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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

T. A. BORTON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Post Office Block, Dwelling on East Side South Michigan Street.

Dr. J. M. JENNINGS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office with Dr. S. Sherman over Lager's Store, on Michigan street, Plymouth, Ind. Residence on Center street, opposite Catholic church, box 206.

AMASA JOHNSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Prompt attention given to all business, settlement of decedents' estates and all guarantees, deeds, mortgages, and other contracts drawn up and acknowledged taken.

P. O. JONES, Attorney at Law & Notary Public. Prompt attention given to all claims and collections in his care. Office in corner of 5th & Erie streets, Plymouth, Ind.

C. N. REEVE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Located in 1864. A. Collections and conveying a specialty. Pays and sells real estate on commission. Insurance fire and property in all countries. Desirable real estate for sale in the city and adjoining towns.

DR. I. BOWER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Will be pleased to receive patients at his office, No. 11 Michigan street, where he may be found at all times, except when professionally absent, his residence being at the same place. July 1st, 1878.

Wm. N. BAILEY, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Thirty years' practice. Graduate of two Medical colleges, and six years' service in the army of the U. S. (vol. serv.) Can compete successfully with any man in the United States. Thankful for past favors, is still in regular practice, and only requests in all cases to have an extensive office. Office in Sears' new brick, cor. of Michigan and LeFlore streets. Plymouth, Ind., July 1st, 1878.

J. O. S. D. & J. W. PARKS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Notaries Public and Authorized War Claim Agents. Offices at LeFlore and Michigan streets. Special attention given to the settlement of decedents' estates, conveying and collecting of bonds for Claims for Pensions; will attend promptly to all professional business connected with them, and practice in Marshall and adjoining counties. Plymouth office on Gano street, Michigan and Center streets. Bourbon office over Mirror printing office, 23rd street.

C. R. CHANEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice to all the courts in the state. Office in Wheeler's block, over Becker & Wolf's dry goods store, Plymouth, Ind. agt-ly-17

Mrs. E. W. DUNLAP, HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Dentist. Dr. E. A. Vandergriff, regular eye specialist, surgeon, respectfully offer their services to the public. Office in Wheeler's block; residence on East Gano street.

WILLIAM B. HESS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Plymouth, Ind.

JOHN S. BENDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

BALDWIN LOCK, - - - - PLYMOUTH, IND. See attention given to the settlement of estates and collection of debts, and the collection of claims and foreclosures of mortgages. Residence prompt.

A. C. & A. G. CAPRON, Attorneys & Counselors at Law. REAL ESTATE AGENTS. OFFICE - A. L. WHEELER'S BLOCK, PLYMOUTH, IND.

J. B. H. KLINGER, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Examiner of Titles and Civil Engineer.

W. H. MERSHON, Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

JOHN C. KUHN, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FINE Boot and Shoemaker.

REPAIRING. Neatly done on short notice. Satisfaction given in all respects. Rooms No. 2, in Wheeler's block, PLYMOUTH, IND. 123a

DENTISTS. F. M. BURKET, Dentist. Office over N. Becker's Store, opposite Post Office. All work warranted satisfaction in every respect. Diseases of the mouth and teeth successfully treated. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of anaesthetics. Consultation free. All work warranted. 123a

DR. A. C. HUME, DENTIST. Office in Second story, Post Office Building. Teeth from one only, to a full set, so cheap that the rich and poor can all GET THEM. Preservation of the Natural Teeth A SPECIALTY.

C. C. DURR, DENTIST. Office over Parks Bros.' Law Office, Gano Street. PLYMOUTH, IND.

SAVE MONEY. Collier and Miller free to Agents. Neat, light, durable, cheap. No Hams required—excellent for all others. Farmers want it. Outlast all others. Attention. Fits any horse.

DR. MILLS. The best on earth, ensures pure, clean milk. Saves the milk from every source. Being rapidly sent by mail to any part of the U. S. Sent by express for parties here. Sent by express for parties here. Sent by express for parties here.

No Sect in Heaven.

Talking of sect, till late one eve, Of the various doctrines the saints believe, That night I stood in a troubled dream By the side of the rocky flowing stream.

And a "churchman" down to the river came When I heard a strange voice call his name, "Shouldst thou stray, when you cross this tide, You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind, And his long-grown beard on his chin he laid, As down to the stream he went to look, His pale hand clasping a girl-logged oak.

"I'm bound for Heaven, and when I'm there, I shall wear my book of common prayer, And tho' I put on a stony crown, I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track, But his gown was heavy and held him back, And the poor old father tried in vain, A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side, But his gown had floated off on the tide, And he once asked in that blissful spot, Whether he belonged to "The Church" or not.

Then down the river a Quaker strayed His dress of a sober hue was made, My coat and hat were not at all of gray, I cannot come another way.

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin, And his long hair streamed down to his knee, And his broad-brimmed hat he laid down, Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat, And he was as he went to the farther shore His coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered Heaven his suit of gray Went quivering sailing away—gray, And some of the angels questioned him About the breadth of his leaver's hair.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms Tied nice by up in his good arms, And hymns as many—a very wise thing, That he proposed in Heaven to wear himself.

But I thought that he bore an anxious sigh, And he was not at all at ease, And I asked rather surprised as to one eye, How he would manage to get to the shore.

And after him, with his manuscripts, Came a young man in the pattern of clothes, And he said, "Dear me, what shall I do? The water has almost run the other way."

And then the river ran and while Away they went the water in the mill, And the saint, astonished, passed through alone, Without his manuscripts to the shore.

Then gravely walking, two souls, by name Down to the stream together came, "As they stopped at the river's brink I saw one saint reach the other shore."

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friar, How you attained to life's great end?" "I was with a net drop on my hair, But I have purged, as you see, my mind."

And I really think it will hardly do, As I'm in commission to cross with you, "I'm in a hurry, I know the reason of this, But you must get that way, I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might, Away to the left—his head to the right, And they went down the word of an end, But at last together they entered the light.

And now when the river was rolling on, A Christianer which wert shown, Of whom I have not met in human shape through, But the sect he found as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could not agree, The old, or the new way which it should be, And he said, "I know the reason of this, That both would lead to the river's brink."

And a word of murmuring long and loud Came up from the moving crowd, "I'm in a hurry, I know the reason of this, That the fairest and wisest is the road."

"I'm in the old way and you're in the new, That is the tale and this is the true, And he said, "I know the reason of this, That the fairest and wisest is the road."

And I'll never one of them chance to say Who'll ever one of them chance to say, How she ought to get to the other side, Nor how to cross over the swelling tide.

A voice arose from the brethren then, Let some speak but the holy men, For he said, "I know the reason of this, O let the woman keep asleep all."

I watched them all in my own dream Till they stood by the border of the stream, Then just as I thought they were about to part, But all the brethren were talking yet.

And would talk on till the booming tide Carried them over side by side, Side by side for the way was so wide, The tolling journey of life was done.

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He made one step, a warning cry

was on his lips, but before he could say a word it was all over.

When Tom turned, and was about to hurry away on the errand that had been so strangely interrupted, the Captain took him by the arm.

"My good fellow," said he, and although he had seen much service and had been in many a fight, the Captain could not help his voice shaking a little; "my good fellow, do you know what you have done?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, with a smile, "I have spoiled a bombshell."

"And every man in this part of the ship owes you his life," added the Captain.

If you should ever meet Captain Tom Black, of Her Majesty's ship, "Stinger," you might ask him about this incident, and he would probably tell you that he has heard about it a great deal himself, and that he is grateful, from what happened afterward, that the affair of the bombshell was a very good thing for him, but that it was all over with so quickly that he has really forgotten almost all about it.—John Levees, in St. Nicholas for April.

"Getting Even" With an Irishman.

When I was at school (said G.), there was one boy with whom I was always quarrelling. He was an Irish youth named Barney, and like many of his countrymen, he had a fair share of mother wit.

I believe I disliked him mainly because of his wit, which sooner or later made every boy in school the butt of some joke. Never shall I forget how I tried to "get even" with him and how wonderfully he beat me with my own weapons.

Laying my plan carefully beforehand, I drew Barney into a controversy, in the presence of most of the boys, upon the comparative bravery of the Anglo Saxon and Celtic races. After a warm discussion, in which history was largely drawn upon and much bantering exchanged, I said:

"Look here Barney—we can test the thing right here. You are an Irishman, and I am a Yankee. Now I'll engage to do something right here, this moment, that you will not dare to do."

"Go ahead!" returned he, defiantly, and the boys crowded around to see the fun. I took a large pin from my coat, and deliberately thrust it through the lobe of my ear, pulled it through to the head, and then drew it out. It hurt dreadfully, but I never winced.

"There, Mr. Celtic," said I, handing the pin to Barney, "dare you to do that?"

Every eye was upon him, but he was quite equal to the occasion.

"Yes," he replied slowly, "I dare do it—but I'm not such a blasted fool!"

What a shout the boys did raise! I slunk away, looking and feeling silly enough. I had a sore ear for many days, and finally resolved never again to outbrag an Irishman.

A correspondent, who is discouraged, asks: "Is Christianity a failure?" He points to this of the gospel and that Christian man who have fallen and holds them up as legitimate fruits of Christianity. Such examples only measure the power of appetite, and passion, and the influence of the very men who array them as evidence against its progress. No one can pretend that there are not useless strifes and bickerings and contests over unimportant doctrinal teachings.

In this manner much is sacrificed and little gained. But this argues nothing in favor of the affirmative of the proposition. The facts of history stand out clear and distinct, that the religion taught 1800 and more years ago, and recorded in the New Testament, is the foundation upon which rests all that is most desirable to individuals and to nations. As men and nations come more fully under its rule and influence, so will sorrow be dissipated, and peace and happiness come to the millions. The world is not in need of croakers or critics. What it does need is earnest men and women, who, accepting the doctrine of "peace on earth and good will toward men," will do their part, whether it be great or small. It is a poor soldier in a battle who drops and gives up the fight when his comrade has fallen. The men who argue that Christianity is a failure because this man and that sect has failed or fallen, reason poorly. If they will look around they will see millions who are true. They will see a civilization rising upon the foundations laid by the pious Pilgrim Fathers such as never was before witnessed upon the earth.

It will not do to say it would have done as well under the rule of the idolater or under Mohammedan teachings. Its schools and colleges, its churches, its whole civilization, are but an outgrowth of that Christianity which, if not perfect in its practices, has worked wonders even in its imperfect teachings.—Inter Ocean.

There is a natural gas well at Liver-pool, Ohio, which furnishes a continuous supply of heat and light to that lucky place. As gas costs absolutely nothing, the streets are brilliantly lighted.

The Decline of English Agriculture.

By English experts it is announced that the farmers of England cannot afford to raise wheat on their lands if its ruling price is to be no higher in future years than it has been of late.

The question is one of the gravest importance to Great Britain, and one worthy of the most careful study in this country, and particularly so in Baltimore, which seems destined to be one of the greatest markets for the sale of wheat in the world.

Messrs. Thomas C. Scott and Arthur H. Saylor, authorities upon the subject in England, have recently made careful inquiries into the condition of the wheat-raising industry, and are compelled to admit that at present figures England must abandon this branch of agriculture and give place to America. It is shown that in order to reimburse the English farmer for his outlay in seed, labor, manure, cartage, etc., the wheat must be sold at 42 1/2 s per quarter (eight bushels) at least. The average price in the past four months has been but 42 s per quarter, a clear loss of 1/2 s a bushel. America raises wheat 2,000 miles from her ports of export, conveys it by rail to the points of shipment transports it over 3,000 miles of ocean to Great Britain, and sells it at 1/2 s a bushel less than it costs the English to grow it. It seems almost incredible that this should be so, but it is indubitably proven, not alone by the figures of the English economists, but by the features of our trade last year.

That it should cause alarm in England is no wonder. Already is the state of affairs throughout the country simply terrible. Failures and strikes, breaches of trust and destruction of confidence, declines of income among the rich and pauperism and starvation among the poor, are heard of day after day from one part or another of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. One branch of manufactures after another that was before peculiarly England's own, has been wrested from her by the United States and other countries; protection ideas have been revived in Italy and Spain; the expiration of the commercial treaty between France and Austria has brought again into operation the old tariff of exorbitant import duties in Austria, Bismarck has declared himself a protectionist, and after all these blows at her manufacturing trade, England finds herself confronted by a probability of the destruction of her production of wheat. The threatened blow, it has been truly said, would be the severest that English industry has received in modern times. The fall in rents of arable land throughout the country would be gigantic. The extent of the acreage devoted to wheat solely, or to a rotation of crops, amounts to some 14,000,000 acres, and the wheat crop of the United Kingdom is worth (including the increased rents due to it) is worth at least \$180,000,000 per annum. If America can land wheat in England for 1/2 s a quarter, while her farmers cannot afford to sell their own crops at less than 4/2 s a quarter, it is, of course, an absolute certainty that wheat-raising will cease to be an English industry.

In this connection the enormous progress made by the United States in this branch of agriculture is an interesting and important study. In 1868 the country planted 18,460,132 acres in wheat, and produced 24,275,548, and the production in 1877 was 364,194,146 bushels. The increase in the value of our exports of wheat and flour in 1878 over those in 1877 amounted to the enormous sum of \$53,164,000, and the exports of bread-stuffs last year, aggregated \$181,777,841. These figures are now astounding, but the probabilities are that they will seem as nothing to those that will be presented ten years hence. The United States is eventually to be the food-producing country of the world.—Baltimore American.

Bring the Brass Band, Boys.

A gentleman from Northern Ohio was in Philadelphia, recently, and while there was introduced to a prominent Pennsylvanian as an Ohio man. The Pennsylvanian's first remark was:

"From Ohio, eh! What office do you hold?"

"None, sir," said the Ohio man.

"None!" said the Pennsylvanian, with a face chuck full of exclamation points.

"No, sir,"

"Why," gasped the astonished man, "don't you know Hayes?"

"Yes, sir; I live within a couple of counties of Mr. Hayes' old home."

The Pennsylvanian man seemed more bewildered than ever, and took a sheet of paper and covered it all over with figures, trying to get a satisfactory solution of the problem. Finally he looked up and said:

"Oh, I see now. You've been doing something to make Hayes mad."

"Not at all," replied the Ohio man.

"Here, boys," yelled the Pennsylvanian to a crowd of friends. "Here, here you are. Here's an Ohio man lives near Hayes. Knows Hayes, never did anything to make the Presi-

dent mad—don't want an office—hasn't got one.

Brass band, boys, reception, 10 o'clock to-night, portico—stranger, you to speak."

The affair developed several toddlers, but the brass band and speech were postponed.—Ohio State Journal.

How Lincoln Relieved Gen. Rosecrans.

Gen. James B. Steelman, familiarly known as "Old Chickamauga," was never in happier frame than at the Ford Post reunion the other night, when, with other valuable anecdotes and incidents of the war, he related the following: "Some weeks after the disastrous battle of Chickamauga, while yet Chattanooga was in a state of siege, Gen. Steelman was surprised one day to receive a telegram from Abraham Lincoln asking him to come to Washington. Seeking out Thomas, he laid the telegram before him, and was instructed to set out at once. Repeating to the White House, he was warmly received by Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln's first question was abrupt and to the point: "Gen. Steelman, what is your opinion of Gen. Rosecrans?" Gen. Steelman hesitating a moment, said: "Mr. President, I would rather not express my opinion of my superior officer." Mr. Lincoln said: "It is the man who does not want to express an opinion whose opinion I want. I am besieged on all sides with advice. Every day I get letters from army officers asking me to allow them to come to Washington to impart some valuable knowledge in their possession."

"Well, Mr. President," said Gen. Steelman, "you are the Commander in Chief of the army, and if you order me to speak I will do so." Mr. Lincoln said: "Then I will order an opinion." Gen. Steelman then answered: "Since you command me, Mr. President, I will say that Gen. Rosecrans is a splendid man to command a victorious army." But what kind of a man is he to command a defeated army?" said Mr. Lincoln. Gen. Steelman in reply said cautiously: "I think there are two or three other men in the army that would be better."

Then, with his quaint humor, Mr. Lincoln propounded the question: "Who besides yourself, Gen. Steelman, is there in that army who would make a better commander?" Gen. Steelman said promptly: "Gen. George H. Thomas." "I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Lincoln; "that is my opinion exactly. But Mr. Stanton is against him, and it was only yesterday that a powerful New York delegation was here to protest against his appointment, because he is from a rebel State, and cannot be trusted." Said Gen. Steelman: "A man who will leave his own State—Thomas was a Virginian—his friends, all his associations, to follow the flag of his country, can be trusted in any position in which he may be called." That night the order went forth from Washington relieving Gen. Rosecrans of the command of the Army of the Cumberland and appointing Thomas in his place.—Toledo (Ohio) Journal.

This is what Senator Zach. Chandler said as he settled himself in his seat in the Forty-sixth Congress:

"Well, this is my old seat. I took this same seat eighteen years ago, and have sat here ever since, except the short break of Christianity's term. When I first took this seat the Republic had just come into power. Jeff. Davis and his party had begun their treason, and I sat here and tried to do my share to grant all the means to prepare for war and carry it on, and conquer treason and save the Union. I opposed all sentimentalities in dealing with vanquished rebels, and thought reconstruction, if admitted at all, should be very gradual. I never expected to see this day, and especially within less than twenty years—a Democratic majority in the Senate of the United States, and a majority of those same Democrats as officers in the rebellion. This is a fast age, but for an intelligent people who had saved the Union to turn about and put rebels in power over them is ahead of anything we will find in the history of any other country."

That is about the size of it; but we fear Mr. Chandler's remarks will displease the blue-haired gentlemen who object to waving the bloody shirt.

The trouble with him is, he is an un-reconciled and unrepentant Union man.—Indianapolis Journal.

Names in California.

Golden Era.

The first Spanish settlers of California were Catholic missionaries. In their calendar nearly every day has its patron; hence, when they discovered a new place or founded a mission or settlement, they usually named it after the saint to whom the day is sacred. All the "Sans" and "Santas" of the State received their names in the same way. In the Spanish language "San" means a male saint and "Santa" means a female saint, or sometimes "San" or "Santa" means "holy." Thus, San Juan means St. John; Santa Clara or Clare; and Santa Cruz means the Holy Cross. Such names as Colusa, Klamath and Yolo came from the Indian language.

A Wedding Trip Down the Mountain on a Hand-Sled.

Williamport (Pa.) Bulletin.

On Tuesday last a wedding party in high life came off at Carpenter's, this county. Why it may be termed a wedding in high life is because it occurred on top of the high mountain directly opposite the station. After the wedding ceremony was performed, the newly-married couple made a somewhat novel start in life. From the top of the steep mountain they concluded to go to the station on a hand-sled. The time for starting came, and their friends, after helping to fix them and their baggage slyly on their sled, gave the sled a push, and away they went, shooting over the ground at the rate of forty miles an hour. Half way down they turned a sharp curve, when to their horror they discovered a span of mules not far distant coming up the mountain. They saw at a glance that there was not room enough to pass those mules, and that the mules would not have time enough to get out of the way. And what made matters worse, there was a high embankment to the west. However, they did not hesitate as to what was to be done, for stop they couldn't, and to strike in among the legs of those mules, they well knew, would be to get kicked out of this world at once. John, the husband, of course was pilot to the sled, and, bracing himself to meet the rapidly approaching trouble, he exclaimed: "Now, Maria, as you swore this morning to cling to me until death, I would advise you to give extra fastenings to your arms around my waist, for over the bank we must go!" "Let her slide, John, I am praying for both of us," replied the faithful wife.

And John did let her slide, by bravely turning the sled to one side and letting it shoot over the embankment down a distance of twenty feet into the snow below, carrying with it a bride, groom and carpet bags into one promiscuous heap. Fortunately the snow was deep enough to break the force of the fall, and nothing serious save the mashing of John's new high hat, followed. Even this would not have happened if Maria had not fastened her teeth on the rim of it just as they were about making the plunge over the embankment. Suffice it to say that the wedding party gathered themselves together again in a little while and resumed their bridal trip. John occasionally pulling off his tie, to see if any improvement could be made in its appearance, his only words of censure being, "If you had allowed that hat to fly, my darling, it would have taken care of itself."

Coming Prosperity.

E. D. Mansfield in Clin. Gazette.

A blind man in finance can see that the resumption of gold payments was a fact accomplished without the aid of law, and that it will remain accomplished. We now see signs of an advancing period of prosperity to which we can see no immediate end. Take two facts, which all can comprehend: First is the revival of the great iron manufacture, on which fell much of the hardship of the crisis. Already furnaces of Pennsylvania have received more orders than they can supply, and everywhere the iron trade is improving. Take the American produce, whose value is equivalent to so much gold. In 1868 the value of agricultural produce exported (exclusive of cotton and tobacco) was in round numbers \$104,000,000 (exclusive of cotton and tobacco). In 1878 it was \$350,000,000, having increased 200 per cent in ten years.

We need cite no other facts. We have enough to show that the nation is rapidly recovering from its losses, its extravagancies and its mistakes. The national integrity has been sustained; the national credit is established beyond fear or reproach; the national industry is rapidly advancing. The mines of gold and silver are yielding such enormous products that the import of precious metals has ceased. A kind Providence has given us such abundant harvests that we are enabled to feed England, France and Germany with the food in which they have been deficient. In fine, if there is anything in material success to satisfy the wants or ambition of a people, this nation has it. Finally America is revived. It remains finally to be seen whether the nation is worthy of its blessing; whether Christian America can sustain unimpaired that wealth of material prosperity which overthrew the proudest nations of antiquity, and left only an antiquarian searching among ruins for the relics of their glory.

The New York Times has reports from correspondents in fourteen States, from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey in the East, to Ohio, Indiana, and Missouri in the West; from Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan in the North; Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana in the South; and all point to strong evidence of returning prosperity and a general revival of business. There are but few branches of trade that do not show the revival generally reported, and even in these the inactivity is local rather than gen-

eral. Capital is seeking investments everywhere.

Wholesale dealers report an increase in sales of ten to thirty per cent. Collections are more easily made than during any period since the panic. Manufacturing interests are in a quality flourishing condition, and the improvements extended over every class of manufactures, from the silk mills of New Jersey to the agricultural implement-manufacturers of the West.

Items of Interest.

At Pensacola, Fla., turtles weighing 250 pounds are caught.

Two hundred thousand oranges are shipped weekly from Tampa, Fla.

A Texas youth, aged eighteen, has married his mother's aunt aged fifty-two.

A little more than 100 years ago Newport, R. I., had a greater foreign trade than New York.

The gloves of the coming season embrace a wider variety in lisle thread, knit and lace miter than ever before seen in one season.

It is now said that Congress will get through in five weeks. That is, Congress will get through several million dollars in jobs within that time.

Germany sent us 31,658 emigrants during the year 1878. China 8,000, but nearly as many Chinese return home annually as arrive on our shores.