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### "Come."

Come to me when the earth is bright
With all the freshness of the Spring,
When life fills all the liquid air,
And when the woods with music ring;
When all the wakening flowers rejoice,
And birds remind me of your voice,
Come!

Come to me when the Summer's heat
Is strong the breast of Spring to kill;
When gardens with perfume are sweet,
And when the languid noon is still;
Come when the opened buds disclose
The glory of the full-blown rose.
Come!

Come to me when the Summer fades,
When all the rose's sweets are dead,
When Autumn robes the saddening glades,
When purple heather turns to red;
Come to me when the wrinkled leaf
Falls like the tear of constant grief,
Come!

Come chiefly when all warmth is lost,
When Autumn to stern Winter yields;
Come when the bitter edge of frost
Shrouds all the verdure of the fields;
Come when all else is dark and drear,
Thy presence then is doubly dear,
Come!

### Sunday Musings.

I.

Come hither, friends! Come hither, friends!
So great the joy, Our Father sends,
I want to share with you.
For He has made the blind receive
New sight! Came, help me to believe
The miracle is true.

O what the joy! and whence the beam
That lights your look so with the gleam
Of waters in the waste?
Come kneel by me, on bended knee;
Ye must stoop low if ye would see,—
Lower, if ye would taste!

Sweet friends you know the little grave
To which my heart would crush or rave,
The moan that shut out all the sky;
My boy, my boy, my boy!
This morn I caught it—faintly one
Of strange, unearthly, heavy tones
Fell—from out the sky—
A spring-tide gushed through dust and stone,
And the light of God's own throne,
My life, direct from God.

II.

We are not only where we seem,
But, lighted by some mystic gleam,
Live also in a world of dream!
Some inner chamber, window open above,
The shut-up soul to lean out of,
Or lot in waiting wings of love.

And thence we pass out of our night,
A little nearer to the light,
Transfigured in the eternal sight.
And oft when darkness fills the place,
I kneel with dawn upon my face;
I feel the infinite embrace.

Beyond the clouds this golden day,
Soft airs of heaven about me play,
They waft all weariness away.
Dear friends I see no longer here
Are with me; I can feel them near,
So tenderly they come to cheer!

And there in secret life is fed,
Till full in flower it lifts the head,
With all its leaves to heaven outspread.
And by the pears within my breast
All stormy passions rock to rest;
I know that God hath been my guest!

### MY CONFESSION.

I never knew till this moment how strong is the yearning which impels one who has done with hope and life to pour out his soul into some ear, even if unsympathetic. For live I cannot, though I am loth to die without leaving a true account of my offence on record, knowing that there will be garbled reports, making my case even blacker than it is. I do not excuse it; I have condemned myself, and when the sun rises shall have passed from a world which has no zeal for me in it. The girl I love can never be mine; my professional career is closed. Besides, I could never bear the shame; or rather, it is the idea of learning to bear it, of becoming inured to infamy, which is too disgusting.

The court-martial meets to-morrow—would meet, I mean, if there were any one to try. I am under arrest in my quarters; but left large window, lime and light, for the adjutant has the sword. My revolver lies before me, to the left of the inkstand. It serves for a paper-weight as I fill these sheets.

I wonder does she remember that tenpartly where we first met? A trifling affair, I dared that it would be, but it proved the happiest evening of my life. I was an ensign then, full of youthful hope and confidence. I loved, her that night and ever since. Our engagement was a foolish business, for I had little means and no prospects, and of course her parents disapproved of it. It was with reluctance that they were persuaded to promise their assent to our marriage when I got my company—a contingency, seeming then I could not even purchase my first step. I got this dead, and that soon by a wonderful piece of luck; but as for rising higher, there was no prospect of it whatever; and unless there was a war, I was likely to remain a lieutenant to the end of the chapter. I am alone, and not likely to be interrupted. No fellow knows me here at the depot; if any one did, he would not feel anxious to claim acquaintance.

When the man who acts as my servant brought the dinner, I told him I should not want him till to-morrow morning, and gave him a shilling; that will keep him at the canteen.

How strange it was that she remained true to me year after year, while my regiment was abroad! Surely women have been maligned. That I should be faithful was no wonder at all; my near relations were dead, and a man must cling to something.

It was at Brussels, in the Wertz Gallery, that I once saw a picture which is distinct in my brain. The suicide has just fired, with an effect grotesquely terrible; his good angel is floating away, with sorrowful, averted face; his bad angel, stern of look, offers a second weapon—needlessly.

But all this has nothing to do with my present purpose, which is to write down an accurate account of the circumstances which have brought me to my present position.

I was on guard, one night at Gibraltar, and had spent many solitary hours in reading over her last letter, and in repining against that poverty which formed an iron barrier between us, till I felt ready to do any desperate thing for money, and wished that the old fables about contracts with evil were true, and that I had the chance of making one. I had been my rounds, but unable to remain still in my guard-room, I wandered out again along the fortifications, alone. There was no moon, but by starlight I could distinguish the sea, the outlines of the nearest ships, better than the form of a gun which was close to me, because the latter had an extra shade thrown over it by the parapet. I don't know what made me notice this, but I did, and moved my position to try how much better I could see the gun when I was facing the embrasure. It is astonishing what little things play with the attention when the mind is brooding. As I was peering about the gun, a voice from it startled me:

"Mr. Singleton, sir! for God's sake have mercy, and do not call the guard! I see you have discovered me, and throw myself on your pity. It is life I am trying for; give me a chance, sir."

I cannot imagine why I did not seize the man and give the alarm at once. I knew who he was—one Taylor, a deserter who had lived for months on the mainland with a band of Spanish thieves, and who was identified by an English nobleman, travelling in a public diligence a little white back, as concerned in the robbery of it.

He had been apprehended and handed over to the garrison authorities; and as one of the passengers had been killed in the affair, and there was conclusive evidence that Taylor's hand had fired the fatal shot, his fears for the result of his court-martial were well founded.

Some strange infatuation now made me hesitate and parley with the fellow.

"How did you escape?" I asked.

"By the window of the cell," he replied in the same low, earnest, eager tones. "Oh, sir, if you knew the difficulty I had—the despair with which I worked—the mad joy with which I found myself free! In another five minutes I should have been safe, only you saw me. I was born a gentleman; I cannot hang like a dog. Have pity!"

"Why appeal to me? you know my duty."

"It's a hard service for you, sir, in the army, for I know your story. I could show you how to purchase your step. Ay, sir; I have treasure buried in a secret spot out yonder, let me go and—No, no! don't give the alarm; I see I have offended you, but I am mad. Listen, sir; there is a little wayside inn five miles on the road from Algeciras to Tarifa; behind it there is an orange grove, with a small pond in the centre; a drain pipe, dry now—ah!"

His pleading and my hesitation were put an end to by hurrying feet and confused shouts.

"Not there!" "Gone!" "Jones, run and tell the officer." "Look out, sentries! Prisoner escaped!" Taylor sprang over the parapet and let himself drop, the depth being about twelve feet. The action seemed to break a spell, and to a desire to atone for neglected duty, was added a feeling of personal enmity against the man who had sought to guile me. I called in the sentries, and showed them where Taylor had gone over.

"We shall have him yet, then, sir; he is in a trap, and cannot reach the sea without passing three sentries."

While he spoke we heard a challenge, "Who goes there? Stand, or I'll fire." Then a shot. Presently another challenge; another shot further on. Then a pause, and a shout, "I think he's down; but it's too dark."

We got a lantern, and found the fugitive lying in a heap, senseless, and he was carried to the guard-room and laid out there, limp and motionless. There was a patch of blood on his breast, and a larger one at his back.

The assistant surgeon came presently, grumbling. "I had three lives, and there were only four left in the pool. I wish you would shoot your prisoners more conveniently, Singleton. Why, the fellow is shot through heart and spine; where was the good in sending for me? Got any soda and B. in the guard-room?"

* * * *

I cannot give any idea of the state of my mind after that night; I seemed to live, walk, talk in a feverish dream. One thought had taken possession of my brain, and tormented me day and night; I tried, honestly tried, to shake it off, and could not. If Taylor's story *should* have been true; if a treasure really were concealed in that drain! What then? It was stolen booty; blood-stained treasure. But it was lost, gone. Who could tell the owners.

Every day the tempter put a fresh lullaby into my heart. At last I fell ill, and determined to end all this. There was no such inn; no such orange grove, or drain; I would satisfy myself of the fiction.

So I got leave, and set out with a giddy brain and burning pulse for Algeciras, where I hired a horse, and rode along the Tarifa road.

In spite of, what I had said to myself, it seemed quite natural to me when I came to a solitary inn, with an orange grove behind it. I dismounted at the door, directed my horse to be baited, and ordered a bottle of wine. Then, having drunk a few glasses, I went out as if for a stroll, and penetrated into the orange grove. There was the little pond, and after a short search, I found the dry drain pipe. I looked carefully round; not a soul was near, so removing my coat and turning up my shirt-sleeve, I knelt down and thrust my arm as far up the pipe as I could. I felt something there, but could not grasp it until I had torn away a tile at the exit, and then I got hold of a bundle of a Bandana handkerchief, knotted up in a bundle, and on opening it I found jewels.

I got back to Gibralter, but have no remembrance how; and I must have locked up the jewels in my desk before I lost consciousness, for when I was convalescent after the raging fever which near killed me—oh, that it had, quite!—I found the accursed valuables there, safe.

When well enough to travel, I came to England on sick leave, returning through Paris, where I disposed of some of the jewels. Others I got rid of in London, timidly at first, then more boldly. They were numerous and valuable, for though doubtless the men I dealt with had good bargains, I soon lodged money enough at the agent's for the purchase of my step, and that just in time to save being passed over.

A relative of mine had lately died, and I attributed this accession of property to a legacy.

I ritfled my conscience with sophisms, was happy. *Her* father adhered honorably to his promise, and now that there was a prospect of my speedily getting my company, welcomed me to his house, and treated me, as did the rest of the family, with great cordiality. All my hopes were on the point of fulfillment. Ah! I cannot dwell upon those weeks.

They fled, and I went to London to make preparations for our marriage, and—how shall I write on? It would be impossible, were it not that the barrels of this old friend who once saved my life when I wanted it, (dropping the Maori who stood over me with uplifted spear,) and who will now save me from life, are charged—the nipples capped.

I went into the shop of Facet & Waters, the great jewelers, who had already purchased the most valuable of my stones, in order to dispose of three emeralds which were cut in a very peculiar way, and which I had therefore not yet ventured for sale. Mr. Facet himself, the senior partner, was talking to an elderly gentleman as I entered, and directly he saw me he said—"Here is Mr. Singleton, my lord; you had better speak to him about the matter yourself. May I trouble you to step this way, Mr. Singleton?" With a dull presentiment at my heart, I followed the other two into a private room.

"I am the Earl of A——," said the stranger. I bowed. "May I ask whether you sold this diamond?"

"Possibly; I sold this firm several."

"Yes, but this has a particular flaw in it; see."

"By what right do you question me?" I asked.

"By the right of a man who had been robbed. You have disposed of several valuable jewels to Mr. Facet, which were once set in my Orders and in Lady A——'s ornaments, and which were seized by a band of Spanish brigands between Seville and Cadiz. You have told Mr. Facet that they were left you by a cousin; I require the name of that cousin, the proof of his death, means of discovering how my jewels came into his hands."

"And if I refuse to afford you any aid?"

"Then I shall be under the painful necessity of sending for a policeman."

"Shall I brazen it out?" was the first thought which passed through my reeling brain. But a moment's reflection showed me how stupidly useless that would be, and I told him the exact truth.

Lord A—— looked steadily at me, and said—"Have you any of the jewels in your possession?"

"Yes," and I produced the emeralds and several smaller stones.

"Will you give me the names and addresses of the dealers to whom you have parted with the others, and help me to recover them?"

"Yes."

"Then on those conditions, and provided I receive certain details tending to confirm your story, I will not prosecute you. I know the colonel of your regiment, and will write to him for information about where you yourself were at the date of the attack on the diligence. If his answers are not satisfactory, I hold myself free from the promise not to prosecute; for I cannot compound the murder of an old and faithful servant, and my valet was killed. In the meantime I suffer you go at large."

"But if you mention the affair to my colonel, I am a ruined man!"

"I cannot help that; you must take your chance."

It was thus that Lord A—— kept his promise to his ear, to break it to the sense; he has not brought me before a civil tribunal, but his information has necessitated this court-martial, and so signed my death warrant. There is my confession. Light is breaking in the east. Farewell, Mary! farewell for ever!

* * * * * *

There was an explosion, but it was not that of a suicide's pistol; merely the morning gun, and Arthur Singleton, lieutenant in the Royal Browns, started up from the table in the guard-room at which he had been sleeping with his head on his arms, crying—

"By Jove, what a horrible dream I have had!—and what a long one! And yet," he added, looking at his watch, "I cannot have been asleep many minutes, for the guard was turned out a quarter of an hour ago! I do believe I have passed a lifetime while the gun was firing. Queer things, dreams!"

He sat down to write this one while it was fresh in his memory, and finished his task before he was relieved. The result may be interesting to psychologists.

### Shot with a Cork.

A lady residing on Second street retired early, as usual, the other night, in good health, and with a feeling of security regarding her personal safety, not dreaming of the proximity of danger or the probability of injury from deadly weapons, which she afterwards supposed were at the time pointing at her from the window just opposite her bed. While peacefully reposing and enjoying the comfort and luxury of a cozy room on a winter's night, suddenly there was a sharp report at the window, the whir of some kind of missile passing through the room, and a sound as of a shot striking the person of the lady, followed by a sharp stinging sensation between the shoulders. A scream pierced the air and startled the members of the household, who came running to the chamber and found the lady fainting.

Cold water was freely used, when the lady recovered and cried out that she was shot, and a boy was despatched in haste for a doctor on Third street. The physician filled his pockets with probes and forceps and knives and what-not, for the surgical visit, and went rushing to the rescue, thinking, probably to save a poor suffering creature's life. The door was opened, and he hurried into the room; but instead of finding the patient writhing in pain and agony, he was overwhelmed with surprise, and perhaps a little disappointed, to find her laughing and blushing, as if enjoying one of the best of jokes. Before he could ask any questions, she hastened to explain that after he was sent for a member of the family examined her shoulder, and no wound was found. She then remembered that she had left a few bottles of ale in the room near the window, and further investigation proved that one of the corks had popped out, striking her in the back, which she thought was a bullet shot through the window. It was an amusing affair to the doctor, who likes a joke as well as any one, and he joined with the family in a hearty laugh at the wounded lady's expense, albeit he was a little disappointed in his anticipation of a splendid case of cutting, slashing and probing, and—his usual fee.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

### Suicide of a Jealous Young Wife.

A most distressing case of suicide occurred near Gosport Ind. A young and very estimable gentleman named Davis, who had been married but a short time, and whose marital relations had been of the most delightful character, received an invitation to attend a country spelling-match a few miles distant from his residence. He informed his wife of the invitation, announcing to her that he would attend, inasmuch as he had many personal friends whom he would meet there.

It seems that the wife was greatly excited at this announcement; and it has since transpired that this excitement was the result of a foolish fit of jealousy, she imagining he only desired to attend the school that he might flirt with some of his former young lady acquaintances. She told him if he went she would blow her brains out, and he would find her a corpse when he returned. Mr. D., however, treated her threat as a bit of badinage, not giving it a second thought. This was in consequence of the pleasant life they had so far lived together, their happiness never having been marred by an unkind word, or, as far as he knew, even thought. He therefore mounted his horse and rode to the school-house.

He returned about ten o'clock at night, when, upon entering his residence, he was horrified to find his wife lying in a pool of blood upon the floor, a part of her skull blown off. She had too fearfully executed her threat. The wound was inflicted with a revolver, which, from the powder marks upon her face, must have been held close to the forehead. The lady was an intelligent, handsome woman. Her rash act has almost driven her husband to insanity. They had been married but five weeks, and were apparently greatly attached to each other. The sad affair has created profound sorrow throughout the entire neighborhood, in which the unfortunate family lived.

New Year's Day.—Most of the newspapers throughout the country, says a New York paper, speak favorably of the suggestion that ladies should not offer their guests wine on New Year's Day. Several things are indisputable. The custom of giving wine, spirits, and punch to callers, does, every year, result in a great deal of inebriety, especially among young men. There is little restraint or none at all, and the day degenerates too often into a drunken saturnalia, for which, we are pained to say, women are mainly responsible. The whole moral law of the matter is suspended, and nobody seems to deem it at all discreditable to be tipsy on the First of January. If our matrons and maidens will but think seriously of the dangers to which young men are thus exposed, they will surely consult their own happiness and social well-being by demonstrating that genial good wishes are quite consistent with a respectable sobriety. One's health and good fortune may surely be drank sincerely without an accompanying hiccough; and a friend is a friend, although he may not reel about the drawing-room.

The Difference.—Diamond-digging in South Africa, as in all El Dorados, is a sort of lottery. For instance: three brothers worked separately, but near each other. One of them for a year's work, realized about fifty dollars over expenses; the other brothers realized ten thousand dollars each. Yet the work requires men of robust health, steady habits, and plenty of patience. The advice generally by those who know is that no man who already has remunerative employment should engage in the work, and no man should go to the fields without reserving money enough to take him back in case of failure.

In China, the Emperor's physicians are liberally paid—so long as his Majesty continues in good health. But the salaries are suspended from the beginning of his illness, and it has been remarked that the near relative of the "Sun and Moon" generally enjoys uninterrupted health.

Here is a Missouri paper's notion of the high calling of journalism: "We are compelled to make this week's issue almost exclusively a local and advertisement paper; but look out for next week's. It will be one of the gayest, fiercest, hottest papers that ever went forth from an American news-raggery."

"Tell the mistress that I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman lodger to a female domestic. "Very well, sir; mistress will put it down as rent."

### Indians as Gamblers.

In California the Indians gamble something after this fashion:—They all assembled in a large shanty, squatting in a circle around a bright fire to the number of about forty men, squaws and papooses. They first proceed to make up a stake for the great game of the evening. One Indian would lay down half a dollar, then another of the opposite party (they were equally divided off) would cover it.

Another would lay down the blanket or a pair of trowsers, and one of the opposite party would match it with an article agreed to be of the same value. A squaw would put down a dress or a petticoat, and it would be matched by another, and so on, until they had a stake worth playing for. The whole stake consisted of $8, in half dollars, about a plug-hatful of shell buttons and a large heap of clothes and blankets, some of them very good, altogether probably being worth $150.

They gamble with four pieces of bone about two inches long, two of which are smooth and two marked with rings and strings tied around the middle. The game is conducted by four old and experienced fellows, two for each party, squatting on their knees on opposite sides of the fire. They have before them a quantity of fine dry grass, and they roll up each piece of bone in a little ball, with their hands first before them and then behind them, and the opposite party guesses in which hand is the marked bone. When one guesses the right hand, he says "we" (number one-right), when he guesses the left he says, "tap," (number two-left). They have twelve small sticks for counters, and when all are on one side the game is ended.

Generally, only one man guesses at a time, and if he guesses right for both of the players they simply toss the bones across the fire to him and his partner, and they commence rolling them up. If he guesses right for one and wrong for the other, the one whom he guessed right is "out" and stops playing, but his partner rolls up for another trial and the guesser forfeits to them one of the counters. When all the counters are won by one couple the game is done, and every Indian takes out of the stake the article he deposited and the one laid on it so that every one of the winning party comes out with precisely double what he went in with.

All this is very simple, but it took me nearly two hours to penetrate into the whole mystery of it, such a wonderful amount of juggleries, mummeries, manipulations and incantations do the Indians encompass it with round about. As soon as the Indians commence rolling up the bones in the hay, they fall to whipping their arms back and forth, before and behind them, swaying their bodies backward and forward, and chanting, "Ha-man, ha-man, ha-man," or "ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-yi," or something else, each chanting whatever suits him, but keeping perfect time with his companions. Then pretty soon they hold up their hands to their breast with their elbows akimbo, twist their bodies around, as if they were in mortal agony, and reduce their chant to a mere grunt, "Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh," though they grunt in perfect time with the twisting.

### A Frightful Death.

A little girl six years of age met with a horrible death at Huguenot, N. Y. The mother of the child hearing screams rushed to the sitting-room and discovered the little girl enveloped in flames, and an English bull-dog, tearing her burning garments off her with his paws and teeth. He had already taken over half of her clothing off, and, it is believed had he been left alone he would have saved the little girl's life. The mother crazed at the sight, rushed forward and clasped her child to her bosom, and held her close, thus baffling the efforts which the faithful dog made, although singed and burned dreadfully himself, to tear off the clothing. The girl was burned to death, and the mother fearfully burned. The dog that exhibited more than human sagacity in its efforts to save the child, had been her constant companion, having been raised with her. Since the burial of the child occurred, he wanders from room to room as if searching for her, uttering a plaintive whine expressive of his grief. He takes no food, and it is believed that he will pine to death.

### Hints to Young Men.

These words of wisdom are from a paper in the last number of *London Society*: After all, in looking out for a wife, a man must consider how she will show at the fireside, rather than at parties. You can learn so much of literary and æsthetic tastes, the favorite books that are always in hand, the music that is regularly studied and sung, the kind of associations, and the general order of taste. It is by far the best way of getting up a flirtation, which is not unpleasantly done and benignant. Love-making is an uncommon pleasant employment for the winter nights. You may talk of the perils of young men when they come up to town; but there is no better safeguard than giving such young fellows the associations of home and sweet woman. Parents make an immense mistake taking too severely monetary a view of the young fellow's prospects. I never knew a young fellow under ever so dum a cloud who, with purpose and stability, could not work out his way into the sunlight. Better even the long engagement, or the early marriage, than many other suppositions that might be put.

Suicide of a Bridegroom.—In a Missouri town a young man named Chaffin, blew his brains out with a revolver. He had won the affections of a young lady, and the day for celebrating the wedding nuptials was set. The ceremony was to take place at the residence of the bride's parents. The day arrived and the invited guests had assembled, and at the appointed hour everything was in readiness. The bride was dressed in her wedding attire and nothing seemed lacking but the groom, who did not make his appearance according to promise. After enduring lengthy suspense, a brother of the intended bride, went in search of young Chaffin, and found him in his own house lying on the bed, with two bullet holes through his forehead and a revolver grasped in his hand. He lay face downward and the bed clothes were saturated with blood. His wedding suit, consisting of black cloth, was found in a trunk in the room.

The Horrors of Havana.—Further particulars of the recent murder of the young students in Havana are developed. It is well known there that at first only four of the lads were condemned to death, but the court considered that number too small to satisfy the demands of the volunteers. The two Bermudez brothers were drawn. One of the Judges, Apolinar del Rato, exclaimed: "This is horrible! How can we snatch two sons away from one mother?" and one of the Bermudez brothers was condemned to death, the other to the chain-gong. Young Verdugo, who was shot, was with his mother at the church of Nostra Senora del Pilar when the supposed desecration of the graves took place, and another victim, the little fellow Llera y Medina, was with his family in Mantanzas at the time.

New London is fitting out another whaling fleet.

### A Waif's History.

A small boy was lately picked up by the Dubuque police, and gave the following history:

I do not know my age, but I was born in Sabula. My parents are both dead. The first I can remember I began to pick up my living here and there, just where I could find it. I sometimes got a little food by doing chores for people, and occasionally some one would give me an old coat, or a pair of shoes, when I had any. I picked up where they had been thrown away. I never took any food or clothes without leave. I never went to school. I slept around in barns and sheds, and sometimes in dry goods boxes, for two Winters I slept in a small hut, with an old man, a few miles in the wood, and there I got nuts and such things as I could find, and fish which I caught in the river. But I lived for two Summers in a large hole in the bank of the river up towards Galena, in a place called the "cut-off." We had first-rate times and lived like kings, on fish and prairie chickens, ducks and potatoes. There was two boys with me who run away from Galena. One of these boys was named Martin. I don't know where he is now but one time he and I had a fine ride in the cars. We went down to Dunleith one day, and when no one was looking, we got in a wheat car, soon after the brakeman or somebody came and locked the car, and we rode all the way to Chicago; and it was a long ride, but we eat lots of wheat, you bet! When the man opened the car at Chicago he looked strange at us, and then swore some, but we got out and run away. I had a pretty rough time in Chicago. I stayed with a negro family when I was there. The boys are pretty bad boys in Chicago. When I left there I came out to Wisconsin with a circus. I went in to do chores, to help fold up tents, &c., and when we were in Darlington I got badly hurt on my arm when I was learning to summersault, and was sick. Then I could not work and they scolded me, and kicked me, and I ran away the next day. Then I got on a farmer's team and rode to Council Hill, and then walked on the railroad to Dubuque, and a man soon got me and put me in the Poor House, and I have been there two years. I got both my feet frozen some time, I don't know when it was.

### A Mississippi Execution.

At Granada, Miss., Frank Mays was hung for the murder of his wife by poison, some time since. He confessed the crime, as well as the murder of his four year old child. Although he kept up a brazen face until the day of execution, at that time the murderer entirely gave out, and proved himself an arrant coward. In the morning, when the jailor went to awaken him, he found Mays lying on the mattress with his body drawn up in the smallest possible space and covered, as was his face, with blankets. At the time he was seemingly sleeping, but his manner of breathing showed that it was feigned. He also attempted insanity. He refused to move and it was necessary to use force in dressing him. He was carried down stairs and placed in a chair in a wagon, which also contained his coffin, a rough stained pine coffin. He was ironed and closely guarded. After a prayer, the noose was fixed about Mays' neck, and the net drawn close in behind the right ear. As it was being affixed Mays for the first time said "Oh, Lordy! oh, Lordy!" in an almost unintelligible tone of voice. Not another word was uttered by him. Standing him up on the trap two men held him erect, while his arms and legs were securely fastened and the white cap drawn over his face. Then the sheriff gave the signal and the rope was cut. A clutch at the platform boards with his hands as he went through, a few convulsive grasps—and all was over. Just three and a half minutes after the trap rope was severed the last contraction of his muscles was noticed. Surgical investigation afterward proved that his neck was broken, and it is supposed that he suffered little or no pain, as death was almost instantaneous. While struggling just after passing through the trap a loud scream was heard from a young woman in the crowd, who threw up her hands and fell senseless. She was the sister of him whose death she was then witnessing. Sobs were to be heard proceeding from all quarters of the crowd, which immediately dispersed.

### Our Neighbor Mexico.

As every reader of the papers may readily judge for himself, our neighbor Mexico, is in a deplorable state of civil war. In fact the whole country is in one state of revolution. This does not seem to be divided between two parties or two chiefs, but into many, although the grand object of the revolutionists papers to be the rejection of Benito Juarez as President of the republic for another term of four years, upon the ground "that he has already presided over fourteen years—a period lengthened contrary to the spirit if not the letter of the constitution, and that he has just secured his nominal and illegal re-election by using elements which pertain to the whole nation, and by violently stamping out the rights of a free people entitled to free suffrage."

While the revolutionists are divided among themselves as to who will be Juarez' successor there is no doubt of their unity against the President. It is a fact to which attention should be called that the military men now engaged in this revolution are these same men—generals, colonels and officers of lower grade—who sustained M. Jauren in the contest against the French intervention and who most distinguished themselves in the engagements which took place between the liberal forces and those of the French, Austrians and Imperial Mexicans.

The revolution appears to be general to a frightful extent. Armed bands are scouring the country, levying contributions and committing outrages of every nature. The whole country is flooded with "proclamations," issued by chiefs of these bands, and our unhappy neighbor is suffering more severly than ever before. Press gangs are everywhere engaged in forcing men into the "armies," and life and property are nowhere safe.

Solid Figures.—The papers are noting the high prices paid to foreign singers. None of these figures, however, come up to what Barnum paid Jenny Lind. She received $203,675 for ninety-five concerts, which give an average of $2,196 per concert, or $43,920 for twenty nights. He also paid all the expenses of Miss Lind, her companion and servants from England, and all their hotel and traveling expenses up to the last concert, besides furnishing her always with a private coach and horses. The receipts of the concerts varied from $5,000 to $18,000 a night. Ten concerts realized over $140,000. This was, in 1857, when a thousand dollars was more than a thousand now-a-days.

It is the fashion for a bride, after the reception, to slip on the eldest black silk dress she owns, and with her newly-made husband slip down the back staircase and out of the basement door, where they jump into a carriage, and are off on their wedding tour, without bidding any one good-bye.

### A Singular Case.

The famous Tichbone case in England has called the attention of the press to a similiar case that occurred over three hundred years ago. It is so interesting that we give it to our readers. It seems that in 1859 Martin Guerre, a native of Biscay, belonging to the class of well-to-do peasant proprietors, married a girl by name Bertrande de Rols. They were only 11 years of age at this time and it was nine years before Martin's son was born to them. The son, proved to be a very bad boy. He married, however, and it was believed had settled down and reformed. Robbing his father and fearing detection he ran away, deserting his home. Meanwhile his father died, leaving his estate and four daughters in the hands of a brother who managed it in the name of Martin. At the end of eight years the lost Martin or one whom every one at once recognized as such, reappeared, and was welcomed by his wife Bertrande, by his sisters, by his uncle, and by all his friends and acquaintances, living with them for three years without raising a shadow of suspicion. His wife, who had been warmly attached to her husband before his disappearance, was overjoyed at his supposed return, clung to the new comer with redoubled affection, and bore him two children, one of whom died in tender age. Presently, however, a soldier happened to go through the village of Artigues, who, at a private interview, communicated to Bertrande the startling intelligence that her real husband, Martin Guerre, was living in Flanders; that he had been a soldier like himself, and had lost a leg, carried off by a cannon-ball at the Battle of St. Laurent. No notice was taken of this scandal as it was believed to be and all parties lived happily for three years when a dispute arose between Martin and his uncle about the property, and violent quarrels took place, the uncle frequently assaulting the nephew. Uncle Pierre and four of his sons-in-law endeavored to prevail on Bertrande to denounce Martin as an impostor. But she withstood all their arguments, and to every doubt urged against the man now personating her husband, she instantly replied that he must "either be Martin Guerre or the devil in his skin." Her imprisoned husband was presently released on bail, and on his return to his village he was again received by her with every mark of conjugal attachment. But on the following day, early in the morning, his uncle Pierre, with his four sons-in-law, broke into Martin's house with arms in their hands, and, professing to act by power of attorney in the wife's name, arrested Martin, charging him with fraud and deception. The power of attorney, however, as it was proved, was only signed by Bertrande in the evening of that same day.

A long trial ensued in which may witnesses testified to the identity of Martin, while others asserted that he was an imposter. His wife would not or could not give evidence either for or against the man, her mind having become confused by this perplexing state of affairs.

Everything, however, combined to incline the Judges to give their sentence in favor of the prisoner, when a man calling himself Martin Guerre, and with a wooden leg, answering the description given by the soldier to Bertrande, appeared in court. He was immediately arrested and confined to a cell, depriving him of all communication with the outer world, and, being secretly examined, he entered into all the particulars respecting his family, his village, and acquaintance with considerable accuracy, but yet not with the infallibleness, with the promptness and certainty which had been displayed by the first prisoner throughout the transition. The two Martins were then confronted, and both stood the test of cross-examination with firmness; but it was observed that the new comer, although consistent and positive, was in frequent instances, and especially in matters of domestic and conjugal concerns, less glib and explicit than his adversary. They were plied separately with questions on topics which had hitherto never been alluded to in the trial, but the answers were equally ready and fully satisfactory on either side. Witnesses were then called—first, the brothers, next the sisters of Martin Guerre, who, as they entered one by one and cast a glance on the new comer, threw their arms around his neck, bursting into tears, calling him their real brother, and asking his pardon a thousand times for having allowed themselves to be the dupes of a gross deception, which had equally imposed upon all their neighbors. Bertrande came next, and in her case also the first sight of the man with the wooden leg seemed to cause the scales at once to fall from her eyes. She sank on her knees before the husband she had so grievously and yet so unwittingly wronged, and she urged in her exculpation the astonishing resemblance between him and the villain who had deceived her, and the readiness with which his own sisters and all the village of Artigus had fallen into her own delusion. The same revulsion of feeling manifested itself in all the witnesses who were brought in in succession, especially in those who had been foremost in acknowledging the first pretender and to give evidence in his favor. The passionate accent and flowing tears of the loving wife carried conviction to the hearts of the judges. The man with the wooden leg was reinstated in all his rights as Martin Guerre, and the impostor, Arnauld de Tilh, was condemned to be hanged and burnt. Before he was led out for execution he avowed that he had served as a soldier with Martin Guerre; that he had lived with him on such terms of friendship as enabled him to gain possession of all his secrets, and that upon his return from the wars, having accidentally fallen in with some persons who had mistaken him for his friend, he had conceived the scheme of taking that friend's name and place—a scheme which had at first succeeded to the full extent of his expectation.

An Ignorant Dog.—An old farmer went out one day looking over his broad acres, with an ax on his shoulder and a small dog at his heels. They espied a woodchuck. The dog gave chase and drove him into a stone wall, where action immediately commenced. The dog would draw the woodchuck partly out from the wall, and the woodchuck would take the dog back. The old farmer's sympathy getting high on the side of the dog, he thought he must help him. So, putting himself in position, with ax above the dog, he waited for the attraction of the woodchuck, when he would cut him down. So an opportunity offered, and the old man struck, but the woodchuck gathered up at the same time, took the dog in far enough to receive the blow, and the dog was killed on the spot. Forty years after, the old man, in relating the story, would always add: "And that dog don't know to this day but what the woodchuck killed him.

According to report, the Bois de Boulogne, which was devastated during the late war, is to be replanted with forest trees of fifteen year's growth. Of course the difficulty and expense of transplanting matured trees is very great.

The German expedition to Venezuela will be commissioned to enforce the national claims against the government of the South American republic.

### A Chinese Superstition.

They tell a strange story about Chinese superstition. It will be remembered that a large portion of the kingdom was flooded not long since by a break in the levee of the river Tez-chin-lin. As damage was threatened here, a messenger was sent from Pekin to inspect the threatened spot. He found a small hole, and every sign of coming disaster. But in the hole was a large fish. This was declared to be a god, and the conclusion drawn was that it would be impious to try to stop the passage of the waters, as it was plainly the will of Heaven that the bank should give way.

When the catastrophe had actually occurred, and successive attempts to fill the breach had failed—the rushing stream having swept piles and reeds away—the tale grew. It was then said there were two fishes, one of which had gone up the country, while the other remained about the opening, and that of course it would be useless to do anything until the wanderer returned. A few days later Tau-tai of Tient-sin, in his capacity of conservator of rivers, &c., had gone to the break in the Eucho, on the West of the city, to sacrifice to Yuen-Shen, a fabulous tortoise or fish, who is supposed to control the waters. He went in great state, accompanied by other officials. Tables were placed upon the river-banks, a tablet, incense urns, candlesticks, and all other necessary paraphernalia placed in their proper places, and then this strange ceremony began. Besides the actual worship, the principal business was a long prayer offered by the Tau-tai, who recounted the sufferings caused by the flood, the fruitless efforts made to stop the various breaks in the banks of the river, and besought the fish-god to allow them now to be repaired. The works at this spot were then recommenced at once.

Unfortunately, Yuen-Shen does not seem to have been satisfied, for before long the waters again asserted their power and swept away all the material gathered to resist them. Then the Tau-tau grew angry and paid another visit to the breach. No incense—no offerings. Cannon took their place and the magistrate roundly rated the god for his non-compliance with his wishes. "Didn't I tell you so and so, and you paid no attention? You don't care for the trouble caused to so many thousands of people, &c., &c." Bang! bang! bang! the cannon were let fly at him, and the worthy magistrate went home feeling that he had done his duty! There can be little doubt, whether made any impression on Yuen-Shen or not, that he has to a certain extent succeeded in convincing the people that he is not responsible for the flood, and in confirming the popular superstition.

### An Eight-Hour Law.

Gov. Hoffman of New York, in his message, speaks as follows of the Eight-hour law:

In 1870 what is commonly called the Eight-hour law was enacted by the Legislature and approved by me. It provided, among other things, that eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work upon all the public works of the State, and that any public officer who should violate or evade its provisions might be removed by the Governor or by the heads of departments to which such officer was attached. By this Act the Legislature intended to hold out the promise, on behalf of the State, to laborers who might be employed on any public work that they should receive a full day's wages at current rates for eight hours work. The spirit of the promise has been kept; yet no case has arisen where a removal of a public officer could legally be made. The laborer understood the law to provide for a reduction of the hours, but not of the wages of labor. The State ought not, under the forms of law, to deceive any portion of its people. Its practice should be in accord with its professions. It demands a general obedience to its statutes, and should itself set the example of conformity with its own laws. While the law stands upon the statute book the professions embodied in it should be made good by such amendments to it as will render the fulfilment of its purpose certain.

Fishing in Oregon.—The fact that in the waters of Oregon and of Washington Territory, as well as of Alaska, salmon cannot be captured with the artificial fly-nor, indeed, taken at all with the line—is a disappointment to sportsmen who have tried the experiment, and the subject has been dwelt upon as exhibiting a strong contrast between the habits of the Western fish and those of the North Atlantic. It is also maintained, and generally believed; that of the myriads of salmon that ascend the Western rivers, few or none retrace their course to the sea, but succumb to the fatigue and dangers of the ascent, and to the exhaustion produced by the spawning operation. Certain it is that the shores of the Columbia and other great streams during the salmon season are lined with dead fish throughout their entire length, furnishing food for innumerable hawks, eagles, buzzard, crows, etc., as well as for mammals of various kinds. Quite recently, however, it has been ascertained that while the salmon will not take the fly, as stated, in the rivers, they will do so in the salt-water outside their mouths.

Hints on Housekeeping.—We will give to intellect, and to all virtues, the honor that belongs to them, and still it may be boldly affirmed that economy, taste, skill and neatness in the kitchen, have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous. Nor is it indispensably necessary that a house should be filled with luxuries. The qualifications for all good housekeeping can be displayed as well on a small scale as on a large one. Skillful cooking is as readily discovered in a nicely baked potato, or a respectable johnny cake, as in a nut brown sirloin, or a brace of canvas-backs. The charm of good housekeeping is the order or economy and taste displayed in attention to little things, and these little things have a wonderful influence. A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a one from