THE COUNTERSIGN WAS "MARY."

BY MARGARET ETTINGE.

'Twas near the break of day, but still
The moon was shining brightly;
The west wind as it passed the flowers
Set each one swaying lightly;
The sentry slow paced to and fro
A faithful night-watch keeping,
While in the tents behind him stretched
His comrades—all were sleeping.

Slow to and fro the sentry paced,
His musket on his shoulder,
But not a thought of death or war
Was with the brave young soldier.
Ah, no! his heart was far away
Where, on a Western prairie,
A rose-twined cottage stood. That night
The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw,
Her blue eyes kindly beaming.
Above them on her sun-kissed brow,
Her curls like sunshine gleaming,
And heard her singing, as she churned
The butter in the dairy,
The song he loved the best. That night
The countersign was "Mary."

"Oh, for one kiss from her!" he sighed,
When, up the lone road glancing,
He spied a form, a little form,
With falt'ring steps advancing.
And as it neared him silently
He gazed at it in wonder;
Then dropped his musket to his hand,
And challenged: "Who goes yonder?"

Still on it came. "Not one step more,
Be you man, child or fairy,
Unless you give the countersign.
Halt! Who goes there?" "'Tis Mary,"
A sweet voice cried, and in his arms
The girl he'd left behind him
Half fainting fell. O'er many miles
She'd bravely toiled to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear,"
She sobbed; "my heart was breaking;
I could not stay a moment, but,
All other ties forsaking,
I traveled, by my grief made strong,
Kind heaven watching o'er me,
Until—Unhurt and well?" "Yes, love."—
"At last you stood before me.

"They told me that I could not pass
The lines to seek my lover
Before day fairly came; but I
Pressed on ere night was over,
And as I to'd my name, I found
The way free as our prairie."
"Because, thank God! to-night," he said.
"The countersign is 'Mary.'"

"JUST LIKE A MAN."

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"They 'do beat all!" sighed Mrs. Peek, as she wiped her face earnestly with a spotted cotton handkerchief, and set her spectacles aloft on top of her cap border. "I summered an' wintered one on 'em nigh on to fifty years, and the' was things he doue't I don't see into up to this day. Beside, I had sons, and darters' husbands as well, and they're all of a piece; tarred with the same stick, as Lias used to say."

"Well," spoke up Miss Patty Brinkly, a vivacious maiden lady, stopping to thread her needle, with both elbows on the quilt-frame and her thread and needle stabbing at each other nearly half a yard away from her straining eyes. "I hain't never had no such experience, thanks be to praise! Pa used to say if I had ha' married anybody I'd have killed 'em or ran away from 'em, an' I done but what I should."

"They had something to be thankful for, then, as well as thee, Patty," dryly remarked Aunt Marcia Blinn, the only lady of the "Friends" persuasion, as she called it, of whom Oakley boasted.

"Well, they're queer anyhow," resumed the Widow Peck. "Ther's no 'counting for 'em; they'll up and do things you wouldn't no more expect of 'em than anything; and as for bein' protectors for women-folks and all that, which folks tell about in books, my land! Lias Peck would ha' died more'n forty times ef I hadn't ha' had dry things for to put onto him when he came in soakin' wet out of the crick, or after a pourin' rain. As 'twas, he died o' rheumatiz 't he took along o' floatin' saw-logs down to the mill in a spring freshet and never coming home to dinner, but working all day in them damp clothes. I gave him pokeberry rum, an' a hemlock sweat, and two hull bottles of Gumption's Ginger Bitters, besides a rubbin' of him powerful with camphire, before I sent for the doctor; but it stuck to his stomick and he went off like a snuff. But that ain't here nor there; as I was a sayin', for nigh onto fifty years I'd put his flannel shirts into the front left-hand corner of the bottom drawer in the m'hog'ny bureau in the bedroom, and every Sunday mornin' reg'lar, when he was cleanin' up for the meetin' he'd hollor out 'Lurancy! where's them flannel shirts o' mine?' Now that's so!" concluded the disconsolate widow, wiping her eyes, and adding in a stage aside—"But I'd give consider'ble to hear him holler that again!"

"And they hain't got no memory," put in Miss Patty, who had at last coaxed needle and thread to an amicable understanding, and was quilting away with zeal and discretion, as every good quilter knows how. "I never see the time when I they wouldn't forget things. I've tailored round quite a number o' years, and I've had an eye on 'em, as you say. There was Silas Buck, I used to tailor for his folks consider'ble; the' was him and three boys and the hired man. Well, I'd get out o' linen thread, say, and you can't no more make overhauls with sewin' cotton than you can with spider webs, and Mis' Buck she'd say, 'Silas,' says she, 'Patty's all out o' linen thread. When ye go down to the store after them rake-tails I wish't you'd fetch up a hank o' black and a hank o' brown. Now don't ye forget it!' And Silas he'd laugh, he was just as clever as a basket o' chips, and he'd say, 'I'll fetch it mother;' but he wouldn't! 'nd I set an' set a waitin' for't, and fin'lly put on my bunnit and walk a mile down to the Corners for to fetch it myself; then he'd say, 'Cousin Patty'—you see we called cousins because his father's second wife was sister my Aunt Sophrony's husband—'Cousin Patty, hain't you got them overhauls done yet?' and I'd sorter bluster 'nd say, 'Cousin Silas, I ain't no more able to make bricks without straw 'n the Isr'elites was for Pharo', and you didn't fetch me no thread yesterday!' and then he'd haw, haw, right out, he was real clever, but land! so shiftless. That's just a case in p'int, so to speak, ye know; just one time, but you can tell by a little what a great deal means, and, as Mis' Peek says, they're all alike."

"The Thee doesn't think women folks are perfect, does thee, Patty?" queried Aunt Marcia, in her calm voice.

"Well, I dono as they be; I dono as I said they be, but you can gen'lly tell where most of 'em 'll fetch up, and you are kinder fit and prepared for what they will do, and specially for what they won't do. Sometimes they'll disapp'int all your calculation, but then you can fall back on Scripter, and see't they was made to be the weaker sect; though, if 'tain't really lawful to say so, I own I always did have as poor opinion of Adam as ever was; to be a tellin' how 'twas Eve made him eat the apple, when he done it the first time askin', but 'twas just like a man! They keep a doing of it to this day, it's forever an' always 'the woman tempted me.'"

"Thee remembers, doesn't thee? the Scripture says, 'the woman being deceived was in the transgression.' It hath always seemed to me kindly in Timothy so to speak of her as to lay the blame on the enemy."

"That ain't neither here nor there," answered the logical and undaunted Patty. "I ain't tryin' to make light of Eve's disobeyin', but I do say Adam was real mean to get behind her; he was able to say he wouldn't, I guess, jest as well as she was, but he didn't no more'n she did. I was a readin' somewheres, t'other day, about an old French feller, a Judge or somethin', Judge of a P'lice Court, I expect by the tell, and whensomever they fetched a man before him that had been took up for a misdeed, no matter what 'twas, he always asked, 'Who is she?' lettin' on as though a woman was to the bottom of every wrong-doin'. Clear Adam! And that's what I fault 'em for."

"Well, they be queer." Mrs. Peek again took up the fruitful theme. "Sary, what was that you was telling about Thomas an' them letters t'other night?"

"Oh, me!" said Sarah Beers deprecatingly, but with a laugh that lit her pale face and sad eyes; for Sarah was a typical New England woman; careful and troubled about everything; a coward physically, a hercine mentally; afraid of her very shadow, but doing the bravest things, with her heart sinking and her joints trembling all the time, because duty or affection called her to such service. She married Tom Beers, a bright, strong fellow, full of fun and reckless daring, and devoted to Sarah, but entirely ignorant of her daily anxieties and terrors, for she was as reticent as she was timid, if she thought she could save any one—much more any one she loved—by such reticence.

"Oh, tell on't, Sary; 'tain't no harm; we all know Tom sets by ye like his life. He wouldn't do nothin' to plague ye, if he knowed it, no more'n he'd cut his head off; but that letter business was so exactly like men-folks."

A chorus of voices echoed the request. There were only about ten people at the quilting—it was the regular sewing-circle meeting of Oakley—so Sarah consented.

"Well; 'tain't much to tell, but if ma wants me to. You know Tom's horse is real young and kind of skittish, and if there is one thing above another I'm afeard of it's a horse."

"Bless your soul and body," put in her mother; "I never see the thing yet you wa'n't afeard of, Sary, horse or not."

"Oh, I know it, ma, but I am awfully afeard of a skittish horse; Tom, he don't really sense it, and he says Jenny ain't ugly, she's just full of play; and I s'pose she is; she's knowing as a dog, and I give her a bite of somethin' every time he fetches her 'round, and she knows me real well, but she will jump and lash out and shy sometimes, and it makes me just as weak as water, so't I don't never drive her ef I can help it."

"You don't mean to say you ever do drive a creetur when you feel that kind o' way toward it?" queried Miss Patty, sharply.

"Why, I hev to, sometimes, ye know; there's oft-times a day Tom can't leave the hayin' or harvestin' or plantin', or something, and there has to be things fetched from the store, and no way to get 'em except I go for 'em, so Tom he jist tackles up and I go for 'em; he don't really mistrust that I'm scared, and I don't never tell him that I be; what's the use?"

"Well," said Miss Patty, with a snuff no type can express, and Sarah went on:

"So week before last Aunt Simons writ and said she was comin' out to stay a day or two before she went back South, and she was goin' to fetch Joe, that's her oldest, along with her; she wanted for to have us meet her at the station, but she said she shouldn't come if it rained; she's got dreadful weak lungs; but she'd telegraph if she wan't coming. Well, Wednesday morning, the day she set to come, it did rain, sure enough, and seeing there was a donation party to get up, I sided my work away early and walked over to the Center, for I knew I should find all the folks I'd g t to see to home. I'd just got ready 'o start for home about noon-time, and I bethought myself to step into the post-office, for I knew there'd be a mail for the creamery, so I got a double-handful of letters and papers 'and set my face toward home, when who should come up but Tom in the buggy.

"'Get in,' says he, 'I'm a-goin' to the station.'

"'What for?' says I.

"'Why,' says he, 'they hain't sent no telegraph, so they're comin.'

"'But it rains,' says I, 'and Aunt Simons said she wouldn't come if it rained.'

"'Well, says he, 'I obey orders and break owners; she said she'd telegraph if they wan't comin;' and how do you know but it didn't rain there?

"So I got in and put the mail down into the seat, and he driv like Jehu, for we heerd the train whistle; and says I, 'Oh, Tom! don't drive up the hill to the station, I'm afraid Jenny'll be scared.'

"He laughed a little. 'I'll bet she wouldn't be half so scared as you,' says he; 'but I'll leave you to the foot of the hill, and, if they come, I'll holler down to you, and I'll get in and go up to t'other station and put 'em into the hack that waits there, for there can't four ride in this buggy; and you drive along up to that station, and then I'll put you into the hack with Aunt Simons, and I'll take Joe along o' me in the buggy.' So sayin' he jumped out, for we was there, and run up just in time to catch the train. I didn't have a thought that they'd be there, but they was, and he called out, 'They're here, drive along.' I knew 'twas the quickest way to take the road alongside the track, but the 'Tuck train was due, and Jen is skittish, but I thought I'd ought to, so I drove along; there wasn't no train, but right in the road, where I couldn't turn nor back, I see two loose hosses—and, if there is a thing that puts lightenin' into Jenny, it's loose hosses. I tell you the shivers run down my back, but I knew the only chance was to go so fast she wouldn't think about side shows; so I jist lay the whip onto her, and she sprung to and went by them hosses quicker! Well, the hack was going over the bridge, but I catched up with it, and Joe he got out with Thomas and took the buggy, and I got in with aunt. Tom had got to go up street to get a can for the creamery. I called out to him as we went off:

"'Look out for your mail on the seat,' and we drove along. But we hadn't gone a half a mile before Tom he came tearing along and stopped the hack."

"'Where did you put the mail?' says he.

"'Why, on the seat of the buggy,' says I.

"'No you didn't!' says he; 'there wasn't nothing there but papers.'

"'I guess I gave you the letters, then. I sort of thought I did,' says I.

"'Well I havn't 'em anyway,' says he. 'Look in all your pockets, Sally; they ain't in mine.' So I looked and looked, but I hadn't a letter. I knew I hadn't, but I looked to suit him. Then I thought how I drove by the side road, and I told him I guessed they'd jolt out of the buggy when I driv so fast.

"'Dear me!' says he, 'I must have those letters to-day. I've got to; I'll go back over the side road and see if I can see or hear anything about 'em.' So he turned round. I tell you, I felt real bad; I couldn't think anyway in the world what I did with them letters, and I see he was worried to death. After we got to the house and Aunt Simons was fixing herself upstairs, he drove up with Joe.

"'Sally,' says, he, 'do look over your pockets again for them letters; I expect there was a $300 check in one of 'em and we can't afford to lose it.' I was just ready to cry, I tell you, but I overlooked the pockets again; they wan't there, and he said there wasn't any sign or hearin' of 'em on the road. I felt as though I should give up, when he turned and went out of the door, but just as he swung the gate to he hollered out:

"'Sally! Sally!' and I run. 'I cave!' says he, laughing; 'here they be in my own pocket; you give 'em to me.'

"'Sure enough I did, but he put 'em into a pocket he didn't use for letters ordinarily, so he never looked there! and there wan't no check at all in any one of 'em.

"'I guess you was mad?" queired Miss Patty.

"'Well, I was a little stirred up, I don't deny; I set right down and cried quite a spell."

"'Wan't that real mean?" Mrs. Peek asked of the audience with a tone of fine scorn.

"'Did thee wish then thee'd never seen thy husband?" asked Aunt Marcia of Sally.

The anxious face flushed and the sad eyes sparkled.

"'Aunt Marcia, I shouldn't know how to live without Tom any way in this mortal world!" And the clear voice broke down as if the thought of such a contingency was too much.

Aunt Marcia smiled.

"I expect there is faults in all human creatures. 'Male and female created He them,' though; and we can't set out greatly to better the Lord's plans. We couldn't really get along, thee knows, without menfolks, and they could not without us; but I expect if thee could hear them talk amongst themselves, Miss Patty, thee would hear, quite frequent, 'Just like a woman.'"

Miss Patty could not deny it.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Annual Reunion at Detroit.

The Society of the Army of the Potomac convened at Detroit on Wednesday, June 14, and was called to order by Gen. Charles Devens, Jr., its President. Gen. Andrew A. Humphrey, U. S. A., was elected President for the ensuing year. The other officers were re-elected.

The various army corps represented in the Army of the Potomac held corps reunions during the afternoon. First corps elected Gen. E. G. Bragg President; Second, Col. N. S. Church, Ithaca, Mich.; Fifth, Gen. James McQuade; Sixth, Col. James H. Platt; Ninth, Gen. John G. Park, U. S. A.; Twelfth, Capt. W. W. Bush, Lockport, N. Y., who claims to have been the first enlisted man in the War of the Rebellion; Nineteenth, Gen. H. E. Paine, Wisconsin; Cavalry, Gen. W. Wells, Vermont.

Gen. Francis A. Walker sent a letter accepting the position of historian of the Second corps, and Gen. Hincks, of Wisconsin, made a rousing speech to his old comrades, whom he had come 3,000 miles to see.

At the meeting of the Ninth corps, Gen. E. E. Sprague, of Massachusetts, read a beautiful tribute to the memory of their late President, Gen. Burnside.

Gen. Sheridan was received with deafening cheers by the Cavalry corps, and made a brief speech, expressive of kind regard for his old comrades.

The reception in the Music Hall in the evening was a grand event. The auditorium was beautifully decorated with mementoes of camp life, interspersed with the rude engines of war. Gov. Jerome welcomed the veterans of the Army of the Potomac. He said:

"I shall not linger long in the grateful duty imposed upon me of giving you a welcome to the State of Michigan. We recognize in you the surviving coworkers in one of the greatest periods of our history—illustrious agents in the accomplishment of a mighty triumph far transcending the ordinary exploits of arms. You are conspicuous witnesses to the truth, never represented at the military reunions of nations across the Atlantic, that a free republican government by the people knows how to take care of itself. It was your fortune to have been placed in the foreground of the conflict. It was the Army of the Potomac that began the war, and when its fighting was done the war had ceased. The rebel Army of Northern Virginia, defending the rebel capital, represented in the eyes of the world the idea of organized hostility to the Union. The Army of the Potomac, protecting the capital of the nation, and striking directly therefrom at the hearts of its enemies, represented in the eyes of the world the idea of organized loyalty to the Union. You saved Washington, and you captured both Richmond and its defenders."

The Governor then dwelt upon the long services of this great army, and bid it a warm welcome to the State that had furnished 90,000 men to the Union army, and whose representatives were found with the Army of the Potomac from the first crossing over the Long bridge into Virginia to the fall of Richmond, and whose dead strewed every one of that army's battle fields.

Mayor Thompson, in a brief, but cordial speech, welcomed the veterans to the hearts and homes of the citizens of Detroit.

General Devens, on behalf of the Army of the Potomac, made a brief but eloquent response.

John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston, then read his poem, entitled "America," which was a very neat production, indeed, and was received with great applause.

Gen. E. S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, was then introduced, and delivered the oration. This was an elaborate defense of Gen. McClellan's organizing ability and military skill, was high in its praise of Fitz John Porter and strong in its incidental condemnation of Gen. Pope and Secretary Stanton. Tracing the history of the Grand Army from the first to the last, he closed in these words:

"Oh, my countrymen, the Army of the Potomac was the army of deeds worthy to live in history. It fought more pitched battles and lost more men on the field than any of the armies of the United States, aggregating a grand total of 93,856. It was often repulsed, but never with dishonor. Broken, it rallied again; driven back, it returned vigorously to battle. As the sturdy oak on the mountain side, stripped of its limbs and riven with thunderbolts, refuses to bow to the storm, but, conscious of its strength, lifts its head in grim defiance to the elements, so this grand old army, shattered, worn, with thinned ranks, bleeding sons in every hospital, its dead strewn on scores of battlefields, bore to the front her battered, blood-stained banners until the sun of Appomattox gilded them with the luster of a final victory. In its vocabulary 'there is no such word as fail.' Proud is the record of any soldier of whom it may be truly said: 'He was of the Army of the Potomac.'" The close of the address was greeted with great applause.

The audience then loudly called for Gen. Grant, who was on the platform, who acknowledged the compliment, but declined to speak further than to express his gratification at being present with his old comrades in arms, and to declare his belief that volunteer armies were the best in the world. They fought for love of country, and not because they were hired.

Sheridan also declined to make a speech, but expressed gratification at meeting with old friends.

Speeches were made by ex-President Hayes and Gen. Sickles, and the exercises of the evening closed.

The second and last day of the reunion witnessed a grand procession in honor of the veteran guests. The streets were everywhere lined with thousands of people, and the appearance of the most prominent soldiers was greeted with great applause. Grant, Sheridan, Hayes, and Sickles were, of course, the chief attractions. The procession was a mile and a half long. In the afternoon two steamers gave the guests a ride on the Detroit river. The exercises closed with a banquet at Music Hall, where the menu cards were in the form of a canteen, opening on a hinge. Ex-President Hayes responded to the toast, "Our Country;" ex-Gov. Austin Blair to "The Volunteers;" Gen. Sickles to "The Army and Navy," Gov. Jerome to "The State of Michigan," and Mayor Thompson spoke for the city of Detroit.

THE GREAT STRIKES.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 14.

It is two weeks since the ironworkers struck, and they are as determined and enthusiastic as at the beginning. The manufacturers, on the contrary, show signs of uneasiness, which is interpreted to mean that they are weakening. The starting up of the mills at Cincinnati and other points is against them, as it draws trade from the city which may never return. This is part of the plan of the strikers, who think it will force the Pittsburgh manufacturers to resume sooner than they would under other circumstances. The coal strike continues. Strikers at Robbins' works are to be evicted to make room for colored miners. There may be trouble before this is accomplished.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, June 14.

Nearly 1,300 men went to work in the various mills of the Cleveland Rolling-Mill Company at Newburg yesterday. This is a greater number of men than has been at work at any time since the attempt to start the mills a week ago, and the strike may be considered as virtually at an end.

There was a serious disturbance at Cleveland between the union and non-union workmen. Over 1,200 of the latter quit work in the evening at the Cleveland rolling mill, and were escorted by policemen through Wire street, which was lined on both sides with strikers and their wives and children. At the elevators there commenced a shower of stones and cinders, which was kept up for three blocks, Police Captain Hocher being seriously hurt. When the workers had been placed in the street-cars, the police arrested several ringleaders in the assault. Business has been resumed in the Wabash Rolling Mill at Terre Haute, Ind., prices to be governed by the Pittsburgh scale.

Silver Jewelery.

Silver jewelry has taken, or been given, another freak of extraordinary eccentricity. Silver is now fashioned to represent spiders and members of the bug family, not only in form, but in color, and very beautiful they are, if bugs possess that characteristic. The report that devotees to fashion are wearing live bluebottles, cockroaches and June bugs on hats and bonnets, where they are chained and allowed the freedom of its surface, is considered an unreliable one, and without any foundation. Still it is maintained that in New York, or at least in Spain, which is too far away to allow us to investigate, this freak of fashion is to be seen. If any one wishes an ornament of this kind there is no lack of accommodation. If a skilled man with a lasso will call upon us we will put him on the track of some long-leggers already ebonized and polished. It may not be easy to find a jeweler to mount him, unless he has ridden a broncho or a mustang taken wild from the plains.

Silver ornaments have taken other forms true to nature. Flowers and leaves are formed in natural colors. Their comparative inexpensiveness and beauty make them favorites with many buyers. But this kind of buying is hindered by the weather. They appear most fitting on new suits, and, as such suits are to be bright colored, these ornaments will add and be added to. Silver-headed canes are in style yet, but the newest design in canery is the copper-headed and those headed with ancient ivory, or ivory stained to appear as old as that carried by Glaucus (if he carried one) in the streets of Pompeii, on that ash day fatal to him, in the year 79. One of the larger manufacturers of silver and other ware is now producing elegant punch-bowls and tea-pots in copper.—*Providence Journal.*

THE IRON HORSE.

A Resume of the Railway Construction of 1882.

[From the Railway Age.]

Early in the beginning of the present year the impression began to prevail that the construction of new railways in this country had for a time practically ceased, the result, it was believed, of a natural revulsion from the furore for extensions which had characterized 1881. That year, it will be remembered, was noted for the construction of a far-greater railway mileage than any previous year in the history of the country, aggregating between 9,000 and 10,000 miles. This seemed to be adding to our railway system at an excessive and unwarrantable rate, and it was assumed that a marked decrease would ensue. Thus far, however, this year, these predictions have not been justified, but, on the contrary, strange to say, the mileage of new roads already completed is far greater than during the same period for any previous year, and considerably more than twice as great as that for the first five months of 1881 even. To show these remarkable facts we have taken pains to obtain information as nearly complete as possible of the progress of track-laying on each road in the country, from which we have made a summary by States, and present in the following table a statement, so far as we have it, of the miles of track laid in the United States during the five months from Jan. 1 to June 1, 1882, giving also the number of lines concerned:

TRACK LAID FROM JAN. 1 TO JUNE 1, 1882.

State or Territory.	*No. Lines.*	*Miles.*
Alabama	2	13.50
Arizona	1	60.00
Arkansas	2	121.00
California	2	78.00
Colorado	2	253.00
Dakota	1	12.00
Florida	2	61.00
Georgia	4	131.00
Idaho	2	43.00
Illinois	4	92.00
Indiana	6	212.00
Iowa	6	207.50
Kansas	5	116.00
Louisiana	1	24.00
Maryland	2	9.50
Minnesota	3	32.00
Michigan	7	91.00
Mississippi	2	14.00
Missouri	3	48.00
Montana	1	68.00
Nebraska	2	138.40
Nevada	1	15.00
New Jersey	2	9.00
New Mexico	1	6.00
New York	10	149.79
North Carolina	4	63.00
Ohio	9	203.71
Oregon	1	59.00
Pennsylvania	6	71.79
South Carolina	2	48.00
Tennessee	4	41.00
Texas	10	734.00
Utah	1	50.00
Virginia	4	92.00
Wisconsin	4	81.00
Wyoming	1	14.00
Totals in 36 States and Territories	120	3,480.19

From this table it will be seen that during the past five months tracklaying has been in progress in thirty-six States and Territories upon at least 120 roads, and that within that time no less than 3,480 miles of new railway have been added to the United States. These figures, moreover, are necessarily incomplete, as quite a number of roads have not yet responded to our inquiries for information, and on a number of others tracklaying had but recently commenced. Although, as has been said, construction during 1881 was remarkably rapid, yet at this time last year only about 1,500 miles of new track had been reported, or less than 45 per cent. of the aggregate for the present year, and not much more than 15 per cent. of the total laid in 1881. A similar rate of construction for the remainder of this year would show the prodigious total of about 23,000 miles for 1882, but, of course, no such increase is now possible.

That railway construction has by no means been suspended, but that, on the other hand, an enormous mileage is to be added, is indicated by the large number of companies recently incorporated, as well as by the fact that preliminary work is in progress on many other lines which have not reached the stage of tracklaying. By running through our own files since Jan. 1, we find that we have referred to no less than 225 companies either incorporated or in process of construction, these being in addition to the 120 covered by our table of tracklaying, and in addition to the others on which tracklaying is in progress but has not been reported. We believe it safe to say that there are at least 350 lines, covering at a moderate estimate a total of 25,000 miles, upon which work is now either in progress or is proposed to be commenced during the present year! Of course, some of these projects may not speedily be undertaken, and a financial revulsion would put a temporary stop to many lines now under construction; but if the coming harvest throughout the country is good, and business does not experience a serious set-back, it is not unlikely that the mileage of railways constructed during 1882 will nearly equal the remarkable record of 1881.

SHOCKING CALAMITY.

A terrible calamity occurred at Indianapolis the other day. Through the center of the city is a small creek called Pogue's run, which in dry seasons is little more than a mud puddle; but, in the event of a sudden and heavy rain, the extent of country which it drains makes it very dangerous. A tremendous rain-storm, during which two inches of water fell, swelled this stream to an unprecedented height, and flooded the northern part of the city, inflicting a pecuniary damage amounting to several hundred thousands of dollars. The most terrible thing in connection with the flood, however, was the dreadful loss of life. There was a frail, half-rotten bridge spanning Pogue's run, near the Union depot. The water reached almost to the floor of it, and was running very fast. On this were at different times from ten to twenty-five spectators watching the flood. They were several times warned that this was not safe, but paid little attention to this. Finally, when the flood was at its highest, the bridge gave way, precipitating twenty or more persons into the water. Many of these were young girls who worked at an adjoining factory, and nine of these were saved by bystanders. The remainder went through the tunnel, which is a square in length, and strangely enough three of these were rescued alive. The dead bodies of eight persons were taken out within a few hours, and it is believed that the list of drowned will reach a dozen.

Science and History.

M. Renan has, in an interesting passage of his own autobiography, given it as his belief that a century hence mankind will study very little else than physical science. The time, he thinks, will come when the historical sciences will be thrust into the back-ground; all that they have to teach will be known, and men will feel comparatively little interest in their own past. On the other hand, the more they know of nature the more there will be to be known. Chemistry and physiology offer inexhaustible fields for research; and the truths which they reveal will prove more and more interesting to mankind. It is very difficult to say what men will think or do a hundred years hence; but it seems likely enough that this will be the tendency of study. Certainly, even now, the men of science are becoming more and more important factors in the life of all of us. They are little by little winning the fight against disease; they are giving us facts, and enabling us to found our beliefs on the sure ground of knowledge. Their influence must surely become greater and greater as time goes on; for humanity always reserves its highest honors for those who teach it to know.—*London Times.*

SOUTH AUSTRALIA has a population of 279,866. Its debt had grown from $11,000,000 in 1873 to nearly $50,000,000 in 1881.

LIVE STOCK CENSUS.

By a recent bulletin of the census office at Washington, the statistics of live stock in each of the States and Territories show that there were on farms in the United States, June 1, 1880, 10,357,981 horses, 1,812,932 mules, 993,970 oxen, 12,443,593 milch cows, 22,488,590 other cattle, 35,191,156 sheep and 47,683,951 swine. The figures of Illinois and adjacent States are as follows:

MISSOURI.			
Horses	667,716	Mules	192,627
Oxen	9,020	Milch cows	661,405
Other cattle	1,410,507	Sheep	1,411,298
Swine	4,553,123		
IOWA.			
Horses	792,922	Mules	44,424
Oxen	2,406	Milch cows	854,187
Other cattle	1,755,341	Sheep	455,359
Swine	6,034,316		
ILLINOIS.			
Horses	1,023,082	Other cattle	1,515,063
Mules	123,278	Sheep	1,057,073
Oxen	3,346	Swine	5,170,266
Milch cows	865,913		
KANSAS.			
Horses	430,967	Other cattle	1,015,935
Mules	64,889	Sheep	499,671
Oxen	16,789	Swine	1,787,969
Milch cows	418,333		
ARKANSAS.			
Horses	146,33	Other cattle	433,392
Mules	67,092	Sheep	246,737
Oxen	25,444	Swine	1,565,098
Milch cows	249,407		
DAKOTA.			
Horses	41,670	Other cattle	88,825
Mules	2,703	Sheep	30,244
Oxen	11,411	Swine	63,399
Milch cows	40,572		
INDIANA.			
Horses	581,444	Other cattle	864,846
Mules	51,780	Sheep	1,100,511
Oxen	3,970	Swine	3,186,413
Milch cows	494,944		
MICHIGAN.			
Horses	378,778	Other cattle	466,660
Mules	5,083	Sheep	2,189,389
Oxen	40,393	Swine	964,071
Milch cows	384,578		
MINNESOTA.			
Horses	257,282	Mules	9,019
Oxen	36,344	Milch Cows	275,545
Other cattle	347,161	Sheep	267,598
Swine	381,416		
MONTANA.			
Horses	35,114	Mules	858
Oxen	936	Milch cows	11,308
Other cattle	169,113	Sheep	184,277
Swine	10,278		
NEBRASKA.			
Horses	201,834	Mules	19,999
Oxen	7,234	Milch cows	161,187
Other cattle	500,129	Sheep	199,463
Swine	1,211,724		
WISCONSIN.			
Horses	353,826	Mules	7,136
Oxen	28,762	Milch cows	478,374
Other cattle	622,005	Sheep	1,336,807
Swine	1,128,825		

The Mule.

This is a Mule. He feels sick. Do not pet a Mule because he feels sick, for he may make you feel sick. The Mule's Tail is short and slim. He cannot brush off the Flies with his Tail. His Ears are large and long. He can brush Flies off his Tail with his Ears. With his Ears he can fan himself, too. His fore Legs are quite short. His hind Legs are ex-ceed-ing-ly long. Many nat-u-ralists have tried to mea-sure the Length of a Mule's hind Legs; but have only suc ceed-ed in having their own Legs measured. A wise man has said "there are some Things in Nature past finding out." This is one of those Things. It is safer to play with a Mule's Ears than with his Tail. It is safer to play with a Can of Ni-tro-Glyc-er-ine than either. Dear Chil-dren, if your Pa-pas have Lots of Money, do not let them buy any Mules with hind Legs on to cel-e-brate Fourth-of-July with, for Mules with hind Legs on are apt to go off sud-denly, and remove Your Sweet Young Soul from Life's pleasant Scenes.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Justice Rendered in a "Trade-Mark" Case at Bombay, India, April 14th, 1882.

Nathoo Mooljee, a resident druggist at Bombay, India, offered Pain Killer for sale, an imitation of the genuine Davis Pain Killer. Mr. H. Ballentine, agent of Perry Davis & Son, entered suit against him for pirating on the Trade Mark. The case was called on the 14th of April. The court found him guilty of pirating the Trade Mark "Pain Killer," and fined Mooljee 500 rupees. Everywhere at home and abroad has Perry Davis & Son sustained their rights to the name of Pain Killer.

NO MAN with money about his clothes should ever retire without having a woman with him, a wife, of course, to frighten off the burglars. A reformed thief yesterday told us that a burglar would sooner enter a room containing four men and twice as many revolvers as one having only one woman in it—for neither the men nor the revolvers can squeal like a woman.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

SIXTY per cent. of the mechanical energy converted into electricity and applied to a Faure storage battery has been reconverted into work on discharging the battery.

Brightest Intellects Suffer Most.

Young men who have led a life of dissipation and excess, reform! Give tone to the stomach, regulate the liver, strengthen the urinary organs, relieve those dull pains in the limbs, rid yourself of that feeling of nausea, nervousness, languor and debility, by using Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, then will you experience a genial warmth and awakening life, in place of that dead feeling of decay, and dyspepsia, urinary sediment, weak kidneys, etc., no longer undermine your constitution. Delay is dangerous. Ask your druggist for it.

AN Austin teacher was instructing his class in natural history. "To what class of birds does the hawk belong?" he asked. "To the birds of prey," was the reply. "And to what class do quail belong?" There was a pause. The teacher repeated the question. "Where does the quail belong?" "On toast," yelled the hungry boy at the foot of the class.—*Texas Siftings.*

IT'S very provoking when the editor writes it "Meeting of the masses," and the compositor, when setting it up, puts a space in the wrong place and makes it read "Meeting of them asses."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

A GENTLEMAN writes: "I suffered for years from weakness of the urinary organs, and was fast approaching consumption and a premature grave. I happened to hear some one say that Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla was good for dizziness and bad blood. I tried it and have beenmade well."

THE Chinese seem to be as hard to regulate as the Mississippi river. Like the father of waters, the Chinese are of a dirty, yellow color, and go wherever they please. The Mississippi, however, has the biggest mouth, except when the Chinaman smiles. The Mississippi river has been obstructed with dams, but a great many people think a Chinaman is not worth a curse.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE Arabs are so polite that when a thief robs a man he not only apologizes, but hopes the victim will find some one to try his hand on.

KIDNEY-WORT cures piles. It has a soothing and healing action that is very potent.

BROWN—"So old Tightfist is very sick! Have they given up all hope?" Fogg—"Yes, all hope." Brown—"Very sad, isn't it?" Fogg—"Very sad. They did have strong hopes until yesterday, but now they fear he is going to get well."

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

MRS. BOWLINE (watching the dancers)—"Ah, but see what a pretty figure young Chisel, the sculptor, makes on the floor." Mr. Twitchell (a rival sculptor who chanced to overhear)—"So he does; but it's a deuced sight prettier figure than he can make out of marble."

ATTENTIVE: "I do so like to talk to you," she says softly, in a pause in the conversation, beaming on him and sighing. "Why?" asks the unsuspecting youth. "Because," she answered gently, "because you are all ears."

HINT for mammas. An old lady who has several unmarried daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

EVERY lady who shops by mail should send five 3-cent stamps for a copy of *Strawbridge & Clothier's Quarterly.* The present number contains 1,000 engravings, illustrating the new fashions, and four pages of new music. Strawbridge & Clothier, Eighth and Market streets, Philadelphia.

THE SPRING GRAIN.

June Report of the National Department of Agriculture.

The June crop report of the Department of Agriculture at Washington represents an entire area of 1,561 of the principal counties of the United States, and includes all but a small fraction of the breadth of prominent crops. The area in cotton is 27.1 per cent. less than in 1881. A large number of returns say that with the recent fine weather cotton is improving and gives some assurance of a better report for July. The largest deficiency is in States bordering on the Mississippi river, where planting in overflowed districts was not entirely finished the 1st of June.

The area sown in spring wheat has decreased apparently about 12 per cent. The comparative average of the Northwest is as follows: Wisconsin, 85; Minnesota, 88; Iowa, 82; Nebraska, 90; Dakota, 102.

The condition of winter wheat is still very high, averaging 100. Last year in June it was 76. Taking the winter and spring areas together, and assuming a continuance of the present conditions, a yield exceeding thirteen bushels per acre would result in an aggregate exceeded only by the product of 1880. The Southern harvest is safe. Northern winter wheat has few risks to encounter, but spring is still an uncertain quantity.

The corn acreage cannot be given until July. A large increase in area is reported in the South and in the Northwest, but in half the States planting was not finished on the 1st of June, and in large districts the plant had made no show above ground. In parts of the South early-planted is in tassels. Planting is everywhere late, the plant is small, and not of average vigor or color in consequence of cold and wet weather.

The increase in the area of oats is nearly universal, and amounts to an average of 7 per cent. The average of condition is 101. The harvest promises to be very large.

There is an increase of 1 per cent. in the area of barley. Average condition, 90.

The condition of clover and spring pasture has improved, and ranges very high in the South and fair to good in other sections.

"THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER."

DR. PIERC