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LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.

Put up the old pipe, my dear,
I couldn't smoke to-day;
I'm sort of dazed and frightened,
And don't know what to say.
It's lonesome in the house here,
And lonesome out of door,
I never knew what lonesome meant
In all my life before.

The bees go humming the whole day long,
And the first June rose has blown;
And I am eighty, I am to-day—
Too old to be left alone.

O Heart of Love, so still and cold!
O precious lips, so white!
For the first six hours in sixty years,
You were out of my reach last night.

I can't rest now—I can not rest;
Let the old man have his will,
And wander from porch to garden-post,
The house is so deathly still.

Wander and long for a sight of the gate
She has left ajar for me,
We had got used to each other, dear—
So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good!
She made me a better man
From the moment I kissed her fair, young
face.

And our lovers' life began,
And I held her—was it yesterday
That we stood up to be wed?
And—no, I remember, I'm eighty to-day,
And my dear, loving wife is dead.

—Christina at Work.

DOWN IN A DIVING-BELL.

Deep Sea Diving Experiences.—A Veteran Diver in the Briny Deep Who Found His Long-Lost Wife in a Sunken Hulk.—A Queer Life on Land, and a Queerer Life in the Sea.

He was a queer-looking man, with shaggy eye-brows overhanging sharp, bright eyes, set deep in their sockets, a prominent nose, a shallow complexion, a slow, shuffling gait, a lank, bony frame, slightly stooped with the burdens of some fifty odd winters and summers. He was wandering, apparently quite aimlessly, among the sailors who frequented the war in front of the Lumberman's Exchange, at the end of Franklin street.

"Who is that man?" a Herald reporter inquired of a lake shipper, with whom he had observed the stranger in conversation a few minutes before.

"That—that's Holmes, the famous ocean diver. He lives in the East, but understand he's on his way to the Pacific coast just now to manage a difficult job of raising a valuable cargo, high water, during the April and May months near Seattle. He's a man who would tell stories which would make your hair stand on end, if he had a mind to."

"I'll go and see him, then," said the reporter.

A few moments later the twain, the reporter and the old sea dog, were seated comfortably in a cool place, the breeze playing with the scant crop of hair on Mr. Holmes' head. While sipping a cooling beverage the old diver gradually filtered out reminiscences, at in the proportion of one to every three he emptied.

"It's a queer business," he said, "and items the queerer the longer you're in it. The way I got into it was this: I'm born in 'Little Rhody,' not far from Newport, nearly half a century ago. In my young days I followed the sailing trades, and I've been to most every country and climate on the globe—Brazil as well as on the African Coast, in the East Indies and in China. On a British vessel I was for some time in the opium smuggling trade. I've visited nearly every port on the Mediterranean shore as well as the Black Sea. Well, being back home one day from a long trip, a considerable talk over a slave vessel which had been pursued by a crew, and had been scuttled and sunk in a harbor a number of years ago. How the rumor started I don't know, but anyhow the papers at that time told long yarns about the vessel, gold dust and ivory, and so forth. A proposition was made to me to go down in a diving bell, which had just been invented, about that time, to investigate the hull. I had always been a good diver and could hold my breath an awful long time. But I lack experience as a practical diver. Well, I undertook the job for a good reason. This was the means of my leaving a safe and engaging in the profession of a diver. As I said before, it's a queer calling, and one never gets used to it. It isn't for the fun I do it, it's the money I earn. I own a fine little and a cozy cottage in Rhode Island for from Woonsocket, and have a couple of thousands in the bank—all by diving. Besides, I own a comfortable outfit, and that is worth considerable money. Married and children, yes, and no. You see, the way it was this. After I married, my wife didn't like my trade and my absences from home, and she ran of 1857 with an old shipmate of mine the gold fields of California, while attending to a job on the New York coast. She took all the money she had saved up for her and two children. I heard nothing of her a number of years. It was in 1863, I had to go down to save the mail cash freight of the Antelope, a sloop vessel running between Francisco and New York, that I happened on her trip East. I was diving in my armor suit, that being more handy and expedient than the old. I was down in the cabin groping way to the safe when a corpse fast in my armor. It proved to be a woman's body. She was poorly dressed, had a nursing in her arms. The boat was down in the water, but I was myself away from it the face almost beneath my eyes, and met with a glassy stare. It was my wife's face, my wife's. It gave me a turn, down there under the water, and for a moment I felt faint. And the body hauled up to the surface afterward had it buried

near our old home. I made inquiries in California. Her letters and papers in her pocket had already given me a clue, and on that I worked. I found that my faithless wife had married Charles Rumsey, for whom she had deserted me, and had borne several children to him. Only two of these lived, besides the two she had borne to me, when Charlie left her. Then she had thought of me, but had vainly endeavored to obtain my address. On her way East to find me she had met her dreadful fate on board the Antelope. I went to California, fetched the children home, and have treated them since as if they were all my own, and when I die I'll leave them equal shares of my property. They've been educated carefully at my expense, and they are all well established in life now, and don't know anything of their mother's shame.

"Now you've heard a bit of my own private troubles, of which every man has a peck or two, I reckon," remarked Holmes reflectively. "One does see awful things sometimes down in these vessels on the bottom of the sea. The first time that I did some work that made me feel bad was in '54. A three-masted schooner, a fishing vessel belonging to Bedford, Mass., had broken in two on a reef not many miles from port. It was early in spring, just about the time of the aquenackshels. That part of the vessel containing the cabin seemed to be well preserved, as could be seen on any clear day looking down into the depth. And it was in there that 'Capt' Willis had kept his little pile. He must have been a queer nut if half the stories the people told about him were true. He never would leave any money on shore, thinking his vessel a much safer bank than any on terra firma. Well, he and his whole crew had gone down, and so I undertook the job of getting at the old man's pile if I could. On a fine afternoon in the latter part of April I went down in my suit. Everything went all right till I stalked into the cabin. There was the 'captain's' berth, and I made for that. It was dark in there, and I bumped my head against various objects repeatedly. Finally I got to the berth where I understood the money was. Feeling my way, my hand ran against something soft and shifting. What do you think it was? The 'captain's' sure enough. He had got his head tightly wedged in between the ceiling and his bedclothes, and both his arms were in there, too, while his legs and body stuck out, bobbing up and down with the motion of the water. I set him loose, and then I found that his hands were clasped around a big oilcloth bag. It was with great difficulty I could detach the corpse's hands from it. His ruling passion had been strong even in death. When the body had been hauled up it was seen that the face wore a look of iron determination, as if he had resolved to save his gold or perish. His widow is still living in comfortable style on the money left her in that bag. That was a real little adventure, but there are often times when a man gets scared at nothing.

"Once I remember I was overhauling the wreck of a steamer that lay in ten fathoms of water on the Florida coast. There were a good many passengers of all sorts that had perished with the vessel. Bodies, you know, act very strange when confined in a closed space under the water. They are buoyed up by the pressure from below and can't get out. So they all float under the ceiling. And that was the case when I entered the dining saloon of the steamer, into which the unfortunate passengers had fled half-clad to escape on deck, but had drowned before reaching it. The sight of it was enough to make any one feel that he's got nerves. Mothers and fathers in their night robes, pressing their children to their bosoms; husbands and wives clasped in each other's arms to meet death unitedly; one couple, probably lately married or lovers, had their lips sealed in one last parting kiss. While disengaging myself from all these bodies that would get twisted up with the pipe and the connecting line on my armor, and thus endanger my safety, I all at once caught sight of a horrible-looking object right opposite me. It stood upright, and was more than a man's size, black in appearance, and with tremendous big goggles in the place of eyes. As often as I would move, my 'vicy verry' would move too. I felt a chill creeping over me when I saw that the object was getting nearer and nearer as I approached the wall. Whether the monster was a fish or what it was I couldn't decide, but I quickly made up my mind it was to be either me or him, so I drew my knife and made for it. Coming nearer, what was my surprise to find that the terrible object was merely the reflection of my own self in a large mirror made indistinct by the water. That was about the worst scare I ever had in the course of my professional experience.

"Danger from fish, did you say? No, not generally, and not the way people imagine. It ain't sharks and devil fish that trouble us. It's these little critters, jelly fish, sun fish, algae, and the like, that we're afraid of. They clog up the armor and impede our movements, and threaten to break the connection between the diver below and the boat above water. And it's that danger, too, that one has to fear with big fishes powerful enough to break the line with a single blow of their tail. Sharks? Not much. I never heard of a diver that was attacked by a shark. And if it came to a submarine duel between such a beast and the diver, the latter would have all the odds in his favor.

"There's been a good many improvements made in the diving business since I've been in it. The world does move, even in our profession. The rig-out of a diver nowadays, if everything is first-class, is a very expensive thing, often

costing \$600 and over. The top, head and shoulder gear weigh about eighty pounds, and each boot twenty pounds, so you see I carry 120 pounds in addition to my own weight when I go down to the bottom. Once below, the heavy weight on the soles of the feet are no more noticeable than a pair of ordinary boots would be in walking the streets. The buoyancy of the water counterbalances the weight, you see.

Is there a limit to the depth in which a diver can work? Certainly there is; seventy to one hundred feet is about the average depth in which one can work with anything like ease, and two hundred feet is as deep as anybody has dared to go for practical purposes. Most of the diving work is done at a depth of fifty feet or less. It's dark and dismal enough that deep, especially when the sky is overcast or during the cool seasons. But that last bother is pretty near done away with now, since electric lights have come into fashion, by means of which a man can go down and see as clear as daylight in the darkest nook of a vessel's hold. That's a very good thing, as it saves much trouble and money, and often allows the owners of vessels to have a leak mended in a few hours' time by the diver, when formerly it took weeks on the dry docks, occasioning an outlay of thousands of dollars. But now I'll bid you good day, Mr. Herald; you know about as much of the diving business now as I do."—Chicago Herald.

The Car Conductor's Snare.

A conductor of the Broadway cars has been probing the meanness of human nature to its very depths by scattering white metal counters stamped in imitation of quarter-dollar pieces upon the seats of his car. It was about ten o'clock the other evening that he began his experiments, and having taken a Tribune reporter, who was the only occupant of the car, into his confidence, he proceeded to dispose three of the fraudulent pieces at judicious intervals upon the seats. Then the conspirators sat and waited.

The first flies to enter the spider's parlor was a young man and woman—no ordinary folk, but very handsomely dressed, he being resplendent in a new summer suit and white hat, and she gay with many ribbons and ostrich feathers. At first they sat down directly opposite the spot where one of the coins was lying, but after a minute or so the man discovered that there was a draught on that side, so they crossed over. They were so richly dressed that it was absurd to suppose that a quarter of a dollar could be of any importance to either of them, so it must have been purely by accident that he sat down just beside the deceitful thing.

Then another accident occurred: he dropped his umbrella, curiously enough, too, it fell with the handle right over the counter, and it is wonderful what a lot of picking up that umbrella took. Apparently, however, he picked up nothing with it, for next his coat-tails wanted arranging, and then came a lot of fumbling with his trousers. This appeared more satisfactory, for with a furtive glance at the reporter to see if he was observed, he slipped something quietly into his breast pocket, and the conductor smiled grimly.

Then there got in a gentleman well past middle age, looking like a clergyman, with white hair and sleek of face. He started to walk up to the front door of the car, saw one of the bright discs in his mind and sat down plump beside it. For a few minutes he shifted uncomfortably in his seat, glancing quickly up and down the car and occasionally screwing his eyeballs around in vain endeavors to see the seat at his side. Then with a look of sublime unconsciousness he took off his hat and placed it right over the coin. His hand soon dropped beside it, and while his eyes still gazed with a bland indifference straight in front of him, it gradually worked its way under the hat. Then the hat began to heave and sway, and to edge its way inch by inch along the seat like a basket with a cat underneath. Presently it stopped and the hand was withdrawn. Then, under pretense of arranging his neck-tie, the old gentleman took a rapid look into the palm of his hand, and by the light of the lamp saw that he had been taken in. At the same moment he saw the conductor smiling at him and caught the reporter's eye. He colored crimson, picked up his hat, grasped his umbrella and bolted out of the car.

"I would not have believed it," said the reporter.

"You don't know how mean people are until you try them," replied the conductor, "but it does make one kind of ashamed of one's self, don't it?"

There was still one more piece lying temptingly upon a seat, but soon a workman got in and sat down directly opposite to it. He was a weather-beaten, hardy, hard-used workman, and his appearance seemed to indicate that cents were not too plentiful with him. After a little time he saw the shining metal and leaned forward to look at it. Then he sat back, and then leaned forward again. Finally he attracted the conductor's attention with a "Hi, mister!"—and pointing to the coin, "somebody's been dropping their money about. There's a quarter lying on the seat there, and you'd better pick it up or somebody'll be stealing it."—N. Y. Tribune.

—John H. Parnell's peach orchard, at West Point, Ga., is the largest in the world. The trees are planted upon different slopes, so that when all are bearing a crop is certain in one place or another every year. There are 125,000 trees.—Atlanta Constitution.

His Niece.

Mr. J. S. Brown was in a gloomy frame of mind. Mr. J. F. Brown, on the contrary, was as smiling and chipper as a spring morning. Mr. J. S. Brown crooned moodily over the ledgers and complained of the pale ink and rusty pens, while Mr. J. F. Brown smiled and smirked, and hummed a gentle lullaby over the pages of figures before him. Mr. J. S. Brown's countenance was dark and forbidding. From Mr. J. F. Brown's face there beamed a radiance which illumined every nook and corner of the counting-room.

"Humph!" grunted Mr. J. S. Brown, bitterly.

"Ha, ha, ha," softly laughed Mr. J. F. Brown.

"Brown," said Mr. J. S. Brown, lifting himself up from his desk and turning around on his stool; "Brown, I feel called upon to reproach you for the frivolity you have exhibited during the past week. You have neglected your work—you have arrived here late every morning and left here early every afternoon—your business has been done in a loose and incompetent manner, and as a natural result our mutual interests are suffering."

Mr. J. F. Brown looked grieved. Never before had he been addressed in terms of reproach by Mr. J. S. Brown.

"But, Brown," expostulated Mr. J. F. Brown, "you seem to forget that—"

"I forget nothing," interrupted Mr. J. S. Brown; "I am perfectly well aware that you have a new baby-daughter up at your house. How could I forget it, when I am reminded of the fact every fifteen or twenty minutes? A daughter, Brown, is good enough, and has, I admit, certain advantages in her way, but I submit, Brown, that a daughter is no excuse for the excessive levity and coarseness of which you have been guilty for the past week."

"I—I don't understand," stammered Mr. J. F. Brown, blushing deeply.

"I will be more explicit—I will explain," continued Mr. J. S. Brown, still maintaining an air and tone of rigid austerity. "Since the birth of your daughter you have been worldly and fleshly in your manner and conversation. Do you think it was in keeping with your dignity to make your appearance in this store that morning in a condition bordering, I may say, upon hilarity? Was it right that you should execute secular salutory movements up and down this counting room while advising our employes of the fact that you had a spick-and-span new daughter? Was it proper that you should subsequently invite us all out for a lemonade and a cigar piece? Have I not heard you, every hour of the day since that event, whistling—yes, Brown—I will repeat with increased vehemence—whistling to yourself certain lullabies and tunes supposed to have been invented purely for the solace and edification of the cradle and the nursery? Need I remind you that frequently when you should have been making out invoices of canned tomatoes and pickled codfish, I have found you dreamily humming a frivolous song entitled 'Peek-a-boo' to yourself? And is it for me to recall that frequently, when you should have been receiving consignments of dried apples and brown sugar, you have been skylarking about town, squandering your money for nursing bottles and paregoric and tin rattles and flummery of that kind?"

"Ah, my dear Brown," sighed Mr. J. F. Brown, sadly, "you do not appreciate how sweet a boon one's daughter is to one."

"There you go again!" exclaimed Mr. J. S. Brown. "There you go again, with your maudlin sentiment. Your daughter, indeed! Brown, I am sick and tired of hearing eternally and everlastingly about your daughter. Your daughter—your daughter—your daughter—it's the same old song from morning till night, day in and day out! Well—I—I—well—oh, bah!"

And Mr. J. S. Brown nearly choked with chagrin and disgust, while Mr. J. F. Brown sat mutely by and nervously bit his finger nails, and vainly tried to keep the tears from brimming over his eyes.

"You seem to forget, Brown," said Mr. J. F. Brown, finally, very tremulously, and very tenderly, "you seem to forget that while she is my daughter she is your niece."

Mr. J. S. Brown started as if he had been toyed with the business end of an electric battery. A new and bright idea seemed to have dawned upon him. His lower jaw fell, his eyes opened to their widest capacity, and a look of combined astonishment and pleasure crept over his face. His whole appearance was that of a man before whose comprehension a mighty revelation had been spread.

"Brown," murmured Mr. J. S. Brown, faintly and unsteadily, "say it again and say it slow."

"You seem to forget," repeated Mr. J. F. Brown, "that while she is my daughter, she is at the same time your niece."

"Well, I snuff!" exclaimed Mr. J. S. Brown. "I never thought of that."

"It is, nevertheless, an incontrovertible fact," solemnly added Mr. J. F. Brown.

"So it is, Brown, so it is!" cried Mr. J. S. Brown. "And I am indeed an uncle! Ha, ha, ha—an uncle—whoopee! We'll close up the store—the clerks shall have a holiday—and, Brown, come closer to me, we'll have lemonade and cigars all around us—we can't rest! Your daughter, my niece—Brown, old fellow, I congratulate you!"—Denver Tribune.

Fishery Statistics.

The Dutch now take in the North Sea somewhat over 200,000,000 herrings annually. These are salted and barreled according to old Beukelzoon's receipt. They also take about 50,000,000 a year in the Zuider Zee. These, for the most part, are sold fresh. But these figures are insignificant compared with those of the Scotch herring fishery, the export of which is 1,000,000 barrels, or at least 700,000,000 fish. The Dutch have also a very large anchovy fishery in the Zuider Zee, which employs 1,200 boats, and in a good year gives 70,000 baskets of 3,500 fish each, or about 250,000,000 anchovies. We pay them very large sums for fish taken by them in the North Sea. Fifty years ago, in the time of protection, and so of high duties on foreign fish, and before the days of packing fish in ice and carrying it so packed to market in steamers, we paid them, on Yarell's authority, £80,000 a year for turbot, and £15,000 for the lobsters that were to accompany it to table. The Dutch have also a very large cod-fishery. A great part of what they take on the Dogger Bank is sold fresh. Of salted codfish Germany and Belgium took from them about 2,000,000 pounds.

The Belgians are, for their numbers, large consumers of fish. It is sold annually to the amount of about £170,000 in the market of Ostend. More than half of this is taken by Belgian fishermen. The rest is bought, chiefly from French and English boats. We may suppose that Antwerp also does something considerable in the fishing business. A great deal, too, of fish is imported by rail from Holland.

The fisheries of Denmark proper are worth about £250,000 annually. The most important of the fish taken in the Danish waters are the eels of the two Belts and of the Sound. Germany is the chief customer for Danish fish. The cod fishery of Iceland is worth about 4,000,000 and the herring about 1,300,000 crowns, that is together about £250,000 a year.

The facts connected with the fisheries of Italy that are most worthy of notice are the variety of fish captured, for the Mediterranean species outnumber those of the coasts of Western Europe; the smallness of the money value of the capture (£1,600,000), compared with the number of men engaged in the fisheries (60,000); and the inadequacy of the supply, for the imports amount to £860,000 a year. The most valuable product of the Italian seas is coral. After that come the anchovy, the tunny, and the sardine.

The fisheries of Spain are no exception to the general paralysis which has in that country overtaken every description of effort and of industry. All kinds of deep fisheries have been abandoned. But even the small take of their inshore fisheries is more than the Spaniards themselves require, for they export fish to the value of about £80,000 a year.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Family Dramas.

M. Romain Marsi has been sentenced by the French tribunals to thirteen months' imprisonment for extortion. His mode of operation was to attend the police courts and to take note of any cases in which persons were found guilty of trivial offenses, which they would have special reasons for wishing to keep out of the papers. Having made his selection, he would write a letter to the delinquent, informing him (or her, for he practiced largely upon the credulity of the female mind) that he regretted, as editor of the Petit Journal des Tribunaux, the circulation of which was enormous, to be compelled to publish a report of the case; but that he should be at his office any morning from nine to eleven, and would be happy to hear what they might have to say before the article appeared. This letter rarely failed of its effect, and when the delinquent called and was shown into the editor's room he found himself confronted with a large poster at the top of which was printed the "Flory of Evil-Doers." Upon the chimney-piece was a statue of Justice wielding her sword; and upon an open bookcase several boxes with the words "Secret Documents," "Family Dramas," etc., painted upon the lids. Marsi took care to leave the visitor alone with these sinister articles of furniture for several minutes, and when he came into the room he began to speak of the enormity of the offense, and the necessity of making a public example of the offender. He gradually became less indignant, and finally let his visitor understand that for this once he would not publish the report of the case. The visitor, delighted at being thus spared the humiliation of publicity, was only too glad to accept Marsi's proposal to subscribe to his newspaper—a matter of thirty to forty francs; the more so as Marsi assured him that he would find in it most salutary counsels for his guidance in the future. His device was finally brought to the knowledge of the police, and a prosecution, with the result referred to above, followed.—Paris Letter.

—How a little boy, eight years old, died on Staten Island last week: He found a demijohn of applejack. Of which he drank a great deal. Then he slept. On waking he went to swim. He stayed too long in the sun, and was prostrated by the heat. On waking he made a feast of green apples and ice water. Next morning he was dead.—N. Y. Graphic.

—A man one hundred years old recently filed a claim at the Huron (Dak.) Land-Office, and says he came West to "grow up with the country."—Chicago Tribune.

PITH AND POINT.

—Five Polish poets have been arrested in Europe. Poets in this country are occasionally killed, or crowded out.

—One of the charges against tobacco is that its use has a dwarfing effect. That's true. Many men get short by buying cigars.—Chicago Times.

—Worcester has an "R. A. T." club, which entertains the public with plays, operettas, and the like. "Hear me gnaw-ma," ought to be a favorite air.—Lowell Courier.

—The fellow at the other end of the telephone wire may be perfectly sound financially, but the man at this end should reflect, as he listens, that his business is in the hands of a "receiver."—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

—"What is true bravery?" asks a New York paper. It is going to the door yourself when you don't know whether the caller is a dear friend, a book agent, or a man with a bill.—Philadelphia News.

—When the hired girl was asked to put an extra plate on the table she said she wasn't much of an arithmetician, but she could work an example in add-dish-on like that.—Cincinnati Merchant and Traveler.

—A young correspondent complains that "there are too many lawyers in the country." Oh, no, my boy, there aren't too many lawyers. There aren't half enough clients, that's all.—Burdette.

—Clara Jane says that she shall never be satisfied until women are permitted to sue as well as to be sued. Perhaps it would be unkind to say that Clara Jane has never been sued; therefore we shall not say it.—Boston Transcript.

—A Philadelphia woman was poisoned by holding a cent in her mouth while hunting street car change, and one in Chicago was similarly afflicted by holding a street car ticket. This causes the Detroit Free Press to ask: "Why doesn't the sex take a walk instead of riding?"

—Swimming is becoming a favorite amusement with the New York ladies. It has long been known that the husbands of New York ladies often find it difficult to keep their own heads above water, and now, perhaps, their wives will help them.—New York Graphic.

—"Did you find the people indigent?" asked a clergyman of a wealthy member of his church, who had been calling on some very poor families. "Oh, dear, no," answered the lady, "they were respectable, but as poor as poverty."—Yonkers Gazette.

—"Why do young men remain single?" asks a newspaper writer. An old philosopher once observed that if more young men were to marry, there would be fewer old bachelors in the land, and the more we reflect on the subject the more it strikes us that the old philosopher hit the bull's-eye. Young men remain single because they don't marry.—The Judge.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Knoxville, Tenn., is entering largely into the manufacturing enterprises, and among its latest industries are car-works.

—The making of sassafras oil is now a leading industry in many parts of Virginia. The raw root costs \$1.50 for 1,000 pounds.

—In the United States, Ontario and Manitoba the increase of the lumber product this year over last is estimated at 750,000,000 feet.

—Washington Territory fire is in demand in San Francisco for car building, and a very large trade is expected to spring up in this lumber for the East, as it can be profitably used instead of hardwood for finished work.—Chicago Times.

—Scientific engineers say that the bridge over East River is the last long bridge that will ever be erected, and that, had engineers known as much in 1870 as they do now, this bridge would not have been erected. Tunnels are to take the place of bridges.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The dredging of South Carolina rivers for phosphates is a new industry of considerable importance to the territory surrounding Charleston. Some of the crude rock is shipped to Europe, but most of it is ground at home before it goes to market. At the present time the demand is great, and all the companies are working on full time.—Chicago Herald.

—An organization has been incorporated in New York, under the name of the National Horse Show Association of America, with a capital of \$100,000. This association will hold its first show of horses next fall, at which time it is announced liberal premiums will be offered for all classes of horses. It is expected that this will be the largest and most notable exhibition of horses held in this country, and will occupy the same position here that the horse shows held at the Agricultural Hall, London do in England.—N. Y. Sun.

—A company has been formed in New York, it is stated, with a capital of \$4,250,000, for constructing a pneumatic tube between that city and Chicago for the purpose of transmitting letters, grain samples, jewelry, and other small, light packages. Way stations will be established at Cleveland, Buffalo, and other points. The pipes will be of iron, four inches in circumference, and the cost of laying them is estimated at \$4,000 per mile. The price for carriage will be five cents for letters and ten cents for parcels; and the boxes holding the goods will make the trip between the two points, it is believed in four hours.—N. Y. Herald.