

Our Phosphate Mines—New Fields of Business.

It is a noteworthy fact that the phosphates of South Carolina have become a valuable article of commerce. The largest proportion of the Charleston phosphatic exports goes to Great Britain. Canada takes a considerable quantity. The Northern States not much yet. There are manufactories in Baltimore to which the ore is taken for reduction and treatment. In the South the trade is rapidly extending. Native commercial fertilizers are rapidly supplanting those imported from abroad, or manufactured in other States. Peruvian guano is becoming less used alone. It enters largely into the composition of other fertilizers as a base. The adaptability of our domestic fertilizers to our soil, and their efficacy upon crops, are matters no longer of doubt. At least twenty-five per cent. of advantage is gained, where they are applied. On soils naturally good, and in good condition, they return even a higher per cent. On exhausted lands, they can be made to supply the elements which successive cropping has taken away. The combination of the fertilizing or stimulating properties may be made to suit the condition of the soil. One will require ammonia, another phosphoric acid, another phosphate of lime, and another something else, perhaps. A planter can give his order to suit the land he cultivates, or the crops which he proposes to take off of it. Where they are consistently and intelligently applied, improvement in the land must regularly result. In considering their value, another thing must be taken into account. The effect of the use of fertilizers upon accelerating the maturity of cotton crops has been demonstrated to be as much as two or three weeks of time. This is no inconsiderable advantage in the diminution of labor. Risks of frost, worms and rains are correspondingly diminished.

The General Assembly did a wise thing, a few years ago, in establishing an inspector of fertilizers. The deposits are subjected to chemical analysis, and the precise quality or production of the ingredients of which they are composed ascertained and stamped upon them before they are placed upon the market. This tends both to keep the standard high and, at a glance, to instruct the planter in which he is buying. It is equally beneficial to the manufacturers, in the exclusion which it operates of inferior articles. The companies engaged in manufacturing appreciate its advantages to themselves. The practice of frauds in the quality of the article, which, we recollect, was so common among Northern manufacturers, is thus not practicable here. Instead of decrease in their use, therefore, as at the North, because of the sale of articles not up to the standard as at first fixed and promised, and worthless to the farmer, this rigidity of inspection, in keeping the quality pure, will tend to increase the use.

Phosphate digging in this State is rapidly increasing. One company mined 15,000 tons during the last year, and the production from river deposits alone amounted to 40,000 tons in the last twelve months. It is thought that the entire products of the State will be increased not less than forty per cent. during the present year. The deposits are inexhaustible, and are the richest in the world. South Carolina enjoys a practical commercial monopoly in them. During the last year, strata of phosphates have been discovered in Siberia, Austria and France. But, says the *New York Bulletin*, from which we get most of the facts here used, they are all beyond the reach of immediate development, and are not favorably situated for the transportation of the products to market. In all these respects, the South Carolina rock deposits enjoy immense advantages. They can be reached, decomposed and manipulated with economy and facility, and the products can be easily and cheaply distributed, either by railroad or water transportation. All that is required to develop this business into vast proportions is capital, and this deficiency is not likely to continue long, in view of the returns which have been realized from the investments that have been already made.

As a State, we are practically bankrupt. The political power is in alien and ignorant hands, the labor system is ill-regulated, and social disorganization everywhere reigns. But our country yet remains, and the old spirit and traditions survive, and keep alive a wholesome conservatism, not inconsistent with reasonable progress and liberality of views. We have many fields of activity open to us—the professions, planting, manufacturing, mining, mechanics, trade and commerce. We have a living to make, and the ruined character of a

State to redeem. We need not repine. It is both unprofitable and unmanly. What our hands find to do, let us do with our might. And, right here, in these rich phosphate rocks, is good and profitable work. In the Immigration and Agricultural Convention, held in Charleston, in May, 1870, a Northern man—Mr. True—delighted the Convention with his outspoken and frank views. People complained of the Southern States, he said, but he found them to his liking. One was not enough for him—so he worked in two. He cropped in Georgia, and in the intervals between gathering his crops and planting again, he carried on work in the phosphate mines of South Carolina. And, he added, if there is any money to be had in either, he would get his share. And he was right. We need not go far to seek business. It is everywhere, where there is enterprise and courage to discover and undertake it.

THE NEW ARMY UNIFORM.—The new army uniform, worn for the first time by the officers on New Year's Day at the President's reception, attracted much attention. The *Washington Star* says:

It is very showy, and the plumes of the various branches of the service are designated by different colors. The coat is of dark blue cloth, double-breasted, with a skirt extending from one-half to three-fourths of the distance between the hip and the knee. Staff officers wear pants of dark blue cloth without stripe; other officers wear light blue pants, with stripe of similar color to that of the facings of their respective arms, except for infantry officers, where the stripe is of dark blue.

Gen. Sherman wore two rows of buttons on the breast of his coat, placed in fours. He wore epaulettes, and his plume consisted of three white ostrich feathers. Other general and staff officers wore three black ostrich feathers, and regimental officers wore plumes of horse hair or cock's feathers of a color similar to the trimmings of their coats. Gen. Sherman and the general and staff officers wore chapeaus; light artillery and cavalry officers, black felt helmets with gold cords and tassels and gilt trimmings; other officers dark blue cloth hats. Generals Babcock and Dent were attired in full dress suits, and not in uniform, as heretofore.

MODERN GIANTS.—The race of giants is not extinct; and Barnum might make a fortune by bringing over the Goshen family from Turkey in Asia, who are descendants of Anakims, of Palestine. Colonel Ruth Goshen, thirty-three years old, one of this family, now residing in Algonquin, Illinois, born among the hills of Palestine, and seven feet and eight inches in height, recently entered the office of the *Scientific American*. He is the fifteenth and last child (the baby) of a family of fifteen—ten sons and five daughters—sired by a patriarch now ninety years old, living in the valley of Damascus, and by occupation a coffee planter. This venerable sire weighs at the present time 520 pounds avoirdupois, and his wife, aged sixty-seven, weighs 600 pounds. The entire family are living, and not one of them weighs less than 500 pounds. The oldest son weighs 630 pounds, and the youngest (the colonel) outstripping them all, weighs 670 pounds. Not one of the family is less than seven feet in height. Ruth was a colonel in the Austrian army in 1859, and a colonel commanding in the Mexican army at the battle of Puebla, May 5, 1862, in which the Mexicans were victorious. His father, at one time, resided at Leeds, England, but returned to Turkey in 1845. The colonel married in Leipsic, Germany, a woman weighing 190 pounds and five feet nine inches in height; the union has been blessed with two sons, who give promise of rivaling their father in stature. He is a finely-proportioned man; walks with a firm and elastic step; is as straight as an arrow, and has coal black eyes, hair and moustache.

A LITTLE COMPOSITION ON THE WHEELBARROW.—The *Danbury Newsmen* says: If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man will fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else. He never knows when has got through falling over it, either; for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn and scoops more skin off of him, and he commences to evolve anew and bump himself in fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the greatest blighting curse on true dignity.

WHERE OUR GOLD COMES FROM.—Gold is found in Vermont, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon and California. Maryland shows but \$108 for her total, Vermont \$5,615, and Kansas \$1,000. California has contributed in twenty-four years \$648,121,499; North Carolina's total is \$9,805,263, and Georgia \$7,250,000. Virginia and South Carolina have each over a million.

THE REASON OF MURDER IN NEW YORK.—The strikingly determined character in New York, that of Duryea, by Simmons, has since more suggested to citizens there the possibility of Lynch law. The *New York Times*, which has been exercised considerably in the past over alleged Ku Klux crimes in the South, has a long article demanding to know "what we shall do about murder." It declares: "We record about one murder a day in New York proper, and nobody is punished, and indeed it seems difficult to have anybody tried." If such a state of things existed in any of the Southern States, the Albany Penitentiary would have to be considerably enlarged. It is a terrible condition of affairs, beyond all doubt. And the difficulty of applying legal remedies in New York may be inferred from the talk in which the *Times* indulges, that "when freedom has degenerated into license, and law becomes only a protector of criminals, despotism in some form is always called in to take the reins of government at the first moment of re-acton. It comes like a tempest, but it does clear the air."

The *Times* then goes on to tell how a former despotic Governor-General of Cuba, Tacon, put an end to the frequency of murders in Havana, where that crime had become as common as in New York. One morning, about a dozen bodies were discovered in the streets, stabbed to death. In the course of the day, Tacon sent for the chief of police, who presented himself at the viceregal palace. "Where are the murderers of those men who were killed last evening? Have you arrested them?" "Where, your Excellency? How should I know? I do not even know who they are. I have made inquiries, but have been able to discover nothing. Your Excellency will see that it is impossible that there should be any arrests." "I see no such thing," said Tacon, rising in his wrath. "Look you here, sir; find me the men who committed those murders before three days are over, or, on the fourth, I will garrote you." "But, your Excellency—" "Not a word; find them, or take their place." Accordingly, the chief of police found the required number, though whether they were the actual criminals or not is uncertain. At any rate, they were garroted without delay, and assassination began to diminish rapidly in Havana.

The *Times* goes on to indicate that the despotism of a mob, say of a vigilance committee, (*alias* Ku Klux), is more terrible than that of a single government, and that when this sort of despotism ruled in San Francisco, "from that time order dwelt within the golden gates." Of course, it hopes that no such "disgrace and horror" will fall upon New York, but the drift of its meaning is perceptible enough. The recital of these facts is sufficient to show the appalling prevalence and impunity of murder in New York.

The last victim and his murderer there were men prominent in their way, and they grappled with each other in the street like wild beasts, and the murderer, with his victim under him, unable to make effectual resistance, cut him to death with repeated blows of his Bowie knife. The coolness and indifference he manifested after the deed and at the time of his arrest were a subject of general remark, though we now learn that his defence will be that he committed the act in a paroxysm of rage, having been excited to frenzy by Duryea's taunts and a knowledge of his own straitened monetary condition. In other words, the unfortunate Mr. Simmons will seem to have been a victim of temporary insanity, a malady which the best men are subject to, and which relieves him of all moral responsibility.

It is obvious, however, that if every man who suffers from the "taunts" of an enemy, or from his "straitened monetary condition," is going into a "frenzy" about it, and can only relieve himself by killing somebody, the population of this planet is likely to be seriously diminished. The very mention of such a defence in any country where the laws are impartially and efficiently administered would cause a general smile of derision. Almost simultaneously with this fresh New York atrocity, the second trial of Stokes, for the "alleged murder" of Fisk, has commenced. It is nearly a year since this "alleged murder" has occurred, and it remains yet to be settled whether Stokes was guilty, or is an innocent and much-injured man, incarcerated for so long a period unjustly. In view of such developments as these, it is much to be feared that, unless the fountains of justice are purified in New York, the dreadful alternative of Lynch law, suggested by the *Times*, will yet disgrace the chief metropolis of this country.

A PASTOR'S REWARD.—That good, faithful pastoral work is appreciated in the State of Ohio, as illustrated by the following incident that occurred in Ironton. A revival preacher, who had won fame by his power in the pulpit, came to Ironton for a week's work. He was very zealous, preached every night, excited considerable interest, and was vehement in his exhortations to the unrenowned portion of the congregation to come forward. On the last evening of his labors, he outdid himself, but not a person rose to come forward. Discouraged, he sat down; whereupon a grave-faced, anxious-looking man got up, and said that the elder had been working hard and laboring faithfully among them, and, as a token of their appreciation, he moved that the congregation give him three cheers! It was done right heartily, and that contrite congregation went quietly out and silently home, satisfied that they had fully and faithfully performed their duty.

A Christmas toast to woman was given precisely at high noon of last night by a wretch in this city—the sentiment running in these rhymes: "They eat, they drink, they sleep, they spend, they go to church on Sunday, and many are afraid of God, but more of Mrs. Grandy."

"ESCAPED FROM SING-SING."—If anything could eclipse the systematized daring which marked the exodus of John Elzly and Robert E. Hopgood, *alias* Lyons, from Sing-Sing Prison, about two weeks ago, when, on the strength of a bogus telegram, they sent the warden and clerk to New York, and thus made themselves masters of the situation, it is the audacity evinced by Sophia Lyons, wife of the last-named convict, who escaped from the female prison, on Thursday evening. As in the case of her husband, the manner of getting away had been well planned, and all possibilities of frustration duly considered and provided for. The woman Lyons, together with another female convict, was employed in the culinary department of the prison, and in that capacity, was not accustomed to be looked up so early in the evening as the other inmates. Shortly after nightfall on the day named, a vehicle drove to the prison, and the driver alighting, knocked loudly at the door. The summons was answered by Mrs. Lyons, who, taking a basket of fruit from the visitor, handed it to her companion, saying that it contained delicacies for the hospital, and requested her to take it up stairs forthwith. The other woman, not suspecting anything wrong, left to deliver the package, and in an instant afterwards, another female convict, who happened to be near the door, saw the stranger throw a cloak over the shoulders of Mrs. Lyons and lift her bodily into the carriage, which then drove rapidly from the scene. It is said that an alarm was immediately given, but all efforts to overtake the fugitives were unavailing.

Sophia Lyons had served about one year of her second term in the prison for grand larceny. She belongs to a family which appears to be steeped in crime, herself and husband being at this moment escaped felons, while her mother is still undergoing sentence in the prison, her son expiating his crimes in a similar institution in Connecticut, and a daughter at present enjoying the hospitalities of Blackwell's Island.

A PAIR OF LAVENDER BRIDES.—Eli Perkins, of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, is "on the wing." He stopped at Homer the other morning for breakfast, and had the good fortune to meet a "quartette bridal party," of which he thus discourses:

This morning, at the Syracuse House, I breakfasted with a pair of brides and a pair of bridegrooms—a sort of bridal quartette. They were from Cortland, I think, in the country. I knew they were just married, from a variety of reasons. First, when they alighted from the omnibus to enter the hotel both young ladies took the arms of the gentlemen, who said, "Dear, let me carry your satchel." Just behind them came some old married people. I knew they had been married some time, for the men pounced out, starting, luggage in hand, straight for the hotel, leaving their wives with small satchels to follow, single file, behind them. At breakfast the brides appeared in bridal lavender. Everything was lavender—lavender dresses, lavender hats, with lavender strings, and lavender gloves. If ever I get married Mrs. Perkins shall wear (if she pleases) a suit of plain black, and then we can enjoy our honeymoon in peace. The young husbands both wore broadcloth suits and black hats. Both wore paper collars and cuffs, and one wore a paper shirt bosom. Alas! what a shock such deception must be to a young and guileless wife! Why, in my opinion, a paper collar is no more indication of a real shirt than a clothes-line. At breakfast these young husbands didn't help themselves first when they sat down at the table, but they turned to the brides in lavender, and said lovingly: "Have a roll, dear?" Then they put some butter on the lavender brides' plates, and they looked up and said: "Thank you, dear," with a smile too happy to describe. When breakfast was over one of the bound husbands smiled sweetly and said: "Now, darling, can't I smoke just once—you know you said I might." "Yes, Charley, just once!" and then the two brides stood and looked vacantly out of the windows till their sweet-hearts came back.

When the old married people sat down there was a different scene. The old fellows scooped in their beefsteak and sausage, never looking up to see how their wives were getting along, and when they got through they shuffled off into the reading room and loaded up meerschaum pipes with the strongest cavendish. Then they talked politics, expatiating on the stove and around the zinc stove mat, without once thinking of their poor wives, who were left to amuse themselves with neighborhood gossip.

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A man recently knocked down an elephant—he was an auctioneer.

Local Items.

CITY MATTERS.—The price of single copies of the *Phoenix* is five cents.

The latest styles wedding and visiting cards and envelopes, tastily printed, can be obtained at the *Phoenix* office.

Old newspapers for sale at *Phoenix* office, at fifty cents a hundred.

The passenger train on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad met with an accident, yesterday, by which it was detained several hours.

Capt. Thos. H. Wade, an old citizen of Columbia, departed this life yesterday. He had filled many offices of profit and trust in Richland County. His age was seventy-seven. He had been a resident of Richland—of which he was a native—all his life.

Messrs. Lorick & Lowrance impart important information to customers. Read their advertisements.

Col. A. B. Springs, one of the Board of Visitors of the Palmetto Orphan Home, for York County, sent in yesterday \$44 which he collected for the Home, and Mr. T. Ross Robertson, another member of the board, for Fairfield, sent in \$50, which was raised during the holidays by the "Concert Club," a society of young ladies and gentlemen at Winnsboro.

We have been requested to state that Right Rev. Bishop Quintard, of the Diocese of Tennessee, will preach this morning, in Trinity Church—services to commence at 11 o'clock. Divine service will also be held in said church at 7 P. M., and addresses delivered by Bishop Quintard, Gen. J. B. Kershaw, and other gentlemen, with a view of commending the claims and exciting an interest in behalf of the University of the South, situated at Seawancee, Tennessee.

George W. Childs, Esq., of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, has furnished us with a copy of his almanac for 1873.

The weather, yesterday, was all that any one could desire—warm and pleasant.

The calls for dolls and fancy articles did not come off at Mr. McKenzie's on New Year's eve. Chances can still be taken.

Miss Patterson will appear before the Columbia public, in readings and recitations, on Monday and Tuesday evenings. She comes highly recommended as an accomplished, pleasing and effective reader. We learn that, though young, she is earnest, studious, laborious and successful in an eminent degree. We trust that a large audience will greet her in Irwin's Hall, in recognition of her literary merits and accomplishments, set off and adorned, as they are, with youth, grace, personal attractions and pleasing manners.

The Committee of the Board of Trade appointed to resist the city licenses, we are authorized to say, have retained counsel to protect the interests of the merchants; and those interested are advised not to pay the license on Monday, but to await the decision of the courts.

It is estimated that 400 yards of tulle went up the aisle on the six bridesmaids at a fashionable wedding in New York recently.

A Frenchman lately recovered \$2,000 from some friends who got off his moustache in a drunken escapade.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE COLUMBIA CHURCH. The following are the preamble and resolutions adopted by the Baptist Church of this city, on the announcement of the resignation of Dr. J. L. Reynolds as its pastor:

Resolved, That, believing this decision to be the deliberate conviction of duty, and consequently useless for us to attempt to reverse it, we do accept his resignation.

Resolved, That we will do violence to our feelings, if we did not express the deep gratitude that we feel for the varied and self-denying services he has rendered this church; especially do we appreciate his generous labors during the night of poverty and affliction, in preaching unto us the Word, when we were not able to remunerate him for his services.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish and endeavor to imitate the bright example he has left us of Christian courtesy, prayer and zeal.

Resolved, That we will pray for the blessings of our Heavenly Father to abide upon him in his private and public duties.

Resolved, That although deprived of his valuable services as a preacher of the Gospel, yet we hope that he will continue to give us the fruits of his rich experience and wise counsels.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to Rev. Dr. J. L. Reynolds, and that the *Working Christian* and daily papers be requested to publish the same.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.—The Northern mail opens 6.30 A. M. and 9.00 P. M.; closes 8 P. M. and 11.00 A. M. Charleston day mail opens 6.15 P. M.; closes 6 A. M.; night opens 7.00 A. M.; closes 6.15 P. M. Greenville opens 6.45 P. M.; closes 6 A. M. Western opens 6.30 A. M. and 12.30 P. M.; closes 8 and 1 P. M. Wilmington opens 8.30 P. M.; closes 10.30 A. M. On Sunday the office is open from 3 to 4 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES THIS DAY.—Trinity Church—Right Rev. Bishop Quintard, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Catholic Church—Rev. J. L. Fallerton, First Mass, at 7 A. M.; Second Mass at 10 A. M.; Vespers at 4 1/2 P. M.

Marion Street Church—Rev. W. D. Kirkland, 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M.

Washington Street Church—Rev. S. B. Jones, 10 1/2 A. M. Sunday School Society, 8 1/2 P. M.

Lutheran Church—Rev. A. H. Rude, 10 1/2 A. M.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. B. Wilson, 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

Baptist Church—Rev. J. K. Mendenhall, Pastor, 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

Asylum—Mr. J. M. Rhea, 9 1/2 A. M.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
L. C. Sylvester—School for Boys.
R. C. Shiver—Stockholders' Meeting.
Columbia Building & Loan Association.
R. C. Shiver & Co.—Winter Goods.
Jacob Levin—Auction Sales.
Lorick & Lowrance—Notice, etc.
Jacob Levin—Gas-light Bills.
Isaac Sulzbacher—Notice.
Report of Carolina National Bank.

A GOOD THING DULY APPRECIATED.—No beneficial revolution ever goes backward; and this maxim is as invariable in medicine as in politics. The advent of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, twenty years ago, produced a revolution in the treatment of a large class of ailments, and that revolution has ever since been in the "full tide of successful experiment." If that tide has borne the proprietors of the celebrated vegetable specific "on to fortune," it has also borne thousands of human beings, who were languishing under the effects of disease, weak and hopeless, out of the depths of despondency into the paradise of health and cheerfulness. It is no exaggeration to say, that to the vigor, the regularity of habit of body, the good appetite and perfect digestion, acquired under the operation of this unequalled tonic and corrective, multitudes of people in every walk of life, who had been vainly physicked in the usual way, owe the blessings of renewed health and the prospect of prolonged life.

The South Carolina Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church will convene in Greenville, S. C., January 15. Bishop E. R. Ames will preside. The South Carolina Railroad will sell tickets to go and return for one fare from the 12th to the 15th instant. The Greenville Railroad will return all free who pay full fare in going. The Charlotte and Columbia and Spartanburg and Union Railroads will pass the members and delegates at half fare.

There must be something done to prevent those horrible mistakes of druggists' clerks. One of the careless fellows lately gave a young man from Louisville a bottle of mucilage instead of cologne. The youth went to church, and after applying the contents of the bottle freely to his handkerchief, and applying the handkerchief freely to his nose, he was in no condition for devout worship. This thing is getting to be alarming.

ANOTHER INQUEST.—On the morning of December 21, the body of Alfred Hampton was found on Farnum's place, near this County, dead. An inquest was held by A. F. Browning, Esq., Trial Justice, acting coroner. The verdict was, "Death from heart disease, aggravated by bad whiskey and exposure to inclement weather."—*Orangeburg News*.

DEATH OF JAMES OVERTON LEWIS.—We regret to learn that Col. James Overton Lewis, of Perryville, one of our oldest and most highly esteemed citizens, died suddenly, on Tuesday last, of apoplexy. We have neither the time nor space this week to do justice to his memory, but will recur to the sad event again.

Wedding cards in Denver consist of the "Jack of Diamonds" and "Queen of Hearts," with the names of the contracting parties on each. If the bride's mother-in-law is living, the "Ten of Clubs" is also enclosed.

Poor Milton, when blind, married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton, "but I dare say you are right, for I feel the thorns daily."

"O-can that p-p-pup-parrot t-ter-talk?" asked a stammering man of a German. "Suppose he no can talk so much better as that what you talk I chop he teased head off," was the reply.

The largest and most complete collection of ancient and modern coins in existence is said to be that of Dr. Charles Spier, of Visalia, Cal., who is reported to have 14,000 specimens in his possession.

There have been four explosions of cooking ranges within a week at Cincinnati, and the inhabitants are deliberating whether they hadn't better live on cold victuals.

The first shipment of California cotton has just been received in San Francisco, and is pronounced of excellent quality by the dealers.

Miss Sophie Barnes took a premium at a Montgomery (Alabama) fair as "the young woman who would make the best wife for a poor man."

The season for big hog stories is in full blast in Tennessee. Mr. J. B. Olpper, of Limestone, has just killed a shorter weighing 885 pounds net.