A NOBLE REVENGE.

PART I

Captain Gravenor had not worked many months as an accountant, when one day he was hastily summoned to Providence Court; and for the first time within his remembrance, found the office empty—no fire in the grate, the money-lender's chair vacant. He was shocked to hear that his one friend was no more. The young clerk had found Mr. Issachar dozing, as he imagined; but in reality he was dead, having passed away peacefully in his sleep.

Sincerely grieved, Gravenor ascended to an upper room, where the old Jew lay calm and tranquil on his bed. He took the thin wrinkled hand in his own. Was it fancy, or did those cold fingers indeed clasp his? He thought so. Bending over him, he silently thanked the inanimate clay—of the man who had believed in his innocence.

The money-lender had many friends, who were also on the spot, taking the arrangement of his funeral. Some of these were executors. He left a large fortune. There were bequests to several hospitals, legacies to friends and to poor Jews. To the astonishment of Captain Gravenor, a codicil to the will named him as successor to the business, bequeathing him mortgages, securities, and all the property upon which he had lent money—a fortune in themselves. Upon examination, the Captain found that not only had Issachar advanced large sums on important bonds, foreign as well as English, but on jewels and ancient plate. There were gold and silver salvers and goblets of Benvenuto Cellini. One large packet was directed to himself. It consisted of deeds; and in a small case was a magnificent opal. On a slip of paper, Issachar had written: 'Herein you will find several important papers—all forgeries, I knew them to be such when I received them—for they will arm you with the means of extinguishing the career of the wretch who ruined you—Jacques Thorel—at a blow. He also brought this fine opal. Whose it really is, time will show." The date was nearly six months previous—soon after Mr. Desborough's seizure.

Captain Gravenor soon decided how to act. He desired Mr. Everett, the Jew's solicitor, and whom he retained as his own, to write both to Mr. Desborough and Thorel, making an appointment to meet them on urgent business the following morning at the bank in Nicholas Lane. By a strange coincidence, it was only the day after the banker had searched through the contents of his strong-room in the presence of the detective. To Mr. Desborough's intense relief, he had found the property deposited with him to be intact, as far as he could judge; but his papers had been disturbed; precise and neat in his business arrangements, he discovered that at once.

At the appointed hour, both the banker and Thorel were awaiting the solicitor, both concluding that his visit was connected with the stolen opal. Presently, Gravenor and Mr. Everett arrived, having posted a strong detachment of police in plain clothes around the entrance.

"Captain Gravenor and Mr. Everett," announced a clerk, opening the door of Mr. Desborough's private room.

A bomb-shell falling in their midst could not have caused greater consternation. The banker started to his feet; but the usually self-assured Thorel staggered to a chair and fell into it.

Seven months of rest had somewhat restored Captain Gravenor to a semblance of his former self. He was less thin; the dark sun-burnt skin had disappeared; his eyes were brighter, his hair grey; a dignified bearing taking the place of his early debonaire joyous manner. He looked taller than ever in his suit of mourning. Entering the room a few paces, he stood still, regarding the two men before him. Mr. Everett turned the key in the lock and placed his back against the door.

"George Gravenor! Come back!" gasped the old gentleman.

Thorel glared at him with a murderous glance, but did not speak.

"Yes, Mr. Desborough," replied he, in a serious deliberate voice. "I have returned to clear my honour and claim my wife.—Do you know these securities?"

"Good heavens!" cried the banker, taking them with a shaking hand. "Yes; I recognise them. But I saw them only yesterday in my safe. How did you obtain them?"

"These are forgeries, upon which yonder ingenious villain raised a large sum of money from the late Mr. Issachar. See! Here is his receipt for it, signed—"Jacques Thorel. He who could forge one thing could counterfeit another. It was he who forged your cheque to ruin me."

"It is false—convict!" cried Thorel, suddenly making a dash across the room and seizing Gravenor by the throat. But he was no match for the Captain, who, after a short scuffle, shook him off, then held him by the collar at arm's length.

"Go to yonder table and write a full confession of your guilt, and betraying an innocent man through jealousy—to a fate worse than death. Outside the bank there are police to arrest you. Write, I say, at once."

"Jacques, you are a villain! I am convinced you have purloined Lord Harbury's opal," said the banker.

"Opal—opal!" exclaimed Captain Gravenor, producing a small box. "Can this be it?"

"Gravenor, I curse you!" hissed Thorel. "You have stood between me and the woman I loved. I am sorry I did not remove you from my path by surer means.—Yes, uncle, I did forge your cheque; I confess it, and glory in having given him a few years of suffering. I wish"——

"Stop!" said Mr. Desborough, horrified. "Say no more. Write the full confession. I demand it."

Thorel took a pen, dipped it in the ink, and with great self-command, wrote a few lines.

Mr. Desborough took the opal, the splendid jewel, bright with its hidden fire. "A forger, a robber.—Jacques Thorel, I disown you. No punishment will be too severe for you.—Give him up to justice, Gravenor."

"Will punishment, however severe, restore to me the years I have lost—give me back the companionship of my wife—the happiness of seeing my boy grow up from infancy—will it restore my desolated home?—Thorel, you have injured me as much as one man can injure another; but it would render me no satisfaction to know you were leading a life of hard labour, enduring the degrading companionship of the hulks! No, I destroy these proofs of your guilt for ever!" said Gravenor, tearing the forged papers, the signed acceptances, and casting them on the fire.—"Go!" he said, pointing to the door. "The world is open to you—to which will be published your odious infamous secret. Let that knowledge and your guilty conscience be my revenge.—Go, and repent—with a soiled name, a ruined reputation, as you gave me."

For the first time in his life, the pale face of the wretch crimsoned. He opened his lips, as if to speak; but no words came. Then, overcome with shame, his head sank, and he slouched from the room, his self-assurance, his jauntiness, gone, destroyed by the coals of fire heaped upon his head.

"Captain Gravenor," said the banker, grasping his hand, while tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, "you are a noble, generous man! How I have misjudged you!"

"Not so, Mr. Desborough. I try to be a Christian, nothing more."

"From this moment, the bank shall be that of Desborough and Gravenor.—Will you be my partner?"

"Yes," answered the Captain, clasping his father-in-law's hand.

Thorel's confession was published in all the leading papers both at home and abroad. Former friends flocked around Captain Gravenor with their congratulations; but, though glad to see again their once familiar faces, he remembered that he had stood alone in his adversity. To one man alone he owed gratitude, who had believed in him, and saved him.

His honour is cleared; and if ever perfect happiness existed in this world, it is to be found in the home of George and Lena Gravenor. With the love of his wife and boy, the Captain is slowly forgetting the years of trial he had endured; they have left their mark upon him, but only to elevate his character, rendering him a noble Christian man.

[THE END.]

Why the Chinese Like the Russians.

A French writer calls attention to the fact that the relations of Russia to China differ widely from the relations of any other country in the world to that country which would be out of the world if it had but the chance. While the other nations have for the most part extensive and scattered colonies in China, Russia has only one small colony consisting of about a hundred merchants and employees, all belonging to four Siberian houses. The only other Russians are the members of the Legation at Pekin and the Consul at Foo-Choo. Should there be any trouble between China and the "barbarians," the Russian section of barbarism could be got out of the country with ease.

But there is no chance of trouble with the Russians. The Chinese like the Russians, and think that they alone of the non-celestial world bring unmitigated good to China. The Russian political policy in China, and indeed with all the strange and uncouth peoples with whom the Muscovites have had contact, has been strictly *laissez faire*. The Muscovites have conquered, and yet have left the conquered unhumiliated by any attempt to stamp out tribal or race customs, religions, or languages. When the Russians trade, they go at it in the same way.

Thus while America and the rest of Europe have endeavored to supplement commerce with assiduous and gratuitous efforts to elevate Chinese morals and to save Chinese souls, the Russians have simply paid glittering ounces of gold for Chinese wares and let Chinese souls alone.

Further, the Russian traders, being nearly akin to Orientals in customs, have offended Chinese eyes with no unknown and, to the Chinese uncouth ways of eating, drinking, and living. The fact that the Russians sell nothing to the Chinese, and buy nothing but tea, has added to this feeling of tolerance. And in case China by force or by refusal of outside nations to interfere, were to accomplish the desire of the mass of her peoples and close her ports and boundaries, Russia then would have a chance of escaping the universal ban.

Toys and Games of the Past.

It is curious to note how some of the games of the early ages have been handed down to the present time. The game, for instance, known to most of us as "Odd or Even," was also a favourite of the young Egyptian, and many of the little counters that he used are preserved in the British Museum.

There is also the game of draughts, which was played on a chequered board in the earliest times. The poor children were content with draughtsmen and boxes made out of rough pieces of clay; but the richer ones usually had beautifully carved lion-headed draughtsmen and boxes. The young Greeks, too, were well provided with toys and games for their amusement. The toys were chiefly dolls made of baked clay—the arms and legs being joined with string, and, therefore, movable. They had a favourite game called "Chytrinda," which has been preserved through many ages, and is now played by boys of to-day under the well-known name of "Puss in the corner." In France the game is called "Quatre Coins," or four corners. Both in the old game and in the modern version five players are required, one occupying each of the four corners, while the fifth player stands in the middle. In ancient Greece he wore an earthen napkin on his head and was called "Pot;" in France at the present day he is the "Nigand," or simpleton, and by us he is called "Puss." To guess the number of fingers another held up was also a favourite amusement, and this, too, is frequently played at the present time. So you see how carefully the character of the amusement and the playthings of the very earliest ages has been maintained in the toys and games in use to-day. Some curious toys have been invented during the present century. The same inventor who constructed the mechanical flute-player also invented a toy duck, which became talked about all over Europe. It was so well-constructed that at first sight it was difficult to distinguish it from a living bird. In the year 1809, at Vienna, a large toy representing a performing trumpeter was exhibited. On being set in motion it played all the cavalry calls in use in the Austrian army, then a march and other music. The figure then retired, and in a few minutes reappeared in the dress of a trumpeter of the French Guard. It then played French cavalry calls, and two or three marches in a full and rich tone, which, it is said, was not equalled by that produced from a trumpet by human lungs and lips.

THE ABERDEENS IN CANADA.

Our North-West Prairies Described by the Countess.

In the English newspapers of October, 1890, appeared telegraphic reports of a railway accident west of Winnipeg, finishing up with the statement that Lord and Lady Aberdeen were on the train, and that while the former went about ministering to the wants of the wounded, the latter took sketches of the scene. That was a tolerably hardhearted proceeding, was it not? I wonder what those of our members and associates who happened to notice the statement thought of the doings of their President while she was here beyond their reach. Well, here is the true, unvarnished statement of the facts, as written at the time:

We started from Winnipeg soon after six, and about eight we had just gone across to the dining-car and begun our dinner, when there came a sudden tremendous screwing of the brakes, a series of jerks, an abrupt transference of crockery and glass from tables to floor, and then the car was motionless, and all was perfectly still. People looked at one another for a moment—the same unuttered thought passing through each mind, then came the tidings, 'The engine is off the rails!' A. rushed off with others to see what had really occurred, and we were amazed to find how much damage was done, when we remembered the comparatively slight shock we had felt. The engine was lying on its side, on the bank, all crumpled and torn, the funnel half into the ground and still smoking away; the tender, upside down across the rails, tumbled above the luggage-van on its side. On the other side of the line, one car half down the bank, and three more off the rails, the three last cars, including the dining-car and ours, were still on the rails. No one could ascertain the cause of the accident, and for a few minutes there was great suspense as to whether any one was killed or injured. Marvellously and mercifully no one was killed, and the engine-driver, fireman and express messenger were only somewhat cut and bruised. The driver, had, with great presence of mind, turned off steam, and put on the brakes at the first jerk, and then jumped off; the fireman remained, thinking, as he himself expressed it, that the engine would not go right over. It is wonderful how he escaped, when the part of the engine where he was sitting was all broken. All in the darkness and by the light of a lantern held by A., I tried to make a sketch of the scene, but it was so dark and drizzling that it was rather difficult work. It all looked very weird. The engine gave one the impression of a great gasping living thing, with its head buried in the earth, still hissing and steaming in impotent misery, and to increase the mystery of the scene, dark figures flitted about here, there and everywhere, with lanterns, and in the near distance there loomed a great threatening fiery eye, barring our way. This latter apparition turned out to be the lights of the engine of a freight train, which had been waiting at the next station (Poplar Point) till we should pass, and now came up to see what could be done. It was past 12 when we heard the tinkling bell announcing the arrival of the wreck-train with a 'break-down gang' from Winnipeg, thirty-five miles away, with superintendent, doctor and engineer aboard. We, from our post of vantage at the end of the train, saw the lights approach slowly and cautiously. A party from our train were on the outlook for them, and motioned them to proceed by swinging a lantern backwards and forwards, but they crept up inch by inch, making sure of their way as they came. And then all at once the place was alive with groups of the new-comers surrounding the remains of our train, examining, enquiring, testing the amount of damage done, and ere long setting to work with pick-axe and spade, to remove the wrecks which lay across the torn-up line. It was soon decided that the quickest method was to construct a temporary new line for the few hundred yards or so which had been destroyed, and while this was being done the uninjured cars were being pulled back to Raeburn, the first station back.

It is wonderful how such accidents do not occur oftener on dark nights, when the train is passing along such long stretches of unfenced land, over which cattle roam at their own free will. As it happened, there were fences on either side of the line at this particular spot, so the cattle must have strayed in by an open gate, and were doubtless lying on the track because of its comparative dryness after the deluge of rain which had been coming down. You will notice in the illustration of the fallen engine the iron-pointed contrivance in front invented on purpose to guard against such accidents. It is called the "cow-catcher," and is intended to sweep any animal off the line who may be bent on self-destruction. Our accident however, proves that it is not always successful in its purpose, but I should add that accidents on the C. P. R. have hitherto happily been exceedingly rare, owing to the constant and vigilant care of those in charge of the line, and who arrange perpetual supervision of every part of the track, so that all possible danger may be averted.

The "cow-catcher" in front of the engine has sometimes been put to another and original use at times. Adventurous travellers have obtained permission to sit on it whilst travelling through the magnificent scenery passed on the C. P. R., in order to obtain the best possible views of all that is to be seen from the line. You would not imagine such a position very comfortable, would you? But those who have tried it speak of their experiences with enthusiasm. Amongst others, Lady Macdonald, the wife of the late Premier of Canada, took a trip West on the "cow-catcher," of which she has written a charming account. We were not so bold, and contented ourselves with the outlook from our car, and this for two or three days after leaving Winnipeg consisted solely in vast stretches, which the poet Bryant describes as—

> The gardens of the Desert, these,
> The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
> For which the speech of England has no name—
> The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
> And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
> Takes in the circling vastness. Lo! they lie
> In airy undulations, far away,
> As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
> Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
> And moti nless for ever.—Motionless?
> No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
> Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath
> The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye.

Alone! Yes, I think that settlers on the prairie must realise what solitude means in a way which can scarcely be understood by those living in mountainous regions. The mountains and tree-clad crags seem to encircle and protect those who dwell among them with so real and living a personality that these two can never feel "alone" in their company. But go to the prairie country and look around—you may see the bright colors of butterfly and flower, you may smile at the cunning looks of the little rabbit-like sort of creatures called "prairie dogs," who rear themselves up on their hind legs and look at you, and then "heigh, presto," they are off; you may hear the rushing through the air of the flocks of wild geese overhead, on their way to their winter quarters, but of human habitation you will see but scant signs. Your eye may scan many square miles around, and yet you may scarcely be able to detect any indication of the fact that the lords of this rich harvest land are beginning to enter upon their inheritance. Yet it is so. And if we had paid our Western visit during harvest-time, we should have seen some such sights as you see represented in the accompanying pictures. When you are reading this, we shall be hearing rejoicing accounts of the bounteousness of the harvest which farmers in Manitoba and the Northwest have been gathering in this year without any damage from the dreaded early frosts. And I shall be trying to grow wise as to the reasons why the Manitoban black mud, which lies from two to four feet in depth on the surface of the soil, is so rich as to produce magnificent crops without manure. Once more, too, it will be impressed on us that the settlers who do best are those who adapt themselves most to the methods of farming found successful in the new country. For instance, they must not plough deep as they do at home, but only about two inches, and then they must put in a crop at the first breaking, as this has been found the best way of subduing the sod, besides the advantage of yielding profit to the farmer the first year, when his means are not generally plentiful. This sod is very hard to break at first, but subsequent ploughings are easy. As we went along, we found one and another of our fellow-passengers quite willing to tell us about all these things, and to explain the reasons as to why one man fails and the other succeeds. It was especially interesting to us to come across young men, from our own district in Aberdeenshire, who could speak in cheery tones of their past experience and their future prospects. One of these, Mr. Well, from Methlick, who came and chatted with us on our car for a bit, had been working for a year or two on one of the huge 10,000 acre farms, formed originally by Sir John Lister-Kaye; when we met him he was about to buy a farm of his own, and to bring to it as mistress an Associate of the Haddo House Association. So there is no fear of his not succeeding—is there?

This young man's experience, and that of others whom we met, points to the fact that one of the best ways of getting on is for a new comer to hire himself as laborer to a good farmer for a year or two, so as not only to save up money for his start, but also, even if he have some capital, to learn the ways of the country under practical guidance. In looking to the future and to the probability of the continuance of the rich crops which have been obtained these last few years from Manitoba and the North West, there is one encouraging feature which was brought before us by a gentleman at Ottawa Mr. Hurlbert, who has prepared a series of very interesting maps under the sanction of the Canadian Government. One of these maps shows us that all over the world there are regions where summer droughts prevail, where rain falls but rarely during the period while the crops are growing and requiring moisture. If you look at the map, you will see that but a small part of this region is included in the Dominion of Canada, and this is a matter of no small importance to intending settlers.

As we get farther West, we begin to hear about other sources of prosperity besides wheat—we hear of the grass lands of Alberta, and its openings for large ranches for the breeding of horses; we hear, too, of coal fields of such extent that all past fears as to the fuel resources of Canada have been set at rest. Then, too, there is timber and large petroleum deposits. But I cannot enlarge on these things in this paper, nor will I describe to you the young towns of this region: Regina, the capital of the Northwest, where too are the head-quarters of the smart red-uniformed Canadian Mounted Police; Medicine Hat, a little town in a cavity, surrounded by strongly indented hills, where we had the pleasure of inspecting a charmingly-appointed hospital, erected through the efforts of Mr. Neblock, one of the C. P. R. Superintendents; and Calgary, at the foot of the Rockies, where lives one of our associates, who still takes part in our competitions, though so far away.

If space was permitted I would have wished to tell you something of the former masters of this country, the Indians, who are diminishing in numbers, and will ere long disappear. Their tents or "teepees" are pitched in groups on the plains you pass by, and miserable specimens in dirty squalid-colored blankets haunt the railway stations, with the object of selling buffalo horns, or baskets, or feather-work. Their babies, whom they call "papooses" and who are strapped to boards which their mothers carry on their backs, seem to be model babies. You never hear one crying. There they are swathed up tightly on their boards, and they appear to be equally ununconcerned if they are riding on their mothers' backs or are put down against a wall, whilst their guardians are otherwise occupied. But travelers who pass through these countries only by the railway can know nothing of the lives and customs of the true type of Indian. For knowledge of these we must go to the hunter, the Hudson Bay Company trader and the missionary, and we must hunt records of the past, which already have supplied material for tales of thrilling adventure to the writers of boy's book.

When the Europeans came to America, all this vast region of which we have been speaking, was only inhabited by various tribes of Indians, who lived almost entirely on the proceeds of their fishing and hunting. Gradually the white men came to realize what a source of wealth existed in the herds of fur-covered animals which roamed over these endless plains and mountains and the skins of which could be obtained very easily from the Indians for a few beads, ornaments, or better still, for muskets when they had learned how to use them, or for the spirits, which were to work such havoc among the native races. And in 1669 Prince Rupert formed a Company, which was endowed by King Charles II., with "all countries which lie within the entrance of Hudson's Straits, in whatever latitude they may be, so far as not possessed by other Christian States." The new Company entered vigorously on its work, establishing central trading stations throughout their domain, formed of a few wooden huts, and surrounded by palisades or walls and well-barred gates. These were generally near rivers, and to these the savages brought their merchandise of skin, and feathers, and horns, at stated seasons of the year. They encamped before the fort, and a solemn transaction of bartering and affectionate speeches took place, and on the results of this bartering the company grew fabulously rich. A century later their continued success caused another company to be formed, and many were the feuds which ensued, until the two decided to unite and to work together. Oh, the yarns that might be told of those golden days of hunting, of the adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and in all the red man plays a conspicuous part! Round his loyalty or his enmity centres many a tale. Those days are over now. In 1869 the Government took over the domains of the Hudson Bay Company for £300,000, and certain lands round the trading stations, and from that time the era of the Indian was over. They cannot stand before the forces of civilization, and they are doomed to give way to those who have entered on their predestined work of cultivating the land and building cities, thus multiplying the population and replenishing the earth. Meanwhile, the missionaries have been busy. The authorities of the Hudson Bay Company always encouraged their efforts and did much for them by forbidding the use of spirits at their stations, and in later times the Government has endeavored to exercise a paternal care over these perishing tribes, gathering them into reserves, trying to teach them cultivation, educating their children, granting gifts and pensions, and in doing all in their power to promote the success of the missions. But of heroic work of these missionaries, and of what they have been able to accomplish, we must tell you some other time, if you will not tire of the subject.

Famous Smokers.

Lord Tennyson is said to be particularly attached to a long churchwarden, a basketful of which is placed by the side of his writing-table, while on the other side is a second basket. As soon as a pipe is finished the poet throws it into the second basket and charges a fresh one, which is treated precisely the same way when finished with.

Mario, the great singer, was an inveterate smoker; he smoked incessantly everywhere, and his servant always stood at the wings of the theatres in which he performed, to receive the burning cigar from his mouth at the moment when he went on to the stage.

In a sketch of Edward Lytton Bulwer, by Maclise, in the South Kensington Museum, the great novelist is represented in an easy-chair with his legs stretched out, and smoking a pipe, the straight stem of which almost reaches down to his slippers.

General Grant was a devout worshipper at the Nicotian shrine. During the many arduous campaigns in which he was actively engaged he subsisted almost entirely on tobacco. The tough Yankee sometimes smoked as many as 20 cigars in 12 hours.

Bismarck consumes enormous quantities of tobacco. When any measure of importance was in course of progress through the German Parliament the "iron Chancellor" hardly ever had a cigar out of his mouth, except when he was eating, speaking, or sleeping. In his youthful days he prided himself on being what the Germans call a "chain smoker," or, in plain English, one whose morning and night are connected by a chain of cigars, each link of which is lighted at the stump of its predecessor. "Happy man!" once exclaimed Gambetta of him, "beer and smoke agree with him." On one occasion, when about to light his last cigar, he observed to a friend, "That the value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another."

Victor Hugo was another inveterate smoker, and whenever his friends happened to call they were invariably invited to join him by the fireside and share the honoured pipe.—*All the Year Round.*

The Herb of Prophecy.

Another remarkable plant has recently been added to the long list of botanical curiosities, M. Carrera, deputy of Oaxaca, having taken to the City of Mexico a plant which is known to grow only in Mixteca, called the "herb of prophecy" by the natives. Devotees of this weed take it much in the same manner that cocoa leaves are taken by those addicted to the habit. In a few moments after a dose of it has been taken a sleep is produced similar in all respects to, and, it might be said, identical with, the hypnotic state. When under its influence the sleeper is completely insensible, but will answer with closed eyes all questions put to him. It is further said of this wonderful plant that the pathologic state induced on whomsoever partakes of the herb brings with it a kind of prophetic gift and second-sight. One who has taken this herb loses his will even more completely than does the person who is in the hypnotic state, and is so thoroughly under the control of any voice that he would shoot or stab himself at any moment if commanded to do so. When one regains his senses after being under the influence of the "prophetic herb" he remembers nothing of what he has done when in the trance.

The First American Railway.

The first railroad built in the United States was three miles in length, extending from the granite quarries at Quincy, Mass., to the Neponsett River. It was commenced in 1826 and finished in 1827. The gauge was five feet; the rails were pine, a foot thick, covered with hard oak, which was in turn strapped with iron. In January, 1827, a short coal road was completed from the mines to Mauch Chunk, Pa. The rails on this road were also of timber with flat iron bars. The first locomotive for use on a railroad was invented by Richard Previteck in 1804, and first tried in Wales. George Stephenson built the first really successful locomotive in 1814, and tested it upon the Killingwood road in the north of England. The first locomotive for actual service constructed in America was E. I. Miller's "Best Friend," built for the South Carolina Railroad Company in 1830; Peter Cooper built a little experimental locomotive early in 1830, before the "Best Friend" was completed.—[St. Louis Republic.

France possesses 1,100 mineral springs, of which over 1,000 are made use of in France.

The Calumet and Hecla Works have a smelting works in Buffalo, the capacity of which will be 250 tons per month.