THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1873. NO. 13.

From One to Another.

Far overhead
An amber heaven fades to faintest gray;
Sky stoops to sea, sea rises gray to sky.
Wave rolls on wave, forever sigh on sigh—
The death of day.

Art thou too dead?
The sea that rolls between, is that death's sea?
May no hands touch, no solemn echoes fall,
None answering cry if one to other call,
From land or sea?

Canst thou forget?—
Wandering forever on some unknown shore,
Living or dead, oblivious or most blest—
Perchance thy feet at last have found rest
Forevermore?

Living or dead,
Star-eyed and pale thy face seems ever near;
Remembering, love, in life one hour, one day,
Call once from out the dark, turn them away—
One heart may bear.

Hast thou not heard
Passionate moan of waves that break in tears,
Break on, and die, and still may not forget
The infinite perfection of regret—
These weary years?

Dead Minna.

As May's first morning rose in pride,
The village maiden, Minna, died.

Her friends—the kinsmen of her race
Mourned round her a little space;

Then left her in her death-robe dressed,
With one white lily on her breast.

But when the hour of night was near,
And moonlight soft suffused the bier,

There came the Prince of all the land,
And, weeping, kissed her small, cold hand;

And brought a jewelled circlet rare,
To glimmer round the maiden's hair,

And brought a pearl-lit star to rest
Upon the crowned maiden's breast.

Still bore her brow the moon's soft ray;
It tinged the lily where it lay.

He cast the circled gems aside—
"God's crown is best, my queen, my bride!"

He cast the pearls beneath his feet—
"God's lily is thy breast-flower sweet!"

Then, kneeling, wept with passionate pain,
And showered wild kisses down like rain,

And lingered till the moon sank low,
And all its soft and smiling glow

Paled slowly from the pallid face,
And darkness rose around the place—

Then left her in her death-robe dressed,
With no white lily on her breast.

MOTHER RUE'S CASHMERE SHAWL.

"Bless your soul! how air ye, Mrs. Sovereign?" said a bent, wizened old woman, accosting a lady who was giving some orders in a store. "I should hev knowed ye if I'd met you in the New Jerusalem: you ain't a day older'n you was a dozen years ago." The old woman wore a rusty alpaca, and a tattered woolen shawl that did service at the same time for a bonnet.

"I really—I beg your pardon," murmured Mrs. Sovereign, smiling apologetically upon the poor old face, and trying to bring to mind all the old women she had ever met. "Is it Mrs. Rue?"

"Bless your eyes! I knew you wouldn't forget an old neighbor—when I made your wedding-cake, too! Now there's many a fine lady like you would hev jest made as if she'd never sot eyes on sich a shabby old body as me; but you never was proud. Lor sakes! I wish I hed my teeth in! I jest thought of it. I'd 'a put 'em in if I knowed I was going fur ter see you; but, ye see, I thought there'd be nobody here ter take a grain of notice of me. That's jest the way—go without a thing, and you're sure ter wish ye hed it; keep on your old gown, and company's certain ter call!"

"You've grown into a philosopher since we met," said Mrs. Sovereign.

"Like as not," answered Mrs. Rue, whose notions of philosophy were rather hazy. "But, you see, I was allus one of them folks as set a sight by appearances—more's the pity! And the teeth, I got 'em by way of a slant; and somehow or other when I don't hev 'em in, the roof of my mouth seems ter go clear up ter the top of my head. You see, there was a young fellow as was a dentist—a sort of peddling dentist—and he was took down with the small-pox, and nobody ter look after him but them as was scarced ter death of it; but as it wasn't no great account ter me noway, and I couldn't be much worse off in t'other place, if I died of it, than with 'Liza Ann, why, I jest up and nursed him clean through with it; and when he got well, says he:

"'What shall I do fur you fur all you've done in my behalf?' And says I,

"'Nothing whatsomever. I was only curious to know if I'd be liable to the disease.'

"'Nonsense,' says he; 'I want ter pay you in some way.' And as he wasn't forehanded, and I knowed how ter feel fur them as wasn't, and as it was all in his line, I said,

"'Well, if you're bent on it, make me a set of teeth.' And I'm awful sorry I ain't got em in."

"Indeed you deserved them," returned Mrs. Sovereign. "But don't concern yourself about it; I shouldn't know that you were without them if you had not told me."

"Oh yes, you would, begging your pardon, if you wus onst to see them in."

"You are dropping a piece of steak from your paper," observed Mrs. Sovereign.

"Lor! I wouldn't mind losing the whole of it, I'm that glad at seeing you, only 'Liza Ann would raise sich a rumpus; she wouldn't take no excuses; and it couldn't be made up ter her noway! I s'pose she's a-scolding now, 'cause I ain't at home frying this 'ere; but I left the table all sot, and the water a-biling fur the tea."

"And who is 'Liza Ann?"

"Goodness! I thought everybody knew 'Liza Ann—leastways, she thinks they do. Why, she's my Tom's widder; an' he left word on his dying-bed that she wus ter pervide fur me as long as I lived an' sometimes I think she's a-trying ter see how soon she can get rid of me."

"And do you still live in Joy's Court?" pursued Mrs. Soverign.

"Sakes alive! didn't you know that we'd left there these ten year? I s'posed that wus town talk. I wish ter goodness I hed my teeth in, and I'd walk along with you a bit, ter hev a little chat, and not keep you a waiting."

"Oh, never mind your teeth." Another woman might have hinted that she had her tongue left.

"Now that's downright Christain in you. I take it, 'Liza Ann herself would not be seen out-doors with me in this old gown; and it wa'n't but yesterday as I met Miss Deacon Merit, and stopped ter ask after the deacon's numbpalsy, and she jest makes ar though she wusn't looking my way, and walks straight on. I tell ye what, Miss Sovereign, if ye want ter find out the natur' of folks, what virtues they're made of, and what air hung onto 'em like their clothes, jeft lose your worldly prosperity and your good looks, and wear out your store clothes. But that Cashmere shawl is ter blame fur it all—plague take it!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Sovereign.

"Oh, like as not you never see me wear it. I never hed it on my back more'n twice. I felt as if I was carrying off Christian's burden every time I put it on. 'Liza Ann don't know I've got it—she'd take it away if she did. I keep it sewed up in a towel in my straw bed—there wa'n't nowhere else out of the way of 'Liza Ann's prying eyes. I can't bear the sight of that shawl, it makes my eyes smart ter look at it, and the tears jest come of their own accord. Sometimes I've been a mind ter sell it; but, sakes alive! you can't never get the vally of a thing like that!"

"And how much did you give for it?" asked her listener.

"A hundred dollars!—silver ones! It blisters my tongue ter tell it! A hundred dollars, if I'm a sinner; and I've wore it twice, and hed more wretchedness out of it than there air threads wove into it!"

"Oh! oh!" sighed Mrs. Sovereign, wondering if her companion was in her right mind.

"Yes, I hev. Sometimes I've thought if I could git a hundred dollars fur it agin—though, of course, I couldn't—it would be jest enough ter take me into the Old Ladies' Home—that's one of my castles in the air—so't I'd be out of 'Liza Ann's reach. I've thought maybe the grave couldn't be so bad if 'Liza Ann wusn't there too!"

"Dear, dear! But you were telling me about the shawl?"

"Lor, yes! I've got a habit of wandering onto me like my old grandmother. She'd begin a-telling how the children got the measles, and she'd let ye into the private history of half the family by the way, and wind up, like as not, with a fortin somebody wus expecting from Angland. Wa'al, I dunno as you remember the widder Nile's son that went a-voyaging ter the world's end? They do say how he wus rich as Croysus, but she never got no more'n his cheest after he wus lost overboard. You see, she was expecting of him home, and his cheest came instead. Wa'al, Miss Niles, she didn't so much as open it fur six months; and then she found this 'ere shawl in it, which I s'pose he wus a-bringing home ter her. I sometimes wish she never *hed* opened it!"

Howsomever, the minute I clapped my eyes on the shawl I was covetous of it, and I never rested till I got it. I thought it was the most beautifulest thing I'd ever sot eyes on. It looked as if it wus all wove of rubies and precious stones, and it wus most all border, saving a bit of scarlet about as big as a bandana handkerchief! Now, you see, I'd never owned a shawl but this 'ere robroy that I've got on; and though it wa'n't so nigh used up as it is now, it hed lost considerable of its bloom; and so, one day, when Miss Niles dropped in, and said she hedn't no heart fur nothing sence James' death, and she shouldn't never wear nothing but black clothes the rest of her life, and how her only desire now wus ter go out ter Indy fur a missionary, and if she could only raise a hunderd dollars on that Cashmere shawl, 'twould help pay her way, and after that the Board would take care of her, it seemed a sort of a pious duty ter help her out, if she felt a call. Lestways, it was one of the biggest temptations that ever beset a poor vain mortal. We wus a-buying back the house in Joy's Court at that time—fur, ye see, my husband's name hed bin on Mr. Grew's paper, and what did *he* do but up and fail, and obleege us ter mortgage the house! Wa'al, I said it then, and I say it now, that it ain't proper fur a man ter put his name ter another man's paper, and leave his family out in the cold—not that I blames John half so much as myself, fur he did it jest ter obleege, and I bought the shawl only ter please myself! We wus trying ter git enough tergither, you understand, ter pay off the mortgage, and some years we couldn't do no better than ter pay the interest. I worked amazing hard. I took old Miss Lamson ter board—and a heap of trouble she wus, poor soul, with her rheumatics and ticdoloreux; and she hed ter hev skeleton jelly made fur her, and lastly she hed ter be fed; and it wa'n't no fool of a job—she wus a powerful eater! But I never give her a hasty word, nor a wry look; and I treated her as handsome as if she'd 'a bin my own mother, or the fust lady in the land. You see the town paid fur her board—and a mighty small one it wus, but it helped; and after she'd gone home I hed more time, and I took in needle-work, and I'd raked and scraped a hunderd and some odd dollars tergither—my John he'd bin laid up with rheumatic fever, and hedn't got nothing a forhand that year—and I wus going ter pay it down that very next Monday, when Miss Niles and the shawl they come in a Saturday!

"I hed a great struggle with myself fust. It kep' me a-turning and twisting all night a-making up of my mind. I hankered after that shawl like all possessed, till it seemed as if I couldn't be happy without it noway, though all the while I knowed I'd no business with anything so grand. But all the neighbors hed hed new shawls that fall, even Miss Grew—lor! they rides in their carriage ter-day, and goes about crackling in their silks, as if failing and bringing honest folks inter poverty wa'n't a crying sin!—and I thought ter myself how this one would be crazy with envy when she saw me sail out in my new Cashmere, and the other one and her Bay State would be cast inter the shade.

"So, without onst thinking that I hedn't nothing, like gowns and fixings, ter correspond, I jest paid Miss Niles the money, and carried my shawl up stairs. Wa'al, she wa'n't no sooner out of the house than I'd give a farm not ter hev bought it; but I wus too proud ter call her back, and I've allus hed her heavy on my mind, as well as the shawl; for, you know, she wus lost a-going ter Indy, and I somehow felt sort of responsible—seeing, too, as she wus the last of her family. Wa'al, John he didn't know I hed the hunderd dollars—I'd kep' it fur a surprise—and now I couldn't make up my mind ter tell him about the shawl. So when it came Sunday I put it on with my old delaine, and my rough-and-ready straw bonnet, and sneaked down the back stairs ter meeting without saying a word ter him—he hedn't got able ter be out himself—and I felt so horrid mean about it that when Miss Jenkins said, 'What a splendid new shawl you're a-wearing of!' it didn't give me the leastest quiver of pleasure as ever wus; nor when Miss Grimalkin said, 'It really don't seem worth while ter hev such a dressy shawl ter wear about here, where there's nobody ter see—now, does it?' nor when Miss Little declared, 'There wasn't nothing like a shawl ter cover up your old gowns, and make ye look respectable!' though I knew it wus all spite and jealousy that made their words stinging.

"I've come ter think I'd rither hev my neighbors good natured than envious as I git along in years. I wa'n't half so comfortable in my Cashmere as I'd bin in the old robroy; and after I wore it twice I took such a disliking ter it that I jest hid it away, and went back ter the robroy. But I allus felt as if the Cashmere hed crippled us. Ye see, we allus has ter pay fur our luxuries, even after we've got tired of 'em. Money wus harder ter git after that, or perhaps I'd misused my opportunity and didn't desarve another. Howsomever, Mr. Doubleday, who held the mortgage, died, and his son foreclosed, and turned us out o' house and home! After that there wusn't much ter hinder us from going down hill pretty lively. John he lost courage, and wus gitting weakly; the children died one after another, except Tom, and 'Liza Ann she worrited the life out of *him* in time; and so here I am, an old woman, with naught in the world but a set of teeth and that there Cashmere shawl. You see, if I hed paid the money onto the mortgage, it would hev give John a lift, and put some spirit inter him—fur work never seems so light as when you're gitting ahead—and then maybe I shouldn't hev hed retribution a-follering of me round all my days in the shape of 'Liza Ann a-twitting me of being a burden and a millstone around the neck of she and the children; though, goodness knows, I slave well fur all I git—what with being up at five o' mornings, making pies, and frying o' griddle-cakes, and standing at the wash-tub, till my feet were that numb they wouldn't bear me!

"But it ain't no use. You may do ninety-nine things fur some folks, and if you don't do the hundredth, ye might as well let it all alone; and 'Liza Ann's one on 'em; though I don't want ter be complaining, only a pot must bile over onst in a while, onless the fire goes out; and you're an old friend, so't I've made free ter tell ye about the shawl. A body must speak now and agin about what's worrying 'em, and there's no sympathy in 'Liza Ann more'n a tommyhawk!"

"And did you never speak to your husband about the shawl?" asked Mrs. Sovereign.

"Bless you, yes; and he said as how it wouldn't hev made no difference noway: Doubleday'd hev foreclosed, and the house and money'd hev gone together. He was allus that consoling, John wus. But I've thought if any body could feel as how the shawl was worth a hundred dollars or less, it might, as I said, pay my way inter the Old Ladies' Home, out of 'Liza Ann's reach, for I'm sot agin being a burden or a millstone ter any body."

"I should like to see the shawl," said her friend; "if you will bring it to my mother's house to-morrow, I will see what can be done."

"I'll come, rain or shine. I've bothered you with an awful long yarn, but if it wa'n't for Liza Ann—gracious! there she is at the door now, a-looking fur me, and a whole thunder-storm in her face! Good-day, and thanks!" and the little old woman hobbled off, up a muddy lane.

True to her word, Mrs. Rue appeared the next day with the shawl.

"It is as good as new," she said, unfolding it.

"Quite," returned Mrs. Sovereign, exchanging glances with her mother. "It's a pity you couldn't have sold it before, and had the money at interest all this time!"

"'Liza Ann wouldn't hev heered ter its staying there!"

"But how much do you think it is worth?" asked Mrs. Sovereign, with an amused smile.

"Lor sakes! if I could git twenty-five dollars, I should thank my born stars!"

"Well, I was looking at shawls of this kind in New York last week, and the price was—two thousand dollars!"

"Now don't! you're just a-joking of me! Who ever heerd tell of a Cashmere shawl costing such a power of money!"

"It's a very good joke, isn't it? But it's true, all the same. You see, it's an India Cashmere: you thought it was French, I suppose: so perhaps did Mrs. Niles. But as she set her own price, and has left no heirs, there will be no trouble. My husband is going to give me an India shawl. If you are willing, I will take this, and pay you two thousand dollars!"

"My!" cried the poor woman, with tears in her eyes. "It's the fust time I've wished John alive agin in this 'ere world of worlds! If he only knew! Miss Sovereign, the Lord must hev sent you a purpose ter take me out of 'Liza Ann's reach! I don't hev no need ter be under obligation ter the Old Ladies' Home neither, fur I can hire a room, and keep house all ter myself, and hev folks ter tea sociable; and what's more, I shall hev something ter leave the children, ter pay 'em fur being a burden and a millstone 'bout their necks! I wish John was here ter thank you!"

A Very Old Church-Bell.

Everybody who has been to New York knows the old Middle Dutch Church, on the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, which is now used as the city postoffice. The bell hung in the tower of this church for over a century.

It was made in Amsterdam in 1731, the year before that in which George Washington was born. That it antedates the birth of Washington does not impress us so much as that Col. Abraham de Peyster, a prominent citizen of New York, who presented the bell to the church, was born in 1657. His older brother, had he been an Englishman instead of a Dutchman, might very well have seen Charles I executed.

The bell is thought to be a very beautiful one. Tradition says that the citizens of Amsterdam, previous to its casting, threw quantities of silver coin into the bell metal. From the appearance and tone of the bell, it is not unlikely that this may be true. Near the top it is surrounded by a band of exquisite scroll-work. In these days we should think cupids scarcely in place on a church-bell, but on Col de Peyster's gift they are dancing all about, and playing on harps, drums, flutes, etc. The whole frieze is in high relief, and very delicate and sharp. Immediately below the frieze is the name of the maker, etc.

Me fecerunt De Grave et N. Muller,
Amsterdam. Anno 1731.

(De Grave and N. Muller made me, etc.) This line is succeeded by another delicate scroll of leaves, below which we read the name, etc., of the donor;

Abraham de Peyster, Geboren [born] den 8 July, 1657.
Gestorven [died] den 2 Augustus, 1728.
Legaat aan de Nederdysche Kerk te Nieuw York van Coll.

(A legacy to the Low Dutch Church in New York.)

Early in the Revolutionary War, when the British converted the Middle Dutch Church into a riding school for the cavalry, a member of the church, named Oothout, got permission from Gen. Howe, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, to remove the bell. He stored it at his country-seat, which was on what is now Twenty-third street. Some years after the British had evacuated the city, when the church had been repaired for worship, the bell was restored to its old place. There it remained until 1844, when the church was leased to the Government for its present use.

It was then taken to the church in Ninth street, and thence to Lafayette Place church, where it was in service until the spire was removed. It is not now in use, but next year it will probably find room in the belfry of a new church which is building far up-town.
—*N. Y. Paper.*

Scene in a Menagerie.

A letter from Turin states that a scene of great excitement was witnessed on Feb. 7, at the menagerie in the Piazzi d'Armi. M. Bidel, a tamer of wild beasts, had been accustomed to collect lions, lionesses, bears, and hyænas in the same den with a lamb and to make them caress the latter without doing it any injury. On this occasion he had thrust the head of the little animal into the mouth of the lion, when suddenly the king of beasts was seen to close its jaws, from which blood at once flowed in abundance. The spectators were in consternation and uttered loud cries, supposing that the exhibitor himself would be devoured the next moment. Bidel, however, struck the beast a smart blow on the head with his closed hand and the dead body of the lamb fell from its mouth. The lion roared, but at the order of the tamer went sullenly to lie down in a corner of the cage. At that moment a lioness rushed on the exhibitor, but fortunately only tore the sleeve of his shirt. Bidel then retreated to another corner and ordered, by a gesture, his terrible pupils to withdraw into another compartment. They all obeyed, and the man then profited by that moment to make his escape from the cage.

Henry Ward Beecher, in speaking of the moral strength which culture gives, says:—"In the great conflict between Germany and France, it was the school-house which overthrew France. There were ninety-eight per cent. of the German army who could read and write. There were forty-eight per-cent. of the French army who could read and write. Of course they went down.

Spanish Affairs.

The Carlists—With a Short Sketch of the Spanish Revolutions.

The name Don Carlos has been since the sixteenth century mingled in the public mind with scenes of revolt in Spain. There have been four pretenders to the Spanish throne of this name. The later pretenders have been the representatives of absolutism. Don Carlos, I., Infante of Spain, son of Phillip II., born at Valladolid in 1545, died in 1568 in prison at Madrid, and was buried in a nunnery. He was sickly and passionate; was superseded as presumptive heir to the crown. He planned an assault on his father, and for this he languished until his death in prison. His death as well as his life gave rise to many conflicting rumors. The incompatibility of temper between a rigid, iron-hearted man like Don Philip and a morbid, impulsive youth like Don Carlos, the fact that the Infante had been engaged to Elizabeth of France, who subsequently became his stepmother, his sympathy with the revolt of the Netherlands, and his hatred of Alva, all conspired to invest the melancholy fate of the Infante with a halo of romance which has been poetically treated by Alfieri, Campestron, Otway, and, above all, Schiller. The second pretender, Don Carlos Maria Isidor, pretender to the crown of Spain, son of King Charles IV., born March 29, 1788, died in Trieste, March 10, 1855. Many of the opponents of the constitutional regime, which was restored in 1820, gathered around Don Carlos, hoping that after the decease of his childless brother, Ferdinand VII., he would ascend the throne. But these hopes were prostrated by Ferdinand's marriage with Maria Christina, and by the abrogation of the salic law, which placed Isabella upon the throne. In 1832, when Ferdinand was supposed to be on the eve of death, the Carlists succeeded in extorting from him a decree re-establishing the salic law, and thus excluding Isabella, but he recovered his health, and the fraud practised upon him was immediately redressed. In 1833, when Ferdinand died, Don Carlos proclaimed himself king. Maria Christina, the regent, branded him as a rebel, and concluded with Britain, France, and Portugal, the so-called quadruple alliance, the practical effect of which was to expel Don Carlos and Don Miguel, the champions of absolutism, from Spain and Portugal. On July 1, 1834, Don Carlos left England, whither he had fled, and, smuggling himself into Spain, succeeded in kindling a civil war in the northern provinces, which raged for several years, Don Carlos eluding the vigilance of his opponents until 1839, when he was compelled to leave the Spanish territory and to betake himself to France, where, upon his refusal to renounce his claims, he was by order of the French Government detained at Bourges. The decree which ordained his perpetual expulsion from Spain was by unanimous vote confirmed by the Cortes in 1836. In 1845 he adopted the name of Count of Molina, abdicated in favor of his eldest son, the Count of Montemolin, and on receiving permission to leave France took up his abode in Austria. His first wife was Maria Franciska de Assis, daughter of John VI., King of Portugal, who bore him three sons, Don Carlos in 1818, Don Juan Carlos in 1822, and Don Fernando in 1824. His second wife, whom he married in 1838, and who survived him, is Maria Theresa, Infanta of Portugal and Princess of Beira, widow of the Infante Pedro of Spain and mother of the Infante Sebastian of Portugal. The present pretender is Carlos Luis Maria Fernando, the eldest son and heir of Don Carlos, who was born January 11, 1818. In 1846 he left Bourges, where he had resided with his father, and took up his residence in England under the name of the Count of Montemolin. In April, 1849, he made an attempt to introduce himself in disguise into Spain, but he was arrested, detained from April 5 to the 10th in the Citadel of Perpignan, and on April 15 he was again in London. On July 10, 1850, he married Maria Carolina Ferdinanda, sister of Ferdinand II. of Naples

Slate, and How Was it Formed?

That slate may have been once mud is made probable by the simple fact that it can be turned into mud again. "If you grind up slate, and then analyze it, you will find its mineral constituents to be exactly those of a very fine, rich and tenacious clay. Wherever the top of the slate beds and the soil upon it are laid bare, the black layers of slate may be seen gradually melting—if I may use the word," says the Rev. Charles Kingsley in Town Geology—"under the influence of rain and frost, into a rich tenacious clay, which is now not black, like its parent slate, but red, from the oxidation of the iron which it contains. But, granting this, how did the first change take place? It must be allowed at starting that time enough has elapsed and events enough have happened since our supposed mud began first to become slate to allow of many strange transformations. For these slates are found in the oldest beds of rock, save one series, in the known world; and it is notorious that the older and lower the beds in which the slates are found, the better—that is, the more perfectly elaborate—is the slate. The best slates of Snowdon (I must confine myself to the districts which I know personally) are found in the so-called Cambrian beds. Below these beds but one series of beds is as yet known in the world, called the Laurentian. They occur to a thickness of some eighty thousand feet in Labrador, Canada and the Adirondack Mountains of New York; but their representatives in Europe are, as far as known, only to be found in the north-west highlands of Scotland and in the island of Lewis, which consists entirely of them; and it is to be remembered, as a proof of their inconceivable antiquity, that they have been upheaved and shifted long before the Cambrian rocks were laid down 'uncomfortably,' on their worn and broken edges."

The Coal Trade.

The coal trade for the future promises to be active, and rates can be depended upon not being any lower than the present. There is a very good prospect that the bituminous coals of our country will find a ready sale for all the produce of this year; England will find a powerful rival in the young empire of the Western Hemisphere with its inexhaustible supplies of coal and iron, so favorably located for use and profit. There is reported to be a willingness on the part of the dealers at the East to take the Pool coal, and contracts are said to have been made for considerable amounts to be delivered at monthly rates through the season, and although no shipments can be made for a few days, it will no doubt be pushed off, so soon as the season opens and vessels can be had. The companies and dealers in coals to be shipped from hereabout do not appear to be disheartened, however, but are scouring the market. A feeling prevails among the large manufacturing companies that prices must recede later in the season, the opening price this year being so much above 1872, but it is stated most positively that this cannot occur.

Women as they Were.

Young ladies of the time of Edward IV. were brought up with greater strictness than at the present day. Mammas in those days kept their daughters the greater part of the day at hard work, exacted almost slavish deference from them, and even, as an able antiquarian states, counted on their earnings. After they had attained a certain age it was the custom for the young of both sexes to be sent to the homes of powerful nobles to finish their education by learning manners, and thus a noble lady was often surrounded by a bevy of fair faces, from the owners of which she did not scruple to receive payment for their living.

For their occupations they were something of this wise:—She rises early, at seven or half-past, listens to matins and then dresses. Breakfast follows, and this is her costume—a silk gown, richly embroidered with fur, open from the neck to the waist in front, and having a turn-over collar of a darker color; a broad girdle, with a rich gold clasp; skirts so long as to oblige the wearer to carry them over her arm; shoes long and pointed; and, to crown all, the steeple cap, with its pendant gossamer veil. After regaling herself with boiled beef and beer she will possibly, if religiously inclined, go to the chapel, if not to the garden. This, enlivened by gossip with her friends, takes her until noon, when dinner is served, after which an hour or so will be spent with the distaff or the spinning wheel. At six o'clock supper is served, after which, perhaps, follow games at cards or dice, or possibly a dance, of which last our young lady is extremely fond. Later on another meal is served called the eve supper or banquet, after which she may drink a glass of warmed ale or a cup of wine and then retire for the night, while another day in the proper season she may go hawking, or ride on horseback, or hunt the stag, or shoot rabbits with bow and arrows, or some other such refined amusement.

The next most striking period—in female customs at least—is the reign of Elizabeth, during which epoch extravagance may be said to have reached its height. Before the Virgin Queen came to the throne she was remarkably simple in her attire, but in latter days she changed, and historians remind us of her eighty wigs of various colors, and of her three thousand dresses. A gaily attired queen makes an extravagant Court. A Court lady of that date wore a low dress with a long stomacher, an immense ruff around her neck, a small hat, crinoline, a large fan of ostrich feathers with a mirror attached, highly scented gloves, and frequently a velvet mask. Her feet were shod with pumps of scented Spanish leather, her hair was died red in imitation of the royal locks, and her face was painted and rouged. To supply the great demand for wigs women were sent round the country to buy up country girl's tresses, and female thieves in London robbed children of their hair or despoiled the dead.

Of all curiosities in costume the ruff is the most eccentric. These monstrosities were frequently made a quarter of a yard deep, so that the wearer was obliged to eat with a spoon a couple of feet long. When these ruffs first came into fashion the Dutch merchants only sold the lawn and cambric by ells, yards, half ells and half yards, for there was not so much lawn and cambric to be had in all London as now can be had in one shop. Also, as yet, umbrellas were not, and, when a shower did come down, ladies suffered terribly; while yet another difficulty was that no laundress could be found who was able to starch and stiffen cambric till Elizabeth sent over to Holland for starchers. Mistress Dingen Plasse was the first teacher of starching, and taught the Court beauties for a fee of four or five pounds, with an extra charge of twenty shillings for initiation into the mysteries of seething the compound.—*London Society.*

Too Anxious to be Thought a Murderer.

London has a new diversion. An individual, anxious for sport, gets drunk and then hands himself over to the police as the perpetrator of some shocking murder, recently committed, in which the murderer has theretofore been undiscovered. After giving the police and newspaper reporters much trouble, the amateur murderer regains sobriety, declares his innocence and is discharged. This joke is ghastly, but on several occasions it was successfully practised, although the last attempt at it will probably cause it to be abandoned. A little girl named Harriet Buswell was recently murdered in Great Coram street, and there was much excitement over it, and an unsuccessful search for the murderer, until a Mr. George Cooper presented himself at the police station, declared that he was the murderer, and that he had done the deed for a friend of his in consideration of $500. He was kept in jail over night, and next morning arraigned in Bow street, whereupon he calmly announced that his whole story was a falsehood, his only excuse for telling it having been that he had been "drinking whiskey and old ale for a week, and had a touch of delirium tremens." He expected to be discharged, as previous jokers of the same sort had been, but the magistrate thought proper to look at the matter in a different light, and he remanded Cooper to hard labor for a month pending further inquiries. The magistrate said he did not suppose that Cooper really was the murderer, but the whole affair justified his being remanded in custody, and, besides, a little hard work and total abstinence from "whiskey and old ale" would do him no harm. So the crestfallen joker was taken back to jail, and the popular but ghastly diversion has received a merited rebuke.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Wants a Father.

A funny incident occurred in the United States House between Oakes Ames and Judge Poland. The Judge, it will be remembered, was made the custodian by Kelley of the ten shares of Credit Mobilier stock which he demanded from Ames as his property. During the investigation Judge Poland desposited the stock with the Sergeant-at-Arms. Lately he approached Ames and asked him what he should do with it. Ames replied that it belonged to Kelley, and he had handed it over to him when he demanded it; that Kelley had handed it over to Poland, and it was immaterial to him what disposition was made of it. "You had better consult Kelley if you are anxious to get rid of it," said Ames. There was due on this stock dividends in securities of the Union Pacific Railroad Company worth about $5,000 which Ames had withheld subject to the determination of the McComb suit. The question is, what is to be done with it? Kelley swears that he will have nothing to do with it, and Poland says he doesn't want to be investigated for holding Credit Mobilier stock. In the event of neither of them demanding it of the Sergeant-at-Arms, that officer fears he may be investigated also, and vows that if somebody doesn't claim it he will turn it over to the conscience fund of the Treasury Department.

The Wheeling *Register* speaks of certain Congressmen as "mob-o'-liars."

Table of Comparative Wages.

The following table of comparative weekly wages paid in 1869, 1872, and since January, 1873, in the City of New York, is of special interest now in view of the threatened strike to take place this spring:

Occupation.	1869	1872	1873
Bookbinders	$21	$21	$21
Boot and shoe makers	21	22	22
Bricklayers	22	24	24
Blacksmiths	22	24	24
Cabinetmakers	20	14	15
Carpenters and joiners	23	20	21
Carvers (furniture)	21	17	17
Clothing-cutters	22	23	23
Coach-makers	20	20	22
Coach-drivers	14	14	14
Coopers	23	18	19
Curriers	18	17	18
Clerks	15	17	18
Harness-makers	17	17	20
Housesmiths	23	23	20
Horseshoers	23	20	21
House-framers	17	17	19
Iron-molders	23	20	20
Lathers	21	17	24
Laborers	17	15	15
Machinists	17	17	17
Masons	28	24	24
Metal-roofers	24	24	20
Painters	23	21	20
Plasterers	29	24	23
Plate printers	23	23	23
Plumbers	23	23	23
Printers (book compositors)	18	20	20
Ship carpenters	24	23	22
Ship calkers	24	23	23
Stonecutters	27	25	27
Stair builders	25	23	21
Tailors	16	15	16
Tin and sheet iron workers	18	16	16
Upholsterers	21	17	17
Varnishers and polishers	20	18	18
Wheelwrights	15	14	14
Wood turners	17	17	17
Female Labor.			
Bonnet-frame makers	—	10	10
Book folders and sewers	—	7	7
Burnishers	11	3	9
Cap Sewers	7	7	7
Compositors	—	12	12
Dressmakers	—	8	8
Fur sewers	6	7	7
Hair weavers	—	9	9
Hat trimmers	—	13	13
Lace sewers	—	11	11
Milliners	—	8	8
Paper-box makers	4	5	5
Paper-collar makers	—	4	4
Parasol and umbrella makers	8	9	9
Shoe fitters and operators	8	10	10
Tailoresses	5	8	8
Telegraphers	12	12	12
Tobacco strippers	—	4	4

This table of wages is computed in most trades upon a basis of eight or nine hours of work. Men in the building trade, for instance, work eight hours, while others in other lines are employed nine and a few ten hours. A percentage of discount should also be made for lost time, careful inquiry among employers eliciting the fact that in most avocations the men lose on an average one day out of the six from one cause or another.

A Sumptuous Dinner.

A few evenings since there was given at Delmonico's by an opulent gentleman of New York City a dinner which for originality of design, magnificence of accessories, and perfection of execution has never been approached on this continent, and probably not been equaled, in modern times, in the other hemisphere. The table was some sixty feet long by about twenty feet broad. In the centre was an oblong basin some sixteen feet long, eight feet wide, and two feet deep, filled with water, the base banked with flowers. Rising above and covering this at a height of twelve feet was a delicate wire screen supported by posts garlanded with flowers, the posts crowned by bird-cages filled with songsters. On this fairy little lake swam two splendid swans, loned for the occasion by the Brooklyn Park Commissioners, and the mammoth birds glided as quietly and gracefully over the miniature ocean as if in their wider and more accustomed sphere at home. At each end of this fairy expanse were two golden fountains five feet high, whence cherubic figures rained from their heads tiny jets of spray. Flanking these on either side were stately golden candelabra radiant with lights, and at frequent intervals along the table were placed many-lighted candelabra of silver. The extreme ends of the table were banked with huge mounds of flowers, the rarest and costliest, each fragrant hillock measuring ten feet long, five feet wide, and three feet high. The margin of the table, in front of the seats and plates of the guests, was composed of a border of choice flowers, coming to a semicircle in front of each plate. Lack of space precludes further detail of numberless other dainty bits of ornamentation that imparted brilliancy to the general effect. Add to this fairy creation a procession of viands the variety of which was extraordinary, the cookery perfection, wines of rare vintage, music which vied with that at the opera, and our readers can form a glimmering idea of what this banquet was for four-and-seventy people—a banquet which, as regards regal splendor, artistic effects, and culinary execution, may be placed among the latest triumphs of gastronomic art. (Cost $12,000.)

Italian Minstrel Boys.

Few people are aware of the cruel trade in Italian boys by which the ranks of our little street harpists and violinists are recruited. The recruiting agent is generally a person of pleasant address, who, by means of fair promises of fortune and good treatment, induces poor parents to part with their children. Once in his power, and with the ocean between them and their home, their trials begin. They are subjected to the most cruel treatment, scantily clothed, half starved, beaten and abused, and deprived of all their earnings.

The Italian government has endeavored to put a stop to this trade in flesh and blood, but hitherto without much success. The most stringent laws prohibit, under severe penalties, the deportation of children from Italian seaports, but the agents evade these laws and penalties by enticing the children over the border into Switzerland or France. They are then taken to some sea-port town and shipped to England or America. Why should not the governments of these countries co-operate with the Italian authorities in repressing this atrocious cruelty? The men who bring these children to our shores make large sums of money out of their misery and wretchednesss. The poor little fellows do not know how to protect themselves. They can not speak our language. They have no homes but the miserable garrets where their masters lodge them. If they run away they have no better place to run to, and many a poor little fellow, unused to our hard winters, has found the grave the only haven of rest from his wretchedness. Such things ought not to be tolerated in Christian lands.

BILLIARDS.—A recent English work on billiards gives some interesting particulars connected with the game. It was only in 1827 that slate tables were substituted for wood and marble, and only in 1835 that India rubber cushions took the place of flock and list. Again, it was not until 1807 that leathern tips were invented for cues, which rendered side strokes possible. About 1818 the side stroke was discovered by one Bartley, the proprietor of billiard rooms at Bath, England. Bartley had a marker named Carr, to whom he confided his secret, and Carr, when pressed to reveal it, produced boxes of what he called "twisting chalk," to the use of which he attributed his powers, and which he sold at seventy-five cents each.

The Smutty Nose Island Murder.

The particulars of the murder of Miss Christenson and Miss Lawson on Smutty Nose Island are as follows: Lewis Wagner, the alleged murderer, was one of the crew of a fishing schooner which recently sunk in the harbor, and thus left him out of employment. He is about twenty-nine years old. The two murdered women lived with Mr. Hontvet and his wife on Smutty Nose Island, which is one of the Isles of Shoals. On Wednesday Mr. Hontvet and Lewis Wagner went to the city to spend the night there, leaving the women at home; but after supper Wagner took an axe, went down to the wharf, and was not seen again till morning, when he breakfasted with Mr. Hontvet and appeared as though possessed by the consciousness of some terrible crime. After breakfast he had his beard shaved off, left, and was not seen afterwards till he was arrested in Boston. From the statement of Mrs. Hontvet it appears that on Wednesday, about midnight, Wagner came to the house, entered, and murdered Miss Christenson with a chair, and then horribly mutilated her with the axe which he had taken along with him. Miss Lawson attempted to escape through a window, but she also was overtaken and butchered. Mrs. Hontvet was more fortunate, and wandered about the island all night, pursued by the murderer. At eight o'clock in the morning her cries called to her assistance Mr. Ingerbredson, living close by, on Appledon Island, and he aroused the neighbors, who immediately set about to find the wretch who had done the awful deed, the object of which was plainly to secure money which he supposed or knew to be in the house. He secured, however, but $15. He was traced from Portsmouth to the island and back through the city again, and it was found that he had bought a railway ticket for Boston by way of the Eastern road. On Thursday night the police searched for a long time without success, but finally officer Gallagher saw a man answering to Wagner's description standing in a doorway near Fleet street. The man was instantly seized and taken to the station, where, notwithstanding that he had a new suit on, he was identified as the man of whom they were in search. He made no resistance and stoutly denied any knowledge of the murder, but his old clothes, flecked and spotted with blood, were discovered in the shop where he had obtained his new outfit. He was taken to the station-house, where he acted sullenly and was utterly indisposed to be communicative. There is much feeling in regard to the matter, and some slight talk of rough dealing with the man by the neighbors of the murdered women.

On his person was found a small amount of money, but a watch was soon found where he had disposed of it. The murder, which was most brutal in its details, was discovered at an early hour Thursday morning by members of the Hontvet family, at whose residence the outrage was committed. Wagner, who was a former employe of Mr. Hontvet, arrived in his boat from Star Island at an early hour on the evening of the murder. His mission, to all appearance, was the perpetration of the crime he subsequently committed, his sneaking manner on arriving at the house being such as to give rise to suspicion on the part of Mrs. Hontvet that he was intent on some object which boded no good. He passed the front of the house and to the rear, and soon after entered the house. After a short conversation he asked Cornelia Christenson to come into the entry with him as he had something very important to communicate. The woman, who suspected something wrong, involuntarily started to acquiesce in Wagner's request. Trembling with fear she approached the entry, where, on arriving, she discovered Wagner with an axe in his hand. With a shriek she started to return to the kitchen, where she had left Mrs. Hontvet and another woman named Annetta Lawson, but before she could re-enter the door she received a heavy blow on the head from Wagner with the axe. The blow was sufficient to kill her instantly. The murderer, with the axe in his hand, entered the room where the other two women were and without a word struck Miss Lawson a terrible blow upon the side. The woman fell to the floor, her agony being such as to soon occasion loud cries of distress. She was asked by Wagner where the money was that was kept in the house, being at the same time warned that if she did not tell him he would kill her at once. She continued to groan, seeming to pay but little attention to what the brute was saying. All at once Wagner seems to have become possessed of the spirit of a demon, and heaped the blows with the axe thick and fast upon the head and body of the unfortunate woman. Miss Lawson's head was literally crushed to a jelly. Meanwhile Mrs. Hontvet, who had received a severe blow from the murderer with a chair, was hidden among the rocks on the island, remaining in her secure position until between eight and nine o'clock Thursday morning. She then ventured out and crossed the sea-wall to Malaga Island, and by her cries succeeded in making herself heard by Mr. Ingerbredson, a man who had a house on Appledore Island. He went to her assistance and found her suffering from a blow on the shoulder and her feet and part of her body frozen, she having remained in the severe cold all those hours with nothing on but her chemise and flannel night dress.

EVERYBODY HAS INFLUENCE.—No person is without influence. Some persons fall discouraged on the highway of life because they cannot be this or that eminent person. Why not be willing to be themselves? No person who ever lived or who will ever live, is without influence. Why not make the most of it? Since you cannot grasp that which you wish, why let what you have slip through your fingers? No person in the world is exactly like you. You have your own faults; but you have you own excellencies individual to yourself. Give them air. Because you are not a poet, why, then, should you not be a merchant? Because you cannot go to college, should you therefore forswear the alphabet? Because you cannot build a palace, should you not rejoice in your own humble room, and that because it it is your own? Will not the sun shine also into your window, if you do not persist in shutting it out? If you cannot have a whole house full of flowers, may you not have one sweet rose?

THE HIGHEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.—The Baltimore Bridge Company has just triumphed, in the bridging of a mighty chasm in the heart of the Andes Mountains. The Verrugas Viaduct is on the Lima and Oroya Railroad, in the Andes of Peru. The viaduct crosses a mountain torrent called the Agua de Verrugas, in a wild and picturesque locality, 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. The structure consists of four deck spans of the Fink type of truss, three of which are 110 feet long, and one, the central 125 feet long. The spans rests on piers built of wrought-iron columns. The piers are fifty feet long by fifteen feet wide on top. There being three piers, the total length of the viaduct 575 feet. The piers are the principal feature of interest, and are respectively 145 feet, 252 feet, and 187 feet high.

A Ticket Ring.

About three months since J. B. Ellison, superintendent of the line between Cincinnati and Columbus, and Col. O'Brian, general passenger agent, were informed by a conductor who had passed safely through all the spotting tests, that there were something wrong in the tickets for passage from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh. The frequency with which old tickets were handed in by passengers did not allow of any doubt that there was fraud in the business somewhere. These officers immediately employed a detective to work up the case. They supplied him with money, and he had tickets purchased of the agents in Cincinnati by various parties.

Out of twenty-five thus procured in one week, twenty-one were of back dates. It was found that the conductors implicated between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh took up the through tickets without tearing off the coupons or punching them, and gave their checks for the next conductor to take up. They then sold the tickets back to venders and agents in Cincinnati, Columbus and Pittsburgh, at about half their value. This has been going on for at least two years, and at the rate at which it was being done during the time occupied by the detective in the investigation the daily average along the line must have been over one hundred dollars. On Thursday one of the conductors (W. M. Russell) charged with this business was arrested on a warrant for embezzlement and taken to the Hammond street station by the detective.

Other arrests will be made soon, and quite a squad of employees will be discharged. Some have already been sent adrift. One of the Columbus men implicated, an agent named Hunter, came to Cincinnati on Tuesday at Col. O'Brian's request. He had been told that he was wanted in regard to some printing. When he was ushered into Col. O'Brian's office, in the presence of the detective, and informed that all had been discovered, he fainted dead away. He had nine tickets in his pockets. He is supposed to have been doing the business for the conductors in Columbus. The managers of the road have an idea that this practice has not been confined to their line alone, and that there will be a general stirring up on many roads in the same way.

A New Motive Power.

Dr. Emile Lanno, of New Orleans, has probably solved one of the problems of the day—the discovery of a perfectly safe motive power for street railway cars other than horses or mules. Dr. Lanno has invented a steam-engine for this purpose, which has been tested on one of the roads in the Crescent City, and found to work most satisfactorily, saving 33 per cent. of the cost of running cars by mule-power. No fire is used. The driving engine is of ordinary character. It has a reservoir large enough to contain 800 gallons of water, with steam-room above it. The boiler is of steel, and is well covered with the non-conducting material to prevent the radiation of the heat. The motive power of the engine is obtained by means of the compression of steam in water, the steam being conducted from a stationary boiler at the end of the track, which dispenses with the firing-up process while under way. The steam with which the engine is charged is sufficient (according to the capacity of the boiler) of performing a trip of from ten to fifteen miles. At the time of changing the temperature in the boiler it is about 380 degrees Fahrenheit, the pressure of steam being about 170 pounds to the inch. There is not the least danger of explosion in using this apparatus, as the pressure in the reservoir can never rise above the point reached at the time of charging, and it is necessarily constantly diminishing as the power is expended. So simple is its construction, there is less skill required in handling this locomotive than a horse or mule.

Daniel Webster at St. Louis.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says: During Mr. Webster's Western tour in 1837, he visited the city of St. Louis, and, arriving there on the 9th of June, was received with honors and popular demonstrations, and, after introduction to many citizens, made an eloquent address. With the crowd that pressed forward to greet him, came a wizened-up old man of diminutive stature, limping and elbowing his way up as best he could. Mr. Webster, seeing him so earnest, and yet so feeble, had compassion on him, and bending forward and reaching out his hand, as if to inspire confidence, said in a loud, clear voice, "I hope you are very well, sir." "No. I ain't well at all, Mr. Webster," was the quick reply of the little man in a shrill, squeaking voice, as he looked up into the beaming face of the speaker; "I've got the rheumatics in my jints, but my wife has bound up my shins with roasted inyuns (onions) and red flannels, and I've jest come out to take a look at ye and shake hands with ye." He would have continued the story of his personal infirmities no one knows how long, but the halting and impatient crowd pressed the little man forward and out of sight but Mr. Webster could not forget the ludicrous incident that almost moved him to unseasonable and irrepressible laughter.

A Hen's Guard.

A correspondent of the Brunswick (Me.) *Telegraph* relates the following: A hen and a large flock of chickens were in the habit of coming round our north back door, and were rather troublesome. One day Miss C. put out a favorite cat, saying, "There, Julia, if you can catch one of these chickens you shall have the whole of it." No sooner said than done—the whole chicken was caught and eaten. The hen came as usual next day with her chickens, but never after that day did she come without the company of another hen, which invariably took her position between the hen and chickens and the house-door, and marched like any faithful sentinel back and forward in the space. If the cat made her appearance, she would fly at her, and drive her away with such vigor that the cat was glad to run. "Julia" never got another of those chickens. Now how did this mother hen communicate and make the other hen comprehend her loss and the service she required? This is simple fact.

The question, "Will wasps freeze?" has been decided by a Peoria man, who found one in a frozen nest one day last week, and took the insect into the house and held it by the tail while he warmed his ears over a gas jet. You wouldn't believe it, but the Peoria naturalist says its tail thawed out first, and while its head was so stiff and icy it couldn't wink, its "probe" worked with inconceivable rapidity, to the great distress of the minister who was present, and was dreadfully distressed by the hideous profanity consequent on each and every movement of the probe aforesaid.

GILT FRAMES.—Boil three or four onions in a pint of water, then with a clean paint-brush wash over your frames, and the flies will not alight on them. No injury will result to the frames. This renders unnecessary the unsightly drapings of gauze.

Items of Interest.

A La Crosse wife paid the fine imposed on her husband for horsewhipping her.

An Iowa man who recently starved his wife to death, has been hung by a vigilance committee.

Prussia proposes to substitute for the jury system a mixed court consisting of three judges and four laymen.

Prince Albert is to officiate at the opening of the Vienna Exhibition as President of the English Commission.

A second-hand dress and two skeins of yarn were recently exchanged for forty acres of land in Texas county, Mo.

Lord Lindsay is organizing a private astronomical expedition to observe the transit of Venus from the Island of Mauritius.

A hog in Iowa that was buried in the snow nearly six weeks came out alive, but was reduced in flesh from 200 pounds to 50.

A collision is reported in the harbor of Cadiz, between the ships Tres Marias and Cilnos, and ninety persons were drowned.

Twenty-one steamers and a number of sailing vessels, carrying altogether nearly 10,000 men, are fitting out at Newfoundland for the seal-fishery.

It has been stated in the past that the Indian wars of the United States have cost the Government $1,000,000, on an average, for every Indian killed.

The King of Bavaria has ordered a collossal sculpture of the Crucifixion to be placed on an elevation commanding the scene of the famous "Passion Play."

The amendment reducing the appropriation for the continuation of the New York Postoffice from $1,900,000 to $1,400,000, was rejected in the U. S. Senate.

An exchange having said: "The first robin has been seen; but one robin doesn't make a spring," the Auburn *Bulletin* retorts: "Try him with a bug and see."

Somebody who has been "studying our weights" reports that, upon the average, boys at birth weigh a little more and girls a little less than six pounds and a half.

Henry Taylor, who for thirty years has rocked the "Cradle of Liberty" in Boston (that is has been Superintendent of Faneuil Hall for that period), has declined reappointment.

Our valetudinarian, being told by his medical adviser that he must wear thicker boots, replies that when a fellow has to walk through so much water pumps would be more appropriate.

Milwaukee papers speak of Lake Michigan being bridged over with ice at a place where its width is eighty-five miles. This has not occurred before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

A census is being taken of the population of San Juan, and the other islands lately in dispute. A few months ago they contained only 300 or 400 inhabitants; now the residents are said to number 2,000.

A member of the English House of Commons inquired whether the American Government intends to remit the surplus of $2,500,000 over their actual losses, which they are reported to have received through the Geneva award.

Major Zeb Crummet, in his lecture, "New Fangled Notions," says: "It requires more brains to run a popular local newspaper than is usually carried into the White House under the hat of the President of the United States."

The bill prohibiting the sending of obscene literature through the mails, and for other purposes, was passed by the U. S. Senate as amended by the House. It was enrolled and signed by the President, and is exceedingly stringent.

The tender passion often gets a man into serious trouble. A horse thief in Kansas lately put the vigilance committee on his track by writing a love letter which fell into their hands and the next day his body swung from the limb of a tree.

The U. S. House Committee on Appropriations agreed to non-concur in the Senate amendment to the Post Office Appropriation bill, forbidding the transmission of all free matter, so far as the same affects exchanges among newspapers.

The tunnel under Mont St. Gothard, has advanced four hundred feet into the heart of the mountain, and in the course of a few years the famous mountain pass, which has so long been one of the grandest gateways of the world will be rendered useless.

A farmer's daughter recently married a "wealthy and respectable" traveling agent, on a short acquaintance. He has just left her with a note advising her not to fall in love with strangers hereafter. That man evidently has some solid ideas.

The British House of Commons lately called on Mr. Gladstone for an explanation of the story that the United States had obtained a large sum in excess of actual losses at Geneva. Mr. Gladstone denied the statement, which was received with cheers.

A schoolboy's toast: "The Girls—May they add charity to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply genial affections, divide time by industry and recreation, reduce scandal to its lowest denominations, and raise virtue to its highest power."

A Tennessee belle lately punished a suitor who sought to gain her hand through false aspersion of his rival, by going with him to the altar, and then responding "no" at the most critical moment, and completing the marriage ceremony with the calumniated one.

A man recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. A cynical friend, commenting on the fact, says: "He should have married her, and refused her a new bonnet, and he would have discovered her conversational powers!"

There is in New York City a professional "facemaker" who sits as a model for the artist who manufactures grotesque masks for carnival times. The flexibility of his features is said to be so wonderful that, if necessary, he could delude the recognition of the smartest detective.

A Frenchman has invented a respiratory contrivance, a sort of mouth trap, by which miners can defy for a time the suffocating effect of choke damp. The nostrils are closed by a sort of spring, a can containing the air is fastened to the back, and a rubber tube leads it to his mouth.

An agent who went to the east coast of South America to investigate the rumors of gold discoveries, returned to Salt Lake, recently, and some of the leading mine operators and capitalists of that city left suddenly for New York, a few days afterwards, in consequence of misrepresentations.

In an English church, recently, after the publication of the banns of marriage by the minister, a grave elder, in a stentorian voice, forbade the banns between a certain couple. On being called upon for an explanation, "I had," he said, pointing to the intended bride, "I had intended Hannah for myself." His reason was not considered sufficient.

The puddlers in the Oxford (N. J.) Iron Company's rolling mill have now been on a strike for six weeks, the difference betwixt the company and the men being thirty-one cents per ton on puddled iron. The mill has been ruled by Boonton prices, and as workmen there are paid $6.81, the Oxford men demand the same rate. They have been offered $6.50.

Here is an item worthy of more than a casual reading: Prof. Lawes of England has a plot of experimental meadow to which 14 tons of stable manure has been applied each year since 1843. Plants grown on this surface have absorbed all the rain water, so that little or none has been discharged by under-drains. Similar drains under a part of the meadow not manured "have run freely several times a year." An acre of long manured land holds, within 36 inches of the surface, 1,9 10 tons of water; while the same area and depth of similar ground unmanured, holds only 191 tons.