Anticipation.

When failing health, or cross event,
Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent,
That darkens round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
Those chiefest goods my life has known,
Those whitest days, that brightened all
The checkered seasons that are flown.

No year has passed but gave me some;
O unborn years, nor one of you—
So from the past I learn—shall come
Without such precious tribute due.
I can be patient, since amid
The days that seem so overcast,
Such future golden hours are hid
As those I see amid the past.

Love Unexpressed.

The sweetest notes among the human heart-strings
Are dull with rust;
The sweetest chords, adjusted by the angels,
Are clogged with dust;
We pipe and pipe again our dreary music
Upon the self-same strains,
While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation,
Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world we go, an army marching
With listening ears,
Each longing, sighing, for the heavenly music
He never hears;
Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,
A word of love, to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, busy days.
They love us, and we know it; this suffices
For reason's share.

Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care?
Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching
With all the gnawing pain
Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,
* And longs and longs in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if we falter,
With fingers numb,
Among the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the word's unsaid,
And, side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence
Its fate fulfills,
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
Beyond the distant hills,
The only difference of the love in Heaven
From love on earth below,
Is: Here we love and know not how to tell it,
And there we all shall know.

LUNA.

The locomotive shrieked and the brakes rattled. "Greenland, ladies," said the polite conductor, collecting the bags, and helping us down to the platform. Our trunks were shot after us in the usual reckless railroad fashion, and the train moved on.

I looked about. No "icy mountains" rewarded the gaze, but pretty soon a voice "called us to deliver" our checks, and we were aware of the presence of a wagon and a wagoner.

"For Rye Beech?" said we.

"Yes'm."

"And do you go on to Boar's Head?"

"Can" (concisely).

"Ah, well, that is where we want to go."

So it befell that an hour later, as we stepped out of the wagon in front of the Boar's Head House, with an uncomfortable consciousness of being eyed by a long row of well-dressed people, who were studying our dusty habiliments with that calm scrutiny which is the portion of the newly arrived traveler at watering places, I was startled by a sort of shriek. A pair of braceleted arms with flapping lace undersleeves were flung around my neck, and somebody began kissing me very hard indeed.

"Oh, you darling girl, is it really you? To think of your turning up here! Have you come to stay? What fun! Why we are here. Pa and Mrs. Lenox and Fred and little Phil and me and—" The sentence ended in a fresh volley of kisses.

Of course by this time I recognized the speaker. Nobody but Ethel Lenox could possibly have crowded and combined so many words and embraces into a single breath. I was really glad. Ethel is one of those fresh-hearted creatures who warms everybody with whom they come in contact. She was a general favorite at school; and though we hadn't met for two years, I could see by this burst that she hadn't changed a bit.

A little later I didn't feel so shure. Tired as we were, we thought it necessary to make a toilet for tea, if only to show those stuck-up people on the piazza that we had clothes which were not dusty, and which puffed and ruffled and looped up bagged out and boasted as much trimming as their own. As we came down stairs, ma in front with her long black train and floating tarlatan cap strings, and Sue and I respectively in rose-color and pale green (I don't know a prettier dress for the seaside than white grenadine over pale sea green silk, and so useful), Ethel passed us, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. Then I noticed she was grown, and, though not exactly pretty, had gained a certain picturesque effect which took the place of prettiness. Her hair was always the most beautiful I ever saw—pale, rippling brown, very thick, and so long that it touched the floor when she sat on a chair. The girls used to call her "Lady Godiva," and insist on having exhibitions of it at bed-time; but in school she habitually wore it rolled round her head and smothered with a net, now it was in two immense heavy braids down her back, the ends tied with blue ribbons, and her white dress had a blue sash and a little touch of blue somewhere at the throat, which seemed to set off her clear pale cheeks and brown eyes.

"What an absurd fashion your friend dresses her hair in!" remarked Sue, passing a finger rather complacently over the row of impossible pinned-on ringlets which ornamented her own forehead. Sue's hair behind was a huge crispy mass, which towered up from the nape of her neck over the top of her head till it met and was lost in the aforesaid fringe of ringlets. Most of Sue's hair comes out of green boxes in her top bureau drawer. I didn't make any rejoinder to this remark of hers, for she is a little sensitive on the point, and likes to forget it comfortably whenever she can, which seem to be a good deal of the time!

But notwithstanding Ethel's long braids and increase of height and general improvement, it was not quite easy to understand how she had contrived to capture the superb-looking fellow on whose arm she leaned. We women are apt to think that a handsome man must naturally be attracted by beauty; and this was one of the handsomest men I ever saw—tall, dark, brilliant, with that sort of manly affectionate look which all women like to see. But there could be no doubt of the captivation. I discovered it at once in his eyes, in the way he leaned toward her; and as for Ethel, she held his arm with that indefinable air of possession which never comes over a girl till after the engaged ring is on her finger. I was sure there was a romance on foot, and bound to find it out. After a day or two Ethel told me the whole story. It was one evening when "Jack" (Jack Hamilton, it seemed, was the name of the hero) had gone to Boston, and we two were sitting alone on the rocks close to the twilight-tinted waves. Here it is, and in her own words as nearly as I can remember them:

"No, I haven't known Jack long. It is only—let me see, two, three — three months and eighteen days since we met. I saw him first at Niagara. Juliet (this was Ethel's young step-mother) "was taken with an 'enthuse' to see the Falls very early, before people got there and spoiled the sentiment of the place. Pa said we were foolish and romantic, and would be extremely uncomfortable, and probably catch our deaths of cold, but he made no real objection; so we went. It was the first day of May."

"You've been at Niagara? Well, you can't think how different, and how—well, rather dreadful—it is out of the season. We got in at midnight. The Cataract

THE

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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House looked all dark and deserted, but a man opened the door and took us into that big square hall, where there was a huge Morning-Glory stove with flaming isinglass eyes. I assure you the sight was welcome, for we were half frozen.

"Juliet, still under the influence of her 'enthuse,' asked for rooms on the cataract side of the house. But the man couldn't give them to us. That side of the house was always kept shut up in the winter, he said, and the rooms were not yet in order. He made us comfortable elsewhere, however, and, for my part, I was not sorry to be a little further from the river. I never heard it sound as it did that night. The air fairly throbbed and trembled. It was like the breathing and panting of some savage animal. I lay awake the longest time, and all my dreams seemed to be overshadowed and pervaded by the near presence of the strong, fierce thing.

"Next morning the sun shone brightly. I forgot my terrors and every thing else except the beauty of the place. The river was full of ice, clear green ice, which the rapids bore along in a whirling, triumphant way, as if it were a load of stolen emeralds, all cut and polished and ready for setting. Ice fringed the edges of the shore here and there. Men with poles were trying to break it up, so that the water could get in and turn the wheels of a mill. I had forgotten that there was a mill. Somehow the sight of it made me angry. Think of penning Niagara up and forcing it to be useful! It is as bad as setting Sampson to grind among the slaves.

The air was warm with sun, but the melting ice gave it a zest and sparkle like Champaigne. It exhilarated me so that I wanted to dance at every step, and I chattered and rattled to Juliet till it fairly distracted her. She was in a state of high-pressure romance, and I guessed from the far-away expression of her eyes and the way she played with her note book that she was composing a poem. (Juliet writes really pretty verses, did you know? I'll show you some, if you like). So, after a while, I mercifully took myself off, and after sitting a few minutes by the American Fall, I started off on a solitary ramble.

"I forgot to say that earlier in the morning we had been all over Goat Island in a hack. It was rather hard to find one, for the stables hadn't opened for the season either. Think of its being hard to get a hack at Niagara, where usually the difficulty is to get away from their gaping doors and importunate drivers. And the shops, too, they had barely a thing in the windows. Left-over fans from last year and a few fly-specked stereoscopic views, that was all. Don't tell Mr. Howells, but I saw in one of them the very fan which Basil bought for Isabella on 'their wedding journey.' You remember it, that dreadful Magenta one with the yellow bird in the middle? Well, there it was, the very fan. She must have exchanged it when his back was turned, and trusted to his never finding out the difference. I'm sure I should have done just the same in her case!

"Can you fancy Niagara with no brides? We met just one girl in gray poplin, with her head on the shoulder of a new coat. Immagine it—only one! There weren't any peep-shows, or boys with spectroscopes, or any photographers urging us to pose for our pictures with the Falls as a background. Not a single person rushed out to invite us to see the view from their back-door at twenty-five cents apiece. You can't think how pleasantly one misses these things, though I must say I hardly knew the place. But here I am running on, and forgetting Goat Island, where I began to take you, and where it happened—I mean, of course, meeting Jack and all that.

"It had been so perfectly lovely there in the morning while we were driving about that, now I was left to my own devices, I was seized with a desire to go over again and sit for a good long while. So few people were crossing that the gate keeper remembered my face and let me go in free, Tolls were good for twenty-four hours, he said. So I walked over the long bridge, and in five minutes had lost myself in the woods as fresh and wild and fragrant as if in the heart of the Adirondacks, instead of close to a dozen big hotels, with dinner gongs and waiters in white aprons.

"Goat Island, in the season, is a civilized sort of a place, you know. There are carriages and people, and benches and placards, and you dont feel in the least alone or in the country. But that day it seemed pure country. There were no people sitting on the benches, and somehow you didn't notice the placards. Birds popped out of every bush and tree, and chirped and sang as if for a wager. The ground was just one carpet of flowers—anemones and spring-beauties and beautiful white lily-shaped things which I found afterward were trilliums. And all the time the deep, cool roar and rush of the rapids blended and mixed with the birds' songs and the beauty, as the minor instruments of an orchestra mix with the vivid scintillating violins. Juliet says I haven't a particle of romance in my nature, and perhaps she is right; but some how that morning I was wrought up and exalted. I laughed, but I wanted to cry more than to laugh. You know the feeling—a sort of happy pain.

"Well, at last I came to the steps which lead to Luna Island, and went down. I found a seat close to that lovely little single fall which, you remember, plunges off there. All the Great Fall was in view. It was a perfect place, cool and yet sunny, and the water was so deliciously clear up to the very edge that I could hardly keep out of it. I bathed my hands and face, and then let down my hair, which felt dusty after the railroad, and wrung it out and let it float off with the foam and over the bubbles of the fall. It was great fun, like a game of play with some friendly giant. I was sitting in the sun afterward with it hanging down my back to dry, and my lap full of trilliums, when steps sounded, and a gentleman came down the stairs.

"You needn't pick up your ears in that eager way. It wasn't Jack. On the contrary, it was quite an elderly man, with bushy white whiskers and hair more than three-quarters gray. He was well dressed, and looked altogether so old and respectable that I was dreadfully annoyed and ashamed at being caught with my hair down, I repressed my first impulse to jump up and run away, and sat still. Oh, if I only hadn't," cried Ethel, covering her eyes, with a sharp momentary shudder. "But then," smiling brightly, "perhaps in that case I might never have seen Jack; so, on the whole, I am glad I did.

The old gentleman coasted round the island with a rapid step, looking off at the Falls. That's what people generally do, you know, so I wasn't surprised, and thought that probably, having done his duty, he would go away. But when he got to the place where I sat he stood still, and pointing with his cane, said, in a gruff, excited voice:

"'Lots of it, lots of it, ain't there?'"

"'Yes,' I said, and I couldn't help laughing, his tone was so odd."

"'Lots of that, too,' he went on pointing at my hair. I was surprised' of course, but I only smiled. He looked like somebody's grandfather, and you know we girls don't feel it necessary to be very much offended when old men say complimentary things to us.

"So I went on arraging my flowers. Pretty soon I felt a touch, and looking up, there was the old gentleman close to me, and just drawing back his hand from my hair. I suppose I must have looked startled, for he said, apologetically:

"'Excuse me—but I used to know a girl with hair like yours. So long, so thick, so shiny in the sun. I hope you don't put it up in one of those messy water-falls?'

"'No, I generally braid it,"

"'That's right,' he rejoined. 'Braid it and bake it, and mark it with T—! I declare—What am I saying?'

"Now I was really uncomfortable. My hair wasn't half dry, but I caught at it and began to twist and stick in pins preparatory to immediate flight. To my horror the old man pulled the pins out as fast as I put them in.

"'No, no' he cried; 'no pins, no pins! Nature must have her own way sometimes, or she'll explode. Your hair was meant to hang. No pins, no pins!'

"'Don't,' I said; for in seizing the pins he pulled my hair dreadfully; 'you hurt me. Give me back those hair-pins if you please, sir.' But instead of giving them back he clutched my wrist, and fixing his eyes upon me, said, in a low, sepulchral voice: 'Melinda consents. She is mine, hair and all. But how to find a priest?'

"Oh, Saidee, if you could guess how frightened I was! It was not the words only, but the wild glare of the eyes, which told me that I was in the power of a maniac, alone on that dreadful island. For a minute all grew black before me. I suppose I was on the point of fainting away. Then a desperate sort of courage came to my aid, and forcing a smile to my lips—I could feel them quiver and stiffen—I drew my hand gently away, shook down the hair, and said,

"'There, then.'

"The terrible old gentlemen seemed pleased, 'Much better, much better,' he cried. 'That's the way we wore it in Paradise, you know. Let me see; I was talking— What was I talking about?'

'About the girl with long hair,' I answered, for I did not dare to remind him.

"'No, I wasn't;' and he gave me a sharp look. 'It was something else. Oh, Melinda. Did she promise to be mine?'

"'I don't know. Won't you sit down and tell me the story?' I faltered, for I thought time was my best friend, and hoped each minute to hear semebody coming that way.

"The lunatic eyed me suspiciously. Then to my dismay he caught at my hair, and tied it in a tight knot round one of the low boughs of the tree under which I sat.

"'Now,' he said, sitting down directly between me and the steps—'now you're fixed, and I'll tell you the story.'

"'But,' I said—and Saidee, I actually gave a gay little laugh; Juliet said she can't imagine how I did it, and neither can I now—'Eve didn't wear her hair tied round a bough in Paradise. Nature meant it to hang down you know.'

"'You're right, you're right; so she did,' he cried, skipping from his seat and untying the hair as fast as he had tied it up. 'It ought to hang, and it shall,' and he sat down again between me and the steps.

"'About Melinda,' he went on. 'She promised, you know, but the parson said I had a wife too much, or too little—which was it?—and so he wouldn't come. That broke it up. But I kept the lock of hair she gave me. It was like yours. Are *you* Melinda?'

"'No,' I said, as positively as I could speak, 'I am *not* Melinda.'

"'I—don't—believe—you,' rejoined the dreadful creature, in a low deliberate voice. 'Anyhow, *this* time we won't lose our chance for want of a parson. Do you hear? *there's one down there.*'—whispering, and shielding his voice with his hand, as he pointed over the edge of the fall."

"Oh, Ethel, do go on!" I cried for she had suddenly stopped.

"Oh, I don't know what I said," she continued looking very pale, "or exactly what came next. It is like some awful dream. I tried to calm him but he wouldn't be calmed. At last he pulled me to my feet, and grasping my arm, drew me to the edge of the water. How strange that little things should impress the eye as they do in moments of extreme peril! I remember perfectly that as we swayed on that fearful brink I saw below at the foot of the fall a sort of arched shell of snow and ice, streaked with lines of brown earth, and it struck me as looking like a bracket fungus. At the time I was unconscious of the thought, but it came to me afterward. I had seized a branch, and was resisting the violent pull which forced me on, and screaming with all my might, when suddenly I caught a sound. Somebody was hurrying down the steps. The old gentleman heard it too. A change came over him, instead of trying to pull me forward he drew me back, and reseating me under the tree, he turned to the new-comer, and said, with a congratulatory voice, and the blandest, most cunning smile. 'Rejoice with me, sir. I was just in time to rescue this interesting young lady from self destruction!'

"For a second I was too stupefied to speak. Jack—for it *was* Jack—says he shall never forget the picture: my hair and my look, and the wily smoothness of the old gentleman's voice. Before another word passed, two men, very red in the face appeared on the bank above, hurrying down toward us. At the sight of them the lunatic shrank, and running behind me he crouched down and began to whimper and cry like a beaten child.

"'Ah, here you are!' cried one of the men seizing and dragging him out. 'You old case, you: ain't you ashamed or yourself.—Oh, don't be troubled, Miss; we sha'n't hurt him, only take him back to the asylum! He's given us a sharp hunt for these three days. I hope he hasn't scared you much. Generally he is quiet and peaceable enough; that's how we came to take it easy about watching him and so he got off. But it won't happen again.'

"Oh, how glad I was to see them vanish up the bank! After the long strain of fear all my nerves seemed to relax at once and for some time I could do nothing but sit and sob in the most piteous way. Of course, Jack didn't leave me alone in that condition; and so—and so. Well, that was the beginning. I was so ill for three days that we couldn't get away from Niagara and he came to inquire, and Juliet asked him to call on us in town. I'm afraid you'll be shocked when I tell you that it was only six weeks before we were engaged! His father turned out to be pa's college chum, however, so that made it easier to know him. Such a happy summer as we've had! Juliet has been as good as an angel, and sent to Paris for every stitch of my trousseu; so I've absolutely had nothing to do but enjoy myself and the country and Jack. Ah, there's the stage at last!"—as a loaded vehicle rattled up the road and somebody waved a handkerchief.

"Excuse me, won't you, dear Saidee? I must go and meet him. He likes to see me the first thing."

And she ran up the bank just as a gay voice overhead began calling, "Godiva! fair one with golden locks, where are you?"

A FEAT OF HANDS.—Who can put one hand in such a position that the other hand can not possibly touch it? Aunt Carrie, in the *American Home Book*, tells us that there is but one way of doing this (namely, clasping the elbow), and she's right. Try it for yourselves, children, or if you want to make fun, suddenly ask the above question of a roomful of persons. Every one will try, and there'll be some rather comical twistings and turnings before any one succeeds.

A Chicago reporter announces that "the receipt of another ship load of blackberries from St. Joe, created a perceptible ripple in the toothpick trade."

CENTRE

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The Cattle Pest.

Mr. G. N. Hammond writes to the Albany *Express*, from Syracuse: "While passing along the Mohawk Valley, I learned with regret that a contageous disease of a very serious nature exists among the cattle there, and that farmers and others interested in the raising of cattle had endeavored to keep the matter secret, lest it should depreciate the cattle market in that and other sections of the country."

Of the re-appearance of the Texas cattle plague in Ohio, the Cincinnati *Commercial* of Wednesday says:

"We have another Texas cattle sensation on hand at the same time of year, and in the same locality, where, three years ago, the consumers of milk were alarmed at the loss of scores of cows on dairies out on the Colerain Pike beyond Cumminsville. The principal loser then was Mr. McCracken, who lost every cow in his possession from the disease, accompanied by ticks or cow-lice, that Prof. Ganges designates as the splenic or sporadic fever. The present instances of the re-appearance of this fatal malady are in the dairies of G. W. Tallant and J. W. West, both contiguous to each other on the Colerain Pike, about two miles beyond Cumminsville, or in the immediate vicinage of Mt. Airy. A lot of Texas or Cherokee cattle were pastured on Mr. West's place. Last week thirteen of Mr. Tallant's cattle died, as he thought, from the feeding on green corn; this week the remainder of his stock of twenty-nine took ill and have also died. The matter coming to the knowledge of Mr. Owens, the City Milk Inspector, and Mr. Snyder, Inspector of Meat and Cattle, they repaired to the place and found all of Mr. West's cattle ill, twenty-four in number, and all exhibiting the symptoms of the splenic fever—the drying up of the milk, the dull, stupid look of the animal, the glassy eye and drooping head, and the hide covered with Texas cattle-ticks or lice—and so pronounced it. Further inquiry discovered that a lot of poor, meagre, bruised and lousy Texas cattle had been pastured on Mr. West's place, and also that large numbers of the Cherokee and Texas cattle were being sent here from St. Louis and Chicago. Mr. Snyder, in the exercise of his duty as Cattle Inspector, seized a lot of 144 head, and condemned them as unfit for human food. They were lean, scabby, lousy, bruised and generally bad. The Cattle Inspector ordered the immediate burial of the dead cows, in order, if possible, to prevent any further spread of the contagion, and the most prompt and efficient measures will be adopted by the authorities to check the evil, at least so far as this community is concerned."

Why She Refused.

You say you went to a party last night, and you saw Mrs. Smith, an old friend, whom you had not seen since she and your sister were at school together. You had a very pleasant talk until supper, then you gave her your arm and took her to supper. When some one came along with a few glasses of wine on a waiter and offered her a glass, you saw her shudder as she said, "No!" and you wondered why Mrs. Smith, who didn't use to be particular about such things, not only refused but shuddered when she said, "No!" You can not tell why! I can tell you why. You went on with your talk, and had a little renewed flirtation, did you? I won't say you didn't. She was very gay, and seemed very glad to forget herself, she did? Very well! I am glad you gave her that honor of the evening. I can tell you where she went after the party was over. She was glad it was late, for her husband had not come home. She sat and read an hour and her husband did not come. She wrote for an hour, and he did not come. She sat at the piano for an hour, but he did not come. At length, between three and four o'clock, there was a noise at the door, and two policemen held him in their arms. She knew them both well by this time. It happens so often that she knows every policeman on the beat. They bade her good-night. She brought him in. She had locked her child's room that he might not abuse him. She took the abuse as he flung himself upon the bed. She took off his neckcloth and coat, and sat there until he should fall into his stupid sleep. She was the woman who had refused a glass of wine with a shudder. You did not know the story. You thought she was gay and bright. I know her story, because I am her minister. They have a sort of a skeleton in the closet, which we are permitted to see and you are not. And when you see that skeleton, do you wonder that we sometimes say pretty sharp things about moderate drinking and the temptations offered at parties. —*Rev. E. E. Hale.*

LONDON.—London is spoken of as the largest city in the world; as covering one hundred and twenty-two square miles of ground, as being ten miles in length, and over six in breadth, and as containing nearly four millions of inhabitants. Still we have no adequate conception of its vastness. We must resort to comparison to comprehend it. The four millions of inhabitants of London, then, exceed the combined population of New York, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco and Buffalo. To feed this multitude requires, among other items, five million four hundred thousand barrels of flour, and three million four hundred thousand animals—bullocks, sheep, calves and hogs—for the London markets, irrespective of immense quantities of fish. It is almost a nation in itself, this wonderful, overgrown giant of a city.

A SEA-SHELL BATHING-TUB.—When our little boys and girls have seen sea-shells a foot in length they probably have considered them very large indeed. But what would they say to shells so large that they make excellent bathing-tubs for grown-up men? In the seas near the Molucca Islands the enormous clam called Tridæna is not rare, and it is the shell of this clam that the natives of the Moluccas use for bathing or washing tubs. They are very handsome shells, and when polished are often taken to Europe, and used as fonts in churches, or as basins for goldfish in ornamental grounds. The flesh of the Tridæna tastes something like oysters, and is much prized by the Mulucca Islanders. One Tridæna will make a meal for twenty persons, and the shell, which has to be cut with an ax from the rock to which it grows, is so heavy that it makes quite a good load for a horse.

LEGAL.—A lawyer having some legal business to transact with a widow lady, took occasion to inquire her age. The matron, who had not long since doffed the "widow's deeds," attempted to look prim and mush younger than she really was, as she replied: "Thirty-five, sir." Then turning to the daughter, he said: "May I be so bold, Miss, as to inquire your age?" "Certainly; I am little past thirty-two—most three years younger than mother."

Years ago it was the custom for all vessels passing Mount Vernon on the Potomac to toll their bells in honor of the sacred memories of the place. During the war it was manifestly impossible, and since the inauguration of peace again the custom has not been revived.

Gold and Silver.

In an article on gold and silver, Dr. Mackenzie gives us the following items:—One may easily imagine how metallic money, or coin, becomes diminished in weight by the constant handling it gets in the way of business. This idea can be realized by recollecting how much worn by use and therefore diminished in value, the old Spanish coins known as "levies" and "fips," used to be.

They ceased to circulate some fourteen years ago, and the constant wear and tear of circulation had worn them down, oft-times, to the thinness of a bit of tin. Effigy and inscription were usually worn out, and at last these out of date pieces of money were not worth more than one half of their nominal value.

As every one knows, gold and silver coin is not made of pure metal. It is necessary to alloy it, by incorporating with it some portion of an inferior metal—almost always copper. Gold, which is the most valuable, is always one of the softest of all metals. My mother used to wear a gold ring which my father had brought with him from the East Indies, and I well remember that it had a slight tinge of red (some of the poets mention "the red gold,") and being entirely without alloy, was so soft, that when worn, it did not retain its circular form, but accommodated itself to the shape of the finger upon which it had been placed.

It has been necessary, to increase their hardness and durability, to alloy the precious metals. The gold sequin of Turkey and the silver florins of Hanover stood alone, in later times, as being almost absolutely pure. In a state of nature a certain quantity of silver is almost invaribly found mingled with the gold, and where or when it is not easy to seperate them, the silver is allowed to remain, as a natural alloy.

The gold doubloons of South America have their pale appearance from the silver thus retained in them. When Spain still possessed her American provinces, it was believed that, in all the silver money coined there—particularly the dollars—there was a portion of gold which, from imperfect means of refining, had remained in the silver.

In some parts of Europe, where the gold has been entirely seperated, and an alloy of copper introduced for coining, the money has a red tinge—not like that of the the gold in the East India ring I have mentioned, but of a coppery hue.

In the United States Mint at Philadelphia, to which strangers were admitted every forenoon, the aim is to imitate the true color of gold as closely as possible, by the use of an alloy of nine-tenths copper and one-tenth silver—that is, a thousand ounces of standard gold will consist of nine hundred ounces of pure gold, ninety ounces of copper and ten of silver. All the gold coin of this country therefore, consists of nine hundred parts of pure metal and one hundred parts of alloy. This makes a fineness of nine-tenths, which is the "standard" gold required by law. In the eagle, there must be two hundred and fifty-eight grains. In estimating the value of fine metal contained in coin, nothing is allowed for the alloy.

A SCRAP OF HAREM HISTORY.—There is always a certain curiosity which seeks the incidents of the inner life of the harems, with an avidity which is often fully warranted by the disclosures. The *Levant Times*, under date of August 12, gives the history of the death of a beautiful Circassian slave, supposed to have been poisoned. She had been purchased some time ago for the sum of £700 by a wealthy Mussulman of high rank, a man well advanced in life, who has one legal wife and a number of concubines, but no children. She become the favorite of her master, who was much distressed some days ago at her falling seriously ill, her malady being characterized by thorough prostration of the system. He had her removed to the house of one of his dependents near his yali on the Bosphorus, giving instructions that medical aid should be procured and no pains or expense spared to restore the sufferer to health. The way in which the person to whom the precious charge was intrusted fulfilled these instructions was to send for a medical man and drive a bargain with him at the rate of 20 piastres a visit, medicines to be included. It is stated, and is very probably true, that the practitioner did not pay a second visit. A "wise woman" was then called and wrote some talismanic words on a scrap of paper. The patient was visited daily by a number of her fellow slaves from the harem, who displayed much compassion for her and a respect indicative of the high place she occupied in heir master's affections. For six days she neither ate or drank anything, and she remained in a comatose state, apparently paralyzed, until last night, when she expired—the victim, probably, of jaelousy or of some harem intrigue."

THE LABOR OF DECIDING.—The great labor of life, that which tends more to exhaust men than any thing else, is deciding. There are people who will suffer any other pain readily, but shrink from the pain of coming to a decision. Now, this is supposed to be wholly an evil and disadvantageous thing for the world; but, like most other tendencies of the human mind, it is a very beneficent arrangement. There would be no stability in the world if the making of decisions were not a very difficult thing. What was decided yesterday would be upset to-day; and there would be no long and fair experience of any thing. Whereas, in the present state of human affairs, even if a great evil exists, and many people have recognized this evil, it requires an immense amount of decision and decisiveness before the evil can be uprooted. This brings into play many high qualities of human nature, such as long suffering, patience with opponents, and the exhaustion of reasoning powers brought to bear upon the evil which is sought to be destroyed.

LAY MONKS.—In the Hotel des Invalides, in Paris, pensioners who have lost the use of their limbs and are unable to take care of themselves are called by their brethren "lay monks," because they have nothing to do but doze, sleep, eat, and drink. The Government allows them money for servant hire, the servants must be pensioners living in the hotel, and the positions are always in demand, although servants of the first class of "lay monks," according to a late writer, receive only $1 20 a month, those of the second only 80 cents, and those of the third class only 60 cents a month. There are, it is said, sixty-three monks now being cared for by the Government; two have just died aged respectively 76 and 80; they have fought in every campaign of the first Empire, and have left on its battle fields four hands and three legs.

CLAMS.—The vigorous and active clam can dig a hole and bury itself six inches in the sand. Fisherman say that they have often left thousands of clams on a beach where they would be exposed to the air at low tide, but visiting the spot at that period would not find a shell in sight. Digging a few inches below the surface, there would be found Messrs. Clam & Co. reposing in unconscious innocence and stony stolidity, as quiet and impassive as the sphynx, and with no sign of clammy sweat upon their brows after their hard work in digging their own graves with their several single pulpy feet.

REPORTER.

TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

DAY, OCTOBER 4, 1872.

NO. 40.

Billings-Gate.

Love generally changes coquettry to sense, and prudery to sillyness.

It iz only a step from cunning tew dishonesty, and it iz a step that a man iz liable at ennytime tew take.

Old age haz its priviliges—one iz tew find fault with everything:

Weak and wicked are the two worst things that ennyboddy can be charged with.

He who iz willing tew trust everyboddy, iz willing tew be cheated by everyboddy.

Whenever yu find a man, with an excentricity ov enny kind, which he brags ov, yu kan put that man down az a "*beat*," and charge it tew mi account.

A wise man iz never less alone than when alone.

A man may mistake hiz tallents, but he kant mistake hiz genius.

Tallent must hav memory, genius don't require it.

I don't beleave thare iz a human being on the face ov the earth, nor an angel in heaven, who are posatively proof against temptashun.

When a man measures out glory for himself he alwus heaps the half bushel.

A bile ain't a very sore thing after all, espeshily when it iz on sum other phellow.

Pretty much all the philosophy in this world iz kontained in the following bracket [*grin and bear it*]

I don't kno whitch haz done the most damage in this world, lazynes or malice, but i guess lazyness has.

If i had 4 fust rate dogs i would name the best one "Doubtful" and the other 3 "Useless."

Rumor iz like a swarm ov bees, the more yu fite them the less yu git rid ov them.

Virtew may konsist in never sinning, but the glory ov virtew konsists in repentance.

Fashion makes phools ov sum, sinners ov others, and slaves ov all.

A jest may be kruel, but a joke never iz.

I never bet; not so mutch bekause i am afrade i shall loze, az bekause i am afrade i shall win.

A phools money iz like his brains, very oneazy.

I don't think the height ov impudence haz ever been reached yet, altho menny hav made a good try for it.

The reason whi all the works ov nature are so impressive, iz bekause, they represent ideas.

The books whitch summer tourists carry about with them are designed more to employ the hands, than improve the branes.

The man whoze whole strength lays in his money iz a weak man; I had rather be able tew milk a cow suckcessfully on the wrong side, than to be such a man.

Horrid.—How a strawberry flavor is got out of Limburger cheese, or why the soles of ladies' shoes should be better than the soles of men's boots, are puzzling. Perhaps it is the invention of a 10-cent soda man to put down the five-centers. That favorite syrup, strawberry, which goes gurgling in rosy coolness down the fair throats of pretty girls, has a butyric ether base of rancid butter and old rotten cheese—the oldest Limburger being the most desirable—treated with sulphuric acid and numerous pieces cut from old boot legs and the soles of ladies' shoes. Twelve parts of this compound, one part of acetic ether diluted with alcohol and water, colored with cochineal, make what we call strawberry syrup at the lesser fountains. Banana syrup is compounded of rancid butter, fermented starch, and acetic ether; Sarsaparilla has a base of common molasses, with a dash of wintergreen added. Vanilla syrup is made of tonka beans and fresh hay. Pineapple syrup is made of rancid butter, sulphuric acid, glycerine and soap. Peach syrup is made of bitter almonds and acetic ether. Nectar contains neutral spirits, logwood, sugar and raisins. Lemon is the best and most harmless, being generally composed of citric acid and sugar. The above will be recognized as the most popular syrups, and the drink, as dispensed at the fountains by a large number of soda water dealers, costs from one cent to one and a quarter per glass, and it is sold at from five to ten cents per glass, yielding a profit of from 300 to 800 per cent. The syrups of the first-class establishments are prepared with great care from ripe fruit and pure crushed sugar, and consequently costs more than the chemical compounds sold for syrups. The soda from these fountains costs probably three and a half cents per glass.

A Rural Wedding.—One of those old-time weddings took place in Uniontown, Penn., a few days ago. A young gentleman and lady, strangers to everybody there, called on the squire to get married. The young man was carrying his shoes in his hand on account of a stone bruise and had on his shoulder a long, narrow sack. In one end he had something resembling wearing apparel, and in the front end he had a small dog, with its nose sticking out of a hole. The young lady had in her arms a large Maltese cat, with a pink ribbon around its neck, fastened with a neat breast pin. When they came to the office the young man refused to go in, but, she, taking hold of his coat, said: "Come on, I ain't afraid." Finally he went in. She says: "Squire, we want to get married." "Hold on," said the young man, "I wan't to know how much this job costs." The price was agreed on, and in the meantime, many had gathered, and two of the crowd acted as attendants. While the ceremony was going on, one of the attendants cried out: "Hold on, this fellow ain't on the right side." Being properly placed the squire proceeded, and the two were made one, and left, no one knew where, being entire stranger.

A test case was recently tried in Berkshire, England. The 24th of June a farmer had a good deal of hay down and thirty men at work. At 9½ o'clock at night there remained an hour and a-half's work to be done in order to secure the hay. A portion of the workmen refused to work longer, unless paid extra for it. This was refused, and the hay was not secured, a rain came on, the hay was damaged, and the farmer sued two laborers whom he was paying by the week, to recover his loss. The magistrates decided that the defendants were not bound by their contract to go on with the work at that time of night, and the case was dismissed.

An Insurance Case.—A case likely to prove valuable to insurance offices was tried last Assizes, at Bristol, England. A person named Bowle obtained a loan from an insurance company on the strength of a policy taken out in August. 1869, and died in November, 1871. After his death, the company received information which led them to believe that neither Mr. Bowle's health nor habits were of the satisfactory character which he alleged, and it was further discovered that, although himself the agent of an insurance company, he had not deemed it desirable to insure in the office for which he acted. The jury at once gave a verdict for the office.

A correspondent, writing from White Sulphur Springs to the Washington *Patriot*, describes the German, which lasted two hours, as "hugging, set to music"—and he hit, nicely, in his expression.

English Needlewomen.

The needle women of Liverpool have been holding meetings for the purpose of procuring an increase of pay for their hard labor. A Mr. Stimson, who takes a great interest in the working-classes, presides at their assemblies, and the facts brought to light show that the condition of the English needle-women is, indeed, deplorable. One woman, a mantle maker, stated that she worked twelve hours a day, with an allowance of an hour and a half for meals. When the inspector came to visit the workroom the employer represented that there were fewer people in the house than there usually were, her object being to get the establishment under the Worksho Act instead of the Factory Act, so as to be able to keep her workwomen to a later hour. The wages ranged from five shillings to twelve shillings a week, and for these sums the women had to keep themselves.

The mantle makers, however would seem to be much better paid than the plain sewers. One young woman, a plain sewer, said she worked eleven hours a day and received a permanent salary of seven shillings a week, and she was the best machinist in the room. If this is the wages of the best it may be imagined what the bad machinists receive. One old woman, who said she had been forty years a plain sewer, actually asserted that she had worked five days for eighteen pence. A middle-aged woman said she had worked at sackmaking from half-past seven in the morning till six in the evening, with half an hour for dinner, and she got four shillings a week. A young woman said she was a machinist, and made youth's single jackets, for which she was paid at the rate of fivepence for four. It took her half of the day to make the four. When she came out at night she added, after working a heavy machine all day, she could hardly stand on her feet.

But even this statement is surpassed by that of another machinist, who makes gentlemen's trousers, and who said she was paid three shillings a dozen, or for the very best four shillings. "If we worked," she explained, "from six o'clock in the morning until twelve at night, we might manage with the assistance of a baster to make half-a-dozen." "That is," asked Mr. Stimpson, "two shillings for working eighteen hours, and out of that sum you find your own thread and silk?" To which she replied "Yes."

Another young women said she got three-half-pence a dozen for making linen cuffs and collars. She could earn five pence a day by working from nine to seven. That was as much as others earned. A correspondent of the Liverpool *Albion*, who has been investigating the matter, confirms many of the above statements.

The following is a description of one of the above establishments visited by him: "The workrooms are two cellars, each fifteen feet by eighteen feet, the floors being nine feet six inches beneath the level of the roadway. An opening has been made in the partition wall so as to connect the two cellars. Workshops less likely to fulfil the conditions of health it would be rather difficult to conceive. One of the cellars contained five machines and the other three. The proprietor informed us that he employed sixteen or seventeen 'hands,' including his wife and himself, but at the time of our visit there was no work going on in one of the cellars. In the other there were nine girls and women, some at work and others taking a 'tea dinner.' The countenance of all, proprietor and proprietor's wife, women and girls—bore sallow evidence of the effects of spending many hours a day 'in a close place.' It is but fair to add that the profits of the 'sweater' appear to be anything but excessive. He is, in fact, but a contractor for the shops, and is himself nearly as poor as those he employs."

How a Bill of Fare Puzzled the Indians.—At dinner Whitewash-in-his-Eye called to him a waiter, who said 'Ugh!' as a delicate compliment, and handed him a bill of fare. The chieftain pointed to the first item, and said 'Ugh!' The waiter said 'Ugh!' and returned with a cup of coffee. Now, even though a cup of coffee is a good thing, it is hardly a meal for a man. So the brave said 'Ugh!' again, and pointed to the second item. The waiter said 'Ugh!' retired, and returned with a cup of green tea. A third interchange of 'Ughs!' resulted in a cup of black tea, and a fourth in a cup of mixed tea. In despair, the brave, uttered an angry 'Ugh!' that made the waiter turn pale, and pointed to the last item on the bill, evidently being anxious to get as far away from the teas as possible. The waiter faltered 'Ugh!' and hurried back with a tumbler of iced tea. The others, warned by the example and fate of their comrade attacked the bill of fare *in media res*. One struck 'pay eat,' under the head 'broiled,' and had an abundant if not varied meal of mutton chops, veal cutlets, broiled chicken, pork chops, sirloin steak, porter-house steak, Boston steak, &c. Combining their information, the remaining members of the party wandered over the bill of fare, taking every division by starts, and none of them long. The result was eminently satisfactory to the aboriginal stomach, which is capacious and has no prejudices as to the succession and relative proportions of soup, fish, game, entrees, boiled, roast, game and dessert. One erratic brave owed his matutinal distension to a judicious compound of: 1, coffee; 2, cantelope; 3, ice cream; 4, Irish stew; 5, steak; 6, Worcester sauce; 1, mustard; 8, melon; 9, fried potatoes; 10, mackerel; 11, Graham bread; 12, iced tea; 13, fried eggs; 14, sliced tomatoes and 15, buttered toast, and his bosom was vent with emotion when he found that the waiter shook his head when the line ☞ Guests having friends to dinner will please give notice at the office ☜ was indicated.—*St. Louis paper.*

At West Point.—Among the peculiar institutions at West Point are two maiden ladies named Thompson, who enjoy certain privileges not possessed by any other ladies in the land—namely, the right to board twelve students of the senior class of cadets. Their father, Col. Thompson, performed some special service during the Revolutionary War, for which a novel pension was settled on his widow—viz., the use of a house at West Point during her life at an annual rent of six cents, to which was added the above boarding privilege. On the death of the widow the pension was continued to her three daughters, and for sixty years the family have held the privilege, and maintained themselves handsomely from it. One of the daughters is dead, and the remaining two are very aged, one seventy-two, the other eighty. They are very aristocratic and dignified, and if the cadets "carry on" too much, they find a polite note under their plates intimating that they can depart. They have their pick of cadets, and it is considered a great favor to get there.

It is reported that there has been a fight between two factions of the Creek Indians, in which seven were killed and several wounded. The quarrel is said to have grown out of the election of a negro to the chieftaincy of the Creek Nation.

The Horrors of a Disaster.

Inspector McBrien, of New York, who, with his wife, was on board the Metis, tells the story of his escape as follows: "I went to my wife and quietly said that I feared we were in danger, and asked her to arise immediately. She got out of the berth and asked me to be calm. I said, "Yes, it is our only hope." I opened the stateroom door to admit the light, and I procured two life-preservers and threw them on the floor. At that moment some one came through the passageway and said there was no time to dress. I at once put one of the life-preservers on my wife and then another. I took a sheet, tore it in two, and tied a piece of it around my wife. Then I pulled the curtain cord off the hook and my wife took that and tied it over the life-preservers around her body. I then put on a life-preserver and assisted her to the main saloon. She was at that time very sea sick. I returned to the stateroom, got her shoes and put them on. At that time the passengers were crowding toward the stern of the steamer. Some men were praying in the main saloon, and all were intensely agitated. One woman wildly cried out, "Where is the Captain? Where are the life-preservers?" Will nobody help me?"

We then went through the stateroom to the window opposite ours, and I asked my wife to get out of the window. She felt unable to do so, but finally succeeded, and we went to the gangway by way of the saloon deck. I said to my wife, "I'm afraid it will soon be over." She said, "I pray not." I kissed her, thinking it would be our last kiss. I assisted her in the water on a shelf on which I had bound her with two pieces of a sheet, and immediately followed her. After being in the water a moment I said, "Louise, I'm afraid I made a mistake in leaving the wreck," and I immediately made an effort to reach it, and succeeded in grasping the netting of the gangway. In an effort to get on deck I lost my hold on my wife, and she cried out, "Oh, save me, husband, save me. I answered, "Yes. Lou, I'm here." It was so dark that I could not see her, but I knew her voice. The dashing waves caused what I supposed to be phosphorescent light on the water, and by it I saw my wife with the red cord and tassel that I had tied around her. I grasped her and assisted her on the saloon deck. After getting her on her feet we moved to the bow of the boat. The Captain said, "Come this way," and he lowered a ladder by which we reached the hurricane deck. I placed my wife on the skylight where some ladies and passengers were grouped, and we remained there until we could see the breakers. I thought that the roof of the hurricane deck would be raised by the waves and would fall flat on the beach and that we might thus get ashore.

As the steamer struck the breakers the part that was nearest to the shore doubled up and fell back with the *Debris* on the people on the deck, but I still remained near the skylight. The second mate tore the skylight from the deck, making it turn a complete somersault, and throwing my wife and myself partially under the frame work. By great efforts I got out and released my wife. Immediately after regaining my feet I caught the bodies of an infant and a colored man, and clasped my wife's left hand. My wife cried out, "For God's sake let go my hair." A French woman had caught my wife by the back hair. I raised the babe in my left hand and it was taken from me by some one. I caught the French woman by the waist, saying, "Let go, let go." Then a stalwart man caught the French lady and seemed to lift her as if to throw her over his shoulder, and carried her to the beach. Some one caught me by the hand, but at this turn my strength failed me. I saw my wife a few steps in advance. A man caught me by my right hand and said: "Now make an effort to get on your feet." I could make no reply, for I was completely exhausted. He said again, "Make one more effort!" I looked back and saw a breaker coming. I made the effort, and they drew me on the sand, where I found my wife."

Tenant-Houses.—The expense of boarding hired men is too great for any farmer to assume. It is done at the sacrifice of the comfort of his family. The money expenditure needed to accommodate them by themselves is far less than would be supposed. Two hundred dollars will build a very comfortable house, large enough for a dozen people when necessary. Three sleeping-rooms, one kitchen, and one eating-room will furnish space and privacy for a large family, or for several unmarried men, quite equal to that enjoyed by the average of our farmers. A frame house of two stories thus divided, with plastered walls and ceilings, built substantially, with a floor size of 16x24 feet, and heights between floors of nine and eight feet, a cellar and an outside shed for cooking in summer and wood-shed in winter, may be built for the amount mentioned. If the farmer is handy and can put up a balloon frame, inclose it, roof it, and lay the floors, and employ a carpenter only to put in the doors and windows, and a mason to build the chimney and plaster the house, and stone up the cellar walls, the money outlay will be materially reduced. The comfort gained by the farmer and his family in freedom from domestic annoyances will be a good a return for the investment the very first year; but the gain to the farm in having a better and more trustworthy kind of help will be much greater, and will come each season in the pleasingly tangible shape of profits derived from better work and crops more readily secured. The employment of married men will then be possible, and they are found to be worth several hundred dollars a month more than those not thus "anchored."

Studying A Post Bill.—A new anecdote is told of Benjamin Franklin which can hardly be true, for he was a bright boy in the Boston schools, and must have learned early to read and spell. But it will do to tell, and the moral is as good: But there is one anecdote which I have never seen in print. It was told me by a gentleman of Boston, who remembered the old house in which Franklin was born. "Often," said he, "have I looked at the old tumble-down building in Milk Street, and imagined the barefoot boy sitting on the door step, learning to spell from an old post bill." A young miss, daughter of a distinguished citizen, passed him one day while thus engaged, and the boy overheard her words of ridicule as she spoke to her companion, laughing at the eagerness of the poor lad, and derided his "beautiful spelling book." But there came another day, when Franklin was our embassador at the court of France. A wealthy American lady, was once present at one of the festive occasions made in honor of Franklin, greatly desired an introduction to her distinguished countryman. It was obtained, and great was her surprise to hear him say, "Ay, ay, we have met before." She could not remember when; and Franklin added, "You do not remember the barefoot little boy in Milk Street, studying his lesson from the muddy post bill!" Although spoken good-humoredly, the fair lady was much disconcerted at the rememberance of the incident. It is to be hoped she learned a lesson therefrom, in regard to the importance of treating everybody with respect.

It is reported in Paris that the trial of Marshal Bazaine has brought to light facts of great gravity.

Facts and Fancies.

Cigars are sold in Hamburg three for a cent.

Full sets of dead gold are the last in masculine jewelry.

Kansas averaged $12 10 per acre, cash, on crops last year.

Missouri is swindled out of $60,000,000 worth a year by the bugs.

Undressed kid gloves still seem to be very much worn on the street.

Wedding cards next winter are to be enamelled, white, small and plain.

It is said that next winter a long dress on the street will be a thing unknown.

The latest in handkerchief cases is made of canvass, trimmed with Russia leather.

Young ladies now have their monograms embroidered on the instep of their boottines.

A load of bricks passed over an Iowa boy last week without hurting him. He was under a bridge.

Mr. Jones being asked by Mrs. Jones to buy a thermometer, said he would wait until they were lower.

Coats of arms of "new and 'original design" are breaking out with greater virulence than ever this Fall.

Tinted cards and note paper, light brown, dark greenish grey and stone color are pronounced "correct."

An Englishman who lost his right eye at the hands of a careless sportsman, a couple of years ago, has just recovered $2,500 damages.

In 1657 a man was prosecuted in London for selling coffee, just then introduced, as "nuisance and prejudice to the neighborhood."

John Wesley preached 42,000 sermons —fifteen a week. He never had clergyman's sore throat, or a year's leave of absence with expenses paid.

Watermelons were used to extinguish a fire which occurred in a store at Canton, Ill., by the overturning of an oil lamp.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria offers a prize of 100 florins to anybody that saves a human life in Austria or Hungary.

Ants belonging to the species Aphenogaster, in storing seeds for food, bite off the radical to prevent the germination of the seed.

The schooner Emily Graham was wrecked on Prince Edward Island, and nine persons lost, and eight of the steamship Edith Emily's crew were drowned by the vessel's running ashore.

The rattle of the rattlesnake is for the purpose of imitating the sound of the Cicola and other insects that form the food of birds, and so attract the latter within the reach of the serpent.

A coal-pit near Heristal, on the Meuse, was accidentally flooded while the men were at work. The inundation was so sudden that twenty-five miners were drowned in the bottom of the pit.

A terrible mortality, whose cause is as yet unexplained, is reported on the Norwegian bark, Byfoget Christianson, from Pernambuco for the Baltic. Nearly all the crew have died on the voyage.

The Marquis of Bute is said to have made a vow never to ride on horse back, in consequence of a prediction made to him by a gypsy prophetess that he would meet his death by a fall from a horse.

A Swedish girl in Minneapolis was badly burned a few days since by kerosene. The niggard for whom she worked charged her for the oil, flour, etc., used to ease her sufferings, and sent her away.

A case of kidnapping a Chinese child occurred at Tien Tsin on the American steamer Shawsi. The culprit, a Tien Tsin man, was delivered to the American Consul, and by him to the Chinese authorities who at once beheaded him.

The importations of a single Boston house show five thousand dozen of brown gloves. Pale bluish lavender, pearl and chamois buff will be worn with dressy carriage toilettes, while still fainter tints and immaculate white kids appear for full evening dress.

This odd advertisement is from an English paper: "My husband is out on a strike. He prefers that to work. He ain't any use to me. I must work to keep the children and myself. His ten shillings goes in beer. I'll swap my husband while he's on a strike for a sewing machine."

One of the features of a London theatre is a woman styling herself the Mexican athelete. She holds suspended by a cord from her teeth two 180 pound balls, and at the same time a 100 pound ball in each hand. She also shoulders a 500 pound cannon, and holds it while a round is being fired.

Alaska appears to be in a very wretched condition indeed. Reports from that delightful land of seals and snow indicate that the province, accession, or whatever it be called, is lamentably destitute of anything like government, except in the immediate vicinity of Sitka. Elsewhere life and property are at the mercy of the Indians.

A poor but pious young man apologized the other evening while making a call for the muddiness of his boots, saying he had not taken a carriage, but had "walked up with commendable economy." He was grieved when the lovely being whom he adores inquired why he didn't "ask Mr. Economy in."

"When was Rome built?" asked a school committee-man of the first class in ancient history. "In the night," answered a bright little girl. "In the night!" exclaimed the astonished examiner. "How do you make that out?" "Why, I thought that everybody knew that 'Rome wasn't built in a day.'"

The Petersburg *Index* gives a recipe for the making of a Dolly Varden pie. Take about four yards of light dough, gather it up in tucks and flounces, crimp the edges and fill up with fruit, then lay on the overskirt, fasten it with buttons of dough, connected with frills of the same, and you will have a tasteful and elegant pie, only you must eat it, not wear it.

A Breton peasant, on his way to Paris, stopped at a barber shop in Ramboniblet. While the barber was strapping his razor, the peasont noticed a dog sitting near his chair, and staring at him fiercely. "What is the matter with that dog?" The barber answered with an unconcerned air, "That dog is always there. You see when I cut off an ear—" "Well?" "Well, he eats it."

No married man in Illinois can get his "tod" without the following "permit" from his wife: "Permission is hereby granted by me, the lawful wife of —— and I declare and witness, by my own signature, that my husband has the perfect right and liberty to drink, and as often as he chooses to drink, and what he chooses to drink, and I hereby relinquish all the claims arising therefrom."

A California convict, just discharged from the State Prison, has set about fulfilling a vow made at the time of his conviction—that of successively shooting the twelve jurymen who decided the case against him, In pursuance of this vow he "laid" for Wm. Bias the other day, and shot at him. If his vendetta is successfully carried out, it will have the effect of rendering professional jury duty unpopular in California.

A Minister's Sweat.—A Michigan paper tells an amusing story of a minister of that State who took an old-fashioned sweat, and was wrapped up in an old-fashioned patch quilt of many colors. In due course of time he waked up to find himself all over spotted blue, black and purple. Believing that mortification had already set in, he began to settle up his earthly accounts and prepare for his final dissolution, while the members of the flock gave themselves up to uncontrollable grief. The arrival of a physician and the examination of the faded quilt gave another explanation of the spots, and turned the house of mourning to one of laughter.

The longest bridge in the world is said to be on the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad over the Tensas and Mobile rivers. It is fifteen miles in length, and has ten draws, one for each navigable channel. The bridge itself is of wood, but the supports are iron cylinders. The structure cost $1.500,000, and has been three years in the course of construction.