

Southern News.

Governor Hampton's first veto was the chain-gang bill, and the house sustained him by 102 to 10.

One-third interest in the Kimball house, Atlanta, was sold to Gen. Robert Tombs on Tuesday last for \$31,000. The hotel is now owned by three gentlemen and is valued at \$150,000. It cost \$50,000.

The American says: The population of Nashville and Edgefield, by absolute count, in 1877, shows 40,319—in which many thousands of coloreds are not included.

The demand for colored convict laborers is greater than the (Tex.) penitentiary can supply. Colonel Cunningham, the lessee, finds no trouble hiring out the black people, who are preferred, especially for the farm, to the whites.

Nashville American: Three hundred students are now attending Fisk university, of whom half are boarders. Every southern state is represented, besides the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan and Indiana. Chicago sends seven students. Only one hundred and twenty-five were in attendance at the dedication of Jubilee hall, between two and three years ago.

New Orleans Times: As an inducement to cotton-growers in the southern states east of this city to ship that staple to Europe via New Orleans, the cotton press association propose on the 1st of September next to reduce the price of compressing to forty cents a bale. This, it is confidently believed, will bring to this port an immense fleet of foreign steamers. The certainty of almost any required depth of water upon the bar, and the ready admission of the largest steamers, coupled with reduced railway freights and a marked reduction in the cost of handling, it is thought, will give to vessels leaving New Orleans almost a monopoly of the carrying trade, and will, of course, greatly increase the business of all those who deal in fuel and ship supplies.

Captain Eads has given his view to the merchants of New Orleans regarding the protection of the Louisiana alluvial lands from overflow. In the course of his remarks he said: And inasmuch as I have been charged in a recent official letter, published by the chairman of the St. Paul convention, with hostility to the engineer corps of the army, it is proper that I should warn you against the persistent efforts of the friends of the outlet theory to induce the public to believe that I am making war upon the United States engineer corps simply because I oppose with all my might some of the dangerous errors which were advanced by Messrs. Humphreys and Abbot seventeen years ago in the delta survey, and which have been adopted by a portion of the corps, and which from the basis upon which the majority on the St. Philip canal rests, and that also of the United States levee commission. This is simply a ruse to make the public believe that the theories and conclusions of the Humphreys school of engineers are those of the entire corps. It is grossly unjust to class in that school such engineers as Barnard, Wright, Alexander, Comstock, Merrill and others of the corps who never opposed the system which has given to your commerce a deep passage to the ocean, and who have never adopted the theory that alluvial channels will not become smaller and steeper by reducing the water flowing in them, and that crevasses and outlets will permanently lower the flood line of the river, and that the river is not flowing through a bed of its own deposits. On the contrary Gen. Barnard was the sole member who dissented from the views of the Fort St. Philip canal board, of which he was president, and who declared the jetty system practical, using, in 1874, the memorable words: "The time will come when the people's cry for navigation unimpeded by locks—an open river mouth—will be heard." And even as early as 1852, Gen. Barnard, with Gen. Beauregard and Chase, all members of the corps, recommended the trial of jetties at the mouth of the river.

From Washington.

The officers of the postoffice department estimate that the revenues of the department are now suffering not less than a quarter of a million dollars a month by the flood of stamps by postmasters at small country offices at a discount for use in cities and towns. The postmaster at St. Louis alone shows his office is defrauded of revenue to the amount of \$18,000 per annum in this way.

Foreign Intelligence.

It is rumored in Japan that a notification will shortly be issued ordering the adoption of the foreign style of clothing by all officials of Imperial or Government appointment in *de jure* and department of the Imperial household. It is likely that this order will also be extended to all government departments.

It is stated on authority which cannot be questioned that 70,000,000 human beings are now starving in the famine-stricken provinces of north China. Imagination fails to cope with so gigantic a calamity. The London Times says we cannot doubt that if the Chinese have found their way to America from the comparatively prosperous eastern provinces by thousands, they will pour forth in myriads from the famine-stricken districts of the north as soon as a way is opened to them. The Chinese difficulty may speedily become a greater menace to the future of the United States than the negro difficulty was at its worst. Negro immigration was never voluntary, and ceased with the abolition of the slave trade, while the Chinese tide begins to flow in force, it is difficult to see where and when it will stop.

Much alarm has been created at Moscow by the appearance of the Siberian plague. One day a laundress at the university, who was suspected of having died from it, was subjected to a post-mortem examination, with the result that the suspicions of the authorities were confirmed. Since then several other persons have succumbed to the same malady, which is more disastrous than either small-pox or cholera, and the police are now taking energetic measures to prevent the disease from spreading. It is believed that the seeds of the plague were brought from Tiflis either by Turkish prisoners or Russian invalids.

Shooting Stars.

The lecturer reminded his hearers that, besides the stars we see on a clear night and besides those the telescope makes known, there are countless bodies moving through space which even the most powerful telescope fails to reveal till they come either in the orbit of the earth or of its atmosphere. These are what are called meteorites and shooting stars, and it is important to distinguish clearly between the two. They are alike luminous from the same cause, that of friction in passing through the atmosphere, though but few people have ever seen a meteorite falling. The number of shooting stars is infinitely greater than is usually supposed, for observers with telescopes often see them flash across the field in dimensions too small to be seen with the naked eye. We know that shooting stars undergo combustion in passing through our atmosphere. What becomes of the debris? The snow of the Alps, far away from furnaces, contains globules of iron, and dust that as quietly accumulated in exposed places contains them also. It is supposed they represent some of the debris. Though we may grumble at our atmosphere in bad weather, we must recollect it, at least, does this—it burns up these bodies that are pelting down upon us at a rate one hundred times greater than the missiles of an eighty-one ton gun, and but for this burning up, they would be at any rate awkward for us. In looking at the knowledge accumulated with regard to shooting stars, the first point to notice, Professor Ball says, is that certain great showers are periodical, and always come from the same parts of the heavens. According to the constellation from which they appear to come, they are called Lyriads, Perseids, Orionids, Leonids, etc. The inference from these recurring periods is that the orbit of the earth then cuts the orbit in which a mass of these is moving. With this fact of recurrence it must be noticed that certain comets are periodical, and from a comparison of their supposed orbits with those of groups of these bodies, a connection between them is inferred, whatever may be the origin of the comets, which is not yet known. Meteorites, on the contrary, are never known to come from the direction of a comet path. If a meteorite is carefully examined, it is seen to be a fragment of some rock, and that of one closely analogous to our earth's volcanic rocks. If we consider in turn the volcanic sources from which they could have come, we see the sun would have force enough to drive off fragments; but it is hardly likely that there are solid rocks there to drive off. Jules Verne is right, Professor Ball says, in calculating that a body driven up from the earth with a force equal to six miles a second would not return. From Ceres three miles a second would be sufficient. Examining all the planets in turn, it seems improbable that they were in former times of greater volcanic activity driven up from the earth itself, and they again, after lapse of ages, meet the earth in its orbit. The theory that they come in from unlimited space is, Professor Ball thinks, highly improbable. —[Professor Bell's Lecture before the London Institution.

It is related that once when a publisher said to the late Samuel Bowles, "I like your 'gumption' as a newspaper man, but I don't always agree with the Republican's opinions," the editor answered: "Oh! that's all right; I don't agree with them myself." His love of extreme simplicity and detestation of all display is illustrated in the remark made to his family after it was apparent to him that his death was near at hand and that he had entered his room to take final leave of him: "Don't let us have any parade now, nor hereafter."

High-toned artists nowadays won't take a subject's "full face" for the reason that a full-front picture looks awkward, strained and country. The full-front style of posing a subject is called "Chinese fashion," because for petty offenses in China the right or left ear is cut off, and the Chinese are always particular to have both ears well displayed in their photographs in order that their friends may see that they have not suffered the penalty of crime.

Queen Victoria got tired of seeing King Humbert go around with his stockings dangling about his ankles, so she conferred the order of the garter on him. And he's garter wear it, too, or there'll be a mus.

"COME UNTO ME"  
A sweeter song than e'er was sung  
By poet, priest, or sage;  
A song which thro' all Heaven has rung  
And down through all the ages.  
A precious strain of sweet accord,  
A note of cheer from Christ our Lord;  
List! as it vibrates full and free,  
Greeting heart, "Come unto Me."  
O sweeter provision, sweet command,  
Vouchsafed the weak and weary;  
A friend to find on either hand,  
A light to prospect dreary.  
A friend who knows our bitter need,  
Of each endeavor taking heed,  
Who calls to every soul oppress'd:  
"Come unto Me, I'll give you rest."  
"Come unto Me." The way's not long,  
His hands are stretched to meet thee;  
Now still thy seeking, list the song,  
Which everywhere shall greet thee.  
Here at His feet your burden lay,  
Why 'till it bend another day,  
Since one so loving calls to thee,  
"On! heavy laden, come to Me!"  
A sweeter song than e'er was sung  
By poet, priest, or sage;  
A song which thro' all Heaven has rung  
And down through all the ages.  
How can we turn from such a strain,  
Or longer wait to ease our pain?  
Oh! draw us close, O Lord, that we  
May find our sweetest rest in Thee.  
—Gleaner Kirk.

My First Love Letter.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Have I ever told you, Nell, of my first love letter? I presume not. It is a story I have not been very fond of telling. But years bring to me, if not philosophy, a comfortable sense of the comical in regard to all early illusions and dis-illusions. The moment of opening and reading the first love letter is a thrilling, an august point of time in which all the spring tides of passionate young life seem to meet in a swift, dizzy whirl of emotion. If from the right man, what triumphant joy! If from a suitor one can not smile on, what sweet pain! But you know all about it, dear.

I was very young when I received my first love letter—indeed, not permanently out of short frocks and the bread-and-butter age. Having lived the greater portion of my life in the country, the companion of my brothers, I was a desperate romp and gipsy, delighting to roam the fields and the woods, preferring the fishing rod to the needle and even the stable to the parlor. As yet, a fine horse was the rival of all mankind in my young affections. Still I had read Scott, Edgeworth, Hemans and L. E. L., with an occasional stealthy dip into Byron, and had my own foolish little romantic dreams of my hero, my fairy prince, who was to come in love's good time.

I used to dream of him, as I sat like little Ellie, among the alders, with my feet in the brook, or as I rode along in the woods. I thought little of his pedigree, but I resolved that he must have a patrician Greek profile, dark blue eyes, and black curling hair, coming down on his lofty brow in a Byron peak. I made no account of houses or lands in love's Arcadia; but my hero must possess a fine horse. The "steed of steeds," was a sine qua non. The removal from country to town was an absolute sorrow to me, with my nature-loving heart, and wild, free habits. I hated the busy monotony, the thronged loneliness, the dull whirl of city life. I could only console myself with occasional flights back into my old rural haunts. From the longest, roughest tramps I returned refreshed, prepared to endure what I could not cur.

"I came out," I prematurely and temporarily when I was scarcely fifteen, on the occasion of a large wedding party. I wore a long dress and white kid gloves for the first time. My hair was curled. Oh, the torture of a night and the hideousness of a day in curled papers! I wore natural flowers and carried a large bouquet. Distressingly diffident, not to say awkward, I early in the evening retired to a deep window seat, where I remained watching the merry groups of wedding guests, and listening to their easy chatter, with childish wonder and delight.

Among the gayest of the gay was a certain fair young lady whom I had known for some time as my double. Not that she was in the least like me. She was a blonde—very much blonde—while I was a very brunette. She was distinguished for sumptuousness of attire, and dress was not then, any more than it is now, my besetting sin, or peculiar virtue, which ever you incline to esteem it. But, oddly enough, this fair lady bore my name precisely, surname and baptismal. I used to think the circumstance annoyed her, almost as though I had stolen the fashion of her Parisian bonnet, or the pattern of her costly embroidered shawl. Aside from the name there was little in common between us, certainly no love. At this party she quite outshone the bride. I found it curious to watch her—Her lightness and brightness did shine with such splendor—which was all very proper, she being a rich tallow chandler's daughter. But not long did I watch my double, for, my dear, at this very party I saw him, my ideal hero, my fairy prince. From all that goodly company I singled him out at a glance. There were the dark blue eyes, there was the Greek profile, the black curly hair the Byron peak and all.

Imagine the emotions of your friend and to her secluded window-seat this very young gentleman was brought and presented as "Mr. John Trevalyan." If it wasn't just Trevalyan, it was quite as respectable a name. The John I'll stand by. Well, he stood by me and talked to me for a bright, wondrous half hour, precisely as though I had been a full grown belle; and I, under the spell of his pleasant flattery, fell in with the little make-believe, and chatted away, quite at ease, and said some things that were really not so bad. Yet, when I spoke, it seemed to me it was some one else talking in a second double. My very voice had an unfamiliar sound.

Mr. Trevalyan talked of poetry, art, music, and flowers, in a low, sweet, beguiling, particular way, after the manner of his kind. He said, of all the fine arts, his enthusiasm was decidedly for sculpture, "so cold, so pure, so exalted," and he begged to know if I shared his aesthetic preference. I suppose, if I had been properly trained, or a year or two older, I might have answered: "I am enraptured with music—Beethoven, Mozart, Henry Russell, and the Seguinis; I dearly love art—Titian, Michael Angelo, and Benjamin West; but I adore poetry—Milton, Byron, and N. P. Willis."

"I admire art and music, poetry, and all such things, but I don't know much about them yet. To tell the plain truth, my particular enthusiasm is—just horses! I suppose it's perverse and improper, and all that; but I do know something about horses, and I love them." My hero smiled, in a beaming, indulgent way, and declared that he participated in my enthusiasm; that his love for horses amounted to quite a passion, and that he flattered himself he owned the fastest trotter in all that region. Ah! at that moment, to quote from dear Miss Bremer, "our souls met." Mysterious sympathy of passionate young hearts!

His eyes, upon a nearer view, were gray, but their expression was full of poetic sensibility. They beamed with that tender deference, half wistful, half wicked, hardest of all looks for even "little women" to resist. I suspect the fellow knew it. They all do.

There was, now and then, a mysterious shade of sadness over his brow—an interesting, Lara-like frown that came and went in that festive hour. I divined that, young as I was, he had had great thoughts and ambitions, great sorrows and sins, or meant to have them, which was all the same.

At parting, he begged from my bouquet a sprig of geranium, which he placed in his button hole "for remembrance." Then he asked leave to visit me, which I graciously accorded. Then we murmured our adieux.

I went home with my head among the stars. My dear, absurd as it may seem, I really believed I had that night met my destiny, and met it, on the whole, in a very satisfactory shape. I did not know just when to look for my admirer, but I was ready for him morning and evening. I grew strangely careful of my dress. I assiduously brushed and curled my hair. I applied cosmetics to my sun-burnt face. I slept in kid gloves.

These alarming symptoms were not unnoticed by my tender mother; but she noticed that my manner had grown quiet and maidenly, and took great comfort thereat. Six days I waited in vain. The seventh—magic number! brought—not him, but a letter. It was a dainty-looking missive, all rose-tinted and gilt-edged. This was before the time of envelopes—a remote age bordering on the "Drift Period," you may think, in the insolence of your nineteen summers. It was directed—this letter of letters—in one of those rearing Italian hands once so fashionable. It was sealed with lilac-colored wax, and the seal bore the motto—how well I remember it, though I didn't—in the least know what it meant then—of "Toujours fidele."

With my heart beating into my fingertips I broke the seal—I opened the letter. The very first line was something startling, unequivocal: "My dearest Love!" Without waiting to read another word, I turned the leaf to look at the signature: "Oh, my prophetic soul!" it was "John Trevalyan!"

I made no copy of that letter, and find memory has been a little unfaithful in regard to the exact wording. I know that I read it with great satisfaction—in especial, a love-like inventory which it contained of my most amiable and admirable characteristics. There were things set down there that I had supposed known only to myself. Toward its close the letter assumed a practical tone. "I will, with your leave," it ran, "call on your father in a day or two. In the meantime, love, perhaps you had better confide our dear secret to no one, unless it be your brother Tom."

Ah, heavens! the letter was not for me! Alas! I had no "brother Tom." Providence had been bountiful in sons to our house. Our cup had run over with that particular sort of blessing, but the respectable name of Thomas had somehow never struck my mother's roving fancy. At the baptismal font she had never given it in.

Fatal omission! "Madam, you might have saved me from this." I reread that letter. I sent it with all dispatch, and a courteous apology to my double, now my rival, I was wretched, but I could not be base.

Yes, she married my John. After that I got no more of her letters, which was some consolation. No, she was not pretty, even on her wedding day, but she was charmingly dressed. John still lives. He has grown rich and stout. He has no longer the Byron expression; but the Byron peak on his brow is more pronounced than ever. Of all the beautiful enthusiasms of his youth, that for fast horses alone remains. He has, I believe, never been so unhappy or wicked as he promised to be, though, for a time, he fell into evil ways and was sent to the legislature.

My double has made several visits to Paris, has grown fonder and more au fait of dress than ever. As she has no children, she gives her whole mind to it—"but that's not much." I never could think her the companion for John in intellect and soul. I never, in truth, could bear thinking that, if I had had a fair start with her, if I had had her clothes, if I had had her brother Tom, it might have—but ah—Of all bad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: "It might have been."

THE INDIANA DEMOCRACY  
In State Convention Assembled,  
Promulgate a Platform of  
Principles.

At the meeting of the Indiana democratic convention held at Indianapolis last week, the committee on resolutions made the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

The democracy of Indiana, assembled in delegate convention, declare that the national bank notes shall be retired, and in lieu thereof there shall be issued by the government an equal amount of treasury notes, with full legal-tender quality; that we are in favor of making the United States notes, commonly called greenbacks, a full legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, except such obligations only as are by the terms of the original contract under which they were issued expressly payable in coin.

That the right to issue paper money, as well as coin, is the sole prerogative of the government, and such money should be issued in such amounts as the sound business interests of the country may, from time to time, require.

We are in favor of such legislation by congress as will authorize the taxation by the states of United States notes in common with all other money.

That we deem it unwise and inexpedient to enact further legislation for the funding of the national debt abroad through the means of home syndicates or other methods; and we believe the true policy of the government and the best interests of the people would be subserved by legislation so as to distribute said debt among our people at home, as affording them the most favorable and practicable opportunity for the investment of their earnings in the funded debt of the United States.

That we are in favor of such legislation as shall fix the legal rate of interest at not exceeding six per centum per annum; we demand the restoration of the silver dollar of four hundred and twelve and one-half grains to the coin in the country, and with full legal-tender quality in the payment of debts, both public and private, and that the coinage thereof shall be unlimited, upon the same terms and conditions as may be provided for the coinage of gold.

That we are in favor of the immediate and unconditional repeal of the resumption act; that we are in favor of the most rigid economy in public expenditures, and we declare that the fees and salaries of all public officers should be reduced; that we are in favor of the repeal of the bankrupt act.

That we sincerely deplore the recent violent collisions between labor and capital, and to prevent the occurrence thereof, and to protect the future public order and security, we believe— That the wages of employes of corporations engaged in the business of mining, manufacturing and transportation, should be a first lien upon the property, receipts and earnings of said corporation, and that said lien should be declared, defined and enforced by appropriate legislation.

That we favor a passage of a law for the ventilation of coal mines—one that would be just to the miner and the owner. The democratic party is the friend of the common school system, and will, in every legitimate way, labor for its success, and will oppose any attempt to divert any portion of the common school fund to any sectarian purpose.

That the last apportionment of the state for legislative purposes was grossly unjust and dishonorable, and we demand that the next legislature, in apportioning the state for legislative purposes, as will be their imperative duty, shall have regard alone to population and contiguity of territory.

That the jurisdiction claimed and exercised by the circuit courts of the United States over questions of corporate and individual rights, arising under the laws of the States, tends to oppress and burden litigants to such an extent as to amount to a practical denial of justice in many cases, and we consider the legislation which has conferred such jurisdiction as unwise and hurtful to the true interests of the people, and we demand such legislation as will restrict and limit the jurisdiction of such courts to such matters as are clearly contemplated by the constitution and expressed in the judiciary act of 1789.

We are opposed to class legislation, and protest against the grant of subsidies by the federal government, either in lands, bonds, money, or by the pledge of the public credit.

That we abhor and hold up to public detestation the leaders of the republican party who secretly connived at, and with barefaced effrontery carried out the scheme, by and through venal returning-boards, whereby Samuel J. Tilden and Thomas A. Hendricks, the people's choice for president and vice-president, were wrongfully kept out of the positions to which a free people had called them. We hold it up as the monster crime of the age—a crime against free government, a crime against the elective franchise, and a crime that can only be condoned when the malefactors who seated a fraud in the presidential chair are driven from power and consigned to everlasting infamy by the people whom they have outraged; and we denounce the act of the president of the United States in appointing to high and lucrative positions the corrupt members of the returning-boards, and condemn the acts of federal officers in attempting to interfere with the rights and powers of the state courts in the prosecution of these criminals.

That our senators and representatives in congress be, and are hereby requested to secure the passage of a law giving to

the soldiers of the Mexican war a pension similar to that now given to the soldiers of the war of 1812.

The Cruel Turtle Dove.

That trim, gentle-looking, drab-colored bird, erroneously called turtle-dove by dwellers in the United States, and generally deemed so innocent and pure that to kill it for the table or any other use is branded as heinous in the extreme, is not so innocent after all. Its moaning, sad-sounding voice is a mockery and a cheat; its soft, dark eyes are a sham; its sober, Quaker garb is calculated to deceive; its timid movements are not to be trusted. When once it has been insulted or injured by one of its kind, the dove becomes as cruel and outrageously heartless as any murderer can be. Some years ago I witnessed a fight between two female moaning doves which for utter barbarousness could not be exceeded. I was angling in a brook for sun perch, half prone on a grassy bank, lost in a brown study, with a cigar between my lips, when I happened to see a dove alight on a gnarled bough of a plane tree a few yards distant. Immediately it began to coo in that doleful plaintive strain so well known to every lover of nature, and was soon joined by a male, who perched himself within a foot or two of her. I espied their nest, not yet finished, in the fork of an iron-wood tree near by. The birds made very expressive signs to each other by their heads by a series of bows, nods and sidewise motions, of which I understood enough to know that some intruder was near—perhaps they meant me. The fish were not biting any too well, but the shade was pleasant and the grass fragrant, the sound of the water very soothing and the flow of the wind steady and cooling, so I did not care to move just to humor the whim of a pair of billing doves. It proved, however, after all, that I was not the cause of alarm. Another female dove presently dropped like a hawk from a dark, dense of leaves above the pair, and struck the first on the back with beak and wings. A fight ensued, witnessed with calm interest by myself and the male dove. At first the combatants struggled desperately together on the bough, fiercely beating each other with their wings, and plucking out the feathers from breast and neck, all the time uttering low, querulous notes, different from anything I had ever before heard. Pretty soon they fell off the bough, and came whirling down upon the ground, where they continued the battle with constantly increasing fury, their eyes fairly flashing fire, and cutting and thrusting with their beaks like swordsmen. Blood began to show itself about their heads, and in places their necks were quite bare of feathers. When at last one of them became so exhausted that further struggle was impossible, the other proceeded to take its stand upon its helpless opponent, and would have quickly made an end of it had I not interfered. The vanquished bird was minus on eye, and was unable to fly for some minutes. The secret of the battle was jealousy. The male sat by and watched in a nonchalant way until it was all over, when he very lovingly strutted up to the victorious dove and began cooing in a low, soothing tone. From that day to this I have repudiated the figure "innocent as a dove," and, whenever opportunity offered, have sped a two ounce arrow full at the breast of the bird, widow or no widow. When properly cooked by parboiling, stuffing and baking, a dove is a choice bit for the table.

A One-Legged Railroad.

The "one-legged" railway now building in the Brjdjord (Pa.) oil region is attracting a good deal of attention. The construction of the road is simple, rapid and easy. On the hard ground logs six feet long, and from a foot and a half to two feet in diameter are placed at right angles to the line, and from twelve to fifteen feet apart, the distance varying. In these logs vertical sawed posts, fourteen by fifteen, and one-half inches, are dovetailed and wedged. These verticals vary in height, and by their length the grade of the road is regulated. On the top of these verticals the horizontal pieces to which the rails are spiked are laid, with their ends squarely against one another. These sleepers are ten inches by fifteen and one-half in thickness. By a proper arrangement of vertical and horizontal pieces of timber, the timbers on which the rails are laid are kept firmly in position, and two wooden rails, three feet and a half below the top of the iron rail, and twenty-two inches apart, are spiked to the vertical posts. Across streams and the swampy ground piles are driven. On this one rail a saddle-shaped car is mounted and supported by two wheels, double flanges. The gondola car now mounted on the portion of the road completed is twenty-two feet long, nine feet wide, and weighs 7,000 pounds. The car is a double-decker, there being room for freight in the body of the car and on each side of the saddle. Twenty-two inches below a plane tangent to the upper wheels, at the lowest point of their circumference, four smaller wheels are placed in a horizontal position and in the same plane, their circumferences being twenty-two inches apart. These run against the wooden guide-rails, and keep the car in position. The wheels are attached to standards connected with the iron framework of the car.

The New Pope.

The Rome correspondent of the London Times, in a letter to that journal, speaks as follows of Cardinal Pecci, elected pope: "Pecci is tall, with a fine head, a fine forehead, narrowing at the temples, a long face and straight features. He has a large mouth, a prominent chin, a cheerful, open countenance, and large, well-shaped ears. His face reminds one of Consul VI, the renowned minister of Pius VII. He has a fine, sonorous voice, great dignity, even austerity of manner in public life, but privately is affectionate, unassuming, sociable and witty. As Camerlingo, he has been the head of that party which, without formerly renouncing the right of the holy see acknowledges the wisdom of submitting to the decrees of Providence and accepting what seem to be irrevocably accomplished facts. The general opinion is that for learning, tact, energy, dignity, amiability, real moral worth and sincere piety, the sacred college could not find a more deserving pope than Cardinal Pecci. At Perugia he followed the same policy recommended by the late Cardinal Riaszi Sforza. At Naples he advised good Catholics to fulfill their duties as citizens at the municipal and provincial elections, even when the clerical press, professing to interpret much of the vatican, enjoined the policy of abstention. Cardinal Pecci spoke with great spirit and energy against the proposal for the removal of the conclave from Rome, and other measures advocated by the reactionary party. He enjoys the confidence and support of the liberals, at least a reasonable majority of them, of the sacred college, and plays the same part as was sustained by Cardinal Gizzi in the conclave of 1846. Cardinal Pecci's private life at all periods is above reproach. He has considerable literary talent, and has written poetry. He never had intercourse with the functionaries of the present Italian government, but is esteemed by them all; and those with whom the necessity of his duty brings him in contact are perfectly charmed with him."

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

"We Uns."  
Old Jefferson Jones was smoking his pipe,  
And Jim was on his knee;  
The father gave his mouth a wipe,  
And kissed his little son;  
"A story ever wanted, an' I'll be bound!"  
Cried lively Jefferson Jones;  
"Now speak up quick, an' then git down,  
For Dad mus' see 'er bones!"  
The old man straight was brought to law,  
His boy spoke up and out—  
"Well, Dad," said he, "that great big waw—  
South an' North—what was't about?"  
Old Jefferson scratched his grizzly head,  
And gazed into the fire,  
Then tilted his chair against the bed,  
And mottledly turned his lyre.  
"Speak, Dad," the eager urchin cried,  
"An' tell me all the story;  
Describe the waw—its pump an' pride,  
An' all its other glory!"  
"Waal, boy," said Jones, "we fit an' foot,  
An' foun' an' fit like crime;  
An' the waw—'t was laygon a doubt,  
A pow'ful skeery time!"  
The veteran paused, and I closed his eyes—  
Anon here came a store;  
"But Dad," spoke Jim, in blank surprise,  
"Ain't that a little more?"  
"Waal, yess," old Jones replied, "the waw,  
In story an' in hymn,  
Soun's infernal gran'; but we uns saw  
A pow'ful skeery time!"  
"Now, Johnny," says grandma, "I want you to sit still as a mouse."  
"Mouses don't sit still, grandma."  
"A woman never so fully realizes her dependence upon man as when she undertakes to sharpen a lead pencil."  
"A young lady in Winnecon, Wisconsin, refused an offer of marriage recently, on the ground that her father was not able to support a larger family."  
Some wide-as-a-mile fellow should jump at the chance to build up a fortune in selling tea plants. Make his own importations direct from Hong Kong—  
When a fellow ever's started just get along—  
Very soon the young ladies a-singing will be:—  
"Oh, what a fine catch—what a splendid fellow!"  
"The bright lexicon of youth," in which "there is no such word as fail," does not seem to be a very popular dictionary in the mercantile community just now.  
"Truth lies at the bottom of a well." We have often verified this by looking down into a well and seeing Truth's honest countenance in the smooth waters. —[Worcester Press.  
"A movement is on foot among the church people of Chicago to lure the youth of that city from their wicked ways, by establishing billiard and bowling alleys and shooting galleries under Christian auspices.  
Philosophers say that closing the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many eyes that close in our churches on Sundays.  
If you put two persons in the same bed room, one of whom has the tooth-ache, while the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the tooth-ache will go to sleep first.  
Newton did not labor half so hard, with hand and brain, to discover the principle of gravitation, as the ingenious and ambitious compositor labors in overspacing to get a fat paragraph.  
The man with a stomach as uncomfortable as a tenement house will be glad to learn that pop-corn will cure dyspepsia. It don't take over five hundred or six hundred bushels for the most stubborn case.  
Nerve is a grand thing; it indicates reserve force, and the man who can sit in a rocking-chair and rock back on the small end of a dog without springing to his feet and gasping for breath, can conquer the world if he tries.—[Burlington Hawkeye.  
"A lady that would please herself in marrying was warned that her intended, although a good sort of a man, was very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."