Child's History of England.

First William the Norman,
Then William his son ;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John.
Next, Henry the Third,
Edwards one, two, and three ;
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see,
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess,
Two Henrys, one Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess ;
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles, too.
Next Jamie the Second
Ascended the throne,
Then good William and Mary
Together came on ;
Then Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all passed,
And Victoria came—
Pray God she's the last !

Sleighing.

Under the warmest of buffalo-robes,
Muffled and tucked in the thickest of shags,
Drawn by the fleetest of livery nags,
I and my love went a-sleighing.

Glitters the blue sky with golden star-globes ;
Gleams the white earth with its mantle of snow ;
Crisply the frosty track craunches below :
I and my love are a-sleighing.

Hurry the houses and hurry the trees ;
Ride we so fleet and ride we so fast,
Swiftly fly the fences and lanes we go past ;
I and my love are a-sleighing.

I and my love are alone in the world ;
Silence and snow bury all from my sight ;
Glitters the ice track and streams the moon's light :
I and my love are a-sleighing.

Into the atmosphere faster we whirl.
Trembles my darling in keenest of breeze ?
Tries she the reins from my strong hands to seize ?
I and my love are a-sleighing.

No ! she is smiling with happiest look.
"Frightened, dear ? no ; you can drive, I know well.
Harken how merry there rings the sleigh bell !"
I and my love are a-sleighing.

Sudden the long road a shorter curve took ;
Plunged in the snow is my trustfulest maiden ;
Off is the sleigh with the buffalo laden :
I and my love went a-sleighing.

LEONE'S ROMANCE.

"Mark my words, Leone, your beau ideal you'll never find ; your estimate of men is too high."

"No, Arthur, it is but a great estimate, and you have no right to judge me harshly, because I would not throw my life away upon some society man of to-day. I am young yet, but twenty, you know, and there is time enough yet."

"Yes, time enough, Leone; but I agree with Arthur that you have too high a standard of manhood, a romantic school girl admiration of qualities that few, if any men, possess.

"Complimentary, very, to your husband; but I wish for my husband strength either of soul or body, mind far above the average, and determination and purpose sufficient to rise him from the level of the human herd ; mark me, if I never find such a one, I will ever remain Leone Lightfoot, an old maid fond of tea, cats ond gossip; but I see Charles has brought my horse around, so *au revoir.*"

The speaker was a woman of twenty, queenly in form, and whose face, though possessing character beyond her years stamped thereon, was radiant with loveliness.

Robed in a dark-blue riding habit, which clung gracefully around her superb form, and the face half shaded by the drooping plumes falling from her jaunty cap, Leone Lightfoot was indeed what she appeared—a surpassing lovely woman; one who had visitors by the score, for she was rich as well as accomplished and beautiful.

Three years before she had been left, by the death of her parents, under the guardianship of her brother, some ten years her senior, and at his elegant country seat in New York State she had lived, the idol of society and the pet of Arthur Lightfoot and his pretty but weak little wife.

Between the three, Arthur Lightfoot, Leone and Mrs. Lightfoot, was the conversation held that opens this story, and the cause thereof was the refusal by Leone of the heart, hand and fortune of a worthy bachelor neighbor.

"She is incorrigible ; the old judge would have made her a good husband," said Arthur Lightfoot to his wife, after they had seen Leone mount and dash away at full speed down the grand avenue.

"Yes, she'll never marry, I fear," sighed Mrs. Lightfoot, who always echoed the sentiment of her husband.

In the meantime Leone rode on at a pace that chimed in with her humor, and an elegant horsewoman, she held her steed well in rein, and enjoyed the springing, fleet motion as mile after mile was cast behind.

But suddenly her horse shied violently and gave a tremendous leap, almost unseating his fair rider, who, recovering herself quackly, spoke soothingly to the frightened animal, and glanced backward to note the object that had so startled him.

The color fled from her face as her eyes fell upon the form of a man lying by the roadside, and apparently lifeless; but nerving herself by a hard-drawn sigh, the brave girl sprang to the ground and approached the spot, glancing intently down into the pale, upturned face.

The features were molded with remarkable regularity, the partly opened mouth displayed even white teeth, and the dark brown hair and mustache presented a marked contrast to the white face, from which every tinge of color had faded. Dressed in a light summer suit, Leone even then discovered that it was well and stylishly made, while the gauntlet gloves and riding whip proved that the stranger had been on horseback.

"He has been thrown, doubtless, but God grant he is not dead !" exclaimed the maiden as she knelt beside the prostrate form, and drew aside the coat to place her hand upon his heart.

With a cry of terror she sprang to her feet, her hand stained with blood, for from his side a small stream welled up slowly.

"He is dead, and has been murdered ——"

"No."

"It was almost a whisper, and the heavy lids raised from the dark eyes—eyes filled with anguish, but yet strangely dark and fasinating.

"Thank God, there is yet hope ; be quiet, sir, I implore you, and I will aid you all in my power," exclaimed Leone, and drawing her habit around her, she ran rapidly a few paces down the road to where it was crossed by a small stream, and saturatng her handkerchief returned, and without hesitation drew aside the clothing and placed it upon the wound—a small bullet wound in the left side over the heart.

"You must keep perfectly quiet, and I will soon return," she said softly, hardly knowing whether she was heard or not, and then in an instant she was in her saddle, dashing at her utmost speed towards the nearest farm-house.

Dashing like the wind up to the door, and startling quiet Farmer Jessup and his family nearly out of their wits, Leone cried :

"Mr. Jessup, let your son ride at once to Dr. Wells, and tell him a gentleman lies dangerously hurt on the road near Hillside Spring; tell him to come there at once, and you, Mr. Jessup, please come on with your carriage, and bring all that you think necessary."

Every one in the country knew and loved Leone Lightfoot, and rapidly her orders were obeyed ; observing which, she wheeled her foaming horse, and again sped away on her return to the wounded stranger.

There he lay just as she had left him, but groaning slightly, and each instant dampening the blood-stained handkerchief ; the girl awaited the coming of the surgeon.

Would they never come ? she thought ; but at length, when it seemed

THE

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. VII. CEN

hours instead of minutes, the sound of wheels broke on her ear, and the next instant the surgeon drove up at a rapid pace.

"You are a noble woman, Miss Lightfoot, and if this man lives he owes it to you," said the good old physician, as he approached and knelt beside the prostrate form.

"But will he live, doctor?"

For some minutes no reply was given by the man of science, who carefully probed and examined the wound, but then he said slowly:

"It is a serious injury—ha! here I have the ball; yes, I hope he will live;" and Dr. Wells took from the wound a small bullet, while he continued:

"Now he needs the most careful nursing."

"He shall have it. Thank God, here comes Mr. Jessup," and immediately after the carriage drove up, and telling the doctor to come on with the wounded stranger to her brother's house, Leone again mounted her horse and rode on to have all in readiness for his arrival.

It was a week before the stranger was sufficiently recovered to tell his story regarding the wound that had so nearly proved fatal to him, and then by careful nursing, he informed Leone, who had been untiring in her devoted care of him, that his name was Clarence Ainslie—was an Englishman, who nearly a year before had come to America, and, purchasing a few acres of land in the West, made it his home.

He also stated that business had called him to New York, and that while enjoying a horseback ride he had been suddenly fired upon, was thrown to the ground, and had an indistinct remembrance that some one was robbing him, for his watch, pocket-book and all the valuables he had about him were gone.

That Clarence Ainslie was no ordinary man, Leone Lightfoot knew when she saw him lying by the roadside, but that he would ever possess the power to control her life she had not believed.

But so it was, for each day proved to her that she had met her beau ideal; and yet was he for her? Might he not already have loved? Might he not already have married?

The thought chilled her very heart. And yet when she saw the dark, fascinating eyes turned upon her with admiration, and read—or hoped she did—therein a deeper, holier feeling, Leone felt happy, and begged to be a very slave and become a mere automaton to the caprice of Clarence Ainslie.

Now Arthur Lightfoot and his pretty wife looked upon the matter in a different light, for, though hospitable in the extreme to the stranger guest, they looked upon him as a poor English emigrant, a petty Western farmer, and did not like the idea that he should control the heart of Leone, for they were not blind to her devotion to the wounded man.

Still they could not but admire the courteous manner of their stranger guest, when after six weeks he sufficiently recovered to join them in the parlor and at dinner.

That he had been reared a gentleman was evident, and that he had traveled and seen something of the world was also evident, as was also that Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot had never seen a handsomer man, they were ready to admit; but that Leone, the belle, the heiress, the most lovely woman of the day, should marry an unknown and poor Englishman—bah! the idea, even, was ridiculous!

When the trunk of Clarence Ainslie arrived—for he had sent for it as soon as he was able to speak—Mrs. Lightfoot paced around it for half an hour in the vain endeavor to find something plebeian about it; but the trunk was a good one, English make, and bore on it simply the letters, "C. A., England."

With a disappointed look the inquisitive little woman ordered it sent to the sick man's room, and sought her chamber.

"Arthur, Leone really loves that wounded man, and what will become of it all?"

"It is Leone's romance, little wife; she will recover from it; a few tears at parting, hard riding for her poor horse, a few sentimental songs, and all will be over."

"But, Arthur, suppose it should not be; suppose he should love her; for you know he's poor and she's rich—what then?"

"Well, he cannot have her, that's all." And Arthur Lightfoot went out for a drive.

At length the hour came for Clarence Ainslie to depart, for no longer could he impose upon the kindness of his host and hostess; and determined to leave that evening, he asked to see Leone alone.

With pale face but quiet manner the young girl entered the room, and stepping forward Clarence Ainslie said, feelingly:

"Miss Lightfoot, no longer can I impose upon your kindness, and to-night I leave you. Shall it be forever?"

No answer came, and the Englishman continued:

"To you I owe my life, and to you I would dedicate the years that yet remain. I am unknown to you—a stranger in a strange land—and you hav ebut my word for it that I offer you a love that never was offered to woman before, a hand and heart that has never sinned intentionally against a fellow-being. Will you accept what I have to offer?"

"I will."

"You will trust me; take me as I am, and become my wife?"

"I will."

No other word was spoken, but their hearts were perfectly happy.

Of course, Arthur Lightfoot and his wife objected and decidedly refused, but Leone was determined. It was no romance with her, and when she flatly told them that she would marry Clarence without their consent, they made a virtue of a necessity and gave it, consoling themselves with the thought that, after all, he being a stranger and a poor man were really the only faults that they could find in him.

At the request of the parties most interested it was a quiet wedding, just six months after the meeting of the lovers, and Dr. Wells and Farmer Jessup's family were only invited, and to this day the good old lady has not ceased to gossip about the magnificent trousseau the bride had, and the quiet happiness that shone in the eyes of the young couple.

It had been decided that the bridal tour should be to Europe, as Clarence Ainslie said that business would call him there soon; and Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot had been persuaded to accompany them; so the day after the wedding the steamer bore a very happy quartette from our shores.

Arriving safely in England, a few days were passed quietly at the hotel, and then, by an invitation from Clarence Ainslie, the party started out to visit the spot where he passed his boyhood's days.

Through meadow lands and lovely country the carriage drove, until suddenly Clarence, who was driving, wheeled into a grand gateway leading to the superb country seat of some man of wealth.

A few moments more, and the carriage drew up before the marble steps of an elegant mansion—one of those old rambling structures found in England—and springing lightly to the ground, the Englishman said, while a merry light twinkled in his eyes:

"Leone, I welcome you to your home. Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot, Lord Clarence Ainslie begs that you will accept the hospitality of Ainslie Castle.

Tears filled the beautiful eyes of Leone. Arthur Lightfoot's cheeks colored, but he was silent, while, after a second's hesitation, his wife exclaimed:

"Clarence Ainslie, you are a cheat. Why, I thought you were a Western farmer—

"That was all the land I owned in America. I purchased it and built a shooting-box thereon, because I was fond of your Western sport, and in America I was simply Mr. Ainslie; but here I am Lord Clarence of Ainslie Castle. Am I forgiven?"

Reader, we all have too much human nature now a days to for a moment suppose the deception practiced was not pardoned by one and all; in fact, Mrs. Lightfoot says she likes to be deceived, and in this case Arthur echoes the opinion of his wife.

A Letter of Carlyle's on Capital and Labor.

The following unpublished letter from Mr. Carlyle to Sir J. Whitworth, regarding the announcement made some months ago of the latter's intention to supplement the savings of his work people by a bonus upon them, was read by the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, at a meeting of the Stourbridge School of Art:

"I have heard of your offer on behalf of the thrifty work people of Darley, and of the thankful acceptance of it by the district authorities of the place. I cannot resist the highly unwonted desire that has risen in me to say that I highly approve and applaud the ideas you have on the subject, and to declare in words that in my opinion nothing wiser, more beneficient, or worthy of your distinguished place as a master of workers has come before me for many a year. Would to heaven that all or many of the captains of industry in England had a soul in them such as yours, and could do as you have done, or could still further co-operate with you in works and plans to the like effect. The look of England is to me at this moment abundantly ominous. The question of capital and labor growing ever more anarchic, insoluble altogether by the notions hitherto applied to it, is pretty certain to issue in petroleum one day, unless some other gospel than that of the 'Dismal Science' come to illuminate it. Two things are pretty sure to me. The first is, that capital and labor never can or will agree together, till they both first of all decide on doing their work faithfully throughout, and like men of conscience and honor, whose highest aim is to behave like faithful citizens of this universe, and obey the eternal commandment of the Almighty God, who made them. The second thing is, that a sadder object than either that of the coal strike, or any conceivable strike, is the fact that, loosely speaking, all England has decided that the profitablest way is to do its work ill, slimly, swiftly, and mendaciously. What a contrast between now and, say, only a hundred years ago! At that latter date, or still more conspicuously for ages before that, all England awoke to its work with an invocation to the Eternal Maker to bless them in their day's labor, and help them to do it well. Now, all England, shopkeepers, workmen, all manner of competing laborers awaken, as if with an unspoken, but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub: "Oh, help us, thou great lord of shoddy, adulteration, and malfeasance, to do our work with a maximum of slimness, swiftness, profit, and mendacity, for the Devil's sake, Amen!'"

The Heart.

From a recent review of Rev. Dr. Houghton's experiments regarding the muscular force exerted by the human heart we condense as follows: "The heart is composed of innumerable muscular fibres arranged like two balls of twine, each with a cavity in its center, and both completely enveloped in a third ball. These fibres are, however, not continuous, as in the case of twine wound on a ball, but work independently. By calculating the force exerted by these fibres, when either contracted or extended, and expressing the result in "foot tons"—that is, the force required to lift a ton to the height of one foot—it appears that the daily work of the left ventricle alone, which lifts at each stroke three ounces of blood through a height of 9,923 feet, is equal to about 89,706 foot-tons. Estimating the relative power of the right ventricle to that of the left, in the proportion of five to thirteen, the total daily work of both is equal to 124,208 foot-tons. Although the average weight of the heart is about 9-36 ounces, the work done by it in a given time exceeds that accomplished by all other muscles exercised in a boat race during the same period. Helmholz, the German physicist, proved that the heart could raise its own weight 20,280 feet in an hour, while the best locomotive engine could only raise its own weight 2,700 feet in the same time. An active climber, with the full exercise of all the needed muscles, could only accomplish 9,000 feet in nine hours, or one-twentieth the work done by the heart.

The Philadelphia Female.

Mrs. Burnham, in the *Republican*, of St. Louis, has the following pleasant satire on the uncomfortable cleanliness of the Philadelphians: It makes no difference with the Philadelphia female about the weather. She breaks the ice in her pail and goes cheerfully to work glazing those immaculate steps, while the winds houl round her and the mercury goes down to unheard-of depths. Bless her! she slides off the stoop, she skates on her ear into the gutter, and is rescued by some of the occupants who are not scrubbing. Nobody can hold their perpendicular one instant upon the scene of her exploits, and she looks with pleasure on the downfall of the Yorker. The native is all the while inventing something to circumvent the scrubbers. The latest kink is an article called Creepers, a little horse-shoe shaped thing, with sharp, short spikes, that screws on to boot-heels. The Philadelphia man wears the creepers, and the Philadelphia woman is in a ceaseless stew lest he forget to take 'em off on the steps and go prodding around on her carpets. Therefore the instant the windows are properly glozed and the stoop iced, she sits in the hall to watch for the creepers—a perfectly harmless life, but one destitute of attraction to an ease-loving, scrub-hating woman like me.

ELASTIC VARNISH.---As an excellent and easy manufactured varnish for wickerwork, Mr. F. Rhien recommends the following composition: One part of good linseed oil boiled down to a syrup consistency, and mixed with twenty parts of copal. This mass is then diluted with oil of turpentine to the proper thickness. The varnish dries easily, and remains elastic, so as not to crack by the bending of the basket.

Avoid contest if possible, if you can never be sure where a contest will end.

CENTRE

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The Whisky War.

Incidents and Triumphs of the Crusade as it is carried on in Ohio.

The whisky war in Ohio continues with unabated vigor, and fresh movements are being inaugurated throughout the State. The Cincinnati *Commercial* relates a description given by a refugee, who has arrived in that city from McArthur, Vinton Co., Ohio, where he had a sort of club-room where a game of cards could be played and a drink of whisky taken. He was driven out by the woman's war against whisky and cards. He said: "They climbed up to my place a week ago last Friday night, fifty-four of them, young and old, rich and poor, some in rags and some in fine harness. Each of the fifty-four women came up personally and spoke to me, and hoped I'd get a new soul. Of course I had to treat 'em politely. There was only one lamp burning in the room when they came in, so I lit another for them, to make it lighter. Then they took out their hymn books and all began to sing together. One or two of 'em led, and the rest joined in. After they had sung fifteen minutes or so they all got down on their knees and prayed. There was one woman there who could pray loud enough to be heard all over the village, which has only eight hundred inhabitants. A woman would pray and the rest would join in with an a-a-men —a long and loud one. One of the women that prayed was seventy years old. She prayed so long and strong that she got herself all of a tremble, and had to be lifted to her feet and carried down stairs. One time they called all got down on the outside, and sang and prayed."

Reporter—You closed up, finally.

Mr. G.—There was nothing else to do when they were carrying on that way. They closed everything in the village down to an oyster saloon, where the folks were in the habit of playing a game of cards to see who'd pay for the stews, a place where there wasn't a drop of liquor sold.

Reporter—How do they treat a fellow in their prayers?

Mr. G.—They are very kind in their prayers at first. They pray for a fellow's soul, and then stick a petition before him. If he don't sign to quit, they pray for lightning to strike his shop.

A correspondent describes a speech of Van Pelt, delivered in front of a saloon in Morrow, Ohio. He says: "Van Pelt launched into the most unreportable speech I have listened to for some time. He told of the evils he had witnessed in the saloon business, the ruined men he had known, and the misery it caused, then gave a comically unphilosophical explanation of 'Why the great God put the stimulant into the corn, if he didn't want men to use it,' stating that peaches contained arsenic enough to kill men, 'but it is no sound reason why man, because God put brains into his head that he could do it, should distil this arsenic out to kill the human nation off the face of the earth.'"

In a subsequent speech Van Pelt made one astonishing statement: That the liquor dealers in Cincinnati had offered to supply him with liquors free of cost for one year if he would hold out.

A correspondent from Shelbyville, Ind., says: On Wednesday, at the saloon of George Deprez, while the large number of women were engaged in prayer and singing, a noval and peculiar emotional incident occurred. Mr. Deprez had, as has been his custom upon every occasion except the first visit of his lady friends, politely opened the door of his establishment and welcomed in the crusaders. There was the customary singing of hymns, succeeded by frequent prayers. In the interim between these one of the ladies addressed the remark, kindly, to the proprietor, "Mr. Deprez, you are too intelligent a man and too much of a gentleman not to acknowledge that selling liquor is a great wrong!" Mr. Deprez made answer by saying, unexpectedly:

"Madame, I do not lay much claim to being a gentleman so long as I am engaged in this business; and if I should be the very first to quit it to oblige the ladies of Shelbyville, it wouldn't surprise me."

This was gratefully accepted by the prayerful people as a great and promising concession on the part of Deprez. While these interesting matters were transpiring in Deprez's saloon there were present two deeply attentive spectators leaning against the tall bar in the rear of the room. These men, James Thomas and one Lacy, were moved by the spectacle of the pleading women to ask for their prayers, and they were given with deepest pathos and sympathetic eloquence. Thomas and Lacy knelt during these solemn scenes, and when they were concluded these men were overcome with remorse. Jim Thomas came forward to say, in grief-heavy words, "I am not sure all of you know me, though some of you possibly may."

To this several responded, "We know you, Mr. Thomas, and our sorrow is all the keener."

"Well, then," he went on to say, "you remember me when I was a prosperous and well-to-do merchant in your midst, living happily with a dear family in my own pleasant home. And now you look upon the wreck that I am—another warning against intemperance. My family were compelled to fly from me, and are broken and scattered—my children, God knows where! All my property has gone. I am in poverty, in disgrace, and a confirmed drunkard. Oh, ladies, I hope you will all pray for me, and close up these gaping temptations—these hundreds and thousands of saloons!"

So wholly had Thomas yielded to his enslaving vice that, when moneyless, this once respectable dry goods merchant had recently even cleaned the filthy saloon spittoons and swept the floors in order to obtain his grog. Fifteen years ago he was estimated to be worth $30,000 to $40,000. The story of Lacy was also detailed, and in its general scope was similar to that of poor Jim Thomas. When this whisky saloon prayer-meeting concluded and the women warriors against King Alcohol withdrew, there were few dry eyes among crusaders or loungers.

AN EARNEST FARMER.—A philosophical clerk, being out of a job, took up with an offer from a farmer. The first night on the farm he slept so soundly that the call before daybreak, with subsequent rappings on his door, failed to arouse him. About 10 o'clock he came lounging down stairs, when the disgusted farmer sarcastically inquired: "Won't you have a glass of wine?" "No, thank you," was the yawning reply; "I never take anything early in the day." The agriculturist fainted.

The Cuba business affords a mark for the Parisian wits. The *Charivari* has a cartoon in which is represented a Yankee carrying a placard with the legend: "American Boots—Brother Jonathan." In front of him stands a Spaniard, one of whose boots seems to be torturing him. It is marked "Cuba," and as he grasps it, screwing his face at the same time into a grotesque look of agony, Brother Jonathan says: "It pinches you; shall I draw it off?"

"A Perfect Angel."

A young man who was lucky enough to clean up in Ophir, Consolidated Virginia, and other stocks, the snug little sum of $30,000, with which he hastened home to his native Buckeye State, writes to a friend in this city to say that fortune still smiles upon him. He has achieved a handsome young bride, and with her a farm of 300 acres, not two miles from his own old roof-tree. His bride is the only daughter of a rich old granger—an oily man of the sod, worth bushels of money. As our young friend went home "well heeled," and, moreover, is as fine a lad as ever stepped into shoe leather, there was, of course, no "cruel parient" to distract the course of true love in this instance—everything was lovely with the old man. Our child of fortune sends a funny account of his interview with the old gent when he came to ask the hand of his daughter in marriage. When the words were spoken the affair progressed as follows:

Farmer Hodge—Take'r, my boy—take'r. She'll make you a good wife—but you know that. You'll find that lower medder'll cut three and a half tons to the acre year with year. The old orchard don't bear as it used to do, but the new one is in full bearing. The fences are all in good—

Young Washoe—I shall never cease to love and cherish your daugh—

Farmer Hodge—Fences all in splendid order all around the farm, and I believe there is not a more convenient barn in the—

Young Washoe—And I believe she loves me. God bless her! as she loves her—

Farmer Hodge—The ten cows, the eight calves, and the—

Young Washoe—If she is not made the happiest wife in all the State of—

Farmer Hodge—Will all have calves in the spring, and the 150 sheep you will find—

Young Washoe—She is a perfect angel.

Farmer Hodge—Of the best breed.

Young Washoe—That ever lived.

Farmer Hodge—And will shear more wool—

Young Washoe—Say no more; say no more. (And here Farmer Hodges and Young Washoe rushed into each other's arms and embraced for the space of five minutes.

Proofs of the World's Age.

Kent's Cavern, at Torquay, is said to furnish proofs that this globe is, at least, 500,000 years old. At any rate, it gives indications of an immense antiquity. The upper stalagmitic floor divides the relics of the last two or three thousand years from a deposit full of the bones of extinct mammali, many of which indicate an arctic climate. The varying thicknesses of the stalagmitic floor, from 16 inches to 5 five feet and upward, closely correspond to the present amount of drip in various parts of the cave, so that the cave itself, with its various fissures and crevices, does not appear to have been materially altered since the stalagmitic was deposited. But names cut into this stalagmitie more than two centuries ago, are still legible, showing that, in a spot where the drip is now very copious, and where the stalagmite is 12 feet thick, not more than about one-eighth of an inch, or say one-hundredth of a foot, has been deposited in that length of time (British Association Report, 1869, p. 136). This gives a foot in 20,000 years, or 5 feet in 100,000; and there is no reason whatever to consider this to be too high an estimate. This older stalagmite is very thick and is much more crystalline than the upper one, so that it was probably formed at a slower rate. Yet below this again, in a solid breccia, very different from the cave earth, undoubted works of art have been found. A fair estimate will therefore give us, say, 100,000 years for the upper stalagmite, and about 250,000 for the deeper layer of much greater thickness, and of more crystalline texture. But between these we have a deposit of cave-earth which implies a different set of physical conditions and an alteration in the geography of the surrounding country. We have no means of measuring the period during which this continued to be formed, but it was probably very great; and there was certainly some great change in physical conditions during the deposit of the lower stalagmite, because the fauna of the county underwent a striking change in the interval. If we add 150,000 years for this period, we arrive at the sum of half a million, as representing the years that have probably elapsed since flints of human workmanship were buried in the lowest deposits of Kent's Cavern.

A Good Hit.

Many of our readers will remember the exciting controversy which arose, in 1845, between the governments of the United States and Great Britain, concerning the boundary line between Oregon and the British territory. The States claimed up to 54 deg. 40 min. north latitude, while England would draw the line at 42 deg. The cry of the hot-headed ones at Washington was "Fifty-four-forty, or fight!" Wise counsels, however, at length prevailed. The British Government, in 1846, proposed the parallel of 49 deg., which was finally accepted.

While the controversy was yet warm, the British Minister, Mr. Packenham, was one day walking up to the Capitol, and not far behind him was Mr. S——, a Member of Congress from the West. S——, though a gentleman and a most genial companion, was one of the bellicose members. With him it was "Fifty-four-forty, or fight!" and nothing else.

When near the Capitol a drunken man intercepted the Minister, and accosted him:

"Say, old fellow, you are that British Packenham, ain't you?—Yes—I know ye be. Now look here, my old stump, just you bear in mind 'at you don't get one inch of territory below fifty-four-forty. It's fight every time beyond that!"

Mr. S—— came up, and nodded pleasantly to the Minister.

"You will excuse that man," he said. "He is drunk."

"Certainly, returned Mr. Packenham, also pleasantly nodding. "No sober man would make such a declaration as that."—*Ledger*.

To those who Draw Notes.

A man drew a note promising to pay one hundred dollars. He used the printed form and did not close up the blank devoted to dollars, and after passing it as negotiable paper, somebody inserted "and fifty" after the one hundred and before the printed word dollar. The note, thus altered, got into the hands of an innocent party, who presented it to the drawer, and the Supreme Court decided that the maker of the note was liable for its face, because through negligence he did not draw a line between the written word "dollars." Any testimony that the drawer might offer to establish the fact that he gave the note for one hundred dollars must go for nothing, as "there was nothing on the face of the note to show that it had been altered." Evidence of an alteration on the face of the note would have changed the case. Let this be a lesson to all drawers of promissory notes. No one can be too careful in such matters.—*Baltimore News*.

REPORTER.

Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

RSDAY, MARCH 12, 1874. NO. 10.

The Chinese New Year.

Idolatry in Baxter Street—Feasting and Smoking Opium.

The natives of the Celestial Empire residing in New York, says a city paper, celebrated one of their great festivals on the eve of their new year. The Chinese temple is situated within five minutes' walk of the City Hall, in a tumble-down building in Baxter street, a short distance from the Bowery, and serves all the purposes of a club-room, a place of worship, and a banquet hall on festive occasions. A glance at this establishment suggests the trials of the Chinese in the United States. The wretched life, the poverty and misery to which the unhappy Chinaman is doomed in this country could find no more fitting abode. In the midst of the squalid haunts of misery bordering the Five Points stands the temple, so-called, in which the Chinese residents of New York worship the great idol Fo, and the four lesser deities, whose names reduced to plain English would read, "Light Heaven King, "Grasp Empire Heaven King," "Clear-Eyed Heaven King," and "Kind Heaven King."

The New Year's festival is celebrated with much religious pomp by the Chinese, and wherever the Chinaman goes he clings with singular tenacity to the traditions and customs of his race. In this country California has been chiefly the field of his labors, the number of Chinese there at the last census being nearly 50,000 out of a total of 56,000 in the United States. The number at present in this city has been estimated at about 400. Of this number over 100 took part in the celebration. The celestial temple is situated on the second floor of No. 12 Baxter street, and consists of two principal rooms with two or three smaller apartments adjoining.

A reporter visited this establishment, and, after passing through a dilapidated hallway, was conducted through the rooms by two intelligent young Chinamen. They were neatly dressed, and had their hair cut like other people, and could speak English so as to be understood. Entering the first apartment from the stairway, some half dozen Chinamen were found engaged in a game with pieces of wood somewhat resembling dominos. Passing through this room, another of equal dimensions, or about 12 feet square was reached, in which the worship of the idol Fo is conducted. The interior of this apartment in every way corresponded with the external appearance of the building and the general aspect of the adjoining hovels. There was no attempt at adornment of any kind. The walls had evidently not been brought recently in contact with the whitewash brush. They were consequently of that murky brown color so characteristic of the apartments of the lower class of tenement houses.

On one side of the room was a table about ten feet long covered with a white cloth, at the upper end of which a group of elderly Chinamen were deeply engaged in conversation, and did not seem to take any notice of the visitors. Close beside the entrance a cheap print was hung on the wall, painted in gaudy colors, as a representation of the idol Fo, and underneath was placed a temporary table about four feet in height, to serve as an altar. On this altar two candles were burning. Three or four saucers were ranged around the lighted tapers, on which were apples, nuts, and two or three varieties of vegetables; a couple of small bouquets were placed on the centre of the table under the idol. These were the offerings to the gods. Underneath the table on the ground floor two more lighted candles were placed in cone-shaped pieces of wood, raised some ten inches from the floor. A few pieces of colored paper were pasted to the walls, on which were written, in Chinese characters, phrases which one is informed are translated into English as "Majestic Kings of Darkness," "Shades of Ancestors and Evil Spirits do us no harm," "Heaven King Grasp all the Empire," "Pure Running Brook," and others of a similar nature. Another of these papers bore the name of the club, and specified the terms upon which members were admitted to be ten cents a week.

The observance of the festival lasted two days. The worshipers prostrate themselves before the idol on the floor and touch the ground with their foreheads three times. Afterwards they partake of the banquet. About 100 took supper in this room, and the entire expense of the banquet reached $75. For two or three days previously preparations were making for this supper, and the busiest member of the club was an old man who was charged with the cooking of the fowls and meats for the banquet. The reporter inquired what kind of viands were preparing, and his guide, smiling, said: "Oh, oh! you think we Chinamen eat nothing but rice. We have chicken! Put that down in the paper." A procession forms part of the religious observances, but the apartment is too small to carry out this feature in the religious ceremonies with effect. A few of the worshipers marched round the room several times, then prostrated themselves before the idol. The festival closed with a grand opium-smoke. It must not, however, be understood that the Chinese are so attached to their idols as not to be influenced by the truths of Christianity. The Chinese Mission School at the Five Points House of Industry, close beside, furnishes ample evidence of their willingness to apply themselves to learn the Scriptures. The school was established about three years ago, and is under the care of Mr. A. H. Kembell and Miss Goodrich. During the past year 150 Chinese, chiefly young men, were taught in this school, which is open every Sunday evening, and every week day except Saturday. The superintendents and teachers are from the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and they speak in the most favorable manner of those who attend the school. The influence of the teachers has been very effective, and their pupils quickly learn to conform themselves to the usages there instilled. There are no Chinese women in New York.

A PLUCKY SCHOOLMISTRESS.—Miss Frank Pottle, a school teacher in Fryeburg, Me., was brought before a Justice of the Peace for whipping one of her scholars. Miss Pottle's weight seemed to be about ninety pounds, and her muscles, judging by her delicate hands and slim wrists, were not much developed. The whipped scholar was a strapping, ugly boy, and sixteen years old. Learning that the punishment had been well deserved, the Justice expressed admiration for Miss Pottle's pluck, and discharged her.

An indignant matron winds up a philippic against sleeping cars with the clinching accusation that the system forces young girls to become "familiarized with that unattractive object, a sleepy and unwashed man."

The gophers of Los Angeles, Cal., are as expensive to the county treasury as army moths to that of the United States. Over $10,000 is due in bounty for killing the little animals.

Our Light Houses.

In many cases the light-houses of the United States are built complete at some foundry, and then transported to their proper place. In others men must work amidst the surf under such difficulties that in laying the foundations of Minot's Ledge Light-house, on the Massachusetts coast, one of the famous achievments in this branch of engineering, General Alexander, the distinguished officer who superintended the construction, was able to get but thirty hours of work done in the first year, and one hundred and fifty-seven hours in in the second year.

Formerly the best sperm-oil was used in light-house lamps. Colza or rapeseed oil was next introduced in Europe, and is still used there, as it is an excellent oil. It is, however, difficult in this country to get a sufficient quantity of the best kind, and our Light-house Board now uses the best quality of lard-oil, made on purpose for the establishment. Kerosene and other mineral oils have been used in the British Provinces and in Europe to some extent, but there are certain obvious risks attending them which prevent their use with us.

The lenses used to enforce, concentrate, and direct the higher grades of lights cost various prices, up to eleven or twelve thousand dollars. The lamp of a first-order sea-coast light-house has four concentric wicks, the outer one being four inches in diameter. The oil is pumped up by clock-work or other machinery so as to feed these wicks constantly to their utmost, that they may give out as much light as possible. The Fresnel lens now comes in to save all the rays of light which have thus carefully been created, and to concentrate them and send them forth in that direction only in which they are required. Briefly described, the invention of Fresnel consists in surrounding the lamp by a series of prismatic rings of glass, each different from the others in its angles, but all cut mathematically to such angles that the rays which go above the proper plane and those which fall below shall be bent by refraction and reflection so as to become parallel with the lateral rays. Thus all the rays are saved and sent out in one sheet over the ocean.

A light-house keeper is required by the government to be over eighteen years old, to be able to read and write, and to be competent for his duties. "Women and servants must not be employed in the management of the lights, except by the special authority of the department.'

Extraordinary Scene in a Criminal Court.

In a criminal court in London, John Lakeman, 29, shoemaker, was convicted on a charge of receiving the proceeds of a burglary with a guilty knowledge, upon which evidence was given that, besides having been subjected to short terms of imprisonment, he had twice undergone penal servitude—once for five years—and had only been out of prison nine days when he committed the offense of which he was now convicted. He was also at that time at liberty on a ticket of leave.

The Recorder, in passing sentence, said, as the prisoner seemed determined to lead the life of a thief, it was his duty to see that he was restrained for some time. He sentenced him to ten years' penal servitude.

On sentence being pronounced a terrific scene occurred. The convict, a young, powerful man, declared—his eyes gleaming with indescribable rage and his whole frame being fearfully agitated—that sooner than endure ten years' penal servitude he would die on the gallows like a dog. This he repeated again and again, each time with more vehemence than before, and was preparing to spring over the front of the dock, when he was seized by the warders from behind; but for a few moments he kept them all at bay and roared and foamed like a wild beast. The policemen in attendance from all parts of the court ran to their assistance, upon which the prisoner renewed the struggle with still greater determination than before, if possible. He was at length thrown upon the floor of the dock and held down there by main force, the audience meanwhile becoming much excited. For a moment or two it seemad as if he would have mastered the policemen, but he was dragged from the dock into a cell behind, where additional assistance was obtained, and where, in his now impotent rage, he was still heard asseverating that he would rather die on the scaffold like a dog than undergo ten years' penal servitude. Gradually his cries became fainter and fainter, and at length died away altogether, as if he had succumbed to superior force, and was being dragged to his cell.

A Bark Attacked by a Whale.

The bark Kate Williams, Capt. Hale, of the regular packet line between Boston and Fayal, which arrived at Boston, had a remarkable escape on her passage. The Boston *Journal* thus describes the incident: "About nine o'clock one morning a seaman aloft cried out that there was a whale on the port bow. Capt. Hale stepped to the port quarter, and almost immediately could have laid his hands upon the upper jaw of a sperm whale, which had paid an unwelcome visit to the vessel. It was a cow whale about sixty feet in length, which had set upon them, and had she struck the vessel a little further under, the Kate Williams would probably never have been heard from after leaving Fayal. As it was, the vessel received a pretty good shock, and lost a portion of her mizzen channels. The monster had seen the bark about the time the sailor discovered her, for she immediately sunk and came up with great force right at the vessel's stern. Capt. Hale thinks her mouth measured at least fifteen feet, and her under jaw was felt to scrape the bottom of the vessel as she glided swiftly away from her unexpected enemy. The whale fared as badly as the bark, no doubt, for the quarter-deck was covered with pieces of the leviathan's outer skin and the "mud" that is found between it and the tougher hide. The Kate Williams was sailing rapidly at the time, and in about fifteen minutes the fish was out of sight. While the latter could be seen she appeared swimming about looking for the vessel, and evidently in a rage."

THE DIFFERENCE.—When the first Continental Congress was in session, Delegate Harrison, of Virginia, desiring "to take something," went with a friend to a certain place where supplies were furnished Congress, and ordered two glasses of brandy and water. The man in charge hesitated, and replied that liquors were not included in the supplies furnished Congressmen. "Why," said Harrison, "what is it, then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?" "Molasses and water, which they have charged as *stationery*," was the reply. "Then give me the brandy and water," said Harrison, "and charge it as *fuel*"

The Cincinnati *Times* says that at the wedding of Victoria's boy and Alexander's daughter the bride's presents were elegant and reckershay.

A Father's Terrible Crime.

Charged with Beating his Daughter to Death Because she Refused to Give up her Lover.

A probable murder, committed in Pittstown, N. Y., has just come to the notice of the authorities, the facts of which, so far as we can learn, are as follows: A man named Mowbar, residing in the northern part of Pittstown, where he owned considerable property, had a daughter, a slender and not over strong young girl, who some time ago became acquainted with a poor but worthy young man named De Long, residing near Tomhannock. The young couple desired to get married, but for some reason the father of the girl opposed the match. De Long was determined, however, to have his bride, and on the 30th of January went to the residence of Mr. Mowbar, as we are informed, for the purpose of getting the girl and going with her to Tomhannock to get married. Mr. Mowbar saw the young man approaching the house, and, probably surmizing his object, attacked the girl. Words undoubtedly ensued, when the father in a fit of rage knocked his daughter down and commenced beating her in a most cruel and unnatural manner. The mother rushed in to save her child, but could do nothing against the power of the inhuman father, and a son who had been confined to his bed by illness for several days preceding jumped up and went to the assistance of his sister. The result was that for a few moments the weight of the three persons was upon the girl. She finally managed to get away, although so much injured that she could hardly walk.

The next morning the girl walked to the residence of her sister, a short distance from her father's house, and there met young De Long. Determined to accomplish her purpose, she went with him to Tomhannock, where they were married. Then she went to the residence of his parents and remained at that place until her death. A few days after the marriage she complained of feeling very ill. A physician was sent for, but a fever had set in, which eventually terminated her life. She was buried from Tomhannock, having lived scarcely ten days after her marriage. The attending physician stated that death was indirectly caused by the injuries received at the hands of her father. Persons who saw the body after death state that it was disfigured in a shocking manner. The neck was swollen, and appearances indicated that she had been choked.

Singular Ceremony.

A singular ceremony was lately witnessed in England of the remarkable obsequies of Lemontinia Smith, the "morganatic" wife of a gypsy much famed in Romany circles, called George Lovell. The "affairs of Egypt" transacted on the occasion were of the most mysterious description. More than one hundred Romany chals, representing all the tribes in England, attended the funeral. Returning to their encampment, a grand ceremony of cremation took place. All the wearing apparel, trinkets, and domestic articles belonging to or any way used by the dead woman were solemnly burnt or otherwise destroyed, and even the caravan in which she had been in the habit of traveling was, so it is said, committed to the flames. Lemontinia Smith seems to have taken poison, and Lovell expressed his readiness to give £20 for the two basins in which she had mixed the fatal draught, but which had been retained by the analyst. If the causes for the performance of these strange rites are inquired into, nothing, we fear, of an enlightening nature would be elicited. Even the gypsies are involuntarily reticent, and have nothing to say as regards their origin, their language, and their curious manners and customs, or else they are phenomenally capable of keeping their own counsel, and are persistent in their determination not to tell modern civilization who and what they are, and what they mean by their general behavior. Why cannot they conform? Why should "the affairs of Egypt" be transacted at Wolverhampton? Why do they object to fill up the census papers? And why should the impassable gulf have yawned for more than four hundred years between the nomads who roamed hither no man knew whence and no man knew why, and the nations of Europe? If the Zingari were Pagans they have surely had time enough to turn Christians; if they are of Oriental extraction, they should surely have become naturalized; but they seem to have been actuated throughout by an aggravated sentiment of the *non possumus* kind, and as they were in the middle ages so do they continue in the year 1874—a problem to learned and a *crux* to the county justices, the delight of antiquarians, the *betes noires* of farmers, and the despair of the rural police.

Kanaka Simplicity and Hos pitality.

A letter writer in Honolulu says:—"In traveling about these islands the observer is struck with the simplicity and generosity of the Hawaiian people. It seems a pity that such a race should perish. A man may journey from one end of the archipelago to the other, in open day or the midnight darkness, and he is as secure as if he were in his own house. A foreigner never thinks of carrying firearms, for there is no one to molest him. He never goes hungry, for whatever the Hawaiian has, whether poi, taro, or fish, is shared with the stranger. When they were a wealthy and powerful people, when almost every foot of land was cultivated, and there were from 300,000 to 400,000 inhabitants, they killed fat hogs for their guests; but those halcyon days are nearly passed, because in nine cases out of ten they are now too poor to afford that luxury. But the aloha (love to you) is as hearty as ever. And hearing this aloha and seeing the miserable surroundings are contrasts indeed. The surroundings, generally speaking, are poverty stricken in the extreme. The majority of those who meet you and greet you are but the wrecks of a people healthy and powerful in their barbaric state, but diseased and helpless in the civilization brought to their doors. But even to this day, like an oasis in the desert, there are now and then families to be found whose blood is untainted with the terrible poison which has nearly decimated the Hawaiian people. This is especially true of the chiefs and chiefesses, some of whom are splendid specimens in physique, princely looking men and queenly looking women.

INFLUENTIAL GAMBLERS.—Gambling is a self-protecting and potent influence in Nevada. The San Francisco *Chronicle* published vigorous attacks on the gamblers of that mining State, exposing their tricks and denouncing them generally. In retaliation the gamblers issued a circular to the fraternity, inviting co-operation in decreasing the circulation of the *Chronicle*. In Virginia City a committee waited on all the citizens who were subscribers and requested them to discontinue. So influential are the gamblers in that city that there were two hundred compliances with their request.

Items of Interest.

Straining sweetness—kissing through a veil.

A thin slice of lemon is supposed to help the flavor of tea.

There were $1,327,583 cases of boots and shoes shipped from Boston during the year 1873.

The Ashantees have accepted the terms proposed to them by Sir Garnet Wolseley, will pay a round sum, and the war ends.

Humility is a grace that adorns and beautifies every other grace; with-it, the most splendid natural and acquired acquisitions lose their charm.

The Senate of New Jersey fixed the number of shares to be taken by the State in the centennial celebration stock at 10,000, which, at $10 a share will amount to $100,000.

F. Schonman, of Milwaukee, worked hard for four years, did well, and then sent over the seas for his Katrina. When she arrived she died from excessive joy.

A man can send a telegraph message from Land's End, in England, to Kirkwell, in Scotland, a distance of seven hundred miles, at the low cost of one cent a word.

A pamphlet has been issued in Paris going to show that the son of Louis Napoleon, being old enough and wise enough, ought to be immediately called to the throne.

Dr. Tietze, of the Imperial Austrian Mining School, sent out by Baron Reuter for geological research in Persia, reports the existence of extensive coal fields near Casvia.

In Paris there are twenty-three fashion journals and twenty-three Roman Catholic religions ones. There are two young ladies' papers. Germany has only five fashion papers.

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph; value triumph only as a means of peace.

In one of the public schools in England the teaching of telegraph has been tried with much success. Instruments are lent by the Government, and the children learn very rapidly.

A London physician, after a laborious collection of the statistics of the trade, concludes that the opportunity of constant tippling shortens life an average of three years and a half.

Here is a conversation illustrative of equality in Paris: "Is Mousieur, the Vicomte within?" Porter—"I cannot say; you can go up and try, as we are no longer on speaking terms."

"M. Quad," of the Detroit *Free Press*, has a patent kicker which annihilates the man who "drops up" to read the exchanges, paw over the copy, or bore the editor in any other way.

The Governor-General of Canada has offered a gold medal for the best gentleman skater and a silver one for the best lady skater in the coming tournament. He is more generous than gallant.

A woman at Vassalboro, Me., recently returned to her husband after a nine years' stay among the Shakers. Her husband invited all the neighbors to celebrate the event and welcome her home.

Any boy can learn to chew tobacco by being hopeful and perseving, but unless his hips are fully developed he can not wear pants without suspenders, and have his shirt foam jauntily out over the top.

A housekeeper, writing of poor servants, says that if women would study housekeeping as their husbands study law, medicine, and book-keeping, there would be much less complaint of bad servants.

Two thousand dollars is a pretty high price to pay for a single rooster. That is what Mr. Davis of Portland has given Ira Batchelder for a black Spanish cock—considered the best game bird in the country.

The hatred of the Chinese in San Francisco is thus placarded in a cigar store: "No Chinamen employed or Chinese goods sold here. Established sixteen years on the principle of white labor only."

A proposed amendment to the New Jersey constitution is that property of no kind shall be exmpt from taxation, except that of the State, counties, and municipalities, and burying grounds not held by stock companies.

The princess Marie, wife of the duke of Edinburgh, is chief of the regiment of the fourteenth Lancers of Jambourg, and her title is colonel; but she will hereafter, as heretofore, issue her orders merely to the marines.

No country upon the face of the habitable globe, having a railroad system in operation, has so carefully guarded against the possibility of collisions as the republic of Costa Rica. It rejoices in a single locomotive.

The people near Farmersville, Livingston county, Mo., were scared nearly out of their wits, a few days ago, by the fall of an immense ærolite. It now lies imbeded in the ground, and is said to be about twenty-five feeet in diameter.

The series of fourteen "extras" issued by the New York *Tribune* are undoubtedly the cheapest and best popular scientific publication in the world. The *Tribune* will send free to any applicant a circular giving the full contents and details of this remarkable "Library for One Dollar."

A correspondent of the *Garden* gives this description of a pretty table ornament:—"I was much struck lately with the wonderfully beautiful effect produced by simply placing a handful of heads of wheat in a vase of water. Each grain sent out bright green leaflets, and continued to replenish the fading ones for weeks together."

Never be above your business, no matter what that calling may be, but strive to be the best in that line. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who quarrels with his own sparks; there is no shame about an honest calling. Don't be afraid of soiling your hands; there is plenty of soap to be had.

Tom Sankey was hanged in Montgomery, Alabama, recently. The *Advertiser* says:—"The Sheriff stepped upon the scaffold and adjusted the noose around his neck. While doing so Tom said in a tremulous voice, 'Good-by, my friends.' The cap was then drawn over his face, and with his face now hid from view he sang aloud, "Hang me high and stretch me wide, and let the world see how I died!'"

Very odd excuses are put forward in courts of justice; but this, from *Chambers's Journal*, surpasses all: "A French Republican, condemned to death for murdering his wife and child without extenuating circumstances, demurred to the sentence, because capital punishment had been abolished in France for political offenses; and he had killed his wife and child for no other reason but because they were Legitimists."

In the British medical naval report just issued, a fatal case of poisoning by tobacco is mentioned. A boy on the implacable had frequently been reproved for chewing tobacco, and on several occasions swallowed pieces to prevent detection. On the night of his death he was heard breathing stertoriously, and efforts to arouse him being vain, he was taken to the sick bay. His pupils were insensible to the light, and his pulse beat feebly. He died in two or three minutes after. Two small pieces of tobacco were found in his stomach.

An old Parisian beggar, famous for his success, thus explains the business "rules" to which, he says, he invariably adheres: "I never ask alms of one who has dined, as 'rosbif' renders a man selfish, nor of stout men, as it bores them to stop, nor of any one putting on his gloves, nor of a lady alone, but always of any one manifestly going to dinner, of people walking together, as their *amour-propre* makes them generous, of officers in grand uniforms, and of people apparently seeking favor from the government—they think that a gift will bring them luck."