

THE smoke of the great fire in Dallas, Tex., was seen in Fort Worth, thirty-two miles distant. A fire alarm was sounded in Fort Worth, and with twenty-seven men the foremen of all the companies took a steam fire engine and two hose reels to the Union depot. They put the engine on a flat car, and in forty-five minutes from the sounding of the first alarm they were playing on the fire in Dallas.

THE New Zealand Legislature has decided that the Kea must go, Kea being the name of a race of parrots whose fondness for mutton has made them exceedingly disliked. They are said to have acquired this expensive taste gradually, having been content to peck at carcasses hung up in the markets. But in recent times they have developed sufficient audacity to attack the living sheep, and thus invited official destruction.

DR. NORVIN GREEN, the President of the Western Union Telegraph company, in an article in the current number of the *North American Review*, on "The Government and the Telegraph," gives the following figures of the miles of telegraph lines now in operation in the countries named:

In Great Britain.....	23,000
In Germany.....	41,000
In France.....	36,000
In Austria and Hungary.....	180,000
In the United States.....	180,000

He states that on the lines in the United States there are "about 500,000 miles of wire."

THE father of the late Duke of Portland used to say that he was the wealthiest living Englishman, for, though his revenue might not be so large as that of some others, no one had more available cash. Lord Derby is in a similar agreeable position. His income from land alone is £167,000 per annum, and he may be credited with at least as much more as will make up £200,000 per annum. For his Irish estates, which he wisely sold, he received £160,000. Then he has £5,000 a year officially. His wife has a large jointure from the Salisbury estates, and he is childless.

THE membership of the church at Wallpack, N. J., is all torn up over an internal dissension that threatens to drive the defeated faction to the mountains. The fight began ten years ago, over the location of the church when it was about to be rebuilt. It finally settled on the organist. This, of course, was but natural. The church organist who escapes assassination may be accounted lucky. The controversy growing hotter, the enemies of the organist, a young lady, were driven to desperation. They couldn't do justice to their indignation, because its object was a woman. They then perpetrated the unique usage of tarring and feathering the instrument. There are pygmies in the church as well as out.

A BURLINGTON correspondent says that the Vermont law giving women the right to vote for school officers and to hold educational offices, which has been in force three years, is practically a failure. The law is obscure in its terms, and too little interest has been taken by the women in its provisions to obtain a judicial interpretation of it. Of the 241 towns in the State, twenty have this year chosen women for Superintendents of Schools, but in no case, so far as this correspondent knows, has such a choice been brought about by the votes of women. Of the twenty the majority are clergymen's wives. Female Superintendents were not a novelty in the State at the time of the passage of this law, but the legality of their election had not previously been formally recognized.

A CASE of extraordinary longevity is reported by Russian papers from Bessarabian province, where Savtchuk, a man of above 130 years of age, enjoys perfect health and strength, but his white hair has a greenish tinge. He is a little Russian by birth, and settled in Bessarabia while it was yet under Turkish dominion. His eldest son, who is more decrepit than his father, is 87 years old. The village of 120 houses where Savtchuk now lives has risen from one cottage, which he built a long time ago with the help of a friend, and is exclusively inhabited by direct descendants of the two first inhabitants. The tribe of the Savtchuk is composed of fifty families, which live in peace and quiet without ever going to law.

A RECENT telegram from Charleston, S. C., states that a bale of cotton picked by machinery was exhibited on "Change and attracted general attention. Its condition was pronounced to be as good as that picked by hand. A large number of machines designed for picking cotton have been invented during the past few years, and some of them are of very ingenious construction.

The trouble with picking cotton by machinery is not found in the machines themselves, but with the condition of the plant. The bolls do not all ripen at the same time. The ripening process goes on during several weeks. To prevent wastage it is necessary to pick the bolls as fast as they become matured. A delay of a few days often subjects the ripe cotton to injury by rain and winds. The machines that have been experimented with gather the cotton from the ripe bolls well enough, but they tear open those that are not mature. A machine that will gather the ripe bolls and not injure those that are not mature would be a great success. Such a machine would revolutionize cotton production in a few years. It would be almost as valuable as the cotton gin. By judicious selection of seed it may be possible to produce flowers that will mature at the same period. Could this be accomplished the success of the machines that have heretofore been experimented with would be assured. At present the expense of picking cotton greatly reduces the profit.

A "SPY" went on Sunday to a hotel at Newton, Ct., and persuaded the proprietor to sell him liquor. The proprietor was arrested, but when the trial came on the doors of the court-room were found to be locked and the keys missing. The court was then adjourned until the next day. The "spy" who was the chief witness, was found missing. The court adjourned for dinner. But the hotels were all closed to the prosecuting lawyers and witnesses, and nothing could be done but some crackers and cheese which one of the defendants had bought. Public opinion seemed opposed to the idea of hiring somebody from another town to come in and break the law in order to secure evidence against the local hotel proprietors. The people believe in home industry and in producing their own spies. Therefore they wouldn't allow the foreign one to be produced at the trial.

CHICAGO Times: Last evening a man named William McNulty entered the Hyde Park police-station and told a story that, no doubt, made the remains of the good George Washington turn over in his grave. He had enlisted in the army, at the tender age of 15 years—in 1843—for five years. The enlistment was renewed for the same length of time in 1848, 1853 and 1858. Serving under Grant at Vicksburg, he was taken prisoner. The Confederates took him South and finally into Mexico. There, at the time Maximilian was shot, McNulty had a rope around his neck twice, but was finally saved. In 1865 he was captured by a gang of "Greasers," and until recently had been a prisoner in the Sierra Madre mountains. He tried to escape, and was shot with several bullets in the shoulder and abdomen, besides losing a portion of one foot. He now has a copper bullet in his neck which entered his mouth, and at present reclines peacefully on the carotid artery. His hands and feet have been nearly shot to pieces, and he carries a bullet in his head which penetrated between the eyes. He escaped recently when the band was captured, and is now on his way home to Adrian, Mich. He has not heard from his old home for twenty-two years. The good people of Adrian should extend a proper reception to Mr. McNulty.

Brother Jonathan.

"You have told us about Uncle Sam," said a bright boy at my elbow, "now can you not introduce the original Brother Jonathan?" So I consulted the "Dictionary of Americanisms," and found something like the following: When Gen. Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary war, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he discovered a great want of ammunition, and it seemed as if no means could be devised for the defense and safety of the troops and country. The elder Jonathan Trumbull was then Governor of the State of Connecticut; and Washington, who relied with the utmost confidence upon the Governor's judgment, remarked: "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." This was done, and his Excellency succeeded in supplying many of the exigencies which existed. Afterward, when fresh difficulties arose, the remark of Gen. Washington was remembered and repeated until it became by-phrase, and later a designation for the whole country.—*New York Examiner*.

Bullets in the Ball-Room.

A young fellow went to a doctor to have his legs examined, and there came near being a consultation of physicians over the case. His shins were black and blue in spots, and he didn't know what was the matter. He said when he attended dances, and was waltzing, he often felt peculiar sensations on the shin bones as though he had been struck with something hard, but he didn't know but it was nervous prostration. The doctor went to the next dance, and when the young man felt the peculiar sensation, he whistled, and stopped waltzing, and led the girl up to the doctor. It was soon discovered that the trouble arose from the small leaden bullets that girls wear in the bottom of dresses, to make them set well. The young man only dances quadrilles now.—*Peck's Sun*.

THERE is but a step between a proud man's glory and his disgrace.

THE BAD BOY.

"Hello, Henmerry," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in holding his sides to keep them from bursting with suppressed laughter; "what has occurred to cause a pious young man to laugh in that worldly manner? You must try to cultivate a long, mournful countenance, and learn to sigh and look sick when you are the happiest," and the grocery man weighed out a couple of pounds of buckwheat flour for a hired girl. "Has your pa joined the police force? I saw him driving a lot of hogs to the pound yesterday."

"That's what I am laughing about," said the boy, as he put an apple on the stove to bake it. "Pa has gone to the pound after the hogs this morning. You see, I have been taking lessons in painting and drawing, and the other day I surprised pa by showing him a picture of a blue cow, with a green tail and old gold horns, and he told me he never saw anything more natural, and he advised me to turn my attention entirely to animal painting. Pa keeps four hogs in a pen in the back lot, and every day he turns them out in the alley and lets them run, and takes them up when they come home. The hogs are large white ones, regular beauties, and pa thinks about as much of them as he does of me. Well, pa told me to go and turn the hogs out yesterday, and I took my paint brush along and before turning them out I painted black spots all over the hogs. You never see a lot of speckled hogs, where the spots were put on any better. The hogs looked at each other kind of astonished, and I turned them out. In the afternoon, pa went out to the pen and began to call, 'poig, poig,' and the pigs came running up the alley. Pa saw the strange hogs coming, and he got mad and drove them out of the alley, and then he called for his pigs again, in a muscular tone of voice, and the speckled hogs came again, a little slower, and seeming to wonder what ailed pa. They acted as though they felt hurt at being received in such a violent manner. Pa met the speckled hogs with a broom, and he run them down the alley again, and the hogs stood off and looked at him as though they thought he had the jinx-jams. You'd a hide to see pa drive his own hogs away, and talk sassy. He got a pail of swill and called the hogs again, and they came on a gallop, and then pa called a policeman and they drove the hogs to the pound. I didn't see pa last night, but the first thing this morning I told him I had taken his advice, and turned my attention to animal painting, and that I had painted spots on our white hogs, and made speckled hogs of them, and that speckled hogs were worth 1 cent a pound more than white hogs. Well, pa didn't faint away, but when it all came over him, that he had drove his own hogs to the pound, he was so cross he could have bit a nail. But he didn't say anything to me, 'cause I s'pose he didn't want to discourage my artistic ambitions, but he has gone down to the pound after the hogs. May be the rain has washed the spots off, and the man that keeps the pound will not let pa have white hogs when he left speckled ones there. However, I didn't warrant the hogs to be fast colors, anyway. Do you think it was wrong to put spots on the hogs?"

"Wrong?" said the grocery man, as he put some white flour into the sack of buckwheat flour and mixed it up; "it was a condemned outrage and deception on your pa, and you ought to be punished. But that was not as bad as your wheeling a nigger baby behind your pa and ma, when they were coming from the museum. What did you do that for?"

"Well, the colored baby was sawed off onto me, and I had to wheel it," said the boy, as he ran his teeth into a baked apple he had taken off the stove. "You see, us boys had been sawing wood for the ladies that keep the foundling asylum, and when we got through I asked the boss woman, the one who warms the milk and puts it in the bottles for the babies, if there was anything more we could do. Well, she said it was a nice day for the babies to be outdoors, and if us boys would wheel the babies around a block, on the sidewalk, and give the poor little things a little fresh air, they would be real glad, so I told them to trot out the baby wagons, and we had a boss time wheeling those poor little infants. I guess they have about forty, and they look awful sad. Gosh, I wouldn't like to be a foundling, with no pa or ma, except a rubber nursing bottle, would you? If those ladies that take the foundlings and bring them up, don't get heaven without any questions being asked as to what church they belong to, then St. Peter is a different kind of a box-office ticket seller than I take him to be. We boys took two babies at a time, in baby wagons, until we had given 'em all a ride but one, and I tell you it did us good to see the poor little things look around at the people we passed, as though they were looking for their parents. I don't suppose they see any parents, but I noticed a couple of young fellers get on the other side of the street mighty quick when they saw the procession coming. Say, some of those babies are just as smart as anybody's babies, and after they had been out a little while in the sunshine they would laugh and look so pleasant and happy that I had more fun and felt better than if I had been in a circus. But when the last baby came in, it was a colored baby, and us boys looked tired. My chum he kicked on wheeling the colored baby, 'cause he is a Democrat, and the other boys said it was time for them to go home, and finally another boy and me tossed up a cent to see which should wheel the little black fellow. It came tails, and I lost, and the lady put the baby in my wagon, and I started off. The first thing that colored baby did was to look up at me and say 'papa.' Gosh, I thought I should die, and I turned round to slap its side of the head, when the boys and the lady laughed. But when the lady said it had taught it to say 'papa,' and I looked at it, and it was laughing and kicking and having fun, I was kind of mashed on that nigger baby, and if it ever wants a friend all it has got to do is to send a postal card to Henmerry. I had more fun with that baby than you ever

see. I would wheel it along behind a gentleman and lady who were talking earnestly, and it would say 'papa,' and they would look scared, and they would look offended, and they would turn a corner and go off and wouldn't speak to each other. One fellow gave me half a dollar to take it away, and I gave the money to the lady that keeps the baby livery. Well, just before I took the colored baby back to the Home, I see pa and ma going along on the sidewalk, and pa was explaining to me how it was that he was out till 12 o'clock the night before, at a special meeting of the lodge, and ma didn't believe it as well as pa thought she ought to, and just then I run the baby wagon right up between them, and the colored baby said 'papa,' and I laughed, and ma said 'Henmerry, where on earth did you find it?' and pa leaned against the fence and turned pale and said, 'It's a condemned lie,' and the baby laughed, and then I told them I was working for the foundling asylum, wheeling babies for fresh air, and they went home, but pa walked awful tired. That's all I did to trifle with pa's feelings, and I didn't think it was very bad, do you?"

"No, sir," said the grocery man, as he took the boy by the hand and pressed it heartily. "A boy who can take pleasure in doing good like that, to poor little foundlings that are despised, is a friend of mine, and you can paint all the speckled hogs in this ward if you want to. As Shakespeare says, 'In-a-much as ye do unto the least of these, ye do it unto yours truly.'"

And the grocery man drew some maple syrup out of a molasses keg for a boarding-house keeper, and the bad boy went out to help his pa drive the speckled hogs home.—*Peck's Sun*.

A Bad Place.

The country hotel is not a place of blissful repose, and there is one in Arkansaw which is rarely visited the second time by the same man. Several nights ago a gentleman, hungry, wet and tired, stopped at the place, and after partly satisfying his appetite with corn bread and bacon, went to bed. Just as he sank to sleep, a negro entered the room, shook the tired man, and said:

"Boss, yer halfer git out dis bed. De boss's son hab jes' got married an' hab foitch his wife home. Rate yer 'sturb yer, but de happy pa' must hab dis room."

"Why didn't you tell me before I took the room?" said the tired man, arising.

"Case da wan't married den, sah."

"Didn't you know that he was going to marry?"

"Sorter spicedion it, sah, but yer see de lady dun foiced de boss's son three times, an' we didn't know but she was gwine ter foof him agin."

"I wish she had. I don't see why people want to marry when it imposes a hardship on others."

"Doan see myself, boss. Jes' step dis way, an' I'll show yer a good room."

The tired man was shown into a room which could not have been much worse than the one he had just left, and which was certainly no better. He threw himself on the bed, and had probably been asleep five minutes, when the negro entered again, shook him, and said:

"Hater ter interrup' you, Colonel?"

"Then why the devil do you?"

"Showed yer in the wrong room, sah. Dis one hab dun been engaged by a travelin' gentleman."

"He can't have it."

"I'd 'vis' yer, boss, not ter argy wid him. Bad man an' totes a self-cocker. Show yer ter yer room, sah?"

The tired man followed the colored gentleman to another room, which was little better than a stable. "Yer ken rest here, sah, mighty peaceable."

The man was soon asleep, but after awhile he was aroused by the negro, who said:

"I haster 'sturb yer agin, sah. Travelin' man down stairs what 'gaged dis room. Said dat of I didn't give him de room or de dollar extra what he paid for it, dat he'd kill bob of us."

"Here, take him the dollar."

"Thankee, sah. I feels safe now," and he left. The next morning the man learned that there had been no marriage, but that the negro had been paid extra by travelers for the best rooms, and that the dollar secured him his room as the last man who arrived only offered the black rascal 50 cents.—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

A Business Proposition.

A cowboy, who had lately arrived in Austin from the Panhandle district, stepped up to the ticket-window of the International railway-station, and inquired the fare to a certain place.

"Eight dollars," replied the agent.

"But can't you let me down a little easier than that?" he said. "Come, now, I'll give you \$5."

"There's no jowing down of prices here," said the agent; "do you want a ticket?"

"Well, don't get up on your ear about it," said the cowboy. "Gently, gently, be you the man that's going to run the train out of here?"

"No, it's another man."

"Tis, eh? Well, won't you just ask him if we won't take me for less if I'll let him run slow and save expense of wear and tear on the machinery and road-bed? I ain't in no particular hurry."—*Texas Siflings*.

"No, I Thank You."

Jennie Jones was a pretty little girl, and it was the only time she had ever been visiting by herself. She was spending the afternoon with one of her schoolmates, and, when it came time, Jennie was invited to stop to tea. It came tails, and I lost, and the lady put the baby in my wagon, and I started off. The first thing that colored baby did was to look up at me and say "papa." Gosh, I thought I should die, and I turned round to slap its side of the head, when the boys and the lady laughed. But when the lady said it had taught it to say "papa," and I looked at it, and it was laughing and kicking and having fun, I was kind of mashed on that nigger baby, and if it ever wants a friend all it has got to do is to send a postal card to Henmerry. I had more fun with that baby than you ever

THE CURRENCY.

Extracts from Controller Knox's Report.

Controller of the Currency Knox reports the organization of 262 banks for the year ending with last month, leaving 2,522 in operation, the system extending into every territory. The bonds outstanding in the market, aggregate \$1,027,000. The Government has gained about \$4,000,000 by the accidental destruction of bank notes, and the whole cost of the system in twenty years has been but \$3,000. Comptroller Knox has taken steps to avoid contraction of bank circulation is to reduce the redundant amount of banknotes.

At the date of my last report the corporate existence of eighty-one National banks and twenty-one of the trust companies had extended their existence under the act of July 12, 1862, fifty-two banks went into voluntary liquidation, and were succeeded by other associations organized in their place, chiefly partnerships. On the 1st of July, 1863, the Comptroller announced the extension of the corporate existence for a new period of twenty years of National banks whose franchises were about to terminate.

The four remaining banks expired by limitation, and did not effect any organization. The number of National banks organized under the act of Feb. 25, 1863, which were in operation at the date of my last report, 273 have extended their corporate existence under the act of July 12, 1862, and the date of their existence has been extended by the act of July 12, 1863, for three years.

As to the relation of the banks to the bonds, the Controller of the Currency says:

The average rate of interest now paid by the United States on the bonds deposited in the National banks is about 4 per cent., the market value of the bonds being about 31 per cent. only of the current market value of the bonds.

The banks now hold \$41,000,000 of 4%, \$106,000,000 of 4%, and \$21,00