

# Greenback

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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VOLUME 6.

EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.

NUMBER 11.

## Sewing Machine Agents WANTED.

TO SELL THE "DOMESTIC"



Respectfully announce to their numerous customers, and buyers of Dry Goods generally, that they are now receiving, and are daily opening, their usual large and elegant assortment of Spring Goods; and that their capacious showrooms are now filled with all the choicest novelties of the season, embracing many new styles and fabrics never before offered in this market. Special attention is requested to the stock of Black Alpaca, Silks, medium and low priced Dress Goods, House-keeping Goods, and Shawls.

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**R. W. STEADMAN & CO.,**  
No. 29 Sixth Street,  
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WITH THE NEW DRAW FEED, this has been received, and is now the first Sewing Machine in the market. It makes the Lock Stitch—Strong, Noiseless, Easily Operated, and very effective. We want GOOD SEWING MACHINES AGENTS in all unoccupied portions of the West. We will give the most liberal terms. The ELLIPTIC is the EASIEST MACHINERY TO RUN.

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General Agents,  
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## Agents Wanted

FOR THE

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Whenever the FLORENCE Machine has been introduced, it has met with the greatest success. It is the only machine making four different kinds of stitches, and is the most perfect. It runs light, and very fast, and sews coarse or fine fabric, and makes all kinds of button-holes, and is fully furnished with all the accessories.

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The Neatest, the Best, and the Cheapest. Knits Everything. Price 25 Dollars.

Persons desiring to purchase Machines can get circulars and information, and have their names put on list of agents, by applying to

**JAMES M. BRIDE, Agt. for Western Penna.**  
No. 1501 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## AGENTS WANTED

Wanted Immediately, four active, energetic Agents for the

## "NEW" Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine

in this county. Only such men as can give references as to character and ability, and furnish bonds, need apply. We will pay GREATER SALARIES, OF LEGAL COMMISSIONS, TO AGENTS. Only such men as will devote to the business need apply. W. M. STEWART & CO., No. 149 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

## EBENSBURG WOOLLEN FACTORY!

H. WOOD introduced new machinery into our Woollen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSIMERE, HATS, HANKS, FLANNELS of all styles, and all kinds of goods for the trade. We will take in exchange for goods or work on shares. Market price paid for wool. W. M. STEWART & CO., No. 149 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

## PICKERELL, LYONS & CO.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

## LOOKING GLASSES

First Made and First Looking Glasses and Picture Frames in this city.

## A. W. Erwin & Co.,

172 and 174 Federal St. ALLEGHENY, PA.

Respectfully announce to their numerous customers, and buyers of Dry Goods generally, that they are now receiving, and are daily opening, their usual large and elegant assortment of Spring Goods; and that their capacious showrooms are now filled with all the choicest novelties of the season, embracing many new styles and fabrics never before offered in this market. Special attention is requested to the stock of Black Alpaca, Silks, medium and low priced Dress Goods, House-keeping Goods, and Shawls.

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172 & 174 Federal St., Allegheny City.

## LA SINES GIFT ENTERPRISE

ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

Principal Office 101 W. F. St., Cincinnati, O. The only RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION in the country.

**\$50,000.00**

IN VALUABLE GIFTS!

TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN

**L. D. SINE'S**

15th Regular Monthly

**Gift Enterprise!**

To be drawn Monday, April 20th, 1872.

Two Grand Capitals of

**\$5,000 each in Greenbacks!**

Two Prizes \$1,000

Five Prizes \$500

Ten Prizes \$100

and many other valuable prizes.

For information apply to

**HECKERT & McKAIN,**  
No. 8 Sixth Street,  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

## SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of a writ of Vend. Expon. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa. directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the house of John Schuch, in Wilmore, Pa., on Tuesday, the 24th day of April next, at 10 o'clock P. M. the following described Real Estate, to-wit:

All the right title and interest of Jason Crum, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Summerville township, Cambria county, Pa., and containing one acre, more or less, having thereon erected a one and one-half story house and a stable, now in the occupancy of Albert Wilson. Taken in execution and to be sold under the writ of Vend. Expon. for use of Joseph Miller.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.  
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, March 18, 1872.

## AUDITOR'S NOTICE

Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa. to report and distribute of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the defendant's real estate, in the case of John J. White, Trustee, vs. Peter McGough, No. 89, December Term, 1871, Ex. Proc. Vendition Expon. I hereby give notice to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said office on Tuesday, the 24th day of April next, at 2 o'clock P. M. when and where they must present their claims or be defeated. GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.  
Ebensburg, March 23, 1872-31.

## EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Estate of PATRICK MALOY, Dec'd.  
Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the estate of Patrick Maloy, late of Ebensburg, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Cambria county. Those indebted to said estate will please make payment immediately, and parties having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARGARET GURLEY.  
Ebensburg, March 23, 1872-41.

## FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY

High Street, opposite the Trilon School House, West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. Saddles and Harness made and repaired, and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. (12-47.)

## OATMAN & BUCK,

Physicians and Surgeons.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made either at the residence of Dr. Oatman or at John Buck's residence.

## POETICAL ASTRONOMY.

The following lines we quote from memory. We found them scattered over the pages of some six or seven different works on astronomy, but have never seen them in any one volume. They may be both interesting and useful to some in remembering the order of the planets in the solar system:

**MERCURY.**  
"First Mercury, amid full tides of light,  
Rolls next the Sun in her small circle bright.  
All that dwell here must be refined and pure,  
Bodies like ours such ardor can't endure.  
Our Earth would blaze beneath so fierce a ray,  
And all her marble mountains melt away."  
Distance from the Sun, 37,000,000 miles.

**VENUS.**  
"Fair Venus next fulfills her larger round,  
With softer beams and fairer glory crowned,  
Friend of mankind the glitter of her eyes,  
Now the bright evening, now the morning star."  
Distance from the Sun, 68,000,000 miles.

**EARTH.**  
"Next in her turn, our Earth comes rolling on,  
And forms a wide circle round the Sun,  
With her Moon attendant, ever dear,  
Her course attending thru the shining year."  
Distance from the Sun, 93,000,000 miles.

**MARS.**  
"Without our sphere the singular Mars displays  
A strong reflection of primeval rays.  
See Mars alone thus his appointed race,  
And measures out the exact destined space,  
Nor nearer does he wind, nor farther stray,  
But finds the point where first he rolled away."  
Distance from the Sun, 145,000,000 miles.

**JUPITER.**  
"Still more remote from day's all cheering source,  
Vast Jupiter, performs his constant course,  
Four friendly moons with borrowed light bestow,  
Their beams benign and light his skies."  
Distance from the Sun, 490,000,000 miles.

**SATURN.**  
"Not farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,  
And eight attendant luminaries drags,  
Scepter'd with circlets in the distance lies,  
He circles through immensity of space."  
Distance from the Sun, 900,000,000 miles.

**URANUS.**  
"Farthest and last, scarce warmed by Phoebus' rays,  
Through this large orb Uranus wheels away,  
Yet great the change could we be warded there!  
How strange the seasons, and how slow the year."  
Distance from the Sun, 1,900,000,000 miles.

**NEPTUNE.**  
"As Neptune is the last, and so far, the most distant planet discovered, connected with the solar system we have seen no poetry, as in the case of the others noticed, as Uranus at that time was considered the most distant planet.

Beyond Uranus' orb, in distant skies,  
Scepter'd with circlets in the distance lies,  
What heat, or light, or beings, with his plains,  
Or high intelligence this world sustains,  
Or how he thought he should be seen,  
Who droops her wing and owes the task in vain.

[From London Society.]

## LA BELLE TURQUE.

The Story of the Princess Cecile.

Of all the wandering claimants to royalty, scions of kings "retired from business," so-called regal pretenders, false or real—whether like Perkin Warbeck, or the six Demetriuses of Russia, some more recent pseudo heirs of the house of Stuart who figured in Austria after the Quarterly drove them out of Scotland, "the Duke of Normandy" in London, and so forth, who have appeared from time to time, none have had so marvellous a story to tell as the Princess Cecile, "La Belle Turque," as she was called, who, announcing herself, in two volumes octavo, to be a daughter of the deposed sultan Achmet III., took the heedless world of Paris by surprise, about a hundred years ago, and whose narrative has frequently been classed with romances, though it came forth as a veritable history.

The editor, who guaranteed its truth, was a man of veracity and credit in his day, and he urged upon the public, that however extraordinary and romantic her adventures might appear, they were, nevertheless, strictly fact, and in a letter addressed to the editors of the *Journal de Paris*, in 1787, he added, that in that year the lady was still alive in the French capital, "and, notwithstanding her advanced age, in the enjoyment of good health."

It is singular that her narrative, whether false or true, as given by herself and "M. Boissieu, Libraire, Hotel de Mesgrigny, Rue des Potevins,"—as it would furnish materials for the largest three volume novel—escaped the eyes of Alexandre Dumas, or Viscount d'Arincourt, as it is full of adventure of the most stirring kind, and, told briefly, runs thus:

The introductory part of her story, in which the names of persons of rank are concealed, contains, necessarily, the adventures of her governess, or nurse, by whom she was first abducted and brought to France.

It would appear that about the year 1750, a M<sup>lle</sup> Emilia (sic), daughter of a surgeon in the French seaport town of Genes, was, with her lover, a young Genoese named Salmoni, in a pleasure boat upon the Mediterranean, a little way from the coast, when, notwithstanding "la terribile tempe de Louis XVI.," they were pounced upon by some Turkish corsairs—a common enough event in those days, and one not unfrequent after Lord Exmouth demolished Algiers.

This occurred in the dusk; and the voice of Salmoni, who had been singing, is supposed to have first attracted them. Being armed, the Italian defended his love and his life with courage, but fell severely wounded, and was left for dead at the bottom of his boat, which floated away, the sport of the waves, while Emilia was carried off, and in consequence of her great beauty, was sold, at Constantinople, under the name of Fatima, for the service and amusement of Achmet III., who, in consequence of her accomplishments, made her a species of governess to his children, instead of retaining her among the odalisques in the seraglio. This must have been subsequent to 1703, when Achmet began his troublesome reign.

She was in this situation of trust when Salmoni, who had never forgotten her, after a long and unsuccessful search through many seaport towns in the Levant—a veritable pilgrim of love—accidentally discovered, by a casual conversation with a Turkish seaman, where she was, and how occupied; for this man had been one of the corsair's crew.

Disguised as a Turk, and giving out that "he was the father of Fatima, the trusted slave," Salmoni found means to communicate with her through an *ichloglan*, one of the slaves or pages attached to the seraglio, and they were thus enabled to see each other and converse, their hasty meetings being but stolen moments of tenderness and joy.

Emilia was now in attendance upon a little daughter of Achmet III., born in 1710, and then six months old. Her mother was the Sultana Aska, formerly a Georgian slave, and then one of the kadines or wives of the Sultan, ladies whose number rarely exceeds seven. Emilia was high in favor with both Achmet and this sultana, as she had been particularly serviceable to the latter at the birth of the child, through some little skill she had acquired from her father, the surgeon; thus the confidence they reposed in her, and the authority she possessed over all the people in and about the seraglio, facilitated the execution of those plans for an escape, suggested and urged by Salmoni.

With a view to this end, she desired the *batonghi* or head-gardener, to make a sea-saw, which was in the gardens, so high that she—and her pupils, probably—might see the whole city from the lofty wall that girds this place, where still the trees planted are always green, that the inhabitants of Galata and other places may not see the ladies at their lonely promenades.—Aided by this sea-saw, she dropped over the wall, by a note tossed over the wall, informed her of the night, and the very hour of their departure.

She was in the act of reading this note—probably not for the first time—when the Sultan Achmet suddenly entered her apartment; and she had barely time to toss it, unseen, into a porphyry vase; for this billet, if discovered, might have consigned her to the bowstring of the *capit-guishi* or the sack of the black *chaudouris*, and its concealment forms an important feature in the story of the fugitives.

The hour—almost the moment—of flight had arrived, and Salmoni, she knew, awaited her below the garden wall; yet, amid all the terror and anxiety of the time, so strong was Emilia's love for the little baby girl, of whom she had the chief care, that she resolved to convey the child away with her, and hoped eventually to rear it as a Christian. Collecting all her jewels, and those which Achmet had already lavished on the infant, she took with them the silken *filia*, or record of its birth, and to be brief, escaped unseen by means of the steel-yard and ladder.

As she descended, the ladder was held for her by a person in a gray cloak, whom she believed to be Salmoni, and into whose arms she was, consequently, about to throw herself, when another man started forward and plunged a sword into his breast. He fled, and a cry escaped Emilia, who fell to the ground, but at that moment the captain of the vessel by which Salmoni had arranged they should escape, rushed up, and tearing off the muffings of the fallen man, merely exclaimed, "It is not he!" and bore her off to the seashore.

An alarm had been given. There was no time to wait for the absent Salmoni; so she was placed at once on board the vessel, which immediately sailed and made all speed to leave the Golden Horn behind. She proved to be a small craft belonging to Bayonne, commanded by a young captain from Dieppe, who ultimately landed Emilia and her charge at Genes, where her first care was to have the little *Turque* baptized according to the rites of the Catholic Church.

This, it is recorded, was done by the care of St. Eulalia de Genes, who named her Marie Cecile; and in honor of an event so remarkable, a salute was fired by the cannon of the chateau and those of the ramparts of the fort; and three religieuses, named respectively La Mere St. Agnes, La Mere St. Modeste and La Mere de l'Humilite, are mentioned as having taken a deep interest in the escaped fugitive and her charge, who was kept in ignorance of her origin till her fifteenth year.

We know not how many daughters Achmet III. is said to have had, but in a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, dated from Adrianople, she writes of his eldest being betrothed in marriage to Berra Bassa, then the reigning court favorite, and translates a copy of verses he had addressed to her.

Cecile was now taken to several European courts, "at which," according to the narrative, "she was received with all the honors due to her illustrious rank."—In Russia she was presented to the Czar Peter I. (who died in that year); but in England she would seem to have contented herself with a short residence at a coffee-house (*cafe*) in Covent Garden. Among other sovereigns, she was presented to Pope

Clement XI., at Rome, where her beauty, which she inherited from her Georgian mother, especially the profusion of her exquisite hair, began to surround her with suaves and perils.

In Rome, her guardian, Emilia, had the joy of once more meeting Salmoni. The man who had been stabled beneath the seraglio wall had not been he, but the Turkish corsair, through whom he had first traced her there, and who had hoped to make profit out of the intended escape by treacherously revealing it to the Sultan, and for this purpose he had plotted with a female slave attached to the palace. This woman, through whose hands the important billet passed, had artfully erased the hour of twelve, fixed by Salmoni, and substituted eleven. Hence, though the sailor had full time to make the attempt, he failed in the execution of his purpose; so now, after all their perils, Salmoni and Emilia were married in the Eternal City, where the love affairs of "La Belle Turque" speedily began to attract notice.

First, we are told that a duke fell in love with her; but she made him her friend, assuring him that he could never be more to her, as she had already become inspired by a passion for a handsome young Knight of Malta, who hoped soon to be absolved from his vow of celibacy. While waiting for this, the knight's father, old Prince —, as mischance would have it, became enamoured of her, reckless that he was the rival of his son; and, to avoid his importunities, she and the Salomonis set out suddenly for Paris, where, by the knavery of a banker, she lost much of the proceeds of the jewels brought from Constantinople; so that her fortunes were reduced from sixty thousand livres yearly to about ten thousand.

In a coffee-house at Paris, Cecile chanced to see in the Gazette de France an account of the misfortune that had overtaken her father, Achmet III. This was in 1730, when that weak and imbecile voluptuary, who had viewed with indifference the Hungarian troubles and the wars of the North after being involved in a contest with Russia, by which he lost in succession the cities of Asoph and Bels grade, and the provinces of Temesvar, Servia, and Wallachia, on the discomfiture of his arms by Persia, had an insurrection among his own subjects, and was compelled by the Janizaries to abdicate in favor of his nephew, Mustapha III., who threw him into a prison where he passed a life of mortification and shame, "after he had," as Voltaire has it, "sacrificed his vizier and his principal officers in vain, to the resentment of the nation."

On reading of all these things, Cecile registered a vow that she would visit Turkey, seek out her father, and endeavor to console him in his misfortunes; and the death of her guardian, Emilia, about this time, together with the annoyance she experienced from the old prince, who, presuming on her friendless, dubious, false position, daily "became more urgent and less respectful," hastened her departure.

Alone she set out for Fontainebleau to return thanks for the protection afforded her by the court of Louis XIV.; but in returning to Paris, her carriage was stopped at night in the forest, which then covered thirty thousand acres of hill and valley, and there ensued an episode, which, by its coincidences, seems too evidently romance, though truth at times is stranger than fiction.

A handsomely attired cavalier—who proved to be the Prince—requested her to alight and enter a *voiture*, which stood there with its horses, pleading that she would do so "without compelling him to use violence."

On this she uttered a cry for help; and ere long another *voiture* dashed up, and there leaped out a gentleman, sword in hand. He proved to be young Duke de —, her Roman admirer, and he had barely time to recognize Cecile, when her betrothed appeared in the scene, which then becomes so melodramatic as to throw ridicule on the story.

"The Duke is about to deprive you of your mistress," said the cunning old Prince to his son; "let us jointly use our swords against him in defence of your dearest interests."

So thereupon the cavalier of Malta ran the poor duke through the body in the most approved fashion; bore off the fainting Cecile to Paris, and placed her in the hotel of his father. There the renewed but secret addresses of the latter so greatly alarmed her that on one occasion she had to protect herself by an exhibition of pistols, after which she escaped with Salmoni and the Knight, who urged that she should in fulfillment of her vow, visit her captive father, while he once more strove, at the feet of Pope Clement's successor, to get his oath of celibacy absolved.

In Turkey, some unruly Janizaries slew Salmoni, and were about to offer some violence to Cecile, despite her French passport, when she displayed before them the *filia*. This we are told, was a piece of yellow silk on which were embroidered, in golden letters, the names of the Sultan, of her mother Aski, and herself, with the day and hour of her birth, together with certain passages from the Koran: "The children of the sultans are bound with the *filia* immediately after birth; and this document is deemed a sacred proof of their royal descent, and at the sight of it, every Mahomedan must bow himself to the ground, and defend with his life the wearer of it."

By this time her cousin Mustapha III. was dead, and his successor her kinsman, Mohammed V., on hearing of her story, and, more than all, of her beauty, conceived a passion for her, and sent his chief friend and confidante, the Beglerbeg of Natolia, to inform her of the honor that awaited her. Being informed that it was the fame of her wonderful hair that had first excited the curiosity and admiration of the Sultan, she cut it entirely off, and, tossing it to the messenger—

"Go," said she, "and give your master this—the object of his love,—and tell him that a woman capable of such a sacrifice, knows no master but Heaven and her own heart."

Had chignons been then in fashion, much trouble might have been saved the fair Cecile; who, finding that a hasty departure from Turkey alone could save her, demanded, but in vain, a passport from the Pacha of Smyrna or Izmir. Urged by her father Achmet, she quitted secretly by sea, and was landed by a French frigate at Toulon, where she learned from the lieutenant of a Maltese galley that her lover had perished in a duel.

Her journey to Turkey had greatly impoverished her, and now she found herself in France almost without a friend, with only five hundred ducats and a diamond, the gift of her father Achmet III. Choosing to conceal her fallen fortune from every eye, she selected an humble dwelling in an obscure part of the city, where, long years after, her editor first discovered her, and where at a distance from royal thrones, from human wealth and grandeur, she had sought to pass the evening of her days in peace and obscurity. "God has blessed my fortune," she concludes, "born in 1710, I have lived to see the 1st of January, 1786, and must now serenely and tranquilly await the peace by which death must make amends for all the surprising and afflicting changes of fortunes which I have experienced in my passage through life."

Cecile—if ever she existed at all—must have been then in her sixtieth year. Her narrative is certainly mentioned in the *Journal de Paris*; but in the tide of events that so rapidly followed the year in which the financial troubles of France began, the meeting of the State-General, and the crash of the first Revolution following, we hear no more of "La Belle Turque," the *sois-disant* daughter of the dethroned Achmet III.

The following anecdote is given as authentic:

Soon after Horace Greeley had made his mark on the register of a hotel, in a certain place visited by him during his fall lecture tour, a rather aged countryman came into the office, and after examining the register, asked if Dr. B— was in.

"There is no such person here," said the gentlemanly clerk.

"No such person here," echoed the venerable rustic, taking off his spectacles, and gazing into the face of the clerk with much incredulity and astonishment.

"No such person here," firmly re-echoed the clerk.

"Young man," exclaimed the other, with a solemn expression of countenance, "young man, don't let me to me. It won't do. You can't fool old Gill Parks. Dr. B— has been here as sure as guns, and pretty drunk, too, I reckon, for he's left one of them Latin prescriptions of his on the register!" And the doctor's friend gazed down at Horace's improved Arabic with a look of triumphant recognition.

A WIDOW WOOED.—A Sanbury widow, the other day, took it into her head to take advantage of the privileges afforded by Leap Year, and she forthwith initiated a letter to one of our steady widowers proposing an alliance matrimonial between them. Not receiving a reply within what she presumed was a reasonable time, she waited upon the honored gentleman in person, fearing her letter had gone astray. We have not been informed as to the details of the interview, and what attitude she assumed, whether standing or kneeling, and what were the honied words which fell from her lips, but her hand was refused firmly and fearlessly by the gentleman after a short parley. She did not allow her heart to break, nor did she lose her energy in the effort, as, after a short interval, she proceeded to the domicile of another widower (her choice appearing to be for widowers) and applied for a like situation. Here she was treated with less forbearance, and was given "five minutes to leave." Whether she made use of the five minutes in persuasive argument, or whether she left instantly in a disgraced frame of mind, we know not. The reader is assured that this story is not a fiction, but a fact.—*Sanbury Democrat.*

How TO ELOPE LEGALLY.—Some time since, a young gentleman, well known about town, went to consult a legal gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, about carrying off an heiress.

"You cannot do it without danger," said the lawyer; "but let her mount a horse and hold the bridle and whip, and then you get behind her, and you are run away by her, in which case you are safe."

Next day, the lawyer found his daughter had run away in the aforesaid manner with his client.

It is stated that the practice of brewing beer from rice is rapidly coming into use in Germany. This beer is said to be of a very clear, pale color, of an extremely pleasant, mild taste, foaming strongly, and yet retaining well its carbonic acid. The Chinese prepare a drink from rice called "Sam shu," which is not only intoxicating, but, like asiathe, peculiarly mischievous in its permanent effects.

## Mormon Girls.

A Salt Lake City correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes:

You cannot judge of the Mormon girls by what you see upon the streets, for they are not of the sort that go often shopping, but you must attend some ball or social gathering. After that you will acknowledge that nearly all the Mormon girls are good looking, and some of them very pretty. The young ladies that I saw last night will compare well with the same number picked up at random anywhere. They are not what you call delicate, and for their own good it is well that they are not. On the contrary, stoutness is the rule, and too much delicacy the exception. Their faces are fair, but without striking indications of chalk; their cheeks are painted, but it is with the rose tints of nature; their hands plump and pretty, but not exquisitely white and small, like the city belle, "who toils not, neither does she spin," for the Mormon girls toil and spin both, and help their several mothers to do their washing and cooking.

They never tint their face, and consequently their waists are not of the delicate and wasp-like proportions of so many of our Eastern girls, who lace themselves into early graves, but they are full and round, just as nature, who generally knows what she is about, creates them. And not least important of all, they have the freshest, fairest, clearest, most healthy complexion I ever saw in the same number. There is nothing of that muddy, yellow, bilious, unhealthy hue that you see so much of in Eastern cities and towns, indicating that a half dozen diseases are feeding upon the vitals. A clear, fresh skin is not an invariable indication of health, but it is so near so that an occasional exception only proves the general rule.

KISSED BY MISTAKE.—The Louisville Courier Journal of the 11th instant has the following:

"An incident occurred last night on Jefferson street which was quite interesting, at least to one person concerned in it. Our young and handsome deputy clerk of the council, Lewis McCleery, was quietly walking down the street, when suddenly a lovely young lady flashed across his path like a startled snubbin, a soft pair of arms were wreathed around his neck, a pretty face was thrust under his hat, and a plump pair of rosy lips printed a thrilling kiss fair 'n' his mouth. The bashful young man 'felt all over in streaks' for a moment, but recovered himself when the young lady drew back, blushing and trembling, and timidly hiding her face with her hands, begged to be excused for mistaking him for an uncle. Just think of that! A single kiss made an absolute notwithstanding the insinuation, the young deputy felt under so many obligations to the lady for her mistake that he accepted the apology and gallantly offered to excuse her if she would repeat the outrage. She could not see the necessity of that, however, and he sauntered homeward to dream of not-armed and rosy-lipped angels—and their quack.

"GIVE WEST"—AND GIVING IT UP.—The Baltimore American makes this statement: "Those who have a haunter after the cheap lands of the far West should give attention to a fact reported by a gentleman who says he has been in the United States Land Office for five years, that about one-half the homestead entries made are abandoned and the land entered by others; in many cases, the entry is abandoned three or four times before coming into the possession of persons who hold it permanently. Proof of six months'