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BUMAN STREET,

NO. 22.

VOL. II.

ATIM WALL

mind or body, the result of one of its down into the cabin to partake of the "playful" tricks. Chubby, dirty, odor-

They sat in the sun together.

- Till the day was almost done. And then at its close an angel Stepped over the threshold stor
- Like the close of a solemn psaln
- Like a bridal pair they traversed The unseen, mystical road, That leads to the Beautiful City,
- Perhaps, in that miracle country. They will give her lost youth back.
 And the flowers of a vanished Spring-time
- One draught of the living water Shall restore his manhood's prime
- But the shapes they left behind them-The wrinkles and silver hair-
- We'll hide away in the meadow, When the sun is low in the west,
- But we'll let no tell-tale tembstone With its age and date, arise

THE STORY-TELLER.

"Mariana in the Moated Grange,"

I only said, "I am aweary, aweary."
"You're a downright fool!" she said

By the way, my name is Smith-Pres-ton, legally. The latter half was conferred on me by a formal act of our highly honorable legislature, my uncle Preston having devised me his property on condition that I assumed his patrointroduced to a desirable acquaintance by to have some booby rush up, with as much clatter as a rusaway mule would

Smith?"-the last question referring to my paternal progenitor, who, I cannot deny, is "old Smith" still.

And that brings me back to my original subject. It was for making a perfectly natural observation of the same tenor as the above, that Mrs. Theophilus Dobb pronounced me a downright fool. As I have already stated, I did not even contradict, much less resent, her unkind remark. I was paying attention to her

But, after all, I should have prospered quite as well if I had shown a proper spirit on that particular occasion. Moses was, undoubtedly, a very celebrated man, and he was meek; but meekness, as a general rule, is not becoming to a man. My meekness, in my intercourse with Mrs. D., did not procure me any favor; far less did it aid me to attain my heart's desire. I suppose I may as well tell the whole story just as it happened. After you have heard it, fear you will say that Mrs. Theophilus Dobb was more than half right. Perhaps she was-for I feel very meek on the threshold of my confession-but still I contend she had no earthly right to tell me so in the presence of Miss Jenny

Do you know what an enfant terrible study French and find out. I found out youngest taught me in one lesson. Mrs. Theo. Dobb was a matron of many years' standing, and of her children, the name was Legion. How many she had exactly, I never knew; but I do know that, by some stupendous miracle, they were all young, and that they pervaded everything. Lovers would have had a ing than in any corner of the Dobb mansion. It was, doubtless, owing to the fact that the Legion always had its own sweet will, and was always precisely where it was not wanted, that, up to the time of which I am about to write, I had never found an opportunity to ask Miss Jenny Bird the direct question whether she would allow me to transform her from a Bird into a bride. And te the rear-guard of the Legion-Mrs. Dobb's youngest—I owe the bitter recol-lection that I never did put that impor-

Mrs. Dobb's youngest was what is facetiously called a playful child. Mrs. Dobb's friends invariably imprecated the direct anathemas upon this interest ing infant in the silence of their inner hearts, and openly lauded him to the skies as "so full of spirits." More diplomatic lying was done about Theophilus dreamed of perpetrating: for, as usual in such cases, her youngest was the mother's favorite, and if any one desired

when suffering excruciating agonies of ed itself. The whole company had gone

ous of bread and butter, about seven years old and remarkably precocious, Theo. Dobb, junior, was the incarnation of malicious mischief—and thereby hangs

Breathing dire vows of vengeance, I scrambled off the box in haste, and On the occasion referred to, I, how-ever, felt sure that I should have an op-portunity to put the decisive question, bravely resolving that I would at once embrace it—and Miss Jenny, provided her answer was favorable. How well I without pausing to examine the state of my to let, rushed off toward the com-panionway. But if I was enraged at thus being neglected, ere I reached the staircase all my wrath had vanishedfor, sitting pensively alone upon the quarter-deck, I beheld the object of my heart's adoration, Miss Jennie Bird. All remember my dress and general appearance on that eventful day! I am dethought of feasting vanished from my mind. Here was the feast of reason cidedly tall and rather spare of person -my detractors even say that I am lank and the flow of soul—in short, here was my opportunity of putting the all-im-portant question which was to decide my future fate. I did not hesitate; not and that my long legs resemble pipe-stems. That this is pure slander I need scarcely observe, but I need not stop to refute it now. Suffice it to say that my figure is elegant and distingue, and that on that day I was get up, in an approbeing was near save ourselves; no such felicitous occasion might present itself again in years. Without premed-

priate costume, regardless of expense. itati n or preparation I rushed franti-cally forward, and before she could have g#hered an idea of my desperate It was a water-party. A friend of mine had built a steamboat and invited me to bring my friends and have a jolly purpose, I had thrown myself at her feet. What meant that crimson blush time on the trial-trip of the vessel. it was a nautical occasion and in the which, in a moment, dyed her neck and midst of summer, I wore garments suitcheek and brow as with a flood of color? Did she anticipate my design, and while preparing herself to requite my fervent ed to the season and the situation. My nether man was clad in nankeen inexpressibles, tight at the hips and remarkadoration, shield herself behind that ably flowing about the ankles. A gorgeously embroidered blue shirt, with a wide collar a la matelot, clothed my vivid signal of maidenly modesty, as if erecting a rampart to check my too passionate ardor? Perhaps. Neverthestalwart chest, and over this I donned less, there was evidently an even strong-er emotion agitating her immost soul. I an abbrieviated jacket of nankeen, without a particle of tail, and of the style technically known as "round." A sailorcould not but perceive that something beyond mere modesty and surprise hat of straw with a broad blue ribbon, moved her. A strange convulsion shook its long ends floating gracefully down her fair form from head to foot; her behind, completed my costume, and I defy the most malignant critic to proeyes seemed starting from their dilated orbits; the blush deepened upon her angelic face until it really seemed more ounce it inappropriate or unbecoming. I felt it was becoming, for it set off my peculiar style of manly beauty to a charm, and I should have had no alloy like an apoplectic congestion; and while, with both kands, she appeared to be stuffing her lace mouchoir into her half-opened mouth, a singular, rattling whatever in my cup of happiness, if Briggs—Toady Briggs, as his best friends

call him—had not been of the party.

A pushing, arrogant, disagreeable felnoise in her throat filled me with th dreadful alarm that she was choking. As I was starting to my feet, fright-ened half to death at these symptoms of low is that Briggs. I never liked him, but he would persist in thrusting himwhat seemed to be an approaching fit, the sound of voices and footsteps on the self upon me, and he intruded in just the same way upon Miss Bird. If I had but told him what she often said about stairs behind me indicated the return of the guests from the banquet. They were led by Briggs—who had only left Well, that's neither here nor there. Miss Jenny for a moment while he went I never did tell him, and here he was, to fetch her forgotten parasol-and by this beautiful, bright, sunshiny mornthe time I had attained an erect posture, they trooped upon the deck. Imagine my astonishment when I beheld each ing—dressed as if he was going to a ball, and really looking very well, for him— obscuring my sunshine and clouding my one of them, Briggs foremost, start back in alarm, stare at me wildly, and then double up, like two-foot rules, in perfect enjoyment by persistently sticking, in his usual obtrusive, self-sufficient way, as close as a limpet to a rock, to Miss Jenny's side. He would carry her parasol, and follow her around the deck with paroxysms of laughter. I turned slowly around, gazing at each one in turn in profound dismay, and at my movement the storm of mirth redoubled; while, to a camp-stool, and fan her with a palmleaf, and adjust her lorgnette—talking and endeavoring to be witty all the time, crown my mortification and distress, it became plain to me that it was not a fit, in such a ridiculous way, that the dear girl was absolutely obliged to choke but a severe struggle to repress her own mirth, which had caused Miss Jenny's

herself with her mouchoir to prevent herself from laughing in his very face-so that, positively, I was unable to get a onvulsive action. The laughter continued, peal upon peal, during the space of three or four minutes. It was clear, I thought, that single confidential word with her until the boat was quite out at sea, and, havthey were laughing at the joke of having been bilious for more than a week, l ing caused me to lose my dinner, and my rage, rising higher and higher every I told him, a dozen times, that he was ment, was at the point of exploding making a fool of himself, and that she in some act of violence, of which, un-doubtedly, Briggs would have felt the was quite disgusted with the nonsense he was uttering, not to say anything of But at this crisis that disgustweight. his officiousness; but he had too good ing individual, perhaps seeing the iman opinion of himself and his wit to minence of my fury, seized me by the heed my kindly warning, and very imarm, and with some difficulty, on account pertinently told me to go to-well to go of his continued mirth, drew me into to the court of his Satanic majesty and the entrance of the companionway. agitate myself. He said "shake my-The interior of this structure was lin self," but I wish to soften the vulgarity with splendid mirrors, and as soon as I was within it, I could behold my fullof his remark, as much as possible, when repeating it to ears polite. I did not go length figure clearly reflected in the to the place he mentioned, but I was sufficiently agitated, both by his inso-

shining glass. Horror on horror's head accumulate What was it that I did tehold in those fatal mirrors? My own graceful form transformed into the striking semblance of a gigantic Shanghai rooster! Was I dreaming? Was I under the influence of some diabolical, magical spell? Ha the infernal truth rushes on me with the force of an avalanche. I am the victim-yes, there can be no doubt of it -the victim of circumstances and the malevolence of that dwarf fiend in human form-Mrs. Dobb's youngest!

Why dwell on that agonizing experi Let me end me tale—as he didby the shortest possible process. Find-ing me peacefully sleeping, defenseless and at his mercy, the little wretch had stolen a feather pillow from the cabin, and with the aid of a convenient tarbucket on deck, plastered my posterior with layer upon layer of feathers, until they formed a huge appendage that protruded more than two feet behind me, and hung down in waving folds precise ly like the tail of a half-starved ostrich Not content with that, he had ornamented my bald head with a central row of tar and feathers, in imitation of cock'r-comb, and when you recollect that I am tall and spare, and how I was dressed, perhaps you can form some idea

of the picture I presented. If you can't, I'm not going to help you, you may be sure. When that steamboat reached her dock, or by what means I reached my domicile, I have never known unto this day. But this I do know, that the day before yesterday I received an invita-tion to the wedding of Miss Jennie Bird

with that odious Briggs. The best wish I can give them is that they may be

compelled to pass their honeymoon in

the society of Mrs. Dobb's youngest .-

Frank Leslies' Illustrated Newspaper. A speculative drayman at Paducah, Ky., professes to have discovered a veritable pool of Bethesda. It is said that a of them. We of course visited the house certain woman was afflicted with the must have been for some hours, for when I awoke I found that the vessel had begun to retrace her course, and dream she saw an angel, and the angel dressed in modern costume, and Joseph was already some distance within the said unto her go and dig a well at a cer- at work before a carpenter's bench, on tain place and drink of the waters, and which lay tools of modern invention

Manners of the Day.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1872.

A writer of the Chicago Times deplores the lack of courtesy in these days,

and illustrates as follows:
You step into a justice's office. young man sits near enough a desk to make a footrack of it, reading a paper.
You are after the justice, and you ask
in a tone, greatly modulated by experience of former rebuffs, if he is in. You stand in waiting until the young man has finished his paragraph, when he gives you the benefit of a casual inspection, and resumes his paper, incidentally remarking that he thinks not.

Put upon, but not discouraged, you

"When is he likely to be in?" Feebly, "Can't say," devouring another paragraph about a boy being chawed up by a dog in Iowa. In doubt whether you may safely ask another question, you still muster up courage enough to

"Where will I be likely to find him !" Without looking up, "In Milwaukee.

Irritated at this cool trifling with ime and patience, you demand: "Could you not have said as much a

Imperturbably, "If I'd been asked I could, old boy."

And you, who had thought yourself able to stand before kings, retire from the presence of this bold, brassy boy,

discomfited. A gentleman of my acquaintance, of the very finest sensibilities, and one to whom a word is severer than a blow, went with a lady friend to a great depot in this city to help her off on a journey. He went first to have her enecked. Pointing out her trunk to the man in charge, the only reply made was the word-

"Ticket!" Not comprehending exactly what was meant, he stood a moment, as one will who is in doubt, expecting an explanation. It came:

"Go and get your ticket if you want your baggage checked!" roared the man, in the coarse, hard tone of a ruf-

My friend got the ticket and return-The trunk was put on the scales

and proved to be over-weight.

"Dollar." ejaculated the man.

My friend, you know, innocently supposed that baggage went with the passenger without extra charge, and therefore thought he was being defrauded. So he said :

"I think I'll not pay the dollar. I'll take the trunk back and send it by ex-

"No you won't," said the baggageman, "you'll pay the dollar."

And he did. A young man saw a card in a win-

low, "Four neckties for a quarter." That being about the amount he felt able to squander on neck wear, he step-ped in. A primped and bedeviled knight of the ribbon stood behind the counter, and seemed utterly oblivious of the young man's approach until addressed.

"I would like some of those neekties, said the young man. "How many?" asked the clerk

"Four." "We can't make anything selling these neckties, four at a time," said the young man in a petulant way. frequently lose a large sale while we

are attending to these —— neckties."
"I wouldn't keep 'em," said the young
man. "And if I kept 'em, I wouldn't dvertise them in the window 'four for quarter."

- you wouldn't," said the The mild-eyed, pleasant-spoken clerk, as with one gyration of his attenuated shadow-grown form, he whisked his neckties back into the show-case, and

went placidly back to his ogling.

The young man thinks that was the promptest dry goods prince he has ever net, even in Chicago.

Did you ever muster up courage to speak to one of our policemen !-one of those fellows who stand around in their first good clothes to boss the newsboys? If you have, you need no advice If not, you will find the following simple directions of great value: Never speak to a policeman when your wife is by. To be snubbed in her presence is

subversive of home discipline. Never attempt an interview in pres ence of your sweetheart. Her hero, punctured, suffers a collapse.

Never approach a peeler with hat on. He will arrest you for contempt.

Never approach one with your hat off. Meekness and civility are his meat and drink. If you seek directions from one seek

it from two. As they will not agree ask a third. To the sum of their differences add what you before knew, and you will be in a condition to go and look in a directory. To make an interview perfectly safe

and eminently satisfactory, get yourself up in a loud and dashing style. Buff trowsers-variegated waistcoat-"Dol lie Varden" necktie. Take on a swagger, a look of assurance the — but, then, unless you have blood in your eye you will not succeed.

Nazareta.

Rev. J. B. Dunn, writing to the Boston Traveller, gives the following description of Nazareth:

The situation of Nazareth is very pleasant, the people are better dressed and the women handsomer than any we have yet seen in the East. What a pity we must add the streets are the dirtiest where it is said Jesus and his parents upon me gradually as I stared about me, while slowly collecting my thoughts and coming to a realizing sense of where I was. When I was quite awake I began to be surprised at the unusual silence that reigned around me, and another fact suddenly and disagreeably presents selling them.

that well is, and thinks to find a little profit in it by bottling the waters and selling them.

mulcteer, Safada, and his brother Francis, both of whom are Mohammedans, had given an Arab a severe thrashing

because the Arab cursed the Christians

and our party.

One of the most interesting sights to be seen at Nazareth is the crowd of young women and girls that between the hours of five and eight in the even-ing flock to the public fountain with their pitchers on their heads to draw

water The night spent here was a memorable one, for, scarce had we retired to our tents when a small army of big mosquitoes came down upon us and laid seige to our persons, nor could we drive them away till morning called us forth to begin another day's journey—a day during which we rode through part of the valley of Esdracion, crossed the Kishon, where Baal's prophets were slain, ascended Carmel to the supposed wint of sacrifice where we strent some point of sacrifice, where we spent some time in trying to reconcile the Bible and our guide books, but failed, when putting the latter in our saddle bags and taking the former in our hands, we continued our explorations. Here we met Prof. Mead, of Andover, engaged in the same werk of exploration. Leav-ing Carmel, we rode across the plain to Haifa, where, after bathing in the Mediterranean, we passed the night under wet tents, and on borrowed beds, as our baggage mules on crossing the Kishon had their feet taken from under them, the baggage upset and thoroughly soaked, as some of my things to-day testify.

Reflections of a Murmuring Mother.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. It had always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie didn't want a cake, or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles, "I'd rather be in prison," I said one day, "than to have my life teased out so," as Jamie knocked my el-

bow, when I was writing to a friend. But a morning came when I had one plate less to wash, one chair less to set away by the wall in the dining-room; when Jamie's little crib was put away in the garret, and it has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with him that damp May morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience then than at any other time. By-and-by he was singing in another room, "I want to be an angel;" and presently rang out that metallic cough. I never hear that hymn since that it don't cut me to the heart; for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse towards night, and when my husband came home he went for the doctor. At first he seemed to help him, but it merged into inflammatory croup, and all was soon over.
"I ought to have been called in soon-

er," said the doctor. I have a servant to wash the dishes

ing to work all the time. There is no little boy worrying me to open his jackthe floor. The magazines are not soiled with looking at the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading-table, just

as I leave them. "Your carpet never looks dirty," say weary-worn mothers to me.

"Oh, no," I mutter to myself, "there are no little boots to dirty it now!" But my face is as weary as theirsweary with sitting in my lonesome parlor at twilight-weary with watching for the little arms that used to twine around my neck, for the curls that brushed against my cheek, for the young laugh which rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing fire, or made rab-bits with the shadow on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa coming home. I have the wealth and ease longed for, but at what a price? And when I see other mothers with grownup sons, driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with grey, I wish I had murmured less.

Quicksilver.

Tourists who visit Santa Cruz watch with interest the process of collecting quicksilver, of which there are rich deposits. The process of reducing the ore, or rousing the latent mercury from its sleep of a million or so of years, is very simple. It is burned out of house and home, or its dull old body perishes by cremation, that it may appear in a glo-rified form, to shine and serve in a thous and beautiful ways. The ore is put into furnaces, each holding fifteen thousand pounds and having in one end the fire, which is kept up for about three days. The vapors from the heated ores pass from the furnaces through small apertures, like pigeon-holes, into condensing chambers, on the cool walls of which the globules of mercury form and glide at once to the floor, where they collect in little gutters and flow out into troughs which convey them to an iron cauldron, from which they are transferred to the wrought iron flasks in which they aresent to market. Each flask contains seventy-six and a half pounds, and is worth forty dollars.

Young and curious tourists have been known to attempt to carry away a thimble-full in their pockets, and have confessed to having at once felt a singular tickling, trickling sensation, usually passing like a streak of cold lightning down the right leg and into the boot. As is well known, one of the most curious properties of quicksilver is its capability of dissolving or forming amalgams with other metals. A sheet of gold-foil dropped into quicksilver disappears almost as quickly as a snow-flake when it falls into water. It has the power of separating or of readily dissolving those refractory metals which are not acted upon by our most powerful acids. The gold and silver miners pour it into their machines holding the gold-bearing quartz, and although no human eye can detect a trace of the precious substances, so fine are the particles, yet the liquid metal will hunt it out and incorporate it into its mass. By subsequent distillation it yields it into the hands of the miners in a state of virgin purity.

A gracious manner wins the populace.

A California Confidence Game. Says the San Francisco Bulletin: There

an inspiration in the climatic influences of California that excites the faculty of shrewdness in the human character to the highest point, and when this trait inclines to an erratic tendency, it usually develops rascality of an ingenious and artistic order; none of your sneaking, pocket-picking, contemptible artifice, but dignified and majestic vil-lainy calculated to command the admiration and reverence even of its victim. A few days since a gentleman arrived here from New York city, and coming from that locality one would naturally suppose the visitor was thoroughly edu-cated in all the deceits and deceptions ever conceived for entrapping the guile-less and unsophisticated; but he had never travelled in San Francisco before. Entering one of the street cars on Wednesday afternoon, he was casually drawn into conversation with a venera-ble gentleman of clerical garb and mien, who took a seat beside him. As the conversation proceeded, the reverend gentleman disclosed that he was the pastor of a fashionable congregation in the neigh-borhood of New York, and to complete the singular coincidence, he was sojourning at the same hotel with his newlyformed mercantile acquaintance. On this information, the intimacy between the two became confirmed, and on returning to the hotel, some hours of agree-able intercourse resulted in an agree-ment to visit Yosemite, in company, previous to returning together Eastward.

It was early in the evening of the same day the merchant and the clergyman had resumed the comparison of the observations of life on the Pacific coast, in the sitting room of the hotel, when a bright, intelligent-looking lad came trip-ping in breathlessly and addressed the latter: "Oh, papa, can I not go to the theatre, just for once; it is Maggie Mitchell from New York that is performing here, and I want to see the "No, my son," replied the grave and

reverend parent; "it would be improper for me to accompany you to such a place of amusement, and I could not consent to your visiting the theatre unless under

e protection of some friend." The mercantile gentleman from New York bethought himself on this suggestion that a couple of hours Thespian divertisment would relieve the monotony of the evening, and immediately favored the inclination of the lad, kindly tendering

his protection and society.
"Well, my son," remarked the solicitous parent on this proposition, "since my friend desires to attend the theatre, I

have no objection to your going in such company, this one time."

The engagement was immediately as-sented to, and shortly after the merchant from New York and the delighted son of his esteemed clerical friend started on now; and when a visitor comes, I can their way to the Metropolitan. The sit down and entertain her without havwhen the lad suddenly stopped and reminded himself of an important precauknife, and there are no shavings over tion. "I must go back," he said to his companion, "and leave my watch and money with father; for people are always sure to get robbed in San Francisco.

The earnestness of the lad aroused the apprehension of the merchant as well, and on returning to the hotel he also insisted on depositing his watch, a valuable gold chronometer, and a pocket-book containing \$480 in greenbacks, in charge of his clerical friend. The latter hesitated as to the propriety of accepting the trust, but finally consented on York should take his receipt for the money and watch, which was duly drawn and delivered. The two again set out for the theatre

much more at ease concerning the security of their valuables. It is needless to remark that Maggie was sparkling and captivating, as usual, and the New Yorker was deeply engaged in the in-terests of the play. His juvenile com-panion, however, manifested a greater appreciation of peanuts than dramatic talent. The lad finally started for another pint, and did not return. His guardian became alarmed, and hastened anxiously to the hotel to make inquiry The missing youth was not there, neith er was the pious and conscientious parent; and more singular still, the clerk and never received any formal intimation of the presence of such reverend gentleman among the guests of the house. The venerable gentleman had probably wandered off in one of those fits of abstractedness peculiar to clergymen of that class. When he returns, the gentleman form New York has his receipt to cover the property, and he will probably preserve it as a precious memento mean-

California Coffee. Before many years California will be

come one of the coffee-growing countries of the world. The Saucelito Herald says a party of Costa Ricans, with a former president of that country at their head, have purchased a tract of land near San Rafael, and among other em-ployments designed to be followed by he colony is that of raising coffee. Coming from a country where coffee is raised with success, these Central Americans ought to know some of the requisites of a country for the business. Whether San Rafael is the spot to begin the new enterprise is said to be doubtful until demonstration has determined the juestion, but that there are parts of the State in which coffee can be grown has long been believed. The southern part of the State has many places where the experiment may be tried with hopes of success. Still it is not impossible San Rafael, and other places in the middle regions of the State, may be adapted to coffee culture. A few years invest in them. There was a case at since the general idea was averse to the Westminster lately in which it appeared possibility of growing oranges in any but the southern parts of the State, but actual demonstrations have proved that they can be cultivated as far north as maiden of twoscore, but he concluded Chico, and in several of the gorges of the Sierra Nevadas. The capacities of the country are growing year by year, and the apparently bold experiment of growing coffee near San Rafael may be based on superior judgment.

streat to give up the priceies treasure; but no, he must keep it or pay for it—a curious commercial transaction, by the way. She placed the damage at \$5,000, and the court gave her \$375.

Facts and Figures.

Two DOLLARS PER ANNUM

Six thousand men and boys a day patronize the New York public baths. Sturgeon Bay, Wis, has shipped about 5,500,000 native evergreen trees this

A grain elevator of huge proportions is in course of erection at Osage Mis-

sion, Kansas. The prairies near Ellsworth, Kansas,

are enlivened by the presence of about 45,000 head of Texas cattle.

A farmer in West Fork Township, Monona Co., Iowa, planted 113 bushels of black walnuts, and they are growing According to the last census, there are in the United States five millions of chil-

dren, of school age, who never attend The city of Springfield, Ill., has brought suit against the churches in the

city for the taxes against them for the year 1871. The Chicago woman who married a man in jail, brags she is "the only girl in town who knows where her fellow

stays of nights." Capt. Pindar, of Southern Florida,

has ten acres of pine apples; he expects to realize for the patch this year the snug sum of \$20,000.

Eight hundred and eighty-two thousand pounds of strawberries were ship-ped to Chicago over the Illinois Central

Railroad this season. A Kansas City widow rejected a suitor the other day. The forlorn lever re-venged himself by getting the widow's little son dead drunk.

A snake bit a man in Atlanta, Ga., and then immediately bit itself. The man was living at last accounts, but the

snake expired immediately. The Housten & Great Northern Railroad, by a late decision of the Texas Supreme Court, acquires title to many millions of acres of the Texas and pub-

lie domain.

The report that there was but one daughter still living of any of the sign-ers of the Declaration of Independence turns out to be untrue. Two daughters of Elbridge Gerry are still living in New Haven, Conn.

Arizona has 72,000,000 acres of public land, but a small portion of which has been surveyed. In addition to mineral territory of untold richness, there are vast quantities of magnificent grazing, agricultural and timber land.

The Nevada Legislature, in granting charters to new railroads, declares that no Chinese shall in any way be employed upon the road, either in constructing or operating them, under penalty of forfeiture of all their privileges.

Agentle school-madam in Minneapolis flogged a boy an hour and a quarter, using up several ferules, and finally re-

of \$20 and costs in consequence. A number of soda lakes have been discovered recently, twelve miles south of Denver, Colorado. The grounds comprise sixty acres, and the water and the soil together have nearly thirty-three

and one-half per cent. of sulphate of soda, It is a well-known fact, that in many portions of the West and Southwest, cerain grasses retain their succulency and nutritive qualities during the whole year, and stock can be fed on them to as much advantage during the cold months condition that the merchant from New of winter as during the season when the grass seems freshest and greenest.

California papers say that a strong tide of emigration hasset toward Oregon, a great majority of the emigrants being espectable and comfortable farmers from he Western States, who have sold their old homesteads on favorable terms, and are attracted to Oregon by reports of cheap lands, productive soil and abundant crops.

Two maiden ladies in Louisville were very much shocked the other day when they observed a young lady in a neighboring yard dig a deep hole and bury an object carefully shrouded in white cloth. They at once notified the police of their suspicions of foul play, and the body was exhumed. It turned out to be that of a lamented cat, and the suspicious spinsters were hooted by the crowd.

An amorous Detroiter tried to kiss an unwilling fair one last week, but she became angry and bit his cheek. He attempted to return the compliment, but the pain of the bite was so intense that he fainted, and the wound has since so festered and swollen that the surgeon has decided to burn the flesh with caustic and treat it as he would the bite of a mad dog. Both the biter and the bitten belong to the first families in the city.

It would seem as though a man's beard at least were his own peculiar property, and that he had a right to dispose of it when and where he pleased without bringing upon himself any great amount of trouble. Nevertheless, a man in Evansville, Ind., lately did incur a deal of trouble by sacrificing a luxuriant beard which he had worn for years. He went home after his wife had retired and she screamed and went into hysteries, on which the man's own brother appeared and fired a pistol at him, and hen knocked him down. Next day he could not get a draft cashed at the bank, and was even threatened with arrest for endorsing it with his own name. He thinks he will let his beard grow again.

Those little money-making speculations known as suits for breach of promise of marriage are still successful enough to induce persons of the female sex who have no better use for their affections to that she was too young for him and desired to give up the priceless treasure;

POETRY.

- THE OLD COUPLE. BY LOUISE CHANDLES MOULTON.
- He folded their hands together,
- He touched their eyelids with balm And their last breath floated upward
- Whose Builder and Maker is God.
- Shall bloom in the spirit's track.
- And eternal years shall measure The love that outlives time.
- Made sacred to us by the kisses The angel imprinted there—
- Where the moenbeams cannot find them. Nor the wind disturb their rest. O'er the two who are old no longer In their Father's house in the skies

MRS. DOBB'S YOUNGEST.

A TALE OF HORROR! Mrs. Theophilus Dobb's remark was not complimentary, and I am quite aware that, under ordinary circumstances, any man of spirit would have resented it. To paraphrase, slightly, the observation of that blessed martyr,

I have strong conviction that, if I had taken the trouble, I could have disproved this rather sweeping assertionthough, certainly, subsequent events seemed to corroborate her opinion—but I did not even attempt to contradict it. The fact was, that I had an object in keeping Mrs. D.'s good graces. I was paying attention to Miss Jenny Bird, and Theo. Dobb and his wife were that young lady's guardians. In short, I had about made up my mind to request Miss Jenny to become Mis. Smith-Pres-

nymic. But the great majority of my male friends—though perfectly acquainted with this important factpersistently ignore it. It is by no means pleasant, when one wishes to make a striking impression, and has just been the rather aristocractic title of Preston,

make, and shout out at the top of his strident voice: "Hullo, Smith, my boy! how's old egan to feel rather qualmish.

lence and the motion of the vessel, to

feel the necessity of a few moment's re-

pose. Accordingly, I retired from the

contest with my usual grace-leaving

him burdened with the camp-stool, the

lorgnette, the fan, the parasol and the

reproaches of his conscience, not to men-tion Miss Jenny herself—and sought a

secluded spot where I might recline at

my ease and meditate upon the speech I

meant to make to the young lady, which I now determined to utter as we return-

I found a cool, quiet spot on the top of a long box, under the awning on the forward deck, and my bitiousness hav-

ing been somewhat relieved by a small

ly brought me, I stretched myself at

ength upon the box, and turning my

back to the merry-makers aft, plunged

into a delightful reverie. The attitude,

An energetic objurgation, uttered in

commander, Mrs. Debb's youngest, for

I gradually fell into a peaceful slum-

I cannot say how long I slept, but it

see of cognac, which the steward kind-

ed into the harbor.

pretty ward, Miss Jenny Bird.

the breeze, the measured clank of the is, fair reader? If not, you had better machinery, and the brandy, all invited me to repose, and nothing could have added to my content—if Briggs and Lewithout studying French. Mrs. Dobb's gion had been left behind. But unfortunately Briggs was there, usurping my post at Miss Jennie's side, and Legic was there, kicking up an infernal racket all about the deck. And, worst of all, Mrs. Dobb's youngest was there, commanding the legion with all the fuss and vociferation of a first-class general better chance for a tele-a-tele in the of the modern school, and making more midst of an excited Irish political meetnoise in one minute than a battery of six pounders, worked by veteran artillerists, could possibly make in an my most peremptory tones, scattered this horde of light infant-ry, and even created a panic in the mind of their he set the example—as many modern commanders have done—of retreating from my vicinity, and their shrill voices having died away in the distance,

tant question to that young lady. mouth of the harbor. This fact dawned junior, than Machiavel ever to retain Mrs. Dobb's good will, they incontinently praised the child, even fact suddenly and disagreeably present-