. If I am not mistaken, it was when he explained his connection with the Yellville Bank, which had unfortunately busted, and of which he was the distinguished President. Our deceased colleague did not account for all the funds in his possession, Mr. Speaker, but his speech on that occasion showed that his heart beat warmly for his native land.

The funny man of the Milwaukee News tells the following domestic tale: "Jane has got a nicely turned ankle, hasn't she?" said John to his wife the other day. And then John noticed an unearthly gleam in the eye of his spouse, which made him feel very unfomfortable, he knew not why. But the next day the place which Jane had filled in the domestic economy of the household was occupied by a middle-aged woman, with ankles like those of a Mullinger heifer.

It would be a little funny to see the Russians fooled about Alaska. For some time after the purchase of that territory by the United States Government they used slyly to nudge each other and hint that they had got much the better of that bargain; but now the finding of extensive silver mines is reported there, and if Alaska should develop sources of wealth like Nevada the fun would not be quite all on the Russian side.—[St. Louis Globe Democrac.

Political orators in the West indulge in some high-flown asservations in regard to their firmness of principle. The following is a moderate specimen: "Build a warm fence around the winter's supply of summer weather, skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon, catch a thunder cloud in a bladder, break a hurricane to harness, ground-sluice an earthquake, lasso an avalanche, pin a napkin on the crater of an active volcano—but never expect to see me false to my principles."

Mr. Moody is the most rapid speaker the New York stenographers have ever had to encounter. The Tribune's swiftest stenographer took down from his lips 2,200 words in ten minutes by the watch. This is at the rate of four times as rapid as that of Mr. Evarts, and a third faster than that of Mr. Beecher, two of the most difficult speakers to report.

Florida papers report almost a total failure of the sponge crop, while the Northern free-lunch saloon clerks say that there are more sponges around this fall than they ever saw before.

They have found a petrified Mormon in Utah, and from the number of dents in the head, evidently made with a poker and flat iron, it is judged that he had at least thirty-three wives.

A Duluth assessor says it is positively amazing how cheap property becomes as he passes up or down a street. It falls 7 per cent. whenever he enters a house.

If Captains were less reckless, there would be less wrecks.

Whisky is alike an internal furnace and an infernal turnip.

Take care of the poor Indian and he'll take hair off the whites.