

The Dom Pedro II. Railroad is the largest and, with perhaps one exception, the most important in Brazil.

BISMARCK'S plan to increase the strength of the German standing army is aimed primarily at France.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

There is not a house for rent in Columbia, Ga.

Atlanta has received 95,000 bales of cotton this season.

There are twice as many visitors from the North at Jacksonville, Fla., as there were at this time last year.

Only three cities in South Carolina have daily newspapers—Columbia, Charleston and Greenville.

In Augusta, Ga., the lamps on all the street corners are to be ornamented with the names of the streets.

During the next thirty days thirteen iron furnaces will be put in operation in the vicinity of Rome, Ga.

Confederate \$50 bills, smeared with green ink, have been lately passed on greenies in McLennan county, Texas.

The owners of the cotton factory at Hawkinsville, Ga., will soon have four Clement attachments in operation.

A firm at Sherman, Texas, shipped on one day 13,000 fur peltries, the largest shipment ever made from that State.

The Pearl-river mill at Jackson, Miss., consume 200 sacks of cotton seed daily and produce fifteen barrels in oil.

Thomas Fulton, of Green county, Ga., has a plantation of 1,300 acres, and has only one hand on it, all the rest having left since Christmas.

Atlanta has fewer policemen now than she had ten years ago. A new force will be elected in April, at which time there will be 500 applicants for forty places.

The Air Line Railroad Company is having a row of shade trees planted on either side of the track at the stations along the line from Atlanta, Ga., to Charlotte, N. C.

One hundred and twenty-five acres of strawberries have been planted in Florida this season for the Northern markets.

The fair at Macon, Ga., for the benefit of the Macon Volunteers, was a decided success, the net receipts being nearly \$3,000.

Arkansas has 3,387 miles of navigable water courses regularly traversed by steamboats. She has eight railroads, having eight hundred miles of road completed and in operation.

Little Rock Democrat: The cotton brought to Little Rock this season, estimated at 45,000 bales, and the average price of \$53 per bale, realized the snug little sum of \$2,350,000. How is that for the new Chicago?

Wilmington (N. C.) Star: A prominent colored man has been the trouble of ascertaining the sentiments of the colored voters of this city as to their choice for the Presidency. The list, so far as a preference was expressed, stands as follows: Blaine, 723; Grant, 221; Sherman, 11.

Little Rock Democrat: Cotton factories are an immense success in Arkansas. The Quepaw Cotton Mill, of this city, has a contract for furnishing cotton twine to the wholesale Chicago house of A. T. Stewart & Co. that cannot be completed in less than two months. The mill never shuts down until 10 o'clock at night.

Montgomery Advertiser: The Alabama Historical Society, at Tusculoo, desires to collect a complete cabinet of Confederate money. Those who have the different denominations of money, and have no special use for it, would be glad, no doubt, to send it to the Historical Society, where it will be carefully preserved.

Richmond Commonwealth: In many

counties of West Virginia steps are being taken to organize wool-growers' and sheep-breeders' associations, the object being to encourage the raising of improved breeds of sheep and to extend the raising of wool and mutton, and above all to secure a better protection against the ravages of dogs.

The English Cabs.

The one-horse cabs, though, are the pleasantest conveyances we find in any English city. The two-wheeler—called the "Hansom," from the inventor's name—carries two passengers, and is hung so low, in front of the axle, that it is an easy step from it to the ground.

THE ENDING OF A FEUD.

The feud between the Kentucky families of Reynolds and Garth had its origin some time previous to the great civil war; but that strife of section against section, State against State, and brother against brother, added fuel to its fire and intensity of its bitterness.

THE IRON CASE.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

[Read by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes as a response at the Lincoln Memorial Boston by array of literary celebrities on the event of his 70th birthday.]

Where is this patriarch you are kindly greeting? Not unfamiliar to my ears his name, Nor yet unknown to many a young man's hearing. In days long vanished—is it still the same?

Oh, changed by years, forgotten and forgetting, Bull-nosed, dim-sighted, slow of speech and thought!

Old eye, the gray beard! Well, indeed, I know him—

Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the prey!

In sermons, story, fable, picture, poem, Oft have I met him from my earliest day.

In my old story, telling with his hand—the head of mine—palely asking death, Who comes when called for—would he live or tarry?

His light for him? He was said of breath.

And, old (Evangelist, or the preacher?) In that last chapter, where the avenging teacher Flings out the loosened cord, the broken bow?

Yes, long ago, I know him from a distance, And now my friend shouldst thou show him face, I take his hand and bid him with no resistance.

And find his smiling and his steps as of yore.

What thought of grief has his low brow now? Think of the time he sat in his study, he loves his.

The hoarse old words, the legless of him.

Alas, now, still, with his white hair, I know him, and his eyes, and his old face, and his old hand, and his old feet, and his old heart, and his old soul, and his old life, and his old death.

Still, as the silver eel, his own and his, He lights the lamp, and his old face, and his old hand, and his old feet, and his old heart, and his old soul, and his old life, and his old death.

He sits by the window, and his old face, and his old hand, and his old feet, and his old heart, and his old soul, and his old life, and his old death.

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At last, as Reynolds was returning from the mill, he met Garth in a narrow path on the side of a hill, and a glance at their faces was enough to show that the fatal hour had come.

Neither was willing to make way for the other, and the first words that broke from their lips were those of abuse and recrimination. After a little of this worldly warfare they drew their pistols and opened fire.

When all the chambers of their revolvers had been discharged, the result of the action thus far was to have been fatal to Reynolds' mule and Garth's horse, while the two men were slightly wounded.

They renewed the fight on foot, clinching and wrestling for the mastery. Then Garth slipped and fell, his antagonist falling upon him.

With a yell of triumph Reynolds drew his knife, and prepared to wipe out all scores with a death stroke. At that moment Lottie Garth came riding up the hill, and with one glance she took in the details of the scene, and realized her father's danger.

Without pausing to dismount, she implored Reynolds to spare the life of the prostrate man.

Her tearful eyes, her outstretched arms, and her agonizing accents, might have melted a heart of stone, but they could not change Phil Reynolds's heart of fire.

He only saw in her appearance another cause for triumph, a chance to inflict another pang upon his hated adversary.

With one sure and powerful stroke he drove his heavy knife to the heart of the man beneath him, and John Garth's fighting days were ended.

Lottie Garth shook and bent in her saddle like a sapling in a strong wind, and it seemed as if she would fall from her horse; but she recovered herself, and fiercely faced the murderer as he rose from his bloody work.

"Phil Reynolds," she said, and her voice rang out on the mountain air as clear as a silver bell, "you have murdered my father, though I beseech you to spare his life. As sure as God lives I will kill you for this deed!"

Reynolds was fairly cowed for a moment. Perhaps he felt the enormity of his crime; perhaps the words and tone of the orphan girl cut him to the quick.

He made no reply, but picked up his pistol, and hastily began to load it, as if he meant to complete the work of exterminating the Garths, and at the same time to get rid of a witness. But Lottie turned and ran away, and was soon out of his reach or sight.

Lottie Garth did not expect that the slayer of her father would be punished by law, and he was not. He was arrested and held to bail, but was never brought to trial.

"The feeling was that such a feud must have such an ending, and that it was a matter of little consequence whether Reynolds killed Garth or Garth killed Reynolds, though there was more sympathy with the latter than the former, on political grounds.

The girl gave her testimony at the inquest, saw that her father was properly buried, and then bade farewell to her few friends in the neighborhood, after putting the Garth farm in the hands of an agent to be disposed of. It was understood that she had returned to Indiana.

It was some six months after the death of John Garth that a stranger came to the farm, and he was a tall, thin, and well-dressed man, with a high forehead, and a pair of eyes that were full of intelligence and energy.

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you might have showed a little mercy there."

"Did he show any mercy when he shot my brother?" asked Reynolds.

"Did you show any mercy when you hanged his son?" answered Ben Sewell.

"Well, it's all done and gone. That gal of Garth's swore that she would kill me and I know she meant it. I've been lookin' for her ever since, but I reckon she will miss her chance."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the boy, as he left the room.

Ben Sewell went out to find the negro man—the only person then on the place besides himself and Reynolds—to send him to the nearest town for some wine which the doctor had ordered.

Ben Sewell was soon jogging along upon his favorite mule, and the roads were some ten miles away, and the roads were bad, he could not be expected to return under four hours.

It was dark when the boy went back to the sick man's chamber, where he lighted a lamp, and mixed a dose of medicine.

"Take this," said he, as he put the glass to Reynolds' lips. "It will be the last dose you will need."

"Have I got to go off so soon as that?" asked the terrified patient, when he had swallowed the draught.

"So the doctors say, then—any kind of a parson."

"Can't do it. Jake has gone away. I will be your parson, and you shall have as good a chance as you gave John Garth. His daughter swore that she would kill you, Phil Reynolds, and she has done it!"

"What do you mean?"

"I am Lottie Garth."

"Then you have poisoned me! I am burning up!"

When the negro man returned, he found Reynolds dead in his bed. He called in the neighbors, and they discovered a paper pinned to the dead man's breast, on which these words were written:

"This man killed John Garth, and John Garth's daughter has killed him."

A writer at Equinunk, Pa., relates the following sad story: Raftermen, returning from down the river, bring news of the death of Mrs. Jacob Moser, of Mosertown, Northampton County, which recalls the frightful work of a winter night, fifty-two years ago, by which the deceased was made a widow. It is a reminiscence of the days when transportation between Philadelphia and Easton was by Durham boats, a style of craft unknown to this generation.

One day in January, 1828, Jacob Moser, his brother-in-law, Jerome Miller, his brother, Rinaldo Moser, and a cousin named Cortright, were running a Durham boat from Philadelphia with a cargo of whisky. Jacob Moser was a powerful man of thirty; Miller was about the same age, and Rinaldo Moser and Cortright were lads of eighteen. Night was approaching when they were in the vicinity of Bristol, and they were caught in a violent storm of wind and sleet. Unable to make a landing on either shore, they ran their boat on a small island. As it grew dark the storm increased in fury, and it was bitter cold. People who remember that night say that it was the most fearful one ever known on the river. The mercury stood below zero and the wind blew a gale. The storm had commenced with rain, and as the cold increased, the rain was frozen into great pellets of ice, which the wind hurled about with tremendous force. To this awful war of the elements the four boatmen were exposed, with not a scrap of wood on the island with which to shelter themselves. They were unable to shelter them from the storm. They attempted to keep warm by running up and down the island, and, after an hour's incessant exercise in that way, which rendered but little relief, one of the party suggested the rolling of a barrel of whisky from the boat and setting it on fire. This happy thought inspired the freezing crew with hope, and with great difficulty they unloaded one of the barrels. Then the appalling discovery was made that there was not a match in the possession of the party. From that moment Jacob Moser lost his heart. He would not make any further effort to keep warm, and for a long time his brother and Miller dragged him about the island, endeavoring to keep his blood in circulation, all to no purpose, for at the end of an hour he was beyond all hope, and they were dragging a frozen corpse between them. When the discovery was made that there was no match, young Cortright knocked the head of a whisky barrel with a stone, and let himself into the liquor up to his chin. Miller and Rinaldo Moser continued to fight all night long against the terrible death that assailed them. When daylight appeared they were discovered by other boatmen, and a rescue party started after them. At the sight of the body that had kept Rinaldo Moser alive through the fearful night, deserted him, and he fell to the ground unconscious. Jerome Miller, although his hands, ears, and face were frozen as white as snow, and his feet were so stiff that he could scarcely move, never lost consciousness. Cortright's face and ears were terribly frozen, the latter so badly that they dropped from his head, and he could not penetrate where the whisky covered him, but from his neck down he was one immense blister, the liquor burned him so.

The three survivors of the awful night and the dead body of its victim were removed to Bristol and subsequently to Mosertown. Rinaldo Moser's legs were amputated at the thigh, as they were so terribly frozen that it was impossible to save them. He lived and became one of the most robust men on the river. He took up his residence with his sister-in-law, the widow of Jacob, and for forty-nine years supported himself and his ferrying people across the river and by fishing. He became known as the "Legless Ferryman," and no character was better known than he was from one end of the river to the other. He was a most expert oarsman, and had few equals as a scientific fisherman. The facility with which he got around on his legless body was wonderful. He died in December, 1876, aged sixty-six years.

Jerome Miller and Cortright both recovered, but both met tragic deaths some afternoon. Miller was drowned in 1829 in the Delaware, and some years afterward Cortright was burned to death in New Jersey. Jacob Moser left two sons. One of them was drowned in the Lehigh River a few years ago, and about the same time the other was drowned in the Delaware. The death of their mother removes the last survivor of the singularly fated family. She was about seventy-six years old.

Reason in a Wasp.

The late Dr. Erasmus Darwin, in his "Zoonomia," gives from his own personal observation the following illustration of the reasoning powers of a wasp:

One circumstance I shall relate which fell under my own eye, and showed the power of reason in a wasp as it exercised among men. A wasp on a gravel walk had caught a fly nearly as large as himself. Kneeling on the ground, I observed him separate the tail and head from the part to which the wings were attached. He then took the body part in his paws, and rose about two feet from the ground with it; but a gentle breeze wafting the wings of the fly, turned him around in the air, and he settled again with his prey upon the gravel. I then distinctly observed him cut off with his mouth first one of the wings and then the other, after which he flew away with it unmolested by the wind.

"Do not kick every one in your way," is the advice to a young man given by one of our exchanges. No, sonny, don't kick every one in your way. It is best to only kick a few—the little fellows. For instance, they can't kick back. Never kick those big six-footers with shoulders like a brown stone front. It might be dangerous. Pass them by in silent scorn, and when you are far enough away, throw a brick at them.—Derriek

SCRIBNER & Co. offered Mr. Ruskin \$400 for a short article on the cathedral of St. Mark's at Venice, and \$1,000 for Browning's poet. Both declined the offer.

EVERY-DAY SPICERIES.

The best thing out is a bad cigar. WASHINGTON is a D. C. tful place.—Exchange. That's a Capital joke.

In the midst of life we are in daily receipt of the Congressional Record. A TEN-CENT ante is better than no relation at all.

LEADVILLE is called a young town because its inhabitants are mostly miners.

MR. PATRICK'S NEEDLE is the only needle that people show a disposition to sit down on.

It's the same with men as with eggs: You can't tell whether they are good or bad 'till they're broke.

LET our Indian policy be: "Nothing for Tribe Utes, but millions for defense."—Whitehall Times.

NEXT to a handkerchief, there is nothing in the world that gets so many blows as a street lamp.

A DOLLAR is always in good quarters, summer or winter, but haug the twenty-cent piece.

A POET sings, "The heart must beat or die." It is precisely the same way with a tramp, you have noticed.—Rockland Courier.

POET—"Do you want any of my blank verse?" "No, we don't want any of your—verse," says the editor.

MR. BYRON was once knocked up at an unseasonable hour in the morning by a friend. "Ah," he said, "a two hours later would have been quite as sweet!"

LIBERAL ENOUGH—Rev. Stranger, pointing to the Madison Avenue Garden—"What church is that, my lad?" Newby—"Go-as-you-please church, sir. Have a paper?"—Puck.

DOMESTIC economy in these days consists in growling about the price of flour at home, and because your friend won't take "another one" while you are down street.

A MAINE editor was paralyzed while sitting in church last Sunday, and an esteemed contemporary thinks the novelty of the situation was too much for him.

ORANGES sell on the streets of Lake City, Florida, at from fifty cents to one dollar per hundred. And alligators, snakes and such fruit can be had for the asking.

The following conversation took place recently in a hotel: "Waiter?" "Yes, sir." "What's this?" "It's bean soup, sir." "No matter what it has been, the question is—what is it now?"

WILLIAM—"Not quite so active as you was twenty years ago, I'm afraid." "No, thank you, William! I find I can run a score lately, but if anybody asks me to 'ave a drink, I jump at the offer."—Fun.

CAN you hold a pretty girl on your lap and not kiss her? Then you are something more than human.—Harford Sunday Journal. Send on your pretty girls, if you want to behold super-human efforts.—New York News.

JOHN MORRISSEY'S widow says she taught him all he ever knew, and when we remember how many tricks he had with that ugly left hand, one can't help but admire the woman he left behind him.—Detroit Free Press.

WIFE (to her husband, who is eating a juicy roast with great relish)—"For Heaven's sake, we have forgotten that this is a fast day." Husband (gulkily)—"You might have waited at least till I was through."

ELDER sister (to little one who appears to take great interest in Mr. Skibbons)—"Come, little pet, it is time your eyes were shut in sleep." Little pet—"I think not. Mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbons were together."

WHEN you see a young man in gorgeous apparel walking about the street with his arms hanging in curves from his body like the wings of an overheated turkey on a summer's day, it isn't because he is in pain. It is because he has been "abroad," and that's the only thing he learned.

EMERSON says a man ought to carry a pencil and note down the thoughts of the moment. Yes, and one short pencil, devoted exclusively to that use, would last some men we know about two thousand years, and then have the original point on.—Burlington Hawkeve

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where men cower, and grows stronger where man fails, and over the wastes of worldly for, sends the radiance of its unselfish fidelity like a star in heaven.

This Thing is Often Done.

Almost every farming community knows of an instance parallel to the following from the New York Tribune: "The true story is told of a well-to-do New Hampshire farmer who last spring gave his fifteen-year-old son a motherless lamb; Johnnie brought it up carefully, and the past fall the father sold it with others and put the money in his own pocket, an act which the Manchester Mirror indignantly characterizes as 'The meanest robbery that could be perpetrated.' It will not be strange if that youth speedily develops an irresistible longing for town life, or the Western country, and the old man will murmur because he is left alone in his old age!"