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CURRENT PARAGRAPHS.

Southern News.

Waco, Texas, has four ice-factories.

The Georgia railroad has declared a semi-annual dividend of $125,000.

Charleston, S. C., will compromise its debt, the bondholders being willing.

The average wages of good farm hands in southwest Georgia are $9 a month.

Judge Roberts, the Democratic nominee for governor of Texas, is 72 years old.

While cotton mills in the east are closing, those in the south are full of work.

The New Orleans Times asks the city council to put 500 men at work cleaning the city.

The last words of Sam Bass, the Texas robber: "Everything is whirling around like a bubble."

The Vicksburg quarantine is so rigidly enforced that some of the hotels have closed their doors.

A seizure of cigars at the New Orleans customhouse is said to mean good smoking for the officers.

The city of Galveston being heavily in debt, the people are sighing for an abolition of the city government.

The governor of Louisiana has just signed the death warrants of four men, the murderers of Narcisse Arieux.

The Mobile Register thinks the only way to develop the natural resources of Alabama is through the medium of narrow-gauge railroads.

The mayor of New Orleans has directed the chief of police to suppress all unnecessary noises during the prevalence of yellow fever, such as bells on ice-cream carts, scissors grinding, peddlers, organ grinders, etc.

The Minnesota colony at Sherwood, Alabama, is growing rapidly. A dirt road, two and a half miles in length, has been constructed from the valley to the top of the mountain. A wood factory and a hub and a spoke-making establishment are soon to be started there.

Troy (Ala.) Messenger: We are informed that the forest mast this year will be unusually heavy, and the hogs are anticipating a good time. Last Monday we saw on six little twigs, about eight inches long, that branched off from the end of a small limb of a red-oak, one hundred and two healthy acorns.

San Antonio Herald: From official information received in this city yesterday it is learned that the Mexicans living along the opposite bank of the Rio Grande are purchasing all the arms and ammunition for sale on this side of the river. Bands of Mexicans are everywhere arming and drilling. The utmost activity prevails, and threats are freely made that any attempt on the part of United States troops to pursue horse thieves and raiders across the Rio Grande will be met with a bloody resistance. The Mexicans are evidently in earnest this time.

Garrett's reminiscences of public men in Alabama says of the nominee for governor of Texas: Oram M. Roberts, of St. Clair county, was a graduate of the University of Alabama, and early admitted to the bar. He served in the house in 1850, his only session, during which he was modest and unpretending, though his talents were manifest. In a few years he removed to Texas, where he was elected a judge of the supreme court. He was president of the secession convention in 1861, and in 1865 was elected a senator to the United States congress but never took his seat, owing to the rigor of the reconstruction acts. He is a native of Alabama, and his record has reflected honor, not only on himself, but on the state which gave him birth.

Dr. Heard, of Galveston, has been investigating the yellow fever at New Orleans, and reports it to be of the most singular and malignant type. He says: The symptoms of the disease are most unusual, the fever period being much shorter than heretofore, and unaccompanied by many of the accepted characteristics of the disease. Yellow fever heretofore has usually manifested great pains in head, back and legs of the afflicted. These pains do not accompany the present type, but every patient whom Dr. H. had an opportunity of questioning complained of violent pains in the stomach, and nowhere else. There is also an absence of the usual flush; the fever range extremely low, amounting to an adynamic fever; rapid sinking sets in quickly, and hemorrhage and black vomit follow in a very short space of time. The most infallible test of the disease is an extraordinary deposit of albumen in the urine.

Miscellaneous.

Lyman Sanford, of Prattsburg, Steuben county, N. Y., has a ewe that this spring produced five lambs at a birth, all of which are of fair size all are nursed by their dam, and are doing well.

It is a fact first observed and made down by an English farmer and agricultural writer. Mr. John Hannam--recently deceased--and widely confirmed by many experiments during several years past, that the later stages of the ripening process diminish the proportion of flour and nutritive value of the wheat. The time to secure the best grain is when the kernel is still soft enough to be crushed, but is comparatively free from moisture, and breaks into meal between the thumb-nails.--[American Agriculture.

Commenting on a report against the patent cow milker, published in the New York Tribune a fortnight ago, the Toronto Globe remarks that "it scarcely needed the emphatic condemnation of an assembly of practical farmers to show the invention up in its true colors," as "nothing is better known than that it is a matter of exceeding difficulty to keep clean India rubber tubes through which milk flows, and this objection alone is sufficient to neutralize all the good that the milking machine could accomplish."

Foreign News Items.

The population of the Australian colony of Victoria is now 763,370, with the males in the majority by 100,000.

St. Petersburg is, with a single exception, the unhealthiest city of the world—Madrid, Spain, being the exception.

The number of paupers in England, on the 1st of January, was 747,811, a decrease of 69,411 from the number in 1875, notwithstanding the "hard times."

There is no doubt about the success of the Paris Exposition. Up to July 5 the receipts were $753,884, or $3,240 more than they were up to July 5 1867, though in that year the Exposition opened a year earlier.

The progress of the yellow fever northward is made difficult, owing to the rigorous quarantine established at many points on the river and the railroads running out of New Orleans.

The great annual tea-ship race of over ten thousand miles, from China to London, has been won this year by the Gleneagle, which brought nearly two million pounds of new tea with her. She made the run from Han-Kow to Gravesend in thirty-seven days, one hour and four minutes, the best time on record. How close the race was may be inferred from the fact that off Dover the Gleneagle was twenty-seven minutes behind the Glenfoulas.

Mr. Mechi, that accomplished farmer, says in a letter to the Gazette, a quarterly journal edited by the students at the agricultural college, Cirencester, England: "Many a worthy and even wealthy English farmer, now advanced in years, now laments the want of that education and enlightenment which was not available to him in his early days. Education can not give brains, but it can cultivate and improve them; and even the barren mental fields gain by cultivation. Ignorance in agriculture is not a bliss, it is unprofitable.

Grave-Digging Beetles.

One of the wonderful provisions of nature is the existence of certain beetles with the function of digging graves for dead rats, moles, birds, and other small creatures left upon the surface of the earth, and the effluvia from which might be offensive and baneful. Beetles of this kind are known as the *Necrophora germanicus*. About these remarkable animal Mr. Gleditch, an entomologist, has given us several interesting and curious particulars. Being desirous to test the strength of the grave-diggers, he provided a glass vessel half filled with moist earth, into which he put four beetles with a dead linnet. No alarm was shown by the captives. Apparently intent on the one sole object of their existence, they began immediately to inspect the bird, and then commenced the digging of a hollow underneath it, removing the earth, and shoveling it away on each side. This was accomplished by leaning strongly upon their collars, bending down their heads and working with singleness of purpose. After laboring for nearly two hours, one of the beetles was driven away and not allowed to work again. This, Mr. Gleditch concluded, was a female, as it was smaller than the others, which continued their labor, until one by one they ceased, leaving only one beetle at his work. Five hours more hard work were given by the remaining beetle, which at last sank exhausted on the earth and rested from his task, and finally, suddenly rousing himself, stiffened his collar, and by an extraordinary effort of strength lifted up the bird and arranged it within the spacious grave. In three days the grave was finished, and the bird safely deposited within its narrow limits.

During a space of fifty days these busy workers interred the bodies of four frogs, three small birds, two grasshoppers, and one mole. This singular occupation, which continues from the middle of April until the end of October, proceeds from an instinctive desire for the preservation of their offspring. Eggs deposited by the parent in the substances which they inter, when hatched, produce larvæ, which, feeding on the carrion which surrounds them, grow to an inch in length. These in their turn change into yellow chrysalids, and lastly into beetles; and the latter, when emerged from the earth, begin to dig graves and inter dead animals for the benefit of another generation.

In September, 1877, the writer had unexpectedly an opportunity of making the acquaintance of these curious insects. Two of the grave-digging beetles made their appearance in one of two underground kitchens, in the window of which stood a very large pot filled with mould prepared for the reception of plant cuttings. To this pot the insects made their way, and at once began casting up the earth. On being observed, they were provided with a dead mouse, and set to work exactly in the manner described by Mr. Gleditch; but as soon as they became tired and rested from their labor, they were carried into the adjoining kitchen and placed close to the fire-place. The following morning discovered them again at work, having traveled to their former quarters during the night; and again they labored perseveringly till the body of the mouse gradually disappeared. At the end of the second day, it was neatly covered in, and the insects were turned out of their home and again placed in the back kitchen. Meanwhile the body of the mouse was removed; but on the following morning the beetles had returned to their flower-pot, and were again burrowing in search of the dead mouse, throwing out nearly the whole of the mould in their untiring efforts. Finally, as a reward for their industry and perseverence, they were transferred to the garden and placed close to the dead mouse, which they at once began to bury afresh.

Our First Chinaman.

The first Chinaman who came to America, according to the San Francisco Chronicle, was Chum Ming, in 1847. He was a native merchant of Nai Sang, a province of Canton, intelligent and enterprising. He went into the mountains, and finding gold, wrote to a friend, Cheong Yum, in 1848 about the new country. Cheong Yum immediately came to the Pacific slope, but before doing so told a number of his countrymen of the discovery of gold in America. It was then that the Chinamen began to flock to the Pacific coast. There were at that time no steamers to bring them, so they came in sailing vessels. In 1849 the Argonauts began to arrive from the east and at that time the Chinese influx was a mere drop in the bucket. Within the next four years the arrivals of Mongolians became more frequent and in larger proportions, so that in 1852 there were 4,000 on the coast, of whom 2,000 lived in San Francisco. As soon as the tide of Chinese emigration set in toward California the Yeong Wo and the Kong Chow, the first two of the present six companies began the business of sending the shipments.

OLD ROBIN.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Still old Robin, do you stay? Well, I reckon not to-day!
I have let you have your way with the land,
With the meadows and the fallows draining swamps and filling hollows,
And you're mighty deep, Dan Alvord! but the sea itself has shallows,
And there are things that you don't understand.

You are not so green, of course, as to feed a worn-out horse,
Out of pity or remorse, very long!
But as sure as I am master of a shed and bit of pasture,
Not for all the wealth, I warn you, of a Vanderbilt or Astor,
Will I do old Robin there such a wrong.

He is old and lame, alas! Don't disturb him as you pass!
Let him lie there on the grass, while he may,
And enjoy the summer weather, free forever from his tether,
Sober veteran as you see him, we were young and gay together;
If was I who rode him first—ah, the day!

I was just a little chap, in first pantaloons and cap,
And I left my mother's lap, at the door;
The reins hung loose and idle, as we let him prance and sidle—
For my father walked beside me, with his hand upon the bridle:
Yearling colt and boy of five, hardly more.

See him start and prick his ears! see how knowingly he leers!
I believe he overhears every word;
And once more, it may be, fancies that he carries me and prates,
While my mother from the doorway follows us with happy glances.
You may laugh, but—well, of course it's absurd!

Poor old Robin! does he know how I used to cling and crow,
As I rode him to and fro and around?
Every day as we grew older, he grew gentler, I grew bolder,
Till, a hand upon the bridle and a touch upon his shoulder,
I could vault into my seat with a bound.

Ah, the nag you so disdain, with his scanty tail and mane,
And that ridge pole to shed rain, called a back,
Then was taper-limbed and glossy—so superb a creature was he!
And he arched his neck, so graceful, and he tossed his tail, so saucy,
Like a proudly waving plume, long and black!

He was light of hoof and foot, I was supple, firm in heat,
And no sort of thing with feet, anywhere
In the country, could come nigh us; scarce the swallows could outfit us,
But the planet spun beneath us, and the sky went whizzing by us,
In a hurricane we made of the air.

Then I rode away to school in the mornings fresh and cool;
Till, one day, beside the pool where he drank,
Leaning on my handsome trotter, glancing up across the water
To the Judge's terraced orchard, there I saw the Judge's daughter,
In a frame of sunny boughs on the bank.

Looking down on house and hay, smiling down so sweet and coy,
That I thrilled with bashful joy, when she said—
Voice as sweet as a canary's—"Would you like to get some cherries?—
You are welcome as the birds are;—there are nice ones on this terrace;
These are white-hearts in the tree overhead."

Was it Robin more than I, that had pleased her girlish eye
As she saw us prancing by? half, I fear!
Oh she ran, but not a great way: white-hearts, black-hearts, sweet-hearts, straightway!
Boy and horse were soon familiar with the hospitable gate-way,
And a happy fool was I—for a year.

Lord forgive an only child! All the blessings on me piled
Had but helped to make me wild and perverse.
What is there in honest horses that should lead vicious courses?
Racing, betting, idling, tippling, wasted soon best resources:
Small beginning led to more—and to worse.

Father's happy in his grave! Praying mothers cannot save!—
Mine? a flatterer and a slave to her son!
Often Mary urged and pleaded, and the good Judge interceded,
Counseled, blamed, insisted, threatened; tears and threats were all unheeded,
And I answered him in wrath; it was done!

Vainly Mary sobbed and clung; in a fury out I flung
To old Robin's back I sprung, and away!
No repentance, no compassion; on I plunged in headlong fashion,
Through the howling tempest, with a fierce, fiendish spalding passion,
Through the blind and raving gusts, mad as they.

Bad to worse was now my game; my poor mother, still the same,
Tried to shield me to reclaim—did her best.
Creditors began to clamor; I could only lie and stammer;
All we had was pledged for payment, all was sold beneath the hammer,
My old Robin there, along with the rest.

Laughing, jeering, I stood by, with a devil in my eye
Watching those who came to buy, what was done
I had then no power to alter; I looked on and would not falter,
Till the last man had departed, leading Robin by the halter;
Then I flew into the loft for my gun.

I would shoot him! no, I said, I would kill myself instead!
To a lonely wood I fled, on a hill.
Hating heaven and all its mercies for my follies and reverses,
There I plunged in self-abasement, there I burrowed in self-curses:
But the dying I put off—as men will.

As I wandered back at night, something, far off, caught my sight,
Dark against the western light in the lane;
Coming to the bars to meet me—some illusion sent to cheat me!
No, 'twas Robin, my own Robin, dancing, whinying, leaping, to greet me!
With a small white billet sewed to his mane.

The small missive I unstrung—on old Robin's neck I hung,
There I cried as there I clung! while I read,
In a hand I kn w was Mary's—"One whose kindness never varies:
Send this gift;" no name was written, but a bunch of painted cherries,
On a dainty little note, smiled instead.

There he lies now! lank and lame, stiff of limb and gaunt of frame,
But to her and me the same dear old boy!
Never steed, I think, was fairer! still I see him the proud bearer,
Of my pardon and salvation; and he yet shall be a sharer—
As a dumb beast may share—in my joy.

It is strange that by the time, I, a man, am in my prime,
He is guilty of the crime of old age!
But no sort of circumvention can deprive him of his pension:
He shall have his rack and pasture, with a little kind attention,
And some years of comfort yet, I'll engage.

By long service and good-will he has earned them, and he still
Has a humble place to fill, as you know.
Now my little shavers ride him sometimes two or three astride him;
Mary watches from the doorway while I lead or walk he ido him.—
But his dancing all was done long ago.

See that merry, toddling lass tripping to and fro, to pass
Little handfuls of green grass, which he chews,
And the two small urchins trying to climb up and ride him lying;
And, hard-hearted as you are, Dan—eh? you don't say! you are crying?
Well, an old horse, after all, has his use!

SUMMER SPORT IN FLORIDA.

Wild Beasts Seeking the Ocean Beach—The Flights of Game and Song Birds—Clouds of Mosquitoes and Other Annoying Insects.

The approach of the summer months on the eastern coast of Florida develops a new source of amusements to sporting gentlemen. Bears leave the inland settlements and gather on the ocean beach. They luxuriate upon king crabs, turtle eggs, and great fish stranded on the shore. They find fish a toothsome delicacy, and supplement it with a dessert of raw palmetto berries. The beach is one vast thicket of palmettos. The berries are as large as the end of a man's thumb, and very nutritious and fattening.

Pumas and tiger cats also frequent the beach in the summer months. They subsist on crabs and fish, and frequently nail the young deer that browse upon the mangrove buds. The islands skirting the inner rim of the beach line are covered with mangroves, and while the buds are tender, deer throng to them by hundreds. The water surrounding these islands is shoal, and immense salt water marshes stretch north and south very near them. In early spring these marshes are alive with widgeon, green-winged teal, mallards and other ducks. They are favorite feeding grounds for English and yellow-legged snipe, and countless snowy herons flock to them. As the season advances the ducks and snipe wing their way north, and fairy stilts and roseate spoon bills take their places. Godwits, ibis, willets, scissor bills, and sand peepers fill the air with wild cries, while armies of plumed herons—blue, white and bronze—stalk along the shores of the creeks, which are filled with spawning fish. The alligators hatch their young and catch long naps in the sunshine, while flocks of screaming paroquets and delicate nonpareils hold merry carnival over their heads. The mocking birds give their fledglings a first lesson in music. The old birds sit on the shady branches of wild orange trees and pipe to the new beginners for hours. When the novice begins to utter its first tremulous notes, the parents raise peans of joy, and the young ones make fresh efforts until the trees are filled with sweet music.

Young broods of wild turkeys pipe in the hammocks and fill themselves with grasshoppers and wood-ticks. The rare ivory-billed woodpecker and his black-billed brother drum the trees. Brilliant-plumaged cardinals, mellow-throated bullfinches and buxom butcher birds hop from limb to limb, while broods of young quail trail around the thickets.

The great gray gull soars in from the ocean, and the common fern gives place to its lesser brother, whose graceful movements and dove-like color equally charms the eye. Fleets of silvery pelicans ride upon the tide, and scores of ermine birds watch their movements with jealous eyes. Great bald eagles swoop through the air and drive the industrious ospreys from their fishing grounds. The night heron loads the darkness with strange sounds, and the shrill whippoorwill and chick-wills-widow add their notes to the concert. Stray flamingoes wander up from the Keys and are lost in the marshes, broad-faced owls hold nightly trysts, and clapper rails and marsh hens dart under the mangrove bushes. That strange bird, the limpkin, clatters its castinets on the fresh water streams, and lubberly buzzards doze on the dead limbs. The Mexican eagle robs them of their plunder, while airy man-of-war hawks float in the upper sky. The swallow-tailed kite chases the humming mosquito, and marsh hawks dart upon moles and wood rats.

Fishes pour in from the ocean. The spotted bass and dotted sea trout skirmish along the creeks. Gorgeous snappers, wild-eyed groupers and logy jewfish lurk among submerged mangrove roots. Zebra-skinned sheepshead and broad-brained mullet fill the lagoons. Great drum-fish scour the shallows, keeping up an eternal tatoo. The silvery lady-fish leaps from the water like salmon, and the flexible ribbon-fish shoots itself through lonely channels. The choper sleeps in shady nooks, and silver-scaled tarpun give exhibitions in tidal eddies. The whiting and sea bass retire to deep water, and associate with the streamer-mouthed-fish. Voracious sharks and huge lumbering saw-fish tread the main channel in search of prey, and sportive porpoises rollick over the bays. Enormous stingrays and buffalo tails jump from the waves in futile efforts to rid themselves of annoying sucker fish. Schools of golden cavallo and bluefish spurt in from the ocean and follow the swarming mullet.

The striped sergeant-fish, or salt-water muscalouge, is on the *qui vive*, and the electrical flounder sleeps upon the flats at high water. Pompeno flash in the sunlight, and the rainbow-hued angel-fish communes in deep, still pools.

Near the mouths of the St. Sebastian and St. Lucie the monstrous manatee rears its young. It feeds upon the coarse grass on the bottom of the rivers, and is frequently stranded on the bars. It resembles a sea lion, but its nose is more like the nose of a cow, and its its flippers are longer and stronger. It frequently attains a weight of 2,000 pounds, and though perfectly harmless, has been known to upset a boat in its efforts to escape annoyance.

With all these attractions Florida ought to be a summer paradise for sportsmen. But there are drawbacks. The air is black with mosquitoes, and swarms of sandflies annoy the hunter. Jiggers are not unknown. Ticks of all sizes and colors, and decillions of red bugs burrow in a man's flesh. Scorpions visit his tent, and venomous snakes may lie in wait for him. No exaggeration can equal the truth about the mosquitoes. Natives assure me they have raised their guns to shoot, and the barrels and sight were covered before they could get aim. At Turtle Mound I have landed and seen the mosquitoes raise like a cloud and approach me. In ten seconds my clothes were so covered that my companion could not distinguish the color. Dogs spent hours lying on the barely covered sandbars, with nothing but their noses above water. They have been known to run round a cabin all night long to clear themselves of the annoying insects. Horses on the sea coast are so pestered that they frequently break loose and run into the piney woods for miles before stopping. Cattle cluster together at night for mutual protection, and those on the outside fight till broad daylight in efforts to attain a central position. Poultry fly from the roost in the morning with combs, legs and toes as white as the riven snow. The insects draw the blood from them at night. Families have been drive nearly to insanity. The bars are made of unbleached cotton cloth, and there can be no ventilation. In close nights it is impossible to sleep under them, and the victim would rather run the risk with the mosquitoes than smother. In some cases bars within bars are used, for the insects are so thick that millions steal in while the persecuted man is crawling to cover. Nor is this all. Fleas, horseflies and deerflies annoy the sportsman. The soil seems to be be composed of fleas, and the air seems to be made of insects. There are thousands who do not sting, and hundreds not mentioned that do. Of course there are days when strong wind gives the sportsman comparative freedom from these annoyances. And at such times, if he can wait for them, he will find such sport on this coast as in his hours of sleep he never dreamed.

A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

How They are Made—An Interesting Study.

A New York correspondent of the Hartford Times gives the following very interesting description of the manner of manufacturing postage stamps. Our readers will find it worthy of perusal:

A visit to the establishment in which the postage stamps for the United States are made was very interesting. There are about eighty persons at work making the stamps we put on our letters; and it is doubtful if there is to be found anywhere a busier set of workers or any who make things fly at a livelier rate. More than half of the eighty are young women; the rest men. I say young women, for it appears to be no old or middle-aged ones among them; and "thereby hangs a tale." I was assured that for the manifold forms and processes of manipulation, through which the sheets of postage stamps must pass, he has found that not only does fail to come to time in the necessary decacy of touch and rapidity of work but even the women employed must be young and smart. Not even a grey or fat woman will do; they are too coarse and clumsy for the marvelous dexterity and celerity of touch and movements required. After looking at the girls, and noting their swift and silent work, I could well believe it.

Nobody whom I asked at the postoffice a sheet of stamps even imagines the number and variety of processes it has undergone in the stamp manufactory. As one part of the work, the sheet has been counted no fewer than twenty-six times; for every sheet has to be counted (and the counting proved by others), beginning with its status as simple white paper, and so on through different hands to the printer, the gummers, the perforators and various others, all of whom must account for the exact number of sheets they handle, so that there can be no mistake or loss. The girls are encouraged to declare any mistake they may make, so that the error may be found and corrected, instead of concealing it. But they seldom err; they are marvels of correctness.

After the paper is "wet down," as the printers say every hundred sheets being counted and the number marked by a projection tag—it is taken up to the printers. Each sheet is of the right size for making one hundred stamps of the ordinary size. Curiously enough, one of the gentlemen of whom I inquired seemed to know what paper mill made the paper, but it is made especially for the purpose. The printing-room is crowded with the hand-presses used for printing the stamps, no fewer than eleven presses being in active operation. Each press has three persons in attendance—one to "tend press" one to ink the plate, and one—the printer—to brush on the ink (in a wonderfully swift and dexterous way), from the surface as soon as it has been put on. The reason of this, which would otherwise be a piece of self-stultification, is that the stamps are "countersunk," or cut in, and the ink is not wanted above them on the plane surface. It would cost too much and take too long to prepare steel-engraved dies for every stamp, so a cast-hardened steel die is made, down at the Continental Bank Note Company's, all carefully engraved and cut away to perfection, and then a steel plate softened for the purpose is by machinery rolled over the die, which leaves its impress every time, until the entire plate is filled with them; then the plate is hardened and ready for use—one for every printing press in the room. These are hand-presses, and the cylinder that makes the impression is merely turned by a single whirl of the wheel obtained by a leverage afforded by the projecting spokes or handles. It is all done in a surprisingly quick way, and there is no "lost motion" of wheel, cylinder or elbows.

The printers are paid by the hundred. Precisely how much they earn I couldn't find out, but it ought to be good wages, for they "work like beavers." There is no idling or play in that room—nor anywhere else in this busy establishment. The blank paper, all numbered, is charged to the printers to whom it is delivered, and charged to them. When not in actual use the plates are kept carefully locked up in the safe—a little room in itself.

Each of these eleven presses turns out 1,200 sheets a day, or 7,200 a week. Each sheet contains 200, and they are delivered to postmasters only in sheets of 100; it follows that each sheet must be cut right though the middle. This is done by hand. A girl with a long pair of shears cut them as accurately as a ruled line, showing what a good eye and rapid hand can do. There is no room in the crowded sheets for any error, and the girls make none. One girl, whom I watched for a while, cut fifty sheets a minute—10,000 daily. It is a silent cut, cut, cut, from morning till night, working as if her life depended upon it. She sits at her work. The girls are all busy at a variety of processes in the preparation of the stamps, all of which require delicacy of touch as well as swiftness, and their wages average $8 a week, or a little over.

From the printing room and the drying-room (the latter an insufferably hot place, where the sheets are placed in frames on drying-racks) they go to the gumming-room—which is also a drying-room, but not hot, the drying being aided by revolving fans fixed to shafts, which send their influence through lofty piles of the gummed sheets in frames. The gum used is not gum-arabic—that would in drying cause the sheets to curl and crack—but is simply a kind of potato starch. A girl swiftly adjust the edges of a heap of printed sheets, so as to slide them all into place, while she deftly daubs them at a single stroke with the mucilaginous substance which she applies with a single motion of a wide brush. This is the substance you "lick to make it stick" on the letter you drop into the postoffice. The sheets are dried in wooden frames.

After the gumming and driving, the stamps, in sheets, are flattened out and made smooth by being subjected to the pressive power of a hydraulic press, the force being 450 tons. They are put in thin boards, which divide the several packages. And, after they come out, they are taken out and counted again by girls seated at tables, who also swiftly adjust them in even-edged heaps while counting.

To show how careful they are, note this fact: There was a count last summer of 196,000,000 of stamps, on a sudden and unexpected visit by government experts from Washington, who went through the piles in the safe. It was a count of a long accumulation, and it was conducted and testified by the figures on the government books at Washington. Yet out of these 196,000,000 the only discrepancy found was 851 stamps, valued at $22; the aggregate blundering of four years of this busy work, involving so many millions of stamps and dollars. Once the girls counted steadily for two days to find a single missing sheet.

The perforating is done on small machines with cylinders that have belts of little projecting cylindrical cogs or teeth, very small and close together and having square ends like bolts. Each of these minute projections fit accurately into its corresponding slat in the metallic plate beneath; and when the printed sheet of postage stamps, all cut to a hundred each, is run through this machine, it emerges with the edges of the stamps all punctured in rows.

It is not easy for anybody to understand, without seeing the processes of the work itself, what fineness of touch, as well as swiftness and accuracy of movement, are required in the various handlings of these sheets of postage stamps. Here are benches and tables occupied by girls in removing bunches of the printed sheets from the boards after the hydraulic presses have done their part of the work, and after the perforating machines have done theirs. How quickly, how deftly, the piles of sheets are loosely evened and counted, all by one motion! It is difficult to see how the operators can do it without serious blunders. But they perform their work with surprising accuracy. Each operator has her own quantity all counted, delivered and charged to her; and this must all be counted again by herself and subsequently by others. The sheets are counted before and after printing, before and after drying, before and after gumming, before and after pressing and perforating. These quadruple guards and tests insure accuracy, so far as human contrivance can well do it—and not the least wonderful part of the work is the swift manipulation which forms a part of the counting.

Seven hundred million stamps a year! This appears to be the present rate of demand and supply for the great American public. The New York postoffice orders twice a month—an order for about 4,000,000 each time. The so called "[illegible]" with any other imperfection, even a slight one—are packed up in large paper bags and burned every Monday morning.

Burdette Sees the Eclipse.

[R. J. Burdette's Travel-Letter in Burlington Hawkeye.]

The Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern railway company wrote a new and decidedly novel page in the records of railroad enterprise. For the first time the company furnished its passengers with smoked glass and held the train while they looked at an eclipse of the sun. It was Ogden's idea. The glass was cut in Burlinglon, smoked in the express car and, when the sun, oppressed by the heat, began to creep into the shade, every man and woman on the train blacked his or her nose with one corner of the glass and watched the eclipse through the other. The train stopped and we got out. There was so much smoked glass around that it made all that part of the country dark long before the eclipse. We turned our expectant faces toward the sun and kept them there. Presently, with a crash that was heard distinctly by all the excursionists, the shadow fell upon the sun and a dark spot on its bright surface showed that the trouble had commenced. This was the only point in the United States in which the noise of the eclipse could be heard and the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern people had very carefully timed the arrival of the train at this point. The dark spot grew darker and larger and went tearing across the sun with a rasping, grating sound that would have been very annoying if it had not been so wonderful. The shadow did not move directly across the face of the sun, as was the case from all other points of observation, but at times dancing rapidly up and wriggled itself violently from side to side to the great amazement of the passengers. Vulcan was very plainly visible throughout the eclipse. It is a large star, very enterprising and progressive, and contains two saw mills, a school house, eighteen stores, three churches and twenty-nine saloons. During the eclipse, and while the shadow was at its darkest, a most remarkable incident occurred, of which I have noticed no account elsewhere. We saw the man in the moon. Suddenly he grabbed up a stencil plate, flattened it against the face of the sun, brushed it violently for a moment, and, as he snatched it away there glowed and burned upon the dark eclipse, in letters of living light, the words:

"Go north by the Iowa route."

A Model of the Holy Land.

A great attraction this year at Round Lake, at a cost of $10,000, is on a scale of two feet and a half to the mile. A hundred workmen were employed during March, April and May in its construction, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Wythe. Round Lake, a pretty sheet of water, represents the Mediterranean sea. The surface of Palestine, with all her villages, and the city of Jerusalem, is produced in miniature. The visitor can ride in a small boat to Joppa and reach Jerusalem by a very brief walk. Mount Hermon towers to a height of twenty-five feet, and the Jordan is a fine stream. The coloring is natural, and all is accurate. Everything is labeled; also the spectator might also believe that he was looking at the real Palestine the wrong way through a powerful field glass.

BEREFT.

BY MRS. E. M. BOOTH.

Love, I call you; can you hear?
Call you, want you, need you, dear:
Is this high-heaped mound my kiss,
And my answer only this.

Is the silence as intense
To your freed and perfect sense
As to mine—and is the tide
Just as dark, and wild, and wide?

Can there never come a sign
From your rescued soul to mine?
So importunate my need,
Must I idly, vainly plead?

Is there no unguarded place
You might seek and let your face,
Warmed by Heaven's resplendent light,
Flash an instant on my sight?

Nay! forbear; I veil my eyes
That transcendent, fire surprise
Is Death's guerdon. I must wait
Though the hour be far and late.

Could your soul, transfigured, hide
For an instant at my side?
Could my sinfulness endure
To beside me white and pure?

THE TROTTER RARUS.

His Great Feat the Gossip of Local Circles—Reminiscences of Fast Time.

The unprecedented performance of Rarus at Buffalo on Saturday, covering a mile in his third heat in 2:13¾, and stripping the regal honors of the trotting turf so long and honorably worn by the brave old mare now engaged in maternal cares at Fashion Stud farm, was a fruitful topic of conversation among the turfmen in the city on yesterday. Naturally the records of the past were brought up by way of comparison, from "2:40 on the shell" down. The triumphs of the now dead queen of her time, Flora Temple, were recited; how her record of 2:19¾, the first that had passed below the twenties, remained untouched for years till bettered a couple of seconds by the blaze-faced son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Dexter, now retired from the turf, and an inmate of Mr. Robert Bonner's stables, with a record of 2:17¼. Bonner bought him in the belief that he was the best horse in America, and offered the round sum of $100,000 for any animal that could equal his record. Everybody looked upon it as a piece of cheap "blow" that never could cost him a cent, and it never did; not for the reason that this record was never equaled, but because he didn't care to, or was not given an opportunity to invest. While his much-heralded proposition was scarcely dry in the ink that printed it, Goldsmith Maid, the trim and speedy daughter of Alexander's Abdallah, did her mile over the Milwaukee course in 2:16 and a fraction. This was another unprecedented piece of work, and little confidence was put in the report of it. A cry was raised that either the track was short, or the time was incorrectly given, for, it was argued, no horse could do it. Disbelief was carried to such an extent that an eastern sporting journal, in order to determine the matter, sent out a "special commissioner," and had the track carefully measured. It was a seven days wonder. But the mare had not shown her best pace yet. Barred in the free-for-all she was no match for her own to [illegible] against, began whittling away at that, cutting it down by degrees till, at Mystic park, Boston, September 2, 1874, she made her best time and a record that remained untouched till the performance of the big bay gelding at Cleveland, when it was duplicated in a third heat, and was, to that extent, better than the mare's which was made in a second heat. And she showed her breeding nose too soon, for the fast ones began to appear thicker and thicker, close in her rear. The twenties had become slow, and a dozen horses were cutting into the teens. August 10, 1875, the get of Alexander's Norman, Lula, came very close to her, making the best third heat on record, 2:15, over the Buffalo course, the scene of Rarus' recent triumphs. A year later, August 31, 1876, the wonderful stallion, Smuggler, at Hartford, made the fastest first heat on record, and the fastest time ever made by a stallion, being accredited with 2:15¼. These remained untouched till the mighty offspring of Conkling's Abdallah let himself out to take all the honors. At Cleveland he stripped the honors of the third heat from Lula with 2:14, and paled the lustre in the crown of the queen, besides taking from Smuggler the honors of the first heat in 1:14¼, three-quarters of a second faster than that of the stallion. Not satisfied with that, at Buffalo he escaped all other performances, and went to the front of trotting horses. Besides this, it being practically a fourth heat, as he had received the "go" four times, he robbed Lula of her remaining honor, the fastest fourth heat on record, 2:17, made by the mare at Rochester, August 14, 1875. His honors are then summed up thus: The fastest mile on record; the fastest first, third and fourth heats; the fastest two and the fastest three consecutive heats. Surely his name was a prophecy.

It should be understood that the time made at Buffalo was a record; notwithstanding the fact that he trotted against a running horse, just as it would have been if he had had trotting competitors. The affixing of a record depends upon the performance being made for some consideration, no matter how small. A wager of a bottle of wine is as potent to that end as one of $10,000. The question now is, will he, like Goldsmith Maid, having nothing else to beat, beat himself. There are not wanting those who believe that he will, and that before the circuit is closed, the best record will not be above 2:12, possibly less. It is a big thing to whittle off the little seconds.—[Chicago Times.

Popularity of the Electric Light.

The introduction of the electric light is becoming so general in Paris that it now attracts very little attention. The proprietors of hotels, restaurants, theatres and even stores are erecting electric candles in front of their establishments, and there are quite a number on the steps and around the Madeleine. All the public gardens and squares have a dozen or more lights, and the Place de l'Opera literally blazes with them, making the gas jets look like farthing candles. The Arch of Triumph has twenty electric candles around it, and wherever it was introduced by the authorities to add brilliancy to the great illumination it remains as a permanent illuminating process. In nearly all the great central places of Paris, electricity is gradually superseding gas, and wherever it is extensively used the gaslights are extinguished. Whether it will ever be used for in-door lighting is very doubtful, as it is too glaring a light when very close to it, though it is shaded out of doors with large and heavy frosted shades. For railroad stations and all central public places it is superseding gas, but it requires motive power near at hand to the candles to keep up a steady current of electricity.

There are quite a number of electrical illuminating instruments in the exposition, but we have not had time yet to examine them. They blaze away at all hours of the day, but of course do not show to advantage in daylight. They throw out such an intense heat that such a light would probably be too oppressive in doors in summer time.

Methods of Counterfeiting Silver Coin.

A silver piece passes current so long as the imprint is not badly defaced or weight greatly reduced. A hole through the coin, however, condemns it—a fact, we believe, not generally known. The low value of silver prevents any such proceedings as in the case of gold, as the amount which could safely be abstracted will not pay for the trouble of doing it. Consequently all silver counterfeits are true imitations, and there is hardly a date of a dollar, half-dollar or quarter which has not been copied with remarkable accuracy. The counterfeiter either makes a mould in plaster from the real coin, and casts from it, or he stamps his imitation in dies. As this last process is the same as in use in the mints, the counterfeits thus produced are more difficult to detect, because, besides being more accurately finished, the compression which the alloy receives brings it nearer to standard weight. A large number of counterfeit silver coins are made chiefly of type metal. A very dangerous half-dollar is composed of silver, copper and zinc, and is worth about twenty-seven cents. It is from seven to ten grains too light. Spurious half-dollars have appeared which constantly deceive bank tellers and other experts because they are of full weight. They are made of a compound similar to German silver, and are so well plated with genuine silver that the acid does not affect them. They are, however, too thick, and the gauge, as usual where the balance fails, shows the fact. Counterfeits of the quarter-dollar, though very plenty, are less dangerous than those of larger pieces. They are composed of antimony, tin and lead, and they are both too thick and too light, although they have a good ring. A peculiar composition has been employed, to which powdered glass is added to give a clear sound; but this is but a clumsy expedient, as the coin is far below proper weight, a fact easily appreciable by mere handling.—[Scientific American.

The Code Duelonor.

The duello is declining and falling. It has been declining and falling for many years. Time was when the idle and high spirited young gallants used to throng the Orleans opera house every night, and when a look askance or an unweighed word brought a prompt defi, and an immediate adjournment to the ball-room across the way, where soon the colichemards would be flashing, and lamp-light and hot young blood, would have an opportunity of cooling itself upon the floor. In those days everything was referred to the code, and men grew ornamentally courteous despite their fierce passions and volcanic temper. Human life went somewhat cheap, perhaps, and we held rather lightly the tears of families as compared with our own humble conceit or ruffled dignity. There were some compensations, I have no doubt. We were vastly more polite, for instance. It was dangerous in that age for loafers to litter the banquettes and the crossings, and to force ladies to make detours in the street, and to ogle them closely as they passed. Men did not brush each other rudely, or dis