

# The Marble Hill Press.

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

Tom Murray, a prominent merchant of Chicago, says: "It is a disgrace to get rich, and to avoid the disgrace Mr. Murray will henceforth give half the proceeds of his business to the poor and needy."

A French scientist has discovered that plants are very sensitive to poison. The higher plants, as well as fungi, enable us to detect the presence of copper, mercury and other toxic substances, which chemical analysis does not detect.

What sort of a halo ought an Alaskan saint to wear? A mission worker thinks that the frost and ice encompassing the face and head of a missionary bishop, when he appeared to make his expected visit at Arctic City, constituted the kind of a halo appropriate to sainthood in that region.

Telephone poles and wires are held in Krueger vs. Wisconsin Telephone Co. (Wis.), 50 L. R. A. 298, to make an additional burden upon a street, for which compensation must be made to the owners of the land as a condition of such use, and this decision is in accord with the majority of the precedents, as shown by the note in 24 L. R. A. 721.

The Navy Department at Washington has received a fine oil portrait of R. W. Crowninshield, who was secretary of the navy from 1814 to 1818. The portraits of American naval secretaries now are about complete. Secretary Whitney's portrait has not been obtained as yet, however. Acting Secretary Hackett recently urged him to add his portrait to the collection.

The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science has been enriched by one of the most curious collections ever known—a collection of locks of hair from the heads of all the presidents of the United States from Washington down to McKinley. These are accurately authenticated and neatly arranged in an appropriate case, and in some instances are accompanied by family coats-of-arms.

In Hawaii enormous quantities of ducks are raised by the Chinese upon the edges of the ocean. Twice a day, within restricted areas, they are permitted to eat the young fish which swim in the immediate coves. Fish are reported to be growing scarcer every year and by some this diminution is attributed to the wholesale destruction of the young fry by the Chinese.

Although 74 years old, Gideon Hawley of Erie, Pa., is still running an engine on the Lake Shore railroad. He began railroading in 1846 and has been with the Lake Shore since 1852. A few days ago Hawley was put through a severe examination, the railroad officials believing that it was about time he should retire. To the surprise of the company not a trace of color blindness or dim vision or defective hearing could be found.

According to a report by United States Consul Grout, a recent experiment in wireless telegraphy off the coast of Malta has resulted in the successful transmission of a message 134 miles. The message was received in an unexpected way. While experimenting on a ship in the open sea the operators were surprised to receive a message in Italian asking the position of their ship. It afterward developed that the message came from an Italian war vessel at Syracuse.

Noiseless baseball, as distinguished from the game played largely with bangs, may not be so far distant as it seems to many dependent lovers of a sportsmanlike game. A graduate publication, representing a well-known college, declares that the adoption of a noiseless game would do more good than that institution that winning is the championship. The campaign motto of a baseball nine ought to be, "Give an opponent every opportunity to do his best—and then beat him!" A rowdy may resort to barbaric yells as a means of defeating an antagonist, but a gentleman in a suit to refrain from degrading methods of gaining a triumph.

All shining buttons, buckles and ornaments are to be dispensed with in the new military uniform for German forces. A grayish brown cloth will be used for coat, trousers and cap. War without glitter will be less fascinating as the years go by, and that is well. Nothing ought to be done to the slight significance of the patriotic sense of duty will make men engage in war when it shall have been stripped of its romance, and when its deadly purpose shall be written in every feature. If there were no men to bury, no bills to pay, no excitement seekers; but graves and debts are accompaniments which mock at romantic theories about campaigns and battles.

The woman who designed Mrs. Grover Cleveland's gown for two inaugural balls was sentenced to five days in the New York goal for drunkenness on Wednesday. She is Mary Williamson, forty-one years old, known as the "needle woman of the goal." In the past year she has spent 273 days in prison for intoxication. During her terms of imprisonment she spends her time in planning party dresses for the wives of the judges who sentence her. Often she comes out of her cell with \$100 or more earned in this way. Her friends have given her up as hopeless.

No doubt it is a mere coincidence, and yet some people might suppose preference for monosyllables in choosing members of his Cabinet. There have been in all fifteen heads of the eight departments. Look at this array of names: Day, Hay, Gage, Long, Root, Knox, Bliss, Smith and Griggs. There were Gary and Alger, whose names were short, but not monosyllabic. Seventy-six letters suffice for the surnames of all the fifteen Cabinet officers, or almost exactly five letters to a name.

General Gras, who died recently, was the inventor of the rifle which bears his name. The weapon was invented twenty-five years ago, and at one time was much in use by continental armies. To-day rifles are the only country whose soldiers are armed with it.

It has been calculated that something like 1,550,000,000 pints of tea are imbibed yearly by Londoners, and that the most necessary to contain this amount, if properly shaped, would comfortably take in the whole of St. Paul's Cathedral.

# Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)  
We returned late, and very tired, and as there were two beds in my room, Lee consented to occupy one of them, in the place of going home to his own lodgings, which were at the other end of the town.

It might have been three hours later, when I was roused from a deep sleep by the consciousness that something was in the room, and bending over my bed, I had heard the words, "Are you coming?" In a deep, low tone, close at my ear, when I started up, I saw nothing. The moon shone in at the window, broad and full. I could discover nothing more than the familiar furniture, and my little terrier, sleeping quietly on his cushion in the corner.

"That voice, so deep and full, was still ringing in my ear. A vague terror was at my heart. I turned upon my pillow. As I did so I saw—I swear I saw—through the curtains—that face! And the cold and gloomy black eyes were bent full upon me; and the clenched hand, with its signal ring, was raised to draw the curtains further and further. The vision faded, and I looked out at the opposite bed. Lee slept quietly with a smile upon his lips.

I was glad that he did so, even in the midst of my horror. I did not dare to raise my head again; but as I lay counting the slow ticking of the clock upon the mantelpiece and expecting every instant to feel that clenched hand upon my own, a sudden drowsiness seized me, and, in spite of my terror I fell into a second slumber, as deep and dreamless as the first.

I awoke again and quite as suddenly. I drew back the curtain and looked out into the room. "Are you there, Lee?" I asked. "No answer came. His bed was empty. I rose at once and began to dress. Far up the lonely moonlit road I could see a figure hurrying toward the college. I knew that it was Lee.

I knocked at the door of the next room, where the janitor of our college slept. He came and opened it. "For heaven's sake, dress quickly and come to the college with me," I said. "You have the keys?" "They are in the hall," he said, looking bewildered. I went to the hall—they were not there. "Lee has them—he has gone!" I exclaimed wringing my hands. The janitor seemed to comprehend everything instantly and hurried on his clothes in an instant. Going cautiously down the stairs, we closed the door behind us. We hesitated a moment, and then I saw the door was still locked, and ran swiftly up the road. But the lonely figure I had seen, vanished before we reached the college grounds.

I paused a moment under the portico and leaned against one of the pillars to recover my breath. The great hall was open; we entered and stood upon the stairs without a word. The moon lighted us. We tracked him through the first and second hall, the lecture-room and the library. There we found the door of the second staircase unlocked, and knew by the faint, sickening smell of the position, that he had found his way to the dissecting room. We paused in the hall outside its door to watch his movements. His eyes were open, but it was evident that he was still asleep, and my companion held me back, whispering, "Don't make any noise that will wake him suddenly. If he finds himself here, which that corpse he will die of fear. We must get him into the open air before we speak to him."

The body lay as they had left it that night—headless trunk—carved and cut in many directions by the scalpel. Lee bent over it with an absorbed air. One hand held the keys he had taken; the other grasped the cold, clenched fingers, seeking for the signet ring. He found it—then he raised himself up with an anxious, thoughtful air. He walked slowly toward the window and seemed to look through the heavy wooden shutters were closed with bars of iron, and the only light that entered came through the open door.

I sat down upon the stairs and leaned my head upon my hand, for the child's sickening moan. An exclamation of horror from my companion's lips roused me before many moments had passed and following his outstretched fingers with my eyes I saw Lee in the act of unlocking a closet door.

"The head is there!" whispered the janitor. I sprang forward—he followed me. The headless corpse was in our path. Our sudden entrance jarred the slight boards and the body fell to the ground with a dull, heavy sound, that woke Lee from his sleep just as the key turned in the lock. "Don't look there!" I cried wildly. "Look at me, Lee only at me, and you are safe!"

It was too late. That head, with the dark and haughty face (which at that moment seemed lighted up with a fiendish smile) was the first object that met his bewildered gaze. He started back—the sudden movement shook the shelves and the head fell, striking him full upon the breast, and then bounding like a ball upon the floor.

He gazed at it a moment with such a look as I pray I may never see in human eyes again. A sudden spasm distorted his face. He threw up his arms with a wild cry, and fell heavily upon the floor beside the corpse.

I sprang to his side and raised his head. But it dropped again, till the "dark brown locks mingled with the black hair of that head." "Lee, speak to me!" "He was dead."

Two miles from Hollow Ash Hall, and four from Banley. He was a handsome, foreign-looking man, apparently about thirty-four years of age—"A perfect gentleman!" as the landlady rapturously called him because he drank her weak tea without complaining and afterwards sat quietly in his parlor over the wine and cigars, without giving any human being in the house the least trouble.

Secured from all intrusion, he watched the cold moonlight falling on the distant fields, and listened idly to the "Last Rose of Summer" played on a cracked piano, without much regard to tune or time, by his landlady's daughter, in the room below.

He sat still and pensive "In golden quiet of the moon," and thought of his early, long-lost love, now so near him once again. Would any secret instinct tell her that he was feeling?

Would she come? Would she feel his presence—his love—even before he had assured her of them?

Who should say? His thoughts grew dim and more indistinct. The moon, and the voices of the people at the bar below, seemed to blend in one low, continuous murmur, but faintly heard, yet soothing from its very indistinctness.

His eyes closed—he slept—but in his dream, Rose was still with him. He woke some time after with a sudden start. The moon, now high in the heavens, shone full in his face, and showed the deserted street beneath.

A clock struck upon the stairs. It was just eight.

He uttered an exclamation of surprise, took his hat and cloak and going out at the open front door, took his way alone toward Hollow Ash Hall.

And, as he walked, he thought of the quiet and beautiful English home where most of his boyhood had been spent, and where, in after years, the Rose of his life had bloomed for him—blighted, but never faded! Among those trees and flowers his heart got rooted in so deeply that to the day of his death the fibres could never be wrenched away. He had gone far from the place; possibly he could never look upon it again; yet ever and anon, as he wandered through the world a violet springing at his feet, or a bird singing in the air, a little blue sky beyond the distant hills made him young again, and brought the old home so vividly before him, that he could almost see the faces and hear the voices, nay, catch the very words of those who were living there, and who had doubtless forgotten him entirely.

He thought of those old times with a smile and a sigh as he walked quickly along the village road. He thought of Rose as he had seen her there, evening after evening, laughing, singing and flirting—yes, certainly flirting, like a princess of love, and her worshippers. He thought of that night when they had quarreled, and when he had left the house in anger only to return and hide within the grounds, watching her jealously, as the curtains waving in the breeze gave him glimpses now and then of the lighted rooms. Oh, what a sight he had seen against the rough bark of the tree which supported him, as he saw her beautiful face, sparkling with delight and laughter, turned toward the window! How, later on, he envied the partner who held her hand, or clasped her waist! How he longed to be the flower in her bouquet, the spangle in her slymer, the ray in her smile, the feet, so that he might be touched or looked upon again by her. She had never known of this passionate devotion, and even, he going to seek her again, was half inclined to smile at the remembrance as a folly of the past.

It was dead, that feeling; his affection was more rational now, he said to himself. But was he right? Do such loves—does any love ever die? I think not. What has once been a part of us can scarcely fade into utter nothingness again. In another and more perfect state of existence, these elements of happiness, disturbed here, but peaceful forever, wait for their own day. Their parting had been very much like all others, to all outward seeming. The tearful eyes, the half-cocked farewell, were all there; and careless eyes looked on and careless laughter arose around them. But I doubt if ever there was a sorer heart than Stanley's. Ever look with him as the train moved slowly away, as he caught the last glance from those soft eyes, the last wave of that snowy hand.

In such separations pity is wasted on the one who goes; it should be given to the one who is left behind, to follow each daily occupation, yet forever miss the voice of eyes that once lightened and illumined them.

But the breaking up of such an attachment is no light thing, and to him the world seemed suddenly dark and cold. Missing Rose, he groped blindly on his way, as if the light of his existence had gone out. In fact, he was the only one who had stood between him and the world. Others might have a mother, a father, a brother, or a sister, to stand between them and that harsh and cruel judge. He had but her, and when she was taken from him, all those sweet ties were rent in the one that bound them together, and he stood face to face with all the antagonisms, unnamed and unthought of. He tried to supply her place—not because he was inconstant, but because he loathed loneliness. In every instance he failed. Those whom he sought had other ties and friends; at least, he could only occupy a secondary place within their hearts. What was more important to him than this—were they of the common order of women. Their souls were narrow-brains capable of supporting but one set of ideas. Probably he wearied them, but it is certain that they wearied him most unbearably.

Now Rose, with all her girlish fun and gaiety, had a noble soul, that fed upon high thoughts, and intimate association with such a fresh, pure spirit as hers had unfitted him for any lower companionship. So it came to pass that he still went on his way alone; and in the valley of humiliation, or on the mountains of peace, his cry had ever been, "Will she ever come back to me? Shall I find and win her once again?" He asked that question standing in the public road and looking up at the white walls and lighted windows of her present home. As he passed, he saw a figure—a female—stepping up and down the lawn. His heart told him who it must be. In a moment he was by her side.

"Rose! Rose! Will you welcome me back?" he cried in a voice that trembled with eagerness. And she, pale and startled, but smiling as the while, put both her hands in his.

"Dear Stanley, welcome!" "And so the question was answered. (To be continued.)"

## FACTS ABOUT NICARAGUA.

Recent of 723 Miles: Population Approaching Half-a-Million.  
Nicaragua was first sighted by Columbus in 1502, and was first visited and explored by De Avila in 1522. The present government was established as the "Republic of Nicaragua" July 4, 1824. The president chosen for four years, the congress consists of one house elected for two years. President is General Santos Zelaya (1898 to 1902). Nicaragua is the largest in area and the least thickly settled of the countries of Central America. There are 40,000 square miles of territory, or just the size of Kentucky, and a little smaller than either Tennessee, Virginia, Ohio, or Pennsylvania. Atlantic coast line is 442 miles, which is a little more than the length of Kansas, Nebraska, Tennessee, or Virginia. The Pacific coast line is 261 miles, or about the same as the length of Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, or Utah. The population is 423,000, or about the same as Rhode Island, Oklahoma, or South Dakota. The entire population of this country, which is nearly as large as Ohio or Pennsylvania, is only a little more than either Cleveland, Buffalo, or Cincinnati. The Nicaraguans are the most peaceful and prosperous of the Central American peoples, having had no important troubles either among themselves or with their neighbors. The United States has had greater interest in and more important relations with the Nicaraguans than with any other people on the continent south of Mexico. There are more than 300 native Nicaraguan woods; more than twenty valuable gums, resins, rubbers, and balsams; more than 150 native medicinal plants; fourteen native oil seeds; ten native spices. Nicaragua sends to the United States coffee, hides, rubber, silver, deer skins and gold, cedar lumber, chocolate, feathers, walnut lumber, bananas, and turtle shells—Journal of Education.

## EATING WHEN EXHAUSTED.

Conquering the Appetite an Accomplishment in Self-Discipline.  
Half the people who know have violent attacks of indigestion, because they will persist in eating hearty meals when in an exhausted condition. They seem never willing or able to realize that there are times when the system is in no fit state to grapple with a full meal. They eat in tired and hungry almost ravenous, not thinking that maybe a good deal of what they consider hunger is gastric irritation, then sit down to a table covered with the most delicious life, and deliberately go to work and overtax the already overstrained vital powers. No person should ever eat heartily when very tired. The wisest thing to do is to drink a cup of hot water with three teaspoonfuls of milk in it, sit down for five minutes, and then begin slowly to eat, masticating thoroughly. In a little while the vigor of the stomach will be back, and all will be well. If this course were followed, there would be one case of dyspepsia where now there are a dozen. It seems to be the most difficult of all things to properly control. When once mastered, something important has been accomplished in self-discipline.

## Chick Captivity with Crippled Mate.

Officers of the British steamship Saxoline, which came into port this morning from Cete, France, to load oil, brought two sea herons, one with a broken wing, and the other, its mate, which refused to desert the disabled bird, says a Wilmington, Del. dispatch to the Philadelphia Press. It is uncommon for these birds to get into mid-ocean, yet when the Saxoline's voyage was but half over the bird flew into the rigging, one breaking its wing by striking against a yardarm. It fell to the deck, was picked up by an officer of the steamship and placed in an improvised cage. Its mate steadfastly hovered over the ship until finally the door of the cage was opened, and the second sea heron flew from the rigging and entered the cage, where it remained with the disabled bird.

German Farmers Rely on Chemistry.  
Recent reports to our department of agriculture indicate that farming is conducted in Germany on more improved and scientific principles than anywhere else in the world, says the Youth's Companion. The German farmers employ less machinery, but more chemistry. They pay very close attention to the fertilization of the soil. Yet with all their efforts and all the advantages of their advanced science they are unable to fully supply the demand of the population of Germany for breadstuffs. They do supply several-eighths of that demand, but the remaining one-fourth is imported from abroad, amounting in 1899 to more than 50,000,000 bushels of wheat alone.

## Carrots for the Voice.

Our grandmothers were quite of the opinion that a sweet, soft voice is an admirable thing in woman, and accordingly they took pains to acquire it. A powerful aid to their effort they believed to be the carrot, and a recipe for making the most popular preparation is the following: Slice some raw carrots in a deep plate, cover them thickly with sugar. Leave the plate in a cool place for three hours, when you will find that the sugar has extracted much of the juice of the carrot and has formed a thick syrup, which is decidedly palatable. The effect of this syrup on the throat and mouth is very beneficial. It is taken in teaspoonful doses.

## The King and His Dog Tax.

A recent Greek law is to the effect that every owner of a dog shall pay a yearly tax of 15 drachmas. Those who do not pay in time are condemned by the new law to pay double the tax. King George sent recently to the police officer to register his four dogs and pay their taxes. But the official found that his majesty owned for the taxes a sum of 48 drachmas, and had taken a paid another 48 drachmas for having failed to meet the law. He sent him a bill for 96 drachmas for his dogs.—St. James Gazette.

ing up at the white walls and lighted windows of her present home. As he passed, he saw a figure—a female—stepping up and down the lawn. His heart told him who it must be. In a moment he was by her side.

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Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock has requested Secretary of War Root to send into the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache reservations, in the Indian Territory, a body of United States troops to clear these reservations, which are soon to be thrown open for settlement of squatters, or "sooners," as they are known on the frontier. More than 1,000 of these "sooners" have entered the Wichita mountains and taken up mineral claims. The district, which is to be divided into homesteads of 160 acres each, is in the Oklahoma country, and is regarded as the most desirable farming land in the southwest.

The department is determined that there shall be no injustice done to the settlers of this new reservation, and it does not propose that the scenes enacted when Oklahoma was thrown open to settlement shall be repeated. A plan has been devised whereby each claimant will have an equal chance with every other claimant, although only a small percentage of those filing claims will secure homesteads. Already the applications on file exceed by many thousands the number of tracts of 160 acres each which are to be disposed of to claimants.

The town of Duncan, Okla., has made a protest against the location of 20,000 acres of grazing land directly opposite and adjoining the military forest reserve, because it raises a wall against the town in communicating with the new reservation when it is settled. It is claimed that the land is too valuable for pasture and could be easily settled with a prosperous population.

Andrew Carnegie is continuing in Scotland the munificent generosity to the various countries he has been fulfilling in the United States. We were told recently of his donation of \$500,000 to establish branch libraries in Glasgow upon the same plan for which he gave \$3,000,000 to Greater New York. Last week came the news of his gift of \$100,000 to establish free scholarships in the historic Scotch universities for poor young Scotchmen.

Of course, this is a materialistic age, and no one, on this side of the Atlantic at least, pays any attention to superstitions. But there are folks in Scotland (no superstition is so potent against the Scotch, but their old legends have greater influence than in this new country, especially among the folk on the country side)—who believe that by these donations, Andrew Carnegie will lift the curse from Skibo Castle, the old estate which he has purchased as his home in the Highlands.

Every one north of the Tweed is cognizant of the fact that a blood-curdling curse rests upon Skibo Castle, and the Scots are asking whether this curse will work against the American owner in the same way that the curse pronounced against the third Lord Byron (who made a drinking cup of the skull of one of the old Abbots of Newstead Abbey), continued to blight nearly all the subsequent owners and occupants of Newstead Abbey, including the poet Lord Byron, until the late Colonel Webb a few years ago found the long lost drinking cup in an old curiosity shop in London, and by restoring it to the Abbot's tomb at Newstead put an end to the curse that rested on the place.

The ban resting upon Skibo Castle dates from the early part of the eighteenth century, when by some foul wrong the Grays, who had owned the castle for several hundred years, were deprived of their ancestral possessions.

One of the most striking inventions recently made is the telegraphone, which may be described as a combination of telephone and phonograph. It was devised by Mr. Poulsen of Copenhagen, Denmark. The telegraphone distributor, as the instrument is called, enables any one to send a message to a number of destinations by speaking once. The instrument depends for its action upon the fact that the current passing through the revolving wire of an electro-magnet is so accurately represented by the magnetization of a steel wire which is drawn through it, that if the wire be again passed through the field, currents exactly similar to those which produced the magnetization of the wire are reproduced in the coils of the magnet. A steel wire is wound in spiral grooves, on a revolving non-magnetic drum. Upon this wire rests two poles of an electro-magnet connected with a microphone transmitter. Any sounds such as vocal speech, or instrumental music, actuating the diaphragm of the transmitter, are transferred as magnet impulses to the electro-magnet, which, when the drum is set in motion, actuates the microphone to the revolving wire. The two poles of the magnet gripping the sides of the wire are carried along a sliding rod laterally, until the end of the coiled wire is reached. Thereupon a device shuts the current off, and the traveling electro-magnet—on to another mechanism.

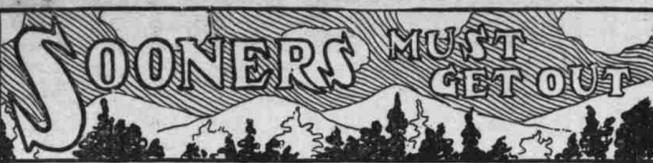
Always Two Sides.  
Many seem to think that there is but a single side to the question of electing senators by direct vote of the people. The National Civic Federation recently undertook to give an expression of the popular sentiment on the subject. They held a kind of referendum and, in reply to their inquiries, received a great many replies. There are two sides to every question, and they ascertained that there were two also to this.

Mrs. Hanna Omeger of New York city, according to Law Notes, recently recovered \$750 damages for injuries sustained by an icicle falling from a tank on top of the defendant's building through the skylight of her house and striking the good dame on the crown of her head. She was not only knocked senseless, but was interrupted in the midst of her dinner, which, when she recovered, had grown cold. For all of these things she asked \$150 damages.

Professors George F. Jewett of Youngstown, O., who recently resigned as principal of the Raven High school, has accepted the presidency of La Salle Seminary for Young Women in Boston.

Rome's Reigning Beauty.  
A recent vignette of interest is that of Donna Vittoria, the acknowledged beauty of Rome, who is really a good deal more than a beauty. Several cars fitted in this way are to be used in the next English military maneuvers.

The Buffalo American Fair.  
The Buffalo Exposition, in most respects still incomplete, will some time be a very instructive exhibit of the resources of the American continent. While as yet it is chiefly interesting at night when it is a dazzling glare of light, made so by the electricity which is wired in from the Niagara Cataract, there is really a good deal already in place in the various buildings, and it is stated that the last heavy wagon with goods has passed over the roads inside the grounds, so that the pavements may now be built. In two or three weeks, therefore, the show should be worthy of close inspection. It is regrettable that the management should be so far behindhand, but it is the common fate of those who visit exhibitions prematurely to have little but trouble for their pains.



## SOONERS MUST GET OUT

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Professors George F. Jewett of Youngstown, O., who recently resigned as principal of the Raven High school, has accepted the presidency of La Salle Seminary for Young Women in Boston.

Rome's Reigning Beauty.  
A recent vignette of interest is that of Donna Vittoria, the acknowledged beauty of Rome, who is really a good deal more than a beauty. Several cars fitted in this way are to be used in the next English military maneuvers.

The Buffalo American Fair.  
The Buffalo Exposition, in most respects still incomplete, will some time be a very instructive exhibit of the resources of the American continent. While as yet it is chiefly interesting at night when it is a dazzling glare of light, made so by the electricity which is wired in from the Niagara Cataract, there is really a good deal already in place in the various buildings, and it is stated that the last heavy wagon with goods has passed over the roads inside the grounds, so that the pavements may now be built. In two or three weeks, therefore, the show should be worthy of close inspection. It is regrettable that the management should be so far behindhand, but it is the common fate of those who visit exhibitions prematurely to have little but trouble for their pains.

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