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Under the Moon.

Under the moon two lovers walked—
The silver moon, the round full moon—
Under its beams they softly talked
Of youth and love and June.
And they plighted their vows in the silvery light,
For their hearts, like the moon, were full that night.

Under the moon they walked again—
The setting moon, the waning moon—
And scarcely a word was said by the twain;
Oh, moon, you set too soon.
And love in one of the hearts, like the rim
Of the waning moon, grew faint and dim.

Under the skies a maiden stood—
The cold night-skies, the moonless skies—
She heard the owl in the lonely wood,
And she heard her own deep sighs.
'Heart and skies devoid of light,
God," she cried, "what a dreary night!"

Under the skies is a narrow mound—
The watchful skies, the starry skies—
And the rays of the moon, so full and round,
Shine down where the maiden lies.
And they shine on the fickle lover who
Walks with another and wooes anew.

For the Sake of Peace.

Rob and I were playmates once,
Together used to laugh and cry;
A youth and maiden are we now—
Oh dear, the years so swiftly fly
We used to play at lovers, too,
When we were children gay and free;
And now, the rogue, he quite insists
That he should still my lover be.

I really can't make up my mind
To quarrel with the foolish boy,
For maybe, if he went away,
My life would lose one-half its joy.
And if the question I should try
To argue with him, why, you see,
In argument, e'en when a child,
Rob always got the best of me.

So now what would you really do?
Rob has a word of all I say;
And, after all, my heart inclines
To let him have his own dear way.
Oh, how persistent men can be!
What can a timid maiden do?
I think, just for the sake of peace,
I'd better yield the point—don't you?

A YOUNG HERO.

"Ay, ay, sir; they're smart seamen enough, no doubt, them Dalmatians, and reason good, too, seein' they man half the Austrian navy; but they ain't got the seasonin' of an Englishman, put it how yer will."

I was standing on the upper deck of the Austrian Lloyd steamer, looking last upon pyramidal Jaffa, as it rises up in terrace after terrace of stern gray masonry against the lustrous evening sky, with the foam-tipped breakers at its feet. Beside me, with his elbow on the hand-rail, and his short pipe between his teeth, lounges the stalwart chief-engineer, as thorough an Englishman as if he had not spent two-thirds of his life abroad, and delighted to get hold of a listener who (as he phrases it) "has been about a bit."

"No; they ain't got an Englishman's seasonin'," he continues, pursuing his criticism of the Dalmatian seamen; "and what's more, they ain't got an Englishman's *pluck* neither, not when it comes to a *real* scrape."

"Can no one but an Englishman have any pluck, then?" ask I, laughing.

"Well, I won't just go for to say *that;* o' course a man as *is* a man 'ull have pluck in him all the world over. I've seen a Frenchee tackle a shark to save his messmate; and I've seed a Rooshan stand to his gun arter every man in the battery, barrin' himself, had been blowed all to smash. But, if yer come to that, the pluckiest feller as ever *I* seed warn't a man at all!"

"What was he, then?—a woman?"

"No, nor that neither; though, mark ye, I don't go for to say as how women ain't got pluck enough too—some of 'em, at least. *My* old 'ooman, now, saved me once from a lubber of a Portigee as was just a-goin' to stick a knife into me, when she cracked his nut with a handspike. (You can hear her spin the yarn yourself, if you likes to pay us a visit when we get to Constantinople.) But this un as I'm a-talkin' on was a little lad not much bigger'n Tom Thumb, only with a sperrit of his own as ud' ha' blowed up a man-o'-war a'most. Would yer like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assent; and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows:

"'Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second-engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that altogether, as you may think, the cap'n warn't altogether in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief-engineer, he was an easy-goin' sort 'o chap, as nothin' on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, he cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as if *somethin'* had put him out pretty considerably.

"'Tom,' says he, 'what d'ye think? Blest if we ain't found a stowaway.' (That's the name, you know, sir, as we give to chaps as hide themselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

"'The dickens you have!' says I. 'Who is he, and where did yer find him?'

"'Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for'ard; and ten to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all, if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and began barkin'. Sitch a little mite as he is, too! I could 'a'most put him in my baccy-pouch, poor little beggar! but he looks to be a good plucked un for all that.'

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I *did* see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack of the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle stood the furst-mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a reg'lar mite among all them big fellows, was a little bit of a lad not ten years old—ragged as a scare-crow, but with bright curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if he hadn't been so woful thin and pale. But, bless your soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great, hulkin' black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frighten a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young un warn't a bit afeared—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright clear eyes o' hisn, for all the world as if he was Prince Halfred himself. Folks *did* say arterwards (lowering his voice to a whisper,) as how he comed o' better blood nor what he ought; and, for my part, I'm rayther o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never yet seen a common street Harab (as they calls 'em now) carry it off like *him.* You might ha' heerd a pin drop as the mate spoke.

"'Well young whelp,' says he in his grimmest voice, 'what's brought *you* here?'

"'It was my step-father as done it,' says the boy in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. 'Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and guv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane at Halifax; and here's her address.'

"And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it right enough.

"*We* all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swaller the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say; I am too old a bird to be caught with that kind of chaff'; and then he says to him: 'Look here, my lad, that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some of these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just pint out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't, it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way, (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says, quite quitely; 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out loud enough to raise the dead; 'smart, now!'

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say: 'What on earth's a-coming now?' But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've *got* to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"'Now, my lad,' said the mate, in a hard, *square* kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess' (he took out his watch and held it in his hand;) 'and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye,) and then a low growl went up among 'em, like a wild beast a-wakin' out of a nap.

"'Silence there!' shouted the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'-easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard!' and with his own hands he put the noose round the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there wore some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha' felled a ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' *my* little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang *him;* and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched themselves as if they were a-gripin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a handspike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

"'Tom,' whispered the chief engineer to me, 'd' ye think he really means to do it?'

"'I don't know,' says I through my teeth; 'but if he does, *he* shall go first, if I swings for it!'

"'I have been in many an ugly scrape in my time; but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick o' the mate's watch reg'lar pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was standin', in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he *did* go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot, and take my chance.

"'Eight minutes,' says the mate, his great deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for your time's nearly up.'

"'I've told you the truth,' answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

"The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees (with that infernal rope about his neck all the time), and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact, my head was in sitch a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate, quite quietly, 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir, the mate's hard grim face broke up all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and bust out a-cryin like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did, for one.

"'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast ye off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

"And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un's aunt, and giv' her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond o' him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge; it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below, so I'll just wish yer good-night."

Broadcloth an Enemy of Health.

Professor Hamilton, in an able address on hygiene to the graduates of the Buffalo medical college, denounces broadcloth as an enemy to exercise, and therefore to health. He says:

"American gentlemen have adopted, as a national costume, broadcloth—a thin, tight-fitting black suit of broadcloth. To foreigners we seem always to be in mourning; we travel in black. The priest, the lawyer, the doctor, the literary man, the mechanic and even the day-laborer, choose always the same black broadcloth—a style that never ought to have been adopted out of the drawing-room or the pulpit, because it is a feeble and expensive fabric, because it is at the North no protection against the cold, nor is it any more suitable at the South. It is too thin to be warm in winter, and too black to be cool in summer; but especially do we object to it because the wearer is always soiling it by exposure. Young gentlemen will not play ball, pitch quoits, or wrestle or tumble, or any other similar thing, least their broadcloth should be offended. They will not go out into the storm because the broadcloth will lose its lustre if rain falls upon it; they will not run, because they have no confidence in the strength of their broadcloth; they do not dare mount a horse or leap a fence, because broadcloth, as everybody knows, is so faithless. So these young men and these older men, these merchants, mechanics and all, learn to walk, talk and think soberly and carefully; they seldom venture even to laugh to the full extent of their sides."

One Drop of Evil.

"I don't see why you won't let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears, just a little. But I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me. I should think you would trust me. I might do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure, clear water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

"Oh, mother, who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?"

"Yes, it has changed the color of the whole glass, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put a drop of clear water into it, and restore its purity."

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me! One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty, won't do that."

"No my son; and therefore, I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."

In St. Louis two coops of chickens will pay a commission merchant more commission than a car-load of corn.

Henry Ward Beecher on Hospitality.

Most of us, having arrived at years of house-keeping or discretion, hate visiting and dread visitors. Yet we are not therefore misanthropists. Rather, we love our kind, and our favorite reading is doubtless biography, table-talk, and the personal columns in the newspapers. But visitors and visiting commonly imply a temporary sequestration of old garments, and, of the ample wardrobe of these investitures which every man hath, none fit so comfortably and are so sorrowfully banished as old habits. If, therefore, Wednesday's corned beef and cabbage must be suppressed, and not fit for company; if Thursday's beef steak and onions, and Friday's humble firsh-ball must be translated into unfamiliar birds and beasts, which Bridget illy cooks and queerly serves; if the dear house-mother must move on restless legs from dawn till dark lest some imperceptible pin should drop from the household machinery; if all things must be a little finer than their wont and their capacity, it is not strange that the ordinary householder shrinks from the perturbations, which, as host, he undergoes in his own house, or, as a guest, introduces to another.

Pity 'tis, however, that we are not more social, because, in the long run, men and women are a more interesting and a more valuable study than books, and no subtle discovery of science nor progress of invention has yet found in the world anything better than human affection. Each of us is the poorer by every lofty friendship that he neglects to take from opportunity. Women, especially, whose cares are pettier and far more absorbing than men's, need the illumination of fresh ideas, witty talk, and friendly propinquity. Yet it is chiefly they who hinder this pleasure, and in whose hands it rests to make visiting the most brilliant and enticing of occupations. First, however, the whole theory of hospitality needs revision. It was very well for the Hebrew gentlemen to kill the fatted calf in honor of their guest. It involved little trouble and no expense, and if one had an appetite for warm veal nothing could be more agreeable to all concerned—except the calf. But we follow the precedent by spending half our substance at the butcher's stall for the festive joint and half the remaining moiety in cooking and serving it, trembling meanwhile lest the stranger that is within our gates be not satisfied with our bounty. Than this painful feasting better to leave the fatted calf afield and to dine on a cracker and careless cheerfulness.

The whole trouble is that the hostess arranges her household not as it shall best forward the business of life, but as it shall make the most effective spectacle. She orders affairs not as she prefers, but as she fancies that her guest expects. It is a specious misapplication of the golden rule. After Apicius and Calba, it is really quite impossible to be distinguished as private caterers. After Crassus and Lucullus, no table-service can be remarkable. After Paulina, making her morning calls in $200,000 worth of jewels, the richest toilet seems to fall a little short of its high possibilities. And after Heliogabalus, there is certainly very feeble incentive to the pursuit of distinction in furniture. We might wisely, therefore, abandon the striving after these goods, strengthened in that renunciation by the recollection that the only people who were pre-eminent in their possession sacrificed everything else to get them. After all, freedom and self-culture are the costliest objects ever offered to the acquisition of man, and if he takes them he must be content to forego much else.

We confess that we have more than once fancied that we saw the soul of good in that thing evil—the modern servant. We have never found fault with her instability. Master and mistress spend their days and nights in the effort to "better themselves," to get more money for the same work, or more distinguished society for the same servitude. Bridget and Dinah are of the same blood, as we remember on Sundays and forget through the week, and, afar off, they follow us. But this very fugacity and thriftlessness and want of ductility are possibly the limit that heaven sets to our dishonest housekeeping. We would like to have it supposed that we were born to the purple and should not be in the least discomposed on being bidden to dine at Chatsworth, having the elegance, though not the vastness, of Chatsworth under our own roof. And in comes blundering candid Bridget, with a wrecked ambition in the shape of an *omellet souffle*, and unwittingly reveals to the visitor that we never had one before. It is our deep hope, as it is our conviction, that these rough-shod ministers of truth and simplicity will never cease to plague us with the pictorial exhibition of our small sins against those divinities until every household in the land is willing to lead a life no more showy than it can easily afford, and to attempt no difficult and unfamiliar pretenses to impress visitors. So shall we gain profit by losing of our prayers.

The air is full of rumors of public and private corruption and disgraceful getting and keeping of gold. We must purify our legislation, it is said. We must winnow our civil service. We must insist on virtue in high places. But reform must begin far back—at the firesides. By example our boys and girls must learn that money is not the supreme good of life. They must grow up in homes so simply and finely ordered, that not furniture and not viands, but the quality of master and mistress, draws many noble guests thereto, contact with whom is the children's best education. "The ornament of a home is the friends who frequent it." And as we learn simplicity, we shall have love and leisure for the highest friendships. It is this home life, and only this, cheap, possible to all, the source of robust manhood and sincere culture, that will keep the republic sweet. Without it, though we pile up our millions, and double our territory, and open our gates to all nations, we shall bring up, at last, whither we seem to be tending, in a general almshouse for souls.—*Christian Union.*

The Bad Boy.—Wood tells a story of Hoskyns, the Winchester college boy, who, having neglected to write his verse exercise, glanced for a minute or two over the shoulder of a more diligent school-fellow, and, upon the master calling him up, said he had lost his paper, but if he might be allowed he would repeat without book the twenty verses he had written, which he was permitted to do. The other boy was called next, and showed the verses which Hoskyns had just repeated, and, being taken for the thief, was sorely whipped.

Religious.—The Baptist Year Book for 1873 gives the statistics of the Baptist Church as follows: In the United States there are 853 associations, 19,720 churches, 11,892 ordained ministers and 1,585,232 members. The Sunday-school statistics show 9,412 schools, 623,742 scholars. The aggregate contributions reported are $4,926,527.04. There are 46 periodicals, of which 2 are German, 1 Welsh and 1 French. There are 9 theological seminaries, 34 colleges and universities, and 57 academies, with over five hundred instructors and 9,000 students.

Britzer His Own Detective.

Old Jacob Britzer kept the village store in Bucksport. We say *the* village store, because it was the largest, and, in fact, the only store of any consequence in the place. Like all country store-keepers, Jacob kept for sale dry and moist goods of every description, and both village and suburban gossips made his place their centre and tilting-ground. To this the trader did not object, because he was himself of a social turn, and because these hangers-on were all customers. Occasionally Jacob missed certain articles from his shelves and counters which he knew had not been sold, and he could only imagine that they had been stolen. This thing continued for more than a year, and Britzer, with all his careful watching, was unable to detect the thief. There were several whom he deemed capable of the deed, but he could not fix the crime upon either of them.

At length, one Monday morning, Jacob Britzer entered his store; and upon removing the heavy wooden shutters from the front windows he discovered that the large glass-top show-case, near the main entrance, had been robbed of nearly all its contents. At least three hundred dollars' worth of fancy goods had been stolen—a large amount for the country store-keeper to lose. Jacob had locked up his store on Saturday night, and had not visited it since until now, nor had the keys been out of his keeping. For a brief space he was thunder-struck—then, for another brief space, he collected his thoughts, and reflected. His course of action was resolved upon. His first decided movement was to lock the door by which he had entered, and draw the curtains over the windows. Next he replenished the show-case from a fresh stock which he chanced to have on hand, making it look so nearly as it looked on Saturday evening that not even his clerk was likely to detect any change. Thus the matter, so far as he and his store were concerned, was locked in his own breast, and so he meant to keep it. Having ascertained that the thief had gained entrance by a rear cellar window, and having so covered the tracks of the guilty one that his clerk would not observe them, he opened his store, and prepared for business. Half an hour later the clerk came, and detected nothing out of the way. (This clerk, we may remark, was Jacob's own son).

The day passed—customers came and went as usual—the gossips chatted over their beer and cheese, while old Jacob was attentive and affable, never betraying by word or sign that anything had happened amiss. In the evening Peter Hawks came in. This Peter Hawks was a farmer, owning quite a place near the outskirts of the village, who had of late been leading a life rather aimless and thriftless. It had been Peter's custom to spend a good part of the day in the store, but on this Monday he had not put in an appearance until after tea; and even when he did come he failed to talk with his usual volubility, but remained for the most part silent, watching what others had to say.

At length the hour grew late, and one by one the gossips dropped away until Peter was left alone with Jacob and his son. The solitary customer arose from his chair, and after a little nervous hesitation he approached the storekeeper with,—

"Ah, Jacob, that was quite a loss you met wit. Have ye any idee who did it?"

"Who did what?" asked Jacob, dropping the piece of cloth which he was folding, and looking up.

"Who robbed yer show-case last night?"

"Yes," answered Jacob, with stern promptness—"I know exactly who did it?"

"Eh, who?"

"*You* did it!"

"Me!" gasped Peter, quiveringly.

"Aye—*you did it.* I *know* you did it; and thus far the secret is entirely between you and me. You are the only other living man besides myself who knows that I have been robbed at all!"

And then Jacob went on to explain to his customer how he had managed to detect the theif. Peter Hawks was forced to own up; and in consideration of his returning the goods last stolen, and paying for those stolen on previous occasions, and also promising to steal no more, he was let off. But he did not remain much longer in Bucksport. Having settled with Jacob Britzer, he made all haste to sell his farm and remove to parts where the story of his shortcomings was not known.

Webster's Great Argument.

In the spring of 1824, Mr. Webster was much concerned in the discussion then going on in the House of Representatives, at Washington, on the tariff. One morning he rose very early—earlier even than was his custom—to prepare himself to speak upon it. From long before daylight till the hour when the House met, he was busy with his brief.

When he was far advanced in speaking, a note was brought to him from the Supreme Court, informing him that the great case of "Gibbons vs. Ogden" would be called for argument the next morning. He was astonished at the intelligence, for he had supposed that after the tariff question should have been disposed of, he still would have ten days to prepare himself for the formidable conflict, in which the constitutionality of the laws of New York, granting a steamboat monopoly of its tide waters, was to be decided.

He brought his speech on the tariff to a conclusion as speedily as he could, and hurried home to make such preparation for the great argument as the shortest notice would permit. He had then taken no food since his morning's breakfast; but instead of dining he took a moderate dose of medicine and went to bed and to sleep. At 10 P. M. he awoke and called for a bowl of tea, and without any other refreshment went immediately to work. To use his own phrase, "the tapes had not been off the papers for more than a year." He worked all night; and he has told me more than once he thought he never on any occasion had so completely the free use of all his faculties. He hardly felt he had bodily organs, so entirely had his fastings and medicine done their work. At 9 A. M., after eleven hours of continual effort, his brief was completed.

He sent for the barber and shaved; took a very slight breakfast of tea and crackers; he looked over the papers to see if they were all in order, and tied them up; he read the morning journals to amuse and change his thoughts, and then he went into the court, and made that grand argument, which, as Judge Wayne said, about twenty years afterward, "released every creek and river, every lake and harbor in our country from interference of monopolies." Whatever he may have thought of his powers of the preceding night, the court and the bar acknowledged their full force that day. And yet, at the end of five hours, when he ceased speaking, he could hardly be said to have taken what would have amounted to half the refreshment of a common meal for above two and thirty hours, and, out of the thirty-six hours immediately preceding he had for thirty-one been in a state of very high intellectual excitement and activity.—*George Ticknor.*

Afflictions clarify the soul.

One Hundred Years Old.

One hundred years constitute but an episode of the countries of the elder hemisphere—a page of their chronicles. That period in the younger hemisphere covers the whole of the country's career. When we have said that the Republic is not yet one hundred years old, we have said the most wonderful thing about the Republic. Such a marvelous example of rapid growth all history fails to parallel. The progress from a community of colonies, numbering only three millions of people, to a Union of States with a population of nearly forty millions, has been accomplished in less than ten decades. There are men now living who were born before the Republic; within whose life term the wilderness has changed, like a spectacular transformation scene, into a series of great cities, thriving towns and cultivated sections, abounding in all the proofs and fruits of a vital civilization, rivaling in wealth and achievement the most venerable of European countries, and surpassing them in substantial prosperity. And so the infant of nations stands in their front rank. Surely such swift development is the phenomenon of the ages.

When the Republic celebrates its centennial, as it will in a little more than three years, there will be enough to commemorate. From a national point of view we shall look back upon a narrow interval of time; but measured by what has been done the interval is overflowing with fact and suggestion. The Republic in its young manhood has had the full advantage of the modern stimulus to successful effort. The tedious processes of the last century have given place to new methods that imply creative genius in the material arts. The sons of the Republic cross the continent, from ocean to ocean, in the time consumed by the Fathers of the Republic in passing between the Atlantic cities. The swiftness of travel is a type of the improvements of the later time. Within the short life of the Republic steam communication, instantaneous telegraphic correspondence, and all contemporary material agencies have become accomplished facts. Nor has the progress been only material. Education has been made nearly universal, and the masses of the people have grown intellectually and morally stronger.

There is certainly enough to celebrate on the coming One Hundredth Fourth of July. The question is, how shall we celebrate? Thus far the celebration has only taken shape in the proposed National Exposition at Philadelphia. If this enterprise shall not fall into the hands of mere speculators, if it shall be a general, genuine, and popular undertaking, it ought to be a grand success. It will show our own citizens and all the world, in a tangible and impressive form, what the Republic is, what it has done, and what it can do. It is a good thing, so far as it goes.

But there is a pervading and instinctive feeling that it does not go far enough. The people will hardly be satisfied that the celebration shall begin and end in Philadelphia. The Centennial Fourth of July ought to be a present and vital force throughout the length and breadth of the land. Every State, every city, every town, every village, every remote settlement should prepare such a universal commemoration as the world hitherto has never known, and thus emphasize the significant announcement that the Republic is one hundred years old.

The Future Price of Wool.

The New York *Economist* says: "There is one thing certain that in the midst of all this fluctuation and uncertainty wool is very scarce, and prices are not only very firm, but buoyant. Indeed, strange as it may appear, prices are nearly as high now as a year ago, when we take into account the high rate of interest and gold, with nothing to warrant such a feature but the short supply available and the large demand for consumption."

Walter Brown & Sons, in their circular, say: "It is, however, quite noticeable that a firm feeling pervades the whole trade, with the general opinion that early in the new year higher figures will be obtained, resulting probably from the fact that stocks of domestic wools in eastern markets are very light, and such wools as still remain in the west are mostly held by farmers and second hands at extreme rates, with no indications of yielding before the near approach of the new clip; also that few, if any, orders have gone abroad for foreign wools, owing to the unremunerative character of last season's operations."

Henry P. Hughes & Son, of London, in their circular of December 5th, 1872, say: "If the present activity in the woolen district should continue to the commencement of the first sales for the coming year we may reasonably expect that stocks of colonial wool in the hands of both dealers and manufacturers will be considerably smaller than has been witnessed for many years past. We anticipate good prices throughout the coming year."

Physicians in Sweden.

One morning, says a letter writer, I went to call on a Swedish acquaintance and found her doctor with her. He was merely paying a complimentary visit, as his services were not required. I learned that an arrangement is made with the medical man; a small sum of £5 or £6 a year contents him, and for that he attends the whole family, however often they may happen to be ill. The difficulty seems to be to get hold of him quickly enough in an urgent case; for if he has gone on his rounds he finishes every visit before he goes to the new patient. A lady with whose relatives I was slightly acquainted had a husband who had always very delicate health, and upon one occasion, when they were staying with her, he was seized with a sharp attack connected with a heart complaint. They urged her to send at once for the doctor, but she only used some simple remedies, because she said he had just dismissed her usual medical attendant and had made no fresh arrangement with anybody else, so that she could not ask any one to come to her assistance. A poor lady while I was there lost a child from water on the brain, and she sat by it for hours in the most terrible anxiety, waiting the doctor's time for coming. To people accustomed to command prompt advice in illness, Stockholm, or, indeed, Sweden, would not seem to be a desirable place to be attacked in.

To Prevent Lock-Picking.—One of the most ingenious contrivances for preventing lock-picking is that invented in 1833, which causes the lock to open at the time to which the clock-work is set. As, however, when once closed, these locks will not open, no matter how pressing the emergency, till the hour set, and as a mistake in setting them is easy made, and results in opening at unexpected and dangerous times, this device can not be extensively applied. The only plan which seems to afford security against picking is to make the keyhole so small that no improper instrument can be introduced; and since the invention of nitro glycerine and dynamite, the safety of even this may be questioned, since they can blow the lock to pieces. Locks and bars cannot preserve earthly riches, and in this fact lies a great lesson for the general reader.

A Neat Swindle.

The following, from the Philadelphia *Press*, is interesting to all dealers in jewelry:—"The other day, at about twelve M., a carriage, elegant enough in all its appointments to be a private "turnout," drove up to the door of one of the largest establishments on Chestnut street, not far from Twelfth, and from it descended a gentleman, at least to all appearances, attired in the most fashionable manner. Sauntering inside with an easy grace, he requested to see some jewels, stating that he desired to make a large purchase. He carried in his hand a handsome case, or bag, which he deposited on the glass before the clerk who stepped forward to wait upon him. He was very particular in his choice, but at last selected about $2,000 worth of jewelry of various kinds and styles. As the clerk was about to put the numerous little boxes into one large receptacle the stranger said, 'Wait a moment; we can do better, and opening his case, which still remained on the counter, he took from it and handed to the clerk a neat box with a key, sufficiently large to hold all his purchases. Into this the clerk put the jewelry and handed it back to the customer, who locked it, leaving the key in the lock, and replaced it in the bag, closing the latter. Then putting his gloved hand into his breast pocket, he exclaimed, in great surprise, "Well, how forgetful I am! I have left my book and money at the hotel. I must go back and get it. Very careless of me, very. You will, of course, want to keep this. It wouldn't do to trust an entire stranger with such valuables," and, opening the bag, he again took out the little box and handed it to the clerk. "It's very annoying, but I will drive right to the Continental, and be back in a few moments." With a few commonplace remarks the elegant gentleman returned to his carriage, and was seen to drive away in the direction of the Continental, taking with him the nice and innocent little boy he had brought. They waited at the store for him a long time to come back. In fact he hasn't come back yet. At last a light dawned upon the terrified clerk, and he reached for the beautiful little box with the beautiful little key. "Oh, its all right, of course," he hoped in spite of his suspicions. "Something has detained the gentleman, but I may as well make sure." He is sure now. The beautiful little box with the beautiful little key contained old worthless iron padlocks. No news of the thief. Every reader will see at once how the swindle was accomplished. The man had two beautiful little boxes with two beautiful little keys in that innocent little bag, and of course gave the right one (that is for him) to the clerk when he left.

Cruelty of Indians.

Referring to his personal experience of raids, General L. G. Brown, a revenue officer in Texas, says: "In July last a band of Indians came upon my ranch near the Neuces. Two of my herdsmen (Mexicans) were in bathing when they discovered the approach of the Indians. One ran hardly ten feet before he was captured; the other ran naked and barefoot over the prickly pears and thorns, and gave the alarm to the ranch The people at the ranch escaped, but the poor naked Mexican was caught by the savages and killed. His companion lay trembling, hidden in the brush, where he could see and hear all that was going on, but did not dare to move." The eye-witness of the horrible business says they first tied the hands of the poor man behind his back, then listened awhile to his pleadings for life. Finally they apparently yielded to his piteous requests and told him to run. As he did so a Kickapoo squaw sent an arrow through his body. He lived but a short time. Within an hour, in the same neighborhood, five other Mexican shepherds were slain by those Indians. This raid afforded them very little booty.

On the 2d of November last another raid was made, in which they carried off Domingo, one of the General's Mexican shepherds, and Juanita Trevino, the wife of another shepherd, also a Mexican. This time they had the ranch surrounded before their presence was discovered. The head shepherd, Severiano, was outside of the line, and, riding up, discovered them. He shouted the alarm and fled, closely pursued. The husband of Juanita saved himself by hiding. By this raid the robbers captured considerable property at the General's ranch. On a previous expedition they captured 90 horses at a neighboring ranch. The prisoners have never been heard from. The General's ranch superintendent mustered his men, pursued this party, and came in sight of them but could not engage them.

English Life.

The life of the English aristocracy is different from what our people suppose. In the latter part of April they go into London for the "season," which lasts until August or September. This time of four or five months is spent in giving and attending dinners, parties, balls, and receptions, at which appear all the grand people of the realm, and distinguished literary and scientific men are always present. This is what might be called a useless, if not a wicked life. But with September there is a change. A few may then go to the Continent, but the great majority return to the country to remain for seven or eight months. Here really are their homes, rural, charming, and surrounded by every comfort. The pleasant autumn weather is enjoyed in forest and field, in orchard and in flower garden—there are beautiful drives to village, shire-town, and country-seats, and there are honored guests in every house. The care of the estate, the welfare of the tenants and dependent friends, and the general interests of the section and the county occupy much of the time, while strength and health are acquired and maintained in frequent hunting excursions. Thus it is to be seen that the life and the dearest ties of the best families in England are connected with rural affairs and a proprietorship of the soil. The American idea is that the highest and best life is to be found in the city, or at least in a suburb, and that life in the genuine country surrounded by country sights and sounds is dull and to be despised. Perhaps we shall learn better some day, and come to the conclusion that true gentility and broad culture and the heartiest enjoyment are to be found remote from crowded thoroughfares. We can understand from the English life how so many families have perpetuated themselves for hundreds of years, though it is certainly true that much was due to the law of primogeniture by which real estate descended to the oldest son.

Immigration.—The Bureau of Statistics reports that the number of immigrants who arrived in the United States during the quarter ending on the 30th of September last, was 120,783—of whom only 12,667 were skilled workmen. Of the total number, 29,274 were under 15 years of age; 15 and under 40 years, 72,494; 40 and upward, 19,015. These figures show that the great majority of the immigrants are children or young men and women—future citizens, who are not too old to learn, nor incapable of doing the work that is waiting for them.

Six Terrible Days.

Floating on a Lake Superior Ice Island Without Food.

A short time ago four Shebandowan gold explorers, named Thomas Watson, George Fisher, Edward Linder and Harry Zech, started from a point on the Canadian shore, below Thunder Bay, to cross the lake to Isle Royal. The ice was supposed to be three or four feet in thickness, and they felt perfectly safe in undertaking the journey. Unfortunately they made little or no provision for the trip, each supposing that the other had a plentiful supply of bread and pork in his pack.

They leisurely walked along on their course until near night-fall, when it was proposed they should sup. On opening their sacks and spreading their blankets on the ice, it was discovered that but three of them had any food whatever, and these three had but about four pounds of bread and a pound and a half of boiled beef between them. However, they divided up their stock and made a tolerable meal, expecting to reach their destination next morning.

What was left of their repast, consisting of a slice of meat half an inch thick and about the size of a man's hand and, two small loaves, was gathered up, and the four walked on their journey, the night being clear and the weather calm. Toward morning, however, one of them, George Fisher, gave out, and they concluded to take a rest. So they lay down, and after conversing awhile fell asleep. When they awoke the sun was shining brightly, but there was considerable wind blowing and the air was piercingly cold.

Fisher continuing to evince signs of illness the party resolved to retrace their steps, but on walking northward for some twenty miles, to their utter astonishment and dismay they discovered that the ice cake on which they were was surrounded by open water on all sides; in fact, that they were on an island of ice some ten miles in circumference, as nearly as they could judge. Fears for their safety now took possession of them, and in their agony they cried aloud for relief. But no one heard their voice.

Night was fast approaching and with it came a swifter and colder wind than that which had been blowing all day. Penned in as it were, and beyond the possibility of human aid, their mental sufferings were terrible, for they beheld death staring them in the face; but, added to these, came the pinching anguish of hunger.

Fisher, who had once been "cast away" on the ocean, and who appeared to be suffering from a raging fever, was the only one at this stage of their existence who appeared to realize the necessity of husbanding to the last what little they had in the way of eatables. He suggested that, as there were four of them in a bad scrape, it would be right and proper that the bread and meat on one hand should be divided into four equal parts, and that each man should subdivide his allowance into six portions which, if they used but one portion a day, would sustain life for nearly a week.

His argument told on his companions in distress and they acquiesced. The bread and meat was therefore cut up into four parts and then each separated his share into six moities. By mutual consent they resolved not to eat anything until next morning; and sorrowfully they spread their blankets on the cold ice and laid down. Worn out with cold, hunger and fatigue, they soon fell into a sound slumber, from which they were aroused about day-light by the thunder-like sound caused by the cracking of the ice.

About 8 o'clock a. m., this being the third day they were out, they ate their "breakfast" in silence, the meal consisting of about a mouthful of bread and a piece of beef about the size of a ten cent piece and as thin as a wafer. Their feelings, as they gazed at each other, can better be imagined than described. They observed, on a close inspection, that the mass of ice on which they were was being moved northwestwardly, and their hopes revived. It was likewise getting colder, and they began to feel assured the open space between them and the main body of the ice would soon freeze over.

But these hopes were of short duration, for, during the approach of night, the wind veered around and blew their island westward. They were strong-hearted men, though, and Fisher, who had become rested and whose fever had left him, cheered them on and roused them up. Indeed, his courage was astonishing under the circumstances and stood in bold contrast with the others who, without him, would have laid down and died from sheer hopelessness.

That day and the two following were spent in vain lamentations at the hardness of their fate and wishes to be on shore, but no shore was within sight and the sun went down and darkness came upon them.

On the morning of the sixth day, Fisher, who may be said to be the only one among them who had ever before been in real danger, suddenly threw his cap into the air, and astonished them by yelling out "Land ho!" as he pointed to the northward. They all looked with strained eyes, and, sure enough, there it was about eight or ten miles off.

They immediately started for it on the double-quick, and in about three or four hours stepped ashore at a point about six miles below a small stream emptying into the lake some ten miles east of Pigeon river. Once safe on land, the saved men became cheerful, and made their way down the lake to a hut occupied by a half-breed trapper named Walla, who kindly furnished them with coffee and food.

The Jury Question in England.—The Attorney-General of England has brought forward in the House of Commons the jury bill of last session, but he proposes several important amendments. It is proposed to reduce the number composing a jury to seven, in all except murder trials; and no longer to require a unanimous verdict. Another part of the plan is to draw jurors from the class from which common juries are taken, and also from the special juries class, and to have a specified number of each in every jury, at different rates of pay. It is safe to say that this plan will not work well; and indeed the whole subject is looked on with so much disfavor, although the second reading has already committed the House of Commons to the principle of the bill, the prospect of its getting any further is very slight.

Language Among Animals.—M. Houzeau maintains that not only does each group of animals possess a language which is understood by other members of the same group, but that they can learn to understand the language of other groups. His dog, for instance, perfectly understood his poultry. Cocks and hens have one danger signal for the approach of a bird of prey, another for that of a terrestrial animal, or for a man. When the latter was sounded, the dogs would rush out and bark, while to the former they paid no attention whatever. He therefore concludes that fowls have the power of expressing slightly different but closely allied ideas, and dogs can learn to understand these differences.

A Rothschild Marriage.

I informed you some time ago, writes a London correspondent, that a marriage had been arranged between Miss Rothschild, the daughter of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, and the Hon. Eliot Yorke, the younger son of the Earl of Hardwicke, and Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh. The lady, who is twenty-nine years old, although willing to marry a Christian, was not willing to change her faith for a husband, and it was arranged that there should be first a civil marriage and then another in the parish church of Wimpole, of which a relative of the bridegroom is the rector. But some of the extreme ritualists of the Establishment took it into their heads to spoil this arrangement, and they entered a caveat in the registry of Ely against the performance of the ceremony. This step compelled the bishop to interdict all the surrogates from issuing a license for the wedding. So the civil marriage was all, as was supposed, which could be performed, and this event took place at the office of the registrar for the district in which the parties live, namely, Mount street, Grosvenor square. The bridegroom was accompanied by his younger brother, the Hon. Alexander Yorke, and by Lord Royston. With the bride were her father and mother, Sir A. and Lady de Rothschild, Lady Barrington, Lady Adeane, Mrs. Montefiore, and Mr. G. Goldsmid. All the above-named signed the register. The wedded pair started for Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, the seat of the Hardwicke family, where the ceremony, according to the service of the English Church, was to have been performed. No marriage ceremony according to the Jewish rite took place at the house of the bride.

At the last moment a surprise awaited the happy couple, for a telegram was received stating that the caveat had been withdrawn and that the second marriage could take place. On arriving at Wimpole, therefore, the bride and bridegroom and party proceeded from the hall to the church along a carpeted arcade, overhung with evergreens and flowers. The church was simply but tastefully decorated, and the service was conducted by the Hon. and Rev. Grantham Yorke, uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Edward Liddell, rector of Wimpole. There were no bridesmaids, but the bridegroom, the Hon. Eliot Constantin Yorke, was attended by Lord Charles Beresford, and the company present included the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, Lady Rothschild and Miss Constance Rothschild, Baron Rothschild, Lady Elizabeth Adair, Hon. Captain Yorke, R. N., and Mrs. Yorke, etc.

Cutting and Slashing.

The following case of brutal and cowardly assault is given in a New York paper. Three men entered a saloon and called for drinks. They were served. A second round was demanded and received, and when drank the leader announced to the saloonkeeper, Schmitt, that they did not propose to pay for it. Schmitt then stepped from behind the bar and seized one of them by the collar, whereupon he was instantly felled to the floor by the ringleader, who dealt him a murderous blow from behind with a beer bottle, laying open his scalp and rendering him insensible for a few seconds. While on the floor the ruffians began kicking him about the head and body, and would doubtless have made short work of him had not his faithful wife hurried to his assistance. But her coming was unfortunate for herself; for no sooner did she attempt to push the scoundrels away from the prostrate form of her husband than one of them whipped out a large, murderous looking sheath knife, and plunged it into her back, just below the left shoulder-blade. Again and again did the fiend ply the deadly weapon, stabbing the poor woman in the left breast, and in the right arm near the elbow. She fell, apparently lifeless, to the floor, and then the three butchers again turned their undivided attention to her husband, who had by this time regained consciousness and staggered to his feet. One of them laid hold of his left ear with his teeth, nor relinquished his hold till a portion of that member was severed from its owner's head. Another bit him on the hand and nearly tore a finger off, while the third contented himself with pounding him on the head with beer glasses and bottles. A neighbor coming in was assaulted and seriously cut and pounded, and the ruffians in escaping seriously stabbed an inoffensive man on the sidewalk, and then disappeared.

A Brave Soldier.

Among the many unrecorded acts of true heroism during the late war, we find the following which some eye-witness has chronicled in the Edgefield, S. C., *Advertiser:*

During a campaign in Tennessee, while a portion of the army was under a fearful fire of shells from the enemy, at Campbell's station, a private, within a few feet of the colonel of his regiment, had both of his legs torn off. The regiment was not fighting but waiting orders. The wounded man was lifted a couple of yards in the rear to die. Another private now marched down the line under a hail of missiles, and said to the commanding officer, "Colonel, may I have a few moments of prayer with that dying man?" The colonel said, "Are you a clergyman?" The private answered, "I am." "Then," said the colonel, "do as you desire."

And the man of God knelt and prayed with and for the dying man five or ten minutes, without moving or swaying his body, seemingly totally unconscious of a storm of shot and shell, which, the colonel tells us, he never saw surpassed in fury. In a few days the praying private was announced in field orders as chaplain of the regiment—"promoted for gallantry and piety on the field." The regiment was the Hampton Legion. The private soldier was the Rev. W. M. Thomas, now pastor of the Methodist churches of our circuit.

Utah Ceremonies.

Brigham Young is now commencing to realize something tangible from his matrimonial investments. The anniversaries of these marriages are commencing to occur with astonishing frequency. First there is a silver wedding, then a wooden wedding, and a tin wedding, and then another silver wedding, and, adjoining, a glass wedding, and then a tin wedding again, and next night still another silver wedding, and then a linen wedding, followed by a wooden wedding, which is succeeded by a glass wedding, and so on through the chapter. The effect on the Mormons—the rank and file of the faithful—can well be imagined, but the brush in a ten-acre lot of marrowfat peas couldn't paint it. The treasury is depleted. The temple itself is warmed with three mortgages, and even the Revelation bids fair to ascend the spout. It is no uncommon thing to see a healthy Mormon skimming toward headquarters with a silver pitcher under one arm and a coal-scuttle under the other, with a pleasing assortment of glass and wooden ware concealed about him. Our Government has concluded to withdraw its troops.—*Danbury News.*

Amadeus has formally proclaimed his resumption of Italian citizenship.

Items of Interest.

The penalty of using a postage stamp the second time is fifty dollars.

Eighty-two and a half inches of snow has fallen in Maine this winter.

Chicago is still deliberating whether less beer would improve its morale on Sundays.

A new wrap is to be introduced this spring. It is of Oriental shape, and called the Chuddah.

The intellect of the Empress Carlotta is said to be becoming clearer, as she draws daily nearer to death.

It is not advisable to go out of doors without anything on your head, or into society without anything in it.

Men talk about the idle wind, but the wind is always busy, and like a cheerful farmer, whistles at its work.

The season for keeping diaries begins with the first of the year, and lasts up to about the first week in February.

Devout boarding-house keepers are scrupulous in their observance of the Lenten season.

One firm in Indianapolis is said to ship one thousand barrels of eggs East every week.

The frost has penetrated the ground deeper this winter than it has for thirty years.

A Wisconsin woman lately put $2,000 in the stove when she went out visiting, and when she came home she kindled a fire and burnt it up.

The Massachusetts Legislature has given the petitioners for expunging the resolutions censuring Senator Sumner leave to withdraw them.

Why is a man who makes additions to a false rumor like one who has confidence in all that is told him? Because he re-lies on all that he hears.

It is said that more champagne is drank in the United States than in France, because much more is made in the former than in the latter country.

Madame Milliori has announced her intention of suing Captain Garein for 150,000 francs for the wrongful execution of her husband during the Commune.

A Montreal man, in a fit of drunken rage at his wife, went to the cemetery and mutilated a costly monument she had placed over the remains of her first husband.

Organized bands of brigands have appeared in the Portuguese Indian colonial settlements, and are murdering the inhabitants and plundering their possessions.

To be bodily tranquil, to speak little and to digest without effort are absolutely necessary to grandeur of mind or of presence, or to proper development of genius.

Somebody sold a dealer in human hair in Cleveland, O., some hair that had been cut from the head of a small-pox patient, and the dealer took the disease and died.

We are on a perilous margin when we begin to look passively at our future selves, and see our own figures led with dull consent into insipid misdoing and shabby achievement.

A retired actress has been teaching elocution to the children in Carson City, and the old people declare that all the young folks say "beeyoutiful skeeye" and "the noble juke."

They have a judge in Kansas who fined a lawyer for saying sic transit. The official thought it was swearing, and remarked indignantly that nobody should "sick" him in that court.

Josh Billings says:—"Yu kant find contentment laid down on the map; it iz an imaginary place not settled yet; and those reach it soonest who throw away their compass and go it blind."

A Nevada paper says that the alkali which abounds in the water is ruinous to brass and iron machinery in Gold Hill. It is necessary to replace stop-cocks, valves, &c., about four times a year.

A Mr. Saunders, of Cambridge, charged one David Nicholls, of Lowell, of the little irregularity of signing another man's name to a note and has been forced to pay $10,000 for his hasty judgment.

The Carlist forces are estimated at from 10,000 to 12,000. Their tactics are to act in small bands that their enemy may be subdivided. They have plenty of money, but the peasants are already weary of the war.

"It's aye raining in Greenock" has become a proverbial saying. During last year in that pluvial Scotch town, rain fell on no fewer than 252 days out of 364, the total depth being 86.15 inches, the largest rainfall on record even in that rainy district.

Doctor Casin, having heard the famous Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to ask a copy. "There is no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

A Massachusetts paper publishes a story that a young business man in Dover, N. H., has been compelled by the courts to pay $30,000 to an old schoolmate for an accidental injury done him in a boyish wrestling struggle fourteen years ago.

According to the American Manufacturer, it is claimed that coke can be shipped from Pittsburgh to Sheffield, England, at a profit of one dollar per ton. Even the suggestion shows a remarkable revolution in the fuel question in the past few months.

There are experts on all manner of subjects in these days of litigation. A woman testified at Norwich, the other day, in a turkey case and declared that she knew those turkeys "by their walk, their countenances, and their manner of roosting." She was a shrewd observer of the ways of poultry.

A citizen of Dayton, O., who is visiting Eastern cities, writes home to the *Journal*, from Philadelphia: "There is just about as much difference between New York and this place, as there is between Dayton and a lone farm-house. In fact, I think the farm-house would have the best of it."

There have been 187 arrests for murder in San Francisco during the past twenty-two years, sixty-seven of them in the past four years. There have been, in the same time, only eleven executions—six during the past four years. Fully a score of murders have been committed for which no arrests have been made.

Some one wrote an anonymous letter to Judge Poland, last week, charging him with "going easy" on certain Congressmen, because they were Masons. Considering that he is about the only old-fashioned, hard shell, anti-Mason left over in Congress, the Judge thinks this decidedly funny.

Dr. T. sent by mail a bottle of homeopathic pellets to a patient, with the usual direction to the postmaster, "If not taken return in ten days," printed on the corner of the envelope. He was not a little surprised to receive on the eleventh day, the half-empty bottle, with a note from the patient, saying that he had returned them as requested, although they had done him a great deal of good, and he should have been glad to have taken them a little longer.

Mr. Rufus G. Christian, of North Fenton, reports that a wooden pail containing about four inches of water was left standing, during one of the recent cold nights, in his kitchen, and it was found in the morning that the water had frozen in a very peculiar manner, an icicle having formed in the centre and risen taperingly to an even height with the rim of the pail, being about half an inch in diameter at the top, and about three inches in diameter at the bottom.

Alois Peters, of Philadelphia, committed suicide by cutting his throat. His wife was at church at the time. When she returned she found the door locked, and upon an entrance being effected through a trap-door opening from the adjoining building, Peters was discovered dead on a bed on the third floor. Deceased was a cabinet-maker and did a profitable business. The fatal act is ascribed to despondency at the loss of an adopted boy, who, by legal means, was taken from him and given in charge of his mother.