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Love.

The love that will soonest decay,
The love that is surest to die,
The love that will soon fly away,
Is the love
That is told by a sigh.

The love that is surest to last,
The love that a woman's heart needs,
The love that will ever be fast,
Is the love
That is spoken in deeds.

Across the Street.

Jennie lives across the way,
Just about sixteen, they say—
I shall be nineteen next May.

Pretty as a bird is she,
And she looks across at me
Pert and saucy as can be.

Sometimes we get on like mice—
If I tell her she is "nice,"
Then she gets as cool as ice!

Why, she's but a child—sixteen.
I tell her so. She calls me "mean,"
And gets as haughty as a queen

And then she grows so very pale;
I wonder what can ever ail
The girl? Perhaps she's heard some tale?

I love her very well, you know,
And oft have tried to tell her so,
But, since she hates me, let it go!

A BEAR STORY.

"A bar is an animal to be respected and imitated. He seldom goes out of his way to injure anybody, but he don't stand much foolin' if anybody undertakes to meddle with him. He remembers a good turn longer than most men do, and if he has a weakness for honey, I've never knowed him, of his own accord, to mix it with anything deleterious. So much for the principal character in my story, and I must follow with a short sketch of myself before I come to the main pint. Not far from where I was borned there lived an old woman that was believed to be a witch. Now whenever a baby was borned she could tell at first sight what he or she was likely to be good for in the world. When she see my oldest brother lookin' so cute out of his eyes, and holdin' his little fists so tight, she condemned him to be a lawyer. And so it was. He turned out to be one of the biggest rascals in Southwestern Virginia. The second boy my mother fetched was prophesied for a famous politician, and he growed up still worse than the lawyer, if so be sich a thing is possible. Now when the old woman was called on to look at me, she sot for a long time in a kind of brown study, since, as you gentlemen can plain'y see. But as soon as I had growed big enough to handle a rifle dad took me home agin, to shine up my professional eddication under hisself. Touchin' lightly on the wulgar business of plowin' and plantin' corn, he larnt me to track a deer and line a wild bee to sich a certainty that we never was scarce of meat nor honey in our house, though we did sometimes have to trade for corn meal. One evenin', as I was a-comin' home from watchin' a deer lick, I meets a bar right in the path. I was so took by surprise that I fired my gun in the air, then quickly dropped it, and drawed my butcher knife; but the varmint wasn't so much scared, and sot up on his hind-legs, shadin' his eyes with his paw, as if he was tryin' to make out who I was. That paw I noticed had a streak of white har across it, and the next minute we was hugged in each other's arms; for you may well believe old Rough and me was mighty pleased to see each other.

"Now, gentlemen, a dog can always express his feelin's, or git our goodwill, by a "movin' tail," but a bar is not likewise gifted, bein' limited to wry faces and awkward paws, and to have seen old Rough tryin' to say his say would have made you bust a-laughin'; but, gentlemen, it was plain to see the cretur's heart was in the right place. He bore me no grudge for the past, and tried to hide that scarified paw for fear I mought feel bad about it. Seein' that my old friend wasn't nigh so sleek and glossy as he used to be, I conceited he was leadin' a tolerable hard life, and tried to persuade him to foller me home, explainin' to him that we wasted enough at the cabin to keep him fat to the end of his days. But no; his mind was fixed; his only answer was a mournful shake of the head, and givin' me a far'well squeeze, he trotted away into the woods. As he went, I thought I see him lift his left paw to wipe a fallin' tear. You may laugh, gentlemen, but there is more humanity about dumb creturs than we are awar' of mostly.

"For a long time after that I was afeared to risk a shot at a bar, and to shun temptation, give up carryin' a gun, and turned my attention chiefly to huntin' bee trees. They were plenty enough in our mountains, and for convenience I built me a camp some way off from the settlements, and hewed out a big trough to hold the honey I gathered. Now I filled my trough from time to time, but every night the varmints come and cleaned me out, which I knowed to be bars, seein' their tracks, and bein' awar' of their likin's. After losin' my labor in this way for some time, I bethinks me of a plan for gittin' even with 'em. I gits me a keg of peach brandy, and savin' a very moderate supply for my own needcessities, I pours the liquor into my trough, and mixed it pretty thick with honey. Then I whetted my knife, and retired to the camp to watch the effect of my trap. I carried a gourd full of the mix with me, which was so cussed sweet that I can't mind anything more that happened until to-morrow mornin', when I was wakened by a hella-balloo the like of which I never heard before nor since. Clearin' the husks out of my throat with a swig from my jug, I draws my knife, and creeps on all fours toward the honey trough, where I see a sight which filled me with astonishment and laughter. The whole place was black with bars. I wouldn't like to risk my reputation—which is undoubted—by statin' the number. There mought have been a hundred, more or less, of all ages and sizes, from an old six-hundred-pounder to a six-months cub, all drunk as Christians. Now the longer I studied their doin's the more nateral they looked, jist as I've seed civilized humans carryin' on up at Beverly after an election-day. Sich was the elevatin' influences of good liquor on savage brutes, which appeared to raise 'em so nigh to our level, that as I laid there watchin' for a chauce to go in I begin to feel as if I was plottin' murder agin my fellow-creturs.

"Howsomdever, what I mought have concluded don't much signify, for presently an old sot, happenin' to stagger into the thicket where I was hid, caught sight of me, and gave a yell that fairly lifted the hat off my head, and fetched every bar to his feet. Apparently my time was short; but still calculatin' to stampede 'em, I up with a mighty shout, slitherin' the old blatherskite that raised the alarm. I went in through the brush like a whirlwind. It was a foolish idee. Peach-and-honey don't make brutes skeery no more than it does men, and in less than two minutes I was smotherin' under a squirmin' stack of bar meat about the size of dad's cabin. Now, as I wasn't smashed to death, my position mought be rightly considered providential; for the bodies of the brutes that lay next to me kivered me agin the teeth and claws of the outsiders, and bein' well-nigh smothered themselves, they was obliged to fight outward for fresh air. But it don't signify to be tellin' how I got out of there, for I don't exactly know myself. Howsomdever, when I rose and got my breath, I see the bars all around me fightin' among themselves, makin' the fur fly like feathers at a goose-pluckin', and quite unmindful of the stranger among 'em. I mought have cleared myself then, but my blood was up and I went through 'em, stabbin' right and left, onmerciful as a mad wild-cat, respectin' neither age nor sex. Jist then several old fellers appeared to git a smell of me, and closed in mighty savage. While I fit in front, a rascally old squeezer grabbed me round the neck from behind. I struck backward, feelin' my knife enter his cussed carcass a dozen times; but it didn't loosen his grip, and I felt my strength goin'. At this pint a big bar poked his head up from behind the honey trough, rubbin' his little eyes as if he had jist waked up. In a minute he broke for us.

"'Rowzey,' thinks I, 'it's time for family worship. Now I lay me down to sleep—'

"As I prayed I made a stab at the big he, who shunned the blade, and, to my astonishment, grabbed the beast in front of me with his left paw, sendin' him heels over head; then with his right he tore the feller off my back. I was too far gone to ask questions, but bein' loose once more, I broke for camp. There I barricaded myself in with poles, and laid pantin' and sippin' peach-and-honey until I fairly come to my strength agin. It took me some time longer to git up pluck enough to venture back toward the battle-ground. Howsomdever, late in the afternoon I did creep down that way, mighty like a sheep dog at first, but bolder when I see that everything was quiet. Around that honey trough lay twenty-two dead bar, young and old. Gentlemen, I value my reputation too high to weigh it agin bar meat. Gentlemen, I counted them bodies as they lay, and you may think I was mighty proud as I viewed the ground. Well, I mought have been, but there was one corpse too many there for my peace of mind. Over by the honey trough, jist where my life was saved, as I thought, by the miraculous mistake of a drunken old bar, there lay two bodies, clutched in a death grip, jist as they had fell fightin'. They were badly tore, and the leaves all around soaked and stained; but as I stooped over to look closer, I felt a cold shiver that froze clean to my bones. There was the white paw, stiff and bloody. Gentlemen, there lay Rough, my old playmate."

The rugged hunter drew his sleeve across his eyes, reached over for the pitcher, and turned it bottom upward over his empty glass.

"Well, I went to work savin' my meat with a heavy heart, and next day got some fellers up from the settlements with horses and sleds to help me down with it. There was sich a pile that all the neighbors gathered in to look and git a share, and there was a mighty guessin' and bettin' on the weight. Now we had no steelyards nor scales of any kind; but there was Bill Swanson, who had got weighed out when he was down to the Kanawha Salt-works, and accordin' to his recollection, which was good when he staid sober (which he never did willin'ly), he drawed jist two hundred and eighty, down weight, on the salt-works scales. Well, we jist laid a stout rail across a stump, seesaw fashion, and sot old Bill on one end and piled bar meat on the other, till we got his heft—which we did; I now disremember whether hit was seven or seventeen times. Howsomdever, none of us bein' scholars enough to substract that together, we scored the times on a saplin', till the school-master came along to cipher it up for us. But everybody 'lowed they never see sich a pile of meat in all their born days."

"And did you never try that trap again, Rowzey?"

"Oh yes; for you see, after old Rough was dead I had no mercy on bar any more, and I sot that same trap over and over. But I fooled away my liquor and honey; for though my bait was took regularly, I never see bar nor a bar's track in that neighborhood arterward. But onst I see old Bill Swanson lurkin' around thar, and havin' my own suspicions, I left off settin'."

"And did you eat old Rough with the rest?" inquired Dick.

"Mister," said the mountaineer, with a gesture of indignant scorn, "sich a question is a discredit to the feller that asks it. Do I look like a lawyer or a heathen cannibal? No, sir; I buried him decent and respectable, with all his har on him, jist as I would a Christian friend, and I tarred his name on a smooth clapboard, and stuck it up at his head. And thar he mought have rested in peace to this day; but some of them high-scienced fellers from the East come a-nosin' and a-scratchin' through that country, and mistakin' the grave for an Injin mound, they excawated poor Rough's bones and sent 'em to Barnum's Institute, at Washington city, where I've hearn say they stands in a glass case, as the skeleton of a celebrated Injin chief, between a par of General Washington's old breeches and General Jackson's nightcap, which he wore at the battle of New Orleans.—*Porte Crayon.*

That Spreeing Earl.

The Earl of Yarborough, who has just turned up in Jersey, England, is about forty years old; he is married, and has several children; his estates are large and valuable; he is the patron of fifteen livings in the Established Church, and he has everything to make him happy. All the same; he is so unhappy that he drinks to excess to drown his grief, and goes on sprees that often last for days. One evening recently he was seen in the lobby of the House of Lords quite tipsy, later in the night he was seen at the Victoria Station, still drinking, and since then has been in obscurity. Some one suggested that probably he had followed the example of a brother nobleman who jumped from Westminster Bridge the other day in order to put an end to his troubles. But those who knew Lord Yarborough said that perhaps he had been murdered, but that he disliked water too much to drown himself. A description of his person and dress was published, and a reward offered for news of him. A body was picked up in the river dressed just as Lord Yarborough had been dressed, and answering the description given of him. But a closer examination of the corpse proved that it was not that of the missing nobleman, and that probably some base plebeian had drowned himself in order to receive a peer's funeral. Meanwhile the search was continued until finally he was found—only suffering with a very bad headache.

Wages Going Down.

Notwithstanding the strikes in England, the wages of all except farm laborers are going down. The colliers of South Durham have been reduced ten per cent., and seventy thousand are in idleness in opposition to the measure. The colliers in the Burnley district have returned to work at their masters' terms, after spending $100,000 in idle resistance. The foremen in the collieries, men who are paid by weight for the coal raised, and make their own terms with the workingmen, realize immense profits. In a case recently heard before a Warkwickshire court, one of these foremen admitted that his income averaged $400 a week in gold.

An Indian Elopement.

Gen. Custer, in his "Life on the Plains," tells the following story of the successful elopement of the daughter of a chief:

One evening after we had gone into camp, many long weary miles from our point of starting, and when we supposed we had left all the Kiowas safely in camp awaiting the release of their two chiefs, Lone Wolf and Satanta, we were all surprised to see a young and handsome Kiowa warrior gallop into our midst accompanied by a young squaw, who certainly could not have reached the age which distinguishes the woman from the girl. In a few moments our little party gathered about these two wayfarers, eager to learn the cause of their sudden and unexpected visit. The girl was possessed of almost marvellous beauty, a beauty so remarkable that my companions of that march refer to her to this day as the most beautiful squaw they have ever seen. Her graceful and well-rounded form, her clearly-cut features, her dark expressive eyes, fringed with long silken lashes, cheeks rich with the color of youth, teeth of pearly whiteness occasionally peeping from between her full, rosy lips, added withal to a most bewitching manner, required not the romance of her story to make her an object of deep interest in the eyes of the gallants of our party. But to their story.

She was the daughter of Black Eagle, at that time the acting head chief of the Kiowas. The young warrior who rode at her side was somewhat of a young Lochinvar in disposition. It was the old, old story, only to be repeated again by these representatives of the red man—mutual and determined love on the part of the youngsters; opposition equally determined upon the part of Black Eagle; not that the young warrior was objectionable, but unfortunately, as is but too often the case, he was poor, and could not offer in exchange for the hand of a chief's daughter the proper number of ponies. Black Eagle was inexorable—the lovers, constancy itself. There was but one thing for them to do, and they did it.

Aware of our proposed expedition in search of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, they timed their affairs accordingly. Giving us time to get two days the start, they slipped away from their village at dusk the evening of the second day after our departure, and hastening unperceived to a thicket near by, where the lover had taken the precaution to conceal two of the fleetest ponies of the village already saddled, they were soon in their saddles and galloping for love and life away from the Kiowa village. I say galloping for life, for by the Indian law, if the father or relatives of the girl could overtake the lovers within twenty-four hours, the life of the young woman would pay the forfeit.

They followed our trail in order to avail themselves of our protection by traveling with us as far as our course might lead them in the direction of the Staked Plains, on the borders of which a straggling band of Kiowas, under the chief Woman Heart, was supposed to be, and which the lovers intended to join, at least until the rage of *paterfamilias* should subside and they be invited to return. This in brief was their story. I need not add that they found a hearty welcome in our midst, and were assured that they need no longer fear pursuit.

That evening, after the camp fires were lighted, the officers of our party, with an interpreter, gathered about the camp fire of the bridal couple and passed a pleasant hour in conversation. Their happiness and exultation at their success in escaping from their village were too powerful to be restrained, and in many delicate little ways the bride—for by Indian law twenty-four hours' absence from the village with her lover made her a bride—plainly betrayed her exceeding fondness for him who had risked all to claim her as his own.

After my return to the main camp I met Black Eagle, and informed him that his daughter and her husband had been companions of our march. "Yes. Why did you not kill him?" was his reply, which upon inquiry he explained by saying that if some person had kindly put an end to the life of his son-in-law, it would have benefited him to the value of several ponies; his difficulty seeming to be in overcoming the loss of the ponies which should have been paid for his daughter's hand. I afterwards learned, however, that the haughty chief became reconciled to the wilful lovers, and invited them to return to his lodge, an invitation they were not tardy in accepting.

A Night in the Country.

About 11 o'clock, writes a city man who is making a visit to the country, the dogs take a tongue in. The faithful watch dogs generally form themselves into Granges, each containing about 700 dogs, for mutual aid and benefit in the illicit distillation of mutton. Every night one hundred dogs steal away silently to kill sheep, while the other six hundred bark furiously, to induce their owners to believe they are, like the Hon. Elijah Program, "active to their trust," and to cover the bloody operations of their fellows. At midnight the cow, whose calf has been reft from her, having reflected on her loss, lifts up her voice and laments. The lament of a sorrowful cow in a barn is something *sui generis* in the matter of sounds. In the first place, it takes her a long time to become loud, and an equally long time to fill the barn with noise. But when the building is crowded with "moo," and it begins to leak out at the windows and doors in muffled and melancholy thunder, she has a long interval of rest to prepare for another blast ere the first undulation has been exhausted. About two in the morning she is drowned out and silenced by a jackass somewhere in the country, who, having nerved himself for the effort by a silence of twenty-four hours, delivers himself of a bray that makes the sky bright with a responsive shower of shooting stars. There is an awful silence for about twenty minutes, no animal daring to call his voice his own; then the jackass sings again. Just as the country side is congratulating itself that the infliction is over, for another interval of twenty minutes, he discharges a third volley, and then is heard no more. You, however, do not know whether he has broken a blood-vessel or gone to sleep; but, with a dreadful uncertainty as to when the next bray will occur, put your head under the clothes, and your thumbs in your ears, and wait.

Chinese Old Maids.

In China a woman may grow old and remain unmarried without being considered a disagreeable person to have about. In fact, it is rather nice than otherwise to be an old maid there. A Shanghai journal tells us that the Emperor has just decreed that special honors be paid to two ancient spinsters, one of whom has recently died after a life of devotion to the memory of her dead betrothed. The other spinster, who is still living, has the extraordinary fact related of her that in her youthful days she refused to marry an eligible young person on the ground that she couldn't leave her home. When the Emperor heard this he instantly ordered her noble conduct to be recognized.

A Plague of Grasshoppers.

During several weeks past that voracious insect, the grasshopper, has been eating the wheat, oats, and corn in Iowa and other Western States, by wholesale. In some counties, scarcely a field has escaped its ravages. The patches in which the eggs have been most numerously deposited have been cleared of every vestige of vegetation, and the young grasshoppers, as they pass through their several moultings and increase in size, hop about in pursuit of food in far too lively a manner. They come from the eggs without wings, and continue to grow and devour until fully matured. After a few weeks of song and reproduction, the body begins to shrivel, the legs wither, the appetite ceases, and death speedily follows. The largest yet found are not more than two-thirds grown, so it will take some time before any of them are ready to move elsewhere. A resident of Humboldt county, writing to a Chicago paper says: "This section is stocked with grasshoppers. They are not big enough to fly, and thus far have only committed depredations in the places where their eggs were laid. In ten or a dozen counties west of Humboldt, and up the West Branch of the Des Moines river, the country is full of them. They have already eaten the growing crop on the ground and left the fields barren as a board." In Sac county they have made such havoc that a correspondent thinks the land in cultivation "will be nothing but a barren waste." From present appearances he firmly believes that there will not be fifty bushels of wheat, oats, and corn raised this year.

In fact, the outlook is so unpromising that many of the settlers have decided to leave the State until they can recover sufficiently to enable them to resume possession of their homesteads, and begin the battle of life over again. In order that they may not forfeit their rights by absence, a bill was recently passed by Congress giving them the privilege to remain away for a year. These settlers have suffered a great deal in their efforts to establish prosperous colonies. Last winter, thousands of them were often without the means of supporting life. Through a lack of experience their first crops failed, and owing to the fact that the counties in which they settled most largely had previously had few inhabitants, they were compelled to pull along as best they could, without advice from any quarter.

A correspondent who has witnessed the work of the grasshoppers in several counties is bitter in his denunciation of those land-owners who try to prevent the true state of the facts from being made public, lest it may have the effect of preventing immigration. Recently, he says, he heard the largest landowner in Sac county offer to sell four hundred acres of wheat for what the seed cost him. Two hours subsequently an immigrant called upon the same man to buy some land. While walking about the farm, the immigrant noticed a strip of bare earth across a wheat field, and having inquired about it, was coolly informed that it had been kept in such condition so that the herders could better protect the wheat from the cattle. "These," adds the correspondent, "are the men who induce newspaper editors to say, no grasshoppers in this county." Under existing circumstances emigration toward the grasshopper county is not likely to be very brisk.

What He Will Do.

Mr. Beecher, according to an interviewer, said that he had made up his mind that he ought to take no notice whatever of the recent statements published by Tilton, and added: "I do not blame Mr. Tilton; the whole affair is the fault of meddling ecclesiastics, and I do not feel that I am bound to gratify them or the general public by noticing Mr. Tilton's statements. I have a large church under my care, and I owe a duty to my congregation first. Besides I am a member of the press, and my paper requires considerable attention from me."

"Do you intend to notice this matter in your journal?" asked the correspondent.

"No," replied Beecher; "I dont think I ought to enter into any newspaper controversy. I must say frankly that I very much admire the tone and temper in which the press generally have dealt with this subject, and it is sad that this matter, which is mainly personal, both as regards Tilton and myself and others, should be publicly paraded to satisfy the curiosity of some of the public. Do you not think I am right?" said Mr. Beecher.

The reporter suggested that unfortunately there was much in what was recently made public by Tilton which, though not conclusive in itself, might be considered in the worse sense against Mr. Beecher, and might seriously affect his power for good among his congregation.

Mr. Beecher answered: "Ah, yes; that's true! I do not pledge myself to remain silent in view of developements that may possibly arise, and even now I speak only my personal views when I am disposed to make no reply. My course, however, will depend largely on what steps the examiners of Plymouth Church may consider it advisable for me to take. If they deem it for the good of my congregation and of religion that I should speak out in reply, I shall do so, promptly and unmistakably, and will put in its true light much that I thought it prudent to pass over in a spirit of Christian charity."

The Amended Bankrupt Law.

The *Tribune* thinks there is cause for congratulation in the interests of humanity, for the amendments that have been effected in the Bankrupt Act. All seem to be, it says, measures of justice and humanity. We quote: "But the provision which will be alike acceptable to both debtors and creditors, and which may be regarded as in every respect a salutary reform, is that which cuts down to one-half the present fees, commissions, charges and allowances of the officers, agents, marshals, messengers, assignees and registers in bankruptcy cases. If nothing else were effected, this alone should be a subject for congratulation throughout the mercantile community; for a general experience has given birth to the adage that when an estate goes into bankruptcy nothing ever comes out of it for the creditors."

The Trouble About It.

It now appears that the difficulty with the Amerique was that the French engineer did not understand how to manage a new English pump that had just been put into the ship. When he started this pump he did so in a way that brought water into the ship instead of pumping it out. The more that unhappy engineer worked that pump the more rapidly the supposed leak gained on the ship, and so, after he had pumped the Amerique nearly full of water, her crew and passengers hurriedly abandoned her. The result of the investigation into the matter has been that the French Government has made it a condition of continuing the subsidy to the Transatlantic Company that its steamers shall hereafter be commanded by naval officers.

THE COURT'S DECISION.

The Story of the First Breach of Promise Case in the United States.

Pieter Kock lived in New York, or New Amsterdam, as it was then called, in the year 1654. He was a stalwart, thriving burgher; had a ruddy round face, a small twinkling gray eye, sturdy calves, and a capacious corporation, of which he took ample care. Well had it been for him had he bestowed the like attention upon his heart. But of that he took no care—allowing it the independent privilege of protecting and looking after itself. Anna Van Vorst lived on Breedeweg, and boasted the possession of a little competency, which enabled herself and mother to live without labor. Anna was a most perfect specimen of Dutch beauty, having flaxen ringlets, dumpling cheeks, very light and large blue eyes, pouting lips, dimpled elbows, and one of those firm figures which are only to be found among the lasses of "Fatherland." Anna and Pieter had met, and the matter-of-fact business-like damsel bethought herself of a husband, mentally exclaiming—"That is the man for me, and I will have him!" Pieter never dreamed of love or marriage. He had about forty gallons of choice canary in his cellar, and he loved that. He had a larder "always well stocked," as the advertisements of the porter-houses say, and he was wedded to that in soul. He had too long lived under the superintending direction of his wrinkled housekeeper, to think of taking a wife to darn his hose and tuck him up in bed. Still he visited Anna Van Vorst, complimented her mother, and stroked the cat, while the maiden, in silence, played several batteries of glances against the fortifications of his affections. His nights, which had been spent at the great tavern, were now regularly enjoyed in the quiet of a peaceful home, where, overwhelmed with attention and kindness, he sipped his canary without knowing exactly why he felt so comfortable. For two years Pieter had habitually said, every night, rain or starlight, to Anna—"Good even, my dear!"—had exclaimed "God bless you!" most fervently, when the old lady sneezed at the usual hour—tickled grimalkin's sleek hide while the water was boiling for domestic use; and yet he had never gone beyond the frigid boundary of respect, nor indicated the slightest indication of being under the influence of the tenderest of all human passions. Poor Anna was in despair.

In the days when the judicial enactments of New York city covered the offense of sleeping in church, and subjected scolding wives to a public reprimand, and other penalties, modesty, or propriety, was a very necessary virtue; and for Anna to have popped the question herself, would have been for her to perpetrate the suicide of her character. But though woman's modesty prevented this rash act, woman's wit accomplished the cherished design by another method. Pieter Kock had, as who has not, an Achilles heel—a vulnerable spot which even a pigmy's straw of design could penetrate, viz., his love of canary, and his good nature when under its too great influence. So Anna—oh, wicked, tricky woman!—plied him with canary one evening, until he was—shall we write it?—drunk. Yes, the important citizen and highly-moral burgher was as drunk as Cassio. He saw two Annas, two cats, two duenna mothers, and he felt like two men. It is singular, by the way, that while intoxication doubles everything else, it never performs that interesting operation for one's money. As Pieter saw a reflection of everything, he beheld the good qualities of Anna Van Vorst in their doubled aspect, and as he *felt* like two men, he loved her twice as much as he ever had before, and he solemnly popped the question over his sixth pint. He was accepted, and a duly serious contract was at once ratified, after which Pieter Kock was trundled to his residence near the Burgher's Bettery, scolded by his housekeeper, and then installed between his virtuous sheets.

Pieter's promise was of some service to him; it made him *think*—a luxury he had seldom taken the trouble to enjoy. As he cogitated over his prospects he was pleased and happy; and after he had visited the bride elect as such about a month, he discovered that he really loved her dearly, and that her companionship was positively necessary to his happiness. Perplexity, "thy name is woman!" No sooner had the plump Anna Van Vorst caught her fish than she lost her desire for it. What she had been so anxious to obtain, she, obtaining it, despised. Mature reflection taught her that Pieter was too fond of canary—his nose was a little too red—his eyes somewhat smaller than was becoming—his well-fedish appearance was only caused by a predisposition to dropsy, and his high forehead was made by a baldness consequent on age. Before the wedding-day arrived, she cared nothing for him—when it dawned, she actually *hated*, and refused to marry him.

She had taught Pieter Kock to think; so when she declared her unwillingness to ratify a contract of her seeking, instead of falling on his knees, or tearing his hair, he merely said, while he crushed down the emotions that swelled his heart well nigh to bursting, "Very well, Anna; you must suffer for this act."

Anna was given plenty of time to make up an opinion by which she intended to abide, and Pieter, not to deprive her of the opportunity of amending the wrong she had inflicted, renewed and continued his visits as of yore. Weeks slipped away without bringing any change. Anna did not love another, she said, but she could not love him.

"Then you are determined not to marry me?" said Pieter Kock, deprecatingly, as he took up his cocked hat, to quit the premises for the last time.

"I am," replied the obdurate woman, coldly.

"Then beware of me!" exclaimed the rejected and suffering burgher, as he rushed into the Breedeweg to traverse the very limited precints of the city.

That night he was seen in earnest conversation with two of the city authorities. What the substance of the conference was he did not disclose; but it was observed he sought his home with an air of alacrity; that his countenance was open and pleased in its expression, and that his eye gave token of the existence of a very tangible idea in his brain. The following day the murder was out. The school served a summons on Anna Van Vorst to appear, at the sound of the bell—all formal and legal proceedings in those days being commenced by the ringing of a bell three times—before the city court at the Town Hall, on the 18th day of May, to answer to certain charges preferred against her, the nature of which would be defined at that time. Affrighted at this occurrence—and ignorant of its true import—the lady flew to consult with Pieter, forgetting everything but her own danger.

"I can arrange the matter quietly," said Kock, with an amiable air; "I know what it is all about."

"You know?" exclaimed Anna, with a stare of astonishment.

"I do. It is for breaking your contract with me. I am the complainant."

"Marry me!" responded Pieter with a contented-looking face—"Marry me, and I'll save you from disgrace."

"I'll endure anything rather than that!" vociferated the beauty.

"Think of the cucking stool," remarked Pieter.

"I don't care for it."

"Fancy yourself compelled to stand at the gate of the Hall all day in a certain position, with a crier alongside to proclaim your crime."

"Even that cannot alter my determination."

"Well, then, what say you to a ride on the wooden horse with a fifty pound weight at each heel?" inquired Mr. Kock, pleasantly.

"I'd rather die than become Mrs. Kock!" exclaimed Anna, as she left him.

"I don't believe it!" soliloquised Pieter, as he poured out a bumper of his favorite wine, and tossed it off at a draught.

The awful day arrived. The court was composed of two burgomasters, four schepens, and twenty burghers, all of whom were of course anxious to protect the rights of one of their set, and who looked with exceedingly stern faces upon the violator of her faith. Pieter was there, his face shining with hope. The trial proceeded. Anna acknowledged the charges, but denied the right of the court to interfere in the matter, inasmuch as a woman wasn't merchandise, and could dispose of herself according to her own will. Whereat, two of the august court laughed outright.

Pieter Kock was then sworn, and told his story. He proved the existence of the contract—related the story of his wooing, as Othello did, in a "plain, unvarnished" manner; and after detailing the amount and kind of damage he would suffer, halted.

"How do you know the lady loved you?" inquired Burgher Johannes Gelisen Verbruggins. Did she ever tell you so?"

Here the complainant produced a half sixpence, a pair of woolen garters, and a fine neckcloth with his name embroidered in one corner, around two bullock-looking hearts (even at that day such emblems were peddled in Cupid's auction mart), all of which were her gifts to him—and cunningly asked if the very act of making such presents could not be construed into a certain declaration of unadulterated love; whereupon all the members of the court opened their eyes wide, shut them once, much after the fashion of a figure in a Holland clock, gave a Lord Burleigh shake of the head, and very gravely and emphatically uttered the affirmative.

After hearing of the affair in all its phases, and duly deliberating, the court commanded the parties to retire, and await a second notice to appear. As Anna passed out from the Hall, Pieter pointed maliciously, in order, first at the wooden horse, then at the whipping-post, the stool, the stocks, and the part of the building used as a jail. [All these implements of justice were in the streets before the City Hall or West India Company's Tavern; and the parade for the militia was also this spot].

Notwithstanding the terribly unpleasant predicament in which the delinquent found herself, yet the spirit of obstinacy came to her assistance when she thought of relenting, and she concluded, most decidedly, to brave the storm, let it burst ever so furiously. A second investigation was had, which ended in the court delivering the most curious and ambiguous opinion or decision, that "the parties should be at peace!" But the woman was resolved that no peace should be made. She announced that her maidenly feelings—the sentiment of her heart—had undergone a total change since the matrimonial promise was given, and that all the courts in Amsterdam proper, New Amsterdam, and the world beside, could not induce or compel her to make Pieter Kock her companion for life. She disliked Pieter, and he should never have anything to do with her.

Horrified by this contempt of their authority—this dreadful insult of their high stations—the members of the court commanded the bell to be rung for Kock vs. Anna Van Vorst, for the third and last time. The chamber was crowded on the day appointed, and every face wore a solemn cast. The fair defendant was weeping—the injured bachelor was smiling grimly, and evinced the possession of a full share of the phlegm of his nation.

At that time there were no lawyers. Every man did what the new constitution says it is proper we should all do—plead his own cause, and that in the briefest terms. Verbiage was not permitted—the judges could not endure it. "Never say anything unless you have it to say, and say that in the fewest possible words," was a rule of universal adoption. Pieter developed the case in plain, straightforward, concise language. No feed counsel drew fanciful pictures of the complainant's "broken heart, blighted hopes, and future unhappiness," to enlist the sympathies of the hearers. The court wanted to know whether or not the contract had been broken, or if it had, if the offending party was willing to make it good. They thought that no matter what the result was, the violator of a contract ought to be censured or punished. Queer people those of the olden time were! They made law synonymous with justice—a foolish custom which we have very wisely discarded. Pieter's story was not contradicted by Anna, and the court at once consulted, forming a desision without any unnessary delay—another silly custom, not in keeping with the wise characteristics of this age.

What *was* the decision, think you? How many guilders damages do you suppose they awarded? Not one—not a fraction of money; and for all that they decided against the faithless woman. Here is the luminous and wise award of this bench of Daniels:

"We do consider that Anna Van Vorst, single maid, did faithfully promise to become the wife of Pieter Kock, single man, burgher and inhabitant of this city of New Amsterdam, and the promise was mutual. It appears by certain declarations of the parties, that in consequence of certain misgivings, the bride of the said Pieter Koch is in no way disposed to be married to him. The burgomasters and schepens of this city, having examined to their full satisfaction all that can affect the cause for and against both parties, do decide that as the promise of marriage has been made before the omnifiscient (exactly as the word is written in the record) God, it shall remain in force, so that neither the plaintiff nor defendant, without the knowledge and approbation of their lordships the magistrates, and of either party, shall be permitted to enter into matrimony with any other, whether single man or single woman; provided, however, that all the presents made in confirmation of the marriage contract shall remain in the possession of the complainant, or until lawful marriage or mutual agreement shall exempt them from the contract. Furthermore, both plaintiff and defendant are condemned equally in the costs of this suit. This done and sentenced in the session of the 18th of May, 1654!"

Thus ended the first trial ever had in New York for a breach of promise of marriage. What think you of the decision? Could Lycurgus have given a better?

Were all cases of the kind so disposed of, breaches of promise, or trials for them, would be few indeed.

Prospects for Fall Trade.

The following extract from the preface to the July issue of R. G. Dun & Co.'s Reference Book is interestng, as showing the views of that well posted firm on the prospects of trade for the autumn:

"The circumstances of the past six months have not been favorable to trade. The effects of the panic of last September have lingered longer than was anticipated by many; but, these effects have been more apparent in restricting trade than in producing disaster. Considering the suddenness and violence of the crisis of last autumn, the commercial fabric of the country has not shown serious signs of disorder, if the number or importance of mercantile failures are to be taken as an index as to its condition. It is a fact, as surprising as it is gratifying, that, within the past six months, there have absolutely been fewer failures in number, and certainly fewer in prominence, than for the same period in the average of years. On the contrary, we have had abundant opportunity for observing a very remarkable reduction of indebtedness in all classes, and in almost all sections of the country. It is safe to say that the internal mercantile indebtedness in the country to-day is not more than two-thirds what it was at this time last year. Indeed, so great has the tendency been toward liquidation, that it alone has been as much a cause of a restricted business and a hampered trade, as any want of confidence in the stability of the country, or the safety of credit. The fright that the debtor class received in September has had its effect, and the very prominence of the failures that immediately followed impressed deeply a lesson that has been heeded.

"If, then, it is good to be reducing debts—if it is wise to owe two dollars where last year three were due—the six months of dull times which have been experienced are not without some compensation. With this consideration in mind, the future does not wear as gloomy a look as might be anticipated, in view of the almost universally depressed tone of public sentiment regarding the condition of business. It would be idle to deny that the dull trade of the past six months has made some inroads upon the surplus capital of not a few, for expenses have not been reduced in proportion to the decline of profits, while the depreciation of values in many departments has been very marked. Many a trader is therefore poorer to-day than he was a year ago. Should the restricted business continue, disaster may follow, and failures be frequent; but it is surely a reasonable expectation that the autumn trade will be a fair one. All the indications that in former years would be taken as a basis for this hope are presented now. An unusually abundant crop of almost every production is promised in almost all sections of the country. Prices for these products are maintained at remunerative figures, and the steady gain in the value of our exports, which the past six months has shown, is almost certain of repetition in the next half year. The importations show a large decrease; the stocks of all kinds of merchandise are confessedly low in all retail and consumptive quarters, and we confess we cannot see why there should not be a satisfactory business done. The monetary institutions of the country are in good condition, and if they try have been well sustained, all the machinery of commerce is in running order, no violent shock has been given to the currency by legislation, and there is nothing to prevents reasonable activity in those articles that go to make up a legitimate trade. The new railroad construction account, the iron interest, building operations, and other departments that have anticipated the demands of the time by years, will not unlikely continue restricted and depressed, but that is no good reason why there should not be a fair business done in merchandise."

A Novel Swindle.

A novel application was made in the Marylebone Police Court, in London, the other day. A respectably dressed young woman asked the magistrate for his advice and assistance. The applicant, who is about four feet one inch in stature, stated that she saw an advertisement to the effect that the advertiser could, under his treatment, make short people tall. She wrote to the advertiser, who resides in Gillies street, Kentish Town, and she received in reply a statement of terms and a number of testimonials giving the names and addresses of several persons who had increased their height under his treatment. Believing his statement she wrote to him and enclosed stamps. She went under his treatment, but finding that she did not grow she felt that she had been swindled. She had paid 11s. to the man. Mr. Mansfield said it was no doubt a swindle, and inquired of the applicant if she had read the Bible, and she answered in the affirmative. He would grant a summons, if she wished, for obtaining money under false pretences. Applicant thanked his worship and withdrew.

Marriages of Blood Relations.

Statistics presented to the French Academy show that the marriages of blood relations form about two per cent. of all the marriages in France, and that the deaf and dumb offspring, at birth, of consanguineous marriages, are, in proportion to the deaf and dumb born in ordinary wedlock, at Lyons, full twenty-five per cent.; at least twenty-five per cent. in Paris, and thirty per cent. in Bordeaux—the proportions of the deaf and dumb, by birth, increasing with the degree of blood relationship. The data obtained show that, if the danger of having a deaf and dumb child in ordinary marriage, represented by figures, is one, there will be eighteen in marriages between first cousins, thirty-seven in marriages between uncles and nieces, and seventy in marriages between nephews and aunts. It appears, too, that the most healthy parents, if related in blood, may have deaf and dumb children.

The Sabbath.

The *Jewish Messenger* of New York speaks in severe terms of those Jews who attended the Jerome Park races on Saturday. "Why," it asks, "are not some Jews decent? Why will they bring discredit upon themselves and their brethren by their lack of common sense and common decency? The *Messenger* can find no excuse for this desecration of the Sabbath. Looking from a Christian standpoint, "Would a decent American Christian attend a race on Sunday?"

FOUND GUILTY.—Charles Sigwall has been found guilty of manslaughter for causing the loss of several lives by the falling of McArthur's building in Buffalo, the erection of which Sigwall superintended.

College Days Ended.

Sweet summer bells are ringing
A tender, mournful knell;
Our college days are ended,
And we must say farewell.
But let our song be joyous,
As in glad days of yore,
While we stand around the elm tree,
Emblem of Seventy-four.

Now Alma Mater b