

**A Valentine.**  
Little lasses, fair and fine!  
Who will be my valentine?  
On this morn  
I'm forlorn!  
Every bird has found his mate—  
Must mine be a harder fate?

Many maidens near and far  
Bright and sweet and gracious are;  
Bell and May  
Are fair, they say;  
Sue has shining golden curls,  
Kate's the prettiest of girls.

Peachy cheeks and golden hair,  
These are very fine and fair  
But my lass  
Must surpass  
All her mates in something more!  
Hear the charms that I adore:

Red lips, parting in a smile;  
Little tongue that's free from guile;  
Little feet  
That are fleet  
Older people to obey—  
And to school trip blithe away!

Dress as neat as neat can be,  
Tresses combed back tidily.  
Never pout  
Or saucy frown  
Doth my darling one disgrace—  
She is full of gentle grace.

If she'll have me for her love  
I will ever faithful prove,  
All our life  
We'll have no strife—  
For when beauty fades away  
Kindness and good-temper stay!

May her life be bright and fair,  
Free from pain and pressing care;  
On her head  
Be blessings shed;  
May the world grow every minute  
Better for her living in it!

Cupid, although you are blind,  
Such a lass I hope you'll find!  
Take with you  
My billet doux,  
And this tiny golden ring—  
Tuck them safe beneath your wing.

Should she deign to read this page,  
Bid her send her name and age  
Unto me  
Speedily!  
She shall have this heart of mine,  
I'm her faithful valentine.

—Alice Williams B. Horton.

## INFATUATION.

There was a little group on the prettiest croquet-ground imaginable—a croquet-ground with a dimpled brook flickering by on one side and a semi-circle of fine old trees standing guard on the other.

An elderly gentleman, in a linen coat, was half-kneeling on the grass in the mental and physical agony of a "split shot," a youth of fifteen, awaiting his turn, was watching the operation with emphatic *enmity*; a little apart, a young man with fine features and symptoms of a mustache—a good-looking fellow, took him all in all—was conversing contentedly with a young lady—one of those tall, fair-haired creatures, with grand eyes and superb complexion, who fairly bewildered one with rare coloring.

"So your aunt will be here this afternoon, Miss Penroy?" he was saying.

"Yes, in the 5:10 train."

The young fellow calculated in the depths of his spiritual consciousness:

"It is now three. Two hours' grace. Would that an accident might befall the train! Of all things a maiden aunt! No more pleasant left-a-likes on the piazza—no—"

"Blue! Here, Mr. Remington, it's your turn. You've got the most splendid chance!" called out the old gentleman, enthusiastically. "Just knock Augusta into the brook and go through the middle wicket; then you can take Charlie coming back, and—"

Here the pleasant vision was demolished by Mr. Remington's sending Augusta just the other way, and going anywhere but through the wicket himself. His counselor gave him a look of reproachful despair, and grasped his mallet as if he were going to commit suicide, or "suthin'" with it.

Miss Penroy took her place, and so the game went on.

An hour or two after, when returning to the house to dress for tea, Mr. Remington caught sight of an angular figure in gray alpaca vanishing up-stairs, and a few minutes later learned that Miss Penroy's aunt had arrived.

Just about seventy miles from the pretty croquet-ground and its accompanying farmhouse "might have been seen," on the banks of the Hudson, a handsome villa, and in its library, at the moment at which I write, were the family assembled—a red-faced old gentleman, a white-haired old lady and two pretty girls, as like as two peas and as pretty as two pink.

The daily budget had just come from the postoffice, consisting this time of one letter for the old lady, who, according to the superscription, was Mrs. C. H. Remington.

"From Fred," she announced; "it's really astonishing how contented he is in that little, out-of-the-way place."

"I thought he would be back after two days' fishing, utterly disgusted," said Minnie, one of the peas.

"Oh, I'm very glad to have him away from temptation," went on the mother. "A fashionable watering-place is a terrible training place for a gay young fellow like Fred—and with his money, too. He seems to have found pleasant companions at this little place. He says: 'There are some very agreeable people stopping here—a Mr. Wane and his family, and a Miss Penroy, a very beautiful girl, and her aunt, Miss Boggs.'"

"A very beautiful girl," laughed Bessie, the other pea. "That explains the mystery."

"Penroy is a very good name," said the old lady. "I hope she is a nice girl."

The letters continued to come regular every week; and the old lady continued to read them placidly to her husband and daughters. Miss Penroy and her aunt still figured largely in the missives, but there was not much said about being awfully jolly—there were vague allusions to happiness and misery and other contradictory emotions.

At this period the old lady began to get anxious.

"I don't know but that we ought to go on to this Eastrodes, Minnie. I am sure Miss Penroy must be a sweet girl, but I'd like to see her."

"We might take a run on there next week," suggested Minnie.

"I'd like to go," said Bessie. "I think we need a little change, and you won't take us to any fashionable place because we don't come out for another year."

"I'll think it over," said the mother. But while she was thinking it over the next day, a letter came that sent her flying to her girls.

"The climax has come," she cried, half-laughing, and yet with tears in her eyes. "He is engaged to be married. Just listen to this."

And with a daughter on each side, she read as incoherent, happy, illogical an epistle as ever lever indited since the days of Adam.

"That settles it; we go there next week. In the meantime we must all write to him, and to her, too."

And they did all write that very day, dear loving home letters, giving Miss Penroy a sweet welcome to their family, and telling Fred how charming they were sure she must be, and how glad they would be to meet her the following Monday.

That was Thursday afternoon. On Friday evening a thunderbolt was handed Mrs. Remington at the tea-table. Outwardly it was one of Fred's regular letters, but inwardly it was a thunderbolt.

She opened it all unconscious, read the few lines, and clasped her hands almost frantically.

"Oh, husband!" she gasped, "oh, Minnie—Bessie! that my boy should ever do such a thing. It isn't Miss Penroy he's engaged to—it's her aunt!"

"Her aunt! Stuff and nonsense!" spluttered Mr. Remington, upsetting the powdered sugar into the pickled salmon. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, no; it's only too true. Just listen to this: 'Dear mother for goodness sake, don't write any more letters to Miss Penroy. I am not engaged to her at all. I am engaged to her aunt, Miss Boggs. You'll be here on Monday, so I'll tell all then. In haste, your loving son, Fred.' Oh, I'll never forgive her for entrapping my poor, innocent boy. Such a vulgar name, too—Boggs."

"Horrid old thing!" muttered Minnie. "Dreadful creature!" chimed in Bessie.

"Girls," said the mother, suddenly, "it does no good to abuse that woman—we must simply go on and stop it."

No dissenting voice was heard, and the old lady arranged the entire plan before they left the table. Mrs. Remington and the girls would start by the first train in the morning. Mr. Remington would stay home to look after the establishment.

"I am so glad he didn't want to go," Mrs. Remington confided to the girls, "he might say something harsh to that poor boy and be sorry for it afterward."

The next day—will Minnie and Bessie ever forget it to their last hour—the dust, the heat, and the depression of spirits combined. At last the conductor yelled some unintelligible sound in at the door, which their instinct and the time-table told them was Eastrodes. A lank kind of cattle-shed was pointed out as the depot, and in the overhanging waiting-room of it they bestowed themselves.

"This is dreadful, girls," sighed Mrs. Remington, surveying the blistering hayfields on every side, and the long, straight, treeless road, where two cows were choking themselves with the dusty grass on the edges.

"I wonder if there is anything like an hotel in the place? Just ask the ticket-man, child."

Minnie crossed the room, and held a consultation with a blank-minded old man, who was postmaster as well as ticket agent, and who insisted at first upon informing her that there were "no letters." At last she made him understand, and gleaned the fact that there was a "sorter hotel" just back of the depot.

A tall, angular woman here entered the building—a strong-featured, big-eyed, black-haired woman, who might have been very handsome, say a hundred and fifty years ago. She stalked over to the postmaster, and Minnie joined her mother.

"Well," sighed Mrs. Remington, "I suppose we had better go to this hotel, or whatever it is, and send word on to Fred—but, oh, dear, it's dreadful to think he should ever do such a thing! I'll never forgive that Miss Boggs as long as I live—she has just entrapped my boy for his money, dreadful old thing—oh, girls, only think of it!"

"Air you Mrs. Remington," asked the gaunt woman, stepping up to the group.

"Yes," answered the astonished Mrs. Remington, "and are you—?" she could not finish the question.

"Yes, I am," the gaunt woman tartly said; "and I'd like to know what you mean by dreadful! Your son ain't none too good for a Boggs, I can tell you—and you needn't suppose you're going to marry it over us, 'cause you ain't," waxing wrath, and glaring down at Mrs. Remington with her big eyes.

"You awful woman!" the poor old lady gasped, "what would Fred say to hear his mother abused in this way—perhaps that might cure him—oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"And as for your son, he wouldn't be half the man he is, if it wasn't for me—if I hadn't nursed him, and nursed him, and rubbed taler on his nose, and here you come raisin' a fuss about it—awful woman, indeed!"

"Mother," cried the girls, "you shan't stay here—come to the hotel at once."

So Minnie picked up the satchels, and Bessie gave her arm to Mrs. Remington, and they all three left the depot, the gaunt woman snorting and exclaiming after them to the last minute.

The "sorter" hotel proved as clean and ugly as it was possibly for a building to be. They were shown directly to an apartment commanding an extensive view of a blank wall and the roof of the depot—anything more unlike their own pretty bedrooms could scarcely be imagined. The girls tried to make Mrs. Remington lie down, when they had dispatched a messenger for Fred, but she would not.

"What dreadful infatuation!" she sobbed, sitting on the edge of the bed. "I can't understand it."

"Just one of those coarse creatures men fall in love with," said Minnie.

"Fred talked of her eyes—great saucers," pouted Bessie.

"I can't understand it," repeated

Mrs. Remington; "she has neither youth nor beauty—nor even mental attractions—vulgar—bad tempered; but I suppose she got round him by taking care of him when he was sick—rubbing 'taller,' as she called it, on his nose—ugh!—artful creature working upon his sense of gratitude—oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"But suppose Fred persists in marrying her—we can't do anything," said Minnie.

"I wonder if we couldn't fix her up," suggested Bessie; "she's not really bad-looking, you know."

Minnie caught eagerly at the idea. "No, she's not bad-looking, and dress has so much to do with one's appearance."

"Oh, girls, don't give in that way; do try to persuade him," begged the mother.

"Oh, of course we will; you needn't be afraid of our giving up—only in case you know."

And so they rang the changes until the messenger returned to say, "Mr. Remington was coming now."

"I'll go and meet him," said Mrs. Remington, getting up; "you stay here, girls."

So down she went, crying all the way. In the lower hall she was caught in the arms of her son, who kissed her, exclaiming:

"My dear, dear mother! What on earth is the matter?"

"Oh, Fred, Fred! how can you ask such a question? You wicked boy, to break my heart in this way—to think of marrying that dreadful creature!"

"What dreadful creature?" demanded Fred, sternly, standing up straight.

"That Miss Boggs, of course—oh, to think you should be so infatuated—such a coarse, vulgar creature."

"My dear mother," began Fred, giving an anxious glance at the parlor door, "you'll be overheard."

"I don't care if I'm overheard fifty times! she's a coarse, vulgar woman, who just wants your money, and doesn't care for you one bit."

"Mother!" Fred half pleaded, half commanded.

"If you only knew how miserable you have made us all—you must give her up!"

Fred turned white.

"I will not give her up!"

"Oh, you wicked, dreadful boy! to speak to your own mother in that way, and just for the sake of that vulgar, ill-tempered, mercenary woman!"

And with that she left him, and rushed up-stairs.

The miserable youth turned into the parlor, and was confronted by a very pretty young lady, who was almost quivering with indignation.

"Take me away instantly!" she said; "you should never have subjected me to this!"

"I never expected it, believe me," cried the distracted Fred. "I had not the least idea—you shall not stay here an instant longer if I can help it. I'll get the carriage at once."

And away he bolted, leaving the young lady pacing the ingrain carpet like, to use an entirely new simile, a caged lion.

To get a carriage out of a country stable is rather a lengthy operation, even when superintended by a frantic young man, and, consequently, Fred was absent some time.

Meanwhile Mrs. Remington, anxious about her boy, wandered down stairs again into the parlor.

"Do you know if my son, Mr. Remington, is still here?" she inquired of the young lady.

"Mr. Remington has just gone to order a carriage," was the answer, very stiffly delivered.

The old lady sat down.

"Are you acquainted with my son?"

"I have that pleasure," yet more stiffly.

A light seemed to flash over Mrs. Remington's mind—this was Miss Penroy.

"My dear," she said, getting up and putting her hand on the young lady's shoulder, "I know you will help me to bring that boy to his senses."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, my dear, he is perfectly infatuated with that horrid woman. I don't know what to do."

"He's not infatuated with any horrid woman," cried the pretty girl, hotly.

"He told me so himself," said Mrs. Remington, solemnly. "Of course he is desperately smitten, and tries to make her out perfectly beautiful; but I have seen her, and she's the most dreadful creature—at least, I recollecting herself, 'she's perfectly respectable, and all that sort of thing; but she's so much older than he is.'"

"Oh, I can't believe it!" moaned the young girl. "I don't believe it!"

"It is quite true, I assure you," said Mrs. Remington, sorrowfully. "Do help me, my dear, you are so sweet and pretty! If it had only been you! Do try to make your aunt see how utterly out of the question it is."

"My aunt!"

"Yes, your aunt, dear; don't be angry. I know she's very nice, but she's so much older. Don't you see it yourself?"

"I haven't any aunt."

"Why, yes, you have. Your aunt, Miss Boggs. Oh, my dear, do explain yourself; I'm nearly crazy. Are you not Miss Penroy?"

"No, I am Miss Boggs."

For the space of five seconds two utterly bewildered women gazed at each other in the face.

"But what—who—was that tall lady?" stammered Mrs. Remington—"that tall lady with a blue alpaca dress and red flowers in her bonnet?"

"Why, that was my old nurse, Je-mima Stamford."

"Oh, my dear, I am so glad!" sobbed Mrs. Remington, folding Miss Penroy's arm in her arms, and giving her a most motherly hug.

At this juncture Fred came tearing in, and fairly gasped at the sight of his mother and lady-love in an affectionate embrace.

"Oh, Fred!" half-cried Miss Boggs, "just think! Your mother thought you were engaged to our old Je-mima! Only think of it!"

"What on earth—"

Then they had to explain it to him; they had understood it by intuition themselves, but of course he, being a man, didn't.

"Why, didn't you know that Miss Penroy's aunt was a good deal younger than Miss Penroy herself?" he queried.

"No; how could I, you foolish boy, when you never said it! I thought she was some dreadful old maid, and I thought that woman at the depot was the one."

"Je-mima!" now quite laughed Miss Boggs. "Just imagine our Je-mima marrying anybody. It's too absurd! Why she perfectly detests all mankind."

"I ain't just soartin' ev that," said a decided voice in the doorway.

"Why, Je-mima!"

"I've ben thinkin' ev marryin' this some time back, ever since I see you a-thinkin' ev doin' the same, an' to a likelier man than you'll ever be," turning with sudden asperity upon Fred.

"I've no doubt," said Fred, good humoredly.

"Come, Je-mima, don't be cross," coaxed Miss Boggs.

"Well, Miss Nelly, I ain't a-goin' ter see you put upon, and if you'd only heard—"

"There—there, Je-mima, it was all a mistake."

"Yes," said Mrs. Remington, graciously, "it was all a mistake, and you can scarcely love this dear girl yourself more than I do."

"But I want to see this handsome man than me, Je-mima," put in Fred.

"All right," assented the mollified Je-mima, flying to the window. "Hezekiah! Hezekiah! come on in here!"

And in about three seconds a tall, slab-sided man presented himself at the door.

"Come on in, Hezekiah; you ain't got no call to be ashamed," proudly said his betrothed, as he lingered, red and shamed, at the threshold.

"Why, it's Mr. Terwilliger!" cried Fred.

And so it was Mr. Terwilliger, the charioteer of the village.

Je-mima surveyed him with intense pride from the crown on his certain occasion that they were about to enlarge their gastronomic experiences, but when the soup had been disposed of asked a famous gourmand sitting near him how he liked it. "Very well, indeed," was the answer. "Turtle, is it? I only ask because I did not find any green fat," Buckland shook his head. "I fancied it had a somewhat musky taste—peculiar but not at all unpleasant," remarked his neighbor. "All alligators," replied the host, "the cayman especially—the fellow I dissected this morning, and which you have just been discussing." Half a dozen of the suddenly enlightened diners suddenly started to their feet, two or three slunk from the room, and the rest of the meal was enjoyed by only a portion of the original company. See what imagination is," said Buckland. "Had I told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, or the glut of a fish from the maw of a sea-bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion would have been none the worse. I tell them that it is alligator soup, and their gorges rise at as good a dish as ever a man need have!"

Forewarned, and therefore forearmed, were the gentlemen who lunched on octopus at the Brighton aquarium, trying it in turn boiled, broiled and cold. They found it excellent eating, resembling skate, but not so tender as might be. The verdict would probably have been still more favorable had the octopus been boiled first and then roasted, as is the way in Corsica, where the monster is esteemed a great delicacy.—*Chambers' Journal.*

**History of Billiards.**  
A New York paper says: Billiards are played so much in this country that the game is not unfrequently mentioned as American, although its origin is either French or Italian—it is uncertain which. The game, however, was imported into Britain from France, and was known to Englishmen by name as early as the sixteenth century, since Shakespeare speaks of it—he seems to have been little less than omniscient in several of his dramas. He even portrays Cleopatra as amusing herself with billiards, but this is unquestionably one of the palpable anachronisms to which he appears to have been indifferent, and which he scattered throughout his plays. The game itself was, in all likelihood, medieval, but as played nowadays is comparatively modern. For two centuries it was played with only two (white) balls, and when the third (red) ball was imported into Britain, the red winning hazard, or holing of the red ball, was well-nigh the sole object of the players. The billiard-table of the present is as different as it well can be from the billiard-table of two hundred years ago, as persons know who have noticed their evolution as represented by the tables of divers eras. The greatest billiardists are the Russians, Spaniards, French and Americans, who now play far more than any other nation. The popularity of the game has increased greatly here within the last twenty years. It is said that there are six times as many tables in the country as there were at the beginning of the civil war. Europeans suppose that all Americans play billiards, irrespective of sex, age or position.

Eighty-five per cent. of the members of the Utah legislature are polygamists.

**FOR THE FAIR SEX.**  
**Fashion Notes.**  
Jet lace is very fashionable.  
White is very fashionable for full evening dress.  
Beige is the fashionable material for young girls.  
Perforated kid lace tops appear on new kid gloves.  
Curls drooping from the back of coiffures are revived.  
Black gauze gowns set off jewelry better than any others.  
Real acorns nicely varnished are sold to ornament baskets.  
Tulle is the fashionable diaphanous fabric for ball dresses.  
Costumes of Lyons satin and camels-hair are pretty and elegant.  
Creamy white bonnets are more worn than any others for full dress.  
Bows of piece brocade stitched with gold thread are worn in the hair.  
Jersey waists and fur skirts are worn or skating costumes in England.  
Sicilienne wears better than pure silk, not being likely to become shiny.  
Young ladies who dance wear short dresses escaping the floor all round.  
Smoking jackets are lined with one bright color and faced with another.  
Jersey webbing in navy blue and myrtle green may be bought by the yard.  
Cashmere colors appear in the trimmings of many handsome white bonnets.  
Long Branch scollops are stiff little curves of hair that look as false as they are.  
Little bonnets of black plush, looking like gentlemen's hats, are worn a great deal.  
Loops of braids at the back of the head are giving place to loose fluffy curls.  
Ruffles, ruffles, and braises in the neck are more fashionable than linen collars.  
Young ladies wear their corsage bouquets on one side of the neck, near the shoulder.  
Walking suits are now made of the richest velvet brocade, combined with Lyons satin.  
White jet and white Spanish lace appear to be favorite decorations of white dress bonnets.  
A new kind of cashmere is very thick and soft, and feels like ordinary cashmere doubled.  
Anything may be worn that is pretty or becoming without putting the wearer out of fashion.  
There never was a season when so great a variety was seen in the style of dressing the hair.  
Gold thread traceries around the designs of white Spanish laces appear on late importations.  
White silk and white gauze form the composition of many elegant evening dresses this season.  
Spanish slippers have the heel and sole made in one piece, and increase the height considerably.  
Satin sunflowers are worn in the hair. They are made in pairs, and their price is something astounding.  
Small Japanese fans with long handles are more fashionable than large Japanese fans with short handles.  
Young girls wear waistcoats of some bright silk and wool mixture with gray or brown or drab beige suits.  
A fancy dress ball held at York, England, the other day, was the first that has been held in that city since 1835.  
Dahlias of variegated colors will be worn as spring advances, both as bonnet decorations and corsage flowers.  
Silk fans are made up over pasteboard, decorated with painted flowers and finished on the edge with plaited ribbon or lace.  
Tidies of colored cotton flannel with borders of a lighter tint, and corner-pieces of a contrasting color, are pretty and cheap.  
Tulle dresses looped with sprays of apple blossoms, rosebuds, or daisies, make the most effective ball dresses for young girls.  
A small bonnet and a large tie are the fashion for street wear. Some of the ties are twelve inches wide, and nearly cover the chin.  
White satin duchesse and white satin antique, which is only another name for silk plush, compose a large number of white bonnets.  
Large scoop front Directoire bonnets of plain or furry felt are picturesque and stylish, but they make any face look needlessly corduroy.  
English corduroy is the most fashionable material for little boys' suits. Mixed cassimeres and Scotch cloths are the next in favor.  
Fur turbans are worn by young ladies, trimmed with bands of feathers, or when fur bands are used, with a wing or fancy feather on one side.  
New silk handkerchiefs for the neck are in pale shades of blue and rose, and edged with plaitings of Breton, Laque-doc or Valenciennes laces.  
The novelty destined to the greatest popularity in fancy spring goods is the printed India cashmeres, in small multi-colored pine patterns over a light ground.  
Snoods, simple ribbons passed through the hair and knotted at the side with pendant ends, are revived. They are in the richest Oriental colors, and finished at the ends with gold fringe or tassels.

**News and Notes for Women.**  
One female cook in a Wisconsin lumber-camp has already caused two suicides, one stabbing affray and fifty-three fights.  
In Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, a jury composed entirely of women recently rendered a verdict in a case of the death of another woman.  
Miss Drever, a young lady belonging to fashionable society in San Francisco, has shocked her friends by announcing her betrothal to a Chinaman.  
The wife of Gov. Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, is a daughter of Albert G. Greene, whose name is widely known as the author of "Old Grimes is Dead."  
In a paper lately at the State fair on the "Industries of Indiana," it was stated that sixty per cent. of all the butter, cheese and sugar produced in Indiana is the work of women.  
"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." An American editor adds: "We can't guess her, but will never give her up—no, never."  
Mrs. Marietta K. Benchley, widow of Henry W. Benchley, who was lieutenant

governor of Massachusetts shortly before the war, died recently in New York and was buried in the city. Her skeleton, after dissection, to the woman's medical college.

A lady of Evansville, Ind., who had been grossly insulted several times in the streets, and who, finally, drew a hatchet and sunk it in the cheek of the insulter, cutting through to the bone. This is one way to bury the hatchet, and it was a pretty good one.

Marie Louise, the second wife of the great Napoleon, was in the habit of amusing the ladies of her court at their private soirees by turning her ears almost completely round, and in a manner closing them up. She did this by a peculiar motion of the jaw, and she said to have prided herself on the exploit not a little.

A pretty miss of eighteen, who belongs to a good family in Utica City, Ind., and has been well educated, has recently been released from jail, where she was awaiting trial for kleptomania. The most influential people in the country united in an appeal for the dismissal of the indictment, and the court gladly acquiesced in a nolle prosequi.

The enormous quantity of so-called kid gloves is greatly in excess of the amount of leather afforded by the skins of all the young goats annually killed to supply the demand. There has long been quite a trade carried on in Paris by the gamins in rat skins, who have made profitable sport in catching them at the mouths of the great drains of the city. Real kid skins come from Switzerland and Tuscany.

**Apache Courtship and Marriage.**  
When an Apache brave concludes to marry, says the San Francisco *Pag*, either a first or any subsequent wife, the manner of his courtship is the same. He makes no effort to become agreeable to his intended bride—indeed, rarely ever notices her or speaks to her, except in answer to questions she may put to him. He pays more attention, however, to her male relatives, particularly her brothers, if she has any. Finally, if he becomes satisfied that a declaration will not be rejected, then the whole affair is accomplished in a few hours, and generally in this fashion: At night he takes the presents intended for the girl's parents, who alone are entitled to receive any, and places them near the lodge in which she lives. If the presents are horses they have their trappings also, and are tied with manate near the lodge; if a cow is to be given, a single straw or a cow's horn, which signifies the intention, is tied to the lodge. If the presents are accepted, which almost always happens, the girl goes to the morning and builds a new lodge, but for herself and husband, and puts the straw in it for their bed. If the man is rich there is some ceremony about the marriage; if poor, very little or none. When the parties are of consequence one of the orators of the tribe is employed by the bridegroom to make the presents near the lodge and make speech to the bride's family for him. The orator stands at a distance of several yards, and in his best style makes the declaration for his principal. In this he dilates on his client's qualities—his courage, his skill in hunting, or something in which he is distinguished. The orator confines himself strictly to the truth in his speech, and promises that his principal will maintain and defend his bride, but the same time informs her family that he may at some future time take another wife, and even may become tired of her and send her home—all of which are the necessary incidents of Apache married life. He also tells them that while she should remain his only wife, he would be faithful to her, and should expect fidelity, obedience and service from her. When he is turned from hunting foray or war, he wanted his food prepared as soon as possible, and he should expect her always to have a store of food on hand. On his part he would bring her game and spoils of the enemy whenever he could. Her relatives make presents to the parents or family of the husband, and this is all that generally is done. Among these Indians it is considered a great indecency for a man to look at his mother-in-law's face, and still more so to speak to her. If by chance they happen to come close together, one runs in one direction and the other in an opposite one until they are several yards apart.

**Fighting with an Octopus.**  
The occupation of a diver is one that offers but little attraction to those who by temperament have no fancy for exploring the "mysteries of the deep." It is, however, not so monotonous an employment as might be imagined, and divers often meet with exciting adventures while engaged in their labors. One of these other day told the lot of a government diver in Victoria, Mr. Snook, while at work on the bed of the Moyne river, at Belfast, that colony, and from the account he gives of it in the Melbourne *Argus* it must have been more exciting than pleasant. Having thrust his arm into a hole, he found that "it was held by something; the action of the water was stirring up the clay, and therefore I could not see distinctly for a few minutes; but when it did clear away I saw to my horror the arm of a large octopus entwined around mine like a bo-constrictor; just then he fixed some of his suckers on the back of my hand, and the pain was intense. I felt as if my hand was being pulled to pieces, and the more I tried to take it away the greater the pain became; and from past experience I knew this method would be useless; but what was I to do lying in this position? I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my feet down, as the air rushed about the interior of my dress and inflated it; and if my feet had got uppermost I should soon have become insensible, held in such a position; and also if I had given the signal to be pulled up the brute would have held on, and the chances were I had been broken arm. I had a hammer by me, but could not reach down to use it on the brute. There was a small iron bar about five feet from me, and with my foot I dragged this along until I could reach it with my left hand. And now the fight commenced; the more I struck him the tighter he squeezed, until my arm got quite benumbed; after a while I found the grip began to relax, cut him to pieces, and then he relaxed his hold from the rock and I pulled him up. I was completely exhausted, having been in that position for over twenty minutes. I brought the animal up, or rather a part of it. We laid him out, and the measured over eight feet across, and I feel perfectly convinced that this fellow could have held down five or six men."