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Take the Papers.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the life of my delight;
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe! you cannot lose a cent.
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus spent is money lent
At interest four fold paid.

Go, then, and take the papers,
And pay to-day, nor pay delay,
And my word heard, it is inferred,
You'll live until you're gray,

An old neighbor of mine,
While dying with a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news
While he was going off.

I took the papers and I read
Of some new pills in force:
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse.

Romance.

Oh! she was a maid of a laughing eye,
And she lived in a garret cold and high,
And he was a threadbare whiskered beau,
And he lived in a cellar damp and low,

But the rosy boy of the cherub wing
Hath many a shaft for his slender string;
And the youth below, and the maid above,
Were touched by the flaming darts of love.

And she would wake from her troubled sleep,
O'er his tender billet-doux to weep;
Or stand like a statue, cold and fair,
And gaze on a lock of his bright red hair.

And he who was late so tall and proud,
With his step so firm and his laugh so loud,
His beard grew long, and his face grew thin,
As he pined in solitude over his gin.

But one soft night, in the month of June
As she lay in the light of a cloudless moon,
A voice came floating soft and clear,
To the startled maiden's listening ear.

O then from her creaking couch she sprang,
And her tangled tresses back she flung;
She looked from the window far below,
And he stood beneath—her whiskered man!

She did not start with a foolish frown,
But packed her trunk and scampered down,
And there was her lover, tall and true,
In his threadbare coat of its brightest blue.

The star that rose in the evening shade,
Looked sadly down on a weeping maid;
The sun that came in his morning pride,
Shed golden light on a laughing bride!

A FIERY BLAST.

Not often—no oftener than necessary. You see it has to be a special affair; the engines at the pumping stations have to be going hard so as to lower the sewage, and fine weather has to be chosen, for the sewers are risky enough without having danger to run from floods.

They're built, you see of the finest and best bricks to be had, and, buried below the streets, you have some of the neatest brickwork in London. The object was to get bricks of the smoothest and finest, so that when built into a great tunnel or pipe, there should be no stay to the water running easily through.

My first journey through the sewers was after this fashion: notice had come down that about four miles were to be inspected—four miles sounds a good deal, but there are two thousand miles under London—and preparations were made. Five, men were sent to open all the iron traps over the ways down, one of which there is about every five or six hundred yards, so as to ventilate the sewers; and the pumps having been kept well going, fifteen of us started early the next morning with shovel and lantern, for the spot where we were to go down.

Now full half had never been down before, and there was a good deal of laughing going on as we put on the india-rubber dresses fitting tight up to the wrist and neck, and with a great hood to cover over one's head and face when a danger came about which I'm going to tell you. When we stood there ready in our big boots, though, I saw great, stout, six-foot men turn as white and queer as could be.

"Take a nip of brandy each, my men," says the foreman, "and light your pipes as well as your lanterns. We may as well be jolly over our job."

There was plenty of brandy handed round, and I saw that a good drop was ready to be taken down.

"Dutch courage," I says to myself, and then I too began to feel a bit uncomfortable; for the grating was raised, and I was looking down a square well with foot-holds stuck in the wall, and on asking one of the men how far it was down, he told me it was sixty feet.

"Sixty feet!" I didn't say anything, but I thought. A walk of four miles through a great drain all that distance below the surface! I told you I saw some men look queer. I know I felt so.

"Now then, all ready?" says the foreman. You go first then, Smith," he says, speaking to an old hand, and stopping back himself—not to keep from taking the lead, but as I saw at once, to see that none of his men turned tail and shuffled off so early in the job.

Judging from the unwilling way in which some of the men crept down through that iron trap one at a time, like the demons and imps of a theatre, I don't think there's a doubt about five or six of them having meant to slip off; but the foreman was right and came down last.

I know my first feeling, as I stepped off the last iron into a lot of black mud, was one of wanting to go back, and that feeling grew stronger as, almost pushed forward by the next man, I moved out of the entrance into the sewer, and stood with the water up to my middle, striking cold through my india-rubber clothes, and pressing against me as if to sweep me down right away to the river. The place was for all the world like a great cellar stretching out into darkness, our lanterns glimmering and glistening on the black water that seemed to go stealthily whispering along; and the faces of the men about me looked yellow and ghastly, as they all clustered together for safety like sheep in a strange fold.

"Now, my lads," the foreman says, in a cheery voice, "there's nothing to be afraid of, with us, like little children, you don't like being in the dark, so on we go."

On we did go, very slowly, with two or three of the old hands in front, and the foreman at the rear; the men who had made a bit of a laugh about being in the dark, talking all the same in a low whisper that sounded very hollow and queer.

I don't know whether I'm weaker than other men, but somehow, at every step I took, with the water bearing against me and pressing me on, there was a cold feeling of scare creeping over me, and I kept on think, think, think, about all sorts of things that I should have felt better if I'd been free of. First I got thinking about rain; suppose it should rain and the gullies run fast, the water would rise quickly, and we should all be swept away.

I got the better of that by remembering the side entrances, out of which we could easily get.

Then there was another horrible thought came to worry me, and as if it was something putting it all into my mind, so as to torture me, there came at the same time the recollection of my wife and little ones, and I wondered what would become of them if we should be all overcome and suffocated by the bad gases that floated about over the water.

I started just then at our foreman's voice, for it was evident that some one had not only been thinking the same, but speaking about it, for the foreman says:

"And suppose there was gas about; we had the doors open to ventilate the place."

The man gave a sort of grunt, and we went slowly splashing on, our lights flashing about in a dull yellow way. Now we are halted to use our spades, at the mouth of some drain, where there seemed to be a little collection of sediment; and again at another place, where we could feel that there was mud under our feet; but it was soon sent sweeping down, for the smooth, fine brick of which the tunnels were made, kept back but little refuse.

If we could have been kept on busily at work, I believe that nothing would have happened: but as it was, wading along through the foul water first one and then another man got low and nervous, and the first notice I had of it was by seeing the man in front of me suddenly go down, with a hollow echoing splash.

"There, quick! hold him up, two of you!" said the foreman, and the next moment a couple of the old stagers had the limp, dripping form between them, and were helping him to one of the dark entrances which happened to be close by, and there they gave him some brandy; and we stopped, and all had some as well, while they got the man out and into the fresh air and light, which just came faintly gleaming down from above in a tiny streak.

Then we set off again, one less in number, and for the life of me I couldn't help wishing that I had gone up as well, and thinking about what that man's fate would have been if he had been alone. I felt a cold shudder go through me, as I knew that he would have been drowned, and then I thought of the rats, and shivered again as I trod upon something that felt to me then like a bone.

I knew better though directly, for that which I had kicked against was a hoe-handle which a man in front had let slip from his hand, he himself slipping down directly after, with a hardy splash, into the water.

"Here, get him up!" cried the foreman savagely, "and take him back to that hole! What curs you men are! You're as bad as if there was real danger. Suppose you were down in a fiery mine."

The men muttered a little, and then, while two helped the nervous man out, we all went forward, the foreman chatting away cheerily the while, so as to keep the others from thinking about what had taken place. He pointed out the overflow places where, when the sewer got too full, a part of the water would run down to the river, and then he showed us how clean and smooth the brick face of the sewer was. To this man he busily explained that the faint, bad smell was not injurious; and to that he related how many scores of times he had been along this same part of the sewers; but in spite of all his cheery ways, and the occasional stoppage for a smoke and a glass of brandy, the men were terribly nervous, and waded on in a slow, half-hearted way.

And it was dismal work. Now there was a scare about some one's light going out, and though we had plenty more, the men were in a regular shiver of suspense till the lamp was trimmed and we were going on again. Then there was an alarm of rats, because some one had seen half a dozen go swimming down the black stream, after scuffling out one of the side drains; and soon after one of those in front gave a sort of yell, dropped his lantern with a splash, and swore that we were going wrong, that we had lost our way, and that we should never get out of the horrible place alive.

He was a great, six-foot, broad shouldered fellow who said this, but it was half sobbed out, and his nerve was so gone that the poor chap was as hysterical as a girl.

For a few moments I thought there would be a regular rush back, and if there had life must have been lost, crowded as we were in that narrow hole, with hard work to keep our footing as the stream rushed by us; for the sewers are round at the bottom as well as arched at the top, many of them being shaped like an egg, with the thin part at the bottom.

The foreman was ready for them though, and he roared out at them—

"Stop! How can we be going wrong if we follow the stream? That must take us right!"

This checked the men, who saw the sense of what he said, and as soon as he had got them once more journeying slowly on—

"What big babies you fellows are!" he exclaimed, "you're as readily scared as a flock of sheep. You forget that there are ways cut all along here, where a man could call for help even if too weak to raise the gratings."

Nobody spoke, for the blackness of the place seemed to oppress everybody, and we crawled on along the wet, slimy, underground channel. The smell was bad, but not so bad as I had expected, and there was very little work for us to do, the rains of the past week having pretty well flushed the whole length of the sewers; but every now and then some one stopped and began to sniff, as if he could tell that there was foul air there—the foul gas that no one can breathe and live!

I should think we had been wading on for about an hour, when one of the men ahead said that there was a very peculiar smell on in front, not like the regular sewer smells, but a strange suffocating odor.

The foreman was twenty yards behind, peering into a side sewer, when this was said, and he did not hear it.

"There's been gammon enough of that sort," said one of the new men, who had had a little more Dutch courage out of the three months' bottle than was good for him. "Look here; if the light will burn it's all right."

Poor fellow! he had only half learned his lesson, and did not know that we were traveling right under where the chemical works plied their trade, sending all sorts of poisonous refuse into the sewer to give out explosive gases. As he spoke he unfastened his lantern and took out the light, and at the same moment I heard the foreman behind—"Take care there!—gas! For God's sake, quick—every man—hoods down, for your lives!"

I was nearest to him and imitated him, on the instant dragging the India-rubber hood down over my face, and dashing down beneath the filthy water, but not so quickly but that I saw what seemed to be a blinding flash of lightning run along the sewer, making every brick distinct; then the water was rushing over my head, and I beat down till I was all but suffocated. Once I raised my head, snatched a breath that was stifling in its foul heat, and then I dashed down again and held out as long as I could, knowing as I did that the gas had fired; and then from feeling hot I shivered with cold, as I wondered whether any of my mates were killed, and whether I should get out out alive.

"This way" some one shouted, "up stream!"

I turned in a dizzy way to follow the voice, but as I did so I felt something clutch my leg, and as I bent down there in the horrible darkness—ten times as black after that scorching, blinding flash—I touched a hand, helped some one to stagger up, and then, with the water streaming off us, and the air chocking us at every breath and making my ears sing, we staggered along.

How far that was I don't know, for it is all mixed up in a confused, troubled way, and I was like one walking in his sleep till I felt my hand seized, and some one I knew directly after to be the foreman half lead, half pushed me, and the man who clung to me, into one of the openings; where, in a machine-like sort of way, we climbed up and into the light, when I rolled down on the pavements, and lay half stupid for a few minutes.

The voice of our foreman, though, roused me, and knowing what I did, I went down again and helped him and three more, and among us we got the rest up—four of them horribly burned by the explosion, and the rest so scared that it was a mercy they got out alive.

I said the rest, but there was one missing on the foreman counting us over; and then, calling to us to follow, he ran like a madman down the street to the next opening, where the secret of the explosion lay before us; the trap was shut, and the foul gas made by the chemicals could not escape.

I heard him grind his teeth as he dragged it up, and after it the grating, when it was as he hoped; the missing man—an old man—had made for this place and climbed up, we getting it open just in time to save his life, for he was nearly stifled, and did not recover for weeks.

This was my first sewer adventure, and nearly my last, and all due to some mischievous person closing the trap left open for ventilation; but I've had an escape or two since, for gases as deadly as those in a coal mine collect, ready to flash off at the first coming to light. I could show you mates all blistered and drawn, and distorted by the awful blaze; but I think you've had enough for once of the horrors of a sewer.

A doctor's motto is supposed to be "Patients and long suffering."

The Year A. D. 1872.

It is time, says a New York paper, that we began to accustom ourselves to the appearances of the figures which together indicate the year now before us, and which must now be inscribed at the head of every letter, borne on the front of each newspaper, and printed on the cover of every monthly or quarterly. So let us, for a few moments, look ahead and see what the New Year is likely to bring us.

We are to choose a President in 1872—so much is certain—unless, indeed, there should be more than two candidates, and no one receive a majority of the electoral votes; in which case, the President would be chosen by the House of Representatives in February, 1873.

The year just before us is not the centenary of any great event in modern history. A hundred years ago, our fathers were still somewhat angrily resisting the arrogant claim of the British Crown and Parliament of unlimited, unbalanced power to tax them, without even the formality of asking their leave; but only the discerning few as yet foresaw the bloody struggle that was then imminent. One hundred years ago, peace was very general throughout both hemispheres, except that the Partition of Poland among her three powerful neighbors had been decreed and initiated.

France seems a smothered but not sleeping volcano, just ready to vomit flame and ashes, yet not likely very soon to trouble the repose of her neighbors. That her present government cannot outlast the coming year, is a safe prediction; but who shall tell what fashion of monarchy shall supplant the doomed Republic? The priests and ruder peasantry would have Henry V. if they could; the army officers prefer Napoleon III.; the manufacturers and shopkeepers lean toward the House of Orleans; the workers for wages constitute the main strength of the Republic. That Thiers will soon cease to be President, few doubt; beyond that, all is blind conjecture.

Great Britain seems to be gravitating toward a republic in fact if not in name; but the obstacles to be encountered are gigantic. Among Christian countries, there remains no other whose social structure is so essentially arirtocratic as hers. A hundred families own half her immense wealth; the greater portion of her soil belongs to a much smaller number. A social revolution in the British Isles may be the bloodiest and most destructive that the world has yet seen. It can hardly be initiated while the National Finances remain as sound and hopeful as they now are, and a majority of the rural tenantry continue attached to the feudal lords by a tie of common interest. Yet the day of strenuous effort for a radical upturning in Britain cannot be far distant. The union of Church and State is probably the next bulwark of aristocracy to be assailed and subverted.

Spain has made more progress toward daylight within the last ten years than any other country. Lately a thrall of bigotry and imbecile despotism, she has to-day a liberal constitution and a parliamentary regime, and is rapidly gaining in popular intelligence and popular power. Her fearfully disordered finances and her enormously over-generaled army are the chief remaining obstacles to her complete renovation.

Italy is no longer a chaos of nominally independent but impotent states and of foreign provinces, but a liberal kingdom of twenty-five millions, rapidly growing in intelligence, cohesion, and strength. More newspapers are issued weekly in any quarter of her arena than in the peninsula twenty years ago. She needs but peace and a policy which shall serve to develop her material resources to render her, by the close of this century, one of the Great Powers of Europe.

Germany to-day is the strongest and most influental among those Powers; but her Emperor and Prime Minister are both old men; so is his military brain, von Moltke. When these pass away, as in the order of nature they soon must, the prestige of the monarch will fade, and the Empire enter upon that work of social melioration which has already been delayed too long, allowing Austria, and even Russia, to take the lead of her. These two great military monarchies are likely to be involved in deadly strife at no distant day; but Germany will stand aloof if the voice of her people shall be heard.

Mexico and all Spanish America seem to us a continual anarchy, when in fact they are in most respects what Europe and Christendom were ten to twelve centuries ago. A far wider expanse and a sparser population are the most essential points of difference.

On the whole, we hope to be obliged to chronicle little or no carnage in 1872; yet the bloodiest years of the past have been ushered in as peacefully as this now promises to be. Let us reverently trust that whatever of agony and woe the New Year may bear in its bosom may be ordained for good, and that the human race may visibly, palpably profit by all its sufferings and sorrows.

Ready for Anything.

A certain doctor employed by the government at a frontier post was not remarkable for amiability, and seldom wasted much time in this "wale" without a row of some kind on his hands. A citizen living about twenty-five miles from the post requested his assistance upon an interesting occasion, and the doctor rode over to the ranch—a wretched hovel about eight feet high, flat dirt roof, and uniting parlor, bedroom and kitchen in one room. The place breathed poverty from every pore, but the doctor had the mild assurance to ask one hundred dollars in specie as his fee. The poor "Cracker" went into his hovel and in a short time appeared with twenty-five dollars, which the doctor flatly refused in an angry manner. Again the "Cracker" entered his house, and his weak spouse drew out of a stocking two or three dollars which she had carefully hoarded for a rainy day. This was added to the sum before offered, but the doctor refused to take less than his fee and abused the poor man in round terms. The "Cracker" paused a moment sadly; then again entering his hovel, he quickly returned with a shot-gun and rifle. In iron determination spread itself over his features, and, as if he had exhausted every other honorable means of settlement, he thus addressed the now alarmed physician: "Doctor, we haven't nary other cent in the world, but you kin hev satisfaction! Choose your wepon." It is surmised that the doctor did not wait for his fee.

ADROIT ROGUES.—A hat and fur dealer in Boston was recently victimized by two rogues. The fellows were in the store at the same time, and while one was negotiating with the man in attendence for the purchase of a hat, the other seized a Russian sable cape, worth about $75, and left with it. "Has that fellow stolen anything from you?" asked the buyer, coming to the front of the store with the hat he had been examining on his head. "Yes," said the salesman, "he has stolen a sable cape." "I think I can catch him," said thief No. 2, and suiting the action to the word, he was gone in a twinkling, and never came back.

An impetuous and romantic lover said to his sweetheart: "I am the oak, and you are the vine. I draw you to me with cords of love." "Not so," replied the blushing fair one; if I am the vine, I prefer the ordinary twine."

Successful Advertising.

We copy the following from a little annual issued by R. G. Dunn & Co.:

The objects to be kept in view by advertisers are:

1. That their announcements shall reach the class of people aimed at.

2. That they shall reach as many of that class as possible.

3. That the advertisement shall come directly before the eye, and not be *lost* in a crowd.

4. That it shall be made as much to the interest of the buyer to look for the advertisement as it is for the seller to advertise.

In successful advertising—that is advertising which is so dispensed as to make the above points—there is only one other condition required, and that is one which the advertiser alone can supply—the goods offered for sale must commend themselves, as well for excellence of quality, as for cheapness and other advantages.

Some advertisers may be fitly reminded that it is not the mere spending of money that pays, but the spending money judiciously. Advertising liberally does not mean advertising indiscriminately. A live business house will no more neglect judicious advertising than it will neglect its collections. Advertising gives the impetus to trade, that tact holds the helm. As a matter of experience it is beyond dispute that judicious advertising pays to an extent beyond any ordinary comparison with its cost. The progress of population and settlement is so rapid that a "good old house" which does not advertise is in danger of losing much sound custom. Some people thing it *smacks* of dignity to say they live without advertising. They may *live* upon this kind of dignity, but life is one thing, and success in life is another. A good reputation in business means that you shall be *widely* as well as favorably known. A good advertisement is worth a good price. A bad advertisement is worth nothing.

It is not unnecessary to caution the advertiser against postponing his advertisement until the purchasing season is upon him. He is very likely to do this if his chosen mediun be a weekly paper, and the consequence is that as buyers are then too busy to look after advertisements, his money is thrown away.

The Youth of Charles Dickens.

The first light thrown on the childhood of Charles Dickens by his biographer, Mr. Forster, reveals what interests without surprising us. People who suffer are commonly the ones who can depict suffering. The pathos, not to say the morbid sensibility, of portions of Dickens' writings tell an unmistakable story to all analysis of human character. It now appears that at ten years of age Dickens was a poor little drudge in a blacking factory. He went through privation, insult and misery. His companions were coarse and aggressive and their enforced society was torture to him. In a letter of his own first published by Mr. Forster, he writes:

"No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into the companionship; compared these every day associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more—cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children—even that I am a man—and wander desolately back to that time of my life."

The picture is sorrowful indeed; yet we cannot look upon it without preceiving how much Dickens' future ability and usefulness to the world depended upon his going through just such an experience. Poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song," and the lesson taught by the noveliest must be gained, for the most part, in much the same way.

IS DEAD.—Carroll Sanborn, the renowned burglar, is dead. He breathed his last in the jail at Lawrence, Mass. Early in October, Sanborn got a mortal wound in a fight with a constable named Donovan. The latter was bent on arresting his man, and succeeded. It is said that Sanborn made friends of all who approached him while in jail, and that he gave up freely all the property he had stolen. He seems altogether to have been a singular character. In all respects, save his mania for burglary, he lived a pure and even an exemplary life. He touched no intoxicating drink and no tobacco. He was scrupulously faithful to his wife and tenderly attached to his family. His clergyman and physician concur in extolling his amiable and attractive disposition and gentlemanly manners. They say that he really did not care to accumulate wealth, and had none but kindly feelings for his fellowmen. His sole fault was his inextinguishable passion for midnight burglary, a form of colossal kleptomania, which, strive as he might, he could not control. The unhappy man escaped the last disgrace of being doomed to the State Prison. He pleaded guilty to the charges against him in the Superior Court; but he died in the arms of his wife before the Bench had time to pronounce his sentence.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The *Woman's Journal* gives this as a sketch from real life. It certainly illustrates a wrong that should be righted: When Ben and I were children, I was the taller. When we went to school, I studied more than he did; I graduated before he did; I read more books than he did; if we got into an argument, I was pretty sure to get the better of him—in short, I was ahead of Ben, and I patronized him! But Ben got ahead at last. He studied a profession; I crimped, and frizzed, and fussed; He went into business; I dusted, and arranged, and beautified. He is growing rich; I am growing poor. He can travel if he chooses, he can invite me to go with him if he chooses; I can sit at home till I'm invited. He is independent, I dependent. Ben is a successful bachelor, with the world before him; I an unsuccessful maiden, with no definite prospects. Ah, Ben, Ben, this will never do—just wait, sir, till I take a start!

AN AWFUL THIRST.—Here is a little tale of old army days: Twenty-five years ago the First Dragoons was notorious for the bibulous propensities of its officers. That arm of the service owed no weak allegiance to King Alcohol, but the First did him the best service. This regiment was serving in New Mexico. It is very dry marching in some parts of that territory. The stations where even water can be had are thirty miles apart. Captain Givens commanded a detachment that marched to Los Angeles. Upon his arrival there his friends crowded out to greet him. "How are you, captain?" met him on all sides. "Well and hearty," replied he, "and I've got on a thirst that I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for."

Small-pox is reported in almost every town in Wisconsin.

Dickens on a Canal Boat.

Those of our readers who have, and those who have not seen a canal boat, will appreciate the description of these affairs, given by Charles Dickens, who traveled on one. Of the boat and its surroundings (and of course it will be understood that this was the day of "packet lines" on the canal) he says:

"And now I come to the canal boat. Bless your heart and soul, my dear fellow, if you could only see us on board the canal boat! Let me think, for a moment, at what time of the day or night I should best like you to see us. In the morning? Between five and six in the morning, shall I say? Well! you *would* like to see me standing on the deck, fishing the dirty water out of the canal with a tin ladle chained to the boat by a long chain; pouring the same into a tin basin (also chained up in like manner); and scrubbing my face with the jack towel. At night, shall I say? I don't know that you would like to look into the cabin at night, only to see me lying on a temporary shelf exactly the width of this sheet of paper when it's open (*I measured it this morning*), with one man above me and another below; and, in all, eight-and-twenty in a low cabin, which you can't stand upright in with your hat on. I don't think you would like to look in at breakfast time either, for then these shelves have only just been taken down and put away, and the atmosphere of the place is, as you may suppose, by no means fresh; though there are upon the table tea and coffee, and bread and butter, and salmon, and shad, and liver, and steak, and potatoes, and pickles, and ham, and pudding, and sausages; and three and-thirty people sitting round it, eating and drinking; and savory bottles of gin, and whiskey, and brandy, and rum, in the bar hard by; and seven-and-twenty out of the eight-and-twenty men, in foul linen, with yellow streams from half-chewed tobacco trickling down their chins. Perhaps the best time for you to take a peep would be the present—eleven o'clock in the forenoon—when the barber is at his shaving, and the gentlemen are lounging about the stove waiting for their turns, and not more than seventeen are spitting in concert, and two or three are walking overhead (lying down on the luggage when the man at the helm shouts 'Bridge!') and I am writing this in the ladies' cabin, which is a part of the gentlemen's, and only screened off by a red curtain. Indeed, it exactly resembles the dwarf's private apartment in a caravan at a fair; and the gentlemen, generally, represent the spectators at a penny a head. The place is just as clean and just as large as that caravan you and I were in at Greenwich Fair last year. Outside, it is exactly like any canal boat you have seen near the Regent's Park or elsewhere.

"You can never conceive what the hawking and spitting is, the whole night through. Last night was the worst. Upon my honor and word I was obliged, this morning, to lay my fur coat on the deck and wipe the half-dried flakes of spittle from it with my handkerchief; and the only surprise seemed to be that I should consider it necessary to do so. When I turned in last night I put it on a stool beside me, and there it lay under a cross-fire from five men—three opposite, one above, and one below. I make no complaints, and show no disgust. I am looked upon as highly facetious at night, for I crack jokes with everybody near me until we fall asleep. I am considered very hardy in the morning, for I run up, bare-necked, and plunge my head into the half-frozen water by half-past five o'clock. I am respected for my activity, inasmuch as I jump from the boat to the towing-path and walk five or six miles before breakfast, keeping up with the horses all the time. In a word, they are quite astonished to find a sedentary Englishman roughing it so well, and taking so much exercise; and question me very much on that head. The greater part of the men will sit and shiver round the stove all day, rather than put one foot before the other. As to having a window open, that's not to be thought of."

BUILDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Building in Chicago is attended with difficulties. Frost and snow and bleak winds, however, have not broken the indomitable courage of those who have determined that the rebuilding shall go on. Men muffled to the eyes drive the long lines of teams which are hauling away the *debris* and bringing in new building material; carpenters thrash their chilled arms around their bodies, and take up the saw and hammer again; masons heat their bricks with furnaces and warm their mortar with hot water, and go on rearing their walls; and workmen of all kinds huddle around little bonfires at noon, and hastily eat their cold lunch, and then patiently go to work again. By such undaunted courage hundreds of thousands of loads of *debris* have already been cleared away in the eight weeks just gone, and a host of buildings, big and little, have been reared, completed and occupied. One day, with the mercury at zero and the wind biting furiously, out-door work was in a measure suspended; but as soon as the rigor abates it will be resumed; and so, with occasional interruptions, it will go on through the winter. May the season be a mild one is the frequent prayer of our rich and our poor.—*Exchange.*

BUYING A HOTEL.—In his Washington correspondence, "Gath" flows over the rim in this style: "Did you hear of that chap who attended the sale of a hotel recently at a town in Ohio? He hadn't a cent in his pocket, but he stood up and bid boldly, 'Twenty-eight thousand dollars.' It was knocked down to him, and when the question was asked, 'Who is the purchaser?' this audacious scamp replied, 'The Pennsylvania Railroad.' Of course he was not required in person to put up the money from an imperial buyer like that, whereby he was able, in the course of a couple of days, to sell the whole to another party for thirty-five thousand dollars, and clear the difference. The country is now full of scamps buying hotels for the Pennsylvania Railroad."

A BAFFLED REPORTER.—The *Pueblo* (Colorado) *Chieftain* gives a funny account of a Chicago newspaper man who stopped in the flourishing young city of Greely, and, being athirst, tried in vain to get a square drink. "He went up one street and down another, he turned the corners of alleys, he sprung over ditches, he explored sheds and outhouses, but the fluid for which his soul yearned could nowhere be found. He went flap-hazard into one building which he thought might be 'a saloon,' and encountered a prayer-meeting. In another hall he found a farmers' club. Finally, he received trustworthy information that there was not a drop of liquor in the place. He left, and wrote to his journal that the town of Greely was 'without inhabitants, without resources, and without commerce.'"

A Mrs. Smythe, of Indianapolis, Ind., now has her fifth husband, and yet she has never changed her name. She was born a Smith, her first husband was named Smith, her second Schmidt, her third Smyth, her fourth Smithe, and her present Smythe.

A sweet school ma'am at Green Bay, Wisconsin, rides to school every day on a hand-sled, drawn by the big boys.

Advice to Workingmen.

Henry Ward Beecher, in one of his sermons, spoke to the working classes as follows:

There is a tendency among the working class to shorten their hours of labor. I sympathize with this and I abhor it; I sympathize with it in so far as it is one of the signs of advancement among the working classes of their attempt to aim higher and nobler, and I abhor it in so far as it is tending to make men feel that work is not a good thing for them, that they must shrink in equivalent and enlarge in reward. I don't believe the common people are going to carve out independent fortunes by any combination except hard knocks, and a good many of them, during a good many hours of the day. Our fathers did so, and their children must learn that they have got to work hard and long to achieve success. I should be glad to have wages paid for by the hour, by retail rather than by the gross, but if men expect that eight hours a day is going to be all that is necessary for their support, they are wrong. My own impression is that there are very few men that can make enough out of eight hours a day to enable them to educate the children and lift their family far higher than they found it. Politicians say a great deal about the interests of the workingmen, they are praised a great deal in the papers, and God forbid that I, who have the blood of blacksmiths in my veins, should not think well of workingmen. But they should love work for its own sake, and their children must be brought up to feel that they must by work make themselves independent. Do not expect a division of your fathers' estate. Be honest; be manly! Cultivate a spirit of independence, and by the sweat of your brow work out your own salvation. There is a pride in this, and a just pride, and I honor a man who can say, "I am not indebted to fortune for my prosperity; I earned it by the sweat of my brow; I baptized every dollar of it with that sweat." Money so earned generally stays by a man, and usually has a man to stay by. (Laughter.) Do not rely on luck. It is asked, Do you not believe in luck? Yes, he that has a good father and mother has good luck. He whose father and mother whipped him enough had good luck. He that has common sense has good luck. He that rises early and toils late has good luck. Men that do not drink intoxicating liquor have good luck. A man that does not quarrel, but by kindness wins the love of all around him has good luck. He that has good faculties has good luck, but I never knew a man that was weak and changeable that had good luck. Luck is in work; do not trust to any other luck; fools trust to lottery, to superstitious luck. Mr. Beecher then advised frugality, and said that those were unhappy who were so brought up that they did not have to economise. It was not so much the value of the money saved by frugality as it was the moral benefit of the habit, and the man in this country that knew how to save was sure to become rich before he died, unless he died very soon. He warned his hearers against habits of self-indulgence, and inculcated the necessity of self-culture, closing by adjuring the audience in all things to have a firm trust in God, who would order all things for the best.

On the Plains.

The routes usually chosen for travel across the Plains, says Gen. Custer, may be said to furnish, upon an average, water every fifteen miles. In some instances, however, and during the hot season of the year, it is necessary in places to go into what is termed "a dry camp," that is, to encamp where there is no water. In such emergencies, with a previous knowledge of the route, it is practicable to transport from the last camp a sufficient quantity to satisfy the demands of the people composing the train, but the dumb brutes must trust to the little moisture obtained from the night grazing to quench their thirst.

The animals inhabiting the Plains resemble in some respects the fashionable society of some of our larger cities. During the extreme heat of the summer they forsake their accustomed haunts and seek a more delightful retreat. For, although the Plains are drained by streams of all sizes, from the navigable river to the humblest of brooks, yet at certain seasons the supply of water in many of them is of the most uncertain character. The pasturage, from the excessive heat, the lack of sufficient moisture, and the withering hot winds which sweep across from the south, becomes dried, withered, and burnt, and is rendered incapable of sustaining life. Then it is that the animals usually found on the Plains disappear for a short time, and await the return of a milder season.

Wherever water is found on the Plains, particularly if it is standing, innumerable gadflies and mosquitoes generally abound. To such an extent do these pests to the animal kingdom exist, that to our thinly-coated animals, such as the horse and mule, grazing is almost an impossibility, while the buffalo with his high shaggy coat can browse undisturbed. The most sanguinary and determined of these troublesome insects are the "buffalo flies"; they move in myriads, and so violent and painful are their assaults upon horses that a herd of the latter has been known to stampede as the result of an attack from a swarm of these flies.

But here again is furnished what some reasoners would affirm is evidence of the "eternal fitness of things." In most localities where these flies are found in troublesome numbers, there are also found flocks of starlings, a species of blackbird; these, more, I presume, to obtain a livelihood than to become the defender of the helpless, perch themselves upon the backs of the animals, when woe betide the hapless gadfly who ventures near, only to become a choice morsel for the starling. In this way I have seen our herds of cavalry horses grazing undisturbed, each horse of the many hundreds having perched upon his back from one to dozens of starlings, standing guard over him while he grazed.

HOW NEW JERSEY GOT OUT OF THE UNION.—The origin of the allusions to New Jersey as a foreign country is said to be as follows: After the downfall of the first Napoleon, his brother Joseph, who had been King of Spain, and his nephew, Prince Murat, son of the King of Italy, sought refuge in this country, and brought much wealth with them. Joseph Bonaparte wished to build a palatial residence here, but did not desire to become a citizen, as he hoped to return to Europe. To enable him as an alien to hold real estate required a special act of the Legislature. He tried to get one passed for his benefit in several states, but failed. He was much chagrined, especially because Pennsylvania refused. After this he applied to the New Jersey Legislature, which body granted both him and Murat the privilege of purchasing land. They bought a track at Bordentown, and built magnificent dwellings, and fitted them up in the most costly manner. Rare paintings, statuary, &c., were profuse, and selected with care, and the grounds laid out with exquisite taste.

THE amount of the public domain still undisposed of reaches the enormous aggregate of 1,387,732,209 acres. Only a comparatively small portion of this is land that is available.

How He Went to Fetch the Coolie.

James L. A. Hope gives an amusing account, in the London *Spectator*, of the way he went to the South Sea Islands "to fetch the Coolie"—Coolies being wanted on the sugar estates in Australia. Mr. Hope says:

The Australian labor market has been at various times supplied with convicts, free and assisted emigrants, Chinamen and Germans; but it is only within the last few years that the introduction of sugar-growing industry into Queensland has turned our attention to that large group of islands, the New Hebrides, lying within a week's sail of our own colony, and crowded with an indigent and savage population. The planters, in despair at the restless character of the English workman, became naturally very eager to obtain a quantity of cheap and reliable laborers for the sugar season—men who could stand the heat of the sun, who would work together in gangs without grumbling, and above all, who would bind themselves to their employers for at least three years. Under these circumstances, several small ships started for the New Hebrides in quest of men, and the first arrival of woolly, stupid-looking Kanakas was regarded with great curiosity by all classes. * * *

I have often wondered at the imperfect idea of number which a native Coolie possesses—he grasps easily the idea of one pig for one axe, but three pigs for three axes bothers him. I looked round for a chief and tried to open the conversation with him, with a view to my great object, recruits for Queensland, and commenced an animated harangue, pointing out to him the advantage the men would gain in going with me, and the strength they would add to the tribe when they brought back their muskets and powder. The chief smiled graciously, and manifested a sudden fancy for my sheath-knife, which being in a moment of weakness given to him, he walked off, leaving me to a crowd of applicants for more sheath-knives of the same sort. I was not a little mortified at finding out afterwards that he had not understood a single word, being of a different tribe from my interpreter. And so I learnt a great and most important lesson, in all dealings with the natives, and which I cannot help thinking might be profitably taken to heart by charitable London ladies—"Never give away anything without value received, unless you wish to put a stop to all trade and make everybody a beggar." Man after man shook his head when I asked him to come over to Queensland. The universal cry was, "We are willing enough to go and work and get muskets and powder, but we should like to see some of our brothers back here first, to hear what they say of your country."

It has never been my good fortune to contest an election in the old country, but I had heard that "the woman once gained, the man follows," is a maxim in canvassing, and acting on this plan, I approached a matronly-looking lady with a rag in her nose and a baby on her shoulder, and tried to make friends, upon which, drawing her grass petticoat-fringe close round her, she set up such a piteous howling, that I concluded the progress of civilization had not yet watched the notion of woman's rights to those distant regions, and that far from having any influence over her husband, she actually seemed to be afraid of him.

In my experience of the islands, I found the invariable custom of leave-taking to be as follows: The intended emigrant would strip himself of all he had on, consisting probably of only one bracelet, and sitting down on the beach, would howl melodiously in the middle of a circle of women, after the payment of which tribute to nature he would step briskly into the boat, as gleeful as a child in prospect of a holiday. If asked to bring the woman with him he would indignantly refuse, evidently thinking that he was already well out of that mess, and would become quite reconciled to his new life before the Southeast trades had blown us over to Vate.

A Case of Lynch Law.

Not long since there was an express robbery at Farmington, Ill. An officer arrested one of the thieves named Farrington, and was taking him to P. At Union City a suspicious-looking man was noticed hanging around the hotel in which he was secured. Policeman Cline noticed the man, and started toward him with a view to questioning him. Seeing that he was about to be captured, the man stopped, and drawing his pistol, fired, the bullet passing through Cline's right lung, inflicting a wound from which he died in about a half hour. Another policeman, Mike Moran, here took up the chase and fired at the man, wounding him seriously. The man returned the fire, his bullet striking Moran in the shoulder and inflicting a painful wound. The shooting having attracted a number of citizens to the spot, the man saw that there was no chance for escape and surrendered. When questioned as to his name, he said that it was Toler. He refused to make any explanation of his conduct, and, after being searched and securely ironed, was placed in the same room with Farrington.

The killing of young Cline caused the most intense excitement, but no serious outbreak was anticipated. About four o'clock in the morning, however, when the townspeople were wrapt in slumber, a band of disgnised men quietly rode up to the hotel in which the prisoners were confined. Dismounting, they marched directly to the room occupied by Farrington and Toler. Farrington jumped