Miscellaneous.

LIFE IN THE SIBERIAN MINES.

Why Nihilism Is so Widespread in Russia.

If the following is not a hoax, which notwithstanding the respectability of the paper in which it appears, there are some internal reasons for believing, it is certainly a dreadful story, and calls more for interference on the part of civilized nations than the atrocities of Cetewayo or the barbarities of the Turks. A country where such an institution exists should be outlawed, and a Czar in whose name it is carried on should be excluded from intercourse with Christian courts:

BERLIN, Aug. 7.—If a person of sane mind were to inform you of his or her intention to spend a vacation in Siberia, you would undoutedly smile audibly, and opine that the party making so audacious an assertion would be a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. Still, I am bound to confess that I have just returned from a trip to that Arctic region, where I made quite a stay, in company with my friend Robert Lemake, the eminent political economist, and a student of political philosophy than whom there is none more thorough and more searching. We have been through the land of the Nihilists, and however earnest we might have been in our desire to discover important information, all our efforts would have been in vain, had not an influential American at St. Petersburg, whose name I have promisod not to mention, given us such letters of introduction that all portals were opened wide to us, and we saw and heard what only a privileged few have seen and heard for a good many years. It is easily understood that the Russion Government, under the trying circumstances of the present day, is not very liberal in granting extended privileges to newspaper men; and, had I travelled in that capacity, I might have been denied access to the sources from which I have drawn the information about a good many things in Russia. The large cities, however, are not the places for the accumulation of knowledge such as we desire to get; and, after idling a few days at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and its villegeatures, we started for the Siberian mines.

Until we came to Tobolsk there was still some civilization about and around us. But after that we received a foretaste of the horrors we were about to witness. For days we dragged along in a miserable carriage without meeting anything or anybody except the lonely Govenrment posts, with their stupid 'Starost" and his subordinate Cossacks. At last we saw in the distance a towering mountain, and within its cleft side a colossal opening, similar to the pit of a volcano. From within foul air and disagreeable smells saluted our nostrils, and for some time we had to draw our breath hard. With our pocket handkerchiefs crammed in our mouths, we entered the gigantic mouth of the rock. From the walls dirty water dropped down in large drops, forming a little rivulet, which gathered in a pool outside the entrance. Toward the east and the north the territory rose as high as 4,000 feet above the sea. A chain, several miles in length, of snow-capped glaciers gave to the mine the character of an unapproachable fortress. To the left of the entrance an enormous guard-house was built, occupied by a number of Cossacks. The establishment was about as filthy as any habitation for human beings can well be. The furniture consisted only of a few rough benches and a table. In front of its door a double file of muskets were stacked, between which a bearded Cossack marched up and down. We showed our letters to the young officer of the day, who regarded us wonderingly—searchingly. He seemed at a loss to understand the granting of a privilege so seldom sought and so rarely granted. A guide was given us, and we passed a long, narrow and dark corridor, which, to judge from the inclination of the floor, led into the depth. The ground was so slippery and so wet that we were in danger of falling more than once.

Pestilential miasmas filled the air; and, in spite of a good fur cloak—the gift of a friend in Moscow—I actually shook with cold. The darkness was so intense that neither of us could see the other.

We had gone on perhaps ten minutes when I perceived, far in the distance, the trembling, uncertain glimmer of a light; and I felt sure that we were approaching the mine proper. The ground became softer and more slimy, the cold more penetrating. At every step we sank into the morass for several inches, and there was a smell of putrefaction, as in a charnel house.

'We are in front of the mine,' said guide, pointing to a high iron railing which surrounded a long cave—its massive rails, through the crevice of which hardly a rat might have squeezed itself, being covered with rust. The locks were fastened with chains of immense thickness and weight. A guard made his appeanance, and upon the word of our guide he opened the lock, but only with a great deal of strength was he enabled so far to turn the railing upon its hinges that we could pass through into the interior. We stepped into a room which, although it was large enough otherwise, hardly permitted a full-grown man to stand upright, and was lighted only by a poor oil lamp, which left all surrounding things in darkness. 'Where are we?' I asked the guide.

'In the dormitory of the prisoners,' he answered. 'Formerly this was a well-yielding lode; now we have made it into a sleeping room.' We shuddered. This subterranean cave, into which neither sun nor moon could ever send a ray of light, was called an apartment; and into this terrible grave, the air of which was pregnant with fearful miasmas, the unfortunates banished here by the unpitiable law of despotism were compelled to rest after the day's work, upon a poor bed of straw! Into the dripping walls of the rock, alcove like cells have been hollowed out; and the entire room gave the imprssion of an enormous beehive. Every cell harbors five prisoners during the night; and above each of the single cots a strong iron bar was fastened, to which the unhappy mortals were locked and chained like so many dogs. No door—no window—no chair—no table—no shelving—every where the naked rock and rusty iron! The straw which served as a bed for the delinquents was wet and half rotten; it looked and felt like a mass of dung. A little bag filled with straw served as a pillow; a wet sheet, made of bag linen, as a coverlet. No bench—no utensils of any kind. In one corner a lamp faintly glimmered, in honor of the Madonna, whose image was fastened above it in an old gilt frame.

An insupportable dread overcame me in gazing upon this picture of terrible desolation and misery, and I drew a long breath of relief when we passed out of the 'dormitory' into another corridor, dark as the first one, but less slippery. Everything was as quiet as a graveyard until we reached an enormous cave, in the centre of which stood a round table and three benches. Several torches, fastened to iron rings in the wall, served to lighten the hall, in the ceiling of which I saw a window, almost covered with iron bars, through which a faint ray of daylight endeavored to penetrate, and this mingled with the torch light, produced an effect at once dismal and gloomy beyond description. This was the mine proper, and here an infernal noise was heard, caused by the pickaxes and hammers with which the exiles were working iron ore, Before us we saw several hundred ragged creatures, with terrible rough long beards, faces pale as death, or of a sickly yellow, with red-rimmed eyes, dragging heavy chains, rattling them at every motion—the prisoners! Not one looked healthy, and not one spoke or sang, or whistled; they all worked in silence, looking askance at us, and rattling again their chains, which have been put upon them in the name of justice! Many of them were barefoot; a few wore the remnants of shoes upon their feet. The rags which covered them were completely saturated with the dripping water, so that they could not give to the shivering bodies one atom of warmth. Upon their beards I saw long icicles, and I sometimes watched one or the other blow into his chilled hands, or shake convulsively in the icy-cold. I shall never forget the dreadful scene; and, in contemplating it I would imagine for a moment that mountain spirits were busy here at their hidden work; but the clanking of the chains, the goading of the prisoners, and the rough cries of the taskmasters soon recalled the dreadful reality. The hammering and digging never ceased. If an exile attempted to rest a little the sharp command of the overseer soon put him to work again; and there was a feverish unceasing activity. One of the prisoners—a slight, fine figure, with a face, the profile of which showed extraordinary beauty—excited our particular attention. With visible exertion he swung his pickaxe, and his breath came wheezing from his chest; but he could not loosen the stone, and sometimes his arms fell desparingly to his side.

We approached him. 'Why are you here?' I asked. He looked up shyly, almost frightened, and continued his work.

'The prisoners are forbidden to speak about the cause of their exile,' the Inspector informed me.

'Who is the prisoner?' I asked our guide.

'No. 114,' he answered, laconically.

'So I see,' I replied, 'but I mean his name, his family, his crime.'

'It is Count de Parentoff,' he replied, 'a well-known conspirator. I am sorry not to be able to tell you more about No. 114.'

The foul air almost suffocated me. I beckoned to the guide and my friend. He and I hastily traversed again the narrow corridors and ascended to the world again, where the Chief Commander saluted us.

'Well,' he asked, 'what impression has our institution made upon you?'

We bowed in silence.

He seemed delighted, and remarked ironically: 'Our boys below work diligently, do they not?'

'Indeed they do,' answered my friend; 'but with what feeling of relief the unhappy ones must greet their Sunday, when they can take a rest.'

'Rest!' he said, wonderingly; 'they have none; they must work always!'

'Always!'

'Most certainly! They are condemned to work everlastingly. He who once enters the mine never leaves it again.'

'But this is barbaric,' I could not refrain from saying.

He shrugged his shoulders. 'The exiles,' he replied, 'work twelve hours daily, and on Sundays too. They are never permitted to rest. Oh! but yes—twice during the year—at Easter and on the birthday of our glorious Emperor!'

And he removed his hat, as though he had spoken the name of the Lord.

We bowed again, and hastened to get back to Tobolsk. My friend and I were both very silent until we got out of Russia. But hereafter we shall not be so very much shocked and surprised when we read of the terrible spread of of that political fanaticism which is called Nihilism in the great Empire of the European East.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sounding Niagara River.

The United States Corps of Engineers has recently had the Niagara river sounded, a task never before accomplished, owing to the bungling and unscientific means employed by those who attempted it. Bars of railroad iron, pails of stones, and all unreasonable bulky and awkward instruments had been attached to long lines, and cast off the railway bridge and elsewhere, but positively refused to sink. The very bulk of the instruments was sufficient, no matter what their weight, to give the powerful under-current a way to buoy them up upon the surface, or near it. By means of a small lead weiging twelve pounds, however, and a slender cord, the depths from the falls to the lower bridge were easily obtained. One of the sounding party says that the approach to the falls in a small boat was made with great difficulty. Great jets of water were thrown out from the falls far into the stream, and the roar was so terrible that no other sound could be heard. The leadsman cast the line, which passed rapidly down and told off 83 feet. This was quite near the shore. Passing out of the friendly eddy which had aided them in approaching the falls, they shot rapidly down the stream. The next cast of the lead told off 100 feet, deepening to 192 feet at the inclined railway. The average depth to the Swift Drift where the river suddenly becomes narrow, with a velocity too great to be measured, was 153 feet. Just under the lower bridge the whirlpool rapids set in, and so violently are the waters moved that they rise like ocean waves to the height of twenty feet. Here the depth was computed to be 210 feet.—*Scientific American.*

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We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the *radical* and *permanent cure* (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

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THOMAS S. WHITMAN, President.

Oct. 12th, 1878. 1y

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of ABRAM YOUNG, late of Granville in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ABRAM YOUNG, ROBT. E. FITZRANDOLPH. Administrators.

Bridgetown, County of Annapolis, April 8th, A. D. 1879. 6mt24

$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Anyone can do the work. You can make from 50cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., July 30 y Portland, Maine.

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

BRIDGETOWN,

to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan 10th '77. n36

LAWYER'S BLANKS

Neatly and cheaply executed at the office of this paper.

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment of FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.

Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH,

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov ., '78

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN

are now manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones

Of Italian and American Marble.

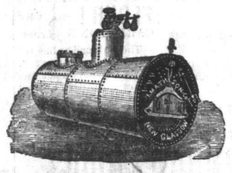
ALSO:

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN



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dec5'76 n34 tf

NOTICE.

ALL persons having demands against the estate of EGBERT S. WOODBERRY, late of Wilmot in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are desired to exhibit same for settlement, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

WM. F. WOODBERRY, Senr., Executor.

Wilmot, March 12th '79. 47tf

MORSE & PARKER

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BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76.

VEGETINE.

A Home in the Celestial City.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Dec. 18, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

About nine and a half years ago I had a fever; the doctor gave me some poisonous medicine, drove the disease into my leg, and it broke out, and has been from two to ten running sores ever since. I could not sleep a fourth of a night once in six months, and a great many nights was compelled to get up and take opium—a piece as large as a pea—to deaden the pain. I have tried everything I could hear of, in fact, I have paid out hundreds of dollars, and found no relief until I commenced taking Vegetine, and now I can go to bed at eight o'clock at night and sleep until seven o'clock in the morning, and no occasion to waken from pain. I was used up, perfectly dead inwardly, and frequently when I would get up, would be dizzy, and would have to put my hand on something to keep me from falling; but since I commenced taking Vegetine it has all disappeared, and I feel like a new man. My honest conviction is that it will cure my leg entirely, from the present looks and feelings. I shall continue taking Vegetine, and recommend it to all whom I come across; and I hope the man who introduced Vegetine into the United States will have a home in the Celestial City. Yours most sincerely, W. S. LEACH.

Mr. Leach is a gentleman well-known here and is the owner of the "celebrated Turbine Water Wheel."

DRUGGISTS TAKE VEGETINE AND RECOMMEND IT.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

I have been selling Vegetine ever since it came into existence, and have recommended it to my customers. I have tried it myself and find it a great blood purifier and renovator of the system. M. M. SALMON,

Aug. 22, 1878. Druggist, Burlington, Iowa.

W. HIPPEE, M. D. SAYS.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

I have sold your Vegetine for over a year, and have heard nearly every person who has used it speak favorably of its good effects.

W. HIPPEE, M. D. Druggist,

Sept. 10, 1878. Des Moines, Iowa.

DR. W. ROSS, WRITES.

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

I have been practising medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness, and all diseases of the blood, I have never found its equal. I have sold Vegetine for 7 years and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier.

DR. W. ROSS, Druggist,

Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton, Iowa.

DRUGGIST'S REPORT.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

I have been selling your Vegetine for the past five years, and find the sales increasing every year. I consider Vegetine one of the best and most reliable preparations now in the market. J. H. WHETSTONE, Druggist,

Sept. 16, 1878. Iowa City, Iowa.

VEGETINE. Prepared by *H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.*

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

And at Wholesale by BROWN & WEBB, and FORSYTHE, SUTCLIFFE & Co., Halifax, N.S.

Ploughs. Ploughs.

IF you want a Plough that will

Give You Satisfaction

every time, call and get one of

WOOD'S STEEL PLOUGHS

AT JOHN HALL'S.

I am also agent for the

"Toronto Mower,"

which is acknowledged to be the

Best Machine in Use.

Send in your orders early—Terms to suit.

JOHN HALL.

Lawrencetown, May 12th, '79. 4tf

Ayer's *Hair Vigor,*

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, LOWELL, MASS.

The Social Science Association.

The annual meeting of the American Social Science Association began in Saratoga, September 9, with a fair attendance of members. F. B. Sanborn, the acting Secretary, read a report giving an account of the origin, aim, and scope of the organization, which now has members in thirty-eight States and Territories. Touching the definition of social science, Mr. Sanborn said: "By strict rules it must be admitted that the term 'science' cannot be applied to our pursuits in the same sense that it describes the researches of the geologist, the chemist, or astronomer. There is a margin, however, in social science for much beside the close inductive or deductive processes by which Newton, Agassiz, or Faraday arrived at their splendid results. The methods of acquiring all human knowledge are essentially the same. The conduct of a nation in a grave political crisis is not to be calculated like the elements in an eclipse, yet it may be foreseen within certain limits. Many problems in social science are in their nature both scientific and philanthropic. What can be more prosaic than to be inspecting the entries and drains of tenement houses, the conditions of sewers and water pipes, or inquiring about the rent of dirty rooms, the cost of pauper relief, the labor or idleness of a population hanging on the verge of pauperism? Yet this is exactly what the Social Science Association of England and America, the only ones in the world, have been doing."

The second day, President Barnard, of Columbia College, read a paper on "International Coinage," and also presented his paper on "Monometallism, Bimetallism, and International Coinage," prepared for the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, at the August meeting in London. Mr. Barnard proposes to make one gramme of gold the standard of value, and to have the smallest international coin of ten grammes, equal to $6 less two cents.

President Porter, of Yale College, presented an able paper on "Modern Education, its Opportunities and Perils," which was read in his absence. One of the great perils was found in the circumstance that in aiming to be too scientific in form, modern education often fails to be scientific in fact—due very largely, we apprehend, to the antecedent circumstance that the text book makes the teachers lack an adequate training in genuine scientific methods.

The regulation and control of the degree-conferring power in American colleges formed the subject of another paper by President Barnard, who thought that if the multitude of superfluous collegiate instutions were deprived of the degree-conferring power, they would do no harm, and might, perhaps, do some good. France, Germany, Italy, and other countries of Continental Europe, are full of lycees, gymnasia, and colleges, where instruction in all branches is as extensive as in the average American college, and generally a great deal more thorough, but which are without power to confer degrees. The British colleges cannot confer degrees, not even those which form part of the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge themselves. All England, with a population of 23,000,000, has only four universities; the State of Ohio, with 3,000,000 population, has thirty-seven. All France, with a population of 36,000,000, has only fifteen universities, which, moreover, are actually branches of a single one. Germany, with a population of 42,000,000, has only twenty-two universities, or one to 2,000,000 of inhabitants. All Europe, with a population of 300,000,000, has only 101 universities, or one to 3,000,000 people. Our own country, with a population of 45,000,000, has 425 universities, or one to every 100,000 people. — *Scientific American.*

SINGULAR BEHAVIOR OF A MOUNTAIN.—News has just been received of the further sinking of the large mountain in North Georgia, Ga., which dropped into a suddenly-made chasm some time since. This mountain, known as Ingolo, is an enormous one. It is more than two miles above its base, and is about as high as Stone Mountain. Some months ago a thundering noise was heard, as if a lively earthquake had suddenly commenced operations. A gentleman who was going by the Ingolo Mountain looked toward it, and was amazed to see fully one-third of the enormous mass break loose from the rest and suddenly vanish into the earth beneath, carrying with it immense trees, stones, &c. After a few days the scene was visited, and it was found that the ground upon which about one third of the mountain was resting had opened or broken through, and the mass, thus being left without support, tumbled into the chasm. It apparently about filled this chasm to a level with the ground, but has since been sinking. No one can imagine the cause, and fears are entertained that the rest of the mountain must follow. The side from which the falling mass was torn is ragged and irregular, no stratification having been followed in the tearing loose.

A CENTIPEDE'S DEADLY CLAWS.—Several Mexicans were in a camp at the mouth of Memphis creek, Utah Territory, and were lying about the fire, when one of them, Telotoro Crucas, saw a large centipede, fully nine inches long, travelling slowly over his leg. Knowing that the least motion would make it sink its deadly claws into his skin, without moving his leg he got out his revolver and waited until the beast had almost reached his knee, when slowly putting the mouth of the pistol to his head, he pulled, and the centipede was gone. But a centipede's claws are quicker than gunpowder, and Crucas began to cramp in a few minutes. The track of the reptile along his leg turned a brownish yellow and the place where it was killed swelled up frightfully. Crucas rapidly grew worse, and in a little over four hours afterwards he died in great agony. But the most singular part of the story is that the bullet from Crucas' pistol cut a small nick in the fore-leg of a mule that was tethered near by, and at daylight next morning the mule was also dead, with its leg so swollen that the skin had burst in several places.—*Canon County Vigilante.*

A colored man in Louisville, Kentucky, recently purchased a brick church and parsonage, for which he paid $4,880 out of his own pocket, and gave both to the Presbyterians. A few individuals animated by the same spirit as the colored brother would prove of great service among the various denominations of the Dominion.

Joker's Corner.

The Sinking Hotel which has Lots of Attractions.

"Some time ago," said the drummer, "I had occasion to visit the city of D——, in the State of Delaware, and concluded to stop at the Blue Hen Hotel, where I had spent one night during a previous visit. When I reached the spot where the hotel used to be I was surprised to see that that tall building had given place to a low structure with a single row of windows, and the roof close to the ground. However, I recognized the keeper of the old hotel, sitting on a chair in front of one of the windows, and I asked him where his establishment was.

'There she is, sir. I've enlarged her since you were here last.'

'England! England? I don't exactly understand.'

'Oh, I know she looks smaller; but, stranger, I tell you that I have added four stories to this hotel since January, '75.

'This part of the house that you see now I built on early last week. The property became too valuable to lease. There are sixteen stories to the Blue Hen now, and I've got to add another before the week is out. If this hotel was spread out sideways, she would be about three hundred yards long. Eventually I expect she'll be about six or seven hundred stories high, and it'll take you a week to get into the cellar. I s'pose if I keep on, this hotel will reach clean through from Delaware to China. The lower end will come bursting out into Hong Kong or Shanghai, and maybe I'll be taking Chinamen for boarders without knowing it. Then, very likely, they'll tax both ends of the hotel, and take money out of my pocket. They're always grinding a poor man so's he can hardly get along. Costs like thunder, you know, to run a hotel like this, that requires so much to keep up a respectable appearance.

'What has become of them?'

'I'll explain. After the hotel had been built a year or two, she suddenly began to sink. I dunno what the reason is. A quicksand under her, I reckon. Anyhow, she kept going down and down, until the first story passed under ground. Then I moved the barroom up-stairs, put another story on top, and began business again. Pretty soon she sank to another floor, and we moved up a second time and added another story. It's been nothing unusual in this house to go to bed in the second story and wake up in the morning to find yourself in the cellar. The milkman has regular instructions to pour the milk down the chimney in case he comes some morning early and can't dig out a window. Last month I overslept myself for forty eight hours because the room remained so dark, and when I got up the roof was just even with the street.

'I dunno exactly what I'll do if she breaks out on the other side of the earth and then slip through the hole. I can't carry on a hotel floating out into etherial space, you know. I have some hopes that maybe before she sinks more'n a mile or two she'll strike a volcanic vein or something and get a shove up; come all the way out for all I know, and stand on solid ground. If she does, you come round and see me, and I'll take you up and show you the view. I'll bet you can see Peru and Oshkosh and Nova Zembla and Tuckerton and all those places—regular bird's eye view; you come round anyway, and I'll take you down into the cellar.'

I said I would, and then hunted up a safe hotel. The Blue Hen is too original, to eccentric for comfort.

AN UNPRECEDENTED DIAMOND ROBBERY.—The "Cincinnati Commercial" says:—A Mr. Hawthorne, who came here from New York a few days ago on a visit, had an experience on Broadway yesterday which is simply unparalleled. Setting off his very handsome dress was a $600 diamond pin, the diameter of which was about half an inch. While sauntering up Broadway he stopped in front of Haggerty's produce establishment, and bent over a pile of coops to watch the antics of some of the chickens which were feeding. The diamond caught the eye of a silly fowl—a hen, of course—and darting its head between the laths it seized the gem. Unfortunately the fastening was not what it should be, and a sharp jerk tore it loose. The hen swallowed the diamond, and Mr Hawthorne's attempt to catch it gave it such a fright it rushed among the other chickens and lost its identity, so far as he was concerned. He went into the store to complain, and was delayed somewhat. When he came out again the coops had all been moved, and Hawthorne could not even recognise the $600 one. A conference was held with Mr. Haggerty, and it was agreed that the only way to make sure of the jewel was to kill all the chickens in the coop. This was not a great undertaking, for the house supplies the hotels with dressed chickens, and would not have much trouble in disposing of the lot. So Haggerty agreed that if he was allowed twenty-five cents a dozen for killing immediately he would find the diamond. The crops were carried to the dressing room, and the seventy-two dozen chickens were killed. The eight hundred and fifty-eighth chicken had the diamond carefully stowed away inside, and Mr. Hawthorne gladly paid eighteen dollars for the killing and ten dollars to the woman who found the diamond.

LIFE SPANISH CITIES.—It is a general impression among Americans that in Spain the cities are decayed and dead, the country villages full of squalor and poverty, and the people idle and aimless. A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Bilboa, proves this to be a popular error. Bilboa has a population of 30,000 souls, with palatial stone dwellings, elegant stores, and a theatre larger than Wallack's. This prosperity is the result of newly-developed trade in iron ores. Mines have been worked by the peasantry from time immemorial, but recently the attentions of foreign capitalists has been directed thither and now five railways are in operation, while $6,500,000 have been invested by the English alone. Krupp has five ships supplying his works at Essen, and the Creusot Iron Company, of France employs six iron steamers to carry ore to La Rochells. The mines employ between 3,000 and 4,000 laborers, all Spaniards. The production in 1877 was 871,127 tons; in 1878, 1,255,255 tons, and during the first four months of 1879 it has amounted to about 350,000 tons. Of this amount England gets the most, and the United States the least, although vessels occasionally bring cargoes to this country.—*The (Chicago) Real Estate Mining Review.*